Reclamation
by DaysOfFuturePast

Summary

AU Crossover with The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant. A butterfly effect ripples across the entirety of Westeros when Jon Arryn is not killed. Destiny is torn asunder as many who were meant to be forged by the fires of war and heartache are instead carrying on in peace, and one gentle-hearted Targaryen princess is transformed by an unimaginable horror that will shift the entire course of fate for everyone.

Notes

AN #1: This work is based on the books ASOIAF. I start my story with the ages of the characters as they were in A Game Of Thrones. The only thing that HBO contributes to this story is Peter Dinklage as Tyrion Lannister and Diana Rigg as Olenna.

AN #2: I am no Mark Twain or F. Scott Fitzgerald so please bear with my writing skills.
AN #3: Will have graphic F/F sex. These are healthy, passionate women who want to express their love for each other. Their will be a lot of masturbation. We all do it.

AN #4: This story will be epic in length.

AN #5: The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant will slowly be blended into the story. These character will be supporting characters and viewpoints will always be those of ASOIAF characters for this book.

AN #6: Story written in MS Word. Prophecy was written with the font Script MT Bold. Still fuming that was stripped out. If you want to see how it looked copy and paste into Word with that font.
Chapter 1

Harbinger

Cersei

Summary: The butterfly effect. A butterfly beats its wings and no one feels the flutter of air. The insect beats its wings on its erratic random path. Ripples radiate out in ever increasing circles from the beat of those wings. The forces ever building. Across the world those changes multiple and build until hurricanes and firestorms rage. These ripples also rip and tear at the fabric of what can and what should be. Westeros had its butterfly effect, an event that was foretold to occur by seers of old. The certainty of this moment did not occur. From that seeming one small event the ripples ripped and tore time apart. The fates cruelly twisted and destiny torn asunder. The great Houses did not commit regicide. Jon Snow still went to the wall but Arya was not forged in the fires of heartache and hate. The faceless god did not transform her into a weapon strong enough to bring the gods down low. And Daenerys Targaryen: The princess of fate and destiny around which all orbit. She was to be forged with slow blows of the hammer on melted Valyrian steel. Shaping and folding with slow deliberate precision. There was no slow sprinkling of magical portent into the spiritual being of the Dragon Queen. The butterfly wings tore her fate asunder and instead caste her headless into the raging forge of doom. Kingdoms and the gods themselves will tremble. Who will survive her wrath?

... prophecies are so subtle and dangerous. The inevitability of a prophecy once heard. History is full of mighty heroes, great houses, fighting to avoid their fate, and, thus, only ensuring they fulfill their prophecies of doom and destruction. Westeros had its prophecy ... one of death, one of destruction; one of doom and potential victory at the birth of Spring but so much pain, so much loss ... Strife and discord the crucibles of destiny; the fires that create greatness... The death of Jon Arryn was prophesied by seers of old. His death would spring forth great events and great devastation BUT eventual victory over the forces of darkness and death. The seers say that only great suffering and supreme heartache can forge the strongest human metal .... ... Jon Arryn did not die ....... now the fates are in disarray! Can victory still be achieved? The price would have been great, but, would it not have been worth it to overcome the Wight King? .... I wonder ... what new prophecy will arise from the ashes of what might have been ... will a new Phoenix arise ... one with a nobler more enlightened vision ... one of Hope ... one of Reclamation ...

Cersei

There! Cersei spotted the black dragon flying high on the thermals as she stood on the balcony of her personal suite drinking a cup of wine. Off to the high right she spotted a green star with bronze highlights, and beside it a white gleam streaked with gold markings glinting bright in the hot sun. The dragons slowly circled back over Kings Landing. They were beautiful from a distance; like the Bird of Paradise the Summer Islanders sometimes brought to court. But these were no pretty beacons of beauty. They were angels of death.

Why has the Targaryen witch not attacked?! Cersei wondered to herself. For four months all the Targaryen bitch had done was fly her damn dragons up and down the length of Westeros. Not once had she attacked. Not once had she exacted revenge for the wrongs done her.
“What is her game?” she whispered. As a Lioness of the house Lannister, Cersei knew what the new head of the pride did when it conquered and disposed the King of Beasts. The offspring and in this case, the mate, would be killed. It was bloody, the way of nature. Cersei clenched her fist in anger. “Everyone has abandon us!” she cried out, with no one to hear her.

One by one the great houses had either pledged allegiance to House Targaryen or stayed neutral. These Houses had done so without a fight or even a whimper of protest. The house of Lannister among the first to bend the knee. Of course her father would side with the winning hand. Even the great Eddard Stark had not called his banners to Robert’s defense.

Could she blame them? Cersei’s mind became weak in a moment of doubt, her thoughts racing as she reflected on past actions. “Stop it!” she screamed to herself. She remembered the day the ravens came announcing that Daenerys Targaryen had landed and was reclaiming what was rightfully hers; that what had been taken by treachery would now be restored. That the rightful queen had returned.

Cersei mused spitefully over all the titles the bitch had used in letter. Daenerys Targaryen, the First of Her Name, Queen of Meereen, Queen of the Andals and the Rhoynar and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms, Protector of the Realm, Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea, Breaker of Chains, called Daenerys Stormborn, the Unburnt, Mother of Dragons. The woman certainly had a swelled head and unfounded belief in her station.

In the letter, Daenerys promised that only the House of Baratheon would suffer justice. All others would be given amnesty if they would only bend the knee to her. She would champion the poor and lift up the downtrodden while bringing justice and equality to all. She would do all in her power to bring about reconciliation, and her fervid hope was for peace and the forgiving of past sins. She had written: … My mind cannot sleep with the endless dreams of destruction that haunt my days and nights, death and never ending strife; my body has seen too much death, heard the screams of the dying, smelled the stench of war; my soul is weary beyond measure. I want to fight no more forever … Cersei had almost believed the words when she first read them, they had been so compelling. Then she realized that this was the imp’s doing. He had written this drivel to seduce the weak minded. Cersei was not so easily fooled.

A flash of white and gold caught her eye, as suddenly the dragon was plummeting towards the city. On the roof tops she could see that children were cheering as it dove. Cheering! The queen fumed. The dragon pulled up just over the rooftops and flew by at a dizzying speed just to disappear over the roof of her abode, the buffeting wind swirling her golden locks. The low born citizens continued cheering for the dragon queen and her dragons, leaving Cersei to shake with ire at her subjects’ treachery.

The dragons had first appeared for today well over two hours ago. They had come in riding up high on invisible thermals. They flew so high. They were hard to even see against the sun and pale thin clouds. Then they would slowly drop lower to buzz the city roof tops one at a time before rising up to disappear in the sun and high thin clouds.

Several times she had been scared witless when she had been gazing on the green or white dragon and the black behemoth had shot by her balcony the force of the wind slamming into her shocking her with shockwaves of buffeting air that filled her with terror.

Twice the fucking bitch had done this to her on purpose she was sure. She knew this was her domicile and was mocking her. Bitch!

She felt so alone.

Even though she had known the usurper was coming, the letter by raven had been like a
reverberating strike on the drum of doom. Robert, the great drunken lout, disappeared into his private retreat in the Kings Wood that very night. Also, on that same night, Joffrey suddenly started to recover from his wasting illness. He told his mother that he must go on a quest to find the lost Valyrian blade of House Lannister, his voice quaking with fear like a child. She had wanted to slap him.

Tommen merely read quietly in the library. “I will meet my doom with quite resolve,” he said, looking up at her with his soft intelligent eyes. “I do not fear death …it is life’s victim I do not wish to become.” He had told her when she asked if he was afraid that night.

She had fled from the room.

Jamie had left her two and half years ago with that damn, fucking cow. How could he have left her? and now with twins besides?

In Daenerys’ letter she had found out that Tyrion was now the Targaryen’s Hand. Of course he was. The coward had quickly left his family to join what he believed to be the winning side.

I wonder if she will kill us quickly or make us suffer? Cersei mused softly to herself as she refilled her wine glass and went back out to the balcony to watch her destiny fly above her.

As if Daenerys’ letter wasn’t enough to deal with, she had also received an accompanying letter from Myrcella. Cersei had been shocked as she read about her daughter’s time in Dorne. She had hoped at first that it was a forgery, but there was no doubt that the insolent child had wrote the letter in her own hand. Myrcella had proudly proclaimed that she was not marrying Trystane Martell but had already married his sister Arianne, and that she was also married to the bastard daughters of Oberyn, Dorea, and Loreza. She could only stare at the parchment with her mouth agape, wondering if her daughter had gone insane. This was both unnatural and obscene! Myrcella had ended the script with the passage “I am following the Targaryen way, and I will marry who I want! In Dorne I have the freedom to follow my heart!”

Cersei cursed her daughter that night.

The freedom to follow one’s heart, Cersei mused as she drank her wine, swirling the dregs in her cup. What a novel concept. She stared down at her now empty wine cup, pondering. The freedom to follow my heart. The thought pained her for some reason. If only she had been born a man Cersei thought bitterly. She had always been trapped, despite being the equal of any man.

Cersei walked back into her room to refill her wine cup, reaching for the decanter as the door boomed open. She whirled around to bark at the intruder, then froze, her mouth agape.

Robert stood in the doorway.

“What are you looking at woman?!” he boomed to his wife as he walked into the room.

“What?” Cersei asked softly confused.

“Who else would it be?” the six-foot eight man answered his slender wife, taking the wine cup from Cersei’s hands. “I think that is quite enough, Cersei,” he told her gently.

“What the hell happened to you?” Cersei spoke up to the man before her, shocked.

This was not the man that had disappeared four months ago into the King’s Wood with his tail between his fat ass cheeks. That man had been a drunken, obese, unkempt buffoon. The Robert before her now had dropped at least five stones in weight. His greying, unkempt beard that had made
him look so old and slovenly had been shaved off. His eyes were clear and his back straight. His
body was hard again, and his mailed top was filled out with muscle.

Robert chuckled down at his wife. “Close your mouth or you’ll let flies in woman!” he laughed. He
took her hand and led her back out to the balcony. “I am about to die and I wanted … no I needed to
meet it as a man. The man I used to be.” He said softly, looking up at the dragons that were circling
lower.

They stood together, watching the dragons perform aerial tricks and making complicated patterns in
the sky, doing fierce rolls and sharp ascents before dropping again.

“Why hasn’t the fucking cunt attacked?!?” Cersei asked her husband with a tone of exasperation and
a child’s need to understand.

Robert looked down at her and then laughed loudly. “Isn’t it obvious woman?”

“I wouldn’t be asking if I knew Robert!” the queen fumed up to her husband.

“Cersei, think about it,” he told her looking in her eyes. When she merely stared up at him blankly he
sighed. “Cersei, with her dragons flying the breadth of Westeros she has conquered the land without
firing an arrow or a stroke of the sword. Between her restraint and her letter she has won.” Robert
looked back up at the black dragon. “If only I had ruled with half as much wisdom …” the tall
Baratheon softly spoke more to himself than her.

Cersei looked up and remembered the incident six weeks ago, when the black dragon had suddenly
appeared above the temple of the Seven Gods. The Targaryen had unsheathed her Valyrian sword
from the scabbard on her back. Cersei remembered how the sword glowed a strange blue. She had
seen Valyrian blades and none had glowed bright blue like the Targaryen’s blade did. The woman
had hacked off the tops of the spires as she had her dragon hop lightly from spire to spire, his talons
barely scratching the shimmering crystal. She had only been able to stare.

There was a shocking audacity to the act. Cersei had found herself awed to see the woman so
expertly using a sword - the way Daenerys had leaned so far out from her dragon to lop the spires
off. The woman had an obvious strength. Cersei had seen many a tournament, and the woman knew
how to use that sword. It both frightened and titillated her. She had also found herself envious. She
had wanted to take up the sword when she was a girl.

The House of Highgarden had declared their allegiance to the rightful ruler of Westeros the very next
day.

“They are beautiful” Robert spoke again, low voice still soft. “I can see the queen on Drogon … so
beautiful.” He looked up as the black dragon slowly flew past the window, the queen tilting her head
to the throngs that had gathered on the rooftops, wildly cheering for her. Her long silver blond hair
was whipped proudly in the dragon’s slip stream. A chiming followed in her wake.

Robert sighed, and Cersei felt her old jealousy flare. Some things never changed.

Cersei spat at Robert as she looked at the people cheering the usurper. “They need to be punished …
they are traitors!”

“Oh shut up Cersei!” Robert barked with a slight laugh. “It’s a little late for that. We deserve what
happens to us.”

“WE?!” Cersei screamed at her husband.
Robert looked down at his beautiful wife. “Yes, we, Cersei. I have done a lot of thinking while I was away training. We both could have done so much more, and with so much less.” He sighed with a soft, sad timbre.

“I have done nothing wrong!” Cersei roared at Robert. She cursed him silently, her eyes green pools of anger and hatred. “I saw you looking at the Targaryen slut! You never could keep your dick in your trousers!” she yelled at Robert.

Robert only sighed again.

Suddenly, the king and his wife were buffeted as the immense black dragon flew by the window from the side again, mere feet from the railing. His mighty body tilted so that he was flying perpendicular to the ground, his wings pumping hard enough to send a small hurricane of wind across the balcony as he picked up speed. Cersei stumbled into Robert, clinging to him to both maintain her balance and calm her own fear. Her green eyes grew wide.

They watched as the dragon shot straight up into the air, traveling through hundreds of feet within only seconds. Then, instead of leveling out, the dragon pivoted on a wing over, and rocketed back down. Only at the last moment did the behemoth pump its wings to break its descent.

Dust flew wildly all about as the dragon landed with grace. The queen’s long white hair flew in all directions from the wild winds. In from the right came her white and gold dragon landing as adroitly as her black beast, followed by the green dragon landing on the other side of the mighty black behemoth. The black dragon stretched up its long neck to stare about. Some of the children that had been cheering had hidden away now, but those who were brave enough remained stared from the rooftops in wonder, their eyes just visible above the ledges they crouched behind.

Suddenly, the dragons began to trumpet loudly again and again, shocking the air with their mighty roars. Cersei cupped her ears, finding no quiet as the dragons paused just long enough to take deep breaths to continue roaring mightily, their ringing peels ricocheting off the walls.

Then, as suddenly as at roars started, they ceased. A shocked silence followed.

Cersei watched the silver haired usurper slide gracefully down off the black dragon’s high, broad back and land with surprising ease onto her feet, dropping the last distance with bent knees. She stood up and looked around with proud eyes and a regal bearing as she stepped away from her dragon to stand in the open. It was only then that Cersei noticed the spear in the white haired woman’s right hand. Cersei also at that moment noticed a multitude of silver bells in Targaryen’s hair. From the spear tip there flew a long, white ribbon that fluttered in the breeze. The Targaryen stepped closer to look up at the balcony with her violet eyes boring up at the two Baratheons.

The Targaryen clearly felt no fear. The woman roared up to the King and Queen with supreme confidence and haughty voice "I wish to Parley!"
Landfall

Chapter 2

Landfall

4 months ago

Daenerys / Tyrion

Daenerys

The warm air of Dorne felt good on Daenerys’ face as her mighty black dragon winged toward the beach and her awaiting entourage. Working with Varys and Illyrio she had prepared for this day since she had crushed and conquered Volantis. She had first heard the term Game of Thrones there. She had not liked the term then and hated it now, but, she knew the necessity of it. She would be grateful to do anything that could reduce the bloodshed she had left trailing behind her.

She hated all of the machinations behind the curtains and secret conversations behind closed doors. She had been introduced to Tyrion soon after her time in Volantis, first by raven then in person through quick, hidden meetings. These three men had given her crash courses on the landscape of her homeland – her rightful lands. They told her who she could work with to reclaim her throne. They told her that the land was ripe for conquest and that within a year she could reclaim her throne. All it would take was the breaking of a few mighty houses on the field of battle and the rest would fall in line. Varys and Illyrio had treated it all like a game they loved to play. Tyrion was quieter and had more respect, adding insightful comments. The one time he seemed most animated was when suggesting that the House Lannister would make a “splendid” example.

A gust of hot air ghosted over her face, and she remembered such a breeze above Yunkai. The city had rebelled again and she had had enough of their insolence and the killing of the slaves she had freed. She gathered several of the houses of the great masters into one of their mighty, gaudy pyramids. She had listened to the history lessons that Barristan Selmy had given her. She had listened intently the story of Harrenhal. That day she taught those insolent dogs what happened when you crossed the mighty Targaryen dragon.

Her dragons had flown around the pyramid breathing their breaths of hot fire, their breaths of death and unquenchable fury. At first she had felt so triumphant, watching the pyramid burn down with her enemies. Then they had appeared.

Women and children ran up onto the upper terraces, some already afire and screaming in their agony. Little girls ran with their hair aflame and their limbs dropping strips of melting flesh.

Daenerys suddenly saw her long lost Kiserri down in the deadly fires. Her precious little barely six-year-old Blood Rider. Her heart had nearly stopped beating in her chest. The horror had only gotten worse.

Babies were screaming. Men clawed their faces, their skin dripping. Women screamed, pleading for help as the fires closed in on them. She watched as whole families jumped off the terraces to try to escape the flames, falling hundreds of feet to their deaths. By the gods she could still hear their bodies impacting on the cold marble streets. She imagined Kiserri screaming as she fell to her death.
along with them.

She had tried to stop the carnage, but it was too late. It was too late and still necessary. The rebellion had finally ended that day. She rationalized to herself that she had saved many lives of her freed slaves and even the lives of further potential rebels. Her blood riders felt no qualms, the mercenaries in her army were anxious to plunder the dead. What use had they of money anymore? Ser Barristan told her that war demanded such sacrifices of the innocent as he looked on her with pity.

Why had she felt so dirty and her soul so drained? She had butchered before but it had not affected her so. Why now? Were not your enemies to be crushed? Conquered without mercy?

Just last week she had been confronted by a young man from Yunkai. He was really more a boy, no older than herself. He had demanded a duel to avenge his family that had died in the pyramid that day. He had called her out before her men, and she could not refuse him his duel of honor and revenge. To do so would have caused her to lose face and, thus, control and loyalty of her armed forces.

She had disemboweled him, spilling his intestines onto the dirt as she thrust her sword into his belly and ripped upwards, her sword glowing blue with the fire of her ghost runes. The fire just adding to the boy’s agony. He felt every inch of the pain. His screams had rung in the air as her blood riders had laughed and mocked the dying youth. His bowels loosened and stench filled the air before he dropped off of her sword and on to the dirt. The blood and gore on her rune sword bubbling and splattering on the heat that radiated through her soul and into her sword. Even then he still he did not die for another minute, his last breath anything but quiet or noble. Her face had remained impassive. He had challenged and he lost. She had stared at the blood and filth that had spilled onto her hands for a long time, turning them over and wondering if the stain would ever truly wash clean.

She knew the stains on hand and sword would come clean, but what of the stains that darkened her soul more and more?

Daenerys shook her head coming back to the present as Drogon descended down to the beach. She did not notice the tears running from her eyes.

She landed on the empty beach where her fellow conspirators waited. With these men of Westeros, and her mighty army and navy now dotting the horizon from east to west, she would retake what was rightfully hers. In the air, she had mused of ‘machinations’ but here on land she willed herself to be the puppet master. She would pull the strings, not these men on the beach and in her ships.

She gracefully slid off of Drogon and walked out to meet their leader, Oberyn. He bowed deeply, and then took the knee as did all the others in the entourage.

“Arise,” Daenerys spoke in the tone she had long mastered. She was the queen and they were her subjects.

Oberyn strode out to her and gripped her forearm in the salute of warriors. “I am honored to serve you, great huntress and rightful ruler of Westeros.” The warrior told his future queen.

Daenerys knew this man was solidly in her camp. The house of Dorne had always been loyal to her house after marriage had united them, and with their common Essos lineage.

The man of Dorne introduced the other men, leaders of the smaller houses of Dorne and mighty commanders in their army. They were all polite and courteous. They eyed the Valyrian steel sword on her back and the scars on her arms, then the light scar on her left temple that ran down her cheek to her jaw line. They recognized her as a warrior. Tyrion and Varys had told her these men of Dorne
were used to strong women since their progenitor had been Nymeria.

Daenerys listened, observed, and was generally satisfied with what she saw and heard.

Four women were brought forward. One was a child about her age, maybe just slightly younger. She was slender, and very beautiful. She introduced herself as Myrcella of the House of Baratheon, and she took the knee before Daenerys with a bent neck.

The child’s voice trembled slightly as she declared her loyalty to the queen. Dany felt a quarrel bolt of anger boil through her veins. To see kneeling before her a progeny of the Usurper made her dragon blood flow hot in her body - the man’s whose actions had started the events that led to her father’s death and her exile and years of fear.

Evidently, what she felt was reflected in her face. An older woman, in her mid-twenties, suddenly stepped in front of the now trembling girl. She reached down gripping the girl’s shaking shoulders in a clearly loving embrace.

“I am wife to Myrcella. If you need to shed blood then take my life instead!” the woman said, holding the younger girl’s shoulders.

Then the last two women, no older than Myrcella, stepped up to stand before the Baratheon and in front of Arianna as well. “We are also Myrcella’s wives, and sister-wives to Arianna … take our lives instead if you must have vengeance and blood!” They looked at Daenerys with calm equanimity and fierce resolve.

Suddenly, Myrcella was on her feet. “No, take my life instead! Do not harm my wives!” the teen cried out throwing herself in front of the other women. Daenerys sighed as a discordant dance commenced, the four women squirming and shoving to put themselves first and shouting at each other that they ‘would make the sacrifice’. Loud grunts could be hard as the women started shoving each other, still trying to pull the others behind themselves. Cries of ‘my love!’ and ‘my heart!’ and ‘I can’t live without them, take me instead!’ rang through the air. The men chuckled while Oberyn watched Daenerys closely.

“Enough!” the white haired woman yelled, her regal voice bringing all to heel. She could not afford to anger her main supporter in the House of Dorne. Though she did not show it, she had found all the declarations of sacrifice touching and endearing. Her opinion of the young princess was now higher indeed.

The princess remained on her knee looking up at the Targaryen “Myrcella, is it?” Daenerys asked. The girl nodded her head. “You have nothing to fear from me… you weren’t even born yet, girl. Go in peace. We will talk again Myrcella - along with your wives. “Rise up and look upon me as a true princess” the Queen softly ordered.

The teen rose with regal grace. Daenerys bent her head slightly in respect. The girl was about six inches taller than the Queen. Her throat was in front of the Queen’s gaze. “Hold,” the Targaryen ordered. The girl stopped her motion to move away. The Queen reached out and fingered the choker that encircled the girl’s throat and the sigil on it. The oval holding a device she had not seen in her studies.

Daenerys looked down and saw a beautiful silver bracelet on the young woman’s wrist encrusted with emeralds, sapphires and rubies in the shape of a fierce lioness. On her ring finger was a gold ring lined with emeralds to match the beauty’s green eyes. Daenerys had seen but not noticed the other women’s left hands. Daenerys looked up again to confirm. Yes, the three Martells had the same bracelets and rings. They too wore chokers but theirs were a little smaller.
“I studied extensively the sigils of all the houses of Westeros. I recognize the lion but it is not in the Lannister pose. And are those sand snakes wrapped around the beast?”

Myrcella nodded “Yes, they are three sand snakes wrapped around the body of a Lioness. My body. This is the sigil of our house. It is a new house, but will one day be a powerful house, my Queen.” The girl said with direct eye contact.

Daenerys recognized the tone. She was seeking confirmation. Would the Queen crush her dreams before they had even fully formed?

“I look forward to dealing with this house. I see a great future for it in Westeros. We will talk more on this.”

The girl’s back straightened and she walked with firm confidence now back to her nervously waiting wives.

She already was scheming, deciding on how to best use this new tool. Both could benefit.

She watched the girls walk off, hugging each other. The three women of Dorne were each clucking and stroking their princess with obvious devotion. Daenerys was impressed. *Three wives? What did that girl do in bed?* She chuckled to herself. She might need some pointers, she thought, smirking to herself.

Oberyn cleared his throat as he approached her along with Tyrion. “Thank you, your Grace, for showing mercy.” he told his queen while taking a deep bow.

“I do not believe in punishing children for the crimes of their parents, Oberyn.” Daenerys told the warrior.

“Good.” Oberyn replied. “Now we need to discuss the upcoming war and how we will defeat Highgarden. Then we will need to take out House Lannister. After those two houses are crushed, the rest of Westeros will bend the knee readily enough.”

“Have you made overtures of peace to these Houses Oberyn, like we have discussed?” Daenerys asked, strolling back to Drogon. She started to stroke his cheek as the dragon pushed into the hand of his mother, rumbling affectionately.

“Why make offers when you know they will be refused? Highgarden is the pinnacle of conceit and Tywin is a crafty fox that can never be trusted. They need to be broken!” Oberyn made his thoughts clearly and stridently known.

“I believe we need to send overtures to these Houses Oberyn. Let’s explo—” Daenerys began, before Oberyn interrupted her.

“No! they need to be crushed and brought to heel!” he shouted, anger overtaking him as he started to move forward.

In their councils she had seen the fire in Oberyn, and his desire to bring down his main competitors. She conceded that he might not even know his actions were tainted with the desire to bring his rivals low.

Sensing this moment was coming, Daenerys had been mentally speaking to her dragon. At her wordless command, Drogon’s head jerked forward and stopped just in front of Oberyn, his mouth slightly gaped to show the fierce man his long, sharp dagger teeth.
“Whoa whoa … okay, I understand!” Oberyn barked, throwing his hands up. The message loudly sent and meekly received. Having dragons sometimes made life much easier.

“Tyrion, walk with me,” Daenerys commanded him softly but in a tone that brokered no denial as she started down the beach, away from the rest of the gathered entourage.

Tyrion

They walked down the beach in silence as they distanced themselves from their fellow cabal members. Tyrion felt comfortable with the Targaryen. He instinctively knew that the woman, though she teased him, saw him as the person, the man, that he was and not the dwarf that others saw. She valued him as a man of wisdom and cunning and, maybe even a friend. When he looked up at the beautiful face of the Queen, he couldn’t help but wish for more.

They walked for long minutes in companionable silence. Tyrion watched the silver haired Targaryen’s eyes follow the pelicans as they soared in a stacked formation with an almost childlike wonder. Every so often she would tilt her face up into the soft, pleasant breeze and walk with her eyes lightly closed and a soft smile as the warm wind caressed her cheeks. Seeing her like this, it was hard to fathom all of the stories he had heard of her on the battlefield and the crushing of sedition within her conquered cities.

Tyrion noted the tears that they had all seen running down the Queen’s face when she had first arrived had long dried. He wondered what the others had thought of them. They had probably written it off as wind or sand, but Tyrion wondered. This woman was clearly driven by towering ambition and belief in her cause, but, there was also a vulnerability he thought he saw in the small woman; heavy griefs that weighed on her soul.

“What did you think of Oberyn’s words, cub?” the silver haired woman finally woman asked him.

The diminutive Lion of Lannister stopped and sighed. “I have asked you to call me the “Lion” of Lannister!” he replied in jest.

“A lion would come up higher than my hip, cub.” she shot back.

Tyrion knew he was treading on dangerous ground but had to take the gambit. He looked up the beach and saw that they had rounded a promontory. No one would see. “I would have you know that I am both a King of the Beasts and a King of the Breast. A mighty man on the field… and in the bedchamber. I have left many a satisfied woman in my wake, my liege. I am legend.” He told the queen who had stopped walking to look at him intently.

“Are you now?” she asked softly, her violet eyes locking with his. The beautiful woman stepped before him and bent down to one knee, her face soft and lambent.

Tyrion felt his cock surging. Was his gambit going to pay off?!

Daenerys hands came out, one to cup his cheek while the other began stroking his bulging cock through his trousers.

“You are a handsome man Tyrion… do you want to feel the caress of the dragon’s talons on your manhhood, my little Lord?” the Targaryen asked in a husky voice.

Tyrion gulped, slowly nodding his head ‘yes’.

“Do you want to feel the breath of Dragon’s fire on your cock… feel the wet heat of the dragon’s mouth?” the white haired beauty breathed softly, inching her face closer to his. Her tongue licked her
sensual lips as her eyes lidded.

Tyrion was so erect it was painful. He started to reach for his laces.

Suddenly, a hideous look snarled across the teen’s face, her head lunging down and making a snapping motion as her teeth clacked noisily. She ripped her head back and up as the woman suddenly stood, martial straight. The sudden aggression and spite shocked the little Lord, his eyes suddenly large with terror. He no longer felt either visceral or manly, his cock wilting like a flower broiling under the hot sun. Daenerys eyes looked slightly crazed, like some deranged succubus. She made a show of motion, chewing sloppily and nosily. Then she gulped. “Not even an appetizer… you don’t have anything to offer me little man. No man does! Do I make myself clear!” she almost shouted at Tyrion.

His cock was a pitiful small thing now. He swallowed and tried to pull his dignity together. “Understood my liege… I will never make that mistake again. I will try and subtly let others know that your focus is on regaining your kingdom, my liege.” Tyrion offered his Queen, head hung with humility.

“Good. Now that that has been cleared up…” the woman snarled and started to walk down the beach again.

Tyrion quickened his pace to keep up. As her (hopefully) still trusted advisor, he needed to ask this next question, though he was fearful of Daenerys’ reaction. He took a deep breath. He knew he would need to provide for the Queen’s needs. All of her needs. Tyrion knew he may need to provide the Queen companionship for the nights when she desired pleasures of the flesh. The Seven Gods knew that was part of Jon’s duty for Robert. “Will you be requiring female companionship at night my liege?” He asked carefully. “I know many women who would be honored and delighted to grace your bed…” Tyrion offered delicately.

Daenerys stopped abruptly again and looked down at the little Lord, her eyes unreadable and her body still. Tyrion stood stock still, waiting. Daenerys tilted her head back and laughed softly, lightly. “Tyrion. I have had three husbands, a paramour, and slept with men when I needed relief. I think that shows my inclinations… don’t you?”

“Of course my liege.” Tyrion responded as the loyal subordinate he was. He had learned an important lesson today. Daenerys was a dangerous woman and not to be underestimated or trifled with. To do so was at your own peril.

“Walk with me, cub.” the future queen commanded.

Relieved that the crisis was over, Tyrion again fell in beside the queen.

A moment passed, and Daenerys addressed him again. “I think I asked you about Oberyn’s plans?”

“Yes. I think they have merit, Daenerys. The great houses of Westeros are prideful and will not bend the knee lightly. I agree with Oberyn on the fact that at least one or maybe two houses will need to be broken. Most houses from your traditional homeland will raise their banners for you regardless, but your father left a bitter taste in the house of Stark, Highgarden and Arryn. You will have to make headway against that. They will, at minimum, hold you in high distrust.” Tyrion finished his assessment.

“But I thought I had left instructions with you to make peace overtures to the Houses of Westeros. Why was that not done, Tyrion?” she asked in a tone that made an unpleasant tingle go down his spine.
“You did my lady. I was overruled.”

“How so?”

“As I have said, others think that peace overtures are wasted.”

“But you spoke for me.”

He sighed. “I’m just a dwarf, Daenerys.”

The white haired Targaryen looked at him, perplexed. “Why would that matter? It is cunning and intellect you bring to the table.”

“It matters Daenerys… believe me, it matters.” Tyrion responded, looking up at Daenerys and letting her openly see for a moment the pain he suffered so often; the ridicule he received because of his stature and his stunted legs.

“I see …” Daenerys responded, looking at him steadily, without pity or ridicule. “That will change. Believe me that will change. But that is a battle that will be fought tomorrow. Today I have more pressing needs and concerns.”

“I stand ready to do your bidding, my Queen.”

“The fact that no peace overtures have been made must be addressed. Now. How can we go to war without the effort of peace being made first? Must we go to war Tyrion? Will the strong always devour the weak? Can not the Dragon learn to lie with Direwolf? We have to at least make the effort, Tyrion. And not just words either. I do not want another war if I can avoid it!” the Targaryen said, her voice rising.

Tyrion was perplexed. “What war, Daenerys? You just landed in Westeros, and Dorne has accepted you with open arms.”

Tyrion watched as a pained look flashed across the pale woman’s features. She told him softly, “I have fought many wars Tyrion… I grow weary of them. There has to be another way. Your lessons have taught me that Eddard, Jon and Mace are intelligent men who only want what is best for their people. They must listen to reason.” She said softly.

“Your reasons, Deanerys? Why would they? To them you are just another conqueror. The only thing truly unique about you is your gender. It has been a thousand years since Nymeria conquered Dorne. And she did it with the bow and the sword, I might add.”

“I have known nothing but war for over three years. I have smashed armies and cities. Bent entire nations to my will. You may think I crave war and conquest with my history… I have conquered half of Essos in a span of time no other conqueror ever has. I have found out I am good at war—too good- and I hate it! It sickens me! I will have my destiny, but I will find another way. There has to be another way! You have told me you are cunning, Tyrion… tell me how.”

The dwarf stared up at her. “You are the dragon queen. Is it not your right to win your kingdoms? What enemy can stand against you when you fly your dragons over their skies? You are dread personified with your dragons winging overhe—”

“That’s it!” Daenerys yelled, her body suddenly shaking with an excitement she could barely contain. “Yes … Yes … it may work. You’re a genius Tyrion!” She held the dwarf by the shoulders, shaking him excitedly.
“Of course I am …” Tyrion nodded as he responded, perplexed.

“Yes. I know it will work! I already have mapped out in my mind what I need to say. I will tell them I am here to sow peace and not war!” the young Queen told Tyrion, then more to herself as her voice started to trail off. “I’m so tired of war…” her eyes going distant “…yes … I’ll tell them I want to fight no more, forever …”
Daenerys

Daenerys Targaryen leaned against the mooring, looking out at the harbor that anchored just a fraction of her mighty navy before her. The Targaryen’s ships were ringed around Essos in the free cities, preparing to set sail for her homeland. More ships were already at sea. Flotillas of ships from the Summer Islands and the land of the kingdoms of Yi Ti. Soon, she thought, I will once more set foot on my homeland. The land of my birth.

The Targaryen princess had been prudent during her conquests, making sure to spare the navies of her enemies and not to completely savage their armies unless absolutely necessary. She knew she needed those ships and men for herself.

The sails were beautiful, rippling in the strong shore breeze - the same breeze that ruffled her hair and tinkled the multitude of silver bells that Missandei had braided into her locks at the crack of dawn. Even with the light weights, her tresses blew in the strong breeze, singing a sweetly discordant melody.

She felt invigorated. Daenerys looked off to her left at two tall, mighty Swan Ships of the Summer Islanders, their size impressive.

The closest to her was the command ship of the emissary who was leading his ships into battle with Daenerys. The Morning Mist swayed slightly with the incoming tide, its masts soaring high into the bright blue morning sky, with multi-colored sails billowing, pleasing the eye.

Pleasing like the emissary’s oldest child had been. He had brought his four oldest children with him, his two sons strong and tall, his daughters nearly matching them in height and sinew. Their bodies were graceful with delightful swales and contours.

He had only brought the children that were old enough to fight. They were here to be part of this “campaign of glory and destiny”, as he had announced at the banquet. She found all the Summer Islanders gathered to be tall and roped with muscle, and she loved the darkness of their skin, like looking up at the sky between the stars at night. They were a strong and brave people.

She had eyed his children during the diplomatic gallantry that all allies dispensed with before a major campaign. Her eyes were constantly drawn to the eldest. The heir to his lands was almost as tall as the emissary himself. Their eyes had locked at first meeting, and Daenerys had not felt such a tingle in her loins in so long. That night they had hot passionate sex. It was not about love – it was primal lust and pent-up energy. Bodies made hard by hard work and battle seeking release before the upcoming battles.

Daenerys’ body tingled, remembering how their groins had impacted as they rutted. The force of the strong Summer Islanders’ body into hers, the rough thrusts of her adroit lover. The jolt of each impact rocking her small frame, the delicious brunt of hard sex that she craved in her lovers. Her
climax had rocked her body with powerful contractions that shocked her near senseless with pleasure.

She could still remember the feel of her lover’s upper arms underneath her jerking, clawing fingers as they contracted with each hard pulse of her orgasm. The Summer Islander had looked down at her with glittering, almond eyes watching her start to orgasm, then smiling with a feral look as she writhed beneath the dominant weight.

Her lover had encouraged her to scream her pleasure. Since making love in front of the Khalasar so openly she had reveled in letting anyone who may hear know her gratification. The back of her head had jammed into the bed as her throat arched up, and her ferocious wails of pleasure filled the small cabin. Her lover had only urged her on, her screams igniting them both with passion as the Islander rammed even harder into her exploding pussy.

They had made love deep into the night. She had enjoyed the tall Islander spooning her small frame as they drifted off to sleep the few dark hours remaining before dawn.

Daenerys shook her head, breaking herself out of her idyllic reverie. She needed to focus on the here and now.

She looked critically up and down the harbor of Pentos, more than satisfied with what she saw. The ships were in full sail and in good trim. Then a horse neighing in fear and pain caught her ear to her right. She hurried down the quay and found a ship taking on a few last horses, the beasts clearly fearful and resisting the commands to enter the hold.

A task master continued to whip the horses cruelly as she stormed down the pier at a run. “Stop!” the diminutive woman screamed in the regal tone she had long mastered.

She marched up to the gangway to berate the man, a heavily muscled Braavosi named Querolos, a quartermaster of the ship Wave Ryder.

“Why do you whip these poor horses so?” Daenerys demanded.

The man explained that the ships were to set sail and he had to get the destriers on board immediately, or they would be delayed. That was not an option, so he whipped the horses to get them to comply.

Daenerys snorted and ripped the whip from his hand, throwing it up over the gunwale. Then she approached the two terrified horses as they stomped their hooved feet hard into the pier slats, twisting first right and then left.

The Targaryen Queen took several deep, calming breaths and centered herself like Syrio Forel had taught her to clear her mind for weapons training and combat. Daenerys had found that calming her mind and body lead her to place inside that then allowed her to reach out to her dragons and other beasts.

The tiny woman walked calmly towards the rearing battle horses, their hooves pawing high into the air before crashing down again on the pier. The horses whinnied as they eyed the small woman, mouths frothing. Daenerys stopped just short of their fury. She looked up into their eyes, calmly letting them see her peace and the lack of fear.

She hummed a soft, wordless melody in a sweet voice. Her bells chimed in the breeze. Slowly, the horses began to calm. They stopped their rearing and screaming, and their bodies stilled. The wild rippling of their haunches faded away, and the large white and black horse came over to the tiny
woman, slowly lowering its head and butting her outstretched hand. The horse nickered as Daenerys rubbed its ears.

“You can take the horses in now,” she told the quartermaster in a calm measured voice.

The man stared at her speechless as the horses were lead up the plankway into his ship. He mutely bowed to the now retreating queen, then shook his head. In all his years, he had never seen anything like it. Dany walked further down the docks, calling out greetings to her captains of ships and to the knights and leaders of mercenary companies. She had always been good with faces and names, and it paid off handsomely as she had formed her military machine.

As Daenerys walked down the wide docks made for commerce, a group of young girls ran down the pier towards her. As they reached her they used her as foil as they chased each other. One girl caught her eye. She was small with inky black hair and almond eyes, her skin swarthy like her Kiserri had had in life.

The girl had just seemed to appear at her side when she began her march away from the shattered Khalasar of her former lover Drogo. She was beside her, looking nervously up at her and saddling up close. Dany had ruffled her hair and the girl was by her side from then on.

Daenerys had tried to find her mother but she could not. The girl told the Khaleesi that her mother had been mean and she was so nice. She declared after two weeks she was Daenerys’ fourth Blood Rider.

Daenerys shook her head hard. She had enough maudlin thoughts coursing through her head this day. A day that should have been about triumph and not depressing thoughts from her haunted past in the red wastes.

Satisfied after half an hour of further inspection, the platinum blond haired woman started to return to the mooring she had started at.

Halfway back up the quay another Summer Islander Swan Ship caught her eye. This vessel was unique, for the captain had painted a black and white zig-zag pattern on the hull to break up its pattern on the water. It almost looked like a floating piece of art with its wild design. She looked at the port side near the stern, where the script read “Seafarer’s Gem”.

Her mood quickly changed to reflective, and she found herself thinking again on the dream that had been plaguing her for the last two months. It had changed again last night.

The dream had originally started out with her in a long, dark hall. She remembered it had been so cold. She was always nude in this dream, feeling vulnerable and afraid - which were feelings she had worked tirelessly for so long to stamp out. She had vowed to control her destiny without fear. She would never be sold off like chattel again. But in this dream, she was afraid, naked, and exposed without her weapons.

As the dream progressed over the weeks, she had started to feel a presence down the cold, dark hall. As the nights passed, the presence started to move down the hall, and while the cold remained the fear did not. When she was finally able to make out the form that had been moving down the hall towards her she gasped, it was a massive Direwolf she-bitch; mighty and powerful. The wolf would stare at her intently.

The dream had remained at this point for a while, the two entities staring at each other as Daenerys began to relax. On the night when she had thought she would finally reach out and touch the direwolf, the dreamed suddenly took a drastic turn.
A week ago the wolf had suddenly crouched down as she approached, snarling as drool slavered out of its vicious, parted jaws. The hair on its haunches bristled, and its tail bushed out with agitated sweeps. The mighty wolf started to snap, its eyes glowing with hatred. Daenerys was paralyzed with fear at the sudden change, feeling hopeless against such a mighty beast without her priceless weapons.

Last night as she had drowsed against her lover’s body she had hoped she would be able to sleep soundly after the exhausting sex. She had not, but, the dream had changed again. It had reached a resolution; a totally unexpected conclusion. She had thought she would meet death at the jaws of the direwolf, but instead…

Again, it had been so, so cold … The wolf had launched itself at her and she leaned back, her arms throne up to ward herself, though she knew it was useless. She felt her lips form around a death scream… only she had not died.

The massive direwolf had leaped over her, and she heard the sounds of bodies crashing together and then the savagery of combat. Daenerys whirled around. The wolf was fighting a tall, thin man with a slim-bladed sword that glowed blue like her own, but radiated a freezing cold. The man had a strange crown of blue-white ice. Back and forth the two fought, the wolf nimbly avoiding slashes of the sword and delivering bites and raking claw swipes from her mighty paws.

The then the fight was suddenly over, the wolf taking down the man and ripping his throat out. The man turned to mist and almost immediately started to dissipate. The wolf howled in triumph as the freezing cold fled once the mist of the fallen man faded.

The wolf slowly turned back to Daenerys, its intelligent eyes hot and aglow with anger and hate. The fear that had been subsiding suddenly flared again.

Then the direwolf’s demeanor changed drastically. Daenerys felt the tension rapidly dissipate from the wolf and it slowly walked back toward her, then lowered itself down onto its belly with its front paws extended and tail down in submission. The great beast leaned in and brought its nose to her bare feet with a gentle muzzle. The fierce animal looked up at her in supplication and.. what … what word came to mind … love …?

Daenerys shook her head. Strange the symbolism one would find in dreams. She knew the sigil of House Stark was the Direwolf, so she knew it must somehow involve that house. She sighed. It was a mighty house, Daenerys knew. She had first thought of Eddard Stark as a dog rather than the wolf of his sigil. He had been part of the usurper’s supporters. But all she kept hearing from Tyrion and Oberyn was Stark honor this and Stark honor that. He was a man fair and just.

She would judge for herself.

She would have to meet her destiny to find the answers she needed. And as in all things, her destiny lay in the land of her birth.

Her mind back in the present, she looked again at the beautiful Swan Ship, its sails and painted hull ablaze in the bright morning sun.

Daenerys found herself strongly attached to the Summer Islanders. They were a strong, brave, and enlightened race, with a society based on egalitarianism. This was a concept she hoped to bring to Westeros. She had seen it, she thought, in Oberyn, but still needed to make sure. She was tired of being treated like a piece of property to be bought and sold like a slave in all but name. She had smashed Slaver’s Bay with a vengeance for it.
In Summer Islander society a woman could aspire to lead men and women, to command ships, lead commerce, to govern. She knew that Westeros was conservative and she was not naïve. She could not change her homeland in such a short time without destroying it. Slaver’s Bay had taught her that. But she would plant the seeds of slow change and hope that her progeny or future leaders would water and make it grow.

Daenerys looked up at sun and knew she had to hurry back. She needed to speak to the commanders in their command ships arrayed around the mooring she had marked as hers. They were prepared and ready to set sail.

She went down the quay and turned up the pier to her mooring and the large, squat building beside it. She spied the Summer Islanders, several other high commanders in her force and her trusted general Barristan Selmy.

She came up to the group and they did their ritual greeting and platitudes. She had tired of these. As the commanders discussed last minute details she wandered off to her mooring and leaned against it. She stared out at the sea, enjoying the strong breeze that ruffled her hair and made her bells tinkle.

She heard soft, predatory footfalls approaching and recognized the tread of last night’s lover. Her hair was lifted and she felt fingers running through her long platinum tresses, tracing the tiny tinkling bells. “You are a beautiful woman Daenerys Targaryen. Beautiful, strong and smart, such a rare combination. I find you intoxicating.”

Daenerys merely smiled softly, looking out over the bay. She knew this was only a dalliance no matter what her lover may feel. She heard a sigh.

Then her lover’s tall, strong body was against her back, pulling her against lean corded muscle. Long arms pulled the tiny woman tight, and the Islander bent down to breathe in Daenerys’ ear with a husky voice: “Last night was a magical night, Dragon Queen. I will treasure the memory. I hope that you will once more grace my bed.”

Daenerys continued to look out over the harbor, not turning to look back or respond. The Summer Islander continued. “I would be so honored to be your consort, pale queen.” Daenery’s felt her body being squeezed tighter before the small blonde woman was finally released with a sigh.

“You have captured my heart, O Dragon Queen.” Jhalaai Khal turned to walk back to the group that had begun to disperse. Daenerys waited, looking at the ships of her navy and the sea off in the distance.

Daenerys sighed, then slowly walked back to the last two people on the dock. The Emissary and Barristan stood waiting for her. Sighing again at the inevitable, Daenerys went to them.

“You have quite smitten my eldest child, Dragon Queen” the emissary told the Valyrian.

Daenerys tilted her head and smiled. “Your eldest is quite the catch, your Grace … I am sure there are many fair ladies lined up, hoping they will be chosen.” she spoke in a formal but friendly manner.

“Yes, Daenerys, this is true. But my daughter is smitten with you. It is you she wants to be her wife and mate … you have captured her heart, Targaryen.”

“I am honored Jhalando Khal,” she said, switching to his name and not his title. “Your daughter is a very beautiful woman … but my destiny has decreed that I follow a different path. Westeros is not the Summer Islands …and.. I—I am bound. Trapped.”

“But you will be queen!” Jhalando Khal shot back.
“I have seen the portents and omens … maybe … no. I know my destiny.” Daenerys replied with a heaviness in her voice and heart.

“Then you have my condolences … but my offer stands. If you want my daughter and you do not delay before another wins her heart, then you have my blessing.”

“I am honored Jhalando Khal”. They bowed formally in the Summer Island fashion.

Barristan

Barristan watched Daenerys finish her conversation with the emissary. The man left with a smile on his face. Even when Daenerys gave nobles and high officials news they did not want to hear, they left smiling. The knight knew that there was nothing that the young woman could not do.

Except for find happiness. Barristan had long suspected the proclivities of his Queen, but it was of no importance. He was a man who supported his liege no matter their morals or beliefs, though he totally believed in Daenerys. He had waited a long lifetime to finally meet someone he could have that much faith in, a person of high principle and open heart. A person who would take their largesse and use it wisely and for the people. He had finally found that person in Deanerys Targaryen, the First of Her Name.

He went over the numbers with his Queen one more time. In Pentos alone they had four hundred and fifty warships from multiple navies. Some fought for honor and noble endeavor, others fought for money. On the battlefield none would know or care which.

The Queen had insisted on bringing as many supplies as possible. Thus, another three hundred merchant crafts floated in the harbor. She did not want to raid the land if at all possible, robbing the very people she intended to liberate from, if not despotic, then blighted and dissipated rule. When she first started her campaign she had witnessed her armies devouring the countryside in their wake. The populace had at first been grateful for their freedom but a denuded landscape soon took off the luster.

They discussed how their number of ships were also anchored up and down the coast in all the Free Cities in equal or greater numbers.

Daenerys asked her general if there were any new reports of sedition in her conquered lands in Essos. All was calm for the once, the general reported.

Last month the Queen had flown Drogon back to Slaver’s Bay. The trip had been necessary to dispense justice in Astapor and Meereen. In the first, Daenerys had executed three men for cruelty to the freed slaves, and also punished a ring of thieves taking staples and selling them back at black market prices. In the second, a powerful husband and wife from a high noble family was again trying to reignite the slave trade and re-open the slave pits.

She had beheaded all of them herself.

Barristan knew that she felt she must do the executions whenever possible since they were her royal orders. “Let the sin be mine,” she had told him when she came back. Why she considered it a sin at all had befuddled him. They were criminals trafficking in death and cruelty, and they deserved their fates.

He could see the Queen fidgeting, smiled gently. Even the Queen could feel the pressure of this day. All the blood and sacrifice had been leading up to this time, this moment in history.

“You will be able to smash and conquer your enemies on the fields of battle or within their mighty
castles. They will be able to withstand your might for six months, a year at most,” Barristan told his
Queen, hoping to ease the beautiful Targaryen’s doubts. He immediately saw how his words pained
the beautiful princess.

“My destiny is assured, Barristan. I have left nothing to chance. I will have my throne back.” She
told her general. He saw iron will and resolve - but also so much pain. Why? He could not fathom it.

This morning after her tryst with the Summer Islander Princess the Queen, while not happy, had
seemed more at peace with herself; but now Barristan could see the melancholy coming back over
her.

Berating himself internally for putting the Queen in a dour mood, all the General could think to do
was press her forward. “It is time to begin Daenerys … call your dragons.”

Barristan observed the Targaryen slowly walk toward the end of the pier, then fell in step beside her,
matching her small strides. Her eyes were lightly lidded and her breathing slowing, steady and deep.
Her face seemed to drain of all emotion or discord.

Barristan knew she had not found any happiness, just a temporary draining of care and worry so she
could find the secret place inside herself that allowed her to communicate with her dragons and other
lesser beasts. Once they reached the end of the pier, they stood there in silence as Daenerys centered
within herself.

Daenerys slowly raised her arms high up into the air, her fingers slightly spread and her body
relaxed, her eyes slitted and unseeing. “Come,” was all the petite blond woman said in a soft voice.
One could hear no command, only a request between family or close friends.

Barristan looked over the harbor and out to the sea. On the horizon he could already see a small dot,
rapidly growing larger. Soon it was clear that it was Drogon, winging fast to his mother.

Barristan knew that over the skies of Braavos and the port Tyrosh, dragons were now flying. The
white dragon Viserion over the former, and the green dragon over the latter.

Barristan had asked Daenerys once how she did it. How she communicated with her dragons in such
a manner, always bringing them winging over the horizon when she called them.

The Targaryen had only shrugged her shoulders. “They know where and when their mother will
need them,” had been her reply.

Once the dragons were large enough to fly on their own the Queen had let them have free range.
Barristan and others had questioned the teenager about this. Was it wise? Would they come back?
Will they obey?

The Targaryen simply said, “They will always come and obey my summons. They are bound to me.
But dragons need free range to grow large and fierce.” When others had questioned the wisdom of
Daenerys’ decision she had only smiled vaguely. Over time her wisdom had borne out. The dragons
always answered her summons and obeyed her explicitly.

Barristan still could not help but wonder though, how the free flying dragons winging over the two
continents always appeared on the horizon only a few heartbeats after a summons. It was an
inexplicable mystery of the world. Dragons needed freedom, the Queen gave it to them and in return
they obeyed her.

Barristan had never read or heard of this ability with dragons or of Valyrians having this strength.
Nothing could be found in the old books. The Maesters were equally baffled by Daenerys’ ability.
How did the woman communicate with a beast that one could not even see? As in so many things, Daenerys Targaryen was a truly unique regent.

Barristan saw that calling her dragons had calmed the Queen’s earlier silent torment. Communing with her dragons always seemed to soothe her. The Targaryen watched the dragon rapidly close the distance, his mighty wings pumping hard.

With her relaxed posture and soft smile, the General knew the Queen was maintaining her mental link with her children. With them, she could just be the gentle mother he sensed she longed to be buried deep within her psyche. Unfortunately, her burning ambition would always preclude this. The only hope he could envision was if she could find a man—or woman—to share her burden with, but he deemed that unlikely.

The woman’s ambitions to rule half the known world would deem that she marry some great noble of a mighty house. Tradition would demand she marry a man.

Drogon wheeled overhead in a tight spiral, roaring a greeting to his mother. Barristan looked right, left and out at the ships anchored deeper in the harbor. The sails, rigging lines and rails of the ships were all lined with bright, expectant faces. Grown men were reduced to little children, gazing on legends that had come back to life.

Daenerys’ body stiffened slightly as she broke her mental bond with her dragons, a world weary sag returning to her shoulders and melancholy caste to her face. This was the look that only Missandei and himself were allowed to see. The Queen watched her dragon slow its wings to drop into a land on the end of the pier.

“Your hour has arrived, my Queen.” Barristan told the woman, hoping to fuel the inner fire that allowed the petite woman to constantly forge greatness.

“Is it Barristan … a time for what exactly, my trusted General?”

“Conquest, greatness, legends!”

The tiny woman seemed morose as she turned to greet her dreaded black dragon as he landed beside her on the dock. Her small frame leaned against him and sagged into his side, her body pressed into his hot scales. Any other person would have had scalding wounds on their body.

Barristan moved down to stand beside his liege and her dragon son. He looked at her face, her cheek pressed into the beast’s side. He could see in her expression the ghost of past campaigns, and great victories achieved at a high cost. Barristan witnessed as dry sobs wracked her body when her eyes closed. He shook his head, worrying for his Queen.

Daenerys opened her violet eyes and looked at him. “Tell me Barristan, how will Westeros remember me…? I know how Essos will forever remember me … will I be the beloved liberator, or the cursed tyrant … how many men will I put to the sword?” she asked softly in her moment of grief.

“How many women will die screaming, like in Yunkai …” more sobs shook her body. “How many children will die or be left destitute … I have shattered cities and laid waste to entire civilizations.”

Barristan had no answer to her pointless recriminations. He did not understand her remorse. Great times require great deeds and greater sacrifice. She had listed her ills, but forget to list her virtues. Slaves had been freed. A slave trade that had existed for five thousand years and resisted other mighty armies, even that of Valyria, she had been broken in a little over three years. The former slaves were fed and housed. The slaves that had been trained in a field of endeavor were already
setting up new businesses and for the first time making money they could keep. These former slaves were helping their brothers and sisters learn trades so they too become clerks, merchants and farmers.

Those in the nobility that could see a new future had arrived had been accepted with open arms. These nobles were helping set a new free order and with their connections and talents allowing them to make healthy profits not based on the backs of their slaves. They had been surprised such a thing possible and were accepting the new world order.

He had suggested the fostering of their youth to teach a better way. The Queen had brightened immediately taking to the idea with a righteous passion. Her diplomatic skills and personal charisma had the free cities and nations clamoring to foster and ward the children of the noble families. He was still struggling to understand how she had accomplished it.

With the ill-gotten wealth from the slave holders Daenerys was rebuilding furiously, and amazingly many of the nobles were starting to come around. Daenerys was savage with sedition but merciful to all who truly asked for forgiveness and were willing to walk a new path.

Not yet twenty, and she had already accomplished so much.

“Then stop your quest,” Barristan said. “Give up your claim and go back to the house with the red door, Daenerys. Become the little woman you think you want to become and let some other person shape destiny. I will support any decision you make, my Queen, and defend you with my life to the end.”

Wordlessly, the blond woman’s body stiffened and all doubt left her face, her eyes once more becoming clear and focused.

Daenerys took a deep breath and looked at Selmy with calm resolve.

Barristan gripped his Queen’s shoulder softly. “Let’s forge greatness my Queen … you are the first of your name … this is your time. Please never forget this. I waited so long for greatness and it is finally here.”

Dany whipped around and gripped Drogon’s scales, quickly scurrying up to sit on his broad back. With a mighty heave of his legs he jumped up the twenty feet to the top of the squat, thick walled building, his neck extended as he roared his clarion call to arms. In the beast’s mind, he heard his brothers trumpeting loudly over the ports as they winged over them.

Daenerys ripped her Valyrian sword from its scabbard, the rarest of the ghost rune swords of past legends. The sword glowed a bright blue in the air above the Valyrian’s head as she ripped the sword in a complicated series of parries and thrusts.

Then the young woman rose up, her ankles pressed into grooves of her dragon’s scales. In a pure, amazingly loud soprano voice she called out: “Let this be a time that the scribes write was a time of honor, the renewal of just purpose - a time of forging greatness in the crucible of our age! I go to reclaim my throne, but I promise I will be something new … create something different … a world based on justice, honor, and rights for all persons whether high or low borne. Ours will be an enlightened age!”

Already Barristan could hear cheering rising up from the ships and the people that were now thronging the docks surrounding the dragon perched up on its airy.

“I am going back to claim what is mine, in righteousness. Let this be known as the dawn of a new era. A time of justice, equality for all, and the binding and healing of old wounds. A time when the
Dragon, Direwolf and Lion learn to live in peace and harmony. Let this be a day that the gods themselves tremble in their heavens, a day of truth and destiny. Let this be a time of Reclamation.”

She quickly climbed up the black dragon’s neck until she had an arm looped around his horns, and thrust her sword high into the air.

The dragon stiffened and screamed a mighty, feral scream and roared a hot burst of flame high into the air. The ships closest to her and those on the shore around the pale Queen sounded their warhorns in response. Sounds pealed across the harbor, bouncing off ships and buildings.

More and more warhorns joined the clarion call. Soon the very air itself was echoing with their booms, shaking the birds as they flew. In all the free ports of the free cities, the harbors were filled with sounds of the call to arms. Gouts of flame from Drogon and his brothers brightened the sunny sky.

Barristan marveled at how Daenerys could so easily rally armies to her desires. How she filled her troops with confidence and righteous purpose. He had known kings, and none could come close to matching his Queen’s majesty, passion and charisma.

This would be a time that would be sung of by bards for the next thousand years.

The foundation of the Titan of Braavos shook from the mighty reverberation of the righteous call to arms, all the horns blowing in its harbors.

All of the ships pulled their anchors and began to row or sail to the sea to meet their destinies. Destinies of reclamation. What was stolen would be taken back. Heritages that had been lost would now be restored.

Let this be a time of reclamation.
Cersei

Cersei looked down at the woman who stared up at them with the violet eyes of old Valyria, her platinum hair blowing in the breeze of the courtyard. She could see where the chiming she had heard when the woman rode by had come from, there were a multitude of tiny bells weaved into her hair.

What a strange fashion sense.

“What the hell is it with the bells in her hair?” she asked Robert.

He looked down a long few moments. “The rumors are true then … those bells are a Dothraki tradition—one for each victory!”

Cersei gaped down at the white haired woman with the bejeweled hair. Victories?! Cersei felt a rush run through her. That was what had always dreamed of, and had had denied her.

“That’s impossible!” Cersei gasped, her blood firing up in disbelief.

“Come! Parlay! I don’t have all day!” the Targaryen barked up haughtily.

“Impudent bitch!” Robert huffed.

“Fucking cunt!” Cersei barked.

“Cersei, please watch your tongue,” Robert said. “It is unseemly.”

“Why?! Just because I am a woman?” the Queen nearly shouted up at him.

“Yes.” Robert hissed down at his wife.

Cersei stared up at him with her blood roaring in her ears.

“God I hate your condescending manner Robert! The man can but the woman can’t?”

“Yes Cersei, that is right … that is the way it is meant to be. Men rule, women follow.” Robert reminded his wife, as if it were no wonder he had to slap her from time to time.
“I think a woman is calling you Robert… shouldn’t you go and be seemly and answer her sweet, sweet summons?” Cersei asked Robert sarcastically. “Please lead your wife, a woman, to the woman who is calling you, oh great man!” she goaded Robert with spiteful glee.

“I swear woman—you try my patience no end. It is not my fault that I have to slap you to knock sense into that thick head of yours!”

Cersei looked up at him with silent fury.

Robert sighed. “Let’s go meet our destiny, then,” Robert told her, gripping her elbow gently to lead her out.

They wound their way down the Red Keep until they came out a door before the Targaryen usurper.

She’s a fucking runt! was Cersei’s first thought. She was, maybe, barely five feet. She had looked at least six feet tall when she was on her dragon.

The tiny woman stared at them with stone cold eyes, her body appearing relaxed yet still poised on the cusp of violence.

The next thing Cersei noticed was a pale scar that ran from her hairline to her temple, and then down her cheek to her jaw line. She also saw a nasty scar on her throat on the same side, that looked as if something had pierced through at some point.

Cersei’s eyes flared wide open. Oh.My.Gods! The woman must be a stone cold killer.

“Finally! Has no one told you Robert, it is improper to keep your Queen waiting.” The white haired woman barked up at the six-foot eight man.

“Shut up, you dragon bitch! Usurper! You are not Queen yet!”

“Where is the real Robert anyways?” Daenerys asked, looking around and behind Robert. “The real Robert is a fat buffoon, a fucking slob … surely you can’t be him.” She sniffed. “I don’t smell alcohol… you’re not swaying or falling on your ass… your nose is not splotchy. Again I ask. Where is the real Robert Baratheon?”

“You’ve got a smart mouth for a bitch! Do you ever shut up?”

A honeyed smile appeared. “Why should I? I’ve got dragons and I’m pretty.”

“You won’t be so pretty when I smash in your chest with my war hammer like I did your brother, Daenerys Targaryen,” Robert retorted, hefting the heavy war hammer he had resting on his broad shoulder.

Cersei saw the woman’s eyes flare briefly, but it disappeared almost immediately.

“You are a tall one aren’t you… what is the weather like up there? I see you use a war hammer. That to make up for lack of a shaft?” the white haired usurper asked sweetly.

“Fuck you, you fucking little yap dog, barking at my ankles!” Robert spat back down at the tiny woman.

“So much for parlay. To me!” the tiny woman called out.

Cersei saw a quick movement out of the corner of her eye and turned her head to the gathered dragons.
She saw Robert follow her gaze when she exclaimed under her breath.

On top of the black beast Oberyn sat with a feral smile on his face, starting to dismount. Cersei saw that he had been sitting on a saddle of sorts, and that he was wearing some form of gloves and chaps. Oberyn slid down the dragon’s side and began to remove the articles.

On the white dragon sat Barristan Selmy, gazing at them with calm steely resolve and, she thought a flicker of sadness as well. At least one person would feel some sorrow for her passing, and that of her lout of a husband - though she couldn’t really give a rat’s ass herself for Robert’s dissipated legacy.

On the green dragon sat a big, hulking brute of a man. He wore no shirt, and his head was bald.

He was not so pretty to look at.

Barristan and the massive man also dismounted their dragons as well, and removed what Cersei surmised were articles of protection against the dragons’ heat. She could see some shrubs in a bed wilting and turning brown near the black dragon’s hindquarters.

The men approached, stopping ten feet behind the tiny, white haired woman.

“These are all my champions. These are men of great valor and even greater skill. You can fight them, or me. I would advise you Robert, to choose to fight one of them, since when I kill you it will be written that the great Stag of Baratheon was felled by little ol’ me. Can’t have that now, can we O Robert?” the blond woman sing-songed to the King.

“Fucking cunt!” the towering man spat at the tiny woman, as he started to shake with anger at the obnoxious little sprite.

“Now Robert, such language is unseemly before a woman isn’t it?” Cersei offered up to her husband.

His only answer was a withering gaze down at her.

During the exchange the men gathered behind Daenerys had moved in closer. Robert was half-ringed by the usurper and her three warriors, but he showed no outward signs of fear. Cersei knew he intended to take them all down to hell with him, if he could.

“I don’t fear any of you,” the Baratheon said. “Who wants to be the first to die?!?”

“Each of us have a reason for being here,” Daenerys said. “Barristan is my Knight and he wishes to protect me, though I don’t need it. Strong Belwas wants a light workout before he sits on your corpse and eats his late lunch. And Oberyn, - well, Oberyn just wants to fight. And me, I just like killing men who are full of themselves.”

Robert lifted his war hammer from his shoulder, taking a step back and swinging it in vicious arcs over his head. For a long minute he weaved a complicated dance of death with his hammer, before finally resting its massive weight back on his shoulder.

“I think my war hammer would like to get very acquainted with each of you,” he told the warriors arced around him.

The small woman stepped back a few feet and whipped out her sword. Cersei saw that it had a bright blue glow. She had been right. She could see that the light was coming from blue runes and filigree that were magically glowing up through the metal. These were no mere etchings in the steel.
Somehow they glowed from within, making the metal shine bright and clear, with outlines that were clear and distinct.

Daenerys started to twirl the sword around, rotating her wrist. She snatched out a long-bladed dagger seemingly from nowhere and began a beautiful dance of death, her sword and dagger flashing with lightning speed. She jumped, spun, leaped and moved with the grace of a highly trained dancer, and finished with a flourish.

She stayed in a low crouch for a moment, one leg forward and bent at the knee, the other extended behind her on the ball of her bent foot. She held her blades just above the ground, angled upward. She wore a feral smile when she slowly stood up again.

She moved forward as Oberyn moved back, further than Daenerys had been and began to spin his spear around in a two handed grip. The spear became a blur, the two ribbons near the spearhead catching and holding Cersei’s gaze.

The spear was moving so fast Cersei could barely track it. Then, without warning Oberyn jabbed forward, impaling an imaginary foe before finishing with a flourish, winding the spear over his shoulders and then gripping it behind his back and pivoting as he stepped forward with a lunge. Finished, he moved back into the arc around Robert.

On cue, Barristan stepped back with his traditional broadsword. He took a defensive position, and then without preamble set his blade to slicing through the air in impressive, complicated patterns. The blade was nigh invisible it moved so fast. Cersei could not help but jerk when he would suddenly lunge his blade forward, stabbing with deadly intent.

Barristan’s macabre dance continued for another minute before he stopped and resumed his place.

Now the large man who Cersei did not recognize had his turn. He just patted his belly and laughed. “Strong Belwas is hungry - he will kill you quick, big man.”

Cersei noticed his huge body was crisscrossed with scars. He had gapped teeth, and his bald head had no redeeming quality. She wondered where the whore could have found him. Probably used him as a fuck toy, she thought spitefully. She watched the man pull a deadly looking scimitar from its sheath before stepping back.

Despite the man’s overweight girth, Cersei quickly realized that this hulk of a man moved with the grace of an antelope. He was light on his feet and even jumped gracefully from one complicated move to the next one, his blade first high and then low making deadly arcs in the air. Then he too was finished.

Unlike the others, he moved right up to Robert, getting in his face. “I will enjoy killing you. I will even let you cut me twice big man,” he told Robert mildly.

Robert snorted down at him. “I will smash your brains out of your imbecile skull before you even know what hit you, fat man. I will kill you, fa—!”

Cersei eyes whipped up to look hard at Robert’s face. He suddenly became stiff, and started to fall forward. Belwas deftly caught Robert’s falling frame, his heavy weight landing into Belwas’ bulk as the large man spun him around to lay him on his back.

What? Cersei thought, not understanding what could have possibly happened to Robert.

The white haired woman moved forward to stand over the fallen man. “Sigh,” she said mockingly. “The bigger they are the harder they fall. Gods I love it when a plan comes together. Good job
Varys,” the woman threw the compliment to the figure over Cersei’s shoulder.

Cersei whipped around to look at the vile man who called himself the Spider approach with a smug smile on his face. He held a blowgun in his right hand. She was certain if she squinted hard enough she would see a slimy trail behind the ugly man. He should call himself ‘the slug’, she thought.

The bald eunuch came up to them. “My, my, my …oh excuse me. Our deposed king has been stung by a bee I believe,” he said, bending down to one knee beside Robert’s head and worming a hand beneath the back of it. “Ah, yes, here is the stinger,” he said, standing up with a small dart in his hand.

“But why…”? Cersei asked out loud. Why go through all of this? Why didn’t the bitch just kill them and get it over with? Was the white-haired slut that afraid of Robert? Maybe she was not as ferocious as Cersei had thought.

“It’s over… I have won, Robert.” The woman told the fallen Baratheon. Suddenly, Cersei heard Joffrey squealing and crying like a young child. She whipped around and several of her goldcloaks held him in their grip as the boy blubbered and shook in abject terror.

“Mother please!” the boy cried to her.

Cersei turned to look at the Targaryen who was staring at her with those intense, violet eyes.

“What are you waiting for … get it over with bitch!” Cersei sneered at the woman. She knew it was the end, but she found it strangely calming.

“Mommy save meeceee! Please!” Joffrey whimpered.

“I believe I will,” the white haired woman replied. “Robert Baratheon …I condemn you… to exile.”

“WHAT!” Cersei barked at the slight woman in shock. “Exile…? I don’t understand. Your letter said you would make House Baratheon suffer justice.”

“This is justice.”

“But but—I don’t understand.” Cersei was totally flummoxed. “You’re not going to kill us?”

“Why should I?… I have won. It is over. And I am tired of killing,” the Targaryen replied.

“Robert Baratheon, I exile you to Essos. You will be watched. I am merciful but only grant clemency once. You will be on a ship bound across the Narrow Sea with the tide.”

Daenerys made a motion to the goldcloaks holding Cersei’s sniveling son, who had begun to twist and cry.

Although she loved her son, he disgusted her at that moment.

“Joffrey Baratheon, I am told you want to find your ancestral Valyrian sword and discover the truth of the Doom of Valyria. Noble. You will be on a ship bound for Volantis on the tide. This ship is being outfitted for just such an expedition, with brave men who seek knowledge and truth. You will help them discover what is to be found. I salute your bravery.”

The boy cried like a newborn babe as he was dragged away, still calling out for his mother.

“You, Cersei, actually have a choice in your destiny.”
Cersei was confused by this change in what she thought was to be. She stared at the Queen.

The woman stared at her with a neutral expression and calm equilibrium.

For several minutes silence filled the courtyard.

Finally, Cersei was forced to ask “What choices?”

“I give you three choices, Cersei Lannister. One: You can join you husband in exile. Two: You can go back to Casterly Rock to your loving father and his gentle ways.”

Cersei blanched and shivered at that. The Targaryen was silent again.

Another long silence ensued. Finally, “And number three?” Cersei asked Daenerys.

“You can go to Dorne and train to become the warrior you have told so many you wanted to become. There, no will keep you from becoming what you claim you want to be.”

Cersei just stared at the Targaryen.

“You will train with Myrion Dwellen, the master trainer of Dorne. He trained Oberyn, and he will train you. Your choice.” Daenerys paused. “I suggest you take choice number two. I know you find number one repulsive, and you won’t be able to handle number three.

“Three!” Cersei screamed.

“Then you will be on a ship to Dorne on the morning tide.” The Queen motioned to several more goldcloaks, and they came to grab the fallen Lannister and dragged her over to Oberyn before starting to walk off.

Daenerys Targaryen turned to Barristan. “I love it when a plan falls into place.”

“But why send Cersei to Dorne for sword training, your Grace? … she is a conceited and vile thing. We both know she is soft and will fail miserably anyways,” Barristan asked his Queen.

“Barristan … please don’t be so truthful.” Daenerys smirked. “But really, I am not so sure… I just have a feeling. There aren’t enough female warriors in this world, Barristan.” the Queen answered. She gripped his arm in a warriors salute as Belwas came up to join them. “Let’s go explore my new kingdom,” she told them, heading toward the Red Keep.

**Oberyn**

Oberyn was impressed, if not terribly disappointed. He had hoped to prove his mettle against Robert Baratheon. He had so wanted to pit his spear versus the legendary war hammer. Alas, it was not meant to be. The Queen had demanded otherwise.

She had planned it all out, and damn if it did not unfold exactly as she had predicted, even down to Belwas catching and putting Robert gently to the ground. But dammit, he had wanted a fight!

He had argued vociferously with the Queen several times at the planning table when they discussed her plans for the taking of Kings Landing. It was bloodless! Where was the glory in that?

He had told her that it was too dangerous to leave the Baratheons alive. That she would always be looking over her shoulder.
He finally had to shut up and stop arguing when Daenerys had looked over her shoulder at him with an unconcerned look, her white eyebrow cocked. “Do I look concerned Oberyn? I do have you to protect me, don’t I?” He gave up against that wall of sarcasm, the snickers around the table more piercing than any spear thrust.

He gave her props for her courage and skills. He knew he could beat her - he was very sure he could beat her. At least, he was almost certain of it. He had eyed her. This woman was Nymeria reborn and then some.

In a rare moment of candid honesty he wondered if truly could beat the woman.

He found her to be wickedly fast and surprisingly strong when they sparred. Her body was water and smoke when they fought - his spear thrusts finding only empty air while he himself wildly dodged sword thrusts and swipes that were lightning fast. This woman did not hide in battle but was at the forefront, and for that he admired her greatly.

He had thought of trying to bring her to his and Ellaria’s bed, but Tyrion from the very first had dissuaded all from making any sexual overtures to the woman. He had actually shook when he warned them, looking around furtively as if afraid Daenerys would appear out of thin air.

When he had pressed Tyrion on the matter sensing something more, Tyrion just shivered and spoke softly after looking around and then up at him: “Her sword is not her only deadly weapon. Her mouth can be a most fearsome thing, Oberyn!” It was strange indeed.

The Imp was a handsome man. Maybe he and Ellaria would let him grace their bed instead. Ellaria craved being DPed and Obyron wondered what it would feel like to be fucked by the dwarf. There certainly would be different angles and other… challenges. Time would tell.

Oberyn relished every moment once Cersei was brought to him. The Queen had made clear, unfortunately, that the deposed Queen was to be unharmed. She didn’t say anything about verbal harm though, he smirked.

He saw that Queen’s attention had drifted away from Cersei as he gripped her elbow in a painful grip that would leave no bruise. “Come, cunt!” he spat at Cersei. He loved her hiss of outrage. He pulled Cersei’s arm until the woman fell in behind him.

“Not so mighty now, are you cunt? You are very lucky the Queen is a gentle soul… else I would impale you on my spear, cunt.” He sneered at the beautiful woman. “In fact, if it wasn’t for the Queen you would be raped by now, cunt!”

He felt the anger radiating from the woman. She glared at him and then sighed. “I’ve been raped for half my life—what’s another hour Oberyn? Just another dick raping me … might as well add you to the list.”

“Fuck you, cunt …when have you ever been raped?!?” he barked at the woman.

“Oh let me see. Nineteen. Brought to a man who hardly knew my name, whom I hated, and he took me like a whore, all the while calling me by another woman’s name. Nothing for me… he just fucked me … gods dammed it hurt…” Cersei replied.

“Please Cersei. You spread your legs for more than Robert. Tell me, are the rumors true about you and Jamie?”

“Yes.” To her credit Cersei didn’t deny it. “We started “fucking” when we were twelve.”
“Then what the fuck are you talking about, cunt!?” he growled at her, taking her down to the docks.

“Free will, Oberyn. Men have it and women don’t. You get to fuck us whenever you want, whether or not we want it.”

“All of my women wanted it!” he exclaimed.

“Sure they did. The great Oberyn – the great spearsman eh? Your shaft is always hard, isn’t it? … tip might be a little dull though…”

“Shut up!”

“Do you find, Belwas, is it… Do you find him attractive?” the beauty asked softly.

Oberyn thought of the mighty but portly man with his hanging gut and his not so handsome face.

“You know the answer to that, Cersei.”

“Oh is it my name now. Then let me give you a little scenario Oberyn. You’re drugged and made helpless like a woman and you’re put on a bed at nineteen. The drug has permanently robbed you of all your strength and prowess.

“Now we have sweet Belwas, with a gigantic cock I might add, a long, thick cock and he comes to you, Oberyn. Does he seduce you and give you sweet foreplay? Does he make you ache for him? Does he give you lubrication, Oberyn? Or does he ram his thick dick up your ass and slam it home with savage fury as he rapes you? Hmmm? How would that feel, oh once mighty Oberyn?” Cersei sweetly asked.

He glared back at her.

“For over fifteen years, never knowing when your big man would come to you and rape you. But that is right, you deserve it - right sweet Oberyn?”

They walked on in sullen silence for a while down the street.

“Do you know how painful it is for a woman to get fucked when her cunt is dry, Oberyn? Oh that’s right, you’re the great Dornish prince. I’m sure you have never forced yourself on a woman before she was nice and wet for you, have you? Sweet, always considerate Oberyn.” The former queen cooed to him with a vile sneer on her face.

Oberyn said nothing, stone-faced. There had been a few times… “Shut the fuck up!” he roared at the fallen queen, his conscience now yammering at him. He had always been sweet to Elleria, but when the lust was on him…

He lightened his grip on Cersei’s elbow, the fight now gone out of them.

“Sometimes I wonder what I would have turned into if Eddard Stark had taken the throne. Damn his stiff necked honor. Yes, Oberyn I have my tragic flaws - many of them - but all I ever had surrounding me tore me down even further. Fed upon me. Made my faults all the more glaring,” the blond beauty mused.

“I never had an ideal to strive for. So yes Oberyn, I am a cunt as you say.”

He turned to look at her. She was still a conceited, ill tempered, vain woman who knew a lot about nothing, but he could see her point. To be taken over and over … by a man you hate…
Oberyn was many things, some not so good - but he tried to be an honest man.

“Come Cersei. You said you wanted to be a warrior.”

Myrcella

Myrcella sat in front of her dresser brushing out her long, dark blond hair. She looked at the reflection of her sparkling green eyes, full of life, gaiety and love. She still could not believe how well her initial meeting with the Queen had gone.

She had been so fearful. The rumors of the savage nature of the woman were already becoming legend. She had fought in her battles. She was no general hiding behind the lines giving directions; she was in the midst of the savagery dispensing death on all sides. She had been truly afraid that the day of her meeting with the Queen would be the day she breathed her last.

Her fears had seemed to come to fruition when the woman heard who she was. The look that had passed over her face had been so dire. Westeros’ history was full of entire houses that had been killed when a dynasty was established.

New rulers did not want to worry about threats from the old.

So Myrcella had thought for a surety her life was forfeit. Her only wish was to save her wives; her pride.

She still felt a warm rush of love flow through her veins remembering how her wives came to her side and demanded that the Queen take their lives to spare hers. She had to chuckle, recalling the scrum that had developed as her pride fought to save each other.

Then the Queen told her to arise, and treated her as an equal, telling her she had a bright future if she lived up to her expectations and abilities.

She was so incredibly happy.

The new Queen had, from the first, involved Myrcella with the forming of her new government and was having her take lessons on governing and the history of Essos.

She had taken the younger girl out to test the newly designed dragon seats, riding chaps, and gloves the Queen was commissioning so that non-Valyrians could ride her dragons. Daenerys wanted to perfect her designs that Oberyn and Barristan had been using. She told Myrcella that soon more dragons would grace the skies over Westeros and Esso. Myrcella was so excited to hear that but wondered about that. Where would the Queen get more dragon eggs?

The Queen had asked if she would volunteer to ride Viserion. She needed to test a setup sized for smaller riders, like women. Daenerys had told her she would be with Viserion, getting him used to her riding his back until he accepted her.

She had squealed like a little child climbing up on the white dragon and then feeling him launch into the sky. She had flown on a dragon. Repeatedly! She remembered the Queen smiling up at her as she flew by. Afterwards, Daenerys had given her treats to give the dragon, big chunks of meat she threw into its opened mouth, followed by a big ox bone. The dragon had actually rumbled as he took it gently from her. Afterwards, Viserion had actually rubbed her face with his cheek. It had been hot, but so worth it!
Myrcella had felt so special with the white dragon rubbing her face with his face. That was until Barristan had appeared on the field. Viserion had left her in flash running over to Barristan squealing in happiness. The dragon rubbed his face all over the older knight as he good naturedly complained.

Now the Queen had surprised her yet again. Ravens had arrived early this morning. The Queen had conquered Westeros without firing one arrow, without any battles. Without any deaths. Her parents were alive. The Queen had spared them! She never thought that would happen.

Oberyn had railed at the Queen, telling her that one cannot let the deposed regents live. They had to be killed. They had shouted and cursed each other, but, to Oberyn’s credit he backed down when he saw the Queen was adamant.

The Queen had visited Myrcella often just to talk and ask about her time in King’s Landing, and about her parents. She had even asked her if she loved them. “You make them sound pretty vain, self-focused, unwise and, well, lacking as parents.”

“They’re my parents my Queen, I can’t help but love them.”

The Queen had smiled. “Good answer.”

And today her parents were alive.

Daenerys always seemed genuinely interested in Myrcella’s thoughts and answers. The young woman longed to make the Queen appreciate and value her opinions and efforts. She would strive hard to achieve the Queen’s grace.

She felt the smile on her face at her good fortune.

She remembered wearing a similar smile at another time. She thought back to that day with Uncle Jon six years ago. Her and Tommen were playing hide and seek in the main hall, hiding behind furniture and suits of armors. They had seen him coming down the hall, with a serious look on his face.

Jon Arryn had always been a taciturn man, but they loved him just the same. “Play with us Uncle Jon!” She had called to him.

He for some reason had a very pained look come across his face. He told her that he had to see her father. It was a matter of great importance to the safety of the realm.

They had grabbed his legs and Tommen jumped up to wrap his tiny body around Uncle Jon, pleading. “Please, please, please…!”

He had relented and told them ‘only for a moment’. They played fifteen minutes of hide and seek. Of course she knew now that he knew where they were the whole time. Myrcella thought back to how their “uncle” played like it was so hard to find their hiding spots. They crawled all over their Uncle laughing and jumping around. Tommen even got up on his shoulders shouting, ‘I am King of the World!’

They had worn him out.

She remembered that he sat Tommen down after that, and got on his knee in front of him. He asked: “What he would you do if you were king of the world?”

“I would be a king of truth, justice and love to the whole world!” Tommen had shouted, a big smile on his face.
Uncle Jon had sobbed and patted his head, then hugged him hard that day and whispered into his ear “Never change Tommen!” Myrcella had then wrapped her arms around him and whispered in his ear, “I wish you were my father.” He had cried so hard hearing that.

After he composed himself, he got up and went back down the hall toward his tower of the hand. She had asked him where he was going. Didn’t he have to meet with their father?

He turned around “It was really was not that important after all Myrcella. Never change, my sweet angel. Don’t you or Tommen ever change.”

Myrcella felt Arianna saddle in behind her on the bench. She pressed into her Lioness. Arianna’s naked body felt so warm and voluptuous against Myrcella’s hot tight teenage body. Her large full breast pressed into Myrcella’s back flattening as she took the brush out of her lover’s hand and pulled the lithesome beauty’s body hungrily into her flat stomach and full tits. Myrcella felt Arianna thick long stiff nipples digging into her back through the thin material.

Arianna reached down for the hem of Myrcella’s sheer slip and pulled it on it. Myrcella lifted her ass enough for Arianna to pull it up and off Myrcella’s slender nubile body her long blond hair cascading down from the neck line.

Arianna’s mouth was on the princess’s throat nibbling and her hands cupped and massaged the girl’s little doves. Arianna’s hands tweaked the girl’s nipples pulling and squeezing the now rock hard nipples filling Myrcella’s breast with aching heat. The Lannister’s pussy was already so fucking wet as she tilted her head over and their mouths came together heatedly.

Arianna’s right hand fingertips slowly circled on the Lannister’s smooth inner thigh of the princess’s leg. Arianna slowly circled her fingers up the princess’s leg to her heated now dripping core. Myrcella smelled her thick musk filling the room. Arianna broke their heated kiss "Oh gods your cunt smells so good baby!" Arianna groaned into Myrcella's ear. Arianna’s fingers were now rubbing up and down Myrcella’s already dripping slit. The princess of Dorne worked and rolled the princess of Lannister’s swollen inner cunt lips for a minute. Lips that were already so slimy and wet with flowing love juice.

Arinna gripped the back of Myrcella's head pulling her wife's mouth back hungrily to hers and shoved her tongue deep into Myrcella's mouth. Myrcella gagged into Arianna’s mouth feeling her wife’s first two fingers slowly worm into her buttery cunt and start pumping in slow and deep stroking her heated core. Arianna’s tongue now down her throat as the princess’s eyes rolled back and her body convulsed. Myrcella body shivered feeling her wife slow stroke in and out her tight cunt. In and out Arianna worked an initial slow rhythm stretching out her wife’s cunt. Arianna moaned into Myrcella’s mouth feeling the girl’s hot inner folds wetly suck on her pumping fingers.

Thoughts roiled in Myrcella’s mind of her supposedly prime and proper mother who was on her way to Dorne. She wondered what that meeting would be like. She looked forward to showing her mother personally the Targaryen way.

She would have smiled but her face slashed with primal pleasure. Arianna had her stroke now and was ramming her long fingers deep into Myrcella’s hungry pussy. Myrcella’s inner petals gripped tight on the fingers working hard up into her eighteen year old belly. Her wife’s hand pumping her long fingers so deliciously deep up Myrcella’s twat. The sounds of a hand slapping hard into a wet vulva loud in the room.

Arianna's left hand was back on Myrcella's swollen breasts cupping and massaging with hard squeezes. Arianna’s hand moving up to cup and grind into Myrcella's peach sized tits. Her palm rasping the hard nipple and rolling the throbbing nubbin. The Martell's hand moving from breast to
breast back and forth rolling, squeezing and grinding the engorged breasts and teats harder as their fuck lust rose.

Arianna was kissing Myrcella’s throat with hot kisses and kissing down her wife’s collarbone down to Myrcella’s shoulder kissing it all over. Then the Martell kissed back up the perfect collarbone and up Myrcella’s cawing throat before mating their lips tight. Their lips melded and tongues hungrily twirled around in Myrcella’s mouth dancing and writhing in twined slippery love.

For the next few minutes Myrcella was fucked hard by her sweet lover. They would break their heated kiss so Myrcella and Arianna could get their breath. The older woman ramming her fingers in hard with a strong piston motion.

Then Arianna slammed her fingers in to the third knuckle holding them in deep fluttering and ground her hand into Myrcella’s sloppy wet cunt. The Martell’s palm grinding into Myrcella’s swollen shiny nubbin tormenting it with wet friction.

Arianna wiggled her fingers in a fluttery motion deep in Myrcella’s cum filled cunt. Arianna moaned feeling her wife’s sodden cunt folds work through her fingers as they worked up and down churning through the slimy inner folds. All the while Arianna now worked her thumb rubbing over the teen’s rigid clit. Arianna felt Myrcella’s clitoral hood squirting around underneath her rolling, jamming thumb.

They were not kissing at the moment and Myrcella’s head lulled into her wife’s throat. Her face filled with seeming anguish that was only ecstasy ripping hard slashes across her features. “Huonggg hhnnngg unnggg unnhhh .. Oh Arianna … you always fuck me so good. You always make me cum so fucking hard—auugggg hhnnggg hhnggg!” the beautiful teen chuffed. She was so in love with her wives.

A light sheen of perspiration was starting to cover their bodies. Their bodies slipping and jerking against each other as their bodies writhed in pleasure. Myrcella’s cum had wept up her belly, down her ass cheeks and along her upper thighs. Arianna worked back and forth between pumping her fingers into Myrcella’s cunt and burying and churning the princess’s inner folds with her fluttering fingers her thumb rolling the clit jutting out its hood. Their mouths again mated tight as tongues dueled in heated love.

Myrcella’s groans swallowed by Arianna’s hot mouth locked with hers, as the older woman’s long tongue swept over her tonsils. Myrcella gripped the woman’s shoulders her body half twisted as hard shudders began to form deep in her belly.

Sensing Myrcella was on the precipice and ready to topple off Arianna started slamming her fingers in and out her wife’s hot now wildly spasming cunt hole.

Then the lead lioness of the Pride of Dorn was screaming into Arianna’s mouth. Their mouths locked tight. Their tongues wetly wrestled deep in the teen’s mouth. The teen’s body flipped and jackknifed hard into the body of her wife as the older woman looped her free arm around Myrcella’s body. She held her wife tight to her body as the teenager’s body shook violently while Myrcella’s pussy clenched hard on the fingers still plunging in hard and deep into the exploding twat.

Myrcella mind drifted in her orgasmic high. She thought idly how she never knew how she would be taken next. Would it be singly like now? The twins liked to hunt paired up and devour her. Arianna freely paired up with a twin or joining them both to simply overwhelm Myrcella with their combined adore.

Of course it worked the other way too. They all preyed on each often as targets of opportunities.
Opportunities Myrcella never passed up.

Like yesterday she had caught Loreza in the private area of the royal stables that only the high royals were allowed. She had found her sweet lioness in the tact room working her leathers. She had forcefully stripped her wife as Loreza gasped and mewled with cum trickling down her thighs as she was roughly stripped like a wonton whore.

Then Myrcella shoved Loreza down over the tact bench and fucked her from behind with her fingers pounding her love’s drooling love box. She pressed the sand snake down hard into the bench mashing her little tits hard into the wood. The wood grinding in on Loreza’s rock hard nipples. She was bent over her wife kissing her upper back and snaking her free hand underneath the writhing sand snake pinching and pulling on Loreza’s nipples.

Myrcella all the while whispering to Loreza “You’re my slut aren’t you Loreza? … you love how I take and fuck you like the slut you are! Gods be damned you are so fucking wet for me.” Myrcella convulsed harder in her current orgasm thinking of how Loreza cried out “I’m your fucking slut!”

Myrcella’s face slashed in memories of Loreza screams of orgasm. She had reveled in her wife’s body as it shook and convulsed in strong aftershocks. She had stripped quickly then and got on her knees behind her wife bent over the tact bench still. Loreza’s muscles were still quivering madly from her womb rending orgasm and strong aftershocks.

Myrcella leaned in on her knees and mashed her face deep into Loreza’s cunt and ate her out from behind. Her mouth made wet sloppy sounds devouring her wife’s drooling clam. She sucked in hot mouthfuls of cunt petals. She then pulled and slurped on the slimy labia lips. She feasted on her wife’s cunt hole. Myrcella punched her tongue in deep into the steamy cauldron drinking her wife’s sweet cum.

Myrcella would work her tongue up and down the drenched slit raking her tongue over Loreza's bulging clit that made Loreza cry out in helpless pleasure. Myrcella bent lower and tongue lashed Loreza's swollen clit with fast tongue swipes. Then sucking Loreza's clit between her lips and quick sucking before spitting it out and tongue lashing again as Loreza jolted and whooped in ecstasy.

Back and forth Myrcella worked her wife’s clit first tongue lashing Loreza's clit. Her tongue slapping and stabbing hard the shiny nodule as Loreza cried out in shrieks of ecstasy. Then Myrcella again sucked the clit deep into her mouth and tongue lash while hard sucking on her wife’s clit and polishing it with her swirling tongue. Myrcella repeated this loving torment again and again.

Then Myrcella moved her face up and glued her lips around her wife’s cunt hole. Her head punching in and out pounding her curled tongue in and out her wife’s heated core. Her tongue scooped hot dollops of sweet creamy cum. Each gulp of her wife’s cum was so heavenly.

Then Myrcella’s mouth worked up to lick and rim her wife’s asshole. Myrcella’s hands gripped her wife’s hard toned ass cheeks spreading her ass crack wide open. Myrcella moaned hard seeing Loreza’s asshole clutching before her. She lapped and rimmed the sweet anus with her fervid tongue licking harder and harder. Then Myrcella pushed her stiffened tongue into the yielding sphincter ring.

Loreza cried out in ecstasy. “Oh gods Myrcella! Fuck my hot tight asshole with your long tongue! Uunngg hhnnngg hhnnnggg uunnnhhhh!” the sand snake grunted in primal bliss. The sand snake pushing back with her body to take her wife’s tongue deeper up her pinching asshole.

Soon Myrcella had her tongue buried deep in Loreza’s asshole. Myrcella working her head to drive her tongue even deeper with long strokes up into Loreza’s ass. The sand snake squealed in sharp pleasure begging her wife to drive her tongue ever deeper up her tight ass. Myrcella reveled in the tight pinching on her probing tongue. Myrcella’s head started a hammering motion up and down
driving her tongue so deep up her wife’s ass.

Myrcella brought her right hand to her wife’s cunt and quickly worked two fingers into Loreza’s swollen quim and pound her wife’s quim hard. Myrcella fucked the eighteen year hard and deep like she craved it. Loreza’s cunt tightly gripped the fingers pounding her cunt. All the while Myrcella rimmed and tongue fucked her wife’s sweet asshole.

Loreza reached back underneath herself and rubbed her clit furiously. Myrcella felt Loreza’s body begin to shake with short jerks until her body was shaking like she was in a howling sandstorm. Sensing Loreza’s orgasm was at hand Myrcella jammed her head forward fully burying her tongue up Loreza’s hot asshole. Then Loreza’s body exploded

"Nngmmnnnggg ee anngggmmnniiieeeeee!" Loreza screamed as she had an anal and vaginal orgasm that fed off each other ripping her womb and asshole to shreds. Loreza reached back and gripped a fistful of Myrcella’s blond hair and jammed Myrcella’s face deep into her ass cleft keeping her wife’s tongue buried up her exploding asshole. "Mnnnggiieee! Ungghh! Ohnggg!<Ummggnnggmmnniiieeeeee!" Loreza wailed her body surging and flipping, shocked by fierce seizures of ecstasy. The sand snake jammed back with her body while her hand jerked forward with its clenched twisted hair knot mashing her wife’s face deep into her ass cleft.

Myrcella remembered thinking even though they were lionesses, her sweet Loreza sounded like a mare in heat getting fucked by her stallion: Myrcella. Myrcella moaned louder for Arianna as she remembered Loreza’s asshole gripping her tongue so hard with each pulse of Loreza’s orgasm.

Back in the present, Myrcella thought, Gods she and Arianna were going to fuck and fuck and fuck the late morning away. Myrcella’s body was flushed and now sweat soaked. She felt slutty and the thought exulted her.

Her body convulsed thinking about tonight her body still cumming hard. Her and Arianna would be refreshed by then. Dorea and Loreza had gone on a wild boar hunt with their father. They would be full of the blood lust and so fucking horny when they returned.

On the nights of a hunt Arianna and Myrcella were the gazelles to be hunted and brought down and devoured. She knew the sisters would fuck her and Arianna blind. Then exhausted and covered in sweat and cum they would lean back on the carved headboard of their bed and watch the sisters fuck deep into the night in hot intense love.

By the seven gods she was a slut. Life was indeed good.

Epilogue

Jon Arryn  (6 years ago)

Jon Arryn had been slowly working up to telling Robert the truth of this “children” and his near assassination by Peytr Baelish had convinced him he needed to tell Robert the truth now.

Jon Arryn sat at the desk of the hand in his quarters, his fingers tapping the surface. He knew what honor dictated he do. He had been hell bent to tell King Robert the truth of his children’s lineage. Joffrey was a shit and a total loss. But sweet Myrcella and Tommen… thank the old gods they had reminded him of their sweet natures.

Honor could take a walk. Was it honorable to have children put to the sword? He had known what would happen, but he had subsumed it underneath the guise of honor. FOOL!
How would his actions be written in the books of history? Would history remember this age as a time of dishonor because of him? Or would it be remembered as... what... an age of reclamation?
Prophecy Postponed

Chapter 5

Prophecy Postponed

4 months ago

Bran / Margery / Eddard / Sansa / Arya / Daenerys / Bran / Loremasters

Bran

Bran laughed as he quickly ran away from his scolding mother. After all these years, Bran wondered why his mother still even tried. He was going to climb the walls of Winterfell. He felt it was his birthright. His father scolded him as well and rolled his eyes when he needed to, but generally looked the other way. He was letting Bran express his individuality, and Bran loved him for it. His father always told him: “son, just be sure of your grip, and plan out your route.”

He went to the broken tower to take on that challenge for today, and climbed amongst the ruins and ran along the uneven timbers, scaring the working crows. He laughed as they vaulted to the sky, complaining noisily.

His sixteen year old fingers itching to continue climbing, he immediately continued his ascent, his fingers and the toes of his boots finding the little holds they had long memorized. In a heartbeat he was two-thirds of the way up the tower.

He turned, and noticed a large raven sitting on a corbel looking at him. How strange… The bird was focusing on him with his beady eyes. Bran then noticed a scroll tied to its leg. A messenger raven! Then he noticed on the corbel on his opposite side, another raven landed and worked loudly.

Bran turned to look at the new arrival. He froze, startled and afraid. The raven had a third eye on its forehead. It squawked furiously in his direction, all three eyes boring into him.

Suddenly both ravens launched themselves into the air, but instead of flying off they flapped to him and furiously started to peck at his hands, their sharp strikes ridiculously painful. He began to lose his grip, the pain from the stabbing pecks too sharp for his fingers to keep in their holds. He started to slip.

“Nnnnooooooo!” Bran shrieked as he lost his hold and plummeted down to the ground.

He felt sharp, agonizing pain in his back. He instinctively knew his back had been broken. He would never walk again. He would never be a knight and marry a maiden fair! Then Bran’s world went black.

Long he drifted on a sea of blackness neither truly aware or concerned. His dreams had shattered along with his back. He would never again ride a horse or practice swinging a sword. He would never get to fight for what was just. He would never win the hand of a maiden fair and father many strong knights and sweet maidens. Never have children to marry some strong Lord or fair maiden. He was as broken as his dreams.

He felt the air disturbed by beating wings that filled his mind with the buffeting of air, and then the wings punching into his face. He tried to swat the damn bird away, but suddenly he felt the its beak hammering into his skull.
“Let go … the past is no more—embrace the future. See with your mind and not your eyes. Focus on the world and not your small self. See. See. See. See.”

The bird pecked his head hard with his hammering bill.

The first few times this happened, his mind would groggily wake only to immediately fall back into unconsciousness.

Then the time came that the bird awoke him from the blackness and he did not slip back into it. Visions exploded across his mind. He saw the sky filled with swirling birds cawing wildly and then diving to the Earth. He saw his body in the roots of a tree, becoming one with it. He saw his father sharpening his sword, and then his two sisters nervously awaiting their mates at the altar. He saw two teenage children roughly his age guiding him over stones up a rocky island.

He shook his head. He was flying so high in the sky he felt he could touch the sun. Far below he saw a dragon and direwolf frolicking in gaiety, their bodies shimmering, becoming human and making passionate love in a glade full of flowers - but the distance was too great to see who they were.

“Give up the past. Accept your future. You are late. You must fly, fly.”

“I can’t. My arms aren’t strong enough. I have no legs!”

“Your mind is your wings … Law is your truth—embrace it! Fly to the sun and dive deep into the Earth! Become one with the Tree of Life and the One Tree. Save yourself, save your family, save our land.

“Find the dragon that sleeps with the wolf. She will protect you. Find find find! Together they will slay slay and then guide guide.”

“Forget your arms and forget your legs! You are the Greenseer and a true warg. See with your third eye. Let go. Accept the destiny you were born for. The mind is the portal to all things … use it and be free! Free yourself self self!”

“Forget the world of man. It is a small, paltry thing. You will be the knight that binds evil to the Earth and guides the Warden to the new Staff of Law. You must not fail. Fail. Fail.”

**Margery**

The scroll was nothing if not inspiring. It was all hogwash; it had to be. There was no way that the Conqueror of Essos would be almost suing for peace. That she wanted to give amnesty and forgive and forget. That all she wanted was justice, and justice for all to boot. No, it was some clever trap.

“I think we must act to take out this threat, Grandmother. She is an unknown. We have no idea what her true goals are.”

“I think it is in her letter, Margaery. Sometimes the truth is plain to see. This woman is seeking peace … can’t you see that?” Olenna Tyrell gently chided and guided. Margaery could see the disappointment in her grandmother’s wise eyes.

“NO! She is a threat and must be removed.”

Olenna sighed heavily. “Child. Not all actions require such drastic actions. I know we poisoned Joffrey with blood worms from the Basilisk Islands. A poison that had you drinking moon tea for several months to kill off the parasites gradually, I might add.”
“I would do it again in a heartbeat to defend Highgarden and House Stark!” Margaery hotly responded.

“Yes, I know. You would give your life for your beloved, but calm down. Not all situations require such a severe Game of Thrones response, my granddaughter. Are you becoming like your husband-to-be, my dear? You sound an awful like Joffrey.”

Margaery gasped, sitting back in her chair as if slapped. Her breath shortened. “No. I have not become what I hate.”

“Then stop acting like it!”

Chastised, Margaery became the dutiful granddaughter. That last remark had cut her to the quick. Her Stark love would never love her, marry her, if she let her soul become darkened.

“Don’t worry your pretty head, Margaery. You must learn to control your darker impulses. I had them once when I was your age. I often thought with my cunt and not my head. Learn control. Do not make the mistakes I made in my youth. Not all situations require an iron fist. Many only need the velvet glove.” Olenna paused. “Sansa is a Stark and will follow you through the gates of hell … if you don’t forget yourself.”

“Yes Grandmother. I will not disappoint her—I mean you.”

She watched her grandmother smirk. She knew Sansa had Margaery wrapped around her little finger.

“The woman has had three husbands. None were long for the world. She seems to be a black widow, though I do admit, it does seem to be more a twist of fate than any overt act done by her that did them in.”

Margaery watched her grandmother tap her lips with her index finger.

“I wonder if she will try to fulfill her family’s sigil and marry twice more. I can offer Loras and Renly. That would make them happy I am sure. They could be together and fuck the church right underneath its nose. It’s always nice when you can cram it up priests pinched tight assholes.

“I have heard her appetite for sex is phenomenal. Your brother is bisexual, but Renly is as gay as they come. He is the gold standard. I know you much much prefer women but you could sleep with man if you must and enjoy it to further your political ambitions.

If the Queen chooses the route of marrying a man or men for political reasons we would have to finesse that situation to make it work. We can’t have Renly gumming up the works so to speak.”

Margaery started to snicker, picturing Renly having to perform his duties of a husband to the new Queen.

“Of course I have heard reports that Varys is not privy to.”

“What would those be granmama?”

“Her appetites when she came out of the Red Wastes were decidedly female in nature.” She smiled, seeing Margaery’s interest instantly pique. “She was said to bed exclusively women. I would say all her marriages were either arranged as per custom or for political reasons - she may choose to wed you, Margaery. You must prepare yourself for that eventually. …and no poison—at least not yet.” Oleena smirked.
“I think she’s straight, granmama. I would never marry three men or even tolerate being betrothed to that many men … I would absolutely refuse!”

“Now, now, Margaery.” Oleena soothed her granddaughter, patting her hand. “Be careful of what you say you would or would not do dear, but in this reality I do agree. I need to prepare for all possibilities. Would Sansa be open to marrying both you and Daenerys Targaryen?”

“She would initially refuse, granmama. She has that stiff-necked Stark resolve. You know that ‘honor before all’ thing they have. Of course, that is why I fell for her so fast…”

“You sure it was not her height, bosom, tight ass, or pretty blue eyes?” Olenna teased.

Margaery blushed.

Olenna felt the need to grouse again at her granddaughter lack of self-control. “But why oh why did you give her your maidenhead, dear? Couldn’t you have waited?”

“NO—I-I-I mean.. no granmama … I wanted her—all of her and I wanted to give her the gift only a woman can give. I do not regret our decision one bit! I love her with all my heart. I would give my life for her!”

Olenna sighed and shook her head. “The fires of youth. Will she marry the Targaryen if she must to be with you?”

Margaery looked smug. She patted her pussy. “She will marry Daenerys if I ask her to. She is insatiable, mother. We could in time come to love the woman if she is good and kind. If she loves us equally, I could see it working. Sansa would resist at first, but she would do it for me.

“We will do what is necessary to be together. Even if that means sharing our love with a third wife.”

“I know you will be able to make her see sense dear, if it comes to it. Hopefully, it won’t come to that. Daenerys will marry the person she must think will further her claim to the throne. She is ambitious, that is clear. That should mean she won’t be marrying you.”

“Hhheeeeyyyyyy!” Oleena’s granddaughter groused, offended that anyone would not choose her. She was very competitive.

“But granmama, what kind of woman is she? The reports about her are all over the map. She crushes city states and brings Dothraki Khalasars to heel. She was brutal in several uprisings in her conquered cities. But then you also hear of her spending days breaking slave chains, fostering the noble children of killed masters and getting them adopted across Essos, not permitting rape and showing the greatest respect to the nobles that join her cause. She is a total dichotomy.”

“Very good assessment, granddaughter. Yes she is a dichotomy. But I see a pattern. If she goes to war with you, she will annihilate you and then show you the utmost mercy if you will take the hand she offers in victory.” Olenna paused, thinking of Westeros’ recent past and what was written in the history books.

“I only wish that our Land’s past had been written by this woman. She has showed more restraint and compassion than our own House has in conflicts with the Lannisters and Martells. I, for one, will hear her out. Would you have written this letter?”

Margaery’s head hung down. “You know I wouldn’t have.”

“Then learn, granddaughter. Learn.
“We can work with this Targaryen. I thought Rhaegar was the one that was prophesied in A Song Of Fire And Ice but it is clear that it was written for Daenerys. They say the Dothraki call her the Mare that Mounts the world.”

Margaery rolled her eyes.

“We will work with this woman.”

“If we must!” Margaery pouted like the teenager she still was.

Olenna sighed again. “Stop listening to your cunt! Your hormones will be your downfall if you don’t learn to control your emotions. Will you please let Sansa temper that fire you keep burning down there?” Olenna spoke directly, motioning her head at Margaery’s groin.

“Besides this, you are not looking at it properly Margaery. I have been privy to her conversations with Oberyn and Tyrion. She is quite liberal and progressive in her thoughts. I think she will solve many of my grandchildren’s problems.”

“How so?” Margaery asked, taking the bait.

“I hear it told that she will push through equal primogeniture. The allowing the marriage of same sex marriage will follow soon after.”

“But why? She’s straight.”

“She is as gay as you and Sansa. I will cut off my tits if I’m wrong.”

“Think about it. I am grooming you for the leadership of Highgarden and you want to marry Sansa and openly love her as your wife. Daenerys Targaryen will cause both to occur. Mark my words, Margaery Tyrell. Mark my words.”

Eddard

The note from the future queen sat on Eddard’s desk. He turned it again, mulling over the words of the young Targaryen woman.

He sighed. It seemed that every generation found a spark to go to war. He had reluctantly joined Robert in his rebellion. He had been drawn to the supposed rescue of his sister. He had had his doubts from the beginning. Still, betrothals had to be kept. He himself had followed his duty and married a woman he did not even know.

He shuddered. What if I had chosen differently? I would be married to Cersei Lannister. He had killed good men for what he now considered some stupid ideal. Honor must be followed of course, but he did not see its luster anymore. He had learned that maybe a shade of grey was more suitable sometimes. Honor had many facets, he now knew.

Dammit! Now Robb’s generation had an excuse to go to war and have its bloodletting.

Then again…

It seemed that Daenerys Targaryen was going to bend over backwards to avoid war. He would try to accommodate her, he truly would. Unfortunately, he had other responsibilities that may force him to fight a war he did not want.
His first duty was the protection of the realm from a threat they no longer believed in. He did believe.
He was of the north and the north did not forget. Winter was coming.

The woman was a walking contradiction. She both fought savagely and forgave freely. But which
governed which? Why had she taken on the slave trade? The fact that she had totally crushed it in
three years, and oh by the way brought most of the Dothraki to heel, was also stunning. How? He
tried to push down his cultural conditioning. It did not matter if she was a woman; she was obviously
a leader and a warrior.

One thing that came across again and again in reports about Daenerys, this woman fought her own
battles. She had accepted every challenge and won.

Eddard stared at the fire but did not see the flames. He remembered Arthur Dayne. Dammit! Twenty
years later and it still bothered Eddard, killing that honorable man. By the old gods he did not want to
fight another war with his fellow Westerosi.

And Eddard had another worry. What if she had the taint? Her savagery made him wonder. But then
again, she also showed mercy. The gods knew her father had shown none. He still remembered
seeing his father and brother off when they were summoned by king Aerys II Targaryen. They had
never come back.

Even if she did not evidence the madness now, would she in the future? How long did one live
before you could be sure they would not fall into madness? Eddard started turning the letter over and
over again as he thought.

And then, there was what happened to Bran. It was too great to be a coincidence. Bran never falls,
and he falls the day, no almost the moment, that the letter arrives from this new would-be queen.

They were related. They had to be and it frightened him. Once more House Targaryen and House
Stark’s fates would be intertwined. He could not seem to escape it. Eddard sighed in his soul. Please
old gods let the outcome be different. Let Daenerys Targaryen not be her father, or like the reports
of her late brother, Viserys.

He had to read this woman without ever meeting her. He knew his advisors would say he must be
cautious and not trust this unknown woman from a mad, fallen house.

The problem was his instincts told him this woman was the answer to the prophecy of A Song Of Ice
and Fire. If this was so then it was his duty to bend the knee. He had no problem, if only not for the
news from Beyond the Wall. He knew what counsel the new Queen would be receiving of the Wall
and Night’s Watch.

They’d say that they only defended the realm from gremlins and hobgoblins. The only problem was
that the monsters were oh so very real.

He would need to make a decision in the not to distant future. Which way would he choose?

Was Daenerys Targaryen mad, or was she not? Was she a cruel despot or a woman who wanted to
be benevolent? He chuckled to himself. Was she Cersei Lanister or Olenna Highgarden? Both were
ambitious, but one was a silly strumpet and the other worthy of being Queen if the rules of
succession had allowed it and history had been different.

He drummed his fingers on the desk. The woman also had another big factor that worked in her
favor. Dragons. Dragons made right. He had made sure to follow her use of her dragons. She had
butchered armies on the fields and navies on the oceans. She had used them on the cities but
judiciously, to only destroy her direct enemies.

She had never used them to slaughter the everyday citizens. He admired that restraint. She had to be very intelligent to conquer so much of Essos. What she had not conquered, she had formed solid, tight relationships with, such as the Free Cities, the kingdoms of Yi Ti and the Summer Islands. The amount of power this woman had collected was staggering.

And despite this, she was not using it. She was showing more restraint than he had ever seen with anyone. He had read many history tomes since Daenerys Targaryen had appeared on the map. She seemed to truly be only interested in crushing the slave trade. She was not overtaking, she was halting.

He had seen reports that the Summer Islanders and Free Cities were rushing in with aid and establishing a nascent trade that was already producing jobs and income for the former slaves and the nobles that had joined in her efforts. They were reaping benefits and rewards for using their expertise and economic ties.

He would work with Daenerys Targaryen, if he could. Winter was coming, and he would be ready. Even if had to sacrifice the north, he would defend the realm.

He could only hope that Daenerys and the south deserved the North’s sacrifice.

Sansa

Robb had come to Sansa when he was given the message from Daenerys Targaryen. He had waited patiently while his sister read the letter for herself. When she finished, she looked up at her oldest brother.

“What do you think this means?”

“I don’t know, Sansa.” They discussed all the ramifications of the letter itself and the history of the Targaryen in Essos. They, like their father, were not sure what to make of the woman. She and Robb decided that they would just have to wait and hope that she did indeed live up to the high words of her letter.

Robb then told her the latest unease about the Wall and what lay beyond it. They discussed these issues a while, and then finally Robb left. He was worried about how the coming troubles of the Wall would affect his love, Alys Karstark.

She still kept her love a secret close to her heart. Her love, Margaery Tyrell, was so much closer to Daenerys Targaryen. Would she get swept up into the Game of Thrones? She knew her love was very drawn to that particular game. She could only pray to the old gods that Margaery showed restraint and wisdom. She had to hope that Olenna, her grandmother, would show her normal caution and deft control of the pieces on the game board.

Highgarden was next door to King’s Landing. That was Daenerys’ ultimate goal. She started to brush her hair, looking at her reflection. She mused on the immediate future.

She worried for her North and she worried for Highgarden now that half her heart resided there.

Sansa wanted desperately to reunite with Margaery. Her father was holding off on her and Arya’s marriages. He knew that they were neither anxious to be married off.

She snorted, brushing her hair. It was their father trying to protect his daughters from being shipped off like heifers to the highest bidder, while their mother seemed hell bent to get her daughters married.
Sansa took a deep breath, calming herself. She tried to see it from her mother’s perspective. She had been promised to Brandon, whom she had at least met and developed a rapport with. Then when he had been killed, she had married his brother. She tried to see from her mother’s point of view. She performed her duty, and now it was her daughters’ turn.

It still did not make it right!

Sansa had to figure out some way to get south or bring Margaery north. Which course would be safest? There was danger from both directions.

This separation from Margaery was killing her. Only being able to communicate through ravens. They were as open as possible in their missives but she hated it that she could not come out and just say: “I love you Margaery and I so want to be your wife.” She was getting closer and closer to throwing caution to the wind.

She had nearly lost her mind when she was betrothed to Joffrey Baratheon. Margaery had assured her that it would never be consummated, and sure enough he had come down ill a few nights before their marriage.

They had poisoned him. That was clear enough, reading between the lines in the letter she received from a distraught Margaery ‘weeping’ over her sick husband. The little rat deserved death!

She was nervous as she finished combing out her hair, the red tresses all silky and shining. Just the way Margaery liked it when they made love. She ached to have Margaery back in her bed, making passionate love over and over again.

Sansa went over in her mind the contradictions of Daenerys Targaryen. She was nothing but contradictions. She would have to just trust the letter and the noble words written in it.

The woman had amassed an army and navy like the world had never seen. She had three dragons that she had used to crush the slave trade that had existed for five thousand years. She did it in only three years. She could easily take what she considered was hers with her forces.

She had now added Dorne to her powerbase. The woman was literally unstoppable, and yet here she was, stopping herself.

That had to mean something. Her freeing of all the slaves and her restraint showed the Targaryen’s heart. She had to believe that.

Her father was grim but resolved. She was not able to pick up any great urgency from him. He was a master in masking his emotions. But Sansa was still his daughter. She could read so much from the slight grimace and squinting of his eyes that made his crow’s feet appear, and the way he shifted his shoulders in worry.

He had not evidenced any of his usual signs of concern. He was wary but did not feel the need for immediate action. That thought calmed her heart. They had time. She had time.

Sansa remembered how her heart had nearly burst out of her chest, beating so hard. When the letter first arrived she had accosted her father in the hall. She had been so distressed with how the dragon queen’s arrival would affect Margaery it had made her reckless.

She had again and again asked her father how this might affect Highgarden. When he wanted to move on and talk to his captains, she had actually grabbed his arm saying she must know.
The strange look he had given first her and then her hand on his arm made her blanch. She quickly made an excuse about Loras and her fear for him. He had been mollified then, but she could tell that he did not fully believe her despite letting it rest.

How could she have been so stupid and reckless? She could not bring dishonor onto Margaery until Olenna could arrange for them to be together. She was ready to elope to be with Margaery. She would sacrifice her entire life in Winterfell if she had to.

Still, she would be more careful in the future. She had to be.

Sansa chuckled, thinking of how excited Arya was. Daenerys Targaryen was the living embodiment of all her childhood dreams of dragons and the might of the Targaryen dragon lords. The dragons were long dead, and Robert Baratheon had removed their skulls from the Great Hall.

They had passed into legend for years. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, reports emerged from the distant deserts of Essos that a Targaryen still lived. That some mighty Lord had been reborn? Then the reports got even stranger.

The Valyrian conqueror was a woman. It soon became known that it was Daenerys Targaryen who had risen up. She had disappeared seemingly, but now reappeared to take her claim.

Her sister was already mooning over the female warrior. She had long suspected her sister’s leanings, and at first she had snickered at Arya. Now she totally understood.

Sansa licked her lips. She felt the familiar ache deep in her tummy. She ran quickly back to her room, pulling up her dress to run in haste.

Arya

Arya felt like she was about to bounce off the castle walls. She had finally arrived in Westeros. The living embodiment of all her childhood dreams, and now, fantasies. She had always been enamored with House Targaryen. How Aegon, Visenya and Rhaenys conquered all of Westeros, except for Dorne. They had been so powerful and full of magic.

She longed to ride their dragons and be a fierce warrior like Aegon’s sisters. She was training to become a warrior no matter what her mother said or did. She would not be married off to some fucking man! She wanted her own destiny. She knew her father wanted to give her this, but he himself felt trapped.

When she was a child, her dreams had been purely of conquest and fighting. After puberty, her dreams became fantasies with the silver lady conquerors and how the wolf would tame and devour both the sister dragons.

Arya could not believe that a Targaryen was still alive. All had been shocked when it was not Viserys that came out the desert but his sister Daenerys Targaryen. It had made her fantasies all the stronger. She loved that Visenya had a sword, and in her fantasies when she masturbated and in her dreams Rhaenys had a sword too. The fights they won against hopeless odds were epic.

Arya wanted to be a warrior like them. She wanted to be the young woman they would have fallen so hard for. They would have been enamored with her bowman ship and in awe of her sword fighting skills.

She felt like she would blow up when her mother hounded her to stop with her silly wastes of time. She was constantly badgering Arya to put up her sword and bow. She thanked the old gods that her father ran interference with her mother. He would change the subject, or take her away talking softly
to her.

Her father would come to her then and tell that she was getting to old for this; she needed to put up her sword and bow. He would then give her that soft smile of his, making sure his wife was not around. “But not today,” he would say quietly and ruffle her hair before walking away.

Arya loved her father.

Arya was improving quickly. She had long ago mastered the bow. She could shoot at her targets with her eyes closed now, and still hit them if there was no wind. She made all gasp at her ability to hit the smallest targets and shoot little birds form the sky.

Her sword work was improving too. Her strength was increasing as she lifted heavy hay bales in the stalls and worked with smith hammers, helping to make horseshoes with Winterfell’s blacksmith.

Roderik was grunting and falling back when they sword trained now. She had long ago learned his techniques. He fought valiantly, but Arya now had to take it easy on him so as not to humiliate him. He would never be able to live down being defeated by a woman. Also, Arya had not quite been ready to show her true prowess. Her mother would scream and tear her hair out when that happened. She would demand she stop so passionately that her father would have to listen.

He would be forced to make her cease and put on the frilly dresses that made her ill when she so much as looked at them. They itched and made her feel like she was in some form of torture device. It was awful.

But now that was about to change. A woman would soon sit on the throne. Arya felt it was time for her to come out, and come out soon.

She knew that a Queen would be so much more fair in her rule. Nothing could be worse than that drunken fool that sat on the throne. She knew her father was terribly disappointed in his childhood friend and how he had devolved into a fat buffoon.

The world was changing, and changing for the better.

Arya would absolutely not submit to any man. She had no desire for any man. She was only attracted to her own sex. She would never allow a man to touch her in that manner. She would kill him, or slit her own wrists first.

She would fly south if she had to. She would go before the Queen who would gratefully accept Arya Stark into her service. Daenerys Targaryen would be mesmerized by her abilities with the bow. Then she would challenge the Queen to a sword duel and easily dispatch her, earning her respect.

Arya smirked at her daydream. Then the wolf would take what was hers. She would claim the dragon by right of victory. She would caress Daenerys body with sweet touches. She would cherish the Queen.

Arya Stark would give her Queen her arm, her honor and … my body. All of it, Arya thought with a shiver.

Arya sat before the dresser and combed out her brown hair, getting the tangles out and straightening it. She looked at the mirror. She was attractive in her own way, her hair framing her sharp, wolfish features with the steel grey eyes of her bloodline. The Queen would have to love her. Wouldn’t she? Worriedly she looked down at her flat chest.

Arya sighed. Nothing to do for that.
All the stories and rumors said that Daenerys Targaryen was a beautiful woman. Her hair snow white and long. With her being a warrior as well, her body would be roped with muscles. She licked her lips thinking of those arms and legs wrapped around her body, loving her. Daenerys Targaryen would make Arya scream in bed. She knew it.

Arya hoped the woman was kind and gentle when not on the battlefield. She heard the royal gossip about what a battleax Cersei Lannister was. That would kill any thrill. But Arya just couldn’t see it. The woman had destroyed the slave trade. That had to speak about her character. It must.

Her father Eddard Stark was a legend on the battlefield with his savagery. He could not be defeated on the battlefield, but was always so gentle and loving to Arya’s mother.

Arya had to admit that her mother was a little bit of the battleax herself at times, but her father always deftly disarmed and subdued Catelyn Tully without her mother even realizing it.

Arya pulled off her night shirt and went to bed. She started to stroke her body as her passions rose. 

*Daenerys Targaryen would be so good to me,* Arya thought as her hands roamed and her breathing began to get labored.

She would make sweet love to her and make her body explode in ecstasy over and over. Then they would cuddle before going to sleep, their bodies wrapped around each other.

*She would tell me how much she loved me each night and I would confess my own love back.*

Thoughts for Arya became harder to form after that.

Outside the door Nymeria raised her head off her paw as she listened to her master scream in ecstasy. Humans and their emotions the wolf chuffed before putting her muzzle back on her paw.

**Daenerys**

Daenerys was looking out over the sea, her fingers rolling on the rail as she tapped it. It had been a week since she sent out her ravens.

She smirked, thinking of how fast Casterly Rock replied with smarmy platitudes of undying fealty. She knew who killed her father.

Tywin knew who her hand was. Tyrion was nothing but loyal, and gave sage advice.

Obyern was fuming somewhere below. He was miffed no end that he would not be able to fight the Lannisters. He kept mumbling that the Lannisters would soon show their true colors.

Her traditional homeland of course was sending ravens back post haste, declaring their allegiance and that they longed to have a Targaryen back on the throne.

The Lannisters were not her concern. She would crush her enemies if she needed to, but she dearly wanted to avoid that. Would the Houses Highgarden, Stark and Arryn bend the knee or would they force her to meet them on the battlefield to break them?

She sincerely hoped not. The men who led these houses were known throughout the realm for their honor and pragmatic rule. Surely they would choose peace if offered so freely and without conditions.

Surely their pride would not be that great. She was the rightful ruler come back to claim what was
truly hers. They would bow before that inevitability. They would not make the deadly mistake of
underestimating her because she was woman. She had proven her mettle already across Essos. The
bells she wore in her hair in battle reaffirmed that.

She was so close to achieving her dreams. True, they had first belonged to Viserys and then Khal
Drogo but they had been lacking in vision. She had taken their dreams and made them hers. She had
the strength of arm and mind to achieve what they couldn’t.

Viserys was not the dragon and he had inherited the family’s madness. Khal Drogo was limited by
his Dothraki heritage. They were limited, and they failed.

Daenerys Targaryen was the fulfillment of prophecy. Not some weak man! I am the Dragon!

Her fingers continued to drum the rail as she felt the breeze against her face. She closed her eyes. She
breathed in the salt air and felt invigorated. Her plans were working out as she had envisioned. She
was going to have her throne soon, and she would begin her rule.

She would have a realm that the minstrels would be singing about in future ages. She would be wise
and just. The pretense of the throne meant nothing to her. She would change the world.

She had many restless nights filled with nightmares. She had done cruel, violent things to conquer
Slaver’s Bay, but with time she would build up a better world. She had swept out the vile old order
and would institute a rule of justice for the people. She would bring that to Westeros, too. They did
not have slavery but their thinking was conservative and antiquated. She would bring a more
enlightened liberal order.

She had come to trust and truly like Oberyn Martell. He was fiery and given to lambast, but he
always listened and heeded his Queen. He just loved combat a little too much. He was fiercely loyal
to his Queen regardless. He called her Nymeria reborn.

He was almost lusting to take out his two main rivals. He had a high disregard to House Highgarden
and a visceral hate for Tywin Lannister.

She did not like the man either, through all that she had read and what Tyrion had told her. The
difference was she would not let her more reptilian brain control her. She would not fight unless she
absolutely had to.

She would achieve her goals peacefully and then work to resolve the issues between the Great
Houses. She would deal with any recalcitrant leader of a House when the time came. She would not
let any one person derail her plans.

That led her back to House Stark. In all conversations she had with her advisors about Westeros
when that particular House was mentioned a hush fell on the council. All she heard about was how
honorable Eddard Stark was. The entire house was famous for it. This honor handed down unbroken
from generation to generation. But Eddard seemed to be the paragon of the concept of honor and
justice. All those around the table respected the man.

He had a chance to sit on the throne Daenerys desired and had easily stepped aside. He did not want
the throne. He was content to be Warden of the North.

The man was highly known for his compassion. He ate with the commoners. He only executed if he
must. She wanted to know this man!

She was also attracted to his famous gentleness with his children. His daughters were of age to be
married and Catelyn Tully was like a hissing cat trying to ship them off and yet he resisted. He was
obviously listening to his daughters’ desires.

Yes, she wanted to meet this man.

He had three sons and two daughters. She wondered if the children had learned from their father the “Stark” way, as Tyrion put it.

She remembered when Tyrion had brought her the dossiers on the two sons of Stark.

She had looked over the dossier on Rob and Bran Stark. Rickon was still too young. Tyrion had told her she couldn’t do any better. He went on how about good looking the two young men were. Robb especially seemed to be growing up to be like Eddard Stark. Tyrion seemed most pleased with himself when he left.

She had thrown them across the table where they slid off when he left. She had hidden her anger.

Where were the dossiers on Sansa and Arya Stark?

She came back to the present. Damnit, Daenerys thought, pinching the bridge of her nose. He never even thought to bring me dossiers on the daughters. Sure, she had lied to Tyrion on the beach but shouldn’t he have at least considered she might want to see all the eligible children of Westeros..?

She pinched her nose again. She loved her homeland but was coming to detest the conservative mores of Westeros north of Dorne. She wondered why Dorne was so liberal but not the rest of Westeros.

It didn’t matter in the end. Her shoulders slumped as she looked at the setting sun. She was trapped by tradition and she knew it.

**Bran**

He was so tired. The three eyed raven would appear out of nowhere and start to qwoark wildly and start telling him yet again that he must fly high to dive deep into the Earth. He was told repeatedly that he had to let go of his future dreams of being a knight and living the life he had dreamed of.

The Raven seemed to take great joy in informing Bran that his dreams were dead and gone. He had to reach and grasp the dreams that the three eyed raven spoke of. Like he gave a shit. He was supposed to bury himself within a tree and let its roots eat into his body. He was supposed to watch the world go by through the weirwoods.

Bran was at first mad and furious at the future that awaited him. But time had worn him down. Now he just wanted to be left alone. He was ready to begin his journey just to get the raven to leave him alone.

He would be in total darkness, but then would hear the beating of wings. He now thought he could actually see the black swirl with the Raven’s approach. He dreaded that swirl. When the Raven arrived it would immediately start pecking furiously on his forehead and his hands when he tried to defend himself.

The Raven would pick at him like its life depended on it. Then the Raven would commence with its dire warnings, declarations and prophecies.

This time was no different.

“You need to fly high. You need to touch the sun then fly to the bottom of the world. You will fly
through the Soul Bitter to find the Lost Isle. There you must go!”

“You are late! You are late! Time runs short! Why have you delayed?”

“What do you mean you stupid bird?! My back is broken!” Bran shouted back in anger.

“The Ice King awaits with his demon son! Fly to the cyclone of my brothers. Follow them down. Follow them down. Delve into the Earth. There the Tree of Life awaits. There you will learn.”

“The Ice King you will bind! Bind! … You are late. Bind bind bind!”

Bran shouted back at it. “I was to be a great knight on a mighty horse do going great deeds! Not buried underneath a fucking tree, gods damnit!”

“You must fly! Fly! Fly! Why do you delay! Fly! Meet your destiny! Follow the dragon that will lie with the direwolf. Only together can the Ice King be defeated. Together! Together! Together!”

“Fuck you! I want to walk. I want to run! I want to be a knight on the field of battle! What can’t you understand you stupid bird?!”

“Let go! Let go! Your field will be the sky and underneath the Earth. You are the Greenseer! Your destiny you must fulfill! Fly! Fly! Fly! Let go and become the Greenseer! You were born for this destiny. Let go and become the Greenseer.”

“I hate you!”

“Become one with the Earth and the Earth will set you free. Let go! Now you must find the Tree of Life. Become one. After the binding you must seek the One Tree with your guides! There you will find your other half. Let go and become one. You must fly through the Soul Bitter and the Maelstrom of the Merewives. Do not listen! Do not listen. Become the Greenseer! Follow your destiny!”

“I don’t want to!”

“There you must go! Your destiny. Many things must you bind; ice to ground, wood to Law, Magic to Ice and Stone. Destiny! Destiny!”

“Why me?”

“Born. Born. Born! Destiny you must fulfill!”

“Far must you journey. Up high you will fly to burrow low. Across the Lost Sea to the Lost Isle. There you will know what to do. There you and the scribe of the runes will create Law.”

Bran was so tired. He had heard this rant of prophecy so many times in the past. The order of the prophecies changed. Sometimes the Three Eyed Raven would not mention a certain prophecy and the next time go over that one again and again. The only good thing was that when the Raven screamed his prophecies he was not striking his face and hands.

That now changed. The bird jumped forward and began to again savagely peck his forehead and his swiping hands. This attack was like so many before it. His forehead was screaming in pain.

Except this time it was different. A brilliant white light exploded in his head. His eyes felt like they were seeing bright suns exploding.

The light blinded him. He felt the blackness fraying and beginning to dissipate. He felt a warmth
surrounding his right hand.

He opened his eyes. He saw his mother looking at him, sobbing. She was sitting on a chair beside his bed gripping his hand in hers and squeezing it hard.

“Mom?”

“Oh my sweet baby!” Catelyn Stark sobbed in relief.

**Loremasters**

The scrying bowl swirled with what was and might be. The mighty ur-viles waved their iron staves over the midnight black ichor that did not waver, but images swirled from one event or portent to the next. Their eyeless faces intently studied the bowl.

Yes. The Dragonthane had done all that they had foreseen. She had indeed become mighty. They barked at each other. They had chosen wisely to aid her in the grass sea.

She had become mighty enough to face her immediate peril. The House of the Direwolf would come to her. It must.

The Ice King and the detestable Croyel had grown strong. Their union unholy. They must be confronted and defeated. This battle their *Weird* did not allow them to fight in. Their tasks would come later. This battle the Dragonthane must meet without their assistance. She would acquire what she would need.

Their sightless faces studied the black still liquid with more acuity than any human eyes ever could, their fleshy nostrils wetly breathing in the images.

She must defeat the Ice King and only then could she return to Essos. Only here could she and the companions she would bring begin the restoration of Valyria. Only when the Blood of the Earth was again channeled could magic be restored.

Magic was dying and only the Dragonthane and her allies could ever restore it.

She would take the Seer and the Scribe of the Law to Revelstone and the Lost Isle. The Isle of the One Tree. Only the Seer and the Scribe would solve the riddle there.

They again considered this Daenerys Targaryen. She was mighty and just. They were honored to have fought by her side and they would do so again.

The first Loremaster held up the manacles. They would be given to the Scribe of the Law. She would bind and garrote She Who Must Not Be Named. This was absolutely necessary.

These things were in Daenerys’ future. But first, Daenerys Targaryen must meet her first challenge. She must defeat the Ice King. All other things revolved around this event. All else would be for naught if he could not be defeated.

The ur-viles could only hope. They had all the faith in their *Weird*. The world depended on their visions coming true.
AN #1: Daenerys has taken the throne. Now is a time for the Game of Thrones.

Chapter 6

Small Council

Tyrion / Daenerys / Tyrion / Daenerys / Tyrion

Tyrion

Tyrion stood before the door to the room of the Small Council. The Queen had insisted that he not enter the room over the last two days, in fact she had made it clear that he was to stay away from this entire area of the Keep. Now he was before the very door of the forbidden room, and needless to say the new Hand was curious to what he would find within.

He had arrived a few minutes before his Queen moving from foot to foot in his excitement to see what was behind the door. He watched his Queen move down the hall towards him with her supremely confident stride. He looked up at Daenerys Targaryen who had a small smile on her face when she looked down at him. She reached out and gripped his shoulder, giving it a squeeze. They were ten minutes early to the first meeting of the council. The Queen had told Tyrion to arrive ten minutes early. This had had only increased his curiosity.

The Queen had made it clear the room was not be approached till noon, thus, the hall was still empty. She apparently wanted to share this with Tyrion alone.

“Let’s go in, Tyrion,” the white haired woman spoke, pushing open the door. She let Tyrion walk in several feet with his small steps. He stopped and stared at the chair of the Hand, then turned and looked up at his Queen with an expression of wonder, like a little boy receiving a prized pony.

“Come,” the Queen said, gently pushing him forward.

They moved before the chair of the Hand, Tyrion still staring in amazement. He slowly walked around the side of the chair. He turned his gaze to Daenerys. “I don’t understand.” he told his Queen, his voice quiet and small.

“You needed a chair that will show everyone that you are the Hand of the Queen. That you are a man of command and power. That you have the full support of the Queen, Tyrion,” she told the dwarf with a smile on her face.

Tyrion felt a lump in his throat.

The chair was a work of art and bore so much consideration for him that he feared he might cry. He continued looking at it, then finally reached forward and touched it.
The chair was elevated higher than the other normal chairs in the room. It had a high dais around the base with small steps cut into it on both sides. His small frame would be lifted so he could look down with just enough height to impress but not outright intimidate. The steps were sized to his stature so Tyrion could walk up with a measure of grace. The seat and back of the chair were thickly cushioned so his legs would not cramp like they normally did when he sat for a long time.

Tyrion noted the small pockets woven into the wide sides of the chair so he could store items that would help him perform his duties. In front of the chair itself was a bench on rails that he could easily scoot forward and back to support his small legs and take any stress off of his back and calves.

The whole chair had been designed and built truly for him, and only him.

And then the carving on the chair itself made him marvel.

The arms had been carved with stylized Lannister male lions with thick dark manes against the cherry red of the rest of the chair. The lions sat on their haunches, staring forward regally. Then, along the upper sides of the chair were two more carved lions with a dragon on top. The craftsmen had carved the lions in such a subtle way that the viewer had the impression the lions were not subordinate to the dragon, but were actually helping it reach for the heavens as its wings were just starting to unfurl.

The lions and dragon were clearly working together. Each were helping the other to reach for the sky.

Tyrion could only shake his head. “Thank you,” he said softly to the beautiful Queen.

“No one will ever again doubt you speak for me, Tyrion. They will not doubt that you are my Hand, and that you speak for me with the regal ring of command. I need you Tyrion, and you have my full trust and my confidence.” She smiled. “Let’s rule a kingdom.”

Tyrion felt a lump in his throat as he watched the beautiful woman walk to the end of the table and take a seat. She seemed like just another person at the table, her own chair like all the others. She seemed more like an advisor, or maybe even a concubine with her sheer top showing the curves of her lovely breasts and tight slacks that displayed her bulging camel toe. Tyrion had made sure not drool as he took in the lovely assets of the Queen - he was still recovering from the ‘beach incident’, as he called it.

She did not appear as the ruler of half the known world. She did not sit beside the chair of the Hand like rulers of the past had. Those others, they would sit in a high, stylized chair with a crown on their head, seeking to make it clear that the Hand derived all of their power from the potentate. Dany wore no crown. She told Tyrion she thought they looked silly and they gave her a headache anyway. She did not need a circle of metal to make her the Queen.

Tyrion stepped up easily on the carved steps and got in front of his chair and sat down. He spied a small lever on the right hand side and worked it so the bench moved in to support his feet. He sighed in relief. He could sit in this chair comfortably for hours! He found capped gourds of water and sweet oranges, his favorite, in pockets stitched in the sides of the arms. He pulled one out and peeled it, looking at his Queen.

She was relaxed, playing with a throwing dagger. He knew she kept eight on her body at all times: Two on each leg clearly strapped over her slacks, two hidden up her loose fitting sleeves, and one on each hip that were slightly longer. She was casually dressed, her top sheer showing her swaying breast, the outline of her nipples clearly visible. She was a sly one. Her breasts were delectable and would make any man, and many women, want her, and in their lust, they would bond even more to
the Queen without realizing it. It would also make men careless and, thus, more easily manipulated by her. She had no problem using her sexuality to assist her rule.

Tyrion had started staring without realizing it. Her body was so beautiful, especially the way her breasts swayed as she moved her now-twirling dagger. The Queen looked up suddenly, questioning. *Oh no*, Tyrion winced, knowing he had been caught.

Tyrion watched her violet orbs suddenly flare with that evil, unhinged look from the beach. The woman slowly rose up, shaking with violence. He *had* been warned.

His felt his cock shrivel up like a prepubescent boy’s, his testicles shrinking up into his scrotum. He pushed back into the chair, his little feet pressing into the bench instinctively as he sought escape.

Daenerys clacked her teeth, her head snapping as she started to move forward. Tyrion’s mind suddenly rushed back to the beach. He had experienced her dreadful wrath!

“Mmmgggggg!” Tyrion whimpered, looking wildly around as his fight or flight instinct was clearly pegged to flight.

“Hahahahaha!” the queen suddenly started laughing, thumping back down in her seat. “Gods Tyrion if you could have seen your face! It was precious! O my sweet little lion cub of Lannister.”

Tyrion watched his Queen with a sour look on his face as she laughed, nearly hysterical for a full minute before she started to calm down. He was never going to live that incident down, he now realized.

He heard motion in the hall and they suddenly straightened, putting neutral expressions on their faces, though Tyrion could still see a slight sly smile on Daenerys face. He watched as she put her blade back up her sleeve. Yes indeed, Daenerys Targaryen was a most deadly woman.

Tyrion could only sigh. Only now was his poor manhood beginning to recover.

Tyrion watched the initial members of the small – or maybe better to say medium? - council come into the room. The Queen wanted council and advice, and it was not just words with her. She had decided to maintain the traditional council, and then add some.

Tyrion watched as Grand Maester Harsch Lape enter the room. After Grand Maester Pycelle passed away the Citadel had sent another older Maester but Dany had wanted men in their prime, men with youth and vigor to carry out the ambitious agenda she planned to initiate.

The citadel had sent out this man in his mid forties. He was virile and very smart by all accounts. He had dark blond hair and deep blue eyes that all women seemed to desire. He was devastatingly good looking, and vain enough to know it. He had been letting anyone who would listen know that soon the Queen would be in his bed, since no woman could resist him.

Tyrion had tried to warn him.

Tyrion almost felt sorry for the pompous man, but not quite. He hoped his rejection would be public and oh so very humiliating.

Behind him the Master of Whispers entered the room. Varys bowed slightly to the Queen and then Tyrion. He moved to take a seat. He was cunning and devious, and very well connected. Tyrion found he quite enjoyed the man, as they had been communicating continuously since his arrival. His aid in bloodlessly deposing Robert had him in high regard where the dwarf was concerned. While a buffoon, he had actually liked Robert and was happy he was still alive.
He knew they would be able to work well together. Varys wanted a peaceful, strong rule. He was also open to bringing in progressive ideas from Essos and Dorne. Tyrion wondered if that was due to his upbringing in the Free Cities.

Behind them came the Master of Coin, Vedad Softic and the Emissary from Slaver’s Bay Draqhiz zo Gazno. Both were dour faced men in their mid-thirties. The Master of Coin came with high credentials from Casterly Rock, able to seemingly make gold dragons. Tyrion needed those dragons. Draqhiz zo Gazno was pensive, with an obvious chip on his shoulder - or perhaps better to call it a mountain. Tyrion could sympathize in a way. Even though his city had been based on a vile trade, Daenerys had twice crushed it and killed many of the nobles until Meereen had bent the knee, completely.

Tyrion then watched Barristan Selmy, Syrio Forel with Aggo enter the room together, talking and laughing. They were bound together by the bonds of war. Syrio moved to sit at the table as the Master at Arms, as Barristan had not wanted the position. His previous tenure in this room had left a bad taste in his mouth. He and and Aggo blended into the background, but their presence was comforting to the Hand.

The Hand. Tyrion liked the sound of that.

Daenerys

Daenerys had positioned herself at the end of the table to allow her to observe from a distance. She wanted and expected the focus to shift to Tyrion once the meeting started. She wanted the Small Council to quickly realize he spoke for her and that she already trusted his loyalty, experience and cunning completely.

She had groaned as Harsch Lape entered the room, cocksure and in his way purely revolting. He thought he was the gods’ gift to womankind. True, he was ruggedly handsome, but his looks did not stir her in the least.

She sat to her right in the closest chair and began his boring litany of seduction. She replied in monosyllables and gave him the eyebrow more than once. How he could not sense her disdain she did not understand. Gods she hated the male ego. She controlled herself by eventually ignoring the vain man completely, though she felt herself seethe when the contemptuous man stared at her breasts while trying to talk to her. He could not have been any more obvious. She bit her cheek to still her acid tongue.

She smiled grimly to herself seeing Draqhiz zo Gazno take the exact opposite tact. He sat as far away from her as possible.

She smiled seeing her three warriors come in together in clear comradery. War did bring men and women together, it was a uniting bond. Great warriors shared this connection even despite their disparate cultures.

She watched as the chairs were filled. Next to enter was the Dothraki representative Ildatto. She mused at his name, ‘to strike’. She hoped she did not have to deal often with him, she would hate to have to kill him. She wanted to curb the Dothraki’s appetite for raiding and looting without breaking their entire society. She had already shattered two Khalasars. The screams of the men and especially the horses cut down or burnt still woke her up some nights.

She would not shy away from what she needed to do to bring about a new world order. The old ways were often outdated, vile and disgusting. She thought back to a little more than a year ago, when she was on the western shore of Slaver’s Bay, destroying the last of the resistance in Volantis
and preparing to conqueror Lys as the last of the slavery strongholds. She had been brutal but the victories were complete. She would destroy the slave trade entirely!

Daenerys had been using the Dothraki as garrisons to control her conquered cities along the rim of Slaver’s Bay. They also were waging war on the mercenary companies that refused to pledge allegiance to the Queen. This satisfied their bloodlust, and she doled out the war plunder to feed their desire for loot.

She had made it clear to the Dothraki - no rape, and no looting of cultural treasures. She would broker no breaking of these commands. Khal Khoko had truly tried to control the troops of Dothraki, but he was pulled in too many directions.

She had received word that the garrison of Yunkai had started to rape, loot and pillage, against her strict orders. That had been totally unacceptable. Blatant disregard of her instructions would not stand.

She took it upon herself to resolve the problem personally. She had taken Drogon and flown straight back to Yunkai, stopping only long enough to rest Drogon when he needed and strengthen herself with short, quick meals.

She had been in a rage by the time she landed in the main plaza of Yunkai. She was shocked to see open rape occurring on the main square. One man was so lost in his actions he never even noticed Daenerys landing across the courtyard. She had dismounted immediately and walked over to him as he raped a girl around the age of thirteen or fourteen.

She had pulled the man’s head back and slit his throat with her main dagger. His new mouth ran red from ear to ear, and his death gurgle was extremely satisfying. The girl was in shock, and did not even feel the spray of blood drip down on her before Daenerys pulled the corpse off her as she rose up. “Who commanded this?!” she screamed.

Two hulking Dothraki came up, in their mid to late twenties. They declared themselves as the brothers Karlinno and Qajhoko. They claimed they were going to gut her and defile her corpse. Their eyes glazed with bloodlust and a desire to kill the great Khaleesi and become the greatest of the Dothraki Khals for expunging her vile existence. She had corrupted the Dothraki, they had claimed as they screamed at her.

A large number of Dothraki had gathered around the three combatants. The brothers already had their arakhs out, and advanced on the small blond woman.

Daenerys looked forward to the battle as she pulled her sword out, the blade lit bright blue. The sword of Rhaenys Targaryen, Foe Cleaver. The sword written out of history when Aegon discovered the woman he had married for love was instead only in love with her sister, and not her brother. That she had married him only out of duty. In his anger he had had her exploits diminished and her sword smitten from the journals and histories.

The blue runes told Daenerys the truth.

A truth only she and a few others now knew. Only the owner of a Rune sword or a mighty dragon lord could fire up the runes magically embedded in the Valyrian steel.

The brothers approached together, no honor in them as they attacked the way brother lions so often did to depose a King of the pride. Then they had split apart to come at her on both sides.
Daenerys was unconcerned. Qajhoko, the youngest, attacked first from her left, his arakh slashing a mighty arc through the air. She easily stepped aside, and her blade met the older brother’s blade. She grunted, guiding the blade to the side and slashed in making Karlinno back up quickly to avoid having his guts spilled.

Qajhoko came in with clumsy yet powerful swipes of his arakh. His brother, much more skilled, hacked at the Targaryen, their combined attack keeping her at bay. She easily blocked their blows and counterattacked with strikes they barely met and she left several cuts on their arms.

The battle raged with Daenerys meeting or avoiding the blows that were raining in from two angles. The well muscled men were undeniably stronger than her, but speed and skill were hers, and easily matched any deficit in raw strength.

The sounds of heavy blades filled the air as they collided, shrieking as they slid down each other. After several minutes they all had light cuts that were barely from barely avoided sword and arakh strikes. Qajhoko overextended his arakh arching swing and Daenerys swept her blade down and left the younger brother screaming as he stared down at his hand on the paved stones, still gripping his arakh. The bloody stump at his wrist spurted heavy fountains of blood.

Now one-on-one, Daenerys and Karlinno circled each other, slashing furiously. The larger man was grunting and retreating as the woman focused solely on him. Her blade swung in from all angles as the other Dothraki continued to scream in pain.

Daenerys, tiring of the screams, locked blades with Karlinno and then jammed forward, knocking him back off balance. In that moment Daenerys pulled a throwing dagger from her thigh and threw it. Oajhoko’s screams suddenly cut off as a Valyrian dagger pierced his larynx, and cut through the back of his neck, cutting his spinal cord. The youth collapsed as the strings of his life had been cut.

Daenerys whirled to meet Karlinno’s charge their blades locked together. Daenerys heaved him to the side, chasing after him and almost severing his right hamstring before he jerked back just in time. He whirled on the blond woman as she moved to the side and almost tripped over some detritus.

Seeing an opening, Karlinno swiped down as the Targaryen leaped forward.

Daenerys stifled a scream of pain as the Dothraki’s curved blade cut her back just inside her left shoulder blade. The cut, though not deep, had blood flowing down her back and soaking the tunic she’d worn.

Karlinno, seeing he had cut the woman charged again and roared as his blade rained down blow after blow that were all expertly blocked. The Targaryen met his blows and either stopped them, or shuttled off to the side as she analyzed his moves and his tendencies.

Finally, Daenerys had spotted a weakness. When the Dothraki used his full strength on a arcing sweep of his Arakh, he always lowered his left shoulder.

Being short was actually an advantage for Daenerys. She was used to fighting up while her opponents were not used having to go down an extra foot to even begin their attack. Karlinno again arched a furious blow up and then down. Daenerys met his blow and guided his blade down hard, leaving him exposed.

Her blade looped back in a short arc and then came slashing down.

Daenerys body jerked as her blade impacted on Karlinno’s shoulder, her blade slicing through his thick body till it jammed into Karlinno’s sternum, his heart sliced in half. He was already dead, his
eyes lifeless as his body slumped into the tiny woman. She brought her left foot up and got her foot on his body just below her blade, then kicked out.

Karlinno’s body toppled back and hit the ground hard in a nerveless heap.

“Who wants to die next?!” Daenerys roared as she slowly spun around, looking at all of the Dothraki ringing the square.

The Dothraki started to beat their chests with their fists, clashing their arakhs together screaming “Black Dragon!” and “The Great Khaleesi! The Great Mare that will mount the world!”

Daenerys had reveled in their adulation.

She bent down and cleaned her blue burning sword on Karlinno’s vest. Then she brought up her sword to once again read the ghostly runes buried deep in the metal. She cursed, again wondering why her other sword was not Dark Sister. The gods were indeed cruel.

She had gone to each of the corpses she’d created and removed the seven bells she had found on them to add to her growing collection of bells for her hair.

Daenerys came back to the present as she stared at the Dothraki a moment longer.

She then looked at the Master of Ships, Hugh Elicero of Highgarden. He was a handsome man with a short cropped red beard and tight curled hair. He had been the Lord of Highgarden’s naval commander, but as a gesture of good will the Tyrells had assigned him to Daenerys’ services.

Daenerys would need to maintain and even build up her already massive navy. She had to rule two continents. Both land masses were home to powers that had strong navies. She had most of these ships in Dorne and lower Westeros, but eventually she would have to release the majority to allow these nations to defend themselves and protect their merchant fleets.

She watched Tyrion easily talking to the various members of the council with a natural grace and diplomatic skill. His obvious intelligence and cunning were already starting to bind the other members of the Small Council to him.

She mused while watching Tyrion. Earlier she had been teasing the dwarf. But back on that beach a month ago she had not been teasing; she had lost it for a few moments. Tyrion’s unexpected sexual overture had enraged Daenerys and for a few moments she had wanted to eviscerate the man.

Too many bad memories and her anger over her destiny had come flooding out. Then, to cover her embarrassing loss of control she had taken her past events and twisted them into lies to get the man to back off. She could not afford to let her natural desires rule her. She had a kingdom to rule now, and she knew what was expected of her.

She felt another piece of her soul die inside.

**Tyrion**

Tyrion watched Daenerys roll her eyes at the Grand Maester. The man was getting nowhere fast and didn’t even realize it.

He looked up when he saw the Master of Laws Micud Caudill enter the room. He was a small man with a balding pate, quiet and unassuming. Tyrion had personally vetted him very carefully. He was
very skilled and well respected in Dorne. His dark features belied his heritage. With all the debts that Robert had left, he was sure that much legal wrangling would be needed.

Then Lysono Saan, the Free Cities representative entered into the room and quickly took his seat. He was a blond man from the city of Tyrosh, from a high noble family. Tyrion was unsure of this man’s mettle.

That only left the Summer Islander Ambassador to enter. She had only arrived yesterday.

Tyrion watched Missandei enter the room and take the chair to Daenerys’ left. The Queen had waved away Caudill when he had tried to sit there. Daenerys was visibly more comfortable when she had her loyal scribe at her side. The Maester eyed the tiny dark woman. Missandei, in her innocence, did not even notice.

A clerk came in and put down the reports from the major families and cities of Westeros.

Dany had wanted a background report from each. She wanted to know numbers. She had counts of population, major resources, and debts. She had asked for further details on crops, livestock, minerals and the inventory of produced goods. She requested details on any problems that needed crown resources, along with grievances with the crown or with other entities. Daenerys expressed a sincere desire to start solving the problems of the realm – which included both Westeros, and half of Essos.

The Queen wanted to start getting a ‘feel for the land’ as she had put it to Tyrion. Tyrion had looked over the reports all day yesterday. He was satisfied with them, and very inspired by one report in particular. Daenerys had studied them as she went over them with Tyrion.

After ten minutes of looking over the provincial reports, Tyrion looked up and scanned the table and saw the Summer Islander Ambassador had not yet arrived. He looked down the table at Daenerys ignoring Maester Lape or giving him the eyebrow, which he never seemed to notice. Daenerys was looking at the door clearly wanting to start the meeting.

Then the Summer Islander Ambassador finally breezed into the small council. Solaja Xo was a beautiful woman, Tyrion noticed immediately. She stood five foot eight inches tall. Her body was voluptuous with large breasts half-revealed in a low cut bodice. Her hips “womanly” with the classic hour glass shape. Her hair was long and in ringlets with colorful ribbons weaved throughout. Her large almonds eyes were also quite beguiling.

He and Daenerys had greeted her upon the arrival of her swan ship “Herald Breeze”. She had walked onto the dock all regal and imperious, with eyes only for Daenerys, which perturbed Tyrion. She had practically tried to disrobe the Queen with her eyes and kissed her hand as if she was a knight murmuring: “Your beauty is legendry Dany … I look forward to getting to know you intimately my Queen … perhaps we can have a meeting after I have dined tonight … to share ourselves—excuse me, share our views …” the woman had spoken in soft purring voice.

Tyrion had frowned at being totally ignored. Having both sexes fawning over Daenerys was going to get tiring.

Daenerys had been formal and gave some excuse about her time being spoken for. Tyrion had been surprised that the Queen had refused such a blatant offer to have the beautiful woman in her bed.

The woman looked around obviously looking for Daenerys and a frown crossed her beautiful face seeing that the Queen had the closest chairs on either side of her already taken. The chair by Maester Lape was available, and she sat in it. Her eyes remained on the Queen who barely acknowledged her and went back to talking to Missandei.
Tyrion watched Maester Lape take in the woman’s beauty and immediately shift his platitudes to the lovely dark skinned woman. The two flirted shamelessly back and forth. It would seem the woman also plied both sexes.

He called the council to order, and started with a round table to have everyone introduce themselves. Some knew many on the council while some knew none. They introduced themselves and gave a brief background report on their goals and hopes for their appointments to the council.

Once that was taken care of, the session began. Tyrion started by reviewing the reports that had been requested. Most were dry and quite boring, a bland regurgitation of facts. The information was passed on with obvious lack of interest.

The Stark report was very thorough. It was blunt and to the point. That was the one report he believed in totally, along with the one that was stellar.

He saved the report from Dorne for last. It had been thorough as well, but it had also given a deep analysis of the data and conclusions offered along with hypothesis on how to improve mining production and the need for a dredging in Sunspear port along two of the main docks.

Not only that, the report went on to recommend that a new farming technique be tested – ‘Drip Irrigation’. If successful, it should allow much more land to be cultivated with the water saved. Also, cisterns were recommended to capture rain water for the cities and towns, to channel all rain run off for non-potable water. Tyrion could not believe that no one had thought that before. Probably, someone had, it only took someone in power to actually listen.

The report had come up with a solution for the disputed hill country to the East of Nightsong as well. Farmers from both Dorne and Highgarden longed to plant grape vineyards but the threat of war between the two Houses was always too great. If a truce could be formed, along with a demilitarized zone, then the farmers in the area from both Houses had agreed to work together in a cooperative to share both the work and the bounty. It might fail, but if it succeeded it would increase the local wealth and tax revenue for both Houses.

The table listened with rapt attention. Money and the creation of wealth always got attention.

The final part had been an analysis and then request to form a center at the main university of Dorne for the creation of a “Women’s Study” program to help find, train and support female leaders. Wherever they could be found or groomed.

Many of the men smiled knowingly, and a few even chuckled until Daenerys spoke out in a firm commanding tone: ‘I like that idea … long overdue. Tyrion, let’s study this excellent proposal further.’

There were no more snickers.

Daenerys then asked who had authored the report, already knowing the answer. Tyrion smiled. She wanted her protégée highlighted. Tyrion had already told her how the report was authored by Myrcella Baratheon. He then informed them her last name was now Martell, breaking with her House completely. That raised a few eyebrows. The report also made clear, and Tyrion specified, that without Arianna Martell, her wife, this report would only have been a “shell” of what had been presented.

Tyrion eyed Hugh Elicero and Vedad Softic sharing disgusted looks as they heard the fact that two high, noble women had married each other. “Unnatural cunts,” he heard whispered, “what they need is a good hard cock!” Tyrion, knowing all too well about prejudice, ground his teeth. This was not
the place to give the men a piece of his mind.

Tyrion had been surprised at the depth of analysis from his niece and her wife. He would never have guessed she was capable of such insight and intelligence – that truth made him frown. He had truly never even thought she was capable of it.

She had been an orchid only needing to be watered. Daenerys had been the one to make Myrcella bloom, and not her own uncle, her blood. He sighed to himself. How do you overcome a lifetime of conditioning? He resolved to try and do better.

Also, he couldn’t help but wonder - how in the seven gods did she bed three women?!

Next came the requests for attendance at the court. When would the representatives be selected and permitted to be sent. Every kingdom needed its representatives at court. There were many requests - all the Houses wanted to be part of the new Queen’s court.

All but one House, and Tyrion looking at Dany saw she was going to bring it up.

“Why is that Tyrion? Why do all the houses small or large request attendance but one. Why does possibly the greatest House in Westeros eschew presence at my court? I could find that borderline treasonous. Explain that to me, Tyrion.”

Tyrion paused a moment. How would he try to explain this House’s stiff necked honor? How could he show the Queen that the very lack of fawning showed more honor and restraint than all other Houses together? Tyrion did not want Daenerys to mistake their behavior as sedition. He had seen this was a trigger for the Queen.

A violent trigger.

All eyes were on him, but the only eyes that mattered were a pair of violet eyes staring with intent purpose. They had discussed this matter, but the Queen was still uneasy.

Tyrion was working at a severe disadvantage. He knew that Barristan had never revealed to Daenerys what had happened between her father and Eddard’s father. Barristan did not want to burden the then fourteen year old. As she matured and became the conqueror Queen, he kept silent. Then on her lightning fast campaign across Slaver’s Bay and cowing of the Free Cities there simply had not been any time.

Once in Westeros Tyrion had thought Daenerys should know about the Stark and Targaryen confluence on the Iron throne, but, again he had been overruled. Barristan and Oberyn both felt that the Queen’s bouts of melancholy would only worsen if she knew of the violent end to Eddard’s father Rickard Stark along with that of his brother Brandon. She would only sink deeper into her depressions knowing the cruel, senseless murder committed by her father on House Stark.

“The Starks are a stiff necked people your Grace, this is true. But they are a gallant and true people as well. I have visited them four times, and been to the wall twice. They are fair beyond any measure, against my House or any other, your Grace. Only in that House do I see the commoners eating amongst the royalty.”

Daenerys eyes softened a fraction hearing that, but quickly hardened again.

“Still, they embarrass and borderline humiliate me refusing to have even one representative at my court.”

“They never send a representative. Even under the rule of his long-time friend Robert Baratheon,
“Ahhh, So Eddard Stark consorts with dogs who plotted treason? And I am to trust such a man?”

“Would you not come to Dorne’s aid if they called your banners?”

“That is not the same!” Daenerys exclaimed.

“How so?”

The woman glared at him.

“Do not let vain pride and preconceived ideas create a *Stark Mistake* where their need be none, your Grace,” Tyrion told her, locking eyes. This was too important. He wanted to nip this conflict in the bud if at all possible. No matter the cost.

The blond woman had become rigid, her left arm on the table with a clenched fist.


Tyrion was both angry and relieved. Relieved that he would continue living, and angry that even Daenerys Targaryen could let preconceived thoughts and notions color her thinking.

**Daenerys**

Daenerys was seething inside. She knew Tyrion was right, but she distrusted this ‘holding themselves apart’ that these Starks practiced. How could she know if she could trust them if they refused to even attend her court?

Her first Small Council and she already was pinching the bridge of her nose. It had started going wrong as soon as Solaja Xo came into the room. Suddenly, seeing the woman scanning the room for her she was almost happy the pompous windbag Grand Maester Harsch Lape had chosen to blight – er, grace- her with his immediate presence.

She found the Summer Islander woman to be off-putting and arrogant. She had blatantly proposed a liaison in front of Tyrion with all the subtlety a bull elephant in the rut. That *could* be alluring, but her roughshod manner had totally soured any potential attraction. For some reason she could not name or fathom she was not attracted any to this beautiful woman from the Summer Islands.

Then later that night Rakharo had wrongly assumed Daenerys had wanted the gorgeous woman in her bed. The smirk on his face as he closed the door said enough.

The woman came up to her with a hot, hungry look in her eyes. She had on a sheer night gown that displayed her heavy, gourd-shaped tits with their engorged teats. Her dark nipples, thick and long, poked out from the thin fabric. Daenerys could smell the woman’s excited pussy.

She was already dreading this moment.

“Jhalaai Khal is very cross with you for not returning any of her ravens. She has taken a powerful admiral’s daughter as her consort and will be married at the next summer solstice. She will be more than happy to share her new wife, Rorra Rana, with you to have a trifecta. She would still be proud to be your Queen, along with Rorra. Your marriage would create a powerful forging of two great nations into one.”
“They both hunger to fuck you, you know” Solaja cooed, moving in closer to get right before the Queen. “You put quite a spell on Jhalaai. Even as I was eating her out and Rorra was hard sucking on her teats she was moaning how she wished you were sitting on her face as I licked her.” Solaja softly moaned, her hand coming up to stroke a pale cheek. “I want to fuck you so bad,” the woman caught Daenerys in a flash, enfolding the pale woman in her arms.

The woman was eight inches taller than Daenerys, and Daenerys’ face was now pressed deep into a firm, heavy breast, the taller woman bending down to kiss Daenerys’ temple and working her lips downward.

“I want you so bad. I want to bury my face in that beautiful pussy I heard so much about. I’ll make you scream my name like you screamed Jhalaai’s name,” the dark woman husked, trying to tilt Daenerys head back to kiss her on the lips passionately.

Daenerys subtly shifted her weight and pried an arm up to spin out of the voluptuous woman’s grip. “I have a headache, Solaja. Maybe another night.” Daenerys replied. She simply felt no chemistry with this woman, and her brash behavior removed any lust from the equation. Daenerys was more than just her pussy! She would choose who she would sleep with.

“I like my women to play hard to get … men fawn and beg for it which is nice, but I much prefer being the huntress. I love the chase!” Solaja growled, moving in again.

“Did I tell I was on my period?” the pale woman spoke, holding up her hand.

“You lie… show me!” the Summer Islander growled, moving in. “I don’t give a fuck!”

“I do! We will speak of this later.” the Queen spoke in a neutral voice, her face stone.

Solaja eyed her. “I always get my women in the end, Daenerys Targaryen … tease me all you want—I will dine on that succulent pale coochie that has Tall Trees Town all awtwitter. All the women want to suck your pale pussy to orgasm over and over - feeling their faces soaked in your cum… soon it will be my face that is covered in your cunt as you scream my name, Daenerys. It will only be a matter of time…”

Daenerys went to the door and opened it wide. Rakharo stared at her with surprise on his face as the clearly horny and frustrated Summer Islander left the room in a huff. “Soon Daenerys … I will suck you off so good you’ll faint from it … mark my words!” the woman stomped down the hall.

As she eyed the retreating, fuming woman Daenerys reflected she could only have one spouse. This sharing of spouses was not for her. She wanted a one-on-one bond. She had become greedy that way. She had gladly and easily bedded the women of her harem back in Drogo’s Khalasar, but she had been only thirteen then. She now wanted a woman to share more than just sex with. She wanted a partner. She wanted a Queen.

She may bed women occasionally to satisfy her continually burning lust but wanted to find that special someone. She wondered if that woman even existed, or if it even mattered. Daenerys was trying to wean herself off her cravings for the female body since she knew she would eventually have to marry a man to cement her control over Westeros. Wasn’t that the destiny expected of her from this conservative land?

But in her fantasy she was married to only one woman. She had seen in Dorne with its “Pride of Dorne” that another way was possible, but it was just not for her. She still wondered how Myrcella had hooked three beautiful women. All were clearly devoted to her, each other and her to them in return. She smirked at Solaja’s retreating back—gods the wild nights they must share!
“Don’t ever let her in my room again. Do you understand that, blood of my blood?”

Rakharo only shook his head yes as the door closed, his eyes betraying his confusion.

Daenerys’ thoughts returned to the present and the Small Council.

Daenerys had followed the reports and felt her pride and heart swell when Myrcella and Arianne’s report had clearly destroyed all the others. Her instincts were once again right on target. She knew this woman would be a great leader who would fully support and never turn against her. She smiled.

The forming of the Court had brought out her simmering distrust of the Stark reticence. She knew something more was at work here but she just couldn’t put her finger on it. She trusted Tyrion but she needed for him to again vouch for the House strongly, this time in public. After he did, she felt somewhat mollified. She knew this would continue to be a thorn in her paw, but, like Solaja, that problem could wait till tomorrow.

Now it was time to deal with the one person seeking audience. She should have known they would waste little time seeking audience to air their longstanding grievances with the Iron Throne.

She heard Tyrion ask to have the representative of the Iron Bank brought in.

They all watched Donadhor Orlolis enter the room with a young male scribe at this side. He introduced himself, then followed with another long round of platitudes. This inane practice nearly made Daenerys gag.

Finally it was time to get down to business.

“The Iron Bank is calling in all the debts of the Iron Throne,” Donadhor Orlolis demanded.

“We just sat on the Throne. This is an unjust demand!” Tyrion shot back.

“The Iron Bank has been put off long enough.”

“Not by us.”

“Nevertheless, we are calling in our marks.”

“First we need to see all the journals and each legal contract.”

“I don’t have all of that with me! You already have your copies.”

“It pains me to say they were destroyed in the sacking of King’s Landing.”

“There was no sacking of Kings Landing!”

“I know, but somehow all the documents went up in flames … most strange. We will need to see all your records.”

The preliminaries over, the Hand and Masters of Coin and Law each bitched at the representative of the Iron Bank as they haggled back and forth. The Crown and the Bank cajoled and threatened each other unpleasantly.

The records were of course safe and sound, but Tyrion was still trying to figure out all the chicanery and outright fraud he had found. Daenerys’ head had spun when he tried to show her what he had so far unearthed.
As they argued and whined, Dany reflected on all the gold she had hoarded. She wanted to use as much as she could on rebuilding, not paying off drunken orgies and mindless tournaments.

She remembered telling Tyrion what she had done with the plunder she was not using to pay for her invasion and keep the Dothraki in check.

Daenerys had taken much of the wealth the Slave Cities and put it on great Swan ships and had her bounty taken to the capital of the Summer Islanders. She knew not who else to trust. The Summer Islanders simply exuded honor. There her gold was lying in wait to be used - used for good.

When Tyrion had heard of this he was stunned. That was a big risk, he had told her.

Daenerys had asked him in return: “Who could I trust? Slaver’s Bay is no more. The free cities are thieves. The stories of Westeros are little better. Who should I trust Tyrion?”

The only name that came to Tyrion’s mind was Eddard Stark, but he would not take it. He was far too wise for that.

“I would protect your gold for you, my Queen,” Tyrion told Dany, looking up at her with innocent eyes.

The Targaryen had snorted. “With you in charge of my gold Tyrion, your head would be so filled with wine it would turn into a vat, your body so bloated with rich food I would need a small wheelbarrow to bear your around, and all the silly whores that would still fuck your bloated carcass for gold would make your cock fall off. No, my sweet Hand, for your protection I think I will keep my gold very far away from you.”

Tyrion had looked up at her with aggrieved eyes and a hint of a smirk.

Daenerys could hear that the men had reached a conclusion for today’s business.

The representative from the Iron Bank acted like he was about to leave but turned to face Daenerys.

“We have the manner of your personal debt to consider my Queen,” Donadhor Orlolis told her.

The Queen was surprised. She had not expected the Iron Bank to bring up her personal debt now.

“I had thought we would discuss this at a later time. That was between you and me.”

“Now is a good time. The only thing that has changed is your title, my Queen. You are still the same conqueror that you have always been.” Donadhor answered Daenerys.

“Just add the payment to whatever tally you finally decide on,” Daenerys told the man in her regal tone.

“I think not. We will require a different payment.”

“What would that be?… you will not have any portion of my throne or power.”

“That we do not wish. You will achieve great things on your throne, O Queen. And that will be good for business. Very good indeed.”

“Then what do you require?”

“You will know of it when we decide upon it.”
“How can you not know?”

“It hasn’t happened yet,” was the cryptic reply.

The meeting soon broke up. Thankfully, Solaja left with Harsch. Solaja gave Daenerys a heated glance as she left arm-in-arm with the blond, handsome Maester. It was obvious what they were about to do. It was also obvious that Solaja most definitely still had Daenerys in her sights.

Daenerys once again pinched her nose.

Soon only Tyrion and Daenerys were left in the room of the Small Council.

“Tell me Tyrion. Why do you men swear all these vows of chastity and then never keep them?”

“I believe the women of the silent sisters and in service of the seven gods are quite known in their youth for being lusty too, your Grace. Some of the biggest buyers of moon tea are such temples to cleanse the bodies and minds of their sisters of… unwanted issues. Plus, the lesbian orgies I hear are quite legendary.”

The blond woman stared down at the Hand with disdain. “You are a pig Tyrion, do you know that? A filthy, dirty pig.”

“But I am your pig Daenerys. All for just you,” Tyrion answered sweetly, looking up with soft puppy eyes, batting his eyelashes.

Daenerys gagged and made a retching sound. “I suddenly feel very ill, Hand!”

Tyrion was happy they could have these humorous moments. The Queen seemed a different person when she was not brooding.

“So tell me of this debt with the Iron Bank, Daenerys,” Tyrion said as they started to walk out the room.

Daenerys sighed. “I had them make a contract with the Faceless Men. I had Prince Ageon VI killed.”

Tyrion looked up, impressed. “Do tell.”

**Tyrion**

A few hours after Daenerys had heard supplications on the Iron Throne, Tyrion was in his chambers in the Tower of the Hand. He was mulling over the reports and beginning research to give the Queen the information she would need to form an opinion on several complicated supplications that she had heard today. She would give her pronouncement on them in three days time.

He was happily planning a trip to Chataya and Alayaya’s establishment for some much needed rest and relaxation. He licked his lips. He found Alayaya to be most alluring and the things she could do with her mouth and tongue left him speechless.

There was a knock on his door. He went and opened it and found a young scribe used to run messages. He handed one such scroll to Tyrion. It had the Queen’s seal on it.

Tyrion thanked the runner and gave him a few coppers for his effort and closed the door. It was an invitation to the Queen’s personal quarters for two hours past the dinner hour. He saw that four other persons had been invited to join him in the Queen’s quarters as well.

Tyrion sighed. He would have to postpone his trip to the brothel till tomorrow night. He wanted
plenty of time to enjoy himself.

At the appointed time Tyrion knocked on Daenerys’ door. The Queen opened it and greeted Tyrion in traditional Dothraki apparel. She wore a blue and orange painted leather vest that had no hooks or eyelets. The vest hung open parted wide exposing much of the Queen’s breast. The high and firm breasts were so enticing as they moved on her chest with the motion of letting Tyrion into the room that Tyrion nearly tripped over himself trying not to stare.

Daenerys laughed telling him he could look, just not touch. She had on purple dyed horsehair leggings cinched with a belt of bronze medallions. On her feet she wore open-toed riding sandals that laced up to the knees.

Daenerys Targaryen was a ravishingly beautiful woman. The scars visible on her body only added to her exotic allure.

Daenerys was many things but deep down she was as a Khaleesi of her knew Khalasar she was forming.

Tyrion noticed that Barristan and Missandei were already in the room. The Queen had stocked a table with cheeses, fruit, rolled meats stuffed with apricots and a big bowl of locusts. Strong Belwas was also in the room sitting in a large, comfortable stuffed chair in front of the fire place stuffing locusts in his mouth by the handful and slurping down fermented goat’s milk.

He burped loudly, patting his stomach happily.

Missandei and Barristan were sitting around a small circular table conversing softly while drinking tea and nibbling on some cheese, cherries and berries. Tyrion joined them as he sat on a chair sized for him with steps up to it. The Queen stood beside the table laughing as they talked about life and Missandei related a humorous tale from her time on Naath before her capture by slavers.

There was another knock on the door and Daenerys went to answer her it, her tight ass flexing sweetly with each step. Tyrion cursed his cock. He saw Barristan smirking at him. Damn the man and his self-control. He even caught Missandei enjoying the view - what woman couldn’t enjoy the body of another beautiful woman?

Daenerys invited in Syrio. Their group was now complete.

Syrio joined them at the table after getting a plate of food.

Strong Belwas had refilled his bowl with locusts and was again eating happily.

Daenerys joined them sitting in the last free chair. “I have invited you all here tonight because I want to form a group of my closest advisors and friends. I have come to value each and everyone in this room. Four of you have been with me almost from the beginning of my conquest back to my homeland.

“The fifth, you Tyrion, have proved yourself to be loyal and a good friend. You are cunning and expert at the Game of Thrones.

“I want to form what I will call my ‘Klutch of Confidantes’. This will be an informal meeting of my most trusted advisors and friends. I value and totally accept the council and advice that will be provided by the Small Council but I want a smaller group that I can discuss particular issues with. To tackle problems that are more complex and challenging.

“We can discuss these items without the discord of too many viewpoints all clamoring to be heard
and given credence to. We can take up issues that have been divisive in the Small Council and start to form answers and resolutions. These quiet meetings will hopefully allow us to present a united front to the Small Council. In these private meetings we will search for the best decisions for the realm.

“I also want these meetings to be a time of friendship and simple bonding. I like and love each of you dearly. I want us to spend time together in comradery. It will only make us stronger and more united. I would like to meet twice a week. I want to meet on the first of the week and also the middle of the week.

“We will discuss any pressing issues. If any problems are proving vexing in the Small Council we can form bases for policies and procedures here to meet the needs of the realm. These will be presented by the Hand back to the Small Council.”

Tyrion was pleased with how Daenerys was making sure to increase his status and prestige with the persons on the Small Council.

“If we enter into a crisis situation, we will meet as necessary. Since this is our first meeting I propose we just enjoy our time together.”

Tyrion looked over at Strong Belwas who was now snoring loudly his immense gut quivering with his loud snores.

Daenerys saw him looking at the large eunuch.

“He is here, Tyrion, because he is a dear friend and I do not want him to feel left out of this group. He has been loyal from the start of my campaign across Slavers Bay. He would have been hurt if excluded. There may come a time when his unique perspective may prove beneficial.”

Tyrion’s estimation of the Queen rose another notch with her sensitivity to the feelings of the large, coarse, but endearing eunuch.

Daenerys held up a pack of Lysene playing cards. “Anyone open for a game of Pyramid poker?” the Queen asked, waggling her eyebrows.

When everyone left her quarters two hours later, the Queen was sullen and mumbling under her breath. Tyrion grinned up at her as he walked out with most of the winnings.
The horses steel shod hooves hammered the road as the group of men traveled down the twisting lane at a slow canter. Dew was forming droplets of glittering water on the needles of the trees and falling silently to the earth. The banner of the snarling Direwolf flew from the standard high and proud, snapping in the morning breeze, calling attention to any who may be looking. The haze hid the world in half-shadows and mystery.

The trees lined the road in a mournful procession as high in the sky the ubiquitous hawk screamed its mournful cry to the unseeing world below. The sentinels had lined this road long before Eddard Stark rode down this path. These same sentinels would still be there guarding the mysteries hidden in the forests behind them long after Eddard Stark was in his icy tomb beneath Winterfell.

Eddard Stark felt troubled. He could sense these were great times. Great times he had come to understand usually caused heartbreak and catastrophe. He thought back to Robert calling his banners, forcing him to march south years ago. So much death had ensued. He feared in his heart that the fates were once more in need of strife watered with bloodshed.

The arrival of the Dragon Queen had set in motion forces he was unsure of. She was definitely an improvement over his old childhood friend. Robert had turned into such a disappointment, even after he had shown such promise. It had been so disheartening to see all that potential waste away in drunken orgies of excess.

Robert had dissipated and with him, his kingdom. The Queen promised a new age. He could only hope she would deliver. He hoped that events and forces would give her the opportunity to achieve what had been so inspiring in her letter.

He had ridden out of the gates of Winterfell near dawn to patrol the country grounds. He did not truly fear any trouble - the wall was patrolled, and the wildlings were still held at bay. He was just restless. He felt something coming, deep in his bones. He had ridden out with Rob, Theon and his castellan Rodrik Cassel, along with a party of ten northern soldiers. They headed down the King’s Road toward Cerwyn.

As expected the patrol had been unmolested by brigands or Wildlings.

Peace outside made up for the rancor within the ranks of the House Stark. Eddard sighed as his oldest son and heir to Winterfell continued to press his argument once again.

“Tell me again father, why we are not marching South to King’s Landing? Why are we still in the North when your king has need of you? We should march south to King Robert’s aid! Doing nothing only brings dishonor to the House of Stark!” Rob exclaimed.

Eddard sighed. He and Rob had been arguing for the past two weeks about the North not calling its
banners and marching south to bring support for the King of Westeros. Eddard felt his stomach clench for what felt like the thousandth time. He was torn.

Robert, for some reason, had left him an out. He had not called in any of his banners. In fact, he had done nothing at all that Eddard could see. He had decided to use the out provided by his childhood friend. You cannot march to a King’s aid if he did not request it. Or could he? He knew it was sophistry. He would have marched if Robert had made the call, but he had not.

In the godswood while sharpening his swords Ice and Morning Star he thanked Robert for sparing him the necessity of marching south. Was Robert so wane and wasted that he no longer cared about his fate? Again it was so unlike the boy and then young man he had grown up with. He was just thankful.

Eddard knew what would happen if he took an army south now. It would burn. The Targaryen woman, Daenerys Targaryen First of her Name had dragons. That changed everything. Rob in his brash youth had failed to see the folly of marching to certain death. He only saw honor and the potential for dishonor.

Rob insisted that the North could defeat any army on the field of battle. The only problem with that argument was the primary assault would come from the air. How had the girl gotten a hold of three dragons? Over the last two months all who had spied the dragons said that they would appear as if by magic, often flying high going north or winging back down south.

The dragons would circle a city of the north their bodies glinting so beautifully in the sky, like precious gems given life. They would then fly onward disappearing into the distance. They would not appear again for days or weeks. Their appearances were mercurial, like apparitions from the nether world.

A few times they had flown low enough for Eddard to truly see what he would be up against - death. They had been so huge; their wings seemed to spread form horizon to horizon. How could such large beasts like that fly? They were the essence of magic given life.

Theon supported Rob and boasted that he would shoot the eyes out of any dragon that dared come near. He was always overconfident with his bow. He and Arya both were. This was another problem that constantly vexed the Lord of Winterfell.

The daughter that seemed to be half wolf she was so fierce. He had protected her from society and its mores and even her own mother, but he knew soon he would be forced to act. His stomach clenched knowing what that would do his youngest daughter. He scowled. He had no alternative answer to the duty his daughter would be required to perform.

He was raised to be Warden of the North. It was a duty and an honor. It was just at times he hated that duty. He hated being the executioner of justice but he never shirked his responsibility. He knew eventually he would be forced to do his duty with Arya and even Sansa now.

He looked up into the misty morning sky. Not today, though, he thought.

His mind drifted then, thinking of Bran and the strange malady that stuck him the day the ravens had arrived with messages from the Queen. Rickon had been sent to find his errant brother and to tell him to come down from his climbing escapades. Rickon had come running back crying. He had found Bran lying on the ground, broken from a long fall off the broken tower.

They had found Bran on the ground, his body and limbs spread out at odd angles with his legs twisted. His back had been broken like a twig. Eddard had looked at the tower wall that Bran had
climbed so easily a thousand times before. Something did not feel right. He looked up again and saw a large raven staring down at them with beady eyes.

He had snapped his head, but the raven had flown off. For a moment he could have sworn the raven had three eyes. He shook his head and chided himself for seeing things. One thing he truly did see was his son’s hands covered with bright red marks. Marks that looked like what a raven’s beak would deliver. He looked again up at the tower, but still he saw no ravens.

His body broken, Bran had been in a sweat-soaked fever ever since.

The timing was too strange to be coincidence, but, how could a message from the Queen trigger such a strange event? One could not cause the other, could it? His son was strong, and he stubbornly clung to life. He kept muttering of the ‘three-eyed raven’ and something about how only the dragon, wolf, and Azor Ahai reborn could defeat the ‘Ice King’. The Tree of Life needed its new seer. He kept repeating how the dragon and the direwolf must lie together. His first rants had sent dread down Ned’s spine. The last was cryptic; though he knew deep down what it meant.

Arya had always had a deep fascination with dragons of House Targaryen.

Memories from nearly twenty years ago came flooding to his mind. He would never allow that. The House of Targaryen was mad. They were too in love with the fire that was emblematic of their house. He remembered as if were yesterday, the savage murder of his father and brother at the hands of King Aerys II Targaryen, the "Mad King". He had been called that for good reason.

Had the insanity passed on to his children? He had heard rumors of Viserys Targaryen’s demise, a death his mad actions had made certain. If the brother was mad, certainly his sister carried the same taint.

The heavy fog of the morning had burned off to a high haze. The sun was clearly visible, but only as a hazy orb as Winterfell came into view. Eddard smiled. It would be good to be home. He listened to Theon boast of his prowess with the bow, and the death he planned to give the Targaryen bitch’s mount, until he started to detail what he would do the helpless woman after.

Theon started talk of salt wives. He would make the white haired woman his bed wench.

Eddard was proud when Rob cut over him and told Theon in a tone of command that the woman would be taken hostage and accorded the appropriate respect of a high born noble. He had raised his son right.

Winterfell drew closer, and his blood quickened seeing the ancestral home of House Stark.

Eddard’s mind went to his bastard son and the news he had sent. Jon was certain that the Ice King had risen again. He had first started mentioning the Wight King’s resurrection over a year ago, becoming more confident and sure with the passing months. All had guessed of his return but Jon now spoke with solid certainty.

Jon had no particular proof, but he was adamant on the matter. When Eddard had pressed his son on the issue, Jon had become cryptic. He told his father that he needed to trust him; that the moment of this age was at hand. Jon refused to tell his father why, and how he was so certain of this.

If the Ice King was not fought, stopped, and killed at the Wall, all of Westeros would fall under his power and all human life would be exterminated. The Ice King hated all things that had warm blood flowing in their veins.

After eight thousand years their implacable enemy had arisen from whatever foul grave had held
him. The rest of Westeros no longer believed in a threat that wanted to rend and kill them. The North had not forgotten. *Winter is coming*, Eddard thought.

Eddard had so much wanted to dismiss his son, but deep down he knew Jon spoke the truth. He would have to time his march north *just right*. He would need to arrive at the perfect moment to strike. Winter was coming, and the land could not long hold and feed a large army.

Without an immediate battle drawing their attention, dissension would soon blossom and start to tear at the fabric of the assembled host of men against the ancient evil embodied in the Ice King. Why now? He kept going back to Bran’s mad fever induced ramblings. Was the Targaryen a key to victory? How? She had just arrived in Westeros.

Soon he would be in the comforting walls of Winterfell. Eddard Stark scanned the horizon yet again, still feeling troubled. His battle instincts told him danger was present, but he simply could not see it. His companions appeared to feel none of his rising anxiety. He looked around again.

Suddenly the five direwolves of his children began to howl madly. Then he heard screams from the other side of Winterfell.

Eddard cursed his stupidity. He had looked everywhere but *up*.

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**Arya**

Arya had gotten up with the birds singing before the break of dawn. She had quickly dressed and ate a meal with the servants in the kitchen. Nymeria joining her to feast on a thick ox bone. Arya enjoyed eating with the common people, it helped to remind her that she was really no one that special. Stark was only a name when you came down to it.

She had gone out after eating and met Rodrik Cassel, spending ten minutes practicing new sword strokes with the castellan. When they fought, she let him win. She knew her skills. Only her brother and father were her betters with the sword, and she was improving every day. She could feel it. Everyone else seemed to be slowing down while she was speeding up.

She was sure she would soon surpass Rob. Only her father still put fear in her. He would practice with her, willing to take the abuse they both knew he would receive from her mother Catelyn. She adored her father for standing up to his wife, though Arya knew it cost her father frozen looks and stiff shoulders. She also knew that he was delaying as long as possible before she would be forced into a political marriage. Arya shuddered at the thought. She had already decided she would run herself through on a sword first. She was not some prized heifer to be given as a dowry.

She could not understand how her mother so eagerly sought to marry her off to a man she knew nothing about. Sansa had seemed so anxious to married off to some highborn noble’s son. Arya started to sneer but stopped - that was not exactly true anymore, either.

Sansa had changed. She was still the proper lady, but she no longer mooned over that noble’s son or the other. She had become reserved, and only smiled and nodded when asked about suitors. Arya had been suspicious at first, thinking her sister had fallen in love with the baker’s son or something.

She knew her sister was not cold-blooded. Arya had heard her moaning and crying out in her room when she snuck to her sister’s thick door and pressed her ear to it. The sounds muffled and barely heard but clearly passionate. Her sweet sister was not so sweet and innocent, in truth. Arya smirked. She had almost heard a name. Morgan, Merlyn, Mace, Martell? Something like that. She had racked
her brain, but could not pull a name that fit the muffled cries of a barely heard ‘I love you’, followed by sounds of ecstasy.

Arya had tried to talk to Sansa about masturbation, but Sansa’s face and ears would go beet red and she would sputter and run off. This left Arya very frustrated. She was sure in seven hells not talking to her mother about masturbating, or about whom she fantasized over when in the act.

Arya hacked at the dummies harder. She was upset that as per usual she was not allowed to go out on patrol with her father. It was so fucking unfair! She knew her father wanted to let her ride on the patrols. She knew her father, and knew his sense of propriety prevented him from granting her that privilege. He would not incite any more half-spoken words about his daughter than he already had.

She told herself that it was going to be a boring patrol anyways, as she pulled out her bow and practiced shooting arrows in the eyes, mouth and nose of the dummies. She knew not even Theon was close to her in mastery of the bow. She loved loosing arrows at the targets, it calmed her mind. The arrow already knew its destination - she merely had to launch it between heartbeats.

She never missed anymore. Arya spent some more time with the sword after she felt satisfied with her archery.

Once she was through with drills, Arya sat down to eat a pear. Her mind drifted, and she thought about how legends had so recently come back to life. Dragons flew in the heavens above. She had even seen the majestic beasts herself, flying slowly across the horizon, always on a journey across the skies.

Many reports had started to come in of the dragons flying low over cities and holdfasts. Last week White Harbor and Moat Caitlin were flown over by the green and white dragons. The same day Hornwood had been visited by the mighty black dragon with a pale, white, female rider. The dragon had actually landed in the square! It had roared and spun around before both dragon and rider took off flying high over Hornwood once again before finally wheeling off into the horizon. The people were all atwitter. The Targaryen had not attacked!

The stories said the woman riding the beast was a warrior of great stature, and that she had a sword on her back that she never unsheathed. Her message was clear along the raven’s scrolls that constantly arrived. ‘I want peace. I will usher in an age of greatness and prosperity for all.’ All of the messages had ended with ‘I want to fight no more, forever’.

Many now no longer wanted to resist the woman. They wanted to give her a chance to meet with the people. They felt she deserved an airing.

Arya knew that she herself would love to give the mighty warrior woman a personal meeting, her cheeks reddening at the thought. She felt her pussy getting wet just thinking of the mighty Targaryen Queen. Surely she came in peace. Didn’t she?

Arya saw that the heavy fog had burned off, and only a light haze remained in the cool air. She climbed to the ramparts and looked for her father while daydreaming of having the freedom to be what she knew she could be. She could be a great warrior. She felt it inside. Damn! Why had she been born a silly girl?! As much as she loved being a woman, men’s rules kept pinning her down. Hell, her own mother sought to clip her wings every chance she could.

Her father came into view, and her melancholy began to lift. She loved her noble father, who did all this world allowed for her.

The party slowly grew larger as they came closer to the ancient castle. She was smiling down at her
father, even though he could not see her. He was her hero. She could see he was in a pensive mood, listening to Theon boast as he always did.

Suddenly, Nymeria was howling in the courtyard. She looked to the square below. Following Nym, all of the direwolves began howling and jumping around in circles, snapping at the air, their haunches and tails bristled. They each faced the north side of the keep.

*By the OLD GODS!* Screams began to run up and down Winterfell. A hurricane of wind swept over the castle as a monstrous black dragon flew between the two closest towers and zoomed over Arya’s head. She knew if she had held up her bow it would have jerked out of her hand by the propulsion of the passing dragon’s body.

**RRRROOOOAAAARRRRRRRRRR!**

Arya’s body whipped around as the dragon passed overhead. The flying beast immediately dipped once passing by the castle walls. It landed with its hind legs swept forward just over her father’s approaching party. The horses began bucking and screaming in terror as they reared, throwing a few riders to the ground. Rob was being jerked about on the saddle, and her father was barely able to control his war charger.

The dragon’s mighty talons on its hind legs dug long deep trenches in the Earth as it stopped its body forward momentum.

The dragon had fortunately missed her father. *But the warrior princess is supposed to be a force for good!* Arya thought desperately. After the dragon had landed it moved so quickly she could barely follow its motions as the beast swirled its body around to crouch down on all fours about a hundred feet behind her father’s party. The beast’s black head jerking and swaying side to side to avoid any arrows if any had been loosed.

The black dragon’s neck surged forward, its massive mouth opened wide open. Her father was about to die! “NNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” Arya screamed. In her mind she saw a hot massive gout of flame lashing over her father and brother, incinerating them.

**RRRROOOOAAAARRRRRRRRRRRR!**

But they did not die. The dragon had only roared. Once done, its neck pulled back and it rose up on its powerful legs. The dragon slowly turned, keeping its head pointed at the party. The dragon slowly moved to the left keeping its bright eyes focused on her father. The intelligence obvious in those red eyes with cat like pupils.

Then, Arya saw her. Gods, she was so beautiful, pale and white on the massive midnight dragon. The woman’s white hair was long and beautiful. The silky strands wildly fluttering in the winds surrounding the moving dragon. The woman’s violet eyes were so beautiful.

**RRRROOOOAAAARRRRRRRRRRRR! RRRROOOOAAAARRRRRRRRRRRR!**

The beast of legend roared again, but did not attack. Arya’s fear diminished at the strange behavior. The dragon and rider threatened, but had not caused harm. What was Daenerys Targaryen’s game?

She noticed Theon was trying to pull his bow out to string it. Her father grabbed his arm, jerking it back down.

Arya watched the black dragon lower its body as its long talons dug into the earth. Suddenly, the beast heaved up on its mighty rear legs, propelling the dragon high in the air on brute strength alone.
The black behemoth flapped his wings, and the dragon bounded over to the opposite side of the riding party to land adroitly.

The dragon roared again, its neck shuddering with the force of it.

The horses continued rearing and bucking as the riders struggled to turn them, even as they were lost in their own confusion. The dragon hunched its head, watching the riders as it slinked low in short motions to circle back to its original position.

Arya saw Rob pull his sword out of its scabbard as he started to advance. Ned grabbed his elbow, nearly unseating Rob in the process. Rob whirled and yelled at his father as the dragon roared yet again.

RRRROOOOAAAARRRRRRRRRR!

Eddard calmed his party down as dragon and rider both watched them warily. The dragon’s tail swished back and forth just over the ground, the tip rising up a few times and shaking in anticipation.

Ned slowly advanced ten feet in front of the rest of his party. He slowly, so very slowly, pulled Ice from the sheath on the side of his war horse. Once the Valyrian greatsword was out, he brought it up slowly, the hilt in front of his face. He touched his forehead to the flat of blade in a solemn salute to the pale Targaryen.

For a moment, the blond woman did not move. Then, slowly, her hand reached back behind her and gripped a sword pommel that only now Arya saw. The Targaryen pulled her sword out and all gasped as they saw it burn a bright blue. The color absolutely beautiful. The sword's glow seemed to radiate from within the blade.

She noticed the woman’s face slash in surprise for some reason, but it quickly regained impassive control. She brought her sword up and copied her father’s salute.

She touched the glowing blue blade to her face, illuminating it in a ghostly hue. Then she brought the glowing sword back down.


Then the white haired woman sheathed her sword and launched her dragon into the sky, gone as quickly as she had come in the lifting haze.

It was only when the Targaryen had vanished that Arya notice Maester Luwin beside her. “Did you understand her? What language was she speaking?” she asked.

Master Luwin smiled kindly down at Arya. “She spoke in high Valyrian, her mother tongue. She said what she ends her scrolls with: 'I want to fight no more, forever.' She then wished peace upon your father and then his entire House, my sweet child.” the Maester told her affectionately.

Arya heard her father coming in the open gates and raced down to meet his party.

Eddard

Eddard said a quick prayer to the old gods when he saw the dragon flying in from over Winterfell. The dragon had passed just over their heads.
He had seen the beasts mighty hind legs pushed forward its great razor sharp talons approaching his party. The weight and momentum of the great dragon would have those talons rip him and his party to shreds. The talons lifted at the instant and passed over their heads leaving them untouched.

He was shocked to still be alive. That had been a killing attack. They should be dead. He saw the woman staring at him intently with those violet eyes of old Valyria. It was in that instant that Eddard knew that Daenerys had no intention of killing them there.

She had moved around them threatening but not attacking. She had only probed and tested them. He wondered if he had passed as she winged back up to the sky and quickly disappeared into the mist.

He quickly led his stunned riding party back into the safety of Winterfell.

Inside the gates was pandemonium. Shouts and angry remarks filled the air as total confusion reigned. ‘What had that all been about?!’ was the question on everyone’s lips.

“Why did you stop me from challenging her father?! Why did you stop Theon from notching his bow?” Rob raged.

Eddard dismounted and waited for his son and ward to hit the ground. They all stood in rigid postures of conflict.

“Rob … if you had ridden out, or Theon notched his bow, we would all be dead. Her dragon was poised to breathe flames at a moment’s notice. She could have killed us at any time. She chose not to. She was testing us, to see if we would show the same restraint as she was showing. I hope she does not hold your youthful desire for conflict against us, son.”

Rob backed off slightly, mollified as he appeared to contemplate his father’s words. Then Arya ran up to Eddard, her small body trembling with excitement.

She was nearly babbling in her enthusiasm, asking him questions about what had happened. What did it feel like? What did Daenerys look like up close? How tall was she? Six foot six inches? Did he see how her sword had glowed blue? Had he been afraid?

Eddard ruffled his youngest daughter’s hair and answered her questions as best he could. He knew the Targaryen was a short woman, but decided to let his daughter’s fantasy live on. He told her the woman was beautiful, which she was. He told his daughter that he had, indeed, been very afraid. Arya was surprised at that.

“Everyone who is wise feels great fear, Arya. It is how we deal with it that will mark our place in history.” Ned told her.

Sansa came up then, catching Arya’s attention. If she had not been so distracted by her sister, she would have seen her father’s expression turn grim, clearly displaying his unease.

Many things were converging at once, and all of them pointed North.

Sansa

Sansa had been inside working on her stitching while thinking of her love. She had her concentration broken by the howling of all the direwolves, the cacophony absolutely deafening. She raced down the stairs and out to the courtyard, where she saw a large crowd at the front of the castle high up on the wall, looking down. She hurried up, for once thankful for her five foot-nine inch height that
allowed her to quickly find a break in the wall of heads before her.

She had seen and heard the Targaryen shout her words in high Valyrian. Her education had allowed her to catch something about not fighting, and that she wished goodwill on their house, she was sure.

Almost sure.

Arya had nearly bowled her over as she ran down to see their father. She watched with an idle smile, seeing Arya so excited. Legends and combat had always thrilled her little sister. Today she had seen both.

Sansa looked around at the agitated crowd milling and arguing about what it all had meant. She heard her father telling his lieutenants that there was no danger from the Targaryen, and ordering them to calm the people.

Sansa scanned the yard, worried. She hoped that Highgarden would be spared the Targaryen’s wrath; they were so much closer to King’s Landing. Wouldn’t the Targaryen focus more on them? She might feel it necessary to make an example of the southern House. She might attack their seat of power and endanger the Tyrells. She felt her heart clench at the thought. No! That would not happen. If the Targaryen showed restraint here, she would show it at Highgarden. She had to.

Her anxiety lessened as she watched her sister gush about the event. Arya was telling her how the dragon woman must have been seven feet tall. She was so powerful, and her hair so white and soft blowing in the breeze. And then her eyes…!

Arya started to trail off with a dreamy look on her face.

Sansa smirked. Could her sister be any more obvious? She always wore her emotions on her face. Sansa though, had been trained for high court. She had learned to hide her feelings when necessary. She had learned well the Game of Thrones.

Like now.

Sansa giggled as she heard Arya carry on. “She’s sooo beautiful!” Arya was shamelessly mooning over the Targaryen who was a living legend come to life for her.

She sighed. Maybe it was time she talked to Arya. It would be so nice to confide in her sister – especially since she was sure they shared the same secret.

She watched as Arya went bounding off, filled with her usual restless energy.

Sansa looked up at the sky. How could she work this to get to Highgarden…?

Arya

Arya stood up on the battlements. The sun had set an hour ago, and the air was cooling fast.

Today had been a day of excitement and good news. Seeing a dragon up close and seeing the Targaryen Queen on the beast of legend had fired up her imagination. She saw in Daenerys Targaryen that it was indeed possible for a young girl to dream of greatness.

Arya looked around and sighed, wondering how hard it would be to kiss a woman who was over six and a half feet tall. It wouldn’t be so easy, but she was sure she could make it work somehow.

On top of it all, shortly after the Targaryen had flown off a maid came bursting out to tell everyone
that Bran had awakened. He was in his right mind, and had already eaten. Her little brother was going to live!

Yes, today, had been a mostly good day.

She had tried to ply Rob and Theon for additional information about the confrontation, and they had brushed her off. Theon especially made it clear that this was a matter for men to handle. Even Rodrik Cassel had told her to go inside where she belonged in his exasperation at all her excited questions.

It had all had filled Arya with anger. She was so tired of being relegated to the background because of her sex. It was beyond unfair. She silently fumed, looking up at the bright stars coming out across the northern sky.

She wondered how the Targaryen Queen felt, riding a dragon and brandishing a bright blue shining Valyrian steel sword. Where had that come from? She had never read or heard of anything like that. What must it feel like, to be all you could be, to be unfettered. Daenerys Targaryen had already conquered half of Essos if the reports were true. Now, she was set to take all of Westeros as well.

Arya just wanted to get on a horse and ride south. She would find the Queen and throw her sword and bow at the feet of the Queen and pledge her allegiance. She could just disappear and as they looked to the woods for her as she raced south.

… … Nice fantasy.

She knew she couldn’t just run South by herself. She had to come up with a plan … great tidings were occurring. One way or another, she would pledge her service to her beautiful Queen.

Arya sighed to herself. *Her hair was so white and silky … and her eyes so violet … so damn beautiful.* She was already smitten with the warrior woman who had appeared from legend.
Daenerys

Daenerys had a lot of things to consider about her meeting with the Starks.

She remembered winging up towards Winterfell that morning after exploring the Northern Barrowlands. She had been lulled by the slight up and down motions caused by Drogon’s mighty wings pinioning as they pumped and drove him forward. The wind blowing across her face was also soothing.

She looked down at the land rolling several thousand feet below her, the hills undulating as she passed. The corpses of green trees stood in stark relief to the close ground hugging ferns and lichen that covered much of this moist, cool landscape. She spotted a few lone houses nestled into hollows in the hills for shelter, and wondered about the hardy souls that lived in such a seemingly unforgiving environment.

She admired people who lived on and from the earth. She noticed a few small herds of cows, some goats and big horn sheep in the higher, more craggy ridges she crossed over as the lines of peaks passed close underneath Drogon as she soared by.

The Queen crossed the King’s Road as she continued north. On the horizon was a bank of clouds hugging the ground from east to west; a heavy fog that clung to the land like a blanket embracing a sleepy child. It had been mesmerizing. If she had been superstitious, she may feared it was a supernatural warning to turn South.

The sun rose in the sky, and the moisture started to burn off. The approaching wall of fog was like a sentinel denying her access to the North. She had Drogon descend until he was flying just below the line of fog, his horns bobbing up to appear in the fog briefly before dipping down again. His massive black wings swept up and out of the clouds before descending in a slow arc to disappear in the cloud bank again. Daenerys felt the fog flow over her breast and stomach, her head remaining above the clouds.

She had felt like some mythological creature, her lower half water and her upper half human. She laughed, gaily enjoying the moment.

She dove into the cloud bank and enjoyed the water caressing her face and then rising over the rolling bank of moisture to dry off in the warm sun.

After she had frolicked, the clouds gradually thinned and began to dissipate.

She spied Eddard with a patrol party, her dragon easily able to see the banners even from the height that they were flying at. The mist had hidden them to those on the ground, but not the reverse. She contemplated what to do for several minutes before an evil smile crossed her face.
Daenerys made a wide looping turn, losing altitude. It had been exhilarating flying over the castle battlements, and taking Drogon just over the head of Eddard himself.

It had been enjoyable watching the party scramble in disarray. She could have killed them at any time, but that was not her goal. She wanted the Great Houses to see both her power and her restraint.

She had observed one of the man’s sons trying to notch a bow, and the other, larger one attempting to come forward, his sword being pulled from his scabbard. She was pleased to see Eddard stopping the rash actions of his sons (or was the smaller one the ward she had read about?) Either way, Daenerys was thankful that she had not had to escalate the confrontation.

Her goal was to avoid any unnecessary death. Already more than half of Westeros had pledged allegiance to her. Her plan was working exactly as she had hoped - she was showing both her might, and her restraint. And Eddard, more than most, was a man who needed to see both from her.

Finally, Eddard slowly came forward and pulled his great Valyrian sword out. Daenerys’ eyes had bulged a little at seeing the huge size of the great broadsword - it was as tall as she was! He had brought it to his forehead in a clear show of respect, indicating he wanted to avoid any further conflict.

Daenerys had pulled her own sword from her scabbard and immediately felt it start to vibrate. She was taken aback; that had never happened before. The sword had actually started producing a strange, barely heard whistle and felt like it was trying to lean toward the great castle Winterfell.

She had looked at the blade and concentrated on it, and it immediately ceased its strange behavior. She shook her head and repeated the actions of Eddard Stark, bringing her sword to her forehead. She knew the blue glow of her runes would put a mesmerizing glow about her face. She was using every trick in her arsenal to bend her kingdom to her. She knew the blue aurora around her white hair and pale features would make a most beguiling image.

Her message sent, she had no reason to linger any further.

After the brief standoff, Daenerys had quickly sheathed her sword and urged Drogon to take to the air. She always enjoyed feeling the power of her son. His legs tensed and his body crouched, then suddenly he pushed up with his mighty limbs. His roar echoed off the landscape and his massive wings quickly had his hulking body disappearing into the mist again as they gained altitude.

Daenerys always enjoyed the simple act of flying on Drogon. It was freeing, and filled her with a surging pulse of excitement every time Drogon beat his wings.

Before long Daenerys was high up on the thermals and flying back South. The cool air on her heated skin felt like an elixir that thrummed in her veins.

She was soon lulled into a semi-awake state. Daenerys did not need any type of saddle or bridle when she flew on Drogon, she used her mind to guide her dragons. It had surprised Tyrion at first. He had constantly looked for and asked where she had her dragon horn, or what magical scrolls had she learned to bend the dragons to her will.

At first Daenerys had been offended and even angry at the very idea of controlling her dragons in that way, but that was before she learned that only through the magical devices of spells or horns had Valyria and her own ancestors been able to control their dragons. It was a little confusing for her to imagine it working that way; she had simply loved her dragons and asked them to do her bidding.
She explained to Tyrion that when Syrio Forel had taught her meditation to learn the warrior’s way she had discovered that it had opened a larger door between her and her dragons. Before the meditation exercises, her communication with her dragons had been tenuous at best.

But the more Daenerys reached her inner self the more in-tune she became with her dragons. She became able to speak to them in an almost human capacity, and could feel their moods and desires. They were fierce beasts with a hot hunger for life, but they craved her love above all other things.

As her bond with her dragons increased, she was able to utilize their senses as naturally as her own. She could see a rabbit hopping on the ground from a mile up, or smell a large elk hidden in a forest. She had come to realize that her dragons saw far more than humans. They could see the colors in plants that were invisible to the human eye. They were also able to see the thermal heat of animals.

The dragons loved hunting at night, using this advantage to see their prey while they themselves were invisible to most. The sight of a wild boar all bright red and yellow was strange and exhilarating to Daenerys as they hurtled down to the Earth to catch prey. She grew to love sharing the hunt with her sons.

Daenerys ran her hands and feet into the ridges between great scales on Drogon’s back, and bent forward to drowse as they flew South at a sedate pace that ate up the leagues hungrily.

As she drifted, Daenerys reflected back on her continuing dream of the Direwolf. The beast was still brushing its nose on her feet, panting and looking up at her with only what she could call love. Strange, the tiny blond woman thought. The Direwolf was a beast of the North and House Stark… why would it show such emotion to her?

The only thing idea that made sense was that House Stark would inevitably submit to her. But they had a long history of fealty to the former king, though always from a distance and with seeming great reluctance to form deeper bonds. It was almost as if they felt themselves superior. That idea rankled the Targaryen.

For the next several hours Daenerys slept on Drogon’s back. They had a long flight back to Dorne.

Suddenly, Drogon awoke Daenerys from her peaceful slumber. He put into her mind the image that he was seeing far below on the ground.

Daenerys quickly shook herself awake, rubbing her eyes. She saw in her mind’s eye the marshy land of the Neck. She referenced her history lessons with Barristan Selmy and Tyrion - these were the lands of the House Reed. It was a land of bogs and supposedly floating cities that never stayed in one place for long.

Many an army had perished trying to conquer that land. She was not going to make that mistake.

Far below on a large paddock she spied what had captured Drogon’s attention. She looked through his eyes to see the field in clear detail as she began a wide, spiraling descent.

It was most strange. She saw in the paddock a small gathering of people, and three great banners. She saw the Banner of Stark, the great snarling direwolf. Next to it was the banner of her household, the three headed dragon of House Targaryen. Finally, there was a banner with a black lizard-lion on a grey-green field. The sigil of House Reed.

How had they known she would be flying over just now? Strange.

As she lowered she switched back to her own vision and looked around. The people appeared to be unarmed. She asked Drogon if he sensed any danger hidden in the surrounding woods and bogs, but
he did not see or feel any threat.

Daenerys flew over the field several times beyond the range of bow shot and mulled over her options. She really had only one. Her curiosity had been peaked, and she simply had to know what the Reeds sought. Also, to just leave now would look cowardly, and Daenerys would never show fear to anyone.

Daenerys landed on the paddock near the marshlands. She slowly got off her dragon, then stood her ground. With Drogon behind her, she was protected from any attack from the rear. She watched the small party converse for a few moments before they started to walk toward her.

Daenerys broke into a smile as she watched them approach. They were a small people! She was actually as tall as the two women present, and the men did not tower over her. She decided that she already liked them.

The small woman at the forefront of the party introduced herself as Meera Reed. Her brother, Jojen, was introduced next. His green eyes stared into her with a disquieting introspection as if he was judging her mettle. Daenerys’ back straightened as she locked eyes with the youth. They stared for long moments before the young man turned his head with a smile.

“She is all that I said she would be,” he softly told his sister.

Daenerys was not sure she liked being weighed like that.

Daenerys was introduced to the rest of the small party and found their father, Howland Reed was with them. He came to her and bowed down on his knees. “House Reed gives its allegiance to the true Queen of Westeros. We will sacrifice ourselves to the last man in your service. The Ice Wights and Undead will not pass, as long as one Reed remains alive.”

Ice Wights … Undead? … What is this man thinking? Daenerys thought to herself.

“My son and daughter will explain all to you that they can. Some things, I fear, must remain hidden else you will certainly die. Please forgive us.”

“What? What the hell is that supposed to mean?!” Daenerys spoke up in disquiet. Damnit! Why is it that everyone must be so fucking cryptic? From Astapor to Westeros she had been blighted with one prophecy of her doom after another. Daenerys Targaryen was still alive and those that had prophesied her doom were now in the grave!

Daenerys calmed her ire. This was not the same. She could sense they meant her well, but still. “Just tell me. I have heard this so many times and I still stand before you now. I will overcome anything set before me!” Daenerys told them with a wild confidence.

“Well you might,” Jojen Reed told the Queen. “But we will not risk it. If you die, the Ice King will triumph without doubt. You are late, Daenerys Targaryen.”

“What is that supposed to mean? I have conquered and fought my way across Essos and Westeros at a pace no man has ever accomplished, and you tell me I am late?!”

“Nevertheless, you are late.” He told her again, making that eye contact that unnerved Daenerys. She knew the young man completely believed his words. In truth, it did not matter to Daenerys either way. She would confront her destiny and conqueror it as she always had.

“Everything has changed. The fates deemed you would arrive roughly three years ago. Your death in the desert changed everything.” He said.
How did he know that? Daenerys felt her unease rising.

“I have the green sight, Daenerys Targaryen. I have seen many visions of you from back when you went to the Dothraki, and many more since you died. I have only your best intentions in heart, my Queen. Please do not ask questions. I can only reveal what is safe to reveal. You must trust us in this, my Queen.

“The fates have focused heavily on you since the Hand did not die as prophesied. Jon Arryn’s death had been assured, yet somehow he did not die. Because of this, you are late.”

“How can the Hand not getting killed make me late? I told you my military campaign was lightning fast!”

“There was supposed to be no military campaign. You were to use guile as much as military tactics. Your army was not to come into being until you were almost at Westeros’ door.”

“How the fuck is that supposed to be possible, gods dammit?! You need armies to conquer.”

“Nevertheless. That was supposed to be your destiny.”

“Fuck you!” Daenerys spat, pinching the bridge of her nose. She felt her ire rising. This was insufferable. Another fucking prophecy!

“May I touch your forehead, my Queen?” the male teen asked in a soft, meek voice.

The non-sequitur had the Targaryen nonplussed.

“I fear nothing… touch my forehead if you must!” the Targaryen spoke in a short clip, her dander up with all the words meant to obfuscate and confuse. The tiny blond woman fumed as she waited for the teen’s touch. She watched his forefinger approach her forehead.

Her body jacked back as she stumbled into Drogon, off balance.

“Jojen! What did you do to her?” Meera Reed exclaimed.

“Nothing, Meera. She was merely not ready for the vision I placed in her mind.” Jojen replied to his sister.

“Daenerys Targaryen, you will take the Three-Eyed Raven to the place I have just shown you,” Jojen told the Targaryen.

Daenerys had pushed herself back off her dragon. It was true, she had been unprepared see such a clear picture in her mind. It was an aerial view from on high, like what she saw when she rode Drogon. She would be able to find this place easily if she but knew where to look.

“As you can see Daenerys, it is a place covered in perpetual snow. The hill on an escarpment is in the middle of wide, flat area, far to the north of the Wall. It is there that you will find the Tree of Life. This is where the Three-Eyed Raven must go. The continued safety of all the Earth of all the Earth will depend on it.” Jojen told the white-haired woman.

“How do I know I should heed your prophecy?” Daenerys Targaryen asked the Reed.

“You do not.” was the simple answer from Jojen.

Finally, an answer that Daenerys could live with.
“If you succeed in your mission, the Ice King will again be bound to the Earth. If not, the Ice King will be free to arise again in the future. You must succeed, Daenerys Targaryen. There you must confront the Ice King.”

Meera

Jojen’s sister was squirming inside. She hated that they were having to confuse their hoped-for future Queen. Jojen had foreseen her coming, and he had also foreseen her mettle. Now they had seen it in the woman for themselves. This was indeed the dragon reborn without any of the dross of old Valyria. She was definitely the future, if she could but survive her appointed tasks.

Jojen had made it clear to Meera that they could not tell Daenerys the full truth. It was her nature to rush to confront any task or perceived injustice. If she found out about the Ice King and her future battles with him she would be too tempted to fly out alone to confront and slay the demon. She was mighty, but not that mighty.

Jojen had foreseen that if she met the Ice Wight King at the Tree of Life in getting Bran Stark there, she would most likely survive. There the old gods and life force of the weirwoods were still strong. She would live, most assuredly. But in truth, she knew Jojen was still very afraid. The Ice King had formed some unholy union that left him shaken when he tried to explore those leaves on their weirwood tree. Whatever that evil was, it had lashed him severely the one time he had tried to get close to those fates.

He was setting the table so the Targaryen would feel that if she had survived this first confrontation she would have succeeded totally in her campaign against the Ice King. In seeming victory she would not attempt any future confrontation until the time was truly right.

If she survived the first battle she would have another later. It was in that battle that Jojen’s visions showed the Ice King could be killed. Only if the Dragon, Direwolf and Avatar from the far East worked together could the Ice King and his ally be defeated and killed. Only with their combined might could victory be achieved.

The wolf was untested. She was mighty and growing more powerful by the day, but she was unfocused and had not been shaped into a great weapon for good like the Dragon and the Avatar. Jojen and Meera saw the dragon’s destiny and had to hope that love was indeed as powerful as the scribes and poets said.

Jojen had conjectured that Jon Snow was the Avatar, but his vision was murky at best. Yet it had to be him. You needed old magic flowing in your veins to become what the old gods needed now.

“Daenerys Targaryen, I must ask your forgiveness for our obscure words, but you must trust us. Prophesies at all times are a dangerous thing. We would not burden you with truths you are not ready for or that might lead you down paths you are not meant to take,” Meera told the Targaryen in a voice that begged understanding.

She watched the white haired woman blow several strands of platinum blond hair out of her face. She pinched the bridge of her nose.

“How many times do I have to tell you that I make my own destiny? I have lost count of the graves and pyres I have left strewn across Essos for the false prophets I have met,” was Daenerys’ reply. She made direct eye contact with Meera, as if challenging her in mental combat.
Meera did not accept the challenge. “Do you think us false prophets?”

The Targaryen held the gaze for a few seconds more. “I know you are honest and sincere… and that you are not seeking my death. That much is plain.”

“We want only your safety and good fortune, my Queen. If you fail, all of Westeros will fail with you. Then Essos … and then the rest of the Earth. You are the world’s hope. Others will aid you and one will love you, but you are the lynch pin that all resolves around.”

She saw the Targaryen stiffen when she had mentioned ‘one will love you’. She smiled secretly inside. If only the Queen knew what she and Jojen knew.

“Alright. I accept I am supposed to get this Three-Eyed Raven to his destination. I am going to assume this is not actually a bird or he would fly there himself. So who will I be taking to this ‘tree of life’?” Daenerys asked, the last with a note of contempt.

Daenerys appeared to truly hate prophecies.

“We cannot tell you that, my Queen.” Meera spoke softly, knowing the coming reaction.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me! Who the FUCK am I taking?!” the Targaryen screamed at Meera and Jojen.


Daenerys immediately calmed her temper. She took a deep breath. “Did it occur to you I would just want to know who I am helping?”

“We understand my Queen. But if you know who it is, then you will fail. The green dreams make that clear. We will have the Three-Eyed Raven ready, and you will pick us up.”

“Us?” Daenerys asked with a tired tone.

“We will be going too, my Queen.”

“Of course you will.”

Meera smiled softly at seeing the Queen sigh. The Queen was always going to do it. She just needed to work it out for herself with her questions and display of agitation.

“Fine. When will this all happen?”

“Soon.”

“Can we please get a little more specific. I have a kingdom to win and then rule! I may be a little busy when you say I will be needed.”

“You will come when you are summoned.” Meera saw the Targaryen stiffen again. The woman had a fierce pride, that much she could see. Pride that was, thankfully, tempered by an overarching sense of fairness and aching need for justice.

“I am not sure I like the sound of that.” the woman growled back at her.

“Dream will follow dream … you will know from your dreams,” was Meera’s response.
She watched the Targaryen pinch her nose again. “Fine. Dream within a dream. Fine. I got it!”

“Dream following dream.”

Meera stifled a smile again as the Targaryen glared at her. The difference was important.

**Daenerys**

Daenerys was getting a headache. For a moment she darkly contemplated a preference for just killing the ‘prophets’ that had accosted her, but the thought quickly passed. Gods she hated all this ‘hocus pocus to make you lose focus’. She ground her teeth.

Sensing that she had gotten all the information she was going to receive, Daenerys got ready to depart.

Salutations were given, and Dany mounted her dragon.

“I will remember this day. You have made a friend of the House of Targaryen. Even if you felt compelled to keep things from me, I will overlook it - this time!” she spoke the last with a ring in her voice.

She saw the small party wince in some trepidation. All but Meera and Jojen, which vexed her for some reason. She had made her comment specifically for those two. They had merely smiled at her and waved. They had no fear of her! She fought the urge to pinch the bridge of her nose again.

She was soon up high in the sky again, winging to her staging area in Dorne. She’d had a most exciting day, for certain. She had bearded the great Eddard Stark. It was true that he had no fear of her, and she found she liked that. The man radiated a quiet confidence. Was it a confidence that hid arrogance? She would have to find out.

She had been given tasks that were not explained in any clear manner, just enough information to lay out a general direction but nothing more. She had been told she had a major role to play but not what it was. Daenerys sighed to herself.

The one sour note had been the news that one of her fellow heroes was going to fall in love with her. Great, the unwanted attentions from some other man she had no interest in. The gods really seemed to love pissing on her. Why blight her with so much male attention? The gods knew where her heart lay. But no, they kept thrusting men upon her. Just thinking on it made her angry.

She briefly wondered if she should heed the Reed children at all. They had been cryptic at best, and outright deceitful at worse. She mulled over everything she had been told for long moments.

Finally Daenerys snorted to herself. Who was she fooling? Of course she would do as asked. She had been given a challenge to do something that would save the world by people she trusted instinctively. Even their vague words could not change her gut instinct to trust those Reeds. She would not shy from any challenge; she was the equal to any task!

She had not even conquered Westeros yet and the demands laid before were already mounting. Daenerys certainly would not have to worry about growing fat on the throne as Robert Baratheon had.

Daenerys flew to the east and soon crossed over the Bite, then spent a half hour flying over the small whitecaps of the bay. She saw the high mountains and first ridges of the Vale coming into view. She
flew on over shore and gaining altitude as the high mountains rose up to meet her.

Before long she was flying several thousands of feet up in the air. Her leather trousers and vest gave her all the warmth she needed against the winds with her hot temperament.

She flew a mountain pass at eight thousand feet and dropped into the valley between the two ridges of mighty crags. She flew over land that seemed as wild and untouched as when the Andals first landed in Westeros. The mighty mountains isolated this particular valley and rills running down from the mountains from the touch of man.

She saw massive elk with antlers ten feet across. Large sloths Tyrion had told her about standing on rear legs to eat leaves off of the trees. As she flew on she found a herd of small horses with thick, shaggy coats of hair. Fortunately, Drogon had already fed well the day before.

She shared the air with mighty eagles and condors, making wide circles on the high thermals. Below she spied a sabre cat on a flat shelf of rock, licking and grooming its fur. His fangs were long and impressive. She continued on, flying onto a high mountain pasture that only the goats with their split hooves could reach. This was a special mountain hideaway she had discovered on her first trip north.

She alight in the glade and slipped off Drogon. Her dragon curled up into a ball, his tail wrapped around his body as he settled and watched his master walk to the edge of the highland field. She stood there for a time, looking down at a small piece of her kingdom like a fledgling chick preparing to leave its nest.

Daenerys looked down at this small piece of her kingdom. Several clouds were rolling by a thousand feet below her. The sun shining down onto the top of the clouds making them shine so white they were almost blinding. Like a blanket for a god she thought.

Down below she saw the shadow of the clouds marching across a green valley. The color contrast was startling at the marge of sunlight and shadow. The trees and grass were so vibrant and bright green in the light and suddenly going dark and distant in the shadow of the clouds as they marched up the valley. It seemed like night had visited these swaths of ground in midday from this distance. The night quickly passing back into bright color and warmth as the clouds moved on taking their shadows with them. A blue and white river flowed through the vale, and she could see boulders in the river making the water boil bright as it protested on its march toward the sea.

This land was so beautiful, and it was hers.

Daenerys grew tired and needed a midday nap before she carried on South back to Dorne. She walked over to join Drogon, smiling at her son as he snored quietly. She slowly climbed up his tail and then his neck, sliding down into the small area between the dragon’s body and his curled tail. The Targaryen laid down, nestling into the side of her dragon, enjoying his intense heat that she alone could endure.

She was soon asleep.

Eddard

It had been one day since his confrontation with Daenerys Targaryen. Time and distance had solidified the opinions he had made on the field before Winterfell - the Targaryen was definitely not a threat to the realm, or his stewardship, or his family. Actually, the last was not necessarily true. He and Sansa of all people seemed to know what Bran meant in his mad ravings while unconscious.

The boy had become lucid upon waking. He had talked to Bran just an hour ago about his time spent
in fevered dreams and wild ravings. His son had confessed that he could not remember but the vaguest, feathery details of his dreams. He had told his father he had fantastic dreams of flying, and being a raven. *Foolishness really,* Bran had told him. The event with the Targaryen fresh in his mind, Eddard was prompted to ask Bran what he meant when he had said the Dragon and Direwolf must lie together.

Bran had no recollection. He said that he could not remember anything except flying, really. Eddard knew his son was lying, but he did not press it further. He loved Bran, and now the boy had to deal with being a cripple. Eddard’s love and compassion outweighed all other concerns when it came to his family.

Eddard had his doubts about the prophecy of the dragon and direwolf. He knew of several ways to interpret that dream, but he was unsettled with the one that spoke to him. He shook his head, fighting his prejudices. Eddard had long suspected his daughter’s true leanings when it came to matters of the heart. Bran’s prophecy now brought this insight into sharp focus. It was time for him to come to terms and embrace his daughter as she truly was.

He had much to think on.

He knew he must get all of Westeros up to the wall to fight the threat that Jon was making more malicious and dire by the week. He was vague and evasive, not giving his father any specifics. Jon only told his father that he had learned to trust his instincts, and there was more to the world than one’s five senses.

To hear such words from a Stark and his son no less made him shake his head. Eddard only trusted what his senses and his intellect told him was true. Unfortunately, these were challenging times that were hinged heavily on magic. He could feel it.

Eddard sighed. He would have to do his part and leave the magic to others. His job was to get Westeros to march to the defense of the wall. A Wall that all south of the Stark wardenship believed to be a useless artifact of times long past. That all that lay beyond it was the threat of the wildlings, nothing else. Eddard’s bones told him the truth.

He heard the clash of steel on steel. He went to the window of the room and looked down into the practice yard, where Robb was barely holding his own. He wondered how much longer he could hold a draw. His days of victory over Arya, his sister, had passed.

**Arya**

Arya was filled with fire today. Seeing the mighty Targaryen warrior on the back of the black dragon had told her that she could indeed be a warrior too.

Her practice sword was a thing alive in her hands. Her blows came fast and furious. Robb was using his height and superior strength to keep his sister at bay, but barely. He had tried several times to take the initiative and move to the offense. Each time he had had to quickly switch back to defense when his little sister used speed and skill to thwart his attack. His blunted attacks were rounded back on him with her savage counterattacks.

They battled back and forth with Robb tiring as Arya continued her attacks, her blows continually raining.

“Robb, I need you,” Rodrik Cassel called out from the side of the practice area. Arya and Robb
lowered their swords, both sweating profusely.

Robb came up to Arya and looked down at her with his serious Tully eyes. A small smile came across his face and he ruffled her hair like Jon used to do. Then he left, going to Rodrik. They both knew why he had been called.

Arya got out her bow and shot arrows for a while, always hitting the sweet spots on the dummy’s head. She loved using her weapons.

Hope now beat hard in the chest of the little wolf. Nymeria was yipping and jumping around, feeling the excitement of her Stark master. The scent of the strange black beast still hung in the air, making all the direwolves excited while also filling them with nervous energy.

Arya finished her weapons training for the day. Her mother had come down to berate her yet again, but her father had cut her off more forcefully than she had ever heard. He told her to leave Arya be. She was her own person, and she had a right to fulfill her own destiny. Her mother’s mouth had fallen open at that.

Arya’s mouth had fallen open too. Her father had just unequivocally supported her desires. Hadn’t he? She got a pear and a big thigh bone for Nymeria.

She smiled seeing her wolf drooling, staring at the bone. She threw the bone across the yard with her wolf chasing it down and happily snatching it up, then bounding back to lie at Arya’s feet. Human and wolf enjoying their repast.

Arya bent down to scratch Nymeria’s ear. The wolf leaned into the hand scratching her ear, delighted. The wolf woofed as it chomped on its treat.

She pondered the great times she was in. *How do I get South? How do you kiss a woman who is so much taller than you?*


Pride Of Dorne

Chapter Notes

AN #1: Graphic F/F sex. This chapter is mostly sex, thus, I guess it can be listed as smut. If this is an issue you may want to skip this chapter.

AN #2: I hated what GRRM did to Myrcella and I am giving her the life she deserves.

AN #3: Make sure and read AN #1:

Chapter 09

Pride of Dorne

Eight Months Ago

Myrcella / Arianne / Myrcella / Arianne / Myrcella

Myrcella

Myrcella was walking around in her bedroom tracing her finger over the various furniture items and over knick-knacks on her dresser. She picked up the bracelet from Arianne and smiled turning it over and thinking of her sweet mentor. She was so lovely with her voluptuous body. Myrcella was wearing a nearly transparent slip that clearly showed her full B cup tits swaying and her nipples that had been semi-erect were now rock hard thinking back to two nights ago with her face buried in Arianne’s cunt and sucking her off as Arianne wailed and convulsed so hard it made the Baratheon shiver remembering her sweet lover’s throes of the orgasms Myrcella gifted her teacher with.

She put down the bracelet and moved her hand over to the hair combs her sand snakes had given her, both made of pure ivory beset with emeralds to set off her blond hair and sparkling green eyes. Dorea and Loreza Sand had been so shy when giving them to her, declaring their love for her yet again. They would often compete for Myrcella, but many times they would come to the princess together.

It was these times that Myrcella truly treasured. She hated it that the three women she loved spent so much time competing for her love when she had enough to go around. She had slowly stripped her sand snakes after putting their sweet gifts down. She had laid them out on her bed and slowly sucked them off in turn as they kissed ravenously and worked their twin’s swollen breasts. The twins’ hands snaked down to the others pussy swirling around rigid clits. As the twins masturbated their clits, Myrcella rammed her tongue deep into their tight hot pussies. They loved to help Myrcella fuck their sister as the Baratheon sucked each sister off back and forth. The twins always cummed so hard for Myrcella. She sucked each off three times before she relented. Sucking the sisters off in turn let the other recover her strength and let their clits settle down.

Myrcella was ravenous in that way.

The twin sisters had rolled her over and fucked her deep into the night. Myrcella remembered laying there in heaven as two mouths worked her body with expert skills. She had run her hand over her
face feeling how wet it was with the sisters’ cum.

Myrcella put the combs down, and went over to her bed and sat on the edge. She could feel it all slipping away and she was very upset. This was not going to be allowed. She thought back to the beginning. She had been enamored with Arianne from the start when she arrived in Dorne.

The woman was so gentle and understanding with Myrcella. She had awakened in Myrcella a desire to be great, filling her with pride for her native intelligence and her budding body. Myrcella had grown to only being two inches shorter than Arianne’s 5’8”.

She adored the woman’s voluptuous body. As Myrcella matured she had started to dream of that body at night. She had dreamed of other bodies as well, but it was Arianne’s that captivated her. it was Arainne’s body she saw when she masturbated to multiple orgasms most nights. She loved to feel Arianne’s heavy breast pressed into her arm when Arianne pointed out something in a book, or how the woman played with her hair – it was intoxicating. Two years ago when she was had just turned sixteen years old she was already totally in love with the woman.

She knew that her teacher could never return her feelings. She was pure woman, able to have anyone she wanted. She had two other suitors who were seeking her attentions during her infatuation, but she was unsure how to respond. Her focus was on her teacher. How she longed to give this woman her maidenhead.

More wasted months passed until one night they were sitting on the edge of Arianne’s large, inviting bed discussing the ethics of governing. Myrcella knew she was mooning again for her beautiful mentor. She had been staring deep into Arianne's large, midnight eyes, and then suddenly they were kissing. Their lips first met sweetly, melding and nipping before Arianne’s tongue sought entrance into Myrcella’s mouth. Myrcella freely gave it. She had groaned so hard feeling their tongues twine and dance in pure love.

Arianne’s hands stroked and massaged the Baratheon’s body stoking the fire deep in Myrcella’s belly. Myrcella mewedl as Arianne divested Myrcella of her clothes with nimble fingers undoing buttons, hocks and eyelets. As flesh was exposed Arianne kissed, nibbled and licked the pale perfect skin that was being lazily revealed. Arianne pulled Myrcella's dress down exposing her collarbones, shoulders and throat.

The Martell licked and kissed the exposed skin nipping the pale skin as she kissed Myrcella's throat and along the teenager’s collarbones to her shoulders and then nipping the perfect shoulders making Myrcella groan deep in her chest. Arianne kissed back up Myrcella’s throat kissing the pulsing artery in her student’s throat before mating lips and spearing her tongue down Myrcella’s throat. Myrcella chuffed into her teacher’s mouth as her body convulsed and eyes rolled back into her skull and spasm hard.

While their tongues rolled wetly in Myrcella’s mouth, Arianne gently pulled down the dress of her sweet student. The adult jerked on the fabric a last time and her student’s high firm breast were jerked out of the fabric and jiggled setting so beautiful on Myrcella’s porcelain skin.

Arianne eyed the perfect doves with ravenous fuck hunger. Her hands came up to cup and swirl her palms on rigid nipples making her student gasp in pleasure. Arianne kissed Myrcella deeply again. Her student writhed into her body whimpering in raw need. Arianne broke their heated kiss and Myrcella moaned hard seeing spit roped between her lips and Arianne’s. Arianne gave her a brilliant smile. Arianne then kissed down Myrcella’s upper chest to her little doves. The Martell cupped and gently massaged the firm titties and bent her head in to suck on Myrcella’s nipples.

"Unngghhhh . . unnnunnnn!” Myrcella grunted, mildly delirious, her body completely in Arianne’s
Myrcella writhed on the bed with fire in her veins. Arianne got up in front of Myrcella and had her student lift her ass and the woman pulled the teenager’s dress off revealing perfection. Arianne quickly pulled her own dress down and off as her student’s eyes bulged in raw hunger for the sweet voluptuous body now exposed to her.

Arianne pushed her student’s body back down onto the bed. Myrcella looked up at her lover with raw want and the need to be made a woman. Arianne crawled up onto the bed with her student. Arianne pulled Myrcella to her and they entwined arms and legs. They kissed heatedly tongues flowing deep from mouth to mouth. Myrcella felt her body on fire.

She gagged feeling her sensitive nipples jammed into the full bosom of her teacher. Arianne’s full tits were smashed and smothered over her small doves. They would kiss sweetly nibbling and pulling on each other lips before again locking lips and surging tongues deep into each others mouths.

Myrcella had groaned gutturally deep in her chest feeling her cunt settle on Arianne’s hip and upper thigh. She humped and swept her pussy on the smooth flesh flexing her hips to drive her aching snatch up and down and on her teacher’s body. Soon an up rush of soul searing ecstasy exploded out her couchie and slammed her body over and over with jackknifes of soul crushing bliss.

Arianne had held and cooed to her while Myrcella recovered from her first orgasm with Arianne. They kissed deeply in their expressed new love. Next they had tribbed face-to-face. Myrcella had been so ecstatic feeling her teacher come so hard beneath her followed by her own body hurtling into orgasmic bliss.

Then her teacher was kissing and nipping down her belly, making Myrcella whoop when she felt Arianne’s tongue drilling her belly button. Arianne enjoyed exploring with wet licks and kisses the flat expanse of Myrcella’s firm flat stomach.

Then Myrcella had been rocked when Arianne settled between her legs and lowered her face to her student’s trembling pussy. Myrcella cried out in ecstasy when the Martell sucked her clit between her lips and suckled on the rock hard clit her tongue polishing the hard nubbin. Gods Myrcella thought as she felt her womb ripping out her cunt the first time she cummed in Arianne’s mouth. The spasms had been so fucking strong and Earth shattering. Her body had flipped and jackknifed violently as her wails echoed off the walls over and over.

That night was a magical haze. She still wept even now with how gentle and sweet Arianne was in taking her virginity. She had asked twice if Myrcella was sure and she had propped herself up on one elbow her right hand gripping Arianne’s wrist and pulled Arianne’s middle finger swirling in her pussy up against her hymen.

Her head flopped back down on the pillow when Arianne sucked her clit between her lips and sucked it and then jammed her hand forward making her a woman. She had cried out in pain but those cries soon turned to guttural moans of ecstasy and then she was coming again so hard. The pleasure was nearly blinding. She had thought she was in love before but knew she was falling more in love with Arianne somehow every day.

She had also been wooed by the two youngest sand snake twins. Dorea and Loreza were much more forward and aggressive than sweet Arianne. They were not fazed that she had given her virginity to Arianne already. They did not say it but Myrcella understood instinctively that they loved her so much they would take her any way they could.

She had gone to the room the twins shared. The room smelled of pussy. All knew they were lovers and no one cared. They slept in the same bed. They were good to each other, and freely sought out other conquests that were often shared between them. It seemed half of the castle’s young maidens
were in their bed at one time or another. Myrcella had dropped her slip before them.

She stood tall and proud before them totally naked her pussy wet and her nipples rock hard. The sand snakes had wasted no time devouring her young tight sweet body. They had made her scream over and over as they besotted themselves on her young nubile body. She felt like a fish out of water she flopped across their bed so hard.

She smiled remembering how she had shown the twins how well she had learned from Arianne her teacher. She sucked, finger fucked and tribbed the twins to soul crushing screaming orgasms. She drank their sweet cum greedily.

At first she had been like a bee drunk on pollen going from flower to flower. She was drinking deep from each woman every night. Her moth greedily sucked down their hot cum every night. It was wonderful until they started to compete for her affections. Then the biting remarks started and the sullen looks. It tore at her. She was not happy with their spiteful remarks against each other.

She had enough love her all three.

She was free of any of their silly jealousies. She was not even upset when at first the three women were off fucking other lovers. She had a plan and was patient. Arianne even still fucked a few men which she couldn’t understand, being only attracted to women. Arianne was bisexual and Myrcella accepted that. That for Arianne that was her nature. The taking and receiving of pleasure was something that the gods gave us and Myrcella loved taking it.

But over the last year Myrcella smiled knowing that her loves gradually abandoned fucking other cunts and bastards and gave themselves only to Myrcella or each other. She had enough love to give to them. They were clearly falling deeply in love with her as she had planned. She needed their love, all of their love.

She learned all the things that made them weak-kneed. She shamelessly worked to make her three women love her and each other only. She was easy. It was the each other part that was proving difficult. She knew what the problem was. They were each terrified they would not be the one selected. They feared in the end she would choose only one to be her consort. She had tried subtly to let them know she was ready to bring them all into her bed permanently. Their insecurities prevented the messages from being received.

The sisters Myrcella knew would be much easier. They had been free lovers before her and she only had to get them together and dispel this silly rancor between them over her. It was Arianne that would prove the most difficult. For some reason she considered herself inferior to her and her sand snakes. Arianne feared she was too old and to matronly. Her body was perfect, damnit!

She knew her plan would work. Four months ago they had gone to the royal retreat in Godsgrace to celebrate the Full Moon Festival, celebrated on the first full moon of Spring. They had taken the royal retreat over since no one else from the high royal family had decided to go this year.

She had gotten them drunk enough to lower their inhibitions. By the evening of their first day there all her paramours were tipsy and feeling very good, flirting shamelessly with her. She had coyly made observations on how beautiful each of her lovers were. They were soon eyeing and pawing each other, just like she had planned.

In the bedroom she dropped her slip to the floor and imperiously commanded them. “Fuck me!”

They fell on her like a famished pride of lions. They were all over her sucking on her pussy and pumping her breasts as they sucked on her nipples like starving babes. The kisses they gave her were
scorching. Their tongues so hot as they danced with hers. They dined on her pussy with famished glee. She was drained by her lovers. She drank water freely and sucked on sweet oranges and cherries to refresh herself and again offered her body to her lovers.

They fell on her yet again and in a frenzy fucked and devoured her to multiple orgasms of screaming ecstasy.

She was exhausted now and soaked in sweat and cum her hair plastered all over her face, shoulders and back. She scooted back to the headboard and pushed the hair out of her face. Her three sluts were on their knees staring at her. Their eyes full of hot hunger. She was smiling seeing them awaiting her directives. She had them in the palm of her hand.

“I’m exhausted … Sand Snakes!” she spoke in the regal tone that Arianne had drilled into her. She smiled seeing the martial twins snap to attention.

She pointed her royal finger to Arianne “Your Aunt … fuck her and fuck her—I want her worn out! … I want her screaming and cumming until you exhaust her like you did me!

Arianne turned to look at the sisters with hot pulsing eyes. “I love you my two nieces … I would be hap—” was all she was able to get out before the sand snakes slammed her back onto the bed and they now devoured their second woman this night. They went insane on her voluptuous body. They fucked Arianne within an inch of her life.

Myrcella had been plying the teens for the last few months about how beautiful their Aunt was. They would listen to Myrcella tell them the intimate details of her fucking Arianne.

They made long love to Arianne’s breast loving her full D cups. They would squeal burying their faces between her ample mounds and smother themselves in her breast they pushed into and over their faces.

Myrcella could see their tongues wetly wrestling deep in Arianne’s mouth as her mentor’s eyes rolled back and her body convulsed.

They sucked her pussy to ruin over the next hour plus. They reveled with each of her orgasms that filled their mouths to overflowing with hot divine cum. They were intoxicated with Arianne. They fucked Arianne to the point of a near comatose state.

Myrcella moved in and cradled her mentor as she half rolled onto Myrcella. Myrcella put a folded pillow behind her head as the twins were again up on their knees and looking to her for guidance. They were so beautiful covered in sweat and cum. Their dark midnight hair plastered all over their lean bodies. Arianne had fallen asleep after throwing her leg over Myrcella’s thighs. She was already snoring softly on Myrcella’s breast.

“Fuck each other until your cunts are worn out … I want to hear it.” she told her twin lovers.

They went to their task with a vengeance. Myrcella’s ears rung with the loud screams and the bed quaked with the sand snake’s bodies jackknifing violently all over the large royal bed. It took the seventeen year olds well over and hour to fuck themselves to utter exhaustion.

When they had exhausted themselves, they had weakly, on shaky limbs crawled up the bed to come up to her and Arianne. Dorea spooned up against Arianne’s back and looped an arm around her body and clutched a heavy breast possessively. Loreza came up to Myrcella and saddled in burying her face in the crook of Myrcella’s neck and murmured she loved her and fell asleep.

Myrcella was in heaven. This was what she wanted. No needed. She would have all three!
For the next three days and nights they had fucked and loved like a pride of fierce lionesses. Myrcella had been in heaven. That was when she came up with name of her new family unit “The Pride of Dorne”. She would be able to move mountains with these women at her side. They had loved and fucked without inhibitions. There was no jealousy and only pure love.

Myrcella had been ecstatic. She had made them hers! Totally.

The only problem was that it had not lasted. When they came back to Sunspear, it had day by day fallen away. Her three lovers were again competing and vying for her affections when she had plenty to give. She was a busy bee going from bed to bed fucking the sisters and their Aunt to exhaustion. She would often leave one bed soaked in sweat and cum and go to the next lover and they would fall on her in ravenous hunger not caring she was fresh from a “rival’s” bed.

They all wanted her desperately. She wanted and needed all of them.

She had slowly developed a plan and today it was going to come to fruition. She was tired of all this rancor when they had already proven how compatible they truly were when they worked and lived as a pride and not individuals.

Today the Pride of Dorne would come into existence. She would birth it with her love and dedication.

The letters she had sent out would see to that.

Arianne

Arianne read again the letter in Myrcella’s beautiful script. She felt so nervous. It was clear that Myrcella was going to force a decision. She did not want to be competitive with her nieces, she was just so terrified that Myrcella would choose one or both of the sand snakes and leave her alone in the cold. She would die. Arianne would simply die.

She felt old compared to the twins. At twenty-five Arianne felt like she was like an old maid compared to her nieces and Myrcella. Their bodies were so slender and toned, while she was voluptuous with sensuous curves. Myrcella was slender herself and she just knew Myrcella would tire of her body type and seek the love of her mirror image.

She wrung her hands and looked at the binding gift she had had made for Myrcella. It was a choker with an oval pendant done in pure silver. She had commissioned a raised lioness in a fierce pose of restrained fury. It was beautiful and was a perfect representation of how she saw her prized pupil.

The expensive gift was for the pupil who had become her lover and the reason for her existence.

It was not supposed to have come to that. She had taken the then early teenager under her wing. Arianne had grand plans for the girl. In Dorne she would be second to the royal throne. Joffrey was a royal shit and Arianne was beyond sure that the little wimpy asshole would get his ass killed sooner or later - probably sooner. A lot sooner.

She wanted Myrcella ready to ascend the throne when the time came.

She had started to train the youth all she knew of politics and the Game of Thrones. She had found her to be the perfect student. Myrcella soaked up everything she was taught and surprised the teacher with probing, deeply thought out questions. She took off on tangents that were startling and once heard, Arianne had wondered how Myrcella’s insight was not the normal thought.

But Myrcella was so much more than that. No matter how much she learned about the world behind
the thrones and how to move in that world, she remained the even keeled girl she had been when she first arrived. She wanted to be a force in the world; a force for good only. Power in and of itself, meant nothing to Myrcella. It would never would.

Arianne had felt herself become jaded so quickly as she learned how to wield power. She learned the power of her body over women and especially men. Men were like potter’s clay: easily shaped. She fucked them to wield power through them. Women she fucked for pure enjoyment and the loving sex she craved.

Arianne slowly came to know that Myrcella was shaping her every bit as much as she was shaping the girl.

Arianne knew the girl had fallen in love with her. At first Arianne had tried to resist the siren call of the girl’s bright green eyes, even when she felt herself falling into them. She could not stop her body stroking and pressing into the teenager’s body.

Then one day she was looking deep into those mesmerizing pools of jade green, then she had the intoxicating sprite in her arms and was kissing her deeply, stroking the sweet girl. The girl had melted into her with soft whimpers that turned to groans of raw, wanton need.

She still could only hazily remember her taking Myrcella’s clothes off in seductive dance. Arianne disrobed the teen to expose her body to the teacher. She had reveled in exposing the teen's perfect porcelain flesh. She had kissed the teen so deeply and loved her upper body and chest. She could still feel the teen's nipples in her mouth as she had thirstily sucked on the teens nipples in turn.

She had then stripped for her student turned lover. Her cunt had gone instantly soaking wet seeing the want and need for her body in Myrcella’s eyes. In a wild rush they were on her bed rolling around on her bed with arms wrapped around each other and their legs interlocked. Their tongues were deep in each others mouths hungrily exploring.

The girl humped her hip hard with strong instinctive flexes of her slender hips. The teen swept her wet cunt in desperate humping jerks soaking the older woman’s hip and groin in hot cunt juice.

Myrcella had cummed so hard thrashing wildly into the woman her screams swallowed by Arianne’s mouth glued to her sweet lips.

The teen had somehow settled between her legs kissing her with wild passion. The girl instinctively sweeping her cunt up and down Arianne’s swollen cunt dragging her clit up and down the woman’s groove. Their couchies pumping out lubricating love juice. Arianne’s mind shocked with pure pleasure when their clits jammed into and rocked over its mate. Their swollen cum slicked inner labia lips dragged and rolled by their grinding sweeping cunts.

They humped wildly with the teen now lifting her pelvis on the back of her stroke and ramming down and forward instinctively. Arianne’s legs came up to clasp the teen’s hips and she surrendered her body, mind, love and soul to the girl.

She gripped the girl’s shoulders as her head jacked back and she wailed her ecstasy.

“Aaaaarruunngggggg! Mnnnngggggggggggg! Aaaauuuuuugggggggggg!” the adult screamed in raw shattering pleasure. Then Myrcella was screaming with her next orgasm. Their cunts wildly jamming and sweeping up and down their mate. Their pussies flooding each other with hot slimy cum.

"AUUNNGOWWNNNGGNNNGGGIIIEEEE!!" Myrcella cried out, her body shuddering in killing spasms of rapture.

They had kissed sweet kisses as they gasped and shuddered through strong aftershocks. Arianne stared hard and deep into to twin pools of jade love.
She rolled the teen over and slide down between her legs and looked at paradise. She devoured the teen into another screaming flipping orgasm. Arianne had kissed and licked the girl’s jerking vulva and quivering thighs. She waited for her lover to calm down.

Arianne then slowly inserted her middle finger into the hot burbling cauldron. Myrcella’s cunt was broiling and so fucking tight and wet. Arianne felt her fingertip brush the thin membrane of the girl’s hymen. She had deflowered many an innocent maid and thought of it as only a conquest. Now she was shaking more than Myrcella. She looked up at Myrcella’s sweet and not so innocent face.

“Are you sure Myrcella … this is a most precious gift … I-I don’t know if am worthy …” the teen had given her such a radiant smile. She still hesitated and then the teen was gripping her wrist and pulling her finger forward as her cunt clenched on the digit. “Take my virginity Arianne … make me a woman … make me your mate …” the teen had spoken softly.

Arianne had rambled her finger through the membrane making the girl a woman.

The girl had cried out in pain but those moans soon turned into guttural groans of raw wanton pleasure. Arianne pumped the teen’s sodden trim and wormed a second finger into the teen’s twat stretching it out tight. The teen’s hot folds clenched in hard spasms on Arianne’s now deep plunging fingers. Arianne pumped in hard and deep with her long slender fingers as she sucked in the girl’s clit and sucked it wetly between her thick sensual lips.

The girl had gripped her shoulders with clawed fingers and her head ripped back. "OOWWWGGGGGGGGGGGGG! Aunngghh! Arruunngggregggggggggggggg!" Myrcella screamed while her body convulsed hard as fierce shocks of cumming gripped her entire body. "Anngggmmmmniieee!! Oh gods . . . ohhhhhhh gods unggghhiieeeeeee!!" Myrcella wailed as her eyes rolled back in her head and spasm hotly. Myrcella’s hips bucked her swollen muff up into the mouth of the Martell that had expertly sucked her off and now prolonged the orgasm of the teen. Arianne moaned into the pussy she had deflowered feeling sharp contractions on her deep pumping fingers. Myrcella’s stomach clenching up hard showing muscles as gut wrenching spasms of blistering bliss ripped out the teen’s convulsing cunt.

Myrcella had cried softly when Arianne enfolded the new born woman gently in her arms. Their limbs entwined as arms wrapped around the torsos of the new lovers and lower legs interlocked at their ankles. Sweet kisses shared as tongues danced in languid love between their mated lips.

Arianne became so hooked on Myrcella. She had to have her in her life or she would die. She had not been able to say anything to the teen when she immediately succumbed to the twin sand snakes, she had been an adventurous lass herself when she had lost her maiden head.

She was not jealous of her nieces, not really. She was just so fearful of losing Myrcella’s love to the sand snakes. She was sure she could not compete with their youth and fierce natures. Myrcella was attracted to their fiery martial spirit and power - two things she did not have. Arianne’s passions were for the more subdued and Machiavellian Game of Thrones.

She stood up, suddenly gripping her choker, and marched out her room and walked quickly to Myrcella’s chamber. Despite her insecurities Arianne had to make her play for her love’s affections. She knocked on the closed door, her heart raced hearing the voice of the woman she loved more than life itself.

“Come in.” Myrcella softly called to her lover.

Arianne opened the door and entered. She stopped dead in her steps. Myrcella was a goddess, plain and simple. She was standing near her bed with only a sheer slip on, her full B cup breast thrust out
the thin material, her rock hard nipples tenting it. Arianne’s eyes traveled down her lithesome form. She could see through the sheer fabric. She moaned, seeing the flat stomach and that Myrcella’s pussy was swollen and wet. She could smell the girl’s musk thick in the room. “Mmmnggggg!” Arianne groaned deep in her chest smelling Myrcella’s wet cunt. Arianne stared at Myrcella with her large eyes. Her pupils were fully blown with lust.

“What do you have in your hand Arianne? Is that for me?” Myrcella asked coyly in a soft, seductive voice.

Arianne held up her choker and stared at it, lost for a moment - her mind overwhelmed with lust. She moved over to her lover. Arianne then thrust her gift out on a shaky arm.

“Will you marry me?”

“Yes!” was the loving firm reply.

Arianne’s heart swelled and beat so fast. She turned her head hearing frantic steps beating down the hall towards Myrcella’s half closed door.

Dorea slammed into the door breathing heavily and rebounded off the door and fell flat on her ass. Gasping she held up a gold ring encrusted with emeralds. “Will you marry me?” she cried out.

“Yes!” was the loving reply.

More steps were heard and Loreza came bursting through the doorway and tripped over Dorea’s leg. Arms wind milling Loreza fell to her knees and slide across the marble floor her knees sliding until they hit the rug by the bed. Breathing hard she held up a pure sliver bracelet crusted in emeralds, rubies and sapphires forming a lioness. “Marry me!” she cried out desperately seeing she was third and last.

“Yes!” was the calm reply.

**Myrcella**

Myrcella looked at the three women all professing their love to her. She now had them where she wanted them and it was now time to bend them fully and forever to her will.

“I love all three of you with all my heart, Arianne, Dorea and Loreza. I worship the very air you three breath. I love all of you equally. With all my heart. I know you love me so in return.”

Myrcella moved her head making sure she made direct eye contact with each woman. She enthralled the three women to her soul.

Myrcella moved over slightly to get in front of Arianne. She took the neck choker out of Arianne’s trembling fingers. She spied the fierce lioness on the oval of pure silver. Suddenly, Myrcella knew the sigil of her new house. She bent in tilting her head up and kissed Arianne gently on the lips as she smiled feeling the woman tremble sweetly for her. Her eyes dark pools of midnight with blown pupils dilated with love and lust.

Myrcella had seen her nostrils flare when she smelled the teen’s excited cunt. The way she looked at the cum trickling down her legs.

Myrcella turned around and lifted her hair up with one hand and looked back at Arianne. “Put your choker around my throat and mark me as your wife for eternity.” Myrcella spoke softly looking deep
Myrcella smiled looking at her wife who with shaky fingers put her choker around Myrcella’s neck and lock the clasp. Myrcella turned and kissed her wife sweetly again.

Myrcella moved over and bent down to take the sliver bracelet encrusted with gems in the form of a lioness swiping at its prey from Loreza. She turned it over looking at the exquisite workmanship on the pure silver. She handed the bracelet back to Loreza and put her left arm down.

“Put your bracelet on my wrist and mark me as your wife for eternity.” Myrcella spoke softly looking deep into her wife’s eyes. Myrcella watched with hot pulsing eyes and trembling pussy as Loreza with shaky fingers slide the bracelet on Myrcella’s slender lower arm and settled it on Myrcella’s wrist. Myrcella bent down and kissed Loreza on the lips sweetly and smiled at her future wife as the sand snake chased Myrcella’s lips mewling.

Finally, she walked over to Dorea. Her sand snake held up her wedding ring. Myrcella took and looked at the exquisite workmanship on the pure gold band encrusted in precious emeralds. She handed the ring back to her wife.

“Put your ring upon my ring finger and mark me as your wife for eternity.” Myrcella spoke softly looking deep into her wife’s eyes. Dorea did as commanded. Myrcella shivered feeling all three markers on her body now and forever. She bent at the waist to kiss the sand snake who moaned loudly and so sweetly. Myrcella walked back to the side of the room so she could stand facing her future wives.

She had them where she wanted them. Now it was time to make them forever hers.

“I am very pleased with your declarations of love and wedding signets. I accept them all.” She saw Arianne glance at the two twins while Loreza looked at Arianne and then Myrcella with a small smile forming. Myrcella gave her a loving smile. Her sand snake had figured it out.

“I love all three of you equally. Arianne, you are my sweet, sly, voluptuous and oh so intelligent and cunning mentor and wife.

“My sweet sand snakes, Loreza and Dorea, are my fierce protectors and fiery spirits that fire my soul. All of you are my wives. I have made it clear I thought, that I love all of you and want all three of you.

“We proved our love and compatibility for each other at the festival of the full moon at Godsgrace. Away from the world and its care and structures we loved completely. We gave of ourselves to each other freely. We took what was ours. What is that? It is each other. We belong one to the other.”

“I can only have you all or none of you. That is how it must be. If you don’t pledge yourselves to me and each other here in this room this day, then on the morning tide I am on a ship headed for King’s Landing never to turn.”

Dorea had been levering herself up and thumped back down on her ass. She suddenly looked very fearful. Loreza had stood up and squared her shoulders and looked at Myrcella with her body at rigid martial attention and a feral look in her eyes.

“I am not being cruel … I just can’t have any one, or even two of you … I must have all three!” Myrcella declared looking at each of her loves.

Loreza had pulled her sister up and hugged her tight and whispered in her ear in a loud stage voice “I love you Dorea with all my heart ….” She turned to look at her aunt “I love you Arianne with all my
“I love Myrcella with all my heart! I have a heart big enough to love you all!” the sand snake declared in a soft but resolute voice.

Dorea the more quiet twin said softly “I pledge myself totally to all three: Myrcella, Arianne and Loreza. I pledge my heart to you all.”

All three teens turned to look at Arianne.

Arianne

The adult looked at the three teens shaking hard now. She wanted so much to believe in Myrcella and her pride. She wanted desperately to believe that the three teens could love her as completely as she already loved them.

She was usually so confident but she felt so old compared to the three teenagers. She was only seven years older than them but it felt like a full generation to her. Arianne felt like she was the past when she thought of the three teens before her. Arianne was a strong proud woman but she felt like a shy maid under the intense gaze of her nieces and student turned lover. She so desperately wanted them all. She longed to take them in turn in her arms and suck them off like she had in Godsgrace. She had been in heaven feeling each of their young juicy teenage cunts rupture and gush hot divine nectar into her greedy gulping mouth as she sucked them off in turn. She had been drunk on their sweet love juices.

How could she compete against the sand snakes’ youth and vigor, Arianne wondered with self-doubt. Arianne was proud of her own body. She knew she was beautiful except when she compared herself to the three persons she loved most. She felt old and matronly with her hourglass hips and bulging breasts.

The teens looked so lithesome and nubile to the twenty five year old woman.

She was so lost in her doubts that she did not even see the taller sand sank, Dorea, move behind her as she stood swaying letting her doubts continue to chip away at her confidence.

“Oohhhhhhh!” Arianne gasped feeling Dorea brush her hair aside off her neck and down her back. “Hhhuungggg!” Arianne choked feeling Dorea lips melding to her neck. Her niece licked and gently nibbled on the tender throat flesh as she deftly unhooked the buttons on her aunt’s dress.

“Aaawwwwggggg!” Arianne suddenly screamed in pleasure as Dorea sucked in a mouthful of sweet throat flesh. She sucked the tender flesh through her see-sawing teeth giving her aunt a vicious hickey. Dorea smiled marking her aunt as her slut. Arianne’s knee’s went weak as her body sagged back into her lover. Dorea deftly hooked an arm around the waist of her aunt to support her. Dorea smiled as she so easily seduced her aunt.

With love drunk eyes, Arianne watched her other niece excitedly ripping her own clothes off. Pieces flew all over the room. Myrcella pulled her slip over her head her long hair cascading down in beautiful waves. They turned to each other and pulled each other tight and kissed ravenously.

Arianne watched with love drunk eyes as the Sand snake and scion of House Baratheon hooked their legs and arms pulled bodies tight to each other. They ground swollen juicy pussies up and down on hips and thighs. Their cries of raw pleasure swallowed by each others mouths. Their small high firm breast mashed flat by their pulled tight bodies.

Dorea licked the bruised flesh with her wet tongue. She whispered fiercely to Arianne. “I love you so much auntie … I am going to fuck you so good Arianne … you’re mine now” she murmured
before nibbling on Arianne’s ear and suddenly jerking her dress down to her breast and with two more fabric tearing down jerks Arianne’s heavy D cup tits spilled free.

Myrcella and Loreza were in front of her now somehow. She watched with love drunk eyes as the women cupped her heavy tits. They hefted Arianne’s heavy breast up and squeezed the heavy breasts with their milking fingers. The teens rolled the heavy breast in their hands their squeezing fingers sinking deep into firm pale flesh.

The teens leaned in and down so they could swallow Arianne’s turgid nipples with slow loving sucks siphoning in the rigid long thick nipples deep into greedy teenage mouths. Myrcella and Loreza fiercely sucked on Arianne’s engorged nipples. Their cheeks hollowed out with their deep sucks. Arianne’s felt like her body was on fire. She was panting and chuffing feeling hot fire fill her swelling breast. Her throat and upper chest flushed red with hot blood and lust.

Her hair was fisted and her head jammed over towards the niece behind her. Dorea kissed her with fiery passion. Dorea’s tongue slipped between Arianne’s lips swiping her teeth. The hot tongue demanded entrance to Arianne’s mouth. It was freely given. Dorea’s tongue surged in with the granted access wetly exploring her aunt’s offered mouth. Dorea’s tongue quickly found its mate deep in Arianne’s mouth. There they danced and twined in slippery love. Arianne’s eyes rolled back in her head rolling and spasm with short jerks.

Arianne felt her dress ripped down her body. The fabric bunching on her hips for a second before the fabric fell off her hips and pool around her feet. A hot mouth latched onto her wet swollen pussy. Arianne groaned into the mouth devouring hers feeling a wet, slippery tongue lick her slit and over her clit up and down. Her tits were mashed together and smothered a face that was kissing her chest and the inside curves of her hot beasts. The mouth gave her breast licks and leaving red love bites on her creamy full rounded gourd tits.

Dorea broke their kiss for air. Arianne in a drunken stupor of lust looked down. She saw Myrcella looking up at her as her head pumped in and out her mouth attached to her aching nipple like a starving newborn babe. The teen sucked hard on the teat stuffed in her mouth. Myrcella’s hands milked pure pleasure into Arianne’s swollen tits. She could see Loreza’s head lapping furiously further below. The black hair so enchanting with the sand snakes furious motions licking her dripping snatch.

The sand snake’s tongue raked up and down Arianne’s slippery groove and lashed her rigid clit. Then the sand snake swallowed Arianne’s engorged clit and tongue lashed the shiny nubbin while she fiercely sucked the stiff clit with short hot sucks.

It was too much. "Auuoowwnnggggg! Unngghhiieeeeee!" Arianne suddenly howled. A torment of fierce ecstasy ripped its way up out of her throat, and, wincing visibly, her body convulsed jamming her cunt up into Loreza’s mouth and her back wallowing all over Dorea’s torso. "Unngghmmniiieee!" Arianne squealed, squirming, her thighs jerking, her strong legs clamping tight on Loreza’s face spastically jerking in squeezing her future wife’s face hard soaking it with her gushing cum.

"Annggyyiiee! Annggyyiiee!" the adult Martell wailed as Arianne’s body snapped and jackknifed back into Dorea’s loving embrace. Myrcella had both hands on Arianne left breast jamming her teat nearly down the teen’s throat. The teen voraciously sucked on the rock hard teat. Arianne’s elbows hammered into Dorea’s body as Arianne’s body spasmed and whiplashed back into the sand snake. Arianne’s hips jerked and rose grinding her cunt into Loreza’s mouth. . "Auungghhh! Ohnnnngggg! Aunngghhiieee!" Arianne continued to wail in shocking bliss.

Arianne’s long orgasm now was waning. The three teens supported her slumping weight for several
minutes to let her clit stop jangling. They kissed and stroked Arianne’s body hungrily. When they sensed Arianne was ready they led the staggering Arianne over to the bed.

Arianne was sat on the edge the bed and pushed back. A now naked Dorea was between her legs in a flash pushing them out and her mouth latched onto Arianne’s sloppy wet cunt. The seventeen year old quickly buried her tongue deep into her Aunt’s pussy. Dorea snuffled and tongue fucked her aunt with long strokes of her tongue deep into her Aunt’s fiery snatch. Both teen and adult groaned loudly as they made love. Dorea’s mouth scooped out tongue fulls of hot sweet cum. To get more Dorea wiggled her face to get Arianne’s drooling vulva fully covering her smacking lips.

Myrcella and Loreza flanked the woman lying on her back and sucked on her breast like starving wolves. They suckled and drawled on her nipples sucking fiercely. Their hands pumped and kneaded Arianne’s heavy breast loving the weight and heat.

For the next five minutes Arianne felt Dorea doing horribly heavenly things to her pussy. Dorea was on her knees by the side of the bed like a supplicant. Her face mashed deep into her aunt's vulva her hands gripping voluptuous hips to anchor her mouth on the wet soaked cunt she was avidly munching on. She sucked on Arianne’s clit with long and then short sucks. The sand snake worked her tongue with lightening fast swipes of the rock hard clit sucked into her mouth. The teen tongued lashed Arianne’s rock hard clit and then wormed all over the nubbin with her tongue polishing it.

The teen had slipped first one and then a second finger into the twenty-five year olds buttery cunt. Dorea pumped her first two fingers in deep up her Aunt’s tight vaginal channel. Dorea’s knuckles hammered into the adult’s wet vulva as her fingers slammed in and out Ariannes hot tight couchie. Love juice dripped off the hand that piston in out the hot wet slurping cunt of her aunt. The fingers worked the sodden cunt with expert skills. The sand snake slipped a third finger into Ariannes's pussy stretching it out tight around the fingers. Arianne's cunt gripped the deep pumping fingers in a velvet vice of slippery wet folds. Dorea worked worked her fingers hard plunging them in deep as more hot cum ran down Dorea's wrist and forearm.

Myrcella and Loreza sucked hard on Arianne’s nipples so engorged they were almost white on the tips. Her beast flushed and swelled with blood. Arianne’s chest and throat were bright red now. The twenty-five year olds body was soaked in sweat with her midnight hair plastered all over her flushed face. The teens taking turns moving up to kiss the adult deeply.

Arianne’s head ripped up and jerked forward hard in short spastic jerks on a hard spasming neck. Then Arianne slammed her head back into the bed her eyes squeezed tight shut as tears of love rolled down her cheeks. “Ongghhnnnggieeee! Aunngghhiieee! Onngggmmmmnniiieee!” Arianne wailed her body spasming hard her hips bucking up into the mouth gobbling it and finger fucking her spasming fuck hole driving her insane with pleasure. Arianne’s spasming quim clenched hard on the invading digits. “Unggghhh! Ommmngghhiimnniiieeeeee!” Arianne screamed her pure love for her nieces and Myrcella.

How could she have ever doubted their love! Yes, yes this would work!

Her orgasm fled leaving Arianne weak and soaked in sweat. Her head lulled from side to side. She was drunk on love!

Arianne felt six hands gently but firmly moving her up onto the bed and then laying her out in the middle of the bed. Arianne watched lazily as Myrcella lay down between her spread legs. Myrcella swirled her head to get here hair over her left shoulder as she put a pillow underneath Arianne’s firm voluptuous ass. Arianne watched Myrcella inhale deeply settling down. “Gods dammed your cunt smells so fucking good Baby! God I love how wet and sloppy your cunt is” Myrcella moaned.
Myrcella lowered her head down “Hhhrssllppp” Myrcella’s mouth made a wet obscene slurping sound sucking in Arianne’s upper cunt and munching on Arianne’s slimy cunt folds and clitoral hood.

“Oooggg—mmfffpphhhh” Arianne's moans were cut off as Dorea swung her knees over Arianne’s head and lowered her drooling camel toe onto Arianne’s mouth. Arianne jammed her head up spearing her tongue up deep into her niece’s cunt hole and moaned at the heat and oh so sweet taste. She gripped the girl’s slender hips and pumped her head hard up and down tongue fucking her future wife with wild abandon. My gods Arianne thought, I will be eating this pussy every night she thought wildly!

Arianne lost all track of time as she was the center of her prides loving ministrations. She spent well over an hour on her back eating out her nieces and Myrcella as they took turns sitting on her face as they rocked or swept their hips working their drooling muffins on her mouth. Gods she loved sucking them off and drinking their hot sweet cum.

Her body was flipping and jackknifing as the three teens took turns sucking and finger fucking Arianne’s cunt. Their expert skills sending the adult Martell’s cunt into convulsions and her belly into gut wrenching spasms of her harrowing orgasms. Arianne’s hips bucked wildly and her screams swallowed by the cunt currently riding her face.

Arianne was in heaven each time one of her pride mates started screaming and wildly sweeping their cunts in hard jerks back and forth over her mouth. Her mouth filled to overflowing with hot sweet cum that ran down her cheeks.

Ariana looked up over flat stomachs and whiplashing firm tits and watched her lover’s faces contort and slash. They looked so heavenly the way theirs faces twisted and snarled through their womb rending orgasms. She adored the feel of their cunts jamming down onto her mouth as their twats exploded flooding her mouth with cum.

She loved watching her pride mate’s bodies jerk and convulse so hard up over her. Their asses ground around on her throat and upper chest as they ground their cunts into her hot sucking mouth. The wet heat of their slimy pussies wallowing and riding her face was intoxicating. Her soul was in heaven drinking the ambrosia that gushed out hot teenage pussies. God she loved their cum so much!

She was in love!

Myrcella

Myrcella woke up deep in the night and looked around the room illuminated by the waxing gibbous moon. She felt Arianne half lying on her gently snoring. She started to stroke her back. She smiled broadly. She had her pride now. She had reached for the moon and gotten it.

She knew that their new house would soon be a force to reckon with. How it would happen she did not know but she felt deep inside that it would.

She pulled Arianne tighter to her as she woman moaned and wiggled into her body. She had in the middle of their lovemaking gotten the women to start saying they were making love to their pride mates along with using each other names. They were a pride now. She had all three women of her heart. She smiled lazily. They would never leave her or each other.

Myrcella looked over to the right and saw the twins all entwined legs and arms sleeping on their sides bodies pulled tight.
“Huungggggg!” Myrcella gasped feeling thick sensual lips latch onto her left nipple. A fierce suckling commenced filling her breast fill with fire!

Arianne loved her breasts for a few minutes. Arianne half sprawled on her teen lover as she sucked fiercely on her rock hard nipples.

Then her wife was between her legs pushing them out and Myrcella gagged hard feeling a long hot tongue snaking deep into her already sopping wet cunt.

Myrcella whimpered watching the teens come awake and looking at her with hot throbbing eyes as they stalked forward on their hands and knees licking their sensual lips.

She was in heaven! That was what her life was now; *heaven!*
Ice King

He stood on the hill overlooking his kingdom, small that it was. The kingdom went from one horizon to the other but it was a paltry thing compared to what was his right. This kingdom should have covered the entire world. He had tried once, to claim what his right by birth. He had failed.

But now the age of heroes was over. This time he would succeed and spread this frozen waste across Westeros and beyond.

He looked over his wights as they trained and milled around. His sons were so beautiful to watch; their sword work was exemplary. They never tired like the warm-bloods. They would achieve victory. He remembered a time, so long ago, when he had a true army to confront the armies of men. Now he had at best only several regiments of true wights. They would have to be enough.

While the force he could field was so much smaller than before, the armies of men had lost so much more. They had lost their heritage of magic that had enabled them to overcome him and his brothers. Magic was still in the very air but they were now blind to it. Though his army was small it had grown so much since the arrival of his true son. Where once his army was few now he had regiments of adopted sons to fill his ranks. He craved and needed more which he worked feverishly to increase.

His foes had lost even more. They had not only lost their magic they had forgotten even their knowledge. The weapon that was the most anathema to him and his kind had been forgotten. They had remembered fire which burned his dead like tinder and would kill even him if he was shot with enough flaming arrows or pierced with spears on fire. His dead would absorb these weapons. The great advantage of the hot bloods was their ability to breed like rats and their numbers were vast. Regardless of their casualties they would still be a problem for his small numbers. They could afford to take great losses.

He had been both shocked and so pleasantly surprised to learn upon his awakening that his enemies had forgotten the very magic they had used to defeat him over eight thousand years ago. It had been magic as much as might of arms that defeated him; now they had lost half of their might and did not even know it. If he still had had the forces he had had at his command during the Long Night he would be assured of victory, but he didn’t. That was the problem. His strength in many ways was a ghost of itself.

Only he now could raise the dead. In the past all his brothers could raise the dead along with him. With their defeat by Azor and his allies those that had not been slain outright had retreated deep into the cold permafrost that had been their mother so many ages ago. What they had not counted on was the fucking first children binding them to their mother. His brothers’ struggles had gradually died away over the ages as the very Earth that had given them birth slowly leechied away their essence. They had passed during their long imprisonment in the cold Earth.
Only he survived. He was the first, and the strongest. Long his mother strove to take his mind and essence from him, but he resisted her sweet siren call. His will was too strong to let go into the long night of the hard, cold Earth that nearly became his grave.

With time, the grip upon his body began to loosen. His mind that had been clouded slowly cleared. His will to dream slowly returned. Through many more long years of anguish did he strive to break his mother’s cruel embrace. Then, one day, he attempted to move his finger and found that he could! After more long years of struggle, he once more broke through the ground and severed his link to his greedy mother who still sought to embrace him.

The spell, while not broken, had been marred and weakened. He was free.

But only *he* was free. He was the last. His brothers were all dead.

He had started to raise a new army of sons, but they were still too young and weak to raise the dead as he did. He could only raise so many in a period of time, or he would be made weak himself again. That could never be allowed.

So he had sent out emissaries to the land of men. He promised great fortune and the rule of men that he would let live. Any man that would form an alliance with him could be king of all Westeros and in time Essos. All of Essos.

Eventually he found such a man. When he first met the man he had been so put off that he almost slew him out of turn.

He had been offended. The man was no warrior. The Ice King had expected some mighty, corrupted warrior like Bran the Builder or Azor Ahai. A man who would bring some army of rats at his side to attack his enemy from the rear. But this man was a deviant rat himself.

He had controlled his wrath and listened to the man and what he had to say. The Ice King then became thankful for his restraint. His wrath slowly turned to admiration. He was stunned by the simplicity of the man’s plan - it was brilliant. This man would use the humans’ own hot blooded ambitions, avarices and instinctive lack of trust to bring about their own downfall.

He had gazed into the ghostly ice fires he used to cool his hands and watched the flames. Like the priests and priestesses of Azor he too could read them. But where they merely glimpsed at what had been, what was, and what *could* be, the Ice King actually saw the future. Once the crime was done he would succeed. The plan was so simple it had to work.

He signed the pact in his own icy blood on the sheet. The man had left smiling, his hot heart pumping with greed and lust.

He would take great pleasure in killing the little man later on. He hated all life, but the fact that this man would betray his own kind this way made even the Ice King feel soiled. He would personally kill Peytr Baelish when he’d outlived his usefulness, and take great satisfaction from it.

Despite what the flames had assured him would happen, it had not occurred. A servant had been where none of the visions said they would be. They had overhead Baelish and Lysa in their plotting.

An elaborate trap had been set and Lysa was caught in the very act of attempting to poison Jon Arryn. She had, of course, immediately turned on her lover and conspirator, and Petyr had been executed on the spot. The simpering woman was sent to the Vale of Arryn with her weak son. The fool Hand had had too much compassion.

The Ice King had been devastated. Why had his Mother Earth sheltered him all these millenniums
and then given birth to him a second time if he was doomed to failure? His mother may have not wanted to release him but only through her embrace had he survived.

He did not have the army to conquer all of Westeros. While man had forgotten the spells used to defeat him during the Long Night, the Wall remembered. Its recollection was strong and vital. He did not have the forces to shatter that barrier in his reduced state.

He had wailed into the long night, pounding his icy fists into the hard Earth begging for a portent, for an ally that he could use to conquer the hated hot-bloods.

It was then the Croyel came to him. He had been fostering bastard children he received as offerings from Craster and male babies he stole from the Others when he came upon their newborns. He had to touch the child within twenty-four hours of their birth to mark them as his own children. They were weak, and needed to time to grow into their full maturity. He could not afford to wait. The fates had shown him how fickle they could be.

The Croyel was such a small thing. It looked in many ways like the human children he had been converting to be his bastard sons. The thing had short, stunted legs and arms, and a large head with beady yellow eyes that never blinked. His toes and fingers were claws, his teeth pointed daggers. The Croyel proved to the Ice King he was indeed a reservoir of great ability; he had been stunned at the power this tiny being held within its small baby-like frame.

The Croyel told him that together they could indeed conqueror the ends of the Earth. He had brothers, though they were few. They sought to find great entities they could bond with to achieve great victories. They, like the Ice King, hated all things that were not of the Croyel.

If the Ice King would but bond with the Croyel, they would conqueror and destroy all hated life. The Croyel was there to become his *true* son.

The Ice King had weighed his options. The Croyel had nothing to gain from killing or trying to enthral him. In its provenance of its lineage the Croyel had confessed that his kind needed the ambition of another to strive for. For all their power, they lacked the *will* to achieve anything more than mere existence. They needed a host to drive and strive for domination.

The Ice King again consulted the ice flames. They had led him astray before, but he had no other recourse. Unfortunately, the flames were of no help; the Croyel was beyond the kin of the fire.

The Ice King had bent down and patiently let the Croyel crawl feebly up his arm, and then settle onto his icy back. The frozen King cried out in pain when the Croyel’s fangs pierced the ice hard skin of his neck, sinking in deep, drinking his frosted blood while humming in satisfaction. The Croyel’s power radiated out, increasing as it dug its claws into the back and side of its new father.

The Ice King had folded in initial pain, but then rose up with a ramrod back. Power like he had never felt before raced through his ice cold veins. He *thrummed* with it. Who needed assistance? He would conqueror all before him now!

With his new son, the Ice King had achieved great things in the few intervening years. They had even raised a surprise for the Targaryen bitch if it became needed. He was able to find more bastard sons. With the Croyel to guide him he had developed other sources for the children of men he needed to create new sons. Also, with his son’s might he was no longer compelled to get a newborn boy to convert to ice sons - the age of conversion was now much older.

Best of all, his true son had been able to divine the location of the most precious of gifts - they now had the Horn of Winter in their possession. The Wall was no longer an obstacle. The horn would
unbind the magic of the Wall’s makers.

To make his work easier he had found several tools among the hated humans to help in their demise. The Ice King was always amazed at how easily he found humans willing to work with him.

Soon. Soon there would be an accounting with the hot-bloods.

The Ice King would have his vengeance.

Eddard

Eddard was sitting underneath the Weirwood in the sacred grove polishing Ice. He had run the wet stone along the edges of the great Valyrian sword, considering the history of the land that had forged the blade. They had been a mighty people indeed … and a cruel people.

He ran the oiled rag up and down the blade, then turned the sword on edge. He studied the great blade’s immaculate edge; razor sharp and deadly. He looked at the rippled steel that had so long served House Stark.

Eddard thought again of the Valyrian blade that Daenerys pulled from her scabbard. He had been shocked when it had shone a bright, pale blue, sending out a ghostly hue. He had seen that the glow seemed to come from within the blade. Even from the distance between him and Daenerys, he could see that the blue emanated from a swirling filigree pattern deep within the steel.

He remembered again the story he had almost forgotten as a youth, told by the great Arthur Dayne. Eddard remembered the first time he showed the great swordsman his blade. When Dayne was examining Ice, he had gone on about the craftsmanship. The only thing that would have made it better was if it was a rare ‘rune’ sword, he’d said. Eddard of course had asked about it.

Dayne then informed the young man that legends said that the greatest Valyrian sword smiths could embed ghostly blue runes and patterns deep into the metal and only the owner’s touch or a great dragon lord could activate them. Eddard asked if any still existed and was told that the legends said that Aegon and his sisters were the last to have such swords. Now most considered them mere myth.

He shook his head. In the confusion of combat, almost anything seemed possible.

Great Dragon Lord, Eddard said to himself. The sword could not have been made specifically for Daenerys since no such masters still lived. Just how powerful was the girl? Those who studied history knew the House Targaryen was the weakest of the Valyrian Houses. Only prophecy had saved them from the Doom.

Did the last scion of House Targaryen have the taint? Was she cruel like her forbearers? Was she fair? Was her touch gentle and loving?

…would she be good to Arya?

He had not dared to broach the subject with Cat yet. He shuddered at just the thought.

Eddard had made peace with his daughter’s destiny if indeed he was reading it right. He thought of all the vain and conceited men he had known. So far, all he had heard of Daenerys was positive. She showed mercy, and forgave at every turn. She was said to have a temper though, but, that it would quickly settle and she never held onto a grudge. A lot like me. Hopefully, not as grim. He almost smiled.
His mind played over and over the confrontation before the gates of Winterfell. The woman had
definitely been testing them and, he surmised, having a little fun at his expense. He shrugged. He
could live with that.

In many ways Daenerys seemed to be living out the hope and promise that her brother Rhaegar
Targaryen had once held. He had been quiet and fair, and while not a master at any one thing except
the arts he was still very skilled at anything he set his mind to.

If only him and his sister had not fallen in love. Eddard long ago came to accept that his sister had
not been abducted by Rhaegar, but had gone willing with him. She chose to follow her own destiny.
Eddard shuddered to think of Cersei and Robert. That could have been Lyanna.

He was so sure in his youth about following the royal duty in marriage. What if he had married
Cersei Lannister instead of Catelyn Tully? He still cringed at the notion. When he explored these
thoughts honestly, he had slowly come to the conclusion that such “duty” was, well, asinine.

He knew Robb was courting Alys Karstark from House Karstark. Their potential marriage would
not bring advantage to House Stark, but Eddard did not care anymore. Rob could marry whomever
he chose … and so could Arya.

The Stark patriarch sighed. When had life gotten so complicated?

He would never go to war again for such a silly thing as to whom one wanted to marry. The cost had
been too extravagant. Without the pressure of Robert’s rebellion maybe Daenerys’ father would not
have felt so pressured and addled. Maybe his father and brother would have lived.

Eddard would never know.

He only knew that he would do what was right for Winterfell, the North and the realm.

Eddard put aside his family dilemmas to once again focus on the great matters of his time. He needed
to meet the doom coming from beyond the Wall. He knew he had to bring Westeros to meet the
threat. The only problem was that the rest of the great houses would never march north to meet the
Wall’s need.

The Houses would have to unite and meet the threat as a closed-mailed fist and smash the
approaching danger. The only problem was the Houses did not really believe in any threat from the
Wall or beyond. The only threat they perceived was in each other. At least once every generation the
Houses would choose sides and the bloodletting would begin.

It was about time for the next generation to now have its turn at that bloodletting. A fierce grimace
crossed Ned’s face. More bloodshed for, at best, dubious reasons.

If blood was to be let, it must be for the effort against this age’s great challenge. But how?!! Only his
house had shown any proclivity to try and avoid these senseless battles. How could he get the houses
to not fight each other but instead fight against something that none of them believed in?

A most vexing problem.

Eddard put Ice back into its scabbard and got up to slowly pace before the Weirwood tree, seeking
the guidance of the old gods. He listened to the breeze sigh through the branches and leaves, his head
bowed in deep thought.

He had seen that Daenerys had bowed the rest of Westeros to her will, they were all flocking to her
court. But having houses come in peace and seeking largesse and to curry favor was one thing. To
get the houses to march in unity to fight a foe they did not believe in when almost all of them were harboring some ill will towards one another was another matter.

The Queen had not had enough time yet to unite them to her will and support it while their natural tendency was to mistrust and, at times, even attack each other. It would take time for any sovereign to fully make a realm their own. The Queen had not been in Westeros a year. She was only now proving herself to her subjects. Only now was Daenerys Targaryen beginning to instill in her subjects the desire and will to follow her no matter where she might lead them. She would not have time to make the realm truly hers before Eddard needed her at the wall with the united forces of Westeros at her back following her call to duty.

The only thing that had ever, historically, united the Great Houses was a great threat that they all could perceive. They thought of the Wall as a relic of a bygone era that protected Westeros from snarks, grumpkins, and goblins. The last time the Houses had united in any capacity had been during Robert’s rebellion, and even that had been a split division.

What Westeros needed was a threat they could see while putting fear in their hearts or if that could not be provided they needed a foe that their greed and avarice would lead them to confront and crush. The Great Houses had an innate love to bring their brothers low.

Eddard stopped pacing. He looked up to gaze at the bleeding face of the Weirwood, a rare, genuine smile coming to life on his face.

He had his answer.

Daenerys

Dany sat on a bench beside the practice yard after another exhilarating sword practice session with Barristan and Syrio. They had each attacked her in turn, pushing her to her limits. Each one had such a different style of attack.

Barriston used his broadsword as if he had been born with it from his mother’s womb. His swipes were decisive and powerful. Great sweeping blows and lightning fast jabs riding up her blade, seeking to find her flesh.

Syrio with his rapier always came forward with fast, controlled sweeps of his blade and constant forward jabs of the sword point, seeking to pierce vital organs. Each type of attack required an entirely different style of defense. They would switch off the moment one tired to continue the pressing of their offense.

Only after she had left would her sword masters speak quietly on how it was possible for their Queen to fight two grown men to a standstill for up to thirty minutes. It should not have been possible, but she did it every morning. The Queen in some ways was beyond human.

She put her glowing sword on her leg and pulled out her sharpening stone, running it along the edge of her blade. She felt her body start to relax as she once again read again the runes forged deep in the metal from her distant ancestor, reliving the truth embedded in the steel about the one her ancestor had truly loved.

Her mind drifted back five years again as it often did when she sharpened her sword. She saw in her mind her little Kisseri closing one eye, checking her little ceremonial dagger Daenerys had given her, and declaring it needed to be sharpened if she was to be Daenerys’s Blood Rider.
Daenerys had gotten Kiserri a whetstone. She had laughed softly watching the girl fumble with the stone and stomp her foot in frustration and whine until Dany had helped her get the coordination of moving the blade up the stone. She never had time to master the technique, Daenerys thought, tears running down her cheeks.

The little girl had captured her heart in those small moments.

Tyrion had returned last week, and she was glad for it. Upon her return after meeting the Reeds, she had given her Hand a set of tasks to accomplish in preparation for her return to them, whenever that may be.

He had completed diagrams for a large, wide basket that he’d given the craftsman, utilizing the same material they had been developed for the saddles, chaps, and gloves that had been made for Barristan and Belwas. She would be ready to take her charges North when summoned.

She had asked Tyrion about the Ice King. He had laughed until he saw that she was serious. He told her he did not exist, and never had. She pressed him further, and he told her what he knew of this ‘myth’, which was not much. That was not good enough for Daenerys. She wanted to know where in the realm could she find out more about this Ice King.

Tyrion had told her the Wall or the Citadel.

Daenerys needed the information as quickly as possible.

The next day a much protesting Tyrion had been placed in a modified saddle on Rhaegal’s back, winging South with express orders to learn all there was to learn of the Ice King and the dangers beyond the Wall.

Daenerys had enjoyed his loud curses even as they’d faded into the distance.

The briefings had been most educational. Tyrion had not believed the reports, but Daenerys had. She had brought dragons to life from fossilized dragons eggs – she knew anything was possible.

The next day she took her three dragons up into the sky. She told them what she wanted to do. They had shown no fear as she had asked them if they could find the Ice King, despite the fact that he would have no body heat. It was Viserion that had came up with the solution to the problem and shared with his brothers and mother.

She had done all she could on that front.

She had to sit in all the Small Council meetings in Tyrion’s absence. She had not formed enough trust in anyone else to have them step in and take on Tyron’s duties when he was off doing the Queen’s business. Syrio was not tempered for such duties and Barristan had his fill in his previous incarnation at this table. She had hoped the Small Council had reached the point she would not have to sit at every meeting. Tyrion was clearly ensconced as her Hand. All now knew with a certainty that Tyrion Lannister had the full support of the Queen.

Daenerys found many of the meetings were trite and boring, but her team by and large were starting to focus on the problems that needed joining together to come up with solutions that genuinely worked. For the first time in generations, the government was actually working for its populace. To be a King or Queen was not a right but a privilege.

Dany loved having her government actually solving problems.

Myrcella and Arianna Martell had again proven her faith in them. Dany had been upset to discover
they had traveled to the City of Tor with their Sand Snake guard on the shore of the Sea of Dorne in the midst of a breakout of the Bubonic plague. She’d briefly wondered if they were they insane. But, evidently their insanity had a purpose. They had gone into the city, and within two weeks had broken the plague.

Varys reported they had had to stare down the Dorne officials when they saw they had a doctor from Highgarden with them. The Dorne authorities had laughed at the Pride of Dorne and the Highgarden doctor when they said they would break the siege.

The small council had been so quiet then that you could hear a pin drop. Were they sorceresses? Dany knew more than one of them wondered that very thing. Varys reported that the poor and unlearned had wanted to worship them as goddesses or as powerful witches.

The truth was all in their report.

They had discovered a doctor from Highgarden that had insisted he had found the way to control the spread of the plague. He had been in Tyrosh three years ago when a breakout of the plague had hit the port. Death was all around except for one ship that had been spared amongst all the others anchored.

He had investigated the anomaly when the plague had passed. It was no coincidence, and science had the answer. The master of the ship had a phobia of rats and fleas. Because of this, he demanded his ship be kept free of vermin. His crew killed all rats ruthlessly and actively fought the fleas with all tinctures and remedies known to man. Between his cleanliness and the savage attacks on the vermin he had accidently discovered the truth. The plague traveled in rats which were naturally immune, and the fleas biting the rats spread then spread the plague to men. Keep the port and ships clean of rats and fleas, then no plague.

Problem was everyone disbelieved and mocked his discovery.

But Myrcella and Arianna had not only broken the siege of bubonic plague at Tor, Myrcella and Arianna had saved countless lives and would see many more spared in the future.

Dany was smug looking at the two men who had called them cunts. They would not meet her direct eye contact. Since they did not repeat their words and seemed to have learned the errors of their ways she overlooked their earlier slurs.

Much good was accomplished in her tedious Small Council meetings, though having to deal with Solaja Xo was barely tolerable. The woman must have been a man in a former life, Daenerys thought sourly. The woman followed her around the Small Council table with Dany constantly changing where she sat to ward her off. With Tyrion gone, Daenerys had taken to sitting in the Hand’s chair to put off the woman. The vixen had tried twice to sit on her lap in front of the first attendees of one day’s meeting. It was becoming insufferable. Dany had no desire for her, but found small joys in frustrating the woman.

Two weeks ago the Summer Islander had started to try to browbeat and bull past her blood rider guard, which they found amusing and titillating but could not go off with the woman even when she made it plain she wanted to fuck them if she could not have the queen. So Dany had switched her guard detail. Now two Dothraki guarded her door early on the first watch.

When Solaja had tried to bull in again she now had two Dothraki confronting her. They let the woman decide which one she would bed; then they reported back to Daenerys that she was a real
good fuck. She was like a wild mare. She gave great head. Was Daenerys sure she did not want to bed the mare? She often screamed her name even as they fucked her hard and deep filling her cunt and ass with their hot spurting cum.

Daenerys informed her blood riders that she was all theirs.

For a while at least, Dany had peace at night and her blood riders were now all guarding her door with Solaja occupied taking back two to her bed.

The woman must have indeed been a great fuck with that kind of stamina Dany had to concede. Her blood riders were starting to look a little pale.

The marriage proposals began flowing in, and she was able to set them aside by rightfully claiming she was still putting her kingdom together. She knew eventually they would become much more demanding, but she would deal with that then.

She missed having Tyrion to amuse her during the Small Council meetings.

With Solaja getting fucked hard every night by her blood riders, she had calmed down to some degree. She still eyed the Queen hungrily, but her step was often a little ginger from her rough DP fucking the previous night. Dany had finally felt safe in taking her normal seat at the end of the table.

Of course that put her back in the clutches of Grand Maester Harsch Lape, who was his usual banal self.

Three day ago she had snapped when he brushed the hair off her shoulder and tried to caress her neck. Her hand had whipped up and gripped his wrist in a vice lock. He had cried out in pain when she slammed his hand onto the table palm down and dug her thumb into the pressure point on the underside of his hand.

The Maester’s fingers had shot out in spasming agony. Dany whipped out her dagger with her dominant hand and faster than the eye could follow started to slam into the table with her dagger point in rapid succession between his fingers. The dagger point hit each tiny V between the Maester’s digits. Dany repeated this back and forth for half a minute.

The impact of Valyrian metal into hardened oak filled the room. The Maester whimpered, his eyes wide in shocked fear. Solaja had actually looked like she wanted to be where Lape was, which only made Daenerys’ hand move even faster.

Once she finally relented, the Maester remembered to keep his hands to himself.

**Jon**

Even Jon could feel the Ice King coming now. His advisor had been telling him that eventually as the Ice King’s power increased he too would feel him - he was Azor Ahai reborn, after all. It was true, he could feel the demon’s power pulsing, along with the ally of the Ice King that his advisors kept speaking of. It was like an evil spot on top of the deadly King. Strange how their evils pulsed so differently. The Ice King was clearly ascendant, but the other evil seemed almost a part of the King.

Jon pulled the cowl of his cloak forward covering his face in shadows. He felt the comfort of its warmth and the shadows that he found he craved now. His brothers had betrayed him with their attempted assassination. The Crows of the Nights Watch had proved to have shadows on their hearts. Those shadows had crept into Jon’s heart now. It seemed they all had half-truths they wanted to
cherish in the shadows of their hearts. Jon Snow had tired of his brothers but he was a Stark and he would fulfill his duty to the order and to the realm.

He asked his advisors what the new evil was. If the Ice King had a new ally they needed to know about it. Even after studying the flames the nature of this new force could not be divined. They had studied many years to learn of the demons that plagued man, and they had never seen this before. It was almost as if this was the first appearance of this type of demon within the sphere of man.

For now, they would not be able to provide any assistance or knowledge on how to defeat this new entity. His advisor had been frustrated in not being able to provide more information to the Commander of the Night’s Watch.

Last night his confidents and advisors had come to him excited. They were sure they had come up with a way to spy in the very camp of the Ice King. They could finally provide Jon with the intelligence and proof to his father of the true situation.

When the detailed what they hoped to accomplish Jon had at first refused. It was too dangerous! If they were caught they would be killed and worse yet raised as part of the Ice King’s army. That was unacceptable. While their courage was commendable the risk was simply too great. They had slowly convinced Jon that he had no choice. The needs of the many outweighed the needs of the few.

They wanted and, more so, needed to do this for Jon. They needed to help him protect his realm. Jon finally relented. Jon in the end had no choice but to send his advisor and oracle into the very camp of the enemy. No matter the risk the gambit had to be taken. The threat to the realm was that great.

Jon could not afford to worry about what he could not change. He would focus on what he could affect.

His relocation of the Wildlings was proceeding apace. He had unilaterally given them the Gift along the Wall. He had done so in secret, but of course word was already leaking out, despite the fact that the wildlings had been honorable.

With his allowing the Wildlings passage through the Wall they had gladly taken to the duty on guarding it, and to helping with the rebuilding of the old Crow forts. Some were in much more disrepair than others. Jon Snow had just received excellent reports of progress from Deep Lake, Icemark and Long Barrow. His brothers were upset he was naming Wildlings to lead many of the repaired forts but he no longer really cared. The Wildlings more than any other people in Westeros understood the threat that was coming to attack them. They had suffered directly from its evil touch.

Since his attempted assassination by his own brothers his former dedication to the old rules had slipped. He was doing everything he could to save them and the Wildlings and they had tried to stab him to death.

Something like that that tended to change a man. He now viewed his brothers as a burden that he could not wait to set aside. That is, if he lived through the coming trials that his oracles told him he would have to face.

Jon felt much closer to his two advisors than his former Night’s Watch ‘family’. He now thought of his advisors as his family now. His brothers of the Watch had sacrificed that right with their attempted murder of him. It was these two that had saved him from his supposed ‘brothers’. The crows resented his new confidants but they had lost any right they had to dispute him nearly two years ago.

Jon stopped contemplating the sins of the past and focused himself on the near future. They must be
ready for the Ice King when he came South in earnest to fight and attempt to take down the Wall and flood South. They must be stopped here, or the carnage would be horrible. The Ice King must be confronted before his forces had the opportunity to disperse and wreak havoc on the unsuspecting populace of the South lands.

Jon had been keeping his father constantly informed of all that his oracles was able to perceive with their divinations. His father had not wanted to believe at first, Jon could tell, but his father was a Stark and deep down from his first report of the Ice King Eddard Stark had believed.

Jon had told his father that the Ice King was becoming stronger and his numbers growing quickly. That he had found some supernatural ally that was greatly aiding him.

Jon told his father that he must rally all of Westeros to the defense of the Wall. Jon knew in some ways he had given his father the hardest of all jobs - to convince a recalcitrant Westeros of a threat they did not believe in.

Jon had to pray to gods he was no longer sure he believed in that his father succeeded. Jon did not have the forces to even long delay the coming darkness. The crows and wildlings were simply not enough. They needed the might of arms from all the Houses to fight the coming battle.

On top of this, their supplies were being consumed at a frightening fate. The armies of the South would have to arrive at the proper time, else, they would soon starve.

His father had yet to find a way to unite and bring the Great Houses North. Time was running out.

Jon took a moment to reflect on the inevitable confrontation with the Ice King himself. His most powerful advisor and oracle had told him since their first meeting that only the Dragon, Azor Ahai reborn and the Direwolf combined could defeat the Ice King. That they must fight him as one.

His advisor had convinced him that the Dragon was ready. Her ordeal in the desert had given her the hardening of body and mind and filled her spirit with resolve. Daenerys Targaryen was ready to lead the charge of the forces of light.

Jon had no issue with that. He had no desire for fame or glory; others could lead. He was content with just being allowed to confront the Ice King like his long ago progenitor. Jon pulled his Valyrian sword from its scabbard. Its first sheaths had quickly melted from the heat of Long Claw reborn into the sword of Azor Ahai.

Again his oracles had come to his aid. They had taken a scabbard from the armory. They then inscribed magical runes and placed magical spells into the metal to strengthen the metal and give it the heart to withstand the heat of Jon’s blade reborn. When he put the scabbard on his back he did not even feel the heat always pulsing in his red glowing sword.

Once removed from its scabbard, it became a blade of fire, the tongues of flame licking off the blade nearly six inches.

Jon was still had a hard believing he was the true Azor Ahai reborn but he would gladly take his sword into combat to fight the Ice King. He was transformed but he was still learning to have the pure faith in his destiny. Even with his doubts he was ready. His assassination and then trial by fire had indeed forged Jon Snow into something other than what he had been. He put his sword back in its enchanted scabbard. He felt both of the old glory of past ages and yet reborn into something new. He was focused and ready to meet his personal challenge in this tableau.

He did feel like he had been reborn as a new weapon to fight the forces of night and death.
The weak link was his sister, Arya Stark. She was developing apace but she was not ready to do what would be necessary. Arya needed honing of her skills, increasing her strength and developing even further her iron will. She was supposed to be forged as Jon and Daenerys had been.

Was she strong enough to meet her destiny without flinching? Would Jon’s sister have iron will to throw herself into the breach of seemingly unsurmountable odds and not care? Would she have the strength and will to persevere against all odds?

Jon was not sure he was, and he had been forged in fires of pain and anguish. Arya may have had hurt feelings and had her wings clipped, but she had never suffered like Daenerys and himself.

The Oracle spoke: “I fear Jon Snow. You sister has not been forged. I fear she will not be able to perform her part. Only great pain and anguish can kindle greatness.” She said sadly.

“I know. I too fear that she might fail when the time comes. I love my sister, but I doubt she can take on her part in the final battle.”

His other advisor had heard enough. “Stick that head of red hair of yours in that fire you love so much, Oracle. Don’t either of you know that there is also love in the world? Look at us. Love does in indeed conquer all. You know nothing Jon Snow … nor you, Melisandre.”

Sansa

Sansa was getting very tired of having to work behind the curtains to operate the levers of influence and power even though she had been happy to help her brother woo the lass from Karhold. She had been helping Rob arrange secret meetings and when the families visited each other, which was often since her father had insisted on holding so many councils with his many lords as of late. Sansa helped run interference to let the two smitten lovers find time alone.

Even though she would have done this regardless, she was sure to use the fact she was helping her brother to make sure she was given what she wanted in return.

Robb hadn’t once argued, so thankful that their father had not found out yet of his wooing of Alys.

She had to get the news of what was occurring from Robb. It galled her that she was not allowed in on the council sessions; she had a mind as sharp or sharper than any man in those rooms. She silently fumed, but used her anger to help her to focus. She needed to shape events as much as she could to help those most dear to her.

From Robb, Sansa had learned that their father considered the true danger of their time to be North of the Wall. This surprised Sansa since she believed that any true danger from the North had long ago perished in the cold nights.

It was obvious her father did not share her views. He was always much more prone to the mystical where Sansa only believed in the hard, cold facts that could stand up to the light of day, not half-formed tales heard in the deep of night.

Sansa knew that the other houses would never march North to the defense of the Wall. The rest of Westeros thought too much like she did. She had to wonder who was right. Did one follow their intellect and fact, or the mystical and their instincts?

In the end, it did not matter. The Wall was always the responsibility of the North. Were not the Stark’s and their allies the equal of all challenges?
Her and Robb were talking in the hall when Robb got an urgent message from their father to meet him in the Lord’s Hall. Sansa and her brother looked at each other, and Robb nodded.

He owed Sansa.

He swept into the room where his father waited with his most trusted advisors and heads of at least one third of his lords. He was animatedly explaining that he had figured out how to get the South to come North to fight for the Wall.

This Sansa had to hear. They all gathered around the table, Sansa taking her place beside Robb.

Eddard looked up and saw Sansa at the war table. She was there as she if she belonged. She fiercely held her ground, refusing to shy from his eye. Robb was looking very nervous. Eddard kept eye contact with Sansa for a few long moments.

Apparently satisfied, Eddard gave his oldest daughter the slightest of nods and called the meeting to order.

He started to detail the danger. Sansa felt her heart clutch. The Ice King? Her father was so certain. But he was nothing but a tale to scare miscreant children into obedience and get them in bed at night. He could not exist after so many years. She saw that many around the table thought the same. They were of the North and would serve but still they doubted.

So she asked the question that everyone else was too afraid to ask. Her heart soared and her back went even straighter when her father smiled at her for giving him the opening he was looking for. He responded by asking “Why else build a wall of Ice seven hundred feet tall and anchored by ancient magic. For humans?” He asked them to think it through. For the next half hour Eddard detailed all the information that Jon had been sending to him.

There were no doubters left. These people grew up with the Wall as a cornerstone of their life.

Then her father told them he had come up with a plan to draw the South up to the wall. His plan was audacious and dangerous. He would need be careful with the timing… and he would need to send an emissary to help sow even more doubt in the Great Houses and yet still bring the Queen on board as an ally. It would be a most difficult balancing act but he thought it could succeed if they executed his plan properly.

If an emissary of sufficient importance was sent then that would force the new Queen to pause to consider what the “mad” Starks were doing. They would need someone who would be sincere, likely to be believed by the Queen. Eddard would time his march to begin immediately after the arrival of the emissary. Eddard asked for suggestions. This person, unfortunately, could not be told of the true nature of the plan, as one wrong slip of the tongue could ruin everything. The message must be delivered along with the scroll that would be delivered to the Queen upon the arrival of the emissary.

Eddard had grimaced as he told them that sometimes one had to play the Game of Thrones.

Arya mooning and walking on clouds while thinking of a certain Targaryen Queen immediately came to Sansa’s mind. She knew just who to send.

The meeting continued on with suggestions being offered for the emissary. Sansa wanted to discuss her thoughts with her father in private. It was her sister all.

When the meeting ended and the members of the meeting started to file out Sansa asked her father if he could stay back for a few minutes. She had a personal matter to ask.
Her heart warmed like it always did when her father graced her with that soft almost shy smile.

Eddard

Eddard watched his daughter waiting for the room to empty. He was not sure what this was about. Was it about a suitor, or her mother? Something about the emissary?

“Father, I know just who we can send.” Sansa told him.

Sansa paused while Eddard waited a few long moments “Well, Sansa, tell me. You have proven to be quite innovative with your thinking. I can’t wait to hear who you think we should send. Robb? Theon?”

“Father, I think we should send Arya. You’ve seen how she is mooning over the Targaryen. She would be perfect!” Sansa said, excited at her own thinking and how clever she was being.

“She will thank us for this Father! Everyone with eyes that see can see how love struck Arya is.” Eddard watched his daughter chuckle. “I never thought I would see that! Arya will leap at the opportunity to go south and be your emissary and meet the new Queen. You know Arya … she’ll make quite the impact with her introduction to the Queen. She’ll probably try to impress the Targaryen with her bowmanship or something like that.”

Eddard watched his daughter calmly.

On the inside he was reeling.

“Sansa—That again is brilliant outside the box thinking” Eddard told his daughter softly.

He watched Sansa throw her shoulders back straighter at the praise.

“And extremely dangerous for Arya … you know the game we are playing with the Queen … she could kill Arya right out for our treason.”

Eddard sadly watched his daughter’s face fall and shoulders slump. She needed to learn the iron will of command.

“I’m sorry father. I didn’t think it through. I was being a silly romantic girl and not a mature leader who just happens to be a woman. Can you forgive me?”

Eddard gave her his patented half smile half grimace “I told you Sansa it is brilliant and that is why we are going to do it.”

“What? NO! We will not be putting Arya in danger!”

“Sansa, calm down.”

Sansa was still agitated, walking around waving her arms saying how stupid she had been.

“Sansa, we are going to send Arya south to be our emissary and so she can win the Queen’s love. I should have seen it for myself, but my male ego got in the way.”

His daughter stopped dead in her tracks and looked at her father strangely.

“What did you say?”

“Sansa I have not shared with you, Robb or my other advisors all the intelligence I receive. Some of
it was seemingly irrelevant to our current crisis. Also, what I am about to tell you is of Daenerys Targaryen’s personal desires. Desires that normally have no part of a battlefield. One of the persistent rumors you hear constantly about the Queen in Essos, especially early on in her conquest was her … how should I say it—she fucked women, not men … I think the Queen is for some reason trying to hide it now, but she is gay Sansa—just like our wild wolf Arya.”

“You accept that?” Sansa answered back in a small voice.

Eddard wondered at his daughter’s strange reaction.

He took a deep calming breath. “I have been working at it for a long time now. I had my fears for a long time. Then the more I thought about it I wondered why I should fear it? Arya is who she is. She has chosen a difficult road. I’m just thankful that you have chosen a more straight path.” Eddard spoke, not seeing the double meaning.

“You’re thankful I’m straight and not gay like Arya.” Sansa spoke in a strange, strangled voice.

Eddard looked at his daughter. He tried to make a small joke “I think having to deal with one gay daughter is quite enough for one family, don’t you think?” he chuckled and came over and squeezed his daughter’s shoulder.

He wondered why she looked somewhat ill.

“It was Bran’s prophecies while he was in his deep sleep after his fall that made me fully see the truth. To see that Arya and Daenerys would be lovers. Now we can make it happen.”

“What do you mean?” Sansa said in a far away voice.

“What Bran kept saying throughout his coma. ‘The direwolf and dragon must lie together’. Your mother and everyone else assume it means that our two Great Houses will work together. That is not what it means. Not with our Arya. The words tell the truth.”

Eddard could see doubt in his daughter’s eyes.

“But what if it Robb that is destined to be the Queens consort? I think you are taking an extreme leap of faith, father.”

“Sansa, you need to learn to trust your instincts. I fully trust mine. The Queen is gay and our daughter is gay. Bran says the “the wolf must lie with the dragon”. His words while in his dream state often varied but the meaning remained the same. In this one phrase he never varied ‘wolf must lie with the dragon.’ If he had meant something else Sansa, Bran would have said other words with the same meaning.”

“We have two gay women of Great Houses. Our Arya is meant for the Queen. I am ashamed to think I did not see the correctness of sending Arya to the Queen myself. I am in your debt yet again, daughter.

“I have seen the Queen’s eyes. She is a fair woman. She will not harm our little Arya. She will take Arya as a hostage and someway, somehow, Arya will make our new Queen fall in love with her. I can feel it. I have prayed in the Godswood and the way the branches swirl and whisper in the breeze I know they agree.

“This will make all that was prophesied happen. Thank you Sansa.”

“And if you are wrong?”
Eddard took a deep breath “Then I will suffer the sin.”

“It is my idea.”

“But I am championing it, Sansa. These are great times. We must take great risks. What do you think Arya’s answer will be no matter the risk? She has, in a way, lived her whole life for this moment. Let’s not deny her destiny.”

Eddard watched his daughter smile a small smile. He knew she felt her sister’s potential danger acutely but she would learn to take chances as all great leaders must.

He would never have sent Arya South if Bran had not already told them the path to take.

Sansa looked at him “I had not considered that the Game of Thrones had such risks … it has all seemed only a game, in a way.”

“It is Sansa and you seeing this tells me you are indeed going to be a master at it … always consider all the angles and ramifications. You must do this to make the best decisions for all involved.”

Eddard sensed the conversation was finished and started to move out of the room.

“Father?”

Eddard stopped beside Sansa and turned to look at Sansa.

“It truly doesn’t bother you that Arya is gay?” his daughter asked in that strange strangled tone again.

Eddard gave her his small smile “Not anymore, Sansa.” He paused and attempted to lighten the mood “Just don’t you go and make your mother and me disappointed in you.” He said as he started to move out of the room, squeezing his daughter’s shoulder showing his love in the jest.

Not looking back he did not see the stricken look on Sansa’s face.

**Arya**

Arya walked the box across her room and set it resolutely down on the floor. She climbed on top of it and stood up on toes, leaning forward as her arms came up and around making a hoop. She leaned her face forward and puckered her lips. Her eyelids fluttered as she made a kissing noise and then, suddenly, she was wind milling her arms and fell off the box.

_Dammit!_ Arya thought. Why did Daenerys Targaryen have to be so tall?

Arya picked up the box and went back across the room, then considered the walk with the box she had just finished. That would not do. She turned around, putting some wiggle in her walk, swaying her slender hips. She put the box down and climbed up with a sultry look. _Much better_. She felt much sexier as she looped her arms around her imaginary lover and practiced smooching.

She practiced a few more times. She was just beginning to feel confident when she had a distressing thought - what if there were no chairs or boxes when they met?

She pondered her dilemma. She stood before her imaginary, tall Queen and bent her knees deep, then jumped up high and looped her arms up to catch the back of the pale Queen’s neck. She practiced this for a minute.

Arya thought his might have some merit. She would have to loop her strong legs around the Queen’s waist and then clench her body against the Queen’s. She would _feel_ Arya’s warm body pressed to
her. She would feel her puffy nipples and wet pussy jammed into her stomach as she shimmied up to kiss the Targaryen silly. Yes. She would use her body to seduce the Queen.

Wait a minute! They would be fully clothed. *She would not feel how wet she made me!* Arya wondered if she could ask for a private initial meeting. Then she could strip down and jump up on the Queen. Yes, that might work. No, wait a minute! The queen would still be fully clothed. That might be a problem.

Arya pondered the truly meaningful questions of her time.

Then a frightful thought crossed her mind.

Arya ran to her closet and pulled out the many dresses that her mother had had commissioned for her to wear to impress suitors. Dresses she had always refused to wear! They were frilly, lacy things that made her heart beat cold. She felt a cold sweat running down her back holding them one by one up to her body and looking at the full length mirror on one wing of her dressing screen.

She moved over to her dresser, categorizing all the makeup that she almost never used at all, at most just a little on special occasions or to cover bruises.

What if the Queen was a woman who wanted her woman to be in dresses and in full makeup? What if Daenerys wanted a *girly girl*? Arya nearly fainted at the thought. She sat down on the bed with a queasy stomach. *No,* that *couldn’t* be.

A warrior queen would want a warrior at her side. Yes. Yes, that was right. Like attracted like, Arya thought desperately to herself. Arya saw the irrefutable logic of her thoughts and felt much better about her situation. She put the dresses haphazardly back in the closet.

But maybe Daenerys was the type of woman that wanted to conquer her woman. Arya got in the middle of the room and practiced batting her eyelashes and making girly noises as she exposed her neck in submission, displaying her desire to be mounted and taken. She giggled and swished her hips.

Arya was feeling a little queasy again, but she would do what she had to do to get her woman. That calmed the Stark as she continued practicing being the coquette. She would let the Queen be the passionate suitor and her the damsel to begin with if that was what it took to capture her Queen. Once she had the woman in bed… she would show her how a wolf *really* behaved.

Arya paused a moment. She sure hoped she knew what a wolf did in bed. She looked around, gnawing her lip. She guessed she would just have to wing that part. She howled into the night and Nymeria howled back, and Arya suddenly felt much more confident.

Arya eyed where her imaginary six-foot-six Queen stood. The Queen stood patiently waiting for her wolf to declare her adoration for her.

Arya thought of how a wolf would declare its passion, tapping her foot. Ruminating, Arya decided a wolf would spring upon its mate.

Arya took off forward, springing high in the air with arms forming a hoop as she pounced on her future Queen and mate.

Daenerys
Daenerys walked around her personal quarters making sure all was ready. The servants had come in fifteen minutes ago with the spread of food on the back table. The food was mainly a light repast of finger foods and bowls of chopped up melons and various berries along with cherries. A large bowl of tossed salad - lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers and peppers all diced and mixed together.

Dany smiled at the large tub of locusts that had been set up on a step stool by the chaise that sat before the fireplace. She had to make sure that Strong Belwas was not left in a ‘famished’ state. Daenerys looked around again. She spied the poker deck of cards and chips on the main table. Tonight she would win!

The Queen wanted her Klutch of Confidantes meetings to be both a meeting of advisors but more importantly a meeting of friends. She treasured these times with her most trusted friends.

Dany moved to the mirror over her dresser and admired herself. She had to admit she was one hot woman in her Dothraki garb. She wore the traditional vest unhooked, allowing her breasts to move freely. She wore a short skirt that barely covered her ass and coochie. Her feet and lower legs were strapped into riding sandals. She had a medium width belt on with a bronze medallion that depicted a rearing mare throwing its hooves at the sky. She missed the days when she rode thus on the back of Silver.

She had been so free and alive then. She was happy then but she at times felt hemmed in by the strictures of being Queen of Westeros. She loved the open sky and the feel of a horses’s gait between her legs. She pressed her thighs together loving the friction. She missed her harem she had had when she was Khaleesi.

Daenerys Targaryen never wanted to forget her time as Khaleesi of Khal Drogo’s Khalasar. It was there that her desire and dreams of conquest and becoming the Mother of Dragons was born. It was there that she first dreamed of being great. She had begun to dream there to become Queen of Westeros. Now she was that and so much more.

There was a polite knock on the door and she was broken out of her reverie. Daenerys shook her head and went to answer the door. She opened it and spotted her closest friends together talking and laughing together. She felt warmth rush through her at seeing her friends so relaxed with each other. Most of them had known each other for over five years, and the newest addition fit effortlessly right in.

They all streamed in laughing except for Missandei. She was looking down nervously. There Daenerys observed her caracal, Shadowclaw. The cat looked at her with its yellow eyes. The cat was roughly thirty-five pounds and over three feet long, and about twenty inches tall at the shoulders. It had a short tail and large ears, each ear adorned with black tufts nearly two inches long on the tips.

Shadowclaw’s fur was a tawny brown with red highlights. Its sides and back lined with black streaks. Her belly was covered in white fur that ran up her throat to her chin. Black lines ran from her eyes to the nose. Her fur coat was short and very dense. Her ears were lightly colored in the front black at the back.

Daenerys looked from the cat’s intelligent pupils back up at Missandei. Her interpreter cleared her throat.

“Can Shadowclaw join us? She whines something frightful when I leave to come to our Klutch meetings. She then gives me the cold shoulder and offended eye for the next day. She really wants to join us.”

The cat came over to Daenerys and rubbed up against her legs and purred lightly. Dany had always
liked the cat.

“I would be pleased to have your caracal join us, Missandei.” The Queen bent down and scratched the cat behind her ears, its purrs nearly shaking the cat on its feet. The Queen got up and stepped aside, and the cat sauntered in like she owned the whole castle. She now probably thought she did.

Missandei and Dany came last into the room. Jhago resumed his position as guard at the door. The five Unsullied ranged up and down the royal halls on constant patrol. Dany closed the door behind her.

They all put together a plate of food and walked to the table except for Strong Belwas. He went to ‘his’ chair and sat in it, then devoured his heaping plate of food all the while saying he was famished and nearly was too weak to put food in his mouth. He gulped his food down like a famished dog, chasing it down with mead.

Missandei had set down a plate with carved ham and roast on the floor. The cat nibbled on its meal, her tongue constantly licking her lips, enjoying her repast.

Soon Belwas was finished with his first course and had started to stuff his mouth with his ever sought after locusts. He hummed and gave out moans of gluttonous glee eating his insects.

This caught Shadowclaw’s attention and the cat wandered over and sat on its haunches, looking up expectantly at Belwas for some locusts. The man looked down at the cat. “Go away! I need to eat to replenish my depleted reserves. I am weakened unto death!”

“Meow.”

“No. I refuse your entreaties. I am immune to your pretty eyes! They are all for me!”

“Meow?”

Shadowclaw turned her head slowly right and left looking at the handfuls of locust being stuffed in the eunuch’s mouth. The cat licked its lips.

“I will not give in!”

“Meow”

“Never!” Belwas bellowed as Daenerys watched the interchange. He went to stuff another handful into his mouth and a big locust slipped from between his fingers, hitting the ground.

Shadowclaw pounced on it and got it between her paws, lying down and chewing the head off and slurping the stub of the thoracic with her tongue. She chewed and gnawed the locust until only one foot fell to the ground.

She then looked up, and Belwas accidentally let another locust slip through his fingers. The caracal swiped the locust into her paws as she gnawed happily.

Whenever she ate a locust, Belwas ‘accidentally’ dropped another locust to the floor. The man never dropped locusts till tonight.

Daenerys chuckled. *Softie.*

Her and her other companions enjoyed their light meal talking of the days events and sharing funny anecdotes, their laughter tinkling in the night air. Daenerys treasured these times with her closest
friends.

She worked with Tyrion on designing a campaign of education on hygiene and beginning the control and hopeful eradication of rats and other vermin. She wanted to drill more wells in the poor quarters for the populace. She also talked to Tyrion about water towers like she had seen in Volantis for public baths to help promote hygiene and health. This would reduce medical costs for the realm and for individuals. The reduction of sick days would increase productivity. This would put more money in merchants pockets, and increase wages for the working man. More wages would provide more taxes. A healthy realm would be a happier kingdom.

With Syrio she planned for a training schedule for her troops. She was starting to cycle her Essos troops back to their homes and wanted her remaining troops in top physical condition and cross training disciplines to improve their martial prowess against foes they had not faced before.

She had learned to value asymmetrical warfare on her march across Essos and wanted to start teaching it to her armed forces.

They talked for another thirty minutes before it was time for poker. Dany had pulled the servants bell that sounded down in the kitchen. The servants came up and cleaned off the food from the table.

Daenerys looked over at Strong Belwas. As per usual by now he was leaned back on his chaise, snoring as he slept. She and Missandei got up and spread out over his rotund form several throw blankets. He smiled up at them sleepily. Daenerys felt her heart clutch. He was like a little boy.

They went back to play their game. They laughed and played hands of poker with a lot of jibbing and taunts. It was good night for a change as she was winning most of the hands. She loved seeing Tyrion with the sour look on his face.

Daenerys looked over at Belwas and touched Missandei’s arm, pointing over to the fireplace. Missandei’s face split into a big smile. On Belwas’s stomach lay Shadowclaw. She had her hind limbs on one side of his stomach and her head and front legs hanging down the other side of his big belly - fast asleep.

Daenerys went back to her game with a big smile on her face.
What Should Have Been

Chapter 11
What Should Have Been
Melisandre

Six years ago

... prophecies are so subtle and dangerous. The inevitability of a prophecy once heard. History is full of mighty heroes, great houses, fighting to avoid their fate, and, thus, only ensuring they fulfill their prophecies of doom and destruction. Westeros had its prophecy ... one of death, one of destruction; one of doom and potential victory at the birth of Spring but so much pain, so much loss ... Strife and discord the crucibles of destiny; the fires that create greatness... The death of Jon Arryn was prophesied by seers of old. His death would spring forth great events and great devastation BUT eventual victory over the forces of darkness and death. The seers say that only great suffering and supreme heartache can forge the strongest human metal ... ... Jon Arryn did not die ... ... now the fates are in disarray! Can victory still be achieved? The price would have been great, but, would it not have been worth it to overcome the Wight King? ... ... I wonder ... what new prophecy will arise from the ashes of what might have been ... will a new Phoenix arise ... one with a nobler more enlightened vision ... one of Hope ... one of Reclamation ...

Melisandre again looked over what she had written. She looked down at the parchment, and then out into the dark skies of Asshai. The sounds of unspeakable monsters were loud in the distance, but that was not what had disturbed her soul so. She picked up the parchment and read her words again, musing over the news that had just reached her from Westeros.

She was a rogue witch among her kin - she walked her own path. The other powerful mages saw no reason to trouble themselves with events on the other side of the world. They were unconcerned that the prophecy had not come true.

The match had not been struck that was to launch the war of resolution. The war that was to forge the heroes in that far, distant land into the weapons they were destined to be. They needed this forging to become what was needed to defeat the rising enemy of ice and darkness.

Her fellow warlocks and witches simply didn’t care. So what if Westeros was reduced to a frozen waste? They were safe; the danger a world away. If the problem came east, they would take care of it then.

Light would always defeat night. The one was stronger than the other, always. It was hogwash that this “Wight King” could cause permanent night and winter. The world turned around the sun. Spring followed winter, summer followed spring, fall followed summer and finally winter followed fall. The seasons had always been thus, and would always continue to be.

Melisandre tried to make them see that this was something new. Their people had not yet achieved enlightenment from R’hllor when last this menace arose. Something had released it from its icy grave. That was as frightening as the rising of the Wight King himself – the question of how had he been released.
And the answer terrified her.

The seers had foreseen this moment for three centuries. A Falcon that had a hand for its right talon would die poisoned, while trying to defend a stag drunk in a river of wine. The Falcon killed by the mockingbird with a poisoned berry, the Stag gored by a boar while crossing the river of wine.

Finally, all the right persons were in place for fulfillment of the prophecy. Melisandre had waited for word that Jon Arryn the Falcon had been poisoned by Petyr Baelish the Mockingbird. She had foreseen in her flames that this man was cunning, devious and extremely intelligent. He would succeed in his schemes and in doing so, ignite war.

It was the war that would forge the three young scions of three of the mighty Houses of that far away land. The war would eventually take the dragon reborn Stannis Baratheon up north to the wall to confront the Ice King.

It would be Melisandre’s duty to help him become Azor Ahai. She had been prepared to make her journey.

The seers had been so sure, and so had Melisandre. She was so sure of the destiny proclaimed in the flames. She could write great novels from her visions; visions of war, and the forging of great heroes through pain and suffering.

Then the news came to Asshai that Petyr Baelish had been executed; his accomplice caught in the attempted act of poisoning her husband. Melisandre had been shocked and dismayed.

Jon Arryn’s death had been absolutely necessary. It had been guaranteed by the flames. How could she and all the seers have been so wrong?

Despite this misstep, the seers remained undisturbed. Visions were always difficult to interpret. This time they had been wrong. “Get over it Melisandre,” was their sage advice.

She had not argued. What could she say? Her soul had turned to ice. There would be no forging. Stannis would not move north to be near the Wall. There would be no Azor Ahai reborn. One event presaged the next and now none of them would occur.

She was no longer sure, but in her initial readings of the flame besides Stannis Baratheon, Daenerys Targaryen had been the most crucial to the defeat of Night. She saw that the girl was to be slowly forged into a great leader. But as always, the flames were very difficult to read. She would focus on Stannis, and then see confusing images of a silent albino direwolf and a crow wielding a bastard sword.

The Targaryen also caused conflicting images. She kept seeing dragons with the girl. It was clear that Stannis on Dragonstone was the heir to dragons; not some wisp of a girl who was obviously weak and of no account.

Then, Melisandre saw the girl slowly becoming stronger in her rule. She began filled with doubt, unsure of herself and that made her seem less than she was. But she would, over time, grow to be a strong leader. Her strength would slowly increase as she wound her way back to her homeland.

Melisandre saw in the flames that this woman would amass a large army.

She assumed that in time Stannis Baratheon and this Targaryen would wed and create a new rule in Westeros after they defeated the Ice King.

Melisandre had also seen a bitch direwolf who would lose its face and forget itself for a while before
putting its face back on. This strange direwolf would be instrumental in the final garroting of the Ice King.

For some reason in her flames she kept seeing the Dragon and the Direwolf lying together when it clearly should have been the Stag and the Dragon. Melisandre mused that after two thousand years, the flames could still be confounding even to a strong mage such as herself.

With the death of Peytr Baelish, all of that would be lost.

The flames had shown her that only with the war of five kings could all the pieces be forged and put in the right places of where and when they would be needed.

The children would not be forged, and the future Azor Ahai would have no reason to move north. Her flames told her this stern man would reject her out of hand if she approached him without the goad of war to spur him into action. His sense of honor and the lack of danger would keep him in Dragonstone.

She was paralyzed with doubt. She finally decided that she would remain in Asshai and study even more deeply into the flames.

All of her time was thrown into the flames she loved.

She would continue looking into them, and hope for improved divination.

**Five years ago**

Melisandre stared into the flames in total despair. The forces of darkness were indeed going to triumph over R’hlhlor and light. She was lost in her soul. And of course, her fellow witches and warlocks saw no reason to feel any discord.

Melisandre had used the last year to begin a journey to a much clearer understanding of the path that R’hlhlor meant for his pieces on the chessboard to take. Pieces that she was sure were of great value before now plagued her with grave doubts. Her vision had become quite clear on one thing, though: Daenerys Targaryen was both Queen and King. She was the lynchpin of destiny.

It was around her which all things would spin. This last scion of the Dragon was the force that would rally Westeros to victory with her leading the forces of light. She now knew that Stannis was *not* the one who would lead. She had begun to doubt that he was Azor Ahai, as well. She had let mere geography cloud her interpretation of the flames.

Daenerys Targaryen was indeed the mother of dragons. When the rumors reached Asshai that she had hatched three dragons, Melisandre’s world had been rocked to the core. When she next looked in the flames she had cursed herself a fool. The flames clearly showed a white haired woman riding a black behemoth of a dragon. The woman was always at the forefront of battle, leading the forces of R’hllor to victory.

She would find Azor reborn and a direwolf and lead them into battle with her. Together they would defeat the Ice Wight King. They would be needed. Her visions in the flame had become even more dark and dire.

Some lost denizen of the dark night had formed an unholy union with Ice King, and his power had grown exponentially. He would lead his forces south with great prosecution and vengeance. His forces were growing mighty indeed.

The only positive from Jon Arryn’s life not being forfeit was that regicide did not occur in Westeros.
The mighty Houses were still intact, and their power would be brought to bear against the Ice King. Their downfall was that they had forgotten magic. They would not be able to withstand the magic that the Ice King would bring to bear against them should war be waged.

That was where she, Melisandre, would step in. She would be limited by their lack of belief and unwillingness to make the necessary sacrifice to R’hllor, but she would make do. She would throw herself in the breach and sacrifice her life to provide the magical assault against their common foe.

She would ensure that Azor Ahai would be reborn, whomever he was, and lead him to the Wall to meet his destiny along with the Dragon and the Direwolf.

Or at least, that’s what she had planned to do. That was finished now. The war had been lost before it had even started. Darkness would consume and defeat the forces of light. First Westeros would fall, and then in time Essos as well. The forces of night, ice and death would be marching ever eastward until even Asshai was cast into eternal night and frozen death.

She would almost enjoy the looks on her fellow magi faces as they were cast down. She would laugh into all of their disbelieving faces as they fell before the unstoppable Ice King.

The Dragon had fallen.

With her death, all hope was gone. Only her fire, passion and light could withstand and conquer the forces of darkness. She was not a follower of R’hllor, but she would do his bidding regardless and defeat his eternal enemy.

The flames had shown her the horrible truth. The girl was the key. She had survived so many perils to begin her road of self-discovery. Melisandre had felt her hope rising as the young dragon grew strong mentally and physically, growing into her destiny as a regal regent.

She would amass a great army and learn the ways of the Game of Thrones to gather the forces necessary to throw down the Ice King.

No more. It would not be the Wight King that threw down the Dragon, but a silly, small man that doomed the world. A man filled with false rage and fear of a small girl. A force he himself had created years before. He himself had created the girl in so many ways, and now had killed her.

Hope was no more.

The Ice King was assured his victory.

Three years ago

The last two years had been a wilderness for Melisandre. Her life was one long night of despair and a forlorn sense of helplessness. She had not felt this way since the passing of Tygreti so many centuries ago. Melisandre’s life was without meaning or import.

Only her stubborn will kept her going; she would not roll over and die. She would confront and be quickly killed by the Ice King and his demon baby son, as she had come call the evil thing the Ice king had formed an unholy alliance with.

Like the good priestess of R’hllor she still was, Melisandre continued to study the flames for all the good it would do her. She was sure now that Stannis Baratheon was not Azor Ahai reborn, but that Jon Snow was in fact that avatar.

She had seen his face from the beginning when she concentrated on Azor’s fate in the coming war,
but discounted it thinking him merely a crow defending the wall.

But still, it did not matter. Without the Dragon, none of it mattered. Destiny was only delayed slightly without the great war of the Five Kings to spur developments on in Westeros.

The Dragon was not slowly moving across Essos, learning how to be a Queen using guile and will to bend powers to her bidding.

Life was just moving forward at a sedate pace.

It was a false Summer that would bypass Fall. No… this Summer would lead directly to a bitter, never-ending winter that would consume all of the world that she knew.

Melisandre did not weep. She had not wept since Tygheri had been murdered defending her. She never slept, but still sometimes had nightmarish visions of her death. By R’hllor she missed her wife still, when she was not able to suppress the memories and pain.

Then out of nowhere Melisandre’s life had been reborn anew. Reports were flooding out of the Red Wastes of Essos that a white haired woman had emerged from the desert like lightning. She had conquered the great Khalasar that had banished her, and become its new Khal.

They proclaimed her as the Mare Who Would Mount the World.

And still, the woman was not satisfied with that. She had quickly flown South to take Qarth. Melisandre could not help but smile at that news. The Valyrian had totally destroyed the House of the Undying, crippling the Warlocks ranks.

Even now, she was gathering her forces and forming new alliances. She was becoming a mighty force already, and had merely begun her destiny.

Melisandre had sat back, stunned by the reports. Jon Arryn’s death would have formed a totally different woman from the one who had emerged from the red desert. Where her first visions had Daenerys Targaryen form her following with guile, wit and diplomacy, this one was a direct, ruthless, efficient warlord. She did not ask; she demanded and took.

Melisandre gauged the young woman from the reports she heard. She conquered her enemies with ruthless aplomb. She would ask for their surrender and then annihilate them if they lacked the wisdom to accede. Like foolish men the world over, they never took the road of wisdom. They paid the price. Many the ultimate price.

The red priestess was pleased by what the woman did after her conquests. She broke the chains of the slaves and was already trying to establish a new world order without slavery. She was using alliances to quickly set up new patterns of trade based on economics of commerce and production rather than the cruelty of human servitude.

This was a woman Melisandre would gladly follow if her destiny allowed such choices. This was a woman worth following and swearing allegiance to. She had already accomplished so much. She had conquered the first slave city and freed all the slaves, unlike all her predecessors who merely sought to establish themselves as the new slave owners.

She had formed an alliance with the Summer Islanders, who she always admired as a noble and lofty people.

Melisandre contemplated the way prophecy was changing before her eyes in the flames. It was as if the fates were weaving a new tapestry from the filaments of doubts and of confusion.
Azor was already at the Wall defending the realm. She did not have to worry about getting him there.

The Dragon was becoming mighty on her own after her transformation in the desert. Melisandre had no idea and would give her left eye to the flames to know just what exactly could have transformed the sweet, gentle child she had first seen into this warlord hell bent on her mission of destroying slavery. This Daenerys Targaryen was successfully annihilating a trade that existed for five thousand years.

The Red Woman mused on the craftiness of the young woman. She was indeed crushing the slave trade, but also amassing the army and navy she would need to conquer her homeland at the same time.

The forces she would amass if she succeeded in her plan of conquering Essos would be truly staggering. The sheer audacity to even dream of the feat was jaw-dropping. The woman had the ability to dream greatness, and evidently the sheer onions to actually accomplish it.

It seemed the flames had found their way around the event of prophecy having not been fulfilled. All were finding another path except the Direwolf. It was absolutely clear in the prophecy and in the flames that Melisandre had spent years looking at that one of the current Stark daughters were to be forged by the fires of despair and hate into a weapon to be used against the Ice King and right the ill forces that would gather in Westeros.

One of the daughters was to go to Braavos and enter into the House of Black and White and come out a trained, dispassionate killer to do the work of R'hollr, using various agents to achieve his will.

The lack of the warfare had kept the forces of evil from gathering south of the wall. Those services were no longer needed of the Direwolf. But the ‘weapon’ was primarily being forged to deliver the killing stroke to the Ice King. Will was as important as steel in killing the vile Ice Lord; its succubus son even more so required that killing stroke be delivered.

The Direwolf was to deliver the fatal blow. The Direwolf that was to be trained into hardened Valeryian steel in the House of Black and White. Instead, that wolf was safe and sound in Winterfell, living a life of peace and comfort. She was not being forged into the hard-edged weapon she needed to become.

All was in flux, but Melisandre now felt that maybe, just maybe, the fates could indeed defeat the Ice King. The old path had been sure and the new one filled with doubts, but it just might be possible.

She had to hope the Direwolf, too, would find absolution.

She was sure that wolf and dragon would form an alliance of some sort. Through that alliance, Melisandre had to hope the Wolf would be forged into the weapon she needed to become.

Two years ago

It was time to leave for Westeros. The pieces were slowly moving in place. The time she had spent looking into the flames over the last five years had made her visions so much clearer.

She now knew for a surety that Jon Snow, or more accurately Jon Targaryen was the dragon she had been seeking. To combine a dragon who was heat made flesh with the spirit of Azor Ahai would indeed make him a great warrior.

Fortunately the flames had also revealed he had a wife or very soon would in all but name. She would be sacrificed to make Jon Snow—Targaryen - the true Earthly manifestation of Azor.
She had not been able to see her face clearly, but one could not miss the fiery red hair. She felt an unease deep in her soul and belly. She thought back two millennium to her own lost love. She had fiery hair like that. She loved playing with it after her love had gone to sleep spread all out over her after exhausting lovemaking. The woman had been nearly a full foot shorter than her, she remembered.

She had a hard time seeing her face now. She had worked hard to not see her face in her flames or in her dreams back when she still needed to sleep.

She shook her head. This was about the here and now, and what she had to accomplish.

The dragon had completely shattered Slaver’s Bay. This made Melisandre smile. As a shadow-bender she was supposed to be above such mundane matter of affair of state, but fuck them. She was ecstatic to see the slave trade abolished. She herself had been a slave once.

Melisandre was sure that the dragon would eventually set her aim on her homeland. She would support her, if she was still alive.

The woman had just conquered Lys, which had only put up token resistance. The state was known more for pleasure that than fighting anyways.

The woman had made it very clear to Tyrosh and Myr that they would need to divest themselves of all slaves and set them up as free persons and help establish them in trade or find transportation to anywhere they desired with very adequate support, the scrolls had specified.

Melisandre liked it. It was just vague enough to make the slave owners sweat.

Pentos had already fully expunged all slaves that were not so secretly hidden. The Dragon Queen had made it clear she would be most displeased if she found any slaves. The word ‘Dracarys’ was now used to scare unrepentant children at night.

The woman had amassed a huge army from her crushed cities and alliances. The Dothraki were mostly under her sway and had brought the interior of Essos under her control. She used them to garrison all of the slave cities, except for Qarth. This freed her other forces for her ever westward march back to her homeland.

She would in the not-too-distant future finally sail back to Westeros in victory. That was assured now. Then it was only matter of time before she would march North.

Melisandre could pray to R’hollr that she marched proactively and met the threat at the Wall. That would give the forces of light the greatest chance of victory.

Her only fear was the Direwolf. The woman had not been forged with one beat of the smith’s hammer in the fires of pain and suffering. Body and spirit had not been honed.

She was still unsure which woman would go to the Queen. Whichever it was, the young woman would journey to the Queen and declare her allegiance. But the flames refused to let Melisandre see which would be chosen.

She hoped it would be the eldest with the red hair. She was tall, and had a nice figure. She had long given up any physical lust, but she was still partial to redheads. She could be a powerful warrior with that tall body.

Melisandre could only hope that the Stark girl had it within her to make herself into the weapon she needed to become. She sensed the dragon Queen would take the woman under her wing to develop
her fighting skills and prowess.

Recently, Melisandre had come to see also that they would also become lovers. She had to smile softly. She knew her soul was too cold for it now after two thousand years, but what she would give to fall in love again.
Fires of R’hllor

Chapter 12

Fires of R’hllor

Less Than Two Years Ago

Melisandre / Ygritte / Melisandre / Ygritte / Melisandre

Melisandre

Melisandre was happy to be on dry land again. She had enough of riding a ship in rolling waves. It did not matter how many centuries she had lived, she still felt her stomach roiling with seasickness.

One would think her magic could fully suppress the sensations, she thought as she sipped her ginger antidote again. She got off the ship after paying the captain for passage.

She immediately went in search of transportation to the wall. She had much to do and little time to do it. The fires had recently made it clear that she had to make ready for Azor Ahai reborn.

Melisandre still could not believe how she once thought that Stannis Baratheon had been the new avatar of the hero from the distant past. Since the fates had been thrown askew, she had seen her visions in the flame become much clearer. She had even seen visions of her former lover from so many centuries ago. Strange, that. She could still remember her bright red hair, though not the details of her face. She still felt her heart clench when she thought of Tygreti.

Her teacher and lover had been the best diviner of the flames Melisandre ever met. She had even divined her own death, and saved Melisandre when they came for her.

She soon had transportation heading to the Wall and Castle Black. She needed be there in time to save her charge.

She stared out at the woods as she sat on the cart heading to Hornwood. It was raining, and she let the drops fall down on her uncovered head, soaking her auburn locks. It ran down her face and throat as she tilted her head up.

She hated her existence sometimes. Actually, more and more as the long years had rolled on. She was always in service of her god. It was all she ever had, except for nearly sixty years in her youth. She felt as ancient at moments like this.

She was to save Ygritte of the Wildlings. She would not die with an arrow in her heart. She would die with her heart pierced on the sword of Jon Snow when he became Azor Ahai. Was not the ends worth the means? She shook her head and put her hood up. God it was hateful. She was to save a life only to sacrifice it later - all her sins in service to her god.

But she would not shirk from her duty. She never had since Tygreti died. She never had her lover’s compassion and willingness to take a path not clearly shown in the flames.

She was tired. So, so tired. She never slept anymore, and did not have the surcease of dreams and simple rest to give her respite from her duty and the knowledge of what she must do to fulfill it.

She knew that getting Jon Snow to sacrifice his lover to become Azor Ahai was going to be difficult.
She would push the woman on his blade if she had to. Only if the Ice King was confronted by Azor reborn along with the Wolf and Dragon could he be defeated. Else, the Ice King would conquer all of Westeros and then the rest of the world.

Azor must kill his wife to give his sword the strength it needed. The legends were clear. The fact that Ygritte would not willingly go on the blade like Nissa Nissa had though, made her stomach churn.

She had murdered so many times in the name of her god; this would be the last. After the great war was settled and won she would give herself to the flames she had so long worshiped. She was tired, and would greet the flames as a lover. It was appropriate, the flames had always reminded her of Tygreti’s bright red hair. She would die in agony as she had sent so many to do before her. But where they died in anguish and anger, she would die happy. She would finally be with Tygreti again.

But first she must help defeat the Ice King. His hatred knew no limits.

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She rode her horse hard to reach Castle Black in time. The damn rain had delayed her, making the roads near impassable in places. Up ahead, she saw the turmoil of conflict. She flew off her horse as she approached the confusion of combat, cloaking herself in shadows as she strode around the battlefield unseen. Those who would start to run at her would simply veer off to the side on their own. She searched for a woman with bright red hair in the flickering light of the flames around the keep that illuminated that the battlefield.

Had she arrived too late? That was not possible!

Melisandre looked around desperately. There! She was by the wagon looking for a target to shoot with her bow. Why did humans always insist on killing each other over such petty things? Their true enemy was the Wight King.

She felt this was the critical moment she needed to prevent. She brought out her knife and sliced her palm deep, drinking her own blood. She had already painted her body with the sigils and runes, and she began chanting the mystical incantations. She had already consumed the necessary herbs and potions.

Melisandre felt her bones melting and twisting into new shapes. Her blood boiled in her veins. She did not have royal blood to create the beast, only her own body to offer. Agony filled her being as her face became something horrible to gaze upon.

Without royal blood, Melisandre had to use her own body as the template to bind the shadow demon to. Horrific as it was, she found the thought oddly appropriate. Had she not become a demon herself over the centuries? Did not the end justify the means?

A horrible scream filled the battlefield, and crow and wildling alike all paused. A hideous monster of shadow was suddenly upon the combatants, a monster that had a red star burning in its throat and a face both twisted and hideous. Its legs and arms were unnaturally long with claws for toes and talons for fingers. Huge dagger-like teeth jutted up and down from the elongated jaws of the monster. Its head swiveled, looking for its enemies.

Both sides fell before the monstrous killing shadow. Bodies were torn to shreds and heads crushed in the pressing palms of the hideous monster, annihilating all it met. The monster crawled easily up the wall of the tower, lifting wilding and crows alike, hurling them down to their deaths. It came up on the rampart of the tower, then rushed forward, its razor teeth and jaws decapitating the crow about to
shoot the red-haired woman in the heart. Once dealt with, the monster leapt down from the height of thirty feet.

The beast roared again when the woman took an arrow in her thigh. Two wildlings with long spears attacked the monster shadow. They were met with a deadly embrace, the monster crushing their bones to a pulp just before its strength began to fade.

Such magic only lasted a short time.

The monster picked up the red-haired woman, who had passed out from the pain of the arrow embedded in her leg. Suddenly, an inhuman shriek filled the air and a spear jutted out from between the shoulders of the black beast. Dark ichor spilled to the ground and hissed as it bubbled. The monster fell to one knee before clambering back to its feet, running off at an inhuman speed.

Ygritte

Ygritte woke feeling wane and exhausted. Her left leg throbbed painfully, and her body was full of fire. She barely had any strength. She turned her head and saw a huge fireplace with a roaring fire keeping the small cottage she was in warm. She then noticed the chair in front of the fire. In it reclined a tall woman with long, deep auburn hair. Her head was tilted over the back of the chair, and she was unconscious and moaning.

She too looked pale and drawn. Her face twisted with her moans, and she spoke in some language Ygritte did not understand. The woman’s eyes opened suddenly, unseeing as they stared at her. Her head lifted slightly and she cried out “Tygreti, Tygreti!” followed by desperate words in her strange tongue followed by a blood-curdling scream. Then the woman went limp, as tears streamed down her face.

Ygritte followed her back into unconsciousness.

When Ygritte awoke again, she was feverish and her mouth felt bone dry. Her sight was blurry, and her entire body ached. She turned her head to look at the fire but the chair before it was empty.

“Here, drink this,” a deep female voice spoke beside her. Ygritte turned her head and saw the face of the beautiful woman who’d been dreaming earlier. Her face was long and angular, framed by that beautiful, deep auburn hair. She had a strange red ruby on her throat held by a red choker. Despite her beauty, she looked haggard.

The woman held a glass to Ygritte’s lips, and she drank the water gratefully.

“How long have we been here?” Ygritte asked the woman.

“We have been here almost four days now,” the woman replied while straightening up. She was tall compared to Ygritte’s five-foot-two inch height. “The arrow pierced your artery, and you nearly bled out. I barely managed to save your life.”

“Why did you save me? What happened to that monster I saw? It was horrible.” Ygritte said with a shudder. The woman placed her hand on Ygritte’s forehead.

“You’re still feverish. Here, eat this this.” The red woman sat down beside Ygritte’s bed with a bowl in her hand.

Ygritte settled back and ate the broth as it was spooned to her, noticing the hand on the utensil shook
slightly. Her savior was clearly still weak herself.

“You didn’t answer my question.” Ygritte said when the woman dabbed some soup off of her cheek.

“I saved you because you have an important role to play in the future. You are a very important woman, Ygritte.”

“Of course I am. I’ve been kissed by the sun!” the Wildling crowed weakly. “What is your name by the way … I need to thank my savior.” Ygritte’s eyes narrowed in concern when the woman’s hand suddenly shook violently, spilling the soup out of the spoon.

“I’m sorry Ygritte … I am not well myself.” The woman grimaced, then filled the spoon and began feeding Ygritte tenderly again. “My name is Melisandre. I am from the land of Asshai.”

“Where is that?”

“Far away, clear across the world.”

“Why are you here, then?”

“I told you.”

“I know, I’m special, but there is another reason why you are here. I’m not that special. And what happened to that monster?” Ygritte finished the last of the broth.

“Azor Ahai is about to be reborn. You know him already as Jon Snow. He will have a wife, which just so happens to be you. You are very important to his destiny.” Melisandre answered, her eyes skittering away from Ygritte.

Ygritte knew she was not telling her the full truth. She felt like she could read the woman very well for some reason.

“You’re keeping something from me, woman. I don’t like it.” Ygritte ground out. Suddenly, she felt tired and weak again. She looked at the bowl suspiciously.

“There was nothing but medicinal herbs in the chicken broth, Ygritte. You are safe with me.” Ygritte saw the woman grimace as her eyes skittered away again.

“And the monster, Melisandre?” Ygritte asked again. For some reason she knew the question was important.

“I’m the monster, Ygritte. That was my soul you saw.” The woman turned around and pulled her robe off one shoulder, revealing her back. Ygritte gasped, seeing a horrible wound in the middle of her back that was weeping blood and a thick black ichor. “How did you survive? You should be dead, woman.” Ygritte said with a small voice.

“It takes a lot to kill a priestess of Azor. I’m over two thousand years old, Ygritte. Go to sleep. Heal.” Ygritte watched the woman pull the robe back on carefully.

Ygritte was too tired to argue.

///// When Ygritte awoke again she felt much better. Her fever was gone, and so too the weakness. She got up slowly and walked over to the chair with the sleeping woman in it.
Her face was not as haggard now, and she was indeed a beautiful woman. She pushed the red hair out of her face. Her face seemed familiar for some reason, and she felt attracted to the strange woman who had saved her.

Melisandre awoke suddenly and sprang out of the chair. “Don’t touch me!” she gasped, backing away from the wildling.

“I’ll touch whomever I want, woman … if I want to touch you I will.” Ygritte said, looking the taller woman in the eyes as she backed away.

Although she wasn’t sure why, she felt a strong sexual attraction to the priestess. She had slept with a few young lasses before, when no man had caught her eye. The sex had been awesome, but she had never felt the pull she felt with this woman. She had only felt the pull with men. That pull had been a complete vortex with Jon Snow. She felt the ghost of that feeling with this strange woman.

Melisandre fixed a large meal for Ygritte, and she fell on the food at the table like a famished wolf. She had nearly eaten her fill when she finally noticed she had not seen the red woman take a single bite, and told her to join her.

“I don’t eat, Ygritte. I long ago stopped eating. I have no need.”

“Can you eat?”

“Yes.”

“Then join me anyways. The food is good!” Ygritte watched the woman slowly sit down at the table and nibble on a chunk of bread without enthusiasm. The woman sat as if she was constipated.

“Relax, Melisandre.” Ygritte told the woman. The woman remained ramrod straight. “Take that stick out of your ass and relax I said, woman!” Ygritte told the stubborn priestess.

She watched Melisandre’s face curl into a near-sneer. “You have the couth of a backroom Lysene whore, Ygritte.” She said with disdain.

“Yeah, whatever. Nothing wrong with whores. When was the last time you got laid anyways?” she shot back.

She sucked in a breath when the tall woman shot up off the bench and stalked off to the fire hearth, looking intently into it.

Ygritte quickly finished her meal. Although the red woman was insufferable, she did feel some guilt. Some. She got up and joined the woman by the hearth.

“I want to thank you again for saving me with that monster of yours.” Ygritte told the stiff woman.

“I did what I had to do. You are the wife of Azor Ahai. And I am the monster.”

“I prefer the name Jon Snow if you don’t mind. And you are not a monster, so stop saying that.”

“How many people have you killed, Ygritte?” the tall woman asked.

“Huummmm … five—no seven.”

“I’ve killed three hundred and forty-two persons directly, and I have influenced the deaths of countless thousands. I am a monster, Ygritte.”
“No you’re not, fool woman. You did what you felt was necessary, right? What needed to be done. Right?” Ygritte asked the woman, who suddenly looked away again.

“And why do you keep looking away from me like you stole my new born babe? What are you not telling me, woman?!”

“You will be the bride of Azor Ahai.”

“Jon Snow!” Ygritte growled.

“As you like. It is my duty to have you fulfill your duty.”

Ygritte watched the woman turn her head in guilt again.

“What aren’t you telling me, wench?!”

The once-again haggard looking woman moved closer to the fire hearth and warmed her hands.

“You owe me!” Ygritte told the woman as she drew up beside her, invading the woman’s personal space while trying to pierce her control.

Melisandre looked down at Ygritte. “I owe you nothing. I don’t care if you are kissed by the sun.” the woman spoke with a haughty tone.

“You saved me. I owe you for that, and I also deserve honesty from you Melisandre. You are holding something back from me and I want to know what!”

“Has anyone ever told you that you’re an ungrateful bitch? An ungrateful wretch with an acid tongue!” Melisandre spat down at the small fiery sprite.

Ygritte scowled and stomped over to the other side of the cottage, looking out of the small two, muttering under her breath.

Melisandre looked deep into the flames as Ygritte fumed. “What did you say?” the six-foot four inch tall woman asked suddenly, turning around with red eyes widened. “Tell me, what did you say just now, Ygritte?!”

The small wildling turned around, her blue-grey eyes full of fire. “You know nothing Melisandre!” She yelled at the tall woman from Asshai.

The priestess crumpled straight down as if hit by another spear in a dead faint.

**Melisandre**

She was dreaming. She *had* to be dreaming. She was back on the auctioning block, her back bloody and her face bruised while blood wept from her vagina and anus. She had killed them. She had snapped and killed her tormentors, and now she was to be sold to the Valyrian contingent to work the mines beneath Valyria and most likely die there.

She did not know why they did not outright kill her, probably because they had been a prominent family known for their refinement and haughty status among the warlocks and witches. None seemed to know of their sadistic sexual taste for young girls. She was the orphan of warlock nobility and should have been taken in and cared for - not tortured.
She was just another teen. Beautiful to be sure, but women like her were chewed up and spit out by this society. She had been alone since she could remember, her life going from bad to worse. At this point she welcomed her delivery to the death mines. The torment that was her life would finally end.

“Lot eight … Sold!”

A small woman with red hair came up to her. “Come with me, lass,” The woman commanded softly.

“You’re not a Valyrian” Melony said to the woman.

“Uuoooo … you’re an observant one, aren’t you?” The woman responded with a chuckle. “Melony is dead, now. Pick a new name you want to be known by.”

“What?” Melony asked, confused. Why would she need another name?

“I need an apprentice. You are to be my pupil. I need a student to pass my knowledge on to.” She sighed. “Also, I am lonely and would like a person to talk to now and then. I follow a unique path. Though all shadow binders tend to work alone, I shun even my fellow brothers and sisters. They have blinded themselves.”

“What if I do not want to become your apprentice?” Melony asked with the same fire that had gotten her placed on the slave block.

The not-so-pretty red head looked at her. “Then I will put you on a ship to the Rhoyne city of Ny Sar. There you can seek your destiny free of your sad past. I have several acquaintances that will take you in until you can find your destiny.”

Melony could found find no guile in the short woman and opted to become her apprentice. Her name became Melisandre.

The woman was good to her, and quickly healed her body and unlocked her mind. Melisandre found she was a quick study and loved to read. Tygreti had taught her to read as soon as she entered her dark house on the river Ash. Melisandre had been awed at the worlds reading opened up for her. As her body grew strong, her mind became a sharp diviner of the flames and she learned spells easily.

For twenty years she studied with her mentor. Melisandre had found in Tygreti a woman who was both teacher and a mother figure. She both guided and nurtured Melisandre. In time, the youth came to hunger for much more but the woman seemed chaste and asexual. She appeared to miss all of Melisandre’s increasingly emboldened overtures.

The woman had constantly teased her as she progressed with her studies with the admonishment “You know nothing, Melisandre,” as she played with her student’s hair innocently. The woman never made sexual overtures, much to Melisandre’s frustration.

When Melisandre first met Tygreti, she had only noticed her flaws. This was because of her own great beauty, which Tygreti did not share. Melisandre remembered her first impressions of her teacher: Tygreti was short, skinny but well-muscled, with a round face, small hands, a pug nose, crooked white teeth, and blue-grey eyes that were too far apart. This was topped with a mane of fiery red hair. She had thought the woman to be less than pretty. No longer; she had become the most beautiful woman that had ever walked the Earth.

Finally, the day came when Tygreti told her she had nothing else to teach the young woman. “You are my equal and more Melisandre, I can teach you nothing more.”

“There is much more you can teach me, Tygreti,” Melisandre told her mentor in a husky voice. She
dropped her dress and presented her naked body to her teacher, smiling as she saw the wanton lust and now unhidden love radiating out of Tygreti’s eyes. She took the shy, stuttering woman to her bed and now the student was the teacher.

She had rocked her teacher with her skills from a former life. That night after she had exhausted Tygreti and the woman was snoring gently on her full bosom, Melisandre kissed her temple, slowly running her fingers through Tygreti’s fiery red locks.

The next morning she woke her lover with feathery kisses all over her beautiful, imperfect face. “Who is the master now Tygreti …? I couldn’t understand you through the screaming last night.” Melisandre teased.

The smaller, sleepy woman yawned and looked at her with a devilish grin “Hummm, I think you know nothing Melisandre. I think you need to show me again what you think you know.” Her now-wife husked back.

She had spent the morning showing her again.

For forty years they had been so happy doing the will of R’hllor together. They strove to help man, and fight the growing forces of evil.

Then the family came upon them on the night of the dark of the moon, when they were at their weakest. After so many years, they had tracked down Melony. Tygreti had sacrificed herself to send Melisandre away in a strong spell of binding and transportation.

Tygreti had decimated the great house before they took her down.

In time, Melisandre tracked down and butchered the few survivors of the house that remained. The house had long ago ceased to exist, and she had been slowly dying inside ever since. She still did the will of R’hllor, but her vision had become as dark as the other spellbinders she detested.

Melisandre slowly wakened again.

Her eyes opened to the sight of her late wife. “Oh Tygreti, I love you so much, my beautiful wife.” she husked, caressing a warm cheek.

“How long was I unconscious?” she asked her wife reborn. Only she was not Tygreti reborn. She shied away from the woman’s gentle touch.

“Will you stop calling me Tygreti—my name is Ygritte. Plus, I can’t understand a word you’re saying woman. Gods, you are finally awake. You had me scared there for a little while, woman.” She told Melisandre.

Melisandre dropped her hand, her head turning away with a frown.

“Geez, woman. What a revolting change in manner.” The wildling teased.

Melisandre’s heart folded in on itself. My wife is reborn. She is to be the wife of Azor Ahai. He cannot have her! … It is I that will make the sacrifice. Melisandre thought to herself.

“How long was I unconscious?” she asked her wife reborn. Only she was not Tygreti reborn. She shied away from the woman’s gentle touch.

“Stop that dammit! I don’t have lice or ticks, woman! I keep myself quite clean I must say!” the woman told her cheekily as she dabbed a wet cloth to the priestess’ forehead and cheeks.

Melisandre suddenly had a panicked thought. “Did the fire go out? The fire in the hearth?” she asked Tyr—no, Ygritte.
“Don’t you worry. The fire was kept nice and strong for you. I wondered why you had all that firewood outside. Now I know.”

Melisandre relaxed and gave the wilding a thoughtful smile. She had arranged to have the cottage prepared for her well in advance. She had paid handsomely for the work and had been relieved to find the work done as requested. The people in the North of Westeros were indeed honorable.

Ygritte

Ygritte tried to caress the beautiful woman’s face again, but she shied away like a whipped dog. Ygritte found it important to try to get the soft smile back on Melisandre’s face. She found she really liked that smile, and the feel of her hand caressing her cheek.

She should have felt guilty feeling this way about someone other than Jon Snow, but, she didn’t. He had missed his chance to have her and only her. He knew nothing!

She was undeniably attracted to this tall, beautiful woman. She helped her tend to her precious fire and started to stare into the flames and, at times, she was sure she saw images in the fire.

When she asked Melisandre about it, the woman would at first look at her and then ask what visions she had. They were very confusing and came so fast. She would see a city, all dark and black. She saw a frightened younger version of Melisandre on a slave block. That was the end of that session.

Over the next several weeks both women gained their full strength back. Ygritte demanded to see the tall redhead’s back and gasped when she saw no wound or scar. She was told that being a half-demon had its advantages.

Ygritte had not liked the sound of that and they argued into the night. Ygritte telling her that she was all woman. Ygritte learned that the woman cherished her early years as a priestess with a woman who was obviously her lover. Ygritte told Melisandra that maybe she was going back to being the woman she once was. That only made Melisandre scowl. Ygritte hated how the woman would never pass an opportunity to put own self down.

Despite Melisandre’s taciturn nature and self-deprecation, Ygritte saw her innate nobility and strong desire to do what was right no matter the cost. Evidently, the cost was much greater than the woman even realized.

Melisandre now worked to help Ygritte calm her mind to see the flames and their portents. Ygritte exclaimed when she saw the Crows turning on Jon and then him being saved by her and Melisandre. Other visions had him dying. Ygritte asked which were true. The reply from Melisandre that both could be true infuriated her.

Melisandre told the fiery red head that they must work to make it the former.

She found Melisandre to be an excellent cook who groused she was too thin and she was happy to fix her roasted chicken and various tasty vegetable dishes. She always demurely blushed when Ygritte told her how good her cooking was. Melisandre tried to act like she was not preening, but Ygritte knew she was. The woman enjoyed pampering her for some reason and she loved it!

They grew closer. Then Ygritte saw a new vision in the flames and felt her body immediately respond, her nipples hardening and her pussy getting wet.

“You’ve been holding out on me, Melisandre,” she quietly told the woman beside her. Melisandre
was in a soft, open state like she often went into looking in the flames. She was unguarded.

“Hmnmnmnmn?” the red woman purred back, turning to look at with Ygritte with soft eyes that looked almost innocent in that moment.

“The past. You didn’t tell me we were lovers, Melisandre.” The short woman leaned into the taller woman, gripping her body as she saw Melisandre’s eyes fill with panic. “I saw us on the night you seduced me and fucked me all night long and deep into the next day… I want you Melisandre,” the wilding softly exclaimed surging into the tall woman.

She was suddenly tipped over and fell to the floor when the red woman moved like a Shadowcat and was gone out the door into the falling snow and howling winds.

She had enough. It was time to go hunting. She spied all her implements of war that Melisandre had gathered ahead of time, knowing the woman would need to be armed when the time came to go and save Jon Snow.

Melisandre

She had stopped running several hours ago and was making her way back to the cabin. She was soaked in her gown as the snow melted on her heated body. Like a Valyrian, she mused. Maybe she could ride a dragon as well.

Melisandre never got lost. Her visions saw to it that she had an innate sense of self and her surroundings.

What to do about Ygritte, her reborn lover? She of course was in love with the woman. As she got to know her it was clear that it was not only her body that had been reincarnated, but her mind, soul and spirt. She even had Tygreti’s sass! She had thought it impossible to love after two millennium, but her aching heart told her it was so.

She was going to kill her! By R’hllo, she hated herself even more. Jon Snow would need to kill his wife to get his full power. She had seen the flames. They were to become lovers. She would somehow refuse Ygritte, and prevent her and Jon from becoming lovers again, and she would plunge her heart on Jon’s sword. That would be the easy part.

How to keep Ygritte at bay from herself and Jon? Jon was so honor bound she would figure something out on that front. How she herself would resist Ygritte, Melisandre did not know - but somehow she would. The woman had allowed herself to be killed once for Melisandre. NOT AGAIN! her mind screamed.

She still remembered those long years ago the unease she had felt. A violent storm had been coming, and Tygreti had given her a potion to calm her stomach. She had kissed her wife’s sweet face in thanks, and then terror gripped her body as she felt it becoming paralyzed. Tygreti had assured her she had it all figured out. She would save them from the House that sought revenge for her earlier killing of their most powerful warlock and priestess.

It was to be a time of reckoning.

Melisandre had watched horror-struck as the woman she loved cut her palm and created a demon shadow from her own flesh. Suddenly, Melisandre felt her body transported away, far away as her mind screamed no! over and over.
She later discovered that Tygreti had decimated the attackers. She had killed almost the entire House and their hired thugs. Melisandre finished the job a week later, and the House no longer existed.

And neither did Melisandre, really.

She became an empty husk, almost mindlessly doing the duty of R’hllor. Now she feared to gaze upon the toll her service to her god had cost her. God, Melisandre was so tired. The sky had slowly turned from black to purple to finally a dull grey as she walked through the large copse of trees that hid her cottage. Only a mile to go to again confront her reborn lover. What to do?

She just had to last long enough to transform Jon Snow into Azor Ahai reborn.

Suddenly she sensed Ygritte’s presence. Why was that fool woman outside getting wet?

“Ygritte! Get yourself back in that cottage before you catch a cold. I did not save you from an arrow only to die from pneumonia!” She called out to the hidden woman in an exasperated voice. She looked around, turning in a circle. “Damn you woman! Show yourself!”

Suddenly, a net flung down from the boughs above her entangling her limbs and causing her to fall to the leaf-covered forest floor. She heard a whooping cry of victory. Melisandre looked around in rising fear. Had the fires led her astray?!

Melisandre’s eye’s widened when Ygritte dropped to the ground in front of her. She was slowly forming an incantation to shred the net and give the woman a piece of her mind. Ygritte made a tut-tut noise and bent down.

Ygritte had her right hand balled up, and then opened it right in front of Melisandre’s eyes, blowing a small lump of powder into the startled woman’s face. Melisandre took an involuntary breath.

Noooooo!

The tall, statuesque woman screamed in her head as a deep lassitude settled on her. Fear from two thousand years came crashing down on the woman as her sluggish limbs jerked helplessly. She was frantic as the powder dulled her senses and limbs. It felt too much like the potion that Tygreti gave Melisandre before her death.

Ygritte

Ygritte was proud of herself. She had taken out her former lover rather easily. Using knowledge gleaned from the flames and her innate wildling skills she had captured her wife as per wildling tradition. The effects of the powder would quickly dissipate once she gave her the antidote. Melisandre would be so pissed when she saw that she had raided her supposedly secret stash of goodies.

The wildling took out the leather thongs she had brought with her and got Melisandre’s legs together, lashing them together at the ankles. She then reached in the net and got the groggy woman’s hands together and got wrist on wrist. Then she put her other thong in her hands and tied Melisandre’s wrists together.

She heard Melisandre grunting, trying to form words. “Mmpff ummm. Wh-hh-aa-t unggg duuffing?” she asked with a thick tongue.

“Melisandre—you know nothing. I’m staking my claim by right of the Hunt. I’m tired of waiting … you’re frustrating the living hells out of me, woman! I claim you as mine! You belong to me, Melisandre!” The wilding bent down and shook her finger in front of the priestess. “I’m going to
give you the antidote … but no magic! You agree?” the wildling asked her captive.

The two women stared at each other. “Uummfff mmphhfff uurrrgggghhh!” the tall woman in the net growled, jerking her entangled limbs. Melisandre glared at Ygritte who idled the time inspecting her nails nonchalantly. “MMPPFFFFF!” Melisandre spat out and Ygritte looked at her with a bored expression. She watched the beauty shake her head up and down ‘yes’. She could trust that; the woman was honorable.

Ygritte put her hand in her cloak and pulled out another pinch of powder and blew it in her love’s face.


Melisandre started to struggle wildly, her body thrashing and her legs kicking as best she could with her ankles lashed together. her hands tried to grip the net but couldn’t. The bound hands were incapable of forming the patterns for incantation.

“Achoo! Achoo! Let me go!—Achoo! … ha-ha-Achoo Achoo! BITTCCHHH—AACCHOO!”

Ygritte hummed as she rolled the tall woman onto her side and then bent down, getting her arm underneath the woman’s shoulders and pulling her into a sitting position.

“Achoo! Acchoo! Aacchooo! Bitch! Achoo! Achoo!”

Melisandre continued wiggling violently but could not get the net untangled as the sneezing suddenly stopped and she began to curse the woman in the common tongue and in her own native tongue that Ygritte still did not understand but for a few words. She just chuckled at the vitriol.

**Melisandre**

“Let me go this instant you fucking cunt! I command it!” Melisandre roared.

“Ppphhhfffttttt! … Hahaha, you know nothing, Melisandre!” the Wilding chuckled.

Melisandre no longer found the pet phrase of her Ygritte / Tygreti so endearing. “I swear by R’hllor when I get out of this I’ll I’ll …”

“You’ll fuck me?” the Wilding looked Melisandre hard in the eyes.

Melisandre felt her face flush with anger and something else as her pussy spasmed hard. Oh R’hllo nooooo! The woman from Asshai thought desperately.

She was stunned at her body betraying her with love and lust she could never allow to bloom. Her pussy was so wet. She watched dumbly as the wildling cut the net away. Melisandre was wondering what she was to do. She looked up at Ygritte and felt her heart pound in her chest. Each beat said “I love her . . . I love her with all my heart . . .”

Suddenly she was lifted up and her world turned upside down as the wildling grunted hard, throwing the six foot two inch woman over her shoulder.

“Oh Melisandre … I thought the spirit of R’hllor was supposed to burn bright in you? Supposed to be turning your body to spirit? You weigh a fucking ton!”
The ignobility of the situation reignited her anger. “Hey!” Melisandre groused. That was hitting below the skirt! “Let me down you fucking midget! You sawed off runt!”

“Tsk tsk Melisandre … you’re starting to piss me off … you’re just going to make me fuck you harder when we get back to our bed.”

Melisandre was starting to get dizzy with the blood rush. “Put me down now! I Melisandre of Asshai command it!” she screamed in an undignified tizzy, her head spinning as it thumped the tight rump of her captor. “I am a mighty priestess damnit! I am going to… to … I don’t know what, but it won’t be pretty Ygritte!”

“Yeah I can tell O mighty priestess” the wildling threw back over her shoulder.

“AArrrrggggggggg!” Melisandre roared, her ankles kicking in the air in front of Ygritte.

“Promises, promises Red” the wildling chortled followed by grunts. “Gods damned you weigh a lot, bitch!” The wildling took her right hand lifting up and smacked the big voluptuous ass cheek clenching on her right shoulder.

“Aaaaaiiiii! . . . Fuck you, bitch!” Melisandre screeched back down—no up, at the woman. Melisandre’s face now thumped right into the wildling’s ass. Gods, this was so humiliating.

For the next five minutes the wildling chortled as the Ashai woman cursed her over and over and threatened unspecified punishment. Ygritte laughed at the bound woman.

“I hope you do! I like it rough! That will make our sex so much hotter, my sexy, trussed up priestess of R’hllor!”

Suddenly, Ygritte stopped stomping forward. They were back in the cabin. Ygritte kicked the door open and then kicked it shut with a loud bang. Ygritte stomped through the large communal area of the cabin. Into the bedroom they went. Melisandre found herself unceremoniously dumped on the bed with a hard thump.

As she tried to get her bearings, the wildling was on her pressing her down controlling her thrashing.

Finally, the priestess thought, getting ready to fight the woman. That stance changed when suddenly her body was flipped to her stomach. She felt her dress hooks and clasps rip to shreds, and then cool metal on her bare back as the fabric of her dress tore. The dress was ripped wide apart, and fell in two pieces off of her body.

Melisandre gasped as she was flipped over, her eyes nearly bulging out of their sockets. How the fuck did Ygritte manage to get half naked? Her breasts were exposed, and her leggings loose. Melisandre was lost, staring at Tygritte’s beautiful small breasts.

She pulled the wilding down onto her body and they kissed heatedly, their groans swallowed by hot hungry mouths. They wrapped their tongues around each other as arms pulled bodies tight and legs hooked.

Melisandre was drunk on passion. She gasped at how quickly Ygritte had their bodies entirely disrobed and their mouths again locked tight. Melisandre cried out into her wife’s mouth, feeling her first two fingers slip deep into her wet cunt as hers found Ygritte’s sloppy wet pussy and slipped first two, and then three fingers into her new wife’s cunt stretching it out. They fucked hard and deep until their mouths swallowed screams of searing ecstasy.

They fucked all the day and deep into the night, only breaking to drink fluids and eat some plums.
and cherries. They were starved for each other.

Her woman and she had finished fucking in the classic groin to groin trib as they gripped each other’s legs and swept their drooling quims hard into each other. They had both cum twice in this position the last one simultaneously. Their screams filled the cottage for so long. It had been heaven feeling her cunt explode on her wife’s cunt as Ygritte’s pussy gushed hot cum all over their groins along with hers.

Ygritte (it was still strange but nice to call Tygrite this) but she was coming to love her new name. Ygritte had broken their intimate pussy kiss and slowly crawled up Melisandre’s body and collapsed on her like she had always done those long centuries ago.

Her wife’s cheek on her chest her head tucked underneath her chin and her small body sprawled all over her six foot two inch frame. Her sweaty body so perfectly fit on her body. Ygritte’s weight was flattening her tits all over her wife’s small breast and chest. Ygritte’s plump wet pussy on her stomach and her legs sprawled out between Melisandre’s legs.

Melisandre loved how Ygritte gripped her breast possessively in her right hand. Melisandre had hooked her ankles over the back of her wife’s lower legs. They were intimately linked like how they had so often been when they went to sleep so long again.

Melisandre was sleepy for the first time in centuries. She smiled hearing soft snoring like she always had when they fucked hard and long. Melisandre had finally exhausted her insatiable little slut. She played some more with her wife’s hair. She loved the fiery color, the length of the hair and the soft feel of the slightly kinky strands.

Melisandre was drowsy and satiated for now. She savored the taste of Ygritte in her mouth. She continued to play with Ygritte’s long fiery red locks like she had over two thousand years ago.

Full circle, she thought contentedly. Once long ago, Tygreti sacrificed her life for Melisandre. Now she would give her life for Ygritte. She had seen in the flames that she would fall in love with Jon Snow. He was almost like a woman in so many ways with his selfless manner and loving, gentle ways.

Both Ygritte and Melisandre would be his wives. Only it would not be Ygritte that would have her heart pierced by the sword of Azor, it would be her own heart that was pierced by the blade of Azor. This time she would be the one to make the sacrifice.

She had lived long enough.
Bread and Circus

Chapter 13

Bread and Circus

Tyrion / Eddard / Sansa / Eddard / Sansa / Arya / Daenerys / Varys / Eddard / Daenerys

Tyrion

Tyrion was running late. He had been putting together the numbers that he and Master of Coin Vedad Softic had come up with for the cost of any potential campaign against the North.

Tyrion knew that his Queen would be most unhappy with them.

He and Vedad were still working on the “books”, sifting through the errors and outright fraud. How had Robert allowed such incompetence and usury to occur? The man seemed to not care for anything other than his gut and his cock. Daenerys’ father may have been mad but at least he had been frugal with the realm’s finances.

The Queen was anxious to get the debt under control and start drawing it down. Now the potential existed that the debt would have to be added to.

Only the people on the other side of the door he stood before truly knew how much wealth the Queen had amassed in her conquest of Essos. The “blood money” she had taken from the former slave lords had been staggering. On top of that wealth the Queen was busy removing the looted plunder at Vaes Dothrak.

The queen returned what she could, but much of it had no home any longer. That she was taking and bringing to ports to ship to the Summer Islands. There it was being smelted down or stored in vast crates separated by the type of jewel or artifact it was.

The Queen was fabulously rich, and planned on spending it all on her subjects. She wanted none for herself.

He was about to knock on the door when it was opened. Daenerys stood in the doorway, smiling down at him.

He smiled and nodded, entering the room. He always noticed the beautiful Dothraki garb the Queen wore. He loved the bright blues, oranges and yellows that traditional Dothraki garb favored. The Queen followed him in. He saw that Strong Belwas was already in “his” chair by the fireplace, eating a leg of goat and drinking fermented goat’s milk.

Shadowclaw was chomping on a big fat locust happily, with the wings of several already eaten locusts on the carpet by her paws.

The others of the Klutch of Confidantes were at their meeting table. Tyrion went to the chair that had extra fabric in the cushion to help keep his legs from spasming and locking up. He seated himself and waited for the Queen to proceed.

The Queen listed out all of the provocative behavior that Eddard Stark had suddenly began
displaying. All had been well then ten days ago, then he had seemingly out of nowhere and for no reason started to act in strange and borderline seditious manner.

The Queen asked them for conclusions. She looked at them each in turn. None could explain his actions. Varys had no sparrows in the north. Their nests had been cleaned out it seemed.

Why would this “honorable man” do this, the Queen asked, staring hard at Tyrion. He squirmed in his chair. He knew the Queen remembered their words and how Tyrion had vouched for the man. The words were definitely coming back to bite him in the ass.

He gave the report she had requested on a rough estimate on the cost of mobilizing the forces of Westeros. The Queen had blanched at the numbers. Robert had bankrupted the Iron Throne and the Queen was loathe to add to it.

She and Tyrion had discussed the Iron Bank and the tactics they may use ad nauseam. The Queen did not want the Iron Throne to get an unwanted leverage on Westeros with them suddenly calling in their debt.

They had discovered enough discrepancies and irregularities to go back at the Iron Throne. Their numbers would definitely be reduced. It was frustrating for them both to have to take away their focus on the problem of finance and organizing to begin the Queen’s ambitious plans to implement her plans for urban renewal championed by Myrcella and Arianne.

The Queen wanted peace in her ancestral homeland to begin more aggressively rebuilding Slaver’s Bay. She wanted to make sure the Free Cities were firmly in her camp when it came to her policies of no slavery.

She wanted to put governance in place where she had destroyed the old order before the criminal underworld could get a foothold and flourish. Why root out the weeds if you could keep them from taking root?

Daenerys also wanted to bring the rest of the Khalasars under her rule.

The Queen had many things on her plate and Eddard Stark was throwing everything in disarray.

Nothing made any sense. He was definitely mobilizing but he was not moving South. In fact, he didn’t seem to be going anywhere. Forces were in places that made no sense and ships were appearing in ports that were blockaded. Useless. Why?!

Barristan and he were sure the forces were pivoting subtly to the North. But why? Eddard had his realm fully under his sway. His Lords would gladly die for the man.

Tyrion did not say anything, but he knew one reason why this man would go North. The Wall. He was of the North and the Northmen liked to say they never forget.

Twice he had stood on the Wall. The first time he had stood on it on a bright sunny day, looking out over the vast primordial forest. He had looked at the crows walking up and down the wall and thought it was a waste.

The second time he had been on the Wall was during a snowstorm with the clouds scudding by, low and dark. The sky seemed full of menace. Jon Snow had been with him in the night. Tyrion again looked out over the forest shrouded in dark and mystery.

Then, the forest seemed foreboding and evil. The wind seemed to have the scent of something that hated him. Something that hated all men. He had shivered and looked up at Jon. Jon smiled sadly at
him. The boy felt it too, and understood. He knew that Tyrion would discount what he felt in his bones when he was before his hearth, warm and safe. He would feel this was all about a man remembering old wives tales.

Jon Snow had been right.

Now he wondered.

**Eddard**

He had started his Game of Thrones. He smiled softly. He wanted no part of the throne, but he must get its attention in just the right way to bring it North.

He had closed the King’s Road at the southernmost limit of the North. He had set up barricades but not put any guards at the newly installed gates. He had raised the banner of the Direwolf in declaration of nothing. The action would be confusing, and that was what he needed.

He had sent ravens to his two most trusted allies and they had already agreed to meet. They were giving him their full support, despite not being entirely sure of his plans. Eddard was full of pride - they were following House Stark because of the honor in his House’s name.

He only hoped that he was making the right decision. Jon had convinced him of the necessity of his actions, but was he letting his love for his son blind him? He couldn’t be. All in the North knew the importance of the Wall and why it had truly been erected. The wildlings were an afterthought.

He had called his banners with specific instructions to set to their tasks as quietly as possible. The Lords were not to explain to their subjects the true reasons for their mobilization, only to say that a great danger was present and would soon need to be confronted. They were to crush any talk against the Queen or King’s Landing. He wanted no thoughts of sedition to take root and spread among his people.

His people would see his actions and assume the Queen was the danger when it was their traditional enemy that maybe even they no longer truly believed in. All people saw today was the danger of the Wildlings. He knew of a more implacable enemy from the ancient past.

He was willing to sacrifice his life and his very people to save the South if needed. He had no plan or desire to go to war with the new Queen. If he was right and he lived, their houses would be linked by marriage. He had to smile again. Arya was still always pulling his sleeve asking him to tell her all of the details of the time he had been confronted by the Targaryen on her black dragon. Every time he told her, Arya still hung on every word.

He grimaced as he remembered the ravens coming in from King’s Landing demanding to know what he was doing. The scrolls were always polite, but he could easily see the unease and anger in the Targaryen’s personally written hand. She was a definitely hands-on ruler. Each scroll which came in daily now were more agitated. Good. He had the Queen’s attention.

In his responses back to the Queen he had assured her that he was a loyal subject and no, he was not calling his banners and no, he would not come to her court. He was very busy.

He knew the Queen would be very upset at his refusal. He was praying to the old gods that he had read her right. Her restraint should prevent her from flying to the North and burning it. Dragons could be killed, if one was very, very lucky. Daenerys would make sure no one had such luck.

The Lords of the North were flowing into Winterfell where he would give them full details of his plans and, more importantly, why he was calling them to arms. In the North, no one ever forgot the
Wall and its absolute importance. All knew of the human threat. He would have to remind them of the true threat. It was breed into his Lords. They would easily accept the truth of the Ice King’s return.

He was calling in pledges for food and the supplies necessary for war. The supplies were being taken to staging areas that were North rather than South. The Lords were to train and get their men and some women into fighting shape as quickly as possible.

They had to let the farmers finish the last of the harvests. Each vassal would set aside what they needed to survive the winter. The excess crops would be need to stored and then sent forward to support the armies that now were starting to form. Eddard had made it clear to his vassals to put food aside for the coming Winter. It was going to be dark and long. Eddard Stark would not starve his people to fight this war. Eddard senses that both sides in this were gathering for a quick and decisive that would decide the fate of Westeros and maybe the world.

Eddard was determined to win this war but even in victory Eddard felt in his bones that the Ice King had set in motion forces that would take long to dissipate even if he was defeated.

He had the holds and fasts of the North preparing to accept the forces that would soon be falling upon them. He was making sure they understood that they had to prepare for numbers much greater than the forces that the North could field.

If his plan was successful, all of Westeros and much of Essos would be streaming North. These forces would form up against the Wall. The Queen had brought huge stores of food and materials with her from across the sea. His informants told him that ships were still loaded to the brim with these stores. The Queen was wise to hold her forces together until she was absolutely sure of her rule.

Eddard had totally upset the Queen’s plans, he knew. He knew she wanted to start trying to correct the systemic problems had been left to fester. She had made it clear in ravens she wanted to begin to rebuild Slavers Bay in earnest. To make it into a more just and equable governance.

Eddard had sent out ravens across Westeros giving his full support to the Queen and he would actively fight and crush any who dared rise in opposition to her, yet he was still calling his Lords to arms and not answering the Queen’s questioning scrolls. He had thrown up border gates and yet he had left his border totally unprotected. He had only a token force at Moat Cailin, and the Reeds had pulled all their forces deep into the marshes to hide away and prepare to send what they could North.

His land was open for invasion from the South. Even as he called his armies together he had left himself undefended. Soon his allies would do the same. The Queen would be able to freely move north and easily defeat her undefended enemies. She could crush them if she so desired. His reading of the woman was that she would avoid outright war at all costs. He was banking on his insights into the woman. As her power had increased she had shown more and more restraint. She gave herself other options and took them. Her last victories were more from intimidation than force. Once the goad of cruel slavery had been crushed she meliorated her behavior. She became less savage in her campaigns.

His only immediate concern was the informant in his own close ranks. He was sure the informant would send out a raven tonight, and he would be there to catch them in the very act.

Sansa
Sansa was so excited. She was alive during the greatest events of her age. Not only that, she was actively involved in shaping the events of the forces gathering to meet the great foe coming south to fight them.

The feeling was heady. She could understand why men were so intoxicated by power and the rush of war. She was excited to be pitting her mettle against her foes. She remembered again that all that they did was in defense of the realm. House Stark would *always* be loyal and supportive of the throne. They had long ago bent the knee.

Sansa only hoped the Queen would remember that.

Her father had from the beginning been relying on her. In the first war meetings Eddard was explaining his plans on logistics and how he intended to make his stores available to the approaching armies. Her father detailed how he planned to move his forces in stages up North. It had been clear that many of the Lords were confused by this arrangement.

To her father it was quite obvious what he was trying to be accomplished and was confused as to how they not follow what to her father seemed rather obvious.

Sansa had spoken up when some of the Lords questioned her father, simplifying the explanation in a way they could understand. It was basic really but she had learned how to explain ideas and thoughts in a way that men found soothing and non-threatening. If you were groomed to be a king’s consort, you had to learn how to communicate to them.

If the man was like Eddard Stark he would value a tool whether or not it was a woman. If the man, no *boy*, was Joffrey then it would be wasted. Eddard did not waste his tools. He put Sansa in charge of coordinating the logistics of this complicated campaign.

Sansa was surprised at how quickly this appointment was accepted. She was accosted by many Lords asking her questions that she answered quickly and adroitly. The Lords appeared to be appreciative. They were quietly impressed that Sansa did not seek to surround herself in glory.

She heard more than once they wished Cersei had been like Sansa. That put a fierce smile on her face. She wondered what had happened to the woman. She had heard many tales. She had been taken away by Oberyn and not seen since. Had she been executed? From what she had heard of the Queen, she seriously doubted it.

When the talk of how to deceive the Queen came up Sansa had been able to give several ideas that her father immediately took to and she saw that many around the table, especially Robb and even Theon had been impressed.

Her first one had been to disguise ships in the harbors in the North to look like Galleys, Triremes, or Biremes of the Free cities. They would dress their own warships or basic shells of cheap wood to look like these warships in sails and colors of the Free Cities. The spies would see these and report back to the Iron Throne. It would make the throne question their sworn support of their naval allies. She would have to divide some of her attention.

It was Theon that was tasked with coming up with the sails and adornments that each free City like to put on their ships. Suddenly, Theon piped with a very good idea that impressed Sansa. He suggested that in each harbor one length of piers be less guarded. Allow the Queens spies to get access to these piers and the ships anchored there.

He would make sure that the ships there had the major do-overs. The other ships and false ships could be much less built up. The spies would see the ships that had been meticulously done and
would assume that the rest were mirrors of the ones they had access too.

Sansa was impressed. Maybe there was hope for the Greyjoy yet.

Her other idea was to make fake camps in locations that were not threatening, but not in the far North either. They would be off the main tracks. The camps would only be manned by local men who were to old or too young to fight, and a few women. The men and women would move around the false war tents and equipment as if they had purpose. They would gather together in small groups to do fake drills.

They would under cover of darkness move the fake camps relying on chance that the Queens dragons would not see or if they did would assume the moves were legitimate. Lord Rickard had asked what that would accomplish since these camps were so off the beaten path; who would see them? Sansa smiled when Eddard slapped his friend on the back laughing. Robb had told the man to look up and Sansa had seen the confusion on Rickard’s face until her father reminded the Lord that the Queen had *dragons*. She would certainly see the camps.

Sansa had another idea to contribute. She suggested they create fake Scorpions. It had been a bolt from such a device that slew Meraxes and Rhaenys Targaryen who rode her. Dragons were intelligent, and the Queen was proving to be just as cunning. Sansa was sure the woman had taught her dragons a healthy fear of such weapons.

It would be these fake scorpions would keep the dragons flying high and not able to do close in reconnaissance of the North’s movements and subterfuge.

She became an integral part of her father’s war council. Her father had seen her intelligence, intensity and cunning. He valued her input, and put her beside Robb at the war table.

At first she had sensed reticence from some of the Lords, but as the meetings progressed over the weeks the doubters became believers when they saw her savvy. She was able to solve problems they had no answers to. Sansa would deduce and science out the problems with a hypothesis and work towards a solution using logic and intelligence. Men were too often to rash in their thinking.

Sansa was proud of her fellow Northmen. They valued victory more than outdated thinking.

Robb was her greatest supporter. He had been reluctant at first, when his sister had expressed her desire to be more involved in affairs of their House. But he had come around, especially when she helped him in his wooing of Alys. He was preparing to announce their betrothal soon. When Sansa came up with a good idea, he was first to agree.

Robb had made it clear that he always hoped to have her support and council. With their trust so firmly established, she had told him her secret. He had been shocked at first, sputtering and flummoxed. She wondered if she’d made a mistake until he came to her the next morning, granting his full support. He loved her, and just asked that she give him more time to fully process it all. She had, and he did.

Sansa felt his acceptance as a warm feeling within her chest when Robb asked her to accompany him after the war council meeting. They went to a small chamber and discussed the coming war. What would they do if the Queen came North with her war machine in attack mode? They discussed how to best implement a rear guard action that would slow down the woman with the least amount of casualties.

Neither of them had a real answer for her dragons. They were truly a game changer. Sansa told her brother that she feared the Queen would find ways to use her dragons that no one else could predict.
to devastating effect. The woman had already proven her brilliance. Robb had smiled at that, telling his sister that he agreed. She was even maybe as great as their father was. There was no greater compliment than that.

They discussed how they both felt the Queen was a dichotomy. The reports from Essos had been both horrific and strangely gentle at times. She had crushed her enemies without mercy. She then spent days personally breaking the chains of the former slaves. She forgave out of turn, but then viciously slew those who took her gift and threw it away in sedition.

She had spared Westeros, and even the very man that had caused the butchery by proxy of her brother and his family. There were even whispers that she had been killed in the desert of Essos by assassins sent by Robert Baratheon, and she had *still* spared him.

After victory she fostered out the orphaned children of her enemies. Before this, Westeros’ history was dark indeed when it came to offspring of the deposed.

She had shattered armies in the field but immediately called off her forces when victory was achieved. The woman insisted, no, *demanded*, that the populations of conquered cities be granted respect.

She and Robb had heard how she had flown her dragon clear across Slaver’s Bay into a fallen city on the East Coast of Slaver’s Bay and killed two Dothraki commanders of her forces when they had started to rape the locale female population. From the tales, Daenerys had immediately challenged the leaders in hand to hand combat, to which they responded by both attacking her in tandem. Even with their dishonor, Daenerys Targaryen had killed the Dothraki and taken their bells – no small feat. Robb and Sansa did not underestimate these nomadic men from the steppes of Essos.

The woman was a strange contradiction. And both agreed that they could see how the diminutive woman was already becoming a living legend.

The siblings chuckled at how their little sister had built the woman up into some type of supersized warrior woman. They hoped they could be there to witness it when their little Arya inevitably found out the truth.

As they laughed, inspiration struck her. She told Robb her idea, and he seconded it. Together they stepped out and went to their father in the Godswood, where he was sharpening and polishing Ice.

Sansa told her father of her idea, using House Tully to diffuse the situation when the Queen did indeed start her march North with her gathered armies.

Eddard smiled up at his two oldest children, working as a team. He seemed to like her suggestion. He said he would have to confer with Edmure, but was sure that he would agree. It was another reminder to them both never to order absolutely unless completely necessary. Better to let their subordinates come to agree with their decrees if at all possible.

As Sansa walked away, she never saw her father’s eyes on her, an unsettled look on his face.

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Sansa excitedly finished the letter to her lover and put her seal on it. Sansa simply had to boast of her many accomplishments. She had come so far since she first saw her true self-worth. A worth her lover had ignited.

She couldn’t wait to send the missive informing her love about how she had become vital to her father’s war effort, and how she and Robb were working together as equals. She wrote out all of the
details of their meetings and their strategies. Even Theon had begun actively supporting her! He had merely said she would make a good Captain on a Long ship, but from him that was high praise indeed. Sansa could see the smile on their face.

She was nervous during dinner, anxious for the meal to be finished and the early night to pass so she could sneak up to the rookery. She felt closer to her lover when she was actively working to communicate with them. She had already masturbated to repeated screaming orgasms last night and again this morning.

She had hurried back to her room after talking to her father in the Godswood and jilled off again, wailing as cum gushed out her pussy and slavered her groin and down her legs. She had left her pussy and thighs coated in cum when she went out to lessons with her septa. The lessons to help Sansa further improve court etiquette and then they moved to stitching which she adored. Tatting had become her favorite form of needle work.

It made Sansa feel nasty and oh so sexy sitting their conversing with her Septa with her pussy and thighs coated with her dried cum. The way it made her feel sticky in her puss and her thighs peal apart when she moved them breaking the kiss her inner thighs made of the sticky cum gluing them together. It was her lover that had helped her to see it was alright to revel in the pleasures of the flesh. She knew her musk would be trapped against her body by her pleated dress and her slip underneath it. She busied herself making her wedding shawl, patterns of yellow roses with a few red roses to show their passionate love and blue roses that only grew in the north that represented her love for her love. She worked the green leaves subtly needled into the lacy white fabric.

She picked at her meal and finished early to go back to her room and pace. She was full of nervous energy. It would be hours before she could sneak up to the tower to send her message.

Sansa stripped out of her dress and slip. Sansa smelled her dried pussy juice and moaned, falling back on her bed. She then spent the better part of an hour masturbating to memories of sweet lovemaking with her beloved on that very bed. Her orgasms shocking her soul with ecstasy seeing her lover’s face in orgasm as Sansa jilled off.

Sansa was in a frenzy striving for one more orgasm. Her fingers slammed deep into her pussy while she rubbed her clit. She played with her breasts squeezing them and rolling her rock-hard nipples. Her body flipped and jackknifed violently over her bed when her orgasm finally struck like lightning. Sansa’s long form lay sprawled out on her bed, her cunt still leaking cum as strong aftershocks made her stomach clench and body jerk hard.

She slowly recovered and curled up, falling asleep to contented dreams of her love.

She awoke from her slumber fuzzy-headed. She quickly pulled on a comfortable night dress and looked out her door. She sensed the night was into the second watch. She grabbed her scroll and walked out into the hall.

She kept to the shadows and the dark of the halls, but maintained her regal bearing in case she ran into anyone. She was the daughter of Eddard Stark, and walked like it. A royal princess always had the right to walk these halls at any time.

She had not come across anyone in her circuitous route to the tower. She crept up the steps, humming softly.

She uncaged the raven for Highgarden, strapping the message on its leg and then gently hugging the squawking bird before bringing it to the window slit. “Go find my love!” she cooed to the bird, preparing to launch it through the window.
“I know what you are doing, Sansa.”

Sansa blanched hearing her father as he came from out of the shadows he had been hiding in.

Sansa was horrified seeing her father’s stern visage. She and her lover were doomed. It was over; she would bring such dishonor to both of their houses! Her father had made his thoughts clear on the matter. She panicked as her hands holding the raven began to shake violently.

Sqwork Sqwork Sqwork! The raven called out in protest.

In shock, Sansa knew she still had to do whatever she could to protect her lover. She looked off the ledge to the floor thirty feet below. Feeling there was no other choice, she started to move forward.

“Sansa, no! I KNOW YOU AND MARGERY ARE LOVERS AND I APPROVE!”

Eddard

Eddard’s heart was beating out of his chest. He had never considered his daughter would do something so foolish as to jump off the landing of the rookery. He rushed to his daughter, trembling wildly as she looked at him with wide, shocked eyes.

He enfolded his oldest daughter in his arms as she buried her face in his neck, whimpering. The raven pressed between the two humans squawked and pecked at them both.

Laughing, father and daughter parted as the bird squirmed in Sansa’s hands before her father removed it from her still shaking hands and placed it back in its cage.

“Sansa, you have shown great intelligence and cunning. Don’t let love blind you. What if this bird fell into the wrong hands? Especially with the heightened tension in the South from our calculated provocations. Let me guess, you boasted to Margery of all you have been accomplishing.”

His daughter’s grimace and downcast eyes told Eddard the truth.

“It will be slower, but as we discussed we need to send a delegation to Riverrun. I will have them send this message on to Highgarden when they send out parties to help keep the peace in the South for a little longer.”

“You’re not going to read it?”

“Why should I? I trust Margery if you trust her. It seems she will be my daughter-in-law someday soon.” Eddard told his dumbstruck daughter.

Sansa gasped, asking him how he’d known.

“You told me that you were so happy that I was straight. That I was not like Arya.”

Eddard sighed.

“Forgive me that Sansa. I did not see the truth of it but I should have.”

Sansa looked at her father confused.

“Bran’s prophecy started it all.” He told his daughter simply.
“What?”

“Bran and his mumbled prophecy about the Direwolf must lie with the Dragon opened my eyes to what was really happening around me. Something inside told me it is more than metaphorical. More than our House supporting the new queen. He would have used other language I am sure if that was the case. No, he was talking about a union of two persons from our House and the House of Targaryen. When I thought about it, it was clear it could only be Arya. As it opened my eyes to Arya I should at the same time have seen the truth with you. It really is obvious”

“Why? How? I didn’t ask you your reasoning about Arya because I was so shook up when I thought you wouldn’t approve of Margaery and me being in love”

“With Arya it was simple, actually. Robb is courting Alys.” He smirked, hearing Sansa gasp again. “Rickon is definitely too young. Bran may have been old enough, but the way he spoke the prophecy it was obvious it was not him. It was not you. That really only left Arya.

“Arya, who always wanted to hear over and over again the stories about dragons and House Targaryen as she grew up. Arya, who always wanted to know about the wives of Aegon and not the man himself. She nearly swoons when Daenerys Targaryen’s name is mentioned. Who else could it be?”

“But how did you know about me?” Sansa asked, calming as Eddard gave Sansa her scroll back. Sansa took it and held it close to her still hard beating heart.

“I told you that Bran’s prophetic pronouncement lifted the scales off my eyes with Arya. It allowed me to fully see and more important accept the truth with Arya. With your sister she wears her true self on her sleeve to use the metaphor.

“But you my dear eldest daughter are an adept master at the Game of Thrones. You know too well how to hide your true self if you desire too. Therefore my eyes saw but my mind did not see the obvious.

“I saw your strange behavior when we spoke of sending Arya South. I was not sure what was causing it but it did not seem important in the moment. Don’t take this wrong way Sansa, but women are sometimes very difficult to understand and before you say anything, yes, I know men are just as difficult to read at times.

“But it kept rankling me. Why did my eldest daughter almost look stricken when discussing her younger sister’s homosexuality when she now clearly supports her sister and her desires?

“I spent much time pondering it and it hit me like an epiphany. What exactly the words spoken between us were.

“Then I thought back to the visit of Highgarden to Winterfell.

“You changed entirely after the Tyrells visited two years ago. You used to always talk about the prince of the month you would marry. That stopped completely after their month visit here. Your mother is convinced it is Loras you are smitten with, but I know better now.”

“How so?”

“He and Renly Baratheon are having a not-so-secret love affair. The high nobles keep it quiet, but that is the fact of the matter. I am sure that Olenna will arrange something.”

“So you know she is the true power of their House?”
“Everyone with eyes does, Sansa. Since it is not Loras of Highgarden, that only left Margaery. I did not see it until Bran’s prophecy and how it opened my eyes about Arya. Now when I look at you, the scales finally fell off with you too. I decided to see what my eyes were actually seeing and not what I expected to see.

“You only spent time with Margery from almost the first day. You two were inseparable, and you both were always touching each other and looking at each other. I wrote it off as two teenage girls being their age. Looking honestly, it was raw passion that was burning between you. Does anyone else know?”

“Olenna and Margaery’s many cousins. Most of them are in love with each other and Olenna is busy figuring out how to get them married off to one other. She hopes that our marriage will give her the cover that she needs.”

“So she is already planning your marriage to her granddaughter?”

“Yes, Father.”

Eddard took a deep breath. “The woman is nothing if not decisive and forward-thinking. It seems you and Arya are both in love with powerful, cunning, and beautiful women.”

“And you approve?” Sansa asked again.

Eddard sighed. “Believe it or not, I do support you and Arya. I keep thinking of Lyanna and Rheagar Targaryen. How history would have been different if they had been allowed to follow their hearts rather than duty. … And I keep thinking if history had been just a little different I could have married Cersei Lannister and not you sweet mother. Then I wonder how Cersei felt having to marry a man who resented her because she was not your aunt.

“I have done a lot of thinking Sansa. Yes, I fully support your decision to love Margery. I have to ask though … uh … well …”

“We’re not virgins.”

Eddard sighed again. “Okay. The fires of youth. I just needed to know in case the more conservative elements cause me problems. I will be ready if they do.”

Eddard staggered back when Sansa threw herself into his strong arms. He enfolded his daughter and hugged her tight. He was so happy to have such a strong, vibrant woman as his daughter.

They both spoke at the same time:

“We can’t tell your / my mother!”

And they both laughed, feeling some of the tension ebb away.

Once she’d caught her breath, Sansa asked her father, “truly though, what about mother?”

“Let me deal with that Sansa … when the time comes.” He said with playful grimace.

Eddard pulled back from his daughter. He was happy to help his children find happiness. That was paramount for him. He still worried about Bran, though. He sensed that his son was now going to travel a path that no one else could follow. He would support him too, even if his path led down roads that Eddard would never choose for him.
He would always support his children.

“You can live with the delay in getting the message to Margery? We can’t risk any information of our plans falling into the wrong hands. You do understand, right?”

His daughter gave him a soft smile. “Yes I do. Can I send her a raven—I promise I won’t say anything about events here. It will be strictly personal … we know how to speak of our love and keep it hidden, father.”

“With your word, yes you can send your love a raven Sansa.” Eddard answered with a smile. “Have I told you how proud I am of you at our war councils?”

“Yes you have… but tell me again!” Sansa exclaimed, enjoying the banter with her normally taciturn father.

Suddenly, a raven flew into the rookery, squawking loudly. Eddard went over to it and pulled off the message. He frowned seeing the three-headed dragon seal on it.

He broke the seal, and together they read the message written by Daenerys Targaryen in her own hand.

“What the FUCK are you doing?!” The message was short, concise and to the point.

Sansa was shocked and Eddard chuckled. Yes indeed. Their plan was working and the Queen had quite a salty streak. There was something about this woman that Eddard found appealing. Maybe, he had finally met a person worth giving his allegiance to. His youngest daughter had certainly given the Queen her allegiance.

Finally, Eddard thought, someone who could tame the wolf in Arya.

Sansa

Sansa left her father feeling so lucky to have Eddard Stark as her father. He always seemed to want to do the most for his children. She could only wish her mother was the same. She had never agreed with how her mother had treated Jon. Sansa had thought it wrong to make him sit at the lower table. She had always been too afraid of her mother to ever go against her and incur her wrath. Sansa had fretted with how spiteful her mother was toward Jon as he grew up but she never once came to his side. It shamed her greatly to think on it now.

What shamed her more and more was how only Arya had openly defied their mother and embraced Jon as a full brother rather than a bastard. Even her brothers had been reluctant to defy their mother. Sansa felt sad knowing she would never have the opportunity to make amends now. Jon was beyond them, on the Wall serving and protecting the realm. She had been so proud when she learned he had became the Lord Commander.

It had been a shock when word came of his attempted assassination. Word of the heinous attempt only reached Winterfell after the fact had been long done. The traitorous bastards had kept secret their treachery. Only when Jon had come back to Castle Black and took back his command did he contact his father.

He had seemingly been killed the rumors said, (or was it he just disappeared?) but he came back a few months later a changed man. He was no more timid or differential. He commanded like a mature confident Lord. It made sense. He was Eddard Stark’s son after all. He was evidently a much more
direct and brutal leader now. He had taken control once again but now with an iron grip. He was fair but his word was now command. She could only hope that the boy and man she had so secretly admired still existed.

Sansa sat down to pin another scroll for Margery her long desired lover. She still fretted about the future. What would Highgarden do? They would be loyal to the Queen. That she knew. Sansa knew her father’s plan was sound and that bloodshed should be avoided, but one could never be sure.

She had put in her letter that Margery was to keep herself safe in these trying times, but she knew deep in her heart that Margery would find a way to come North. To come back to her. Sansa’s heart beat harder knowing her love would risk all to be with her.

Sansa finished her scroll to her love. She sealed it with the royal seal of her House after addressing the scroll to Margaery Tyrell. She was not worried with their code words the Maester would never suspect their secret love affair.

Sansa went back to the tower that housed the raven rookery and sent the Raven off to her love. She heard the beating of raven wings quickly fade as the black bird raced to her love.

Sansa could not wait to once more kiss and love Margery. To make her scream her name as she went down on her. Sansa was soon back in her room and masturbating urgently to relieve the ache deep in her belly and pussy.

The next morning she washed and put on her makeup and beautiful dress for the day. She always wanted to look resplendent at the meetings. The men put on their armor, and Sansa put on hers. Lady finally woke up and came over to Sansa, muzzling her master until she got the attention she craved. Of all the direwolves, Lady was always the most gentle and loving - except when she felt Sansa was in danger. Then Lady was most un-lady like.

Her Direwolf was not as big and robust as Nymeria. Arya’s direwolf’s eyes were nearly level with hers. Lady only came up to her shoulder. Her coat was much lighter in color than Nymeria with black highlights along her flanks and especially the main of hair between her shoulder blades. Lady’s bushy tail was almost black though. Where Nymeria had golden eyes that seemed to burn when she was excited, her Lady had green eyes that were always gay and polite. Just like her master. Only when Sansa was threatened did her sweet wolf turn into the Direwolf she really was.

Her wolf squirmed on the furs her back wiggling as Sansa scratched and rubbed her belly as the pleasure wolf whimpered in pleasure her tongue lulled out her mouth. Soft yelps of pleasure filling Sansa’s room.

Sansa went into the hall determined to find Arya and tell her how much she had always secretly admired her support of Jon. How she had been to afraid of their mother. She would tell her sister that those days were over.

And maybe, if that went well then she would broach the subject of Daenerys Targaryen and see where that led.

Sansa wanted to share her secret so badly now with Arya. She knew her sister would be shocked learning that her and Margery were lovers. She couldn’t wait to see the look on her face.

She had a quick meal in the kitchen. Of course Arya had already been through at the crack of dawn to so she could go out and practice with the sword and bow.

Sansa could see how skilled her little sister was. It was frightening, how fast and strong Arya had
The first war meeting would not be until two hours past noon since another group of Lords arrived late the previous night and needed time to rest.

She was about to go outside and find her sister when she noticed Lady suddenly stood at attention, looking up. Then the other direwolves began howling over and over. Lady bolted out of the kitchen in a wild rush.

The direwolves howled just like they had when the black dragon had soared over Winterfell.

Sansa ran behind her wolf as fast as her skirts would allow her.

**Arya**

Arya had just finished her morning drills and sparring sessions on the training ground. She was now holding herself back with all but her father. Even Robb was barely holding his own, and she was having to hold back with him as well.

Only her father was her better. He was truly one of the great swordsmen of his age, she was convinced of it.

“Arya. On guard.” She heard her father coming up behind her.

Arya gulped, holding her practice sword and turning to greet her father as he picked up one of his own.

He was on her in the blink of an eye, his wooden sword slashing hard at her face and then ribs. Arya blocked both strikes, barely, and tried to get into a defensive position but was forced back and when their swords locked up. Her father came up close and pushed her down onto the ground with his sword point at her throat.

“Always be on your guard, Arya.” Eddard told his daughter as he backed off and waited. “There is no honor on the battlefield, despite what the minstrels sing. You fight to stay alive and take out your opponent. Kill if you must, but first keep your defense strong. Then attack when the opportunity presents itself. Never be reckless. … Ready?”

Arya shook her head yes.

Eddard charged hard and Arya met his attack. The sounds of wooden swords ringing filled the square. Everyone near ran up to line the practice field and watch. The fight was a sight to behold - Eddard was holding nothing back.

Fast, complicated attack patterns and sword work rained down on Arya. She grunted and fought back desperately, always on the defense. Her arms ached with the force of the savage blows she blocked.

The speed of their swords had all of the onlookers marveling. Many shocked that Arya was able to keep up to any degree at all.

Though she hadn’t been able to *entirely*. Twice Eddard disarmed Arya, backing off until his daughter retrieved her sword.
“Do you acknowledge defeat?” her father asked.

Arya felt her blood flare hot, and shook her head no. She waited for her father to attack again. She knew there was no reason to start on offensive since she would be back on defense almost immediately.

Father and daughter came together again with blades moving in a blur striking together hard. Again and again blades locked, and the sound of wood clacking hard together echoed off the castle walls.

Back and forth they fought in the practice yard, one pressing the attack and then the other. Arya was using all she had learned, blending in rough instinct to fight off her father and land some quick counterattacks.

Her sword landed hard on her father’s ribs. He grunted, and Arya lowered her sword. “Damnit, attack Arya!” her father extolled as he resumed his own attack.

For five more minutes father and daughter snarled and panted, heavily pressing attacks and swinging lightning motions to block furious attacks. Arya received several hard blows while she only barely nicked her father a few times until he called a halt, clearly winded.

Arya watched her father come up to her. He was smiling. “Very good Arya … but remember, always press the attack until victory is achieved. You could have had me.”

Arya felt her heart beat faster with the praise.

“When you get to King’s Landing, seek out Barristan Selmy. He is my better.”

Arya started to protest.

“Arya, never have false pride. I have fought men that should have slain me on the battlefield. Arthur Dayne was such a man. Only luck preserved me. Seek Barristan, and one Syrio Forel. He was once the first sword of Braavos. He will be an excellent teacher too. I see great potential in you - to be so young and so skilled already leaves me humbled, daughter.”

Eddard ruffled Arya’s hair and left her. Arya’s feet did not touch the ground as she walked away from the practice field.

Arya went back to her room to wash and put on fresh leathers for the rest of the day. As she scrubbed herself she idly thought of Daenerys Targaryen. She knew she was totally enamored with the woman. She was like a legend reborn.

Nymeria bunted open the door to Arya’s room and jumped up on the bed and stretched out watching her master. The wolf could see from her master’s expressions that she was again mooning over her sought after mate. Nymeria would pass her own judgments on this mate.

Arya was indeed mooning thinking of the way her Queen had stormed across Slaver’s Bay and completely obliterated the slave trade - Valyria itself at its height had not accomplished such a feat. She was everything that Arya hoped to be. She had followed the Targaryen’s exploits across Slaver’s Bay, and then the amassing of her fleet in the Free Cities. She was beautiful, charismatic, and powerful.

Arya’s hands instinctively travelled to her now swollen nipples and wet pussy. She masturbated to a quick, stunning orgasm that had her seeing stars and the Queen’s face. Though truth be told, that was kind of small and blurry. She couldn’t wait to be up and close and personal with the Queen.
Arya chuckled with evil intent, licking her lips and feeling the need rise again.

One body-flipping, jack-knifing orgasm later and Arya was finally ready to meet the rest of the day.

Nymeria had dozed through her master's antics. She had seen her master stroke her pleasure areas many times over the years.

Arya headed to the ramparts to look out over the lands of House Stark. Her direwolf sitting down beside her. She wanted to memorize every little feature. If she had her way, she would may never be back again, or only seldom. Her life would be in King’s Landing.

Arya was elated that her father had chosen her to be his emissary to the Queen. She just wished he would send her already! She ached to be with the Queen and begin her seduction of the tall warrior from legends. She would be so happy! She could just feel it.

She was already a master with the bow. She could hit any target. Her sword work was improving fast as she matured and her strength and reflexes improved. She would be a consort the Queen would be proud to have at her side on the throne.

Arya almost ran into a sentry thinking of how she would conquer the Queen in the bed chamber and make the Queen her own. She was a little nervous about the whole bedding rituals of Westeros, though. She could just see the face on her mother.

She was sure she would make a good first impression on the Queen. Her first meeting would have a real impact on the Targaryen. Arya could feel it.

Arya replayed over in her mind again how she had actually gotten in a good strike on her father. She was immensely proud of that. No one ever got a hit in on her father.

She was looking to the South when she saw it - a dark dot on the horizon that quickly grew to be a dragon flying high moving north by northwest. It was white with gold highlights. This would be Viserion, she thought, remembering his description. Nymeria got up and looked up at the dragon too, along with her master.

Arya began to jump up and down waving her arms and crying out as the dragon winged towards the distant horizon. “Come back! Come back! I want to see you!”

Nymeria cocked her head as the dragon started to dwindle in the distance. Her master looked dejected, her head cast down. Nymeria sat down beside her dejected master leaning into her body to offer condolences. The great wolf could feel her master’s disappointment.

Suddenly, Nymeria was up again, barking and howling as she jumped around excitedly.

Arya looked at her, wondering what had gotten into her wolf. When she saw why, Arya joined in her excitement.

The dragon had turned around and was rapidly approaching, still high up in the sky. It flew over the castle as Arya resumed acting like a wild child, jumping and waving her arms while calling to it.

Many had gathered to see what was occurring and stared up at the dragon circling now, and at Arya Stark acting like a five year old.

Nymeria’s howls were joined by Shaggydog and Grey Wind as they burst onto the ramparts and added their cries to the cacophony. They joined Nymeria in jumping and snapping at the air in excitement.
Arya was thrilled. The dragon was clearly circling lower. She watched the dragon descend to circle the castle just above scorpion range. The magnificent beast was obviously intelligent. Arya continued to jump and gesticulate at the beast.

A decision made, the dragon descended gracefully as everyone in the keep held their breath. It landed lightly on the First Keep and folded its wings. Its brilliant green eyes looked down at Arya calmly.

Everyone held their breath except for Arya, who ran down the castle curtain wall to get directly in front of the dragon who looked at her calmly. The direwolves were around Arya leaping and howling.

Arya put her hands up and out in greeting to the dragon.

Eddard Stark came bounding out a door adjacent to Arya with Ice in his hand. The dragon’s head immediately swerved towards the man. All could see the dragon tensing, his eyes on the sword.

“Father no!” Arya howled at him. “put the sword down—he means no harm!” Arya watched her father debate the situation with himself, and then slowly put the sword down on the top steps of the stairway. He stood back up, watching Viserion closely.

The dragon slowly lowered its head towards Arya. The direwolves jumped and twirled around. Nymeria began to growl as the head approached her master a little too close. The dragon turned towards the great wolf.

For a few seconds they stared at each other with unblinking eyes. With a woof, the wolf finally sat down, her tongue hanging out. Suddenly Lady burst out the doorway behind Eddard, and brushed him aside to run over to Nymeria. She joined her, sitting on her haunches, relaxed.

The dragon slowly crept forward on the First Keep’s ceiling, and then lowered its head toward Arya, sniffing.

Suddenly in from the right a big black shape appeared and landed lightly on the castle wall near the broken tower. Arya looked in awe at the immense body of Drogon as it too folded its wings and looked around curiously.

Shaggydog ran over barking at the great black dragon. Drogon craned his neck to look down at the great wolf that continued barking furiously at the claws that were hanging over the rampart walls. Arya thought the scene was both funny and nerve-wracking. The silly wolf acted like it owned the castle and the dragon should be backing off from its territory. The wolf snarled furiously at the claws and sniffed in the scent of the dragon.

The dragon slowly moved its left foot forward to place it on the floor of the rampart, looking at the great wolf with what had to be curiosity. Shaggydog looped forward and sniffed at the claws again, and then started to try to chew on the closest nail as the hard claw easily resisted the wolf’s canines trying to gain purchase.

Viserion was sniffing Arya curiously and moved his head down past the teenage girl towards the two sitting direwolves barking and snapping at each other in their excitement. Suddenly, the white dragon jerked its head back up when Nymeria and Lady licked his snout with sloppy wet licks. The dragon’s jaw was working as if the wolves had tickled it with their aggressive licks of their tongues. Then Viserion lowered his head again and the wolves muzzled and licked the dragon’s jaw and lips.

This time the dragon kept his head down and his lips jerked and worked as they wolves licked his
jawline aggressive and worked their tongues between Viserion’s lips and licked his gums. The mighty head jerked and shook but the mighty dragon kept his head down. He seemed to enjoy the sensations.

Arya had been watching her wolf and Sansa’s but now turned to see what Rickon’s Direwolf was up to. Shaggydog had given up trying to chew on Drogon’s hard nails. The dark haired wolf growled at the black nail as if offended. Shaggydog turned around and lifted his leg high. A big wolf smirk was on his face.

Suddenly, Shaggydog went flying when the dragon jerked its first talon up in a fast motion. Startled Grey Wind barked furiously at the claws. The Direwolf offended at his brother’s treatment. Shaggydog flew high through the air to thump hard into the outer wall. The impact loud. Shaggydog fell down and sprawled out for a moment. He immediately jumped back up, affronted.

Grey Wind was barking and jumping around in a tizzy defending his brother’s honor. Shaggydog ran back to Drogon, joining Grey Wind in his warning barks of ire and indignation.

Arya watched bemused as Shaggydog again turned his body with obvious intent. Head held high, he lifted his back leg again. The Direwolf looked back quickly having learned its lesson. Seeing no threat the Direwolf lifted his head high and proud. This time the black dragon let the direwolf mark him with its urine, the great talon twitching.

Finished, Shaggydog moved forward a step. The Direwolf scratched back with his hind legs the nails making a loud scraping sound. The wolf was making sure to further mark his territory. The dragon’s head moved slowly back and forth watching all this with what looked like amusement.

Tail and head high, Shaggydog moved to the doorway that Eddard had come through and with great, satisfied dignity disappeared down the stairwell. Her father taking it all in with a bemused look.

Drogon moved his head down and sniffed his claw. His head moved back with a sharp jerk and the beast sneezed several times, each sending out mighty hot gusts of wind. The dragon twisted his head back and up and sneezed a few more times, his head jolting with sharp jerks.

Viserion lifted his head and brought it before Arya, turning it. Then slowly he moved forward and rubbed his rough cheek along Arya’s cheek. Then the dragon lifted his head and extended it forward above Arya’s shoulder.

Then, suddenly, both dragons hunched down and launched themselves high into the air, quickly gaining attitude as their wings pumped hard. They bore off to the West until they disappeared.

Arya came out of her trance and noticed that Sansa was right behind her. She had a shocked look on her face and was rubbing her cheek. The dragon had rubbed its cheek with Sansa too! It was incredible!

Sansa walked off with a dazed look. “We will speak later,” she said distantly, rubbing her cheek.

Arya rubbed her cheek. If this wasn’t a positive sign then nothing was. Daenerys Targaryen was hers!

Her father stood by the doorway with a wondering look. They all had had quite an adventure.

Daenerys
Daenerys was agitated on the Iron Throne. Supplications had been piling up and Daenerys had forgone having a Small Council this morning to tend to them. She had spent so much time on her “Eddard situation” she had let her audience with her subjects slip. She was catching up today. She was beginning to regret her decision. The complaints were most innocuous, trivial and inconsequential today. Daenerys found herself pinching the bridge of her nose again.

She was currently hearing from a Lord that had built a beautiful home for his newly married daughter. Unfortunately, the house was downwind from a pig farm. The farmer and Lord both were complaining vociferously. The farmer was right of course, but the Lord was powerful.

Daenerys sighed again.

She conquered Westeros for this?

She had been sensing that Viserion and Drogon had had their interest captured by something. In her boredom she let their images in and immediately perked up.

They were at Winterfell?! The Queen started making Tyrion and Missandei glance at her from their stations on either side in their high backed seats.

The first thought was fright and concern for her children. Eddard Stark had been acting most strange. *Were her dragons in danger?* Daenerys knuckles whitened as they gripped the arms of the Iron Throne.

She queried her dragons and let them feel her concerns. They assured their mother that they were in no danger. They had been cautious in their approach. A young girl had caught their attention and the male that had the scent of command had put his sword down. They were in no danger. They had looked for danger as they circled the large stone edifice looking for weapons they had learned to fear and hate. There had been none.

The Queen finally relaxed. Whatever Eddard Stark was doing he had not armed his castle yet for war or defense. She looked out her son’s eyes and opened her senses to what they sensed and felt.

Drogon was looking at a large dark colored shaggy direwolf chewing on its nail. Suddenly, Daenerys left foot jerked up as her lips smirked. The Queen’s head snapped back again her, lips jerking and twisting. Her mouth felt the tickling licks of two big wolves. It was disconcerting. Daenerys lips smacked and she snorted as the audience looked at her strangely.

Then she chuckled, seeing in her mind’s eye the direwolf flying against the rampart wall.

Then her Queen’s face was twisting again as Viserion had his face licked even more aggressively and the tickling sensations ran up and down his lips. With her mental link the Queen felt every rasp of the wolves tongues on her own lips, cheeks and along her gums. The Queen wiggled her head hard back and forth.

A blink later and Daenerys was looking at a woman with dark brown hair and steel grey eyes that she found captivating. Her face was framed by the cut of her hair that framed her sharp features. The hair on her shoulders so beguiling. Her eyes were filled with passion and fire. She felt no fear of her dragon! She was urging her Viserion to come to her! This woman had a manner that bespoke a fierce inner fire that called to Danny. Her features while not classically beautiful, there was a shape of her face that was so attractive to Dany. She felt a pull of attraction regardless of classic beauty. Her attire was that of a warrior? This woman bespoke of passion and fire and yet there was an innocence about the her. Daenerys was fascinated.
Her fixation on the woman was disrupted when she looked out of Drogon’s eyes and watched the direwolf urinating on his claws. Daenerys felt an uncomfortable warm sensation on her left foot and shook it urgently, her foot suddenly feeling like it was soaking wet with piss.

*How gross!*

By now Missandei and Tyrion were both staring at her as if she had lost her mind.

She looked out Viserion’s eyes again and found herself looking at a beautiful, tall red-headed woman and then rubbing her cheek with her own. Although the feeling was sensual she found she much more liked the sensation when rubbing the plainer looking girl’s cheek.

Suddenly, the Queen’s head snapped back and she started sneezing violently. Her head snapped right and left as she sneezed and her left foot was shaking violently as if her calf had cramped.

All stared at the Queen. Had the weight of rule unbalanced the woman? Was she having a fit?

As suddenly as the fit had started, the Queen composed herself and pinched her nose and began to give her pronouncement to the Lord and pig farmer.

**Varys**

*What was that damn Stark up too?* Varys wondered to himself. He calmed himself sipping his Earl Grey tea. The man was not behaving in any away that made sense. He was provoking the Queen while achieving no gain for himself. His actions were borderline treasonous but he made no move against the throne. He did not prevent tax collection or the administrative duties of the custom houses in the ports.

His actions made no sense.

Varys had studied the man from afar. He was intrigued by Eddard Stark. The man was honor personified. Such honor was a pretty thing, but not really useful in the real world. He would be chewed up in Kings Landing.

Yet, despite this the man was totally confounding the master of whispers.

The man was honorable almost to a fault and he inspired great honor in those around him. Varys found this to be very unfortunate. He found it hard to find sparrows in such a place. There was no greed or avarice to entice people into his service. The north was almost a blind spot for him and he did not like it one bit.

He and Tyrion had discussed the issue earlier. Tyrion apparently found it amusing that Varys was so upset with the current situation. He teased Varys that just a month ago he, Varys, had stated he could easily read the man and, thus, control him. Varys had been very wrong he was coming to understand. Varys did not enjoy underestimating his foes. It left him feeling vulnerable and weak. He flashed back to his cutting and shivered.

Varys knew this man was playing him for a fool. He was positive the Free Cities were loyally in the Queens camp and yet seemingly overnight many ships from Braavos, Pentos and Tyrosh had appeared in the ports of the north. The number was slowly growing larger. Camps were springing up in places that made no sense.

He asked Dany to send a dragon to investigate and she had sent Rhaegar and he had sent mental
images back to Dany that indeed the camps existed, heavily defended by Scorpions. She had been most displeased to see the open threat to her children. Rhaegal had stayed high indeed.

Varys was sure these were ruses but he was having to waste resources trying to track down. Again he cursed the honor of these Northmen.

What reports he got seemed to show a general pivot to the North and not the South, but again this made no sense. If Dany came North, Eddard would be defenseless. He had put barricades across the Kings Road but he had left them unguarded.

Daenerys had sent ravens across the realm to ask again for allegiance. All houses spoke generously of their loyalty. Even House Stark had again assured the Queen of its loyalty. The man had written ‘I will gladly lay my life down for you Daenerys Targaryen. I will fight any threat to the realm no matter the direction even from the North.’ It was emphasized.

There was no threat from the North. The wildlings were really of no military power. They could be crushed at any time. What did the man see as a threat? Why not just tell the Queen what he was mobilizing against? The only true power in Westeros was the Queen.

There was a knock at the door, and Varys told Tyrion he could come in.

“How did you know it was me?”

“Only you visit the spider in his own lair, Tyrion.”

“I see.” he showed the Spider his bottle of wine and asked him if he wanted a glass.

“No thanks ‘cub of Lannister’,” Varys answered. He chuckled slightly at the grimace from the dwarf. “Have you been sunburned anymore, O Lord of the Breast and Beast?”

Tyrion glared at the eunuch. He sat down and pouted. “How in the hell do you know these things? No one else was there dammit!”

“Don’t worry Tyrion, your secret is safe with me … I have sparrows every where … except where we need them” the eunuch groused petulantly.

He sighed, seeing the Lannister smirk at his predicament. “You know the Queen will have your little hide if she has to march against House Stark.”

Tyrion sighed in return. “Yes. She keeps reminding me that I have spoken for Eddard Stark. I do not fear. In the end I will be proven right.”

Varys watched the handsome dwarf shiver. “I just hope I live long enough to see it.”

**Eddard**

Eddard had been shocked that his daughter was willing to throw herself off the ledge in the rookery to her death to save her lover dishonor. Sansa was totally and completely in love with Margaery Tyrell. That was obvious.

He smiled. It must be nice to feel true love from the beginning of the relationship. Eddard reflected back to his and Cat’s beginning. He had felt so stilted taking his brother’s place in marrying and bedding this woman that had been betrothed to his brother, Brandon.
They had courted he guessed. They definitely knew each other and had an idea of their mannerisms and natures.

Catelyn Stark had come to him an enigma and he was a mystery to her.

There had been no love in the beginning of their relationship. How could there be. They were strangers to each other.

In time he came to love this stranger and he knew deep in his soul that his wife loved him dearly. They fit together. Their strengths complimented and supported each other, but, it had taken years to form and then grow.

Sansa already had that.

This made the wheels turn in Eddard’s head. He was already playing a game he detested. This Game of Thrones. He smirked gently. At least he could say in his defense that it took events that only occurred once in eight thousand years to get him playing this game of shadows and deceits.

He sighed and reached for the parchment and quill dipping the feather in the ink well.

He loved all his children dearly and would do anything for them. Still, he had to put the realm first. He sighed again as he paused to think of what he would write.

He needed an alley in the South. He thought of the possible persons he could work with. Doran Martell was to calculating. Eddard needed to act and quickly. The leader of Dorne would spend countless days leading to weeks thinking of all possible angles and happenstance. He would weigh the pros and cons back and forth for an eternity.

Tywin Lannister was a twisted crafty grizzled lion that would take advantage of anything presented to him. He could not be trusted. Any.

House Baratheon was led now by Stannis and he had a stick permanently shoved up his ass. He turned honor into something distasteful and trite. He made himself, Eddard Stark, look like a drunken fool. The man would never agree to what he thinking.

The Kraken could shove their tentacles up their ass. Theon had turned out to be a good man—with time.

House Tully and The Vale were already in his camp and could not provide any advantage.

House Tyrell was led by Mace. He was a good man but had absolutely no imagination. He could never even conceive of what Eddard had in mind. He was too stuck in his ways.

Oberyn had crossed his mind but the man was obviously solidly in the Queen’s camp and would never hear him out.

Eddard had listed out these men only because he wanted to make sure he did not miss anything but he knew his assessments were spot on.

Only one leader could help him. He needed someone who could see beyond their own House. Someone willing to consider what was best for the realm.

He would offer them something that he knew they would want. While they could see the realm and its needs, they would definitely be enticed and induced to join in his plan if he offered them something he knew they would want greatly.
Also, he was sure they loved their prodigy as much as he did. He smirked again in his soft way. Just maybe in a different way.

He dipped his quill in the ink well.

**Daenerys**

Dany went to the small table that sat beside the chair she had placed in front of the fireplace. The fireplace had a large, warm fire burning. She did not feel the heat at all. She knew Strong Belwas enjoyed the warmth. He had come down with a cold and she wanted to pamper the big baby a little.

Belwas was the epitome of fidelity. She enjoyed his simple desires that made him so happy. Maybe all should have such simple desires. Maybe the world would be a better place.

She had made the special cheese dish he craved. He liked a blend of Garrotxa and Brunet goat cheese that was beaten and blended together, then spiced with curry that he so loved.

She heard a knock and went to the door. A weak but recovering Belwas was guided in by Barristan and Syrio helping the large man keep his balance. For once he was as weak as he was always claiming to be from hunger. They guided him to his chair that allowed him to recline back. He sat down, looking wane.

Missandei had followed them in with Tyrion trailing behind. Shadowclaw bolted in and came to look up at Strong Belwas, meowing in concern. The men got Belwas comfortable and the two women spread several blankets over the rotund eunuch. He sighed and smiled contentedly, looking up at them like a happy child. He reminded her of her lost daughter he was so innocent sometimes.

He spied the special dip Daenerys had made for him and cried as he took a locust from the pale and dipped it in the cheese and munched happily.

“I love you Daenerys.” he said softly.

Both women hiccuped with tears running down their cheeks. Daenerys saw a tear run down Syrio’s cheek and Barristan rubbed the eunuch’s bald head affectionately. Tyrion shuffled around and reached up gripping the eunuch’s forearm and squeezed it awkwardly.

Shadowclaw meowed and jumped on Belwas’ lap. The cat pawed the blankets making a nest as it circled. The feline then settled down, facing the eunuch and meowed expectantly. Belwas handed the caracal a locust. The cat took it and started to eat the locust head first, purring loudly.

Daenerys had not dressed in her traditional Dothraki garb, but wore a fresh set of trousers and blouse she generally wore at her Small Council sessions.

They went over to the table that Daenerys was using as their meeting table and sat down around it. All sat attentively looking at their Queen waiting to hear what her pronouncement would be. They waited patiently as the Queen slowly moved her head making eye contact with each of them. Her steely gaze informed all that she was ready to move on the recent events of the North.

“I have held off on responding to the provocations from the North but I can no longer delay. Eddard Stark’s erratic behavior must now be answered. I have hesitated for several reasons. As we all know, we are in debt up our asses with the Iron Bank. Tyrion has found we are a little over nine million gold dragons in debt. I have been loathe to incur more debt or take needed resources to pay that down. But we are past that. I must begin to act against these provocations.
“In Essos, I left a trail of devastation behind me. I was death incarnate in Slaver’s Bay. I had to be. In no other way could I win the day. Those days are past. I will show restraint, but I will respond to these strange acts of House Stark.

“Today when the courtesans of the Riverlands and the Vale departed after receiving ravens from their titular heads, I was forced to act. Houses call their delegates home when war is on the horizon.

“This has been reinforced by these Houses now closing their borders in the same manner as the North. I have flown my dragons over the King’s Highway from on high this morning and indeed guard gates have been installed. Their gates are down. But . . . like the North there are no guards . . . I kept my dragons high for fear of some trap out of prudence but my gut tells me that there are no guards manning these new checkpoints . . . I keep asking myself why?

“Though these actions and others appear to be sedition, none of their mobilizations support them going to war. I see troop movements and ships slipping our blockade but they do nothing but sit in port. All I see are contradictions. I must act. But I will act with restraint.”

The Queen paused to look again around at her closest confidants and more importantly her truest friends.

“Syrio. Tomorrow you will send out ravens to all the Houses we can count on for full support. I want ravens sent to Doran, Mace and Stannis. These ravens will instruct them to call their vassals and prepare them for possible mobilization and war.”

“The last of the crops are being harvested now. I want those crops harvested, thrashed or processed and put into storage. Get those crops done. I want as soon as possible for the Lords to call their vassals and start training them for combat. I don’t want the last harvests long delaying this. It is imperative we train the populace for war.

“Westeros has not had war in a generation. It will take both us and Eddard six months to train our citizenry to fight.

“Whatever Eddard Stark is up to, he will not lead his people off to be butchered. He will train them up into a true fighting force and so will we”

Tyrion started to speak up “But Daenerys, what about Cas—“

“I have a different message for your father Tyrion . . . Syrio, the raven you send to Tywin will merely advise him to be on alert. To secure his border with the Riverlands. I do not want him calling his vassals. Frankly, I don’t trust your father very much, Tyrion.”

“That is the wisest thing you have said today my Queen.” Tyrion responded with a nod of this head.

A low chuckle spread around the room. Tywin was not highly regarded at all by the persons around the table.

“Yes, your father is too crafty by half Tyrion. His past actions speaks volumes. I will never trust that man.

“Tyrion. I want you to send ravens to the Houses requesting a complete inventory of all the supplies we may need for a march North. Only with the excellent reports from Myrcella and Arianna do I have a full listing of what I requested. I need to know what I can count on for march North if it becomes necessary.

“I will broker no more dalliance from my Houses . . . in two weeks. I will have my counts or their
“Yes my Queen!” Tyrion responded, anxious to do his Queen’s will.

“Missandei.” the Queen called gently.

“Yes my, Queen” the barely sixteen year old responded.

“You have served me well and loyally from the beginning of my quest for the Iron Throne. Your abilities with languages and cyphers are already legend.”

The young woman from Naath preened under the praise.

“I would ask you to do more. You mind is sharp and analytical. Tyrion has asked for someone to help him with the immense tasks that he must undertake. He will need an assistant to help him understand, process and then implement solutions to our probable march north.”

The young woman looked at her with her big, innocent eyes.

“I would ask you to assume even more duties, and help Tyrion with the logistics of our move North. Can I ask this of you?’

“YES my Queen!” the interpreter responded.

“Thank you, my dearest friend.”

Tyrion turned to smile at the sweet girl to let her know he truly wanted her insights and help.

The girl’s shoulders squared that little more.

“Tyrion—Missandei, I need you to get the figures for crop production and how much cattle, pigs, goats and other livestock we can reasonably ask for from our vassals to be slaughtered and processed. I want their beef jerked or salted and prepared for our possible armies.

“I want truthful counts of what are in the grain silos. Missandei, that information for the storage of grains in the free cities are in High Valyrian and Braavosi. I want those figures translated and provided two weeks hence, along with Westeros’s numbers.

“Also, I have still kept the granary ships fully loaded and docked in Dorne and the Stormlands or Pentos and Tyrosh. I want to know exactly the counts and the locations of these ships. The smallest holds at least four hundred and fifty tons of grain. The larger ships from the Free Cities can hold up to seven hundred tones. The Summer Islander merchant ships can hold up to one and a half thousand tones of grain. I want those counts when we meet in two weeks, to start putting our actual plans in place.

“I want the two of you to start planning on how we get food and material up North in the most efficient manner possible.

“Syrio . . . I want you to have a meeting set up for thirteen hundred hours tomorrow with yourself, Hugh Elicero and Solaja Xo. We will be using mainly Essos navies for our purposes. These ships will supported by the Summer Islander fleets. I am sure Solaja will demand that her ships be in the lead. Her ships are the best at trans ocean voyages. I need those ships for the protection of my whole realm. We will discuss all this with her tomorrow.”
Syrio started to object but the Queen held up her hand for silence.

“The Iron Islands must be warded. The only people I trust less than Tywin Lannister are the Greyjoys. I will leave the navies of Casterly Rock and Highgarden in place on the west coast of Westeros. I will not have Kracken raiding while I am moving North.

“I will make it clear to Tywin that he will support Highgarden with troops if they are attacked. I will only be leaving nominal forces behind with the Houses I trust. I will crush the Lannisters if they balk. I will make that clear when the time comes.

“Tomorrow ravens will fly to Tyrosh, and from there, up and down the coast of Essos alerting them to call in or turn around their warships. We will blockade the North and the Vale. If unexpected battles appear in places unforeseen we will have the naval forces to move to intercept and destroy. This is where I want to keep most of the Summer Islander fleet in a naval reserve off the coast of Essos off the promontory between Pentos and Braavos. If some sudden need arises they can move to support.”

Little of consequence is on the west coast of the North for this campaign. Any battles will be fought in central and eastern part of Eddard’s domain I deem.”

I will ask Varys to double down on his spying. He has some sparrows who can actually sing in the Vale and the Riverlands. They too are calling their lords and vassals to arms and beginning to train.

The queen paused to sip her glass of water.

“I want all of you to study this map. The queen unfolded a map of the North. I want all of you to be able to see this map in your sleep. I have memorized it. I want your input on three landing sites for beachheads in the North.

“I have immense troop transport with my Essos navies. I deliberately kept them intact for just this eventuality. I will make beachheads with the mercenary troops loyal to me. They will prepare the way for the Westerosi foot troops that I will sail north. This will speed the cavalry march north and speed up the trains of supplies moving north.

Daenerys put three weights in the shape of her three dragons on the map. They were all on the east coast of the North.

“I propose these three areas for our beachheads. Study this map and in two weeks I will get your thoughts. If you have better sites I want you rational and reasons. I am open to debate but give me support for your decisions.

“I am putting forth the stratagems for possible war. . . . I will do all I can to avoid it, but I will be prepared.

“Do I make myself clear?”

All around the table shook their heads in the affirmative.

Dany looked over at Strong Belwas. He was asleep, snoring happily with a contended Shadowclaw snuggled into his lap purring.

“One last thing . . . does anyone have a fucking idea as to what the hell Eddard Stark is up to? . . . this behavior is totally unlike everything I have been told about this man.” The Queen made a point to glare at Tyrion for a moment.
Syrio and Missandei were from Essos, and had no clue except for what they heard secondhand. Barristan told the Queen he was totally perplexed. He was not behaving in a rational manner.

Tyrion cleared his throat, and related his second visit to the Wall and his feeling of ill-ease and foreboding.

“So you believe in these fairy tales?” Daenerys asked with a raised eyebrow.

Tyrion looked at her. “No, my Queen. I let my childhood fears and half remembered tales temporarily overcome my rational thought. The North is safe.”

The Queen merely looked at him with a neutral gaze. She had been given reason to wonder otherwise.

She had heard so many prophecies and almost none of them had occurred. She remembered once saying, “I make my own prophecies.”

If there was a threat in the north it was not supernatural. The Reeds may have believed it so, but Daenerys did not hold to such a belief. If the threat breathed and pumped blood in its veins, she would kill them and rid the realm of it. They may have learned to control cold like she had heat, but they would be a human just like her. There were no supernatural beings who walked on two feet. Only magical animals that could be tamed as she had tamed her dragons, and the Starks their Direwolves. She would be victorious like she always was in her battles.

After her victory, which she fervently hoped would not require bloodshed, she would then placate the old wolf and get back to the business of governance of her kingdom that spanned two continents.

She did not need this problem in her ass. She wanted to be rid of what she fervently hoped was only a distraction. If it was a more, it would be handled deftly if possible, and with an iron fist if necessary.

But, handle it she would.
Altered Perceptions

Chapter Notes

AN #1: Graphic F-solo sex in last VP

AN #2: I don't think there are any shippers of Dany / Drogo if you are reading this story. When I read GOT I thought the whole Dany arc with him was bullshit. GRRM can definitely write women but he missed that whole dynamic. It was pure Stockholm Syndrome. I show that in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 14

Altered Perceptions

Daenerys / Syrio / Tyrion / Varys / Daenerys / Olenna / Daenerys / Missandei

Daenerys

The tension in the small council was palpable. The room was tense with the ire of the Targaryen Queen. She glared around the table, not liking one bit what she was hearing. She was beginning to have serious doubts about the men and women around her.

She felt like Eddard Stark was playing them all like a maestro Viol player. He was plucking the strings pizzicato and they were all jumping to his notes. It was his score that Daenerys Targaryen was being led down and she did not like it one bit!

Daenerys fumed about the fact that this man was outthinking and one step ahead of the best minds in Westeros and Essos - herself included! In her previous campaigns she had been the one making others react. She was beginning to understand how they must have felt being outthought and outflanked. He kept adding to the pressure she was under and she was starting to really feel it.

What really made her angry above all was that she had been told from the start about Eddard Stark was that beyond his antiquated sense of honor, he had a total incapacity to play the Game of Thrones. All the pundits had assured her the man would not have survived four months in the Red Keep. Obviously everyone had been mistaking.

Very mistaken.

How? Where had the man acquired this skill? This expertise? Had he always had it, buried beyond even his sight? Why couldn't it have stayed buried?!

Her violet gaze fell on the Master of Ships. “Do you want to tell me one more time how it is that ships from the Free Cities, are mystically appearing in the ports of the North?” she paused to give Lysono Saan of the Free Cities a withering look. “What kind of Navy are we fielding again, Hugh Elicero?” the Queen asked her Master of Ships.
“I assure you that our blockade is intact, my Queen.”

“Then please tell me how it is that warships of the Free Cities are appearing in the Harbors of the North. I am paying an awful lot of money for your fleet, and my gods you have most of the fucking navies of Essos with you, and you still can’t stop these ships from appearing in the North!”

“I-I-I …they must be fake!” the man stuttered to his Queen.

She stared at him for a long moment “It would seem that the only place your fleet reigns supreme is in the wash tub.” The Queen sneered at Elicero.

Her ire turned to Lysono Sann. “Tell me again about your loyalty to me?” she asked with a deadly calm. She stared hard at the man, and all could hear him gulp weakly.

Daenerys’ visceral reaction to sedition was already legendary. All waited with baited breath as Lysono looked at the Queen “I can not explain to you what is being reported, my Queen. All I can tell you is that we remain loyal to you. You are the breaker of chains. If you need blood then I offer my life… but please do not punish our cities for a crime we have not committed.”

He looked at his Queen, earnest, as she took a long breath. “I believe you.”

Daenerys reflected again on how Eddard Stark was skillfully making her doubt her own trusted advisors. In weak moments she doubted her own decisions and she never did that! Daenerys snorted to herself. If this was happening to anyone else, she would be admiring the man and chuckling at the poor fools spinning to the pulls and jerks of his marionette strings.

The only problem was that the fools were Daenerys Targaryen and her Small Council. That really steamed and agitated her! Really agitated her.

The room visibly relaxed. Daenerys saw out of the corner of her eye that Solaja Xo was eyeing her intently. The only problem it was not from fear. The woman was licking her lips, and her long nipples were clearly poking through the sheer top that clung tightly to her full bosom. Daenerys’ passion was arousing the Summer Islander. Master Lape’s eyes were literally glued to Solaja’s full bosom, his lust palpable. For the nonce, the Summer Islander only had eyes for Daenerys. The woman’s eyes throbbed with passion. She was excited by Dany’s anger and passion.

Daenerys’ ire ratcheted up a level. She stood up and slammed her palms down on the table. “I thought I had surrounded myself with the best that Westeros and Essos had to offer. I am starting to wonder. I need answers, not stuttered exclamations of ‘I don’t know’ ”. She slammed her palms on the table again. “I want answers, damnit!”

She turned to look at Varys, who had his hands in the sleeves of his robe. He looked at her calmly but she could see the thin sheen of sweat on his brow.

“You call yourself the Master of Whispers and The Spider, whose webs capture all the news of Westeros and Essos. From what I am seeing, I am officially changing your name to the Master of Wisps. You webs must have been swept up, oh Mite. That his your new title: ‘The Mite’!” she barked. To the eunuch’s credit, he merely stared back at the raging Queen. He knew she valued him and was just letting out bile.

The Queen pinched her nose and then stomped her foot on the floor, her arm whipping down. She quickly found a new target to spew vitriol at, her deadly gaze falling on Syrio Forel. “You are my master General. I want you to tell me what Eddard Stark is doing. What in the hell is he doing?!” she roared.
Daenerys remembered Eddard Stark’s response to what she thought was a great question: “What the FUCK are you doing?!” His answer had her ripping his response to small pieces and stomping on them before a bemused Missandei and a trembling Tyrion. ‘I serve the Realm.’ He’d written back. That was it! She nearly pulled her hair out in frustration as Tyrion had pressed his back against the furthest wall in the Queen’s chamber. His eyes skittering to her door seeking escape from her ire in case it turned towards him.

“I wish I knew, my Queen. What he is doing makes absolutely no sense. He is moving forces haphazardly. He brings in ships, and then leaves them in harbor. He is undoubtedly having the forces in his holds training, and we can see he is hording supplies as well but the orientation is all wrong. I can’t explain it.” Syrio told the Queen the truth.

He watched as her eyes flared wide, their violet gaze unsettling. He knew he was unprepared for this position, even with Barristan and his generals helping him learn tactics and logistics at a rapid clip.

The Queen turned and barked at the shadowy figures sulking in the back of the Council Chamber. “If you can’t perform your duties gods damnit I will have Barristan Selmy take your position!” the Queen nearly roared.

“I don’t wa—” Barristan started to respond.

“You will do what I fucking tell you TO DO!” Daenerys Targaryen bellowed, slamming her palms on the table again.

Daenerys turned her attention to her Hand. “Why so quiet, my Hand? I put you in that chair to lead this council and give me the information I need to govern! What is the problem with this fucking council? Hhhmmmm … maybe you have been too busy focusing on the your duties of ‘King of the Breast’ ”.

She watched as heads turned in Tyrion’s direction, strange and questioning looks on their faces. Tyrion hung his head, wondering if he would ever live that event down.

“I need ANSWERS!” the Queen yelled in frustration.

Aarrrrrggghhhhh! No one but Daenerys heard her mental scream of frustration. She wondered for the umpteenth how Eddard knew exactly which lever to pull and when to drive her crazy and yet not cross the line into open sedition.

All his actions took the North and more and more the Riverlands and the Vale into rebellion, but he kept just enough sanity in his actions to keep the Queen from decisively acting with an immediate assault.

She controlled her rash impulses. Bad decisions were made when one was agitated.

Again she felt like she was in some dread mummers play where no one knows what the hell is truly happening. The clues doled out in just the right manner to confuse and obfuscate the plot. She hated the man for his fucking skill at it!

What Daenerys had not shared yet even with her Klatch of Confidantes was the influx of ravens coming to the Red Keep from the Great Houses.

The actions of Eddard Stark and his compatriots had not gone unnoticed. She had not raised the alarm and had told her Small Council to hold deliberations close but she knew that secrets rarely stayed secrets long with all the spiders, moths, sparrows, moles, rats, jackals and gods knew what else sulking about.
They all wanted action and answers. They wanted their new Queen to act.

She was not ready to act! Not yet!

The ravens from Doran had complained of so many variables. He felt she should fly down to Dorne and sit down and discuss all the variables and possible permutations. One needed to study very carefully all possible outcomes and move prudently forward incrementally.

That was a recipe for disaster.

His brother had been the exact opposite. He had so much clout he did not mind sending his own ravens. Of course his counsel was just the opposite - put this impudent dog down. Attack, attack, attack, attack! Was the basic gist of his ravens.

Gods that man had too much sperm in his testicles.

The ravens from Highgarden were basically Mace wringing his hands and wanting to know what to do.

For once Daenerys was thankful for the man’s indecisiveness.

The ravens from Dragonstone had demanded action. Stannis made veiled comments about how if he had been allowed to ascend the throne they would not be having these issues. He had the fortitude and foresight to handle this situation the man had snidely but subtly stated.

The man had a stick up his ass, or was constipated with his constant grimacing and gnashing of his teeth.

It was the ravens from Tywin Lannister that really set her off. He had complained that the Crown was being made to look like “dunces” and that only firm leadership could prevent these “sad commentaries” from occurring. When he had been Hand these problems did not exist.

Daenerys thought of Tywin like a lion that steals its food from a leopard who made the kill and did all the work. He was a damn buzzard as far as she was concerned.

Then this morning another raven had arrived form Casterly Rock. In this missive he had asked directly if the “Queen” needed his wise counsel. He mentioned that for a teenage girl to be having to rule a kingdom that maybe she “felt overwhelmed” and needed his steady hand. The hand of man is what he clearly implied.

Gods did that piss her off! Her blood was still boiling. She dearly wanted to strangle somebody! Anybody!

Syrio

Syrio saddled his eyes over to Varys and saw a self-satisfied smirk skirt across his face. He evidently was in on the inside joke.

He was stung from the Queen’s rebuke. He knew she valued his expertise and loyalty, and he had witnessed her temper tantrums in the past. She vented her frustrations in the most childlike ways, but she’d always calm again quickly after. He did know that until he and his small council members found answers to their Queen’s questions, more ire and vitriol would most likely be spilled.
He noticed Jhogo slipping further into the shadows, making sure to stay out of sight, out of mind. Barristan met and held his eye, and Syrio knew he had the full support of the great knight.

He worried again over all of the strange behaviors coming from the North. Ships were appearing in their harbors that could not possibly be there, large forces appearing and then disappearing only to crop up in another location.

The King’s highway had been blocked. The Reeds had harassed but not attacked several patrols sent to investigate the King’s Road, only to disappear into the swamps afterward. Reports indicated that the road had been cut at Moat Cailin, but when the Queen’s forces arrived the road was open once again. The forces in the castle had not responded to challenges or threats, but had not lifted a finger in protest to the force outside its gate either. No trouble had been reported since, but traffic was still tense on the road.

Her custom officers in the ports of the North had suddenly been kept in their offices under armed guard but two days later were apologized too for the misunderstanding. All three of her recalcitrant Houses had suddenly started sending Ravens complaining of overly high taxes. They may have to stop collections in the future.

That got everyone’s attention.

All of this was accomplished nothing, aside from raising tensions unnecessarily. All inquires were left unanswered. It was like Eddard Stark was intentionally baiting the Queen – but why? It was like baiting a hungry bear.

Their Queen was showing remarkable restraint. This was borderline treason. The Dany that had existed at the start of her campaign to crush Slaver’s Bay would have flown her dragons North and laid waste to it.

Thankfully, this was not the same Daenerys Targaryen. She had learned restraint and now used extreme force only as a last resort. He remembered when she had first conquered Yunkai and her slaves were being butchered at night. She had collected the high nobles of the city in the courtyard of one of their great pyramids. Then, she had ordered them to give up the conspirators. They had laughed at her, even as she had lined the walls with her Unsullied.

Three times she had ordered them to submit and give her the names of the conspirators. The nobility had been so high and mighty. They all died when the Queen ordered her Unsullied to hurl their spears from their positions, piercing their bodies with multiple spears. She had walked among them after, putting those still alive out of their misery, her face hard and cold.

The rebellion had ended that day and the peace lasted for a year. The Queen would broker no killing of her freed slaves. She let it be known she had been killed when she was helpless, and she would never countenance it under her rule. Syrio had not been happy to see that slaughter. When he had tried to explain to Daenerys that the nobles had been helpless as well, she arched an eyebrow and replied: “They had a choice … the slaves didn’t”. He found he had to agree with that statement.

Fortunately, she had tempered. He and Barristan still clashed in this, though. He was willing to sacrifice a few for the many without question. Syrio had to admit that the killing had indeed stopped when Daenerys used the hammer of her authority. He was thankful that Westeros did not have a history of slavery. Without that goad, the Queen was much more reasonable. She was willing to carefully weigh out and consider her response to Eddard Stark’s apparent sedition.

He had proposed to send out armed reconnaissance missions to seek out these armed camps. Their scouts would come up where the camps were, only to find them abandoned. They would appear,
days later, somewhere else.

He needed more forces with more horses to keep up with the demand for all this reconnaissance, and troops to protect the scouts as they got more aggressive in their search for these elusive camps.

The Queen agreed but made it clear she wanted no battles if they could be avoided. She was not going to be the trigger for any warfare in Westeros. Hers would be the reluctant fist, which she would use only if attacked. She let it be clear though, that if she had to use her fist she would be merciless. Syrio had agreed completely.

She had also stated that they would chase these elusive ghosts for a week more but if not successful she would pull all her troops South. They were exposed and she did not like it. They were exposed. The North, Riverlands and the Vale were recalcitrant only currently but they may become more belligerent in the future. The Queen did not want the provocation or the waste of good men lives.

He watched the Queen, noticing that she seemed to have to calmed down. Unfortunately, that lull did not last long. Vedad Softic reported that Casterly Rock had put in a claim for another five hundred thousand gold dragons. Micud Caudill concurred with the calling in of debt, stating that the contracts signed by Robert Baratheon were binding to the new Queen.

Daenerys had been shuffling through some reports on crop production, then shoved them off the table onto the floor and was up in flash.

“The gall of that Bastard!” the Queen yelled her face turning beet red. “Tyrion—I want a summary of all your father’s chicanery with our finances. I think it is time we sent a raven explaining the true situation. The queen ground her teeth picking up the papers she had tossed to the floor.

When Daenerys head cane up she eyed Maester Lape. He was not so subtly pawing at Solaja as she encouraged him while she stared at Daenerys. Daenerys rolled her eyes, even more agitated.

She stormed down to the two council members who had given her latest round of bad news and berated their incompetence. She questioned just how exactly this had happened. They only spluttered that they had not been in the government of the previous king.

Then she strode down to Varys. He had the misfortune of being the only holdover of the previous reign.

She asked him how he could have possibly allowed this agreement; this debt that Robert had incurred and she was now expected to pay. He replied that he was only the master of whispers, and not policy. He had no part in it. “Yes, you overlook what is right underneath your nose and can’t see beyond it!” She’d told him spitefully.

“I need for your little birdies to be singing, Varys. Why aren’t they?” Syrio watched the bald eunuch try to answer, while Daenerys overrode him “Oh that’s right: ‘Winter is Coming’ and they all have flown South to Dorne. The only fucking problem is I need them in Winterfell!”

Daenerys stomped her foot and stormed back down the table.

As she walked past Maester Lape she rapped him on the back of his head with her knuckles.

“Oowwwwww!” The Maester yelped, glaring at Daenerys while rubbing the back of his head.

“Solaja’s eyes are in her head, and not on her tits Maester Lape.” She threw him a napkin from the finger food that had been served. “For gods sake wipe the drool off your chin, man!”
Looking down the table Syrio observed that no one was safe from her sniping.

The Queen sat back down and shuffled her papers around. Then she looked up at her Master of Laws. “When are you going to get the Iron bank off my ass?”

“We are working diligently my Queen. These are very complicated contracts.”

Dany threw up a few sheets of paper from the stack in front of her. “Whatever.” She huffed.

**Tyrion**

Tyrion had made his initial report and then stayed low. With the Queen on the warpath he was definitely sure that discretion was the better part of valor. He was just thankful that the Queen had finally taken him up on his offer.

Three weeks past, the Queen had come to his quarters in the Tower of the Hand. She had walked around, looking at the items in his room and shuffling her feet.

“You remember our conversation on the beach, Tyrion?” Daenerys asked, not looking at him.

The dwarf had stiffened up, his testicles reflexively shrinking. He looked around for sanctuary, and started to hide underneath his desk. Daenerys noticed what he was doing and asked him if he had lost his mind.

He told her that he thought she had forgiven him his indiscretion. She looked at him confused, and then laughed. She assured him that she had forgiven him fully. She told him that she would not let him live it down, but not to worry.

“I was referring to your other offer…” she left the statement hanging.

Tyrion thought furiously for a moment. “Oh.”

“I was wondering if you could make an arrangement to have a … uhmmm… woman brought to my quarters tonight. I would want discretion.” She added hastily.

“Oh course my Queen. I would be honored. Varys will show you a secret entrance to your quarters. Do you have a preference?” He watched her eyes go distant for a long moment and then she shook her head. “I don’t know.”

“You can have whomever you want, my Queen. Half of the females at court would happily sleep with you.”

“No, no. I don’t want any entanglement with any house of Westeros. I have heard of high end brothels that serve the high nobles and masters of court and business. And, uh,” she cleared her throat, “some that serve a woman’s need for a woman’s touch. I have heard of a “Dragon Road”. It has women of pure Valyrian blood from Lys. I have never made love to a woman with violet eyes. I would like that.”

“Of course, my Queen.”

She bashfully acknowledged his response.

The next day she had a much lighter step and a soft smile on her face. She had the same woman in her bed the whole week. Varys reported that his sparrows were going deaf and that he was having
trouble from keeping a flock from forming. Tyrion was never sure with Varys how much was boasting and how much was factual when he made such statements.

The next week Daenerys was back in his quarters delicately inquiring about finding her a Summer Islander to have in her bed. She had actually licked her lips. Her libido was definitely surging. Tyrion knew just who to bring to Daenerys.

Tyrion frequented Chataya’s establishment frequently. Chataya was a Summer Islander of early middle age. In the Summer Islands, prostitution was an esteemed trade. Chataya was of noble birth, and still a ravishing beauty. She had only the most beautiful of woman in her establishment.

Truth be told Tyrion was sure most of the women there preferred other women, but were willing to fuck any man if the money was right. He often found the prostitutes kissing and making out with each other when not taking clients, and then leaving to go up the stairs hand in hand with fire in their eyes.

Tyrion contacted Chataya. She nearly swooned at the thought of sharing the Queen’s bed. Her daughter Alayaya demanded to sleep with the Queen as well. Varys reported that in the end, Daenerys had both the mother and the daughter. Their screams were again deafening, and lasted long into the night. The Queen was definitely starting to become much more relaxed.

Unfortunately, Eddard Stark’s behavior had ruined the peaceful feeling the Queen had been cultivating. She came back to his quarters, and started to hem and haw. Tyrion patiently waited her out.

“What do you know of the children of Eddard Stark?” she asked, looking down at the floor.

“Robb Stark is a turning into a fine young man. I doubt there will ever be another Eddard Stark, but he will make a great consort.” Tyrion knew the Queen would eventually have to marry. She could not make a better choice.

“I wasn’t speaking of his sons. I was, uh, speaking of his daughters.”

“I see.” He said, and left it hanging. He enjoyed watching the Queen squirm for a few long moments.

He then told the Queen of Sansa Stark, how she had always been polite and the picture of courtesy. She was always chattering of the myriad young princes who caught her eye when he visited Winterfell, though by his last visit she seemed to have picked one because she no longer spoke so giddily of the various prospective young princes. The House of Tyrell had visited six months previously. Loras must of have captured her heart. He hoped she learned to share Loras with Renly. His mind immediately went to smutty visions of threesomes. He shook the thought away for later.

“Yes. Sansa does sound like the perfect painting of what a Queen would want her consort to be. I have heard of her height and great beauty. Her hair is a deep auburn that minstrels sing of. Her bearing is regal at all times it is reported. Varys also states that her figure is quite ‘shapely.’” The Queen paused and looked off. Then she spoke again more softly, “I wonder if she ever dreams of going down on a woman.” Daenerys shook her head.

“What of the House Tyrell? Tell me of this Margery Tyrell.”

“She was betrothed to my nephew, unfortunately for her. I thank you for sparing his life, but he is a total little shit. The only reason it was not consummated was because of his strange wasting illness that weakened him. She left and went back to Highgarden the day you landed on Dorne.”
Tyrion then told the Queen of her thick, softly curling brown hair, large brown eyes, unblemished skin and a slender yet shapely figure.

“This will be of note my Queen. The rumors swirl thick and fast about the grandchildren of Olenna Tyrell - the real power of House Tyrell as we all know. Loras is in love and actively consummating an affair with Renly Baratheon. As for Margery, well, I am sure her precious hymen is intact but … well, she has a bevy of cousins as her handmaidens. It is widely known that they are all incestuous lesbian lovers … you might find in her a woman already a lover of the female form and soul.”

He saw the Queen’s eyes flare at that news. He saw the calculation. She became more animated.

“Anymore possible matches? I don’t know why I am going through with this…” Tyrion heard the sadness in her voice, but the Queen’s iron will propelled her on.

“We have the younger sand snakes of Dorne, the daughters of Ellaria Sand and Oberyn Martell. Sarella actually is a scion of a Summer Islander captain and Oberyn, but was raised by Ellaria as her own. They are beautiful and fierce warriors. You might find them to your liking. They are swarthy with dark hair and midnight eyes. They are well sculpted with muscle from their martial training. Plus, I hear they are fierce lovers in bed. Wild in bed, actually, but I think you might like that. They are like their parents in being bi-sexual but with a strong leaning towards women. Though, they would be difficult to rule, I feel.”

Tyrion smirked at the glare and eyebrow cock that brought. “I think I could manage Imp. My tongue is quite talented.”

Tyrion had blushed hard at that.

“With Dorne… they would gladly have you marry their daughters. You would have to contend with the rest of Westeros, but Dorne would be behind you. In fact, you could marry Tyene, Sarella, Elia and Obella Sand all if you desired. Create your own pride. ‘The Pride of the Storm Lands’, if you would. I hear the women of Dorne are open to multiple partner relationships and incest obviously doesn’t bother them. Myrcella proved that.”

Daenerys looked at Tyrion with good humor. “I think I can only handle one woman at a time, Tyrion. I don’t know how Myrcella manages and controls all of that estrogen. Plus, as you know King of the Breast, a woman’s pussy can take a licking and keep purring but not from four tongues! I wouldn’t be able to walk.”

“Are there any other maidens from the Great Houses?” Tyrion watched the Queen chuckle at that, since she was no maiden herself.

“My house is spoken for. Myrcella is happily married to her three Queens.” He still marveled at the vixen. He would never have guessed the sweet, innocent girl who left for Dorne would turn into such a lioness and bring down not one, not two, but three wives. He sometimes had impure thoughts about it all, wishing he could witness his niece in action.

“We have Asha Greyjoy, but I don’t think you will find that House so appealing. She is beautiful and lusty from all accounts, though. I am sure she would gladly marry you if only for the power and prestige. I hear her sexual stamina is extraordinary - she is insatiable.”

Tyrion watched the Queen mull that over. “I do like my women to be sluts in bed, that is true. I devour my women and want, no, need them to devour me in return. I fuck all night, Tyrion.” She told him with deliberate calculation and a twinkling in her eye. “Do you know what it feels like for a woman, when her pussy cum that one last time after it has been crushed with, oh, I don’t know,
seven or eight orgasms? I cum so fucking hard. My cunt feels like it is on fire and burning as it ruptures yet again. My body just goes rock hard and stiff as crushing ecstasy burns and sears my cunt.

I love soaking my lover’s face in hot sweet cum that gushes, running up into her hair, matting it yet again. I love seeing it run down her throat to soak her chest and breasts while my own groin and thighs, are just as soaked. I feel like my cunt is tearing itself inside out. I scream like I am being garroted.”

Tyrion cursed Dany, his cock bulging and throbbing in his trousers. The queen was making him hurt and she liked it. She was chuckling loudly, watching him move with a definite stitch. Tyrion cursed his bulging trousers.

Tyrion had finished his list of suitable women from the High Houses.

He watched the Queen walk around fidgeting. She was picking up knickknacks eyeing them without really seeing them.

The Queen then pointedly asked about Ayra Stark. He was a little surprised. Daenerys was a beautiful woman. Absolutely, beautiful. He would never thought that the plainer daughter of Eddard Stark, Arya, would catch her eye.

“My Queen. Sansa is a striking beauty with long auburn hair and blue eyes. You might think Arya is cut from the same cloth. I don’t know how to put this delicately, but Arya is not a ravishing beauty. She has nondescript features and straight, brown unremarkable hair. She is attractive for sure, but the other women I have listed, like you, are ravishing beautiful. Arya is short where Sansa is tall and shapely. She’s also quite a tomboy.” His memories went back to Tysha, and he thought sadly of his lost love. She too had not been blessed the beauty of Sansa or Cersei, but she had been a beauty in his eyes.

He had supplied voluptuous women to the Queen. Now he wondered exactly what her tastes lay.

“Have you been satisfied with the women I have sent you, my Queen?”

“They were all lovely Tyrion. I love the woman I am with totally, while I am with her. I find women to be entirely beautiful. How would you describe the personalities of the Stark daughters?”

“Sansa is the epitome of what any Queen would want in her consort. She is dignified and composed. She knows all court etiquette and has learned all of the skills that any King or Queen would want.”

“And Arya?”

“She is a wild child, my Queen. When I have been at Winterfell I have heard more than once Eddard Stark crying out ‘Arya is filled with the wolf! She refuses all instruction!’ ” Tyrion shook his head, remembering. “She’s definitely not what I would call Court material. She was made for the field and wood. She would have a been great consort for the Conqueror of Essos, but not for the Court of Kings Landing.”

“Maybe it is that ‘filled with the wolf’ that I find alluring. I have seen Arya, I think, through Viserion’s eyes.

Tyrion was surprised at the admission.

“I found her intoxicating. The fire in her steel grey eyes. Her tight warrior’s body. I loved the angles of her face.” She focused her eyes on Tyrion. “I find her very attractive, Tyrion. Very attractive.” She
spoke in a tone that made Tyrion realize that from now on he was to describe Arya in only the most appealing language.

Daenerys was turning over a lion figurine she had found on his dresser.

“Can I ask you a question, Dany?”

“Um-hmmmm.” She answered in a soft distracted way.

“What don’t you just marry whomever you choose? You are the most powerful person in the land. You may be the most powerful ruler ever in Westeros. You plan to change to the law of succession to allow for equal primogeniture, why not allow for the right to marry whom you choose? Might does make right, my Queen.”

Daenerys put the lion down and looked over at the dwarf with a sad look on her face.

“I will have to spend most of my political capital forcing through equal primogeniture. I won’t have any leftover for the right of same-sex marriage. The first will cause heartburn. The second will cause fatal stomach ulcers.”

She sighed. “Tyrion, Westeros is not Dorne or even Essos. I could marry one of the Sand Snakes or all if they insisted and make Dorne proud, but I can’t risk the rest of Westeros rising up in rebellion. The nobles are allowed to have their ‘unnatural’ dalliances only if they are kept in the shadows. Never in the open. The other Great Houses would never accept it.”

“Look at Cersei,” she continued, “she chose exile rather than go back to her father. You should have seen her face when I gave her that option. She looked like she was walking up to the gallows.

“Jon Arryn and Stannis Baratheon are so enamored with the old ways and honor that they look like they have sticks rammed up their ass.

“The Iron Islands believe in the tradition of Salt Wives, though they try to hide it. That won’t stand for long, I may add.

“The Riverlands seem no better. Highgarden seems a little more progressive, but I don’t see them willing to rock the boat.

“And of course that leaves the great Eddard Stark the Warden of the North. Can you get any more conservative than that bunch of roughnecks and followers of the ‘old ways’?”

“I can just see me going up to him and saying I want the hand of your daughter in marriage and not your son. The man would soil his precious armor. He would rather die than allow such an ‘abomination’ to occur.

“Olenna may let her lesser nieces and cousins marry each other, but you saw who Margery was given to. Even knowing Joffrey Baratheon was a fucking dip shit. The true female scions of a Great House are always given away as chattel. I know, Tyrion. I was one. That is the reason I am sensitive to it. I hate it but I don’t how to change it without completely crushing the old to put in the new. I will not do to my homeland what I did to Essos. There I was crushing a vile, evil slave trade. Here it would be destruction just so I could marry a woman. I will not be the Robert Baratheon of my time.”

Tyrion watched her look around his room with melancholy. She snorted. “Sansa is so besotted with Loras. That would be like Olenna telling Eddard that his eldest daughter was in love with Margaery rather than him.” She chuckled at her own dark humor.
“No Tyrion. I will not fight what cannot be fought. I want peace in my realm. I will not fight a war for a woman’s hand like Robert Baratheon did, and destroy it in the process.”

Tyrion thought over the situation and decided he would finally present the counter argument to Dany’s fears.

“Dany, I am going to say something and please hear me out. I don’t agree with your assessment. You keep talking about Robert. That man thought with his cockhead and not his bigger head. Plus, he was aggrieved with Rhaegar Targaryen running off with Lyanna Stark, though I think the woman had sense and went willingly.

“You are not Rhaegar. You will woo and win the heart of any woman you love. You are fierce in battle and gentle in peace. You will be a loving wife to any woman you choose. I know you only see the bad you have done, but you totally overlook the much greater good.

“Sure the Great Houses of the North will bleat and whine, but go to war? I think not. Plus, also consider this - if you marry Margery or Sansa—uhhh, Arya, then you would bind two great houses into one which would not cause war but sow the seeds of peace.

“Personally, I think you totally underestimate both Olenna and especially Eddard Stark. He is a great man. True he is bound by tradition and honor, but I have seen him flex and bend mightily for his realm and especially for his children, and he never does anything rashly. He might surprise you.

“Please. Just consider these words.”

Tyrion truly felt sad for the Queen. She was forlorn, genuinely trapped by expectations and traditions.

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A squabble was occurring between the Lord of Ships and Ser Barristan. Syrio and Varys had reported that the North was buying huge amounts of grain from Essos.

Barristan was arguing to blockade the shipments. The Master of Ships was whining that he needed more resources and more money - he sounded petulant to Tyrion’s ears.

Syrio was arguing that it would be inhuman to not allow shipments of food to be allowed through. The innocent would be punished as much as the soldiers and their leaders.

The men went back and forth, then finally turned to the Queen. She was worrying her lip with her teeth. She hesitated for a minute, thinking. “Winter is Coming to Westeros,” she said softly. “They will need that food.”

Barristan and Hugh Elicero continued to argue for a blockade, with Syrio giving his counter arguments.

Tyrion called out in a voice of command, “We will let the grain ships pass through to the ports of the North. The reign of Daenerys Targaryen will not be remembered for starving its own people. Do I make myself clear?” he asked, looking from face to face.

Barristan bowed his head. He had made his argument and lost, so for him it was finished. Elicero looked sullen, but he would get over it.

He watched Daenerys walk back to her seat and made to hit Maester Lape who jerked his head forward from the fake blow. He saw the smirk on Daenerys face. The woman truly had an impish
side.

**Varys**

It was finally his turn to dispense any information he had to give the Queen. Varys had been dreading the news he was about to give next. It had been lightened with a missive he received just before the beginning of the Small Council meeting, but he doubted it would help.

The Queen settled down, but he knew she was about to have another reason to show her displeasure with the Small Council.

“My sparrows were finally able to get to the docks of White Harbor and Deepwood Motte. They were able to get a close look at some of the supposed ships from the Free Cities.”

“And?” Lysono Saan, the Free Cities representative asked pointedly.

“They are indeed ships from the Free Cities. Most were from Tyrosh and two were from Pentos.”

Saan jumped up out of his seat. “Give me the names of the ships from Tyrosh. This is fucking bullshit!”

Varys looked at his sheet, starting to list them. “Fist of Sallyros, The Piercing Fist, Drum of Doom, Harpies of Doom, Deathbringer, The Queenslayer.” Varys paused a moment at that, seeing Daenerys’ violet eyes flare as the representative of the Free Cities looked nervously askance at her, “and The Portent.”

Saan immediately let the Queen know that The Queenslayer had to be an older ship. He then paused, obviously thinking. “I can’t be certain but I am sure that those ships were lost two winters ago in a strong storm off of the fingers.”

“How convenient.” Daenerys sneered.

“I swear my Queen!”

“Any more great news Varys? You seem to be full of glad tidings.”

“One of my sparrows who made that report and most of the others were rounded up and are now on a ship back to King’s Landing.” He sighed when Daenerys jumped up out of her chair and again slammed her palms on the table top.

“Why do your spiders weave webs if they are the ones that get stuck and trapped in them? Webs are supposed to trap their prey, not themselves!” the Queen hurled at her Master of Whispers.

“Being a spy is always a dangerous and thankless job my Queen. I still have a few sparrows in the North though I fear they are watched closely.”

“Of course they are.” Daenerys sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose.

“I do believe that our good representative Lysono Saan is speaking the truth. They are loyal. I do have many sparrows in the Free Cities and Master Illyrio assures me that they are not restive. These ships in anchorage in the North cannot currently be explained, I know. But they must be fakes, though I have no proof of this - yet.

The discussion went back and forth about the vexing problem of the supposed free ships in the North
ports. Daenerys went back to her seat, fuming. She restlessly moved her papers around on the table in front of her.

From the back side door a page came scurrying in, trying desperately not to be noticed. He came up to Master Lape and handed him two scrolls.

Varys missed nothing and saw that the scrolls bore the seals of House Tully and House Arryn. The Maester took them and nervously looked over at the Queen, her violet eyes were boring into him. She too had seen the seals. These were the two Houses most loyal to House Stark.

The Maester broke the seals and read them silently. He looked nervously over at the Queen.

“Well, what the fuck do they say Grand Maester Lape? I grow impatient!” the Targaryen nearly roared at him.

Varys watched the man gulp loudly. “The scroll from House Tully reads: ‘we fear we must close the gates of Riverrun. We stand with Eddard Stark in defense of the Realm.’ ” His hands were shaking as Daenerys was visibly enraged. He fumbled, trying to pick up the scroll from the Vale again. “ ‘I fear I must close the passes to the Vale. We stand with Eddard Stark in defense of the Realm.’ ” he read.

Varys mused that the Riverlands and the Vale had stopped any subterfuge of their intentions. They had now declared openly for the North totally in whatever endeavor Eddard Stark had started. They had caste their lot.

“FUCK!” Daenerys yelled, jumping up out of her chair and knocking it over. She stepped over and ripped the scrolls out of the Grand Maester’s hands. She read the very short messages, her hands trembling with anger. Then she made a show of tearing the scrolls to pieces and threw them in Lape’s face, some of the scraps hitting Solaja as well.

She moved down the table after rapping the back of Maester Lape’s head.

“Oooowwww!” Maester Lape bleated.

“That’s for staring at my tits!”

She stormed down the table to get in front of Varys.

“Let me guess? You had no idea this was coming either, did you? What the fuck do your spiders and sparrows do? Eat each other? Everything catches you by surprise! … Arrrggggggg!” the Queen raged her arms moving in short jerks.

“I fear that this news does indeed surprise me. They must be playing their hands very close to the chest.”

“Close to the chest? You have got to be fucking me! … That does it!”

Varys wondered what insult she would think of now.

“I have decided that your sparrows are of absolutely no use. They never fucking sing. I will gather these mute sparrows and make a big ass sparrow pie, and I will put a big, fat bald spider on top as the garnishment!”

Varys thought that one was actually pretty good. Then out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of Solaja Xo. She was staring at the Queen with open lust again. Varys again wondered about the
attraction of power that existed in men and women.

Women found it intoxicating in a physical way, attaching that authority to the allure of the person who wielded it. This was part of why the Summer Islander was so attracted sexually to Daenerys, and this was only enhanced by the fire and passion that the Queen was spiting in all directions currently.

Men, on the other hand, just wanted to be part of the power and attach themselves to it, hoping that some of the power and influence flowed into themselves, enhancing their stature and status.

Varys riposted, “yes, I hear it is a most exquisite dish that leaves a most delicate, refined taste on the tongue.”

He watched the Queen raise an eyebrow. “Yes. I hear it tastes even better when it has been charbroiled with the fires of three pissed off dragons.”

“If you do that my Queen, it will cause a most bitter taste in the mouth. I think your recipe is mistaken.”

“No, I think it is correct. I will just drink some Earl Grey tea that a certain spider will no longer be needing.”

The Queen saw the Summer Islander staring at her with ‘fuck me eyes’. “Please not now Solaja. I am sure Maester Lape will be more than happy.” She saw Solaja scowl and now sulk. Great. Daenerys turned her attention back to Varys.

For some reason the Master of Coin chose that particular moment to speak up. “All these ship deployments and troop movements are going to cost money the treasury does not have. We must not spend money what we don’t have, lest we make the same mistakes as Robert.”

“Please don’t tell me you just said that, Vedad Softic.” Daenerys told the Master of Coin, pinning him with her violet gaze.

Solaja Xo’s beautiful, melodic voice broke in. “The Summer Islands will bring more ships in to patrol along the coasts of the North. We have the resources to help in reinforcing the blockade. Our support comes without a price tag.” the dark skinned woman said pointedly.

Vedad glared at the woman.

Daenerys gave the Summer Islander a grateful look, feeling a little mollified. She knew there was a reason why she had accepted this woman on her council.

Suddenly, a strident voice cut across the Small Council. “ENOUGH! This money needs to be spent on Slaver’s Bay! I am tried of hearing all the endless bicker over the needs of Westeros when my land languishes in need of succor and restitution!” Draqhiz zo Gazno spoke passionately.

Varys watched the queen instantly calm and slowly turn to the representative of Slaver’s Bay.

“Oh excuse me?” the silver Queen asked in a quiet, deadly voice.

The council went eerily still. Daenerys storming was not a dangerous thing, but silent, calm Daenerys was another thing entirely.
Daenerys slowly walked toward Draqhiz. Her arms jerked, and instantly she had two throwing daggers in her hands.

The Queen started twirling the blades between her fingers and then started to work her wrists so the blades circled around them over and over. The Queen moved her hands together and the blades twirled, flipping to the other hand and then back again. Back and forth she worked them, the speed of the daggers almost making the blades a blur before her. She continued advancing on the Slaver's Bay representative with a hard look in her violet eyes.

She got beside the now shaking and heavily sweating young man. She continued to spin her daggers, not even looking at them.

“Your city preyed on the innocent and helpless for thousands of years. Where is the restitution for that? I have started to rebuild much of the smashed infrastructure. This work is proceeding forth at a face pace. I am doing this out of my largesse. All are provided food and shelter no matter their past. How often did your families help the homeless and those who were starving?”

Draqhiz zo Gazno eyes widened. Sweat began to pour down off his face. Daenerys took one of her daggers and lightly ran the Valyrian steel down the man’s cheek, not drawing blood but leaving a furrow in his sweat.

“You were selected to be on my Small Council, weren’t you?” the Queen asked, drawing her dagger point around the man’s throat from jugular to jugular.

A loud whimper was heard by all as the man began to shake harder. The Queen ran her dagger back up over his chin and circled his mouth.

“If I was to kill you and send you back in pieces they would send another representative without hesitation, I conjecture. You agree?” The man was frozen in terror. “DO you?” A gasp of terror, and then a feeble head shake yes.

“Good. Now that we understand each other … I do believe you will not have any more unseemly outbursts will you?” the Queen asked Draqhiz zo Gazno.

The man shook his head ‘no’ and nearly swooned when the Queen slowly walked back to her chair where she resumed working her daggers.

Solaja Xo spoke up next. “Your people have preyed on my people for thousands of years. We craved only peaceful trade and you enslaved and killed us. You are the prey now. I wonder if I should order our fleets to pay your city a visit? I know the Queen owes my people several favors for our unwavering support. Should I ask her for forbearance while we visit Yunkai and repay kind for kind? Should I?”

“Please, no.” the man weakly pleaded.

“I will contemplate my request to the Queen, Draqhiz zo Gazno.” Solaja told the quivering Draqhiz. She turned her gaze back to Maester Lape, finished with the craven man from Yunkai.

The queen organized the scrolls in front of her. “This meeting is adjourned.”

“My Queen,” Varys spoke up, “you need to consider some marriage proposals from Dorne and Casterly Rock.” He said efficiently.
Daenerys glared at him. He knew how this galled her.

“Not today, Varys. I already have a fucking headache. That will only give me a migraine. The Houses are like Hyenas with all these marriage proposals. They really just want to curry favor, power and prestige. They couldn’t give a rat’s ass about my thoughts or desires.

“As I said, this meeting is adjourned. I need to prepare to sit in judgment on the throne.”

Daenerys felt her stomach in a knot and her blood pumping hotly in her veins. She felt as hot as Drogon’s scales. The sudden ratcheting up of the pressure from Eddard Stark and his damn conspirators from the Riverrun and the Vale combined with the influx of Ravens and the harping of the Great Houses had set her off.

She was trying to learn to control her more volatile eruptions. But today she had erupted like the Doom of Valeryia. She hoped that now she could calm down by tonight and start to put her plans in action. That would make her feel better.

Daenerys instincts never led her wrong . . . or as of yet had not led her astray. Her gut was telling her to ignore the old Wolf. That he was playing some strange twisted Game of Thrones that had nothing to do with taking the Iron Throne.

Then why play it?! Therefore she must act. Tonight would begin her counter moves to the crafty old Wolf. We will see what the old wolf truly has.

An hour later Daenerys was squirming on the Iron Throne of her ancestors. She was cursing Aegon for his false nobility, insisting the seat of power should never be comfortable as she felt her ass pricked yet again.

The Queen pinched her nose and snorted, shifting to a more comfortable position on the throne.

She gave her pronouncement on the compensation for spoilage in some grain silos that had improper humidity controls.

As she waited for the next case she reflected on Essos and her time there, and her talk with Tyrion on the Stark daughters. She would never treat them as she had been treated.

She was given to Drogo like a piece of meat. He raped her, and she still carried the hurt and scars from that.

Drogo had come to her every night and raped her like she was nothing. She had wondered if every night would be her last. Would he tire of her? Would he find another and be done with her, and throw her out to his riders? She knew her small body would have been quickly broken.

The continuous stress and dependence on trying to please the man who raped her was demeaning and soul numbing. She knew instinctively she had to cooperate completely for her survival.

Thank the gods of heaven and Earth that she had been given Doreah. She still mourned her passing in the Red Waste. The sweet Lysene pleasure slave had taught her how bend and then enslave the mighty Khal Drogo with her body. Doreah had told her that any man could be brought to heel by the power of a woman’s cunt.

Doreah had been right.

Daenerys with her new found power slowly started to mold Drogo into a man she could rule through. He was actually open to change in many ways, surprising for a barbarian. But, Daenerys
mused, *he could never have been the ruler I am. He was too limited by his heritage.*

She had formed a strong emotional attachment to the man when she felt her continued existence depended on it, and he had given her a gift of ambition and the desire to take back what was hers. Daenerys would at least, in this, be forever indebted to the man.

As her power and independence grew, she came to think of Khal Drogo as more of a mentor. And to that end, she was willing to continue fucking him.

She enjoyed the idea that it was now *her* rule that controlled his great Khalasar. A woman ruling the great Khal as easily as a puppet master worked puppets on the ends of his strings.

He never even suspected that she was the ruler and not he. She led and he followed all the while making him think he led. She chuckled at the truth even now.

They had an agreement. No other man could ever touch her, and Khal Drogo could not touch the Khaleesi’s women. Daenerys smiled at the memory. He thought her dalliances with women both amusing and arousing. He would watch Doreah and Dany fuck exuberantly. Dany was insatiable. She would fall on Doreah like a lioness and fuck her senseless.

Then she would fuck the Khal until he could not get it up again. Once he was spent, Daenerys would be free to go back to Doreah and fuck her in peace until she exhausted the sweet woman yet again.

Drogo was an adequate lover, but it had been her handmaidens that truly pleased her body and soul.

When Daenerys seduced Irri into her harem, Dany had thought life was perfect. She would rule through Drogo and then through her son. She would have her harem, and she would be happy. Dany had many nights of seemingly endless orgasms with her sweet harem as she added Thebi, Siwi and Halli to their ranks. She liked her women one-on-one, letting the others fuck each other in any combination they chose. She loved to watch them as she rested after exhausting her current lover, waiting to take her next slut for a hot tryst. She loved it when Drogo was busy being Khal so she could fuck her women in peace. When Drogo’s Khalasar broke, she lost Thebi, Siwi and Halli. She still wept sometimes at the cruel fates for that.

When Drogo had died she lost everything. She sometimes still asked herself why she did not force him to keep Mirri Maz Duur’s poultice on his wound. The woman had been very clear. Drogo must not remove the bandage with the poultice for almost two weeks. The witch had warned it would itch.

Drogo was weak in many ways. He of course had removed it and Daenerys had not forced him to put it back on. She worried. The witch had been so clear. Yet, she did not force the issue. Drogo would have bitched and whined like the little boy he still was sometimes, but if she had truly insisted he would have bent to her will.

He always did.

Yet she did not. It was not worth it. She had in the end tried to save him, wracked with guilt for not truly caring that much for him in her mind. It had been disastrous. She lost much, but in the end gained so much more.

She sometimes missed Khal Drogo and his brutish but sometimes endearing ways. She mourned her lost son. But that was the past. She truly mourned the loss of her ever sweet Doreah. Never again would a man terrorize and rape her, making her so dependent on him that in a way she would be
forced to fall in love with the man for her very survival.

NEVER AGAIN!

Her political marriage to Hizdahr zo Loraq had been a disaster. She refused to submit to his childish and selfish male demands. Every time she lay with the man she loathed and hated him more. His touch reviled her. She would never again submit to a man like that. She fucked him, but did not submit one iota of herself or her soul to the man. That had ended badly: for Hizdahr zo Loraq.

Then there had been Quentyn of Dorne. He was innocent enough in the Game of Thrones, and very bland of body and personality. She married him, but before she could consummate the marriage the fool boy tried to prove his worth by corralling one of her dragons. He had died a horrible, slow death. She was thankful in way - she had loathed his awkward touches.

She remembered the boorish Daario Naharis. He was strikingly good looking, and his gold tooth only added to the effect. But once the physical attraction wore off, she found him boring and could only laugh at his rakish attempts at seduction. Many of the women around her were smitten with him. She had zero attraction for his antics, and found him to be the epitome of male ego. She hated that.

She did wonder though. What if she had met the man when she was younger and much more innocent? Would she have been smitten like many of the women in her Khalasar and in the train of her ever growing armies? She highly doubted it, but sometimes she wondered if another Daenerys could have ever fallen in love with such a small man.

She had tried sleeping with a few of the mightier male warriors after her first battles to satisfy her battle lust. Twice she tried, and twice she was left unfulfilled. They gave her orgasms but they only stroked her desire for the female touch. The body of a woman wrapped around her as they writhed in heated lovemaking. She longed to have her mouth buried in a wet wanton pussy and sucking her lover off over and over again.

Then lying back and having that woman consume her like only a woman could. Gods she cummed so hard from a woman’s touch. Not only did her body explode but so did her soul as she screamed in pleasure so intense it was almost agony.

Daenerys sighed. Not once in her conquest across Slaver’s Bay and the subduing of the Free Cities did she find one openly gay marriage among the nobility or power elite. Those relationships were only by proxy, and in the shadows. She would not live that, she had vowed then.

Now she was not so certain. She had given up on her childish dream of proudly having a Queen on her arm.

Westeros was no better. She shifted again. Daenerys had achieved her destiny, but it was empty. She had reached the point she doubted she could again marry another man. The thought made her ill. What was she to do? To have peace she needed a consort. She hated the thought of marrying another man but her destiny demanded it.

_Dammit!_ Daenerys groused to herself. She sometimes toyed with the idea of a shame marriage. But no, she would not submit a love to that. She moped, imagining a life of hidden trysts with prostitutes and discreet courtesans. That would be an empty life.

She hated this world that denied people to love as they saw fit. She wanted to change the world but how? She was not about to go to war with Eddard Stark for the right to marry one of his daughters or go to war with Highgarden so she could marry Olenna’s granddaughter.
She had listened to Tyrion’s words but she couldn’t possibly see how they could be true. Homosexual relationships were always in the dark closets. She was not about to test the waters. She herself did not mind danger, but she would never subject a woman she loved to it.

What was she do? She felt the pull of Arya Stark strongly at this moment. If she could only get Eddard Stark to agree to letting his daughter marry her. She would woo and win Arya’s love and then propose to her. She knew they would make a great union, she could feel it. Her instincts always spoke true. Their love would be true and gentle to each other.

The next case was ready. Soon Daenerys was near writhing on the uncomfortable Iron Throne. Whorehouses were demanding additional compensation for the many Dothraki men and women demanding their prostitutes move around on all fours with butt plugs in their asses with long horse tails. It was time consuming to go through these prance walk arounds and it was embarrassing when the Dothraki wanted to copulate in public with the women having to act like mares in heat as the Dothraki pulled on their faux tails and manes.

Daenerys wanted to scream. This was so unbelievable and trivial. *I conquered Westeros for this?!* she thought, pinching her nose. *And this gods damned throne is killing my ass!*

**Olenna**

The times were so exhilarating. Olenna had been afraid that she would never again get to play the Game of Thrones on the grand stage. Robert’s rebellion had been so personal and quick that she had little opportunity to play any of the meager cards she had been dealt.

This time was so different.

She had been content of late helping her granddaughter maneuver her way around the thorny problem of “Queen” Cersei, the cunt, and her ill begotten son.

Olenna had always been tempted to expose the truth about the children to Robert but had declined. While Joffrey had been a royal shit in every sense of the world but Mrycella and Tommen were quite a different matter. Both children were sweet and beautiful to behold and deal with.

She was very happy she had stayed her hand. Myrcella turning gay in such a big way had been delightful. She knew that had galled the female Lannister no end. Tommen was being trained to be in the Targaryen’s queen service. The child longed to explore the kingdom for the Queen to quantify and log the wonders of her realm. He was happy in his new focused studies.

She had gladly helped her granddaughter poison Joffrey with a parasitic worm from the Ballisk Isle. While her daughter gradually killed the worms with moon tea poor Joffrey had taken three doses of another remedy that killed the worms but left him violently ill for short bursts. The Maesters wrote it off to his body recovering from the strange malady that had afflicted him for over two years. They had clucked and wrote in their journals and had no fucking clue to the problem. Pompous asses Olenna chuckled.

She had loved fooling the dumb shits so easily. The worms were so small they never saw them in the boy’s royal shit.

Olenna had always had to content herself to play the Game of Thrones from the sidelines. Never had she been allowed to play directly and openly. What could be done from the shadows she did but to move great matters she had always had to work through puppets.
Olenna had loved her husband but he was so stolid. If Olenna had not ruled through her husband, and then through her son, only the gods now where their House would be today. She had governed through them and governed well she knew.

She had never even really considered the possibility of ruling directly. She had dreamed of that as a youth but gave up that silly dream when she became old enough to see that would never happen.

She had contented herself on working through others and finding moths throughout the kingdom to inform her of matters small and great. She used that information that allowed her to craft matters of state across the land of Westeros. Some places she had great influence and some very little. Damn that Eddard Stark for being so honorable and thus almost untouchable.

Now Daenerys Targaryen had arrived on the shores of Westeros. Only after shattering Slavers Bay and the Dothraki Khalasars to her will. What Olenna found even more Earth shaking was that the woman had fought her own battles.

She remembered reading of her first battle with the Khal that had disposed her. The reports were wild and chaotic. The important thing was that she had triumphed.

Then starting with Qarth the woman had rolled up the Slave Cities one after another. When she got to the “Free Cities” on the east coast of Essos Daenerys had grown so mighty they submitted to her with only the weakest of whimpers to her will.

The woman was someone worth bowing to. Oh how Olenna wish she was Margaery’s age. She had never been attracted to her own sex but to be Daenerys wife she would have gladly opened her legs wide for her Queen and buried her face into her juicy cunt and licked away until her jaw dropped off.

She had felt that way a generation ago with Eddard Stark. Again she had wished to be Catelyn Tully in the flush of youth. That was a man who could have been her equal. Hell, she would have gladly bowed to him on the throne and in the bed. He was a mighty man. She had fantasied many a night of him ramming his manhood hard and deep into her hot tight couchie flooding her womb with his seed.

Sigh, damn her luck the ruler of House Tyrell groused.

With Daenerys sitting on the throne so many more things were possible now.

She would make a play for the Queen through her grandchildren. The reports made it clear the woman was a lust filled vessel. The Queen was a vessel that liked prowling the seas of lust looking for nubile young nymphs to devour and be devoured in return.

She had Margaery and some of her handmaidens to cover the Queen’s natural inclinations. If the woman chose a marriage partner for political she had her grandson and one other for that possibility. She would play all her cards.

Olenna squirmed. She was not too old to get her juices flowing. Damn she wished again she was Margaery’s age. To be able once more to use her beauty as once had to snare and trap her prey.

Gods she loved sex. She smirked. She would have loved to see who had the greater sex drive: her or Daenerys. She chuckled. Can’t really have a loser in that kind of battle.

She read over the latest scroll from a player of the Game of Thrones that actually greatly interested her. Old memories rushed through her body. This would be a challenge. She was not guaranteed of victory and that had her excited for the Game of Thrones with this player.
She would see what the dice came up when she caste them in the pit.

She started to write her reply.

**Daenerys**

Dany was cooking a meal for the supper. The flames surrounded by stones were blazing hotly with some dried wood they had found in a dead end canyon from a flash flood. The wood bleached from the sun light grey. She had helped her blood riders to bring back the flood detritus.

Her littlest blood rider beaming as she carried a small limb that looked large against her small barely six year old body. They took the fire wood back to their dwelling in Vaes Tolorro.

Dany now prepared the meal of a rabbit that had been shot by Rakharo that afternoon. Dany had skinned it while Kiserri played with her “dagger” slashing and crying out “death to the Khaleesi’s enemies! . . . Is dinner almost ready mommy I’m **hungry** mommy.”

Dany ruffled her child’s hair and told her it was almost ready.

Soon the rabbit and herbs were ready and the Khaleesi ate a simple fare with her daughter. She cut the meat into small chunks for the girl who ate the tender juicy meat happily snuggling into her mother.

After dinner the little girl kept trying to tickle the Khaleesi with her “ticklers” and crawling all over Dany trying to make her mother giggle. “How many times do I have to tell you Kiserri that I am not ticklish.”

Daenerys put the girl on her back on the furs and assaulted her daughter with her own ticklers. The little girl squealed and cried out “What did I do to you! I’ve done nothing! What did I do! Why are you attacking me!” and the little girl squealed more.

Dany would relent not taking it too far with her tickling making sure that it did not become unpleasant for her daughter.

Kiserri attacked again and again squealing “What did I do to you!” when her mother eventually counterattacked.

Dany went to sleep with Kiserri snuggling into her side.

Kiserri woke up shaking Daenerys’s shoulder. She kept shaking her.

“Khaleesi wake up . . . wake up.”

“Wh-What . . . What is wrong baby?” Daenerys responded to her daughter fuzzy headed.

“Wake up Daenerys . . . “

“What is wrong Kiserri?”

“Oh . . . No my Queen it is Missandei”

Daenerys Targaryen woke up groggily.
She looked at Missandei with sad eyes. She missed her little girl so much.

The interpreter knew to get the Queen focused on the matters at hand. The Queen’s maudlin moods were always suppressed and chased away when she was governing and working to better her realm.

The Queen woke up fully and sat up yawning looking around.

“My Queen it is twenty minutes till our Clatch of Confidents meeting. Aggo, when he had to open the door for the servants to bring in food and drink for the meeting when you did not answer, he saw you sound asleep and had one of the Unsullied sent to fetch me. He knew you would want to be prepared for the meeting.

Dany looked at the chair that had been setup for Strong Belwas. Missandei’s caracal was lying on it waiting for her friend and co-locust aficionado to arrive and share. The cat meowed and closed its eyes going to take a cat nap.

The Queen smiled at her loyal friend. Missandei helped the Queen take off her clothes and handed her a fresh set of her Small Council grab of tight fitting silk trouser that hugged her hips tight and showed off her tight ass and the cut showed her little camel toe.

Missandei smiled at the Queen using her femininity to seduce all around her. The Queen and Missandei had long passed the stage of them seeing each other as objects of potential lust. They saw each other as only long trusted friends and confidents. She helped the Queen put on her blouse top.

“Come to the dresser. Let me put your hair in a braid Dany.”

They went to the bench in front of the mirror over the dresser.

“You were in rare form today O Queen. The dragon was truly raging.”

Daenerys winced inside remembering how Viserys used that phrase. “Yes . . . I guess I was. I am just so wound up with that damn Eddard Stark playing this twisted Game of Thrones. It makes no sense. He provokes me for no reason. None of his actions accomplish anything but pissing me off.”

“Maybe he wants your attention”

“He definitely has it!” the Queen groused.

The Queen sat at her dresser while her interpreter brushed out her long flowing platinum hair. Normally the Queen like to put some wave in her hair or have her servants put interwoven braids in but there was no time. Missandei did a quick braid of the white locks and tied a ribbon into the tail.

There was a knock at the door. The rest of the members of the Queen’s inner circle were arriving. Missandei went to open the door and opened it. Tyron came strolling in with his hands clasped behind his back. He looked up at his co-analyst and smiled.

“Nice to see you again so soon Missandei” the dwarf spoke to his friend.

“You honor me O Lion of Lannister” the interpreter opined.

The dwarf did a quick take at the Queen but did not see a smirk. Maybe his secret was safe.

“Yes. I may be short of stature but my roar is fierce! I fear nothing!”

“Not even a certain lioness in Dorne who is training hard every day with visions of a certain brother behind her eyelids every night as she goes to sleep thinking of ways to skin a certain Lion of
Lannister?”

Tyrion’s eyes went large and he muttered looking over his shoulders reflectively and moved off “I definitely need a body guard . . .”

Missandei smiled back at her Queen who returned the smile.

The rest of the “confidents” arrived. Strong Belwas smiled seeing the goat cheese concoction he loved. The Queen now had a batch prepared for him for each meeting. Belwas went to his chair smiling and sat down expectantly. Daenerys and Missandei spread three blankets out and covered the big bald and not so pretty eunuch. They then tucked him in. He smiled up at them beaming like a child that made the women’s hearts clutch in love for the big simple and in many ways innocent man. Belwas patted his lap and Shadowclaw jumped up onto his lap and quickly nested down.

Belwas reached over grabbing several locusts from his pail on the small table beside his chair and handed one to his friend. Cat and eunuch ate happily before the roaring fire.

The women liked mothering the eunuch. He so appreciated it and preened under their love.

The rest of her Clatch partook of the food spread in the center of the table by the back wall that was used to serve the food from prepared in the kitchens just for these meetings. The Confidents made ham or beef biscuits of flakey bread slavered in butter. They put cubes of cheese along with various berries, cherries, melons and slices of oranges, pears and peaches.

They took their fare to the meeting table off to left of the room underneath the big windows that were closed to keep out the chill air.

They ate in companionable silence and small talk laced with banter. The meal was quickly consumed. They put their plates back on the food table.

Daenerys spread out two maps. One showed the east coast of the North in great detail. The second map showed the path of the Kings Highway from King’s Landing on its journey to Castle Black.

“You have been briefing me during our regular Clatch meetings and we have been preparing the Small Council that the time of action was coming soon.”

“Now is the time to begin to act.

“I had shown you where I propose to form beachheads in the North. The Southern most one was to be near Oldcastle five leagues to the East. But your council to move it north to ten leagues South of Ramsgate was sound. I agree Barristan, this gives us more room to maneuver in whichever direction becomes necessary.

“The other two on the Bay of Seals just below the new gift line on the map and the last just to the South of the Weeping Water River will give us good strategic way points to pivot in any direction.

“I know you think I should put all my forces below Karhold but I disagree. If Eddard is indeed facing a threat from the North I want to be able to move quickly to assist if necessary. I will cover all my bases. I have my landing in in Bay of Seals for that possibility.

“As you know I sent Viserion to Braavos with Barristan to relay word of the beginning of my response to the provocations of Eddard Stark. They are sending scout parties. They are setting sail to go the beaches we have selected and plumb the coves we have selected. They will find safe passages through any undersea rocks, shoals and sandbars. They will get readings on the local tides and the means between low and high tides.”
While the preparations for the sailing of the scouting expeditions were happening I flew to the North under cover of darkness with Drogon and Rhaegal to drop off scouting and mapping parties. They are looking for fords at the rivers in the vicinities of our landing beaches. They are marked on the maps but I must be sure. I am also having them scout the local populace for their demeanor and looking for locations to bivouac our troops.

“These men are from the north or their parents are from the North. They have the look of Northmen and their dialect. Varys and Barristan have questioned these men for their loyalty. They are confident of their loyalties and therefore I am confident in these men. They will pass as for visiting Northmen with the cover stories we have given them.”

“I recently had an epiphany on an ability that I had not thought of with my dragons. Instead of flying back and forth I now realize I can simply have a person talk to my dragons and I will listen. My dragons do not understand the words and I have to concentrate past the noise of their not understanding but I can understand the reports.

This will save time and effort for any riders. I am giving my dragons free range through the valleys and high mountains of the Vale. They will fly down in turns to the mapping parties and give me reports.

“The scouts have discovered that the populace has only been told that they are to mobilize. They have been told that the threat is not from the South. Of course this is good news. It allays my fears to some degree but does not extinguish them. The local populace are unsure of their final destination. They are finishing their last harvests in a rush as we are.

“Fords have been located and ample space to establish my camps mapped out.”

“My ships in the cities in Essos are being outfitted and put in full trim to come back to Westeros and put a strengthened blockade up and prepare to begin to transporting my troops North from the South of Westeros and begin the transport of my mercenary companies I had left in Essos and those unfortunately I felt safe enough to send back to Essos. They will be turning around and coming back now.

“The mercenaries are happy since they are being paid to simply sail. I am bringing over ten brigades of my best and most loyal Dothrak. The concept of regimentation is strange to them but once they are formed up they will be our light cavalry and raiders in our enemies rear if they develop.

“The ports of King Landing, Dragonstone, Storms End, Griffin’s Roost and all ports south down to the ports of Dorne’s eastern coast will be full of ships. Tyrion and Missandei I want to have all the harbormasters prepared. I want all lighthouses fully operational and all buoys deployed properly in all shipping lanes and in top shape. I will have not have ships striking shoals or sandbars.

“I will most displeased if incompetence cost me any ships of my navy gentlemen.”

“Missandei I want a schedule set up for the ships to deploy to what harbor and when. You are very good with algebra. Work out the derivatives and set the schedules and I will have them flown by raven or dragon to the cities of Essos.

“Syrio I want you to meet with Hugh Elicero tomorrow and lets find out the exact state of our navy. I want all my fighting ships in top fighting form. If he needs to send ships to the fleet yards let’s get that done now. If merchant ships are scheduled and no slips are free we will bump ships out of their slots for repair. My navy has priority. I will give them vouchers for first right to a birth in the shipyard once the navies needs are met. I will give them a ten percent subsidy to any repairs. If any merchant does not understand the need for this have them contact me. I will show them the necessity
in a manner I am sure they will understand.

“Also leave word at the shipyards that if major battles are fought to have their slips available. My navies must remain strong and ready for combat.

”Tyrion and Missandei, you both have done excellent work with the information that was provided by the constituencies that are loyal to me. We now have the counts necessary to plan for the logistics of our move North.

“Missandei has done some algebraic equations to predict the amount of food necessary to support the populace through a year of a protracted winter. That leaves roughly fifteen percent of the last three years grain harvest that we can use for march north.

“Whatever war we may fight it will be short and violent I feel. We will march north and conqueror our enemies and put an end to the threat to my realm.

Barristan spoke up “You plan on marching to the wall don’t you my Queen.”

“That I don’t know Barristan. Something is motivating the most honorable man I have heard or dealt with to act in near treasonous manners. If he is in fact plotting against me I will crush him on the field of battle. If he is preparing for some other foe I will join him.”

“But there is no foe beyond the wall except the Wildlings and they are not a military threat truly even to Eddard. He must be planning sedition though I cannot believe it.”

“We will find out soon enough my old friend.”

Daenerys took a drink of water.

“Syrio. The reaping of crops this far South should be finished next week. I want you put into motion the plans for training that you and Barristan have developed. I want ravens sent out tomorrow on how we want the conscripts trained. I want them well trained. They will be support forces that will give our cavalry the backbone to charge into the enemy and widen and exploit the breeches we will make with our horse and armor.

“We will not be sacrificing our foot forces needlessly. Our tactics shall be combined force maneuver. We will use our foot, cavalry, navy and my dragons in concert to overwhelm and shatter our enemies.

”Tyrion and Missandei” they looked at her with their bodies leaning forward anxious to be given their next directives. “With the forces we will be moving north with we will need transport for our supplies. I want the wagon wrights to begin making the wagons necessary to transport the food, clothing, shelter, weapons and sapper gear and material we will need for our expedition to the North.

“In the past the armies marching in Westeros tended to "live off the land". This will not be so in my marches. I will not have my forces scrounge and steal from the local populace on our move north. All this does is make the local populace hate the army supposedly defending them. I will not make my subjects face starvation after my army comes through and confiscates all the foodstuffs.

“Also, all this scrounging will always take time away from the marches. This looting prevents consistent movement. Ones armies tended in the past to not have sufficient carriage for more than a couple of days of food, before the armies had to go scrouning again.

“This realistically, reduced your march to ten to fifteen miles per day on average, over standard terrain. In wet weather, you’d be lucky to move five miles per day.
“We will use tactics I developed on my campaigns into the interior of Essos.

“Our move north will be a long term marching - a couple of weeks to get to the border of the Stormlands and then the full march potentially up to the wall. This will take months. If necessary the cavalry can sprint to a local objective.

“I plan on transporting half to three quarters of our foot by ship but cavalry needs troop support so one quarter at least will march up the King’s Highway.

“The King’s Road is in good shape. Our army will be able to travel about three miles an hour for about eight hours each day. We could no more but the human body starts to break down I have found if the daily marches are extended beyond this range. This means we should be able to march about twenty-five miles a day.

“Normally our baggage train would be our limiting factor having to keep to that pace. We will not use oxen for our wagons. They cut our speed down too much. An ox can only pull a loaded wagon at two miles an hour for about five hours before becoming exhausted. That is only ten miles a day.

“With horses or mules as draft animals, our speed will be increased. The only problem is the need for five horses or mules to replace two oxen. Then the limiting factor is the speed of a walking man. The horses could go about four miles an hour for about eight hours. That makes thirty-two miles but our infantry could only go about twenty-five miles in a day.

“We do not have enough horses to haul all the supplies of this army all the way to the wall in a timely manner without exhausting the animals. I will not sacrifice horses needlessly.

“Let us pray it doesn’t rain.

“An all mounted force could go further of course. My plan is to have the cavalry march last and catch up with our troops at the borders of the Riverlands.

“Missandei and Tyrion are putting together a list that will be used to setup up camps every twenty-five miles along the King’s Highway. These camps will start to be setup as we train the conscripts for combat.

“This will allow us to use the horses and mules available in a more efficient manner. I want to reduce the baggage train as much as possible. They will always string an army out on its marches.

“We will have a larger camp setup at intervals of every fifth day’s journey from the last large camp. Here the troops will be feed extra rations and given a chance to eat more hearty fare. I want meat at these stops. The men will take a day off on their march before we move further up the King’s Highway.

“We are moving up to meet an enemy that is waiting for us. We have time. I do not want my army arriving and have foot blisters and sores, pulled muscles, shin splints and sore ligaments. I want my army well fed and bedded down each night.

“I want my troops fresh and ready to fight with one hundred percent effort when and if we go war. It will accomplish nothing to arrive at our destination with an exhausted and broken down corps of foot soldiers.

“Last my dragons have been watching the Riverlands. The local populace being tapped for military duty are already moving north. They are not training locally but moving up to Riverrun or some seem to be moving towards the North already.
“Barristan, I think this means that they are leaving the way open to the North. Do you concur?”

“It would seem so. I would guess they will amass as much force as possible to fight us in a decisive battle. They know that they now, with your vast superior numbers and having dragons, that they will need to fight us on a large scale maneuver battle. We will overwhelm them otherwise.”

“I concur. We will continue to observe from on high but if it holds up with their rapid movements to the North I will start to build camps up through the Riverlands and as far into the North as I can reach without undo risk. As we move further north we will be more and more on guard and therefore slow our advance.”

“Tomorrow we will brief the small council of my decisions. We and they are ready to prosecute our grand adventure. Do we speak with one voice?” the Queen turned to look at each of her Clatch of Confidents and friends.

She saw only steely resolve.

“It is time we begin to march to war. We will be victorious. I assure you.”

“This I swear to you all at this table; Daenerys Targaryen wins her wars.”

**Missandei**

Missandei watched her Queen grimace and scowl in the Small Council room. Then she had watched her Queen squirm on the Iron Throne fuming while she ruminated over all the things she had to be right on to protect her realm. Then the complaints Dany had to hear today. She wondered how any ruler put up with so many trivial and inconsequential cases.

Missandei had always known of her Queen’s personal desires for other women. She felt so sorry for Dany. She had no one to go home to. The men who wanted a wife had them. A woman to go home to share her burdens with. A confidante that Daenerys could discuss ideas with and go over concerns that were on her mind. The Queen needed a lover to give her support, succor and physical pleasure. Dany had no one.

She needed a Queen on her arm. She wondered why Daenerys was so timid on the issue. She was passionate and vital in the defense of others, but did not come to her own defense. Daenerys Targaryen was bending and changing the world to her will. She was making it a better world. She had in three years shattered and destroyed the slave trade.

She had freed Missandei from bondage.

She had found a way to conqueror Westeros without bloodshed. Like her Queen, Missandei trusted that this Eddard Stark did not want war. She sensed his greatness. He was a man who could compare to her Queen - he was the only one.

She should demand the right to marry whomever she wished and bend the realm to her feet. Daenerys deserved the right to love freely!

Missandei sighed. Would her own love ever appear? Would her woman ever appear to sweep her off her feet and make Missandei her Queen?

Later that night in the privacy of her private chamber, Missandei contemplated the Queen’s dilemma again and in greater depth now that she had some quiet.
Missandei remembered Hirrome Yhari, a mighty warrior from the Black Cliffs. She and Daenerys had been passionate lovers. The woman was tall and lean and quite beautiful. Dany had found her scars quite alluring, and she loved the woman’s rough and calloused hands.

Dany had started to fall in love with the warrior, but the woman soon left looking for new conquests. Daenerys had been shocked that a woman could treat another woman like that.

Missandei had had her fears from the beginning. Hirrome was hardened and embittered by her violent life. She did not want that to happen to Daenerys, but feared that if she could not find a good woman to love her that it might. Dany’s life would slowly drain out of her and make her shallow and hollow.

Missandei knew that Dany needed a woman who was both fierce and combative and yet still sweet and innocent at her core.

*Does such a woman exist for the Queen?* Missandei wondered.

Missandei thought of the great houses. One of them must have a woman that could meet the Queen’s needs and desires.

She thought of House Tyrell with Margaery. The red rose with thorns. Dany liked danger. Maybe Margery would be a good match. She had read that the young woman was definitely adroit at court and quite savvy. Her beauty was legend. She could see Dany devouring the woman and making her body move hard in the throes of sweet passion. *Oh please Missandei, stop being such a wuss.*

Missandei started over. Dany sucked Margery off making the nubile beauty writhe and jackknife violently in orgasm. Margrey’s screams deafening. Her wet womanhood—arrrggg -wet cunt soaking Dany’s face.

She next thought of house Lannister with their regal lions. True, Myrcella was already married. To three women! What would one do with more than one wife? Dany had an insatiable appetite for the female body. She had heard so many women throughout Essos scream in the throes of passion in the Queen’s bed. Maybe four women could keep her womanhood satisfied. *Damn it stop that! No wonder I’m still a virgin. Keep her pussy - her cunt satisfied.*

House Baratheon had no likely consorts. *Too bad,* Missandei thought, getting into the swing of things. She bet any potential maids would be homy. She chuckled, thinking of the Great Stag’s horns.

She mused on the house of Martell. A spear though the heart of the sun. That house had potential in several ways. Myrcella had her Pride of Dorne but that did leave six other Sand Snakes, though she felt the first two were too old for the Queen. Missandei was intrigued by the open bisexuality of the women and their willingness to break the taboo of incest, as if they were Targaryen. It was titillating. *My god what it would be like to have that many women in one bed making love—fucking- dammit!* To have so many mouths sucking your cunt to orgasm over and over.

Missandei was starting to get worked up.

Her thoughts turned to the House of Greyjoy. Their seal was an ugly Kracken, which was unappealing. She had read of, Asha though. She was a comely woman with a voluptuous body. Her tits and ass made to be mauled and bitten, Missandei reasoned. *God I bet her cunt would be so plump and heavenly to bury my face in! To feel her sitting on my face grinding her swollen cunt in my mouth as she cummed so fucking hard! Filling my mouth with her sweet hot cum!* Missandei had read many tomes on women and sex. She could almost feel Asha’s g-spot underneath her fast rubbing fingertips and her cunt exploding as the woman’s twat gripped her rubbing fingers in a vice
grip. The woman shrieking as hard spasms ripped her body making the woman feel like her womb would rape out her belly.

Missandei was beginning to breathe hard.

Next Missandei thought of the Vale and its banner of the Eagle. She did not know of any high princesses but she was sure that the vale must be full of comely young maidens—no no, wanton sluts—that she could devour and make cum over and over as she fingerfucked them and sucked them off to screaming orgasms. She would revel in feeling her face soaked in their hot cum as their cunts gushed sweet cum all over her face again and again. Her own cunt would soak their faces in her howling orgasms. Her pussy grinding into their hot devouring mouths.

Missandei got up from her desk and moved over to her bed sitting on it. Her eyes were hot and her nipples were stiff and throbbing. Her full C cup tits were rising and falling with her now labored breathing.

Next was House Tully. A trout. A fish sigil could make some wary, but it didn’t matter! She wracked her brain but could think of no highborn comely sluts from the riverlands. She would prowl the land herself, finding willing, sweet, pale minor princesses. She would grind her black cunt into their pale white faces and revel in seeing them wildly, passionately eating her out. Their hands would grip her ass cheeks as Missandei got up on the balls of her feet and swept her aching wet quim up and down on their insanely hot, skilled, gobbling mouths. Her cunt would explode and send scalding waves of ecstasy crashing through her petite body.

She would lie soaked in cum and sweat, and her lover would crawl up her body and mash her pretty pink pussy down on her face and grind up and down her mouth as Missandei rammed her tongue so deep up her hot love box and then she would try to suck the slut’s clit down her throat. Gods Missandei would drink down every sweet drop of her cum nectars. Her mouth would overflow with hot cum and soak her face and throat like the slut she longed to be.

Missandei’s gown was nearly ripped off her body as the scribe flopped down on her back putting several pillows underneath her head and her hands started working her aching breast—tits—and one had moving south to her sopping wet cunt rubbing her drooling slit and clit.

Houses—Houses any more Great Houses? She shied away from House Targaryen because she thought of Dany as her mother … another house? Yes. House Stark. Oh gods yes!

Sansa and Arya. She would take either one. No! She would take both!

Missandei’s body was bucking her cunt up into her rubbing fingers as her other hand pinched and twisted her throbbing dark brown nipples in turn. The pressure sent hot bolts of ecstasy shooting straight to her clit.

She could feel her almost sixteen year old body on fire. She used to be able to control her sexual urges, but no more. She was a masturbating fiend now. She was masturbating every night, repeatedly.

She thought of Sansa with her red head between her brown legs and sucking on her shaved smooth cunt. She could so easily imagine the beauty sucking her rigid, aching clit into her mouth and rolling it with her tongue. Missandei’s hips were jerking up off the bed now her fingers drilling up and down her slit and jacking over her clit.

Missandei’s breathing ragged and hoarse.
She envisioned Arya first cupping and then burying her pale face between her brown, heaving tits and kissing them while leaving shiny love bites. Arya would move up to suck hard on Missandei’s throbbing, aching nipples back and forth. Missandei pinched and jerked up on her nipples, tenting her areolas.

Sansa would suck Missandei’s clit nearly down her throat, while Arya would grip her left full tit with both hands and maul it as she sucked thirstily on the thick, throbbing teat.

Missandei had no chance against such passion. Her cunt exploded as her womb constricted and tried to rip out her sweat soaked flat stomach.

"Mnnngggeeee! Oh! Mnnnggee! Anngghh! OOHHNNGGMMYYIIIEE!" she suddenly roared, her body flipping and jacknifing violently on the bed. Hot gushes of cum flooded out of her hard spasming cunt. “Oh oh hhnnng hhnnn hhnnngg,” Missandei pressed harder on her throbbing clit with her rubbing fingers, her other hand twisting and pinching her nipples in turn as scalding pulses filled them with red hot heat and arrows shot straight to her shrieking clit. "Unghhhhmmnnnggiiieeee! Mnnnghhiiieeeeee! Mmmnnnhiieeeee!" Missandei screamed as a second orgasm exploded over the top of the first one.

Missandei was on fire.

Several hours later Missandei rolled onto her side, finally totally exhausted. The bed was a wreck again, the sheets half on the floor and only the gods knew where all the pillows were.

Missandei had a lazy smile on her face, and a happy pussy. Her kitty cat was exhausted. She could not move. Her pussy was so sensitive. She loved that worn out feeling in her swollen muff. It was all nice and shiny and darker shade of brown in exhausted satisfaction.

She hoped she had no scribe duties in the morning. Her fingers were so tired and her wrists ached.

In her thoughts she had given in and even fucked sluts from House Targaryen. The three headed dragon. She loved seeing their white hair and violet eyes between her legs eating her out or cupping her body to theirs as they looked into Missandei’s face up close as they finger fucked her to hard orgasm. The women smiled as they saw Missandei’s eyes flare again in helpless pleasure, urging the teenager from Naath to scream. Her cunt wrenched itself apart with shocking convulsions, tearing her quim inside out, scalding the small black girl with wailing ecstasy.

Missandei loved feeling her body soaked in cum and sweat. Her bed was covered in big dark wet spots from her gushing cum. She still felt sweat trickling down her satiated body. She felt like such a wanton slut. A slut any high borne or powerful woman would crave to have as her wife.

Which house would be the best for her Queen?

Huummmmm.

She liked House Lannister and Stark. Their sigils were cute and cuddly. Yes, a princess from either of those houses would do she thought with a yawn. Hell, maybe, both she thought with an evil grin her eyelids drooping.

As drifted off to sleep she wondered what the scurry maids thought of her wrecked bed every morning and the smell of pussy thick in the room.

She had noticed that the maids had gotten most attentive. She had started with one maid but now four maids worked in her room every morning. They always made sure to come early when she was still getting out of bed and preparing for the day. In fact this morning there had been six tripping over
themselves pretending to work. All asking if they could do anything for her.

Missandei sighed going to sleep. She was saving herself for someone. She would come. She would come.

Chapter End Notes

AN # 1: Next chapter will start a four chapter arc I unofficially call "Dany in the Desert". This will explain the events that transformed Dany from GOT to the Daenerys Targaryen of my story. It will show the start of her conquests.

AN # 2: For fans of The Chronicles of Thomas Covenant there will be a blend in of various characters. Ur-viles will figure prominently.
Chapter 15

Sin in the Desert

Five years ago

Daenerys / Syrio Feral / Daenerys / Syrio / Barristan Selma / Daenerys

Daenerys

The breeze felt cool on her face in the early morning light. The young Khaleesi stood on the wall near her abode in Vaes Tolorro. She looked down the hidden canyons surrounding her small encampment, and felt like she was surrounded by bones. She felt nearly as lifeless after her great losses.

They had been in this lost city full of bones and death for almost three months. They were slowly changing that as best they could, bringing life back to the crumbling ruins, but it was slow going. Daenerys pondered her future. Should she try to make a home here, or press on?

She was so unsure. She felt so lost. She had lost everything with the death of Khal Drogo, his Khalasar fading into mist, and her hated enemy Jhaqo taking what little she had left. She swore she would get her revenge. The breeze picked up, making her platinum tresses flutter in the strengthening wind.

Daenerys watched her dragons flying, their bodies quickly growing and muscles strengthening. At least she still had them. Sometimes she felt so alone. It caused her to shiver even as the air heated.

She had dreamed of Doreah and Irri again last night. She still wept bitterly, thinking about how her sweet Lysene pleasure slave turned lover had died so miserably, her beautiful hair coming out in clumps as her body became emaciated and gaunt. She had died in her arms. Such an innocent. She did not have the iron will that the Dothraki and Daenerys had.

She had just turned fourteen, and yet she was stronger in many ways than her Bloodriders. They were stronger of body, true, but it was her will that led. She looked out over the red desert surrounding her small kingdom.

Daenerys snorted at the sad reality. The mighty scion of the House Targaryen; the Queen of a desolate waste. She had established this small community, and they had found water and food enough to support their small numbers, but that was not enough.

Daenerys was hunted. She had foiled two attacks already, but she wondered how long before she was set upon like a lone deer by a pack of snarling wolves.

Jorah Mormont had saved her the first time. Irri’s love for Siwi had saved her the second time. They had just started their trek into the red waste when the delightful girl had suddenly reappeared from out of the waste. She was so tired and haggard, but she, Doreah and Irri had welcomed her with open arms. They were ecstatic to see her return.

They had asked her of Thebi and Halli. Siwi begged off any knowledge of them, saying she had slipped out of the picket line of Khal Jhaqo and followed her trail into the desert.
Daenerys now wondered why she did not question Siwi’s seeming lack of interest in two of her harem mates. She almost seemed to not to feel anything for them. Where had she learned tracking skills? When they asked Siwi the most innocuous of questions the girl demurred, or said she was still exhausted from her ordeal.

*Oh gods.* Daenerys thought bitterly. *How could I have been such a fool?* The girl that had been Siwi was evasive, where the *true* Siwi had been totally open and loving. Daenerys had put it off to Siwi’s ordeal, as all around her were suffering greatly.

It was three nights after Siwi’s return that she, Irri, Doreah came to their lost love. They slowly took her to their tent that was pitched a distance away from the remaining Khalasaar. The tent floor was filled with soft furs for their lovemaking. Daenerys, Doreah and Irri were trembling with lust for their lost love. Siwi came willingly enough, and she said she wanted them so badly but Daenerys kept feeling something was off. Despite this, she had ignored it with her raging lust coursing through her veins. She licked her lips, wetting them in anticipation.

In the Khaleesi’s tent, Irri had pulled Siwi down so they were on their knees, and Irri had embraced Siwi heatedly and kissed her. Doreah moved in, naked and already pressing her full breast into the woman’s upper back while her wet cunt ground into the woman’s lower back. Irri pulled Siwi tight to her own body.

Suddenly, Iiri pushed Siwi away from herself. “This is not Siwi!” she screamed. Daenerys and Irri had started to keep daggers close at hand since they had started their trek away from their former home, and Irri desperately lunged for the dagger she kept to the side of their sleeping furs.

Irri never made it. Siwi suddenly had a long, curved knife in her hand and was on Irri in an instant. She pulled Irri’s head back and slit her throat from ear to ear. The sound of her gurgling sucking breath was loud in the tent. Blood sprayed from her cut arteries and severed trachea.

Doreah was not a fighter, but she tried to get fistfuls of the woman’s hair. The false Siwi reached back and grabbed a handful of Doreah’s beautiful, wheaten hair, and jerked her cruelly forward, causing her head to ram into Daenerys’ travelling chest. The blow stunned the former pleasure slave, her moans mewling.

The woman who was and was not Siri started to turn to finish Daenerys. She must have thought Daenerys would be an easy kill. Her body went rigid when Daenerys buried her long dagger into the side of her neck.

Daenerys, in desperation, rolled to the right. The wounded woman assassin thudded down onto the floor of the tent. She lashed out with her knife. Her blade cutting along Daenerys’ side, blood welling out of the shallow wound. The assassin grunted, levering herself up as blood started to flow down her neck in a red stream. The woman breathed heavily several times, and then lunged up onto her knees with a surge of adrenaline-fueled strength.

Daenerys lunged forward with a fire poker she had managed to grab. The woman jammed the tip of the poker down, and Daenerys’ body slammed into the weakening woman. They grunted as they rolled around on the furs. The woman got up on top of Daenerys, breathing raggedly and pulling her arm back to bury her blade in Daenerys’ heart.
The Khaleesi’s arm whipped up. With the fire poker still in her hand, the shaft of metal landed hard into the skull of the assassin with the sound of a wet, solid impact. The woman staggered again, and gritted her teeth. Daenerys rolled her body, sending the woman onto the floor.

Daenerys whipped her arm down, the poker slamming into the side of the woman’s head. The blow jammed the assassin’s head into the furs as she tried to lever her body up. Again and again Daenerys struck her fire poker into the woman’s head, as blood began to splatter. Daenerys did not stop striking until the fire poker slipped out of her tired, cramping fingers.

She sobbed heavily while she gasped for breath. She rolled over to Irri but she was long gone, her body covered in her blood. Daenerys closed her sightless eyes. She went over to Doreah on shaky limbs and checked her lover. The woman had a large knot on her head, but she would be alright.

Daenerys crawled to the flap of her tent. She had selected a remote location for their lovemaking keeping her Blood Riders on the perimeter of their camp. Why?! They were Dothraki. She should have wanted to make love before her Khalasar.

Daenerys gasped when she looked back down at Siwi; except it was not Siwi. The person Daenerys looked down on was instead a middle-aged woman with auburn hair, her features soft and rounded rather than the sharp angles that were trademark of the Dothraki. This woman had pale skin and not the bronze hue of the Dothraki.

Daenerys shook her head, her thoughts returning to the present. She was hunted. The forces of Robert Baratheon still wanted her dead. He was going to prosecute the potential threat to his throne with maximum force.

Daenerys had sent out her three blood riders earlier. She was worried, they should have returned already. She could not bear to lose them too, after her loves had already been so cruelly taken from her. To lose her Blood Riders in the red wastes would be her undoing. The losses she had already suffered to get here had been egregious.

She climbed off the wall and back down to the courtyard where she was met by her new bodyguard. Kiserri took her duties very seriously, as the six year old fingered her little dagger she had in her belt.

“Did you see any enemies?” the girl asked, fingeriing her dagger more closely.

“No. There are no assassins for you to kill, my sweet little Blood Rider.”

“I am not so little. I am almost six now!” the girl proclaimed proudly.

The Khaleesi ruffled the little girl’s hair affectionately.

Soon after, Daenerys, Kiserri and Jorah Mormont were eating a light late breakfast of eggs and figs. They enjoyed the meal in companionable silence.

Daenerys was chewing on a fig as she thought of her current situation. “What do you think we should do, Jorah? I grow uneasy staying here. My enemies are still seeking my death. How much longer will we be safe here?”

“Khaleesi, we should be safe for a time yet. The assassin was working alone, else, another attempt would have been made. We are in the middle of this gods forsaken waste. We wandered here with no clear path for anyone to follow. We are lost in this hot, arid hell. How can we be found if we are lost? We are safe, Dany.”

Daenerys stiffened slightly at the over-familiar use of her nickname, but allowed it. She needed the man.
“I wonder. I am lost in these endless painted canyons and dry wadi. The red comet - I was sure it was a portent of my righteous destiny” she said, referring to the red comet that had appeared after the birth of her dragons, a seeming a herald of Targaryen destiny and future might. Comets and the color red were great symbols of power in Valyrian lore.

The loss of so many of her Khalasar in the desert had made the Targaryen wonder now. The death of Doreah and then Irri had sapped her will and confidence. All was gone except for her Blood Riders, and Jorah Mormont.

They were not enough.

Should she abandon her quest? Should she allow the wrongs done to her House and family go unpunished? She was a fourteen year old girl, alone in the desert. Jorah was a noble knight, but Daenerys knew he harbored impure thoughts towards her. Her Blood Riders would sacrifice all for her, but they were only three.

How could she conquer Westeros with four warriors while she herself was hunted? The last few nights she felt like a fox that was being hamstrung by baying hounds. She knew she had a great destiny to fulfill. She could feel it, but these days she felt more pressingly the fates conspiring against her.

The rest of the day, her feeling of unease only increased. She climbed back up on the wall in the late afternoon. She brought Kiserri with her, and they looked around the surrounding lands of dry arid wadi and painted canyons.

Kiserri said with certainty that all was safe. That made Daenerys ruffle her hair and kiss her forehead as the little Blood Rider preened.

Daenerys was not so sure. She looked out and felt her unsettlement increase. She could almost feel eyes on her. She shook her head. Stop being a scared little fourteen year old girl Daenerys. She could see nothing amiss. They climbed down.

They must be safe. Mustn’t they?

**Syrio Forel**

Syrio looked at the ruined city again with his prized looking glass. He swept his gaze back and forth, looking for the warriors that should be lining the walls and going out on foot and mounted patrols. He had been scouting the city for a week, and still saw no active defense.

He found this most disturbing. Did the woman have her forces so well hidden that even he could not spot them? He most seriously doubted that. He had been the best First Sword in the history of Braavos. His skills were legendary.

Well, had been legendary.

He was disgraced now.

He could no longer stomach the corruptions and out of control hedonism of the people he was to defend, so he had resigned. Of course the rest of the world was told he had been caught committing the most heinous of crimes against man and the gods, rather than the truth.

Syrio snorted at the lies. Enough time had passed that no one remembered or even cared one way or
another. Any faith Syrio may have had in anything had long since passed away like his honor. He did not believe in anything now but the gold dragons in his pockets.

He had been hired by the mercenary company. They had a contract to kill a young usurper to the throne in Westeros. The only problem was that they were terrified of the woman because they were convinced she was Valyrian witch, capable of great magic. Syrio snorted again at their silly beliefs in things that did not exist. Any person would die on the tip of his rapier.

He scanned the ruined city walls again. There were absolutely no troops or sentries, he was certain. While he did not believe in magic in the grand scheme of things, he had seen enough strange occurrences to know that some people seemed to have strange gifts.

This woman must have something if she was convinced she did not need guards.

Either way, Syrio was not concerned. He had killed many evil and vile persons. He never killed the innocent, and never children. If someone was born to become evil, Syrio would kill them after they’d grown into it.

Jororos Phassirah slid in beside Syrio from his vantage point over the broken city. “When are you going to go in and kill this Daenerys Targaryen? We paid you a lot of dragons for this kill.”

Syrio looked over at the man. He was in his mid-thirties, tall and very well-muscled from his hard life. He was also actually somewhat skilled with his broadsword. The oaf would not last fifteen seconds against himself, but at least he was not inept either. He was the leader of a band of mercenaries that called themselves the Golden Lions. The way they were trembling over this Valyrian witch made Syrio think that the only thing golden about these lions was the way they pissed all over themselves.

He remembered being back in New Ghis six weeks ago, getting drunk in a saloon catering to the Iron Legions of their army. As always, he was sitting with his back to the wall. He was nursing a stout ale when he observed a man striding toward him. It was Jororos Phassirah, who, uninvited, sat down across from him.

The man had cut straight to the chase, introducing himself and telling Syrio he knew who he was and that he had once been the First Sword of Braavos. Syrio had been impressed. He had faded into obscurity and to be called out so far from the Free Cities on the east coast of Essos was both flattering and disturbing. He did have a price on his head, after all.

The man was direct. They had a contract to kill a certain Daenerys Targaryen. She was a woman of pure Valyrian descent. She was apparently making false claims on the throne of Westeros. If she was allowed to go forward and land in Westeros, war would break out, and many innocents would be killed. If the problem was taken care of while she was still far from Westeros, then much harm and bloodshed could be avoided.

Syrio generally had a dislike for killing women. He was convinced though, that in this case, it was appropriate. The woman had for years been making these false claims. She was considered a slut who slept with many men and had continually drank moon tea, killing unwanted pregnancies. She had even killed whole families for daring to defy her.

She had somehow even brought down a great Khal. Such changes in power were always bloody. It seemed as if the woman was literally eating babies. Yes, in this case Syrio Forel would gladly kill this evil woman to save the world from her vile presence.

When he asked why they were willing to pay him twenty-five percent of the admittedly huge bounty,
he was told that she was a mighty witch that used sorcery to achieve her goals. It was widely known that Syrio Forel did not believe in any such magic, and had killed mighty warlocks in the past. This of course was entirely true.

Plus, the red comet appearing in the sky had convinced many in the Company that to confront the woman would mean certain death. She was of old Valyria and red comets, as everyone knew, were a sign of the dragons of that land.

That confession had made Syrio pause, recalling a dirty, mangy establishment he had accidently stumbled into rip-roaring drunk a while ago. No. It couldn’t be. No.

He accepted the job, and now he was looking on the failed city again with his spying glass. He believed in nothing and feared even less.

Syrio turned to Jororos. “Yes. It is time. I have reconnoitered enough. I will go in and do your dirty work for you. I will then ride back with you to your base camp on the shore, and retrieve my money. If you attempt to betray me, I will kill you.” He told the legion commander in a tone that brokered no uncertainty

Jororos Phassirah was not a fool. He knew that many would die before they could bring down a true water dancer. Their skills were many. They were said to walk through walls. *Look for they can not be seen … Listen for they can not be heard,* such as the saying went. There was plenty money to be had, Robert Baratheon seemed to have unlimited coffers. The ship moored on the beach had three giant coffers filled with gold dragons for the head of this Targaryen girl alone.

Sure, he had exaggerated slightly, but he was sure that in the moment with all that gold at stake the man would, in the end, let greed rule him. Greed ruled all men, as far as Jororos Phassirah was concerned.

“I will follow behind and await your signal. We will pack her head in the chest of ice we’ve prepared. I want no questions asked by the King’s representative. We will all be rich men when this contract is fulfilled.”

Suddenly, there was a loud neighing behind Jororos. He was sure that it could not be heard by those in the city, but he did not want to take any chances. He turned around and hissed at his men to keep their damn horses quiet.

By the time he turned back around, Syrio Forel was already gone.

Syrio easily moved from shadow to shadow unseen, his footfalls as silent as the grave. He was more perplexed the closer he got to the city. *There are absolutely no guards. Not even one.* His instincts had always alerted him to the presence of the other strange energies that some people had. What the simple minded called magic. He refused to call it magic. He would go around whatever the force was, to fulfill his contract.

As he approached the city, his instincts screamed louder. Something about his whole contract was not right. He felt it in his soul, repeatedly, but he suppressed it. He could simply disappear with the amount of gold dragons he was about to possess. What was the snuffing of one evil, vile life? He would be saving so many more.

He slipped through a large hole in the wall. He looked around and was made even more unsure, and filled with greater unease. Where in the hells were the fighting men? He saw only the very young and the very old. He continued on in the shadows.
Then he saw a girl of Valyria. Why hadn’t Jororos reported there were also Valyrian children present? The girl would direct him to his quarry. His stomach roiled. The Targaryen woman was evil, true, but he still hated the idea of bending his code of ethics. His mouth set. He needed that gold.

He stepped out of the shadows and confronted the girl who startled, gripping her dress in front of her heart.

“Ooohhhh!”

“I need you to point me in the direction of a vile, evil slut whose name is Daenerys Targaryen.”

“What?” the girl asked looking at him calmly.

“I’m here to kill her.”

“Only her? Will the others be spared? … they have done nothing to deserve death.” The girl straightened her shoulders for some reason and regarded with a air of almost regal bearing Syrio thought.

What a strange question. “Yes. I am here to kill the woman who is baseless, and claims to be the true ruler of Westeros. She is evil, and kills children and lets the dogs eat their bodies … Show me where she is!”

“She stands before you.” The lass told him clearly, with sadness in her voice. Suddenly three small dragons came swooping down and landed on the woman’s shoulders, with one clinging to her left arm.

Oh Gods! Gods! The prophetess spoke true!

Syrio began to shake violently. He fell to his knees and placed his sword before him, laying the blade across Daenerys Targaryen’s feet.

“I pledge my services to you … you are the one I have been searching for all my life … the pure one — the one who will restore balance and life!”

Daenerys

Daenerys looked at the man on his knees before her. What a strange man. Tears were now running down his face, and his body wracked with sobs. “Forgive me!” he shouted. “I was sent to kill you, but instead I pledge my sword to your noble cause!”

The man collapsed forward, his forehead resting on the tips of her feet. “I’m sorry, so sorry, so sorry … oh please forgive me, I’m so sorry, so sorry … so sorry ..” the pale woman looked down at the strange man racked with guilt, and was touched by his sincerity.

“Rise man, … rise.” Daenerys softly encouraged him. He rose back up on his knees. “What is your name, my would-be assassin?” she asked softly.

The man quickly controlled his sobs, though the tears that still ran down his cheeks.

“S-S-S-y-yri-o Fo—Fo-rel … I will defend you with my last, dying breath.” He told Daenerys.

“Why?” She asked.
“You were foretold to me long ago. I had laughed at her back then, but … she was right. You are the dragon reborn. It is you that will renew the world.”

“How? I am just a young woman.”

“I don’t know, but you will. She told me that magic was dying, and that you would restore it. You and your lover will restore the Blood of the Earth.”

“What is that?”

“You don’t know?” he looked at her quizzically. The teenager shook her head. “Doesn’t matter. You will discover the truth. I have total faith in you, my Queen.” The Targaryen shook her head again in confusion, just thankful the man had not run her through with his sword.

“Syrio Forel, you have been told the most baseless of lies. It is I am who am aggrieved. My father was cut down from behind on his own throne. My brother was killed on the field of battle in noble combat, and his wife was raped and kept alive until she witnessed the murder of her two children. Then she was slaughtered too.

“I only seek what is rightfully mine. I will take back what is mine and bring peace and prosperity to all.”

“Mommy, mommy.” Daenerys turned to see Kiserri walking down the alleyway, rubbing her sleepy eyes. “I missed you, mommy.” The little girl told Daenerys, scolding as she held up her arms. Daenerys reached down and hauled the girl up and hugged her tight, then kissed the child’s temple.

It was only then the little girl noticed the stranger. The six year old started to kick her small legs, and Daenerys set Kiserri back down. The small girl fumbled with the little dagger tucked underneath her belt. She finally pulled it out, and then dropped it. The little girl bent down and picked it up, and then brandished it at the intruder.

“If you want to get at my mommy … I mean the Khaleesi, you will have to go through me! I am the Khaleesi’s savage Blood Rider!” the little girl swished her blade menacingly back and forth in front of the stranger.

Daenerys watched as Syrio Forel held up his hands and backed up. “Please spare my life, fierce Blood Rider!” he implored.

Satisfied, the little Blood Rider relented. “I will let you live!” she said with a negligent swirl of her hair.

Daenerys slowly walked back down the alleyway. Syrio fell in step beside her on the opposite side of Kiserri.

“Did you come alone?” the Khaleesi asked her supposed new knight.

“No. They sent me in to kill you because they are craven. They think you are some mighty witch.” They came to a ladder, and first Daenerys and then Kiserri climbed up, with some help from her Khaleesi. The former First Sword quickly ascended after.

Daenerys looked to the South, wondering when her Blood Riders would finally return to her. This man swore allegiance to her, but she would feel safer with their return. She wondered where Jorah was. He had trained strenuously in the late morning and slept thought the extreme midday heat. Daenerys could only hope that this was the start of a reversal of fortune.
Daenerys looked out to the west. Her gaze stopped. She slowly turned to face Syrio Forel.

“It would appear you chose poorly.”

**Syrio**

Syrio turned to look at Daenerys and then out over the desert. “SHIT!” The fucking Golden Lions had found their balls. They were storming towards this broken city, and the large hole in the wall just to the right. “If you have any defenders, call them now!”

Syrio jumped down lightly into the breach. His sword whipped around in an arc and the first on rusher grasped his throat as blood gushed out of the severed arteries and veins. Syrio lunged forward, his blade piercing the next man’s eye, the tip striking the back of his skull before he ripped his blade out of the crumpling man.

He kicked his foot out, crushing the next man’s Adam’s apple, his pivoting body spinning to the right as he gutted another. He met the last man of the initial rush and easily evaded his broadsword stroke, then blocked the second swipe with the swept hilt of his sword. He pulled their swords down fast, and then stepped back and ran his sword through the man’s throat and ripped it back out, blood pulsing out in hot spurts.

“Khaleesi!” A large bear of man roared and was suddenly beside Syrio. He was covered in black chainmail, and had a mighty broadsword. Together they met the next rush. Their blades swirled and slashed death all around them. Syrio was dancing and jumping, avoiding blows and slashing death. An arrow shot past his head.

“Fall back!” Syrio roared as more arrows started to whistle past them. He took one side of the opening and the large man the other. Syrio looked up and yelled at Daenerys. “Get yourself and your daughter down. You can’t get trapped up there!”

Three men were storming through the breach. The large man slashed his sword, nearly chopping a man in half, his sword getting stuck in ribs and spine. As he wrenched his sword out the viscera, Syrio slashed the other two men. His razor sharp blade cut down into their necks cutting arteries, veins, tendons and slashing their tracheas open. His blade partially cut their spinal cords.

Suddenly, yells were heard down the right alleyway. Four men were coming down the alley at a fast run, swords drawn as more men stormed the breach. The large man stormed past the opening, several arrows nearly piercing him. His momentum bowled him into the first two men, knocking them over. His sword sliced down, chopping through the third man’s collar bone into his sternum. The large man desperately wrenched his sword out of bone. The fourth man chopped down on his broad shoulder. His chain mail blunted much of the blow. As the large man roared, his foot kicked his assailant in the crotch.

Syrio had quickly dispatched the next two attackers. He screamed at Daenerys and Kiserri to run down the alleyway toward the large man. The bear-man had cleaved the fourth man’s head in two with a savage stroke. Syrio killed two more with piercing thrusts to the throat and eye.

They ran down the alley as women and children began to scream. They saw six men running towards them, but Syrio saw a man on a horse with an Arakh charging up the narrow street. Syrio could clearly see his Dothraki heritage. He started to yell, and lunged forward engaging the men. They all focused on Syrio. The large man went back to fight three more men moving forward with spears.
Syrio could not worry about them for the moment as he dodged blades and jabbed back. Suddenly the rider slammed into the mercenary’s defenseless backs his horse’s hooves trampling and stomping on even more. The man’s arakh made slashing arcs, raining death.

“Jhogo!” the little white-haired woman screamed in relief. Syrio turned back to the large man. He had chopped down the first two spearmen, and was hacking the third man’s spear in two.

He did not see the additional spearmen now coming down the alley. Suddenly, a spear had bloomed through the huge man’s right shoulder, the end jutting two feet out his back. He staggered back into the wall. Syrio lunged forward, kicking down the mercenary that the large man had been fighting.

“Jorah!” he heard the white-haired woman scream as she ran up to him. He pushed her back behind him, blood running down his body. Suddenly feathered arrows flew down the alleyway. Jhogo was wheeling his horse around to bring his own bow and arrow into the fray. More scrambling was heard as more men appeared at the ends of the alleyway and pelted towards them. The next moment two arrows had sprouted in Jorah’s chain mail, the first breaking but the second sinking several inches in his thigh.

Suddenly, the men on the wall above came crashing down, screaming.

**Barristan Selmy**

Barristan Selmy had been following the Dothraki rider and his small entourage from the City of Qarth. He knew they would take him to the Queen he would pledge his troth too. *She* was the fulfillment of prophecy, and not her brother Rhaegar as many had expected. One always assumed it was the man and not the woman. Rhaegar had been a great man, but he now knew the woman would be even greater.

He had heard how the woman led her Khalasar into the red waste. He knew she was alive. Destiny would not let her die unremarked in the depths of this gods forbidden wasteland.

The trail had been spotty, and he had lost it entirely. He had a guide that Illyro had provided so he was able to find forage for his horse and food and water for them both. Still, he was lost until he came across the Dothraki in Blood Rider attire. He had smiled to himself, and followed at distance.

For four days they ambled forward at a moderate pace, not to overtire the entourage with the Blood Rider. He guessed that he had journeyed to Qarth and was bringing back succor. Then, in the late afternoon of the fifth day, he and the Blood Rider both felt it at the same time - the rider sprinted forward on his horse as Barristan followed a half mile back.

He followed the Blood Rider to an old, desolate city. Men were boiling forward towards it and the sound of fighting could clearly be heard. *Gods NO!* Barristan screamed to himself, whipping his horse to get to the city as fast as possible. He arrived and saw a jagged way to the top of the wall and scrambled up. He saw archers preparing to fire and ran towards them.

He arrived just as they loosed a volley and kicked them down to their deaths. He looked down at a wild melee. He easily spotted his future Queen hiding against a sidewall with a Dothraki child gripping her leg in terror.

He jumped down and killed the three mercenaries in front of him. He then turned and faced a wave of six men who were charging forward. He killed the first one with a devastating two-handed stroke that sliced the man’s side wide open to the spine. The Dothraki he had followed had dismounted,
shooting arrows in all directions and picking up more from the spilled quivers of the fallen mercenaries.

He barely dodged a thrown spear and chopped a man’s left leg off as the man screamed in agony. He retreated, blocking and parrying blows and delivering death as the men pressed forward. Suddenly a large man barreled past him. He had a chopped-off spear jutting out of his back. He cleaved three men down before a wild slash hit him in the right arm, cutting into his chain mail.

Barristan ran in and killed the nearest men, but more were still streaming down the alley. He heard the sounds of blades clashing behind him as more men came up from the other end.

He chopped a man’s head clean off and swirled, slashing a second man’s stomach open. Barristan pulled back as he tried to pull the large man after him. The man roared, sweeping two men into his grasp and crushing into the wall. He now had a long dagger in his blood slicked right hand. He stabbed both men to death before an arrow pieced the large bearded man in the eye and he fell down, killed instantly.

Barristan chopped and wheeled death in all directions. He was an angel of death. It was not enough. He was pushed back continuously. He was slipping on all the blood and gore.

A man ducked and dashed past his guard.

Daenerys

Wherever Daenerys looked she saw assassins. Her defenders were dispensing death on all sides. She had screamed when she saw Jorah go down with an arrow jutting out of his eye. She looked to her right and Jhogo was slashing his Arakh right and left, chopping off legs, arms and disemboweling men. Screams filled the alley. Syrio leapt, swirled and ducked in a blur of motion, men falling dead all around him.

There was always more to replace the dead. The teenager looked to her left. An older man had appeared, defending her. He too was moving in a blur of death, his blade first high and then low. Limbs were severed and heads cleaved near in two, but still he was pressed back by yet more mercenaries, their numbers never seeming to cease as they kept pouring in on the small knot of defenders.

Kiserri was no longer a brave blood rider, but a scared little girl. She was screaming in terror. Daenerys bent down to hug her. She pushed the girl back a little, to try and yell something over the din to make the girl feel somehow a bit less terrified.

Suddenly, a shocking, piecing pain filled the fourteen year old princess of House Targaryen. Daenerys ignored the pain, pushing past it and focusing on Kiserri. What had happened? Kiserri started to scream and then stopped, blood pouring out of her mouth, her shocked eyes wide open.

Daenerys looked down at the blade that had ran through Kiserri and sunk deep into her own body as well. The blade was thrust hard forward, and she felt the tip rip out of her back. It was agony.

She looked at Kiserri and saw her eyes dim, and then the light went out of them entirely as the girl went limp.

Daenerys tried to scream, but she had no air as she felt blood pouring out of her own mouth. Her heart staggered, and then tripped again for several more beats.
Then it stopped entirely, unable to carry on. The light went out of Daenerys Targaryen’s eyes. She followed her sweet Kiserri into death.
Chapter 15

Daenerys

Kisseri. Again and again, Daenerys saw her precious adopted daughter’s heart pierced with cold, hard steel. That the same sword that had pierced her own heart was inconsequential; the agony in her own body meant nothing. She watched her daughter die over and over again. The terror, and then stark agony Daenerys had seen in Kisseri’s brown eyes that had looked on at her with shock. Her precious, brave Bloodrider had become just a terrified little girl in the end.

Eyes that said why didn’t you save me?! Daenerys’ only memory was a loop of Kisseri and her death, the blood that poured out of her mouth. Kisseri’s soundless screams, and the light that went out from her dark eyes.

Daenerys’ soul was wracked with guilt. Sobs shook her bodiless form with silent tears. Slowly, though, the vision started to fade, and then die away.

Daenerys began to drift as the dark embraced her in a tight, almost loving embrace. A cool peace was enveloping her being.

Then she heard it. The sound of delicate music, bells or chimes: a soft ringing, at once beautiful and imprecise, as allusive as the scent of an exotic perfume.

A woman’s voice of tuned bells spoke. “I have come, Dragonthane. This death cannot stand. You are the lynchpin of all that must be. I will restore your body.”

“Who are you?” Daenerys asked, with only mild interest. She felt herself drifting on a sea of sweet lassitude.

“I am Infelice. Regent of the Elohim. This death cannot stand. You are the Dragon of Destiny, around you all others orbit.”

Daenerys heard the beautiful chiming of an infinite chorus of bells. She had a thought, and reached out and grasped it. “Kisseri. Kisseri, save her.”

“No. She is not important. She has no Earthpower, she is of no portent. She does not matter in the life of the Earth.”

Daenerys felt her will briefly surge. “Not important? Only she is important! Nothing else matters! I have lost everything else. I can’t take anymore! Restore her, and leave me in peace!”

“You, Dragonthane, I will restore.” The bells chimed and power enveloped and burned into Daenerys. Daenerys felt the agony of vitality, but resisted the call of life and purpose. There was a long pause. “WHAT IS THIS?!?” the female voice screamed in fear and frustration. “You cannot refuse your destiny!”
“Save Kisseri. Leave me to my death. My life has been a disaster.” Daenerys felt another mighty wash of magic flow, and then slam into her body. She felt power that could tear the mountains from their moorings and hurl them into the sea surge into, and through, her body. She refused the siren call to life. The power was hurled back from her body into the formless plasma of reality and purpose.

“This … this is not possible … NOOOOOO!” the voice wailed, and was gone.

Daenerys drifted again. Thoughts came to her harder. She felt the threads of her essential self fraying. She was falling apart. The cold around her now felt like the embrace of a mother’s love.

Suddenly, the chimes were back. Fury, doubt, fear, and supplication all crashed into the frayed essence of all that was left of Daenerys Targaryen. The distant memory of pain focused her fading self. Anger rose up.

“Infelice. Please control yourself.” Another female voice now came to her. A soft, flowing white enveloped Daenerys with comfort and succor. “We come in peace and supplication Daenerys Targaryen, mother of dragons. I am Linden Avery, the Chosen and Ring Wielder, wife of Thomas Covenant. I need to speak to you.”

“Go away.” Daenerys scoffed weakly.

“I will, but I would ask that you hear me out first. Will you?”

Daenerys pulled herself together enough to consider. “What do you have to say?”

She felt rather than heard the woman sigh. “I must ask you to return to life. You have a great destiny to fulfill. Already it may be too late, you have fully crossed over now. Fortunately, the Laws of Life and Death have already been broken and can never be fully made whole.”

Daenerys scoffed and started to turn away from the gentle woman’s voice.

“Here me out, Daenerys Targaryen. Please. If you refuse Infelice and I, we will leave you to the grave. Will you hear me out?”

Daenerys wanted to be done with this. She sighed within herself.

“Speak.”

“Thank you.”

“You are the center pin of the future. If you fail, all life in Westeros and Essos will, in time, perish. Only you and the forces that will rally around you can meet the need of the Earth. Your chosen path of restoration of your throne is only the first Labor you must accomplish. You have many labors before you, Daenerys. You are filled with Earthpower and must heed its selection. You were born for greatness.”

“I don’t care about that anymore. I have failed at everything. Save Kisseri. She is important!”

“I know. She is indeed precious, but this is about you Daenerys. I must ask you to take up the challenge of our time. I have told you that Westeros and Essos will die, but in time the whole Earth may perish along with your homelands. The Earth cannot long survive I feel, with half of it frozen in death.”

“I have lost everything. I am a failure. All that I loved are dead.”
“No, not all. Others will come to you. You will conquer and change the course of history. I fear to tell you this; I must tread carefully. I fear to invoke the paradox of lore: it must be earned and not granted, else the purpose misleads. But still, I will tell you, though it will fade to mere distant dreams. You will carry it with you deep in your psyche.

“You will break chains that have existed for over five thousand years. You will bring a long lasting peace that Westeros and Essos has never known. You will heal the Doom of Valyria. Magic in your world is dying, and your will and passion will restore it.

“All of this has been placed on your shoulders. You have been selected. I too tried to avoid my destiny. I was afraid, and a failure. I was forced to watch my father kill himself, and shriveled as he screamed that I was the reason he slashed his wrists. I killed my own mother when she was dying from cancer. She asked for death… and I gave it. I was less than human at one time. A mere robot.”

“What changed?”

“There is also love in the world, Daenerys. I was told this, but did not believe it at the time. It was true.”

Daenerys heard the sigh and how the woman felt an inner peace.

“You found love?”

“Yes. Thomas Covenant healed me, even though his own life was full of horror and failures. Failures can be overcome. Come and find us, and we will more fully explain this.

“Daenerys, you will find love. When the wolf and dragon lie together, you will find so much love. It can never replace what you have lost, but it will heal you and make you whole.

“Only then that which has been stolen from you can be given back. Only then, that which has been lost can be found. You must take back what is yours by the right of birth. The world has waited for you, Daenerys.

“I do not demand. I only ask you to consider. I ask not for you. I ask for the world. But we are human, and I give you the hope of love and restoration. Take what is yours and make this world a better place. You can achieve so much more than Thomas and I ever could.

“Will you take up the mantel of the world’s need? Will you accept the greatest challenge this world has known since the Worm at the World’s End went back into slumber? The world and life itself needs you, Daenerys.

“The choice is yours. We have spoken our piece, my sweet child. We will await your answer.”

“And Kisseri?” Daenerys asked again. She heard Linden Avery sigh sadly.

“It is the future that must call you forward, Daenerys. To return to life, you must let go of the past. Let go of what no longer exists. You must choose life. We will have to pry apart the barrier of life and death, and will need your iron will to slip you through the pale.

“I cannot emphasize this enough: you must choose life with every fiber of your soul. Only with that can we restore you. I warn you though - you are not a ring wielder. We can restore life to your body, but it will be your iron will that will anchor your soul to that body and life. You must sacrifice the past for your future.

“As the Creator once told me: ‘you will never fail no matter how much life assails you.’ Your
enemies will be many, but you will overcome. … Do you chose life? Reach and grasp what is rightfully yours. Only then can you achieve your destiny, and restore that which has been taken. Redeem your life, and redeem your heritage.”

Daenerys felt the fires of her ambition kindling again. She had a great destiny to fulfill. She would change the future for the better. She would break chains. She would save lives.

She chose life, and to forget the past. Forgive me Kisseri.

“I choose life.”

“So be it. You will not remember this, except in the depths of dreams. One thing more: you and your followers are weak now. You are in need of succor. We have beseeched the ur-viles. They have consulted their Weird. One time they can give you assistance in your coming of age.” A small dirk appeared in Daenerys’ bodiless hand. It was covered in intricate runes and sigils. “You will know what to do when you are in need. Remember, only once can you use it.”

Before Daenerys’ sightless eyes, she saw a small sword appear. It had a large crossguard and a pure white gem glowing white hot in the hilt. She heard the loud, incessant chiming of bells that soon sounded like they might burst asunder with the urgency of their tempo. Linda Avery’s voice hummed a melodic, soundless tune, the volume rising to a high-pitched melodious scream. Suddenly, the sword exploded into light and a beam of incandescent white blasted into and burned Daenerys to the depths of her being.

Daenerys screamed in agony, screams that multiplied and grew. Then she was gone.

“I don’t understand. Why did she refuse me and accept you? What did I do wrong?”

“Infelice … after all these years and you still do understand human emotions and motivations. Even with your allowance to let Kastenessen marry his human lover, you still do not understand us. Come on, woman.”

Infelice regarded Linden scornfully. “Be thankful I am not a woman. Can you imagine an Elohim with MPH?”

“That’s P-M-S, Infelice.”

“Whatever, human.” the Elohim chuckled. “Why again were we not allowed to tell her the full truth of her destiny?”

“Her path is dangerous. We both know the chances are great she will fail, and with her the Earth. She must succeed. And to succeed, she must be focused.”

Infelice shook her head. “You humans are most strange.”

“Also, you know that She Who Must Be Named has returned. She has taken her body back. This is truly a dangerous development, though we feel she has not come to do harm but to redeem herself.”

“And if you are wrong?”

“She will destroy the Earth.”

“We are doomed then.”

Linden smirked within her spirit. “There is also love in the world, Infelice … even if you don’t
understand it. The smallest of women can conquer the mightiest of beings. You will see."

“Take the Krill back to Elemesnedene. Guard these gifts well; they are precious. You know She Who Must Not Be Named will seek the Krill. I can feel it. She has some purpose for it.”

“I sure hope she finally lets us know what her damn name is. If she took her body back, then she has her name back, too. I get tired of saying that long moniker over and over! I get winded!”

“It doesn’t bother me.” Infelice said. “I don’t breathe.” And then she was gone.

Linden pondered. She had known Infelice for almost forty-four thousand years. Today was the first time she had ever seen any humor in her.

Strange forces were definitely at work. Linden chuckled as she faded, going back to her home in Kiril Threndor half a world away, where her husband and son awaited her.

Barristan

Barristan screamed seeing the sword piece Daenerys’ heart. He had whipped around when the man got past his guard, his sword slashing down and chopping through collar bone and shoulder blade into the man’s body cavity. He ripped his sword up and out, and it whistled down again and split the man’s head wide open.

A sword slammed into his back in a slashing downward strike. He staggered, his chain mail saving him as the links jammed through the linen undercoat and into his skin. The man who delivered the blow fell dead, his eye pierced by the thin blade of a rapier by a man with a goatee.

The next ten minutes were a confused blur of rage and violence. The word quickly spread that the white haired woman had been slain. The attacking forces began to fray and become aimless. Barristan, the goateed man, and a Dothraki who must have been one of Daenerys’ Blood Riders dispensed death all around. They chased men down, killing them on the spot with great violence. Barristan and the other non-Dothraki man ran to and fro, killing mercilessly.

Finally, the men were gone. Barristan noticed that there were other dead beside the mercenaries that were littered on the narrow alleyways and in doorways. Barristan fumed that the innocent always seemed to pay when killers like himself fought.

He found his way back to the place he saw the Queen fall. She was not there! He screamed again, and wheeled around. They must have needed her body for proof. He leaped out of the breach in the wall. A half-mile out he saw the Dothraki Blood Rider wildly chopping men down from his horse, with the goateed man who was clearly a water dancer, killing with a speed that was poetry to behold.

Barristan crashed into the men as they were trying to form a phalanx to defend themselves from the rear. The group was broken, and quickly butchered.

His precious Queen lay dead behind them, her violet eyes open and sightless, her clothes rent and torn. Her body had contusions and bruises. She looked so delicate and forlorn in death. He fell to his knees beside the corpse as the goateed man wept bitterly, and the Blood Rider prepared to kill himself.

“NOOOOO!” Barristan roared, his fist arching down to slam the dead Queen in the chest in agony and frustration.
“Hhhhuungggggg!” the Targaryen cawed in a cry of raw agony as her upper torso lifted off the dusty ground several feet. Eyes that had been sightless were now filled with pain. Her body collapsed back to the ground, her breath ragged and shallow.

The water dancer gasped “My god—she’s alive!”.

The Blood Rider cried out “Khaleesi!”

They all gathered around the unconscious girl whose chest only slightly rose and fell.

*Thank the gods. Thank the gods I am not too late!* Barristan thought to himself.

Barristan soon found out who the goateed man was, as the Blood Rider called Jhogo carried his Khaleesi back to Vaes Tolorro. They took her to her domicile and gently put her into bed. All three men saw that where the sword had pierced her body front and back was healed and scarred. The scar was still new, red and raw looking but the wound was sealed. The wound was no more. Barristan looked at the other men. He was relieved by what he saw. They only wanted their Khaleesi and Queen back. *How* his future Queen had been saved, Barristan cared not a wit.

The three men along with Dothraki women all nursed the frail Targaryen. Her body felt like it was on fire. Jhogo informed the two other men she was hot-blooded, but he agreed with them that it was still too much. They sprinkled water on her, and waved towels. The dragons, sensing their mother’s need, circled her and beat their wings hard as the water evaporated on her pale skin.

Water and broth were gently spooned down her throat. On the second day, Syrio asked about the young girl he had seen with Daenerys. Barristan inquired of Jhogo. The man vaguely recalled such a girl, he had wondered why the Khaleesi had put up with the urchin. Barristan asked for her name. Jhogo impatiently said he did not know, but then spit out that maybe it was Kesselli, Jassi, Kiserri, Qovvi... something like that, and then he moved on.

Barristan inquired further and found only a Qovvi, and she was fourteen. Way too old to be the girl. There had been twelve small children killed, eight girls and three of them had been orphans. The dead had been burned as per Dothraki custom. Barristan sighed. Why must the innocent always suffer?

On the second day, the dragons who had been energetically flapping their wings suddenly became listless, chittering plaintively. Barristan wracked his brain, his stomach rumbling with thoughts of lunch. Of course! He called out to Syrio to get a rack of lamb brought in. The dragons went wild seeing the food. He and Syrio cut and gave the dragons chunks of meat that they snapped up and wolfed down ravenously.

For some reason the white dragon seemed to become quite attached to Barristan. The dragon would rub on his arm while making warbling sounds. Then, the white dragon would grab Barristan’s arm, and, biting his chain mail, try to drag him to Daenerys. Barristan started spending a lot of his time sitting at the young Queen’s bedside with the white dragon curled on his lap, keeping a close eye on the Targaryen.

One the first day of the start of the third week, the girl finally awoke, lucid. “*Mylantas … mylantas.*” she weakly croaked in high Valyrian. Barristan lifted her head up and gave her water. She went back to sleep, and when he felt brow he noticed her fever had broken.

The teenager slowly grew stronger. She was fed broth, and curried food. “Was Kiserri burned?” she asked Barristan in high Valyrian. He told her she had been. The young woman turned her head and wept softly.
Barristan got to know more of Syrio. He was a closed man who seemed to have a past he would rather forget. He told Syrio that Daenerys was foretold in *A Song Of Ice and Fire*, and that she would lead Westeros into a golden age. He had waited his whole life to give his service to a person worthy of it. He smiled softly. “I just never thought it would be a teenage girl. Can’t you feel it Syrio? Can’t you feel the greatness in her?”

The man mumbled that he would wait and see, and yet he doted on her. He mentioned guardedly once of a silly prophecy he had heard, but said no more on the subject.

Three days later, the young woman summoned them. Her other two Blood Riders had finally returned two days prior. Her voice was no longer weak, and she wanted to know what her Blood Riders had found. Aggo and Rakharo had found only more red waste. Jhogo had made it all the way to Qarth, and had been bringing a delegation with him, but the fighting had sent them scurrying back with their tails between their legs. They had no honor. They told him as they fled that they would await the ‘Queen’s’ arrival.

Barristan was sure they thought she had perished. And she had. She should have been burned on her own funeral pyre. What had brought her back? Again, Barristan found he could care less. He would serve this girl through the seven hells and back if necessary. She would save Westeros.

Daenerys asked for their allegiance. The blood riders loudly proclaimed she was their Khal. Syrio claimed that he would follow her though the gates of perdition. Barristan pulled his sword and went to one knee, placing the blade across Daenerys’ body. “I pledge my troth, body and soul to your service Daenerys Targaryen, First of Your Name. The prophecies spoke clearly of you. You will restore Westeros to greatness.”

The woman had looked at him hard as she accepted his oath. “Yes. I will take back what is mine. Rest assured I will win back my throne.” Her tone had brooked no argument.

She immediately ordered him and Syrio to start teaching her the history of their lands and concepts of warfare, and even personal combat. She said she was too weak to begin martial training, but as soon as she was strong enough she would commence.

Barristan and the other warriors were nonplussed. She was a woman. She cocked an eyebrow, anger boiling in her violet eyes. “I am your Khaleesi and your Queen. I expect obedience! I will never be helpless again! DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?!” she yelled at them.

The men left her abode heads bowed, and ready to serve.

The next morning after the Queen had eaten, Barristan went to her and bowed down in shame. He confessed how he had been present when the orders were sent out for her assassination. He had spoken out against it but said no more when ordered to silence. He had been overstepping the bounds of his duty. He knew even then his arguments were sophistry. More than one conversation he was privy to discussed the need to execute her before she became a threat. On the third meeting, he had quit his service as Lord Commander of the Kingsguard, disgusted.

“I’m a coward. Both Jon Arryn and I refused to fight to stop a wrong which we both knew was being perpetrated. We were shameful. If you wish me to go, I will. If you deem my execution is necessary, I will bow my neck.”

The young woman had looked at him with cold resolve. “I will keep you. You may have been a coward once, but no more. You will serve long and well, Lord Barristan. I have need of you and will use your strength to achieve my goals.”
Barristan could ask for no more.

**Syrio**

Syrio came into Daenerys’ domicile and waited to be acknowledged. He felt so unworthy of her acceptance of his service. He had come to kill her. She looked at him with a small smile, and he felt dirty.

“Please come in. What have you brought me?” she asked, seeing the small book in his hand. She took the book and read the title. “‘The Art of Water Dancing’. This is what you are going to teach me?”

Syrio told her yes. She thumbed through the book, looking at the illustrations of the basic stances in fencing. “Very good. I can’t wait to begin my lessons.”

Syrio broke down. “I’m unworthy of serving you Khaleesi! I was sent to kill you! Oh God I am so, so sorry!” He began to weep.

“Stop It! I command it!” the tiny woman ordered in an iron voice. “Stand straight when you are in the presence of your Queen! I command it!” Syrio snapped to attention.

“I will take your allegiance and you will put aside your past. You are mine now. You are my Water Dancer. You will teach me, and make me your equal.”

He looked at her as his tears stopped. He gained control of himself.

“Good. You said you will teach me this ‘meditation’. I am ready to begin.”

“Are you sure?”

“Didn’t I just say I am?” Daenerys asked regally. “Don’t question my strength or stamina again. Teach me.” He did not know then that the Queen was speaking in such tones because she understood the man needed to hear her commands, to shake him out of his self-induced melancholy.

So Syrio began his first lesson with Daenerys Targaryen on centering her mind and body. By the end of the lesson he was amazed. She did not question or doubt as everyone usually did. She instead focused on what he said, and did it. By the end of the first lesson, she was able to begin centering herself and use the mantras to achieve the beginnings of inner peace.

The next week she began her weapons training. She trained with Barristan, her Blood Riders and Syrio in a round robin, going back and forth between them. She pushed herself relentlessly. She exercised and ran hard, both in the morning and late in the afternoon.

She completed all of Syrio’s water dancing lessons without complaint. She chased rats up and down alleys, soon catching them. She was so fast she was never once bitten. Several feral cats wandered the ruins, and she was soon catching them as well. She seemed to be proud of her scratches.

She was amazing! And also frightening. During their first lesson he had asked in a stuttering voice for her to wrap her breasts to keep them from throwing her timing and balance off. Instead, she had simply removed her top. She said she was a woman and needed to learn to fight with their weight potentially flipping around as she moved. “I may be surprised, and need to fight nude. I will be prepared for any possibility.” Syrio had seen enough breasts in his time. It was the very pale square over her heart and the exit wound on her back that made his breath catch.
He had talked to Barristan about it. He had seen it when he cared for their Queen in her convalescent state after the attack on her.

“But Barristan! That scar looks like it is five years old now, and not two months. It should be red and still swollen!”

“What does it matter Syrio? She is alive. She came back to us. She gave two broken down warriors a second chance to have meaning in their lives. I don’t care about her scars.”

Syrio saw the logic in that. He was swearing allegiance to something more than human. He felt a shiver go down his spine when he realized this. He would give this woman every ounce of his service and loyalty.

Their Queen trained relentlessly. From dawn to dusk she pushed herself. The men quickly realized that she had almost unnatural stamina. Her bruises and contusions healed overnight, or at most several days. She had almost overnight picked up the basics of the fighting styles she was being taught, from three entirely different cultures.

Syrio silently fumed when she gravitated to the broadsword. Barristan looked way too pleased with himself with her selection of primary weapon. She practiced with the arakh and the rapier to become more than proficient, but it was the broadsword that she used primarily. She was learning so quickly that she was beginning to block some of their more aggressive attacks.

“Never hold back! Push me—test me! I will never be weak again! I will crush and slay my assailants. I will never allow another Kisseri to be killed before my eyes!”

All the men felt a rush at her words.

It was four months into her transformation that they began to come. Never more than a trickle, but runaway slaves began to appear at Vaes Tolorro in a slow stream. Men and women, some with children, running from the cruelty of the slave cities. From them, Daenerys learned of the horrors of the slave trade. Syrio could see her anger and hate for these slave cities and masters forming and growing quickly. He knew what she was thinking as she would stand on the wall in the evening, the wind whipping her long white hair, her gaze ever distant.

He and Barristan developed ever more strenuous sword exercises, and worked her conditioning hard as Syrio had her balancing on one foot and then chasing cats and rats for hours. Sweat poured off her body and she gasped for breath, but she continued pressing. Syrio added the hefting of heavy rocks that ever grew larger as she placed them on broken walls. He would knock them off and she would glare at him, putting them right back up.

She came to him one day, excited. She had discovered that after meditating she could directly communicate with her dragons. Before it had only been flashes, and prodding and urging with only small glimpses of their thoughts. Now she was actually communicating back and forth with them. They were so intelligent! They were in love with her, and Viserion apparently had a crush on Barristan. They wanted to be hers, and she was theirs. They would do anything for her and she for them.

With this breakthrough, the dragons were calmer and more compliant. Barristan was not so sure he liked this development. Often he was seen with Viserion perched on his head, his talons twisted in his hair riding high and proud, his roars and squeaks letting all know that Barristan was his.

Soon he would be too big to ride his uncle as such. Their growth had accelerated immediately after Daenerys formed her bond with them. They thrived from their direct communication with their
mother.

Five months into her training, Strong Belwas appeared. He announced his arrival: “I am here. I pledge my services to this Dragon sprite … I’m hungry! Strong Belwas requires sustenance if I am to serve. I need goats, bread and cheese.” He ate like a herd of elephants, but he added his arm to Daenerys’ training and gladly partook in patrols and sentry duty. “Strong Belwas will serve. When do we crush the slave cities?” he asked his new Queen.

“Patience, Strong Belwas. Patience. I need an army first. Do you have an army hidden in there?” the Queen asked, poking his stomach.

“Hahahaha … funny! If you fed me more I could have bigger army in my emaciated stomach … I need sustenance … I need goats, bread an—”

“Cheese. I know. You need figs, butter and cream too, oh mighty Belwas, don’t you?” Daenerys asked the large bald eunuch.

He licked his lips “Uuuummmmmmm!”

**Barristan**

It was six months since Daenerys started her training. She’d become fast and strong. She was running hard and fast for longer periods. The rocks she lifted to put on the wall for Syrio were heavy, even for him. He watched her fighting her Blood Riders. They were on the defense, always, and often she got through them to land blows while their own were almost non-existent. She was still on defense with Syrio and himself, but she was able to at least survive now. He was amazed at how far she had come.

She asked him last week about the downfall of her father and her elder brother. He spared no details. Her face sufficed in anger at the fate of her brother’s wife and their children. Barristan made it clear that Robert had no part of this, but he did indeed unleash the forces that led to it. He edited out the last of her father’s crimes against House Stark. He did not want to burden her with the sins of her father.

He saw the cold hate in Daenerys’ eyes for this man who caused so much pain and death for her family line. She asked many questions about the lands of Dragonstone and the Reach. She asked Syrio about the free Cities. She spoke long periods with the former slaves. They came from all professions and various lands. Daenerys granted them total freedom, and they called her ‘mother’ in return.

Last night she had visited Barristan in his quarters. She asked him his thoughts on the slave trade. He told her it was evil and vile, yet it had existed for five thousand years and would likely exist for five thousand more.

“I think not” was his Queens steadfast reply. “I will crush these hateful slave states. I will have my revenge on Khal Jhaqo. I will find and annihilate the mercenary company that slew my precious Kiserri. They will die for what they did to my daughter.”

“Daughter? You are not old enough to have a six year old girl, Khaleesi.”

“She was the daughter of my heart. I will have revenge for her death.” Daenerys stared out the paneless window. “I will delay my return to Westeros. I will conquer and destroy these slave cities. I will bring the Dothraki to heel.”
“But how? They have not been destroyed after five thousand years. How will you, when all others failed? The Dothraki are as vast as the grass sea they ride on.”

“Isn’t it obvious Barristan? All the would-be conquerors merely wanted to put themselves in as the new slave masters. They would take the riches based on the enslavement of their fellow man.

“I care not for these tainted riches based on the blood, sweat and toil of slaves. I only want its abolishment. I will not have blood money. I will avenge all of the slaves whose lives were unjustly blighted and ended. I will not negotiate. They will either submit, or be destroyed.”

“But how? You have no army.”

“I will have my army, Barristan. Khal Jhaqo owes me a great debt, and I will see it paid. I am the answer to their prophecy. Not Drogo or his son.”

Daenerys expounded on how in her weakness, she was raped and defiled. Those she loved were taken or killed. She vowed that never again would these things happen to her. Never again would she watch a child die before her very eyes!

Barristan and Syrio watched hard muscle form on Daenerys’ body while all her womanly curves still remained, and seemed to be enhanced. She was a goddess come to Earth. She was hard on herself, constantly training and exercising and pushing herself further.

Slowly more slaves arrived, along with some warriors seeking a cause to align themselves with. They were in no way enough to achieve Daenerys’s goals, but it did not matter to Barristan. He was totally aligned with Daenerys even if it meant his death in the end. Her cause was noble and just. He could gladly die for such a cause.

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A year had passed since Daenerys had started her training, and she was beginning to become death itself. Only the water dancer and himself could now fight her and live. She was beyond fast, her strength unnatural. His arms ached after sword practice with his Queen now.

He had been in communication with Illyrio through runners sent out with some slaves that had hunting and traveling skills. The runners soon replaced by ravens as several were brought to their ghost city in the desert by Illyrio’s agents. The birds now knew their way here and instinctively knew the way back to their rookery. He told the merchant that Daenerys was indeed the one prophesied. She was becoming the leader that he had always longed for. If Illyrio would align with her now, then he could prosper greatly.

Barristan knew the man was immensely greedy, but strangely he did worry about needless bloodshed. He had told the man that Daenerys planned to destroy the slave trade and he would support her. Some things were just more important than destiny. He would gladly follow her into the seven hells to accomplish such a noble task.

A small caravan arrived in return from Illyrio. It was filled with supplies and weapons for the fledgling Queen. He had a special package for Barristan himself to give the Queen as well. When Barristan read the provenance that was with the package, he marveled.

First, he had a gift for a certain bald eunuch. When he had first fought the former slave, he had been haughty. Then the man had disarmed him and smacked his ribs hard. He did not make that mistake again. He was able to beat the eunuch when he was lucky. He was not embarrassed again, but he found he came to like the man who was always moaning and grousing how he was starving out here
He found the huge man and brought him to the wagons, unloading two casks labeled in high Valyrian. He opened the casks and told the eunuch they were for him. The man wasted no time opening them, spying the salted mackerel and pickled locusts coated in saffron.

“Sniff sniff … Great Belwas will not forget this!” he shoved a mouthful of locusts into his mouth, chewing happily. “Ummmffffff uummmmmm mmpppffhhhh!” he moaned with pleasure, stuffing in another mouthful of locusts.

Barristan sought out Daenerys and gave her the special package from Illyrio. She read the providence, and tears were in her eyes.

She opened the smaller package first and shook out a suit of black chain mail, made from the heart of dragon bone of the mighty dragons from ancient Valyria. They were light but stronger than any forged steel. Even Valyrian blades themselves would have difficulty cutting through the rings. Only the richest of ancient princes and princesses could afford such coats of dragon bone mail. It seemed the size was a perfect fit. Destiny, Barristan thought. These gifts were so perfect, and only enhanced this woman.

She opened the second, larger package and removed first Blackfyre - the sword of her forbear Aegon the Conqueror. She looked at the scabbard. She set it aside for the even more incredible third gift. She now knew what had been erased for almost three hundred years. It was the lost sword of Rhaenys Targaryen, Foe Hammer. She stared at the runes visible on the cross guard before pulling the sword from the scabbard. Both Daenerys and Barristan’s eyes flared wide open in surprise.

“By the seven gods!” Barristan exclaimed.

The sword flared bright blue in a ghostly penumbra, with glowing blue runes alight deep in the metal. Daenerys read the new runes and gasped at what they revealed. “Barristan, pull the other blade out.” She commanded. He did.

The beautiful Valyrian steel sword was exposed, the dark metal rippling blue but not glowing. He turned the sword around, and gave Daenerys the hilt. She gripped it with her left hand.

The blade erupted in bright blue light. The room filled with a soft blue hue from the runes and filigree on the two swords.

“What is this, Barristan?” the small woman asked.

“I had thought them only legends.” The old knight answered. “I had read long ago that the conquerors of Westeros had such swords. These are rune swords. They were forged by mighty magical smiths for their owners. Only the swords original masters, or vastly powerful dragon lords can make their inner runes light up.”

He watched Daenerys work her ancient ancestors’ swords. The smaller sword fit her hand perfectly. He had not known Rhaenys Targaryen had a sword. The providence also explained why the sword had been written out of history.

Barristan shook his head. How sad for dear Rhaenys, he thought. He looked at Daenerys weaving the swords in complicated weaves and blocks. They were beautiful, as the bright blue lit the swords arcing to and fro.

Barristan thought about Daenerys herself. She was the master of her destiny. She would make a better outcome for herself than that which befell her ancestor.
Daenerys put down the larger sword and ran outside, leaping and whirling as she slashed her sword through the air. “Barristan, it is destiny. It has to be. I am destined for greatness!” the young Targaryen fired up, just like her sword.

Barristan watched her with a soft smile on his face. Yes, indeed she was. He had heard as a young man that only the mightiest of the dragon lords could fire up a Rune Sword if not the owner of the sword. The craftsman tuned the sword to its owner. Only great power could overcome this block. It was said that House Targaryen did not have such magic, they were one of the least of the houses of old Valyria. They were dragon lords, not Dragon Lords. They had often been scorned.

That was all about to change. Daenerys Targaryen was magic incarnate. *I have chosen wisely indeed,* Barristan thought with a smile. He would help forge greatness and annihilate wrongs.

“Yes. Yes! I will conquer my enemies and establish my order upon the world. A wise and just order. These swords prove it … my gods—the sword of Aegon and one of his wives … the time is coming for my revenge and justice … I have many debts to pay, Barristan. Are you with me, my loyal knight?” she asked, coming to a stop in front of him.

He placed his hands on her shoulders and looked down at her. “Let us forge greatness together, Daenerys Targaryen. Minstrels will write songs of your exploits that will last ten thousand years. You will bring the forces of evil low and raise up a shining new city of justice and righteousness. I stand by you, my Queen!”

“Yes! I will make a new thing. A new way—a new order! Let the gods tremble!”

**Illyrio**

Illyrio read again the scroll he had just received from Barristan. It had been almost a year and a half since his arrival to the sanctuary the little Dragon Queen had hidden herself away in.

When he had first received word from Barristan that he had found the girl, she had been wounded almost to the point of death. In fact, the report read she had died and came back to life. He paused at that. He was not particularly superstitious, but for Barristan to report that she had died and come back to life was important. The man was very factual. He was serious and focused to his core. He believed that this girl was touched by the gods.

If this was indeed true, and Daenerys had come back from the dead and been touched by the gods, then he needed to get on the right side of destiny.

As more reports made their way to him, they continued to confirm the girl’s progression that was almost supernatural. Her speed, agility, strength was ‘unnatural’ as reported by Barristan. Her strength of will was even greater. She was focused and iron willed. She had a destiny she felt, and she was going to achieve it. Nothing would stand against her. Her will was indomitable.

When Barristan detailed to Illyrio her plan to procure an army his jaw nearly fell off. He was even more shocked that Barristan fully supported her intention. It was insane. The odds were insurmountable, even with dragons. The girl had onions!

But even with this plan, the girl was not ready yet. She wanted to get stronger and faster still, and to that end she was training both body and mind. She was learning tactics and military philosophy. Barristan had reported that Syrio Forel had the girl doing meditation and it seemed to have opened doors within her. She could communicate with her dragons completely, needing no magical
implements or scrolls. He looked over at the dragon horn he had paid a medium fortune for, sitting on his table. He rubbed his pocket, thinking of all those lost gold dragons.

Barristan believed totally that the girl would conquer and smash Slaver’s Bay, bring the Dothraki to heel, and then Westeros after. He flat out told Illyrio that he had better make sure the Free Cities were in line with her desires.

At first Illyrio had been angry. The impudence of this fallen knight and not even sixteen year old girl amazed him. He had even thought of sending in a large raiding force to smash these upstarts. But then again, he thought, what if the gods did favor her?

If she smashed Slaver’s Bay, that would be bad for business. But the reports also stated that the woman was asking for information on the geography of the land and what natural resources were present. What skills did the slaves possess? Did the rulers have any natural talents? Could any of the slave masters be turned to a new world order? What other trade existed in the regions besides the slave trade?

The girl was obviously thinking post-conquest. She had a plan. A plan required resources. Resources caused trade, and trade equaled money. From that perspective, she could be very, very good for business.

He was a man who had risen to the top following his instincts, and they were telling him that this woman was going to accomplish all she set out to do.

But still … the odds were immensely against her. He had sent her gifts to show his good will, but he would only provide basic support until she had proven herself. If she wanted to smash Slaver’s Bay, that was her choice. If she was successful, then he would give her his full backing and start laying the ground work to take Westeros. When he looked at the maps he had doubts as to her success. But, again, if she succeeded, she would emerge a huge power and he would be ready for that possibility.

He was not a superstitious man, but he trusted his senses. He had gifted the girl the swords of her original ancestors. They had fallen into his possession just before he sent Barristan out to find her. Her fool brother had visions of conquest and gold. Now, his head would always be filled with the gold he desired.

He had heard of the death of Khal Drogo, and assumed the Khaleesi was either killed or sent to Vaes Dothrak to wither away on the Mother of Mountains. Then he found out that neither had happened. The girl had indeed survived, and was moving south into the Red Waste with a small, pitiful Khalasar.

Barristan had arrived from Westeros, and he sent him to find her. And find her he had. The girl coming back from the dead was still a shock.

He needed to make a gesture to the possible future Queen. He could have sold the swords for a huge profit. The Lannisters were always whining that they should have a Valyrian sword. But in the end, he would not be risking that much, he decided. If the girl got herself killed, he would procure the swords again and sell them after.

When word came back that they were indeed Rune swords and she had lit up the runes with the force of her soul, he had been shocked. Only the very most powerful of ancient Dragon Lords of Valyria could do that. If the girl was that powerful … he had to hedge his bets. By the Iron Bank … he could make a fortune!

He knew of A Song of Ice and Fire. He too had thought it was Rhaegar that was foretold. To think it
was a diminutive girl not yet sixteen that was the child of destiny was shocking. It made his head
spin. He remembered meeting the girl years ago, and found her to be a trivial, small thing. She was
timid and weak.

No more.

Yes. He had to prepare for the possibility of her rule.

If she was the one … gods he was going to make a lot of money.

**Syrio**

It was nineteen months since he had found his Queen. He was beginning to find himself worthy of
serving her. He had come to kill her, and instead found his destiny. He thought back to that woman’s
parlor he had drunkenly stumbled into. She had been cryptic and vague of course, as all oracles are,
but she had been right. He needed to find that young woman and kiss her hand. He had found his
salvation.

He was marveling again at the speed and strength of the girl as he watched her. She had her arms
extended, holding a bucket in each hand filled with sand. Her arms trembled, but did not lower.

Barristan came over to him and looked at their Queen. “How long?” he asked.

“It has been almost half an hour. Neither of us could last half that long. You know she is not fully
human, don’t you? We are following something more.”

Barristan sighed. Even though he had brought this up to Barristan again and again, he still needed to
hear Barristan’s calming words once more.

“I don’t care Syrio. She is our destiny. We will follow her into the depths of any Stygian Hell. She
has been given these gifts by the gods, the fates, destiny or whatever.” He turned to look at Syrio.
“Our destiny is to decide. I choose to follow. What is your choice, Syrio?”

“I too, choose to follow.” He answered. Barristan gripped his shoulder and gave him that soft smile
and walked off. He had bolstered Syrio’s courage and confidence yet again.

“That is enough, my Queen.”

“I have told you, you can call me Dany now, you know.” she said with a smile in her voice.

“I know, Daenerys.” He replied, enjoying their banter.

She went off and did wind sprints with rigorous calisthenics in between. The woman was a dynamo,
still pushing herself to improve.

She had long ago mastered her meditation. Her dragons were thriving and growing at a frightening
rate. Viserion was still mooning over Barristan, something everyone found endearing. He craved his
attention and affectionate pats. Yet still, only Daenerys could ride them. Their cores were too hot
with mystical fires burning in their bellies for anyone else to try.

Illyrio was sending some mats that were made of some magical material that would shield the heat
from the body, but they had not arrived yet. They were mats only though, and the thought made him
nervous. Dany rode with no stirrups or reigns. She was insane!
Her swordsmanship was extraordinary. She would never be a complete water dancer or Barristan’s equal as a knight, but if they ever got cocky, let their concentration slip or let their guard down they would feel the sting of her practice sword. Her Blood Riders had long accepted that she was their better now.

He watched her sword glow as she practiced her moves and footwork. It was almost mesmerizing. He felt no physical attraction to the woman, but was entranced by the beauty of poetry in motion.

She had mastered the Water Dance and the way of the Broadsword. Barristan wanted to see her in a melee back in Westeros - he would enjoy watching her fight and win, shaming the men in the tourney. He was coming to be quite liberal in his views.

Hell, so was Syrio himself.

He had been shocked just a week ago. He had wanted to rouse Daenerys early, as they usually took a break during the heat of midday for an hour or two. He was full of energy and wanted to spar, and only Barristan and Dany were able to challenge him.

He was not really thinking and walked into her humble abode. Only then did he hear the sounds of loud moans and guttural groans. He was shocked by what he saw. Dany was naked on her back with Qafiqi sitting on her face, swirling her cunt down on his Queen’s face. Qafiqi’s vulva was totally engulfing the Valyrian’s pale mouth. Syrio could see her vulva bulging as Daenerys’ tongue worked up and down the Dothraki’s slit.

The small, pale woman had her arms looped over the dark brown legs of her lover, lifting her head up off the furs to bury her face deep into the Dothraki’s swollen pussy.

The older woman was crying out in ecstasy, starting to hump up and down hard. The woman’s hands snaked beneath Daenerys’ head and clenched, driving Daenerys’ face deeper into her swollen cunny. Daenerys’ face was soaked in cum with trickles running down her chin and throat. Then the woman screamed as if her body was being flailed, her body convulsing over and over.

The woman was voluptuous and her tits whiplashed with her convulsions as she wailed and jackknifed violently. She fell forward onto her palms, moaning and sobbing in raw sensual pleasure.

Still stunned, he watched Dany scoot back from between the woman’s leg and get up on her folded legs. She gripped the woman’s hips and effortlessly flipped the woman onto her back. The Dothraki woman gasped at the sudden move and show of strength. Daenerys reached down and gripped the back of the woman’s legs behind her knees. The pale woman pushed those tanned, toned legs back and then out wide, totally opening up the woman’s dripping snatch.

Daenerys’ face dove down and buried into the wet, sloppy mound and sucked in a mouthful of cunt and started to snuffle, devouring the wet quim. The Dothraki woman was already writhing and groaning loudly again in pure shocking ecstasy.

Syrio stumbled out the door and shambled away to sit in the shade. Two minutes later he heard wild screams of soul crushing ecstasy. The screams seemed to last a long time. Fifteen minutes later, a very satisfied and glowing Daenerys came out to join him. She was particularly fast and strong in their fighting session that day.

He had never really considered homosexuality before. But when he did, he quickly came to understand that it did not matter who a person loved.

He knew his immediate future. They were going to smash Slavers Bay. He was not sure how they
would succeed in this, though. The audacity of what she planned to do stunned him. She would have her Khalasar back. He believed she would succeed in that. Her will was singular and totally focused now on Jhaqo and revenge. He wanted to be there when she killed the Son of a Bitch.

A dark shadow flew by. He looked up at Rhaegal as he circled down to land. The dragons were flying free range out into the Dothraki Sea to find prey. They were avoiding cities and the Khalasars in the grass seas. Daenerys wanted them to be a surprise when they appeared on the battlefield or over a city for the first time.

With her meditation she was able to summon the dragons. Amazingly, they always appeared on the horizon within seconds of her summoning. How did they do this? Wherever they were free ranging they still appeared the moment they were summoned. They always preened and rumbled when Daenerys lavished praise on them, Viserion needing additional praise and love from Barristan or else he pouted and whined.

The dragons would enable the Targaryen’s dreams. They were a force multiplier of exponential power. The dragons were docile and loving only around Daenerys. Dany was able to calm and control the beasts with love. She had not once ever been cruel to them, and they adored her for it.

They finally began to spar. When Syrio fought her now, his arms jarred with the force of her swinging blows. He used his water dancer skills to keep her at bay with sudden thrusts and lightning fast blocks and counter-parry strokes. They fought for ten minutes, and he began to tire. Jhogo and Rakharo attacked next. She danced and slashed, keeping them off balance and on the defensive. She again and again landed what would have been fatal strikes with real hardened steel.

Once they tired, Barristan moved in and she fought him for another ten minutes. She blocked his savage strokes and counterattacked viciously. Barristan blocked and parried. It was a draw for the first nine minutes until Barristan got in a fatal strike. The Queen stomped her foot, a poor loser. Syrio knew that goaded the woman into even more training and effort in learning the ways of the blade.

She would tire, but her iron will kept her going until she got her second and third wind. She was indeed blessed by the gods.

What they were going to attempt was audacious and they may indeed fail, but gods it would be glorious.

**Daenerys**

Daenerys sharpened her sword with her whetstone. She enjoyed the ritual of it, and the soothing sound of stone scraping the razor sharp blade. The time to use her sword was soon coming. She stopped sharpening the blade and lifted it up, inspecting it. She started to silently weep as she stuck her tongue out of the corner of her mouth and over, looking down the blade like her sweet Kiserri had always done when looking down her dagger. The little girl would then pronounce that her blade was sharp and ready to defend her Khaleesi. Then she would snuggle in against her.

Daenerys continued to weep quietly as she reached into the pocket of her trousers and fingered the little whetstone she had given her Kiserri. Fighting to regain control of herself, she started to oil the sword of Rhaenys Targaryen. She marveled that this magnificent blade was now her own, and that her ancestor had had the same sad dilemma she did.

As she worked the oil into the steel she looked out over her city. It was now full. Another group of slaves had arrived yesterday, these from Astaphor and Meereen. Each new story of cruelty and
depravity fueled the righteous anger that burned now within Daenerys Targaryen. How could men be so cruel to another human being?

She had come to think of slavery as institutional rape. Rape was part of war. It was used to break the spirit. Rape had nearly broken her will until her sweet Doreah taught her to use her body as a weapon. Doreah had called a woman’s cunt her most powerful weapon. It was not. It was a woman armed with a sword and righteousness.

A slave was raped physically and mentally. Their lives and the lives of their children twisted and ripped apart. This would not stand. She was almost ready now. She had been preparing for her destiny and it was now close at hand.

The Khal’s Khalasar had moved south following the rain. He was now in range. She had enough soldiers now to guard her base as she and thirty cavalry troops moved North. She would fly her dragons in when the attack was to commence. She had Rhaegal keeping an eye from a great distance. The Khalasar had found a large hill to camp around. He would camp there for the next several months with fresh new grasses to feed his horses. The hill gave the Khalasar line of sight across the plains and thus advance warning of any encroachment. It was a perfect defensive position.

There was an escarpment to the south. Her own forces would group there. She would move to that rise of ground and launch her attack from there. In six weeks’ time she would take her Khalasar and her place as its Khal. She was the new world order.

They were not many, but she had dragons. That would be enough.

She pulled the strange dirk she’d come back to life with out from behind her scabbard belt. She turned it over and looked at the strange runes. They were unknown to any who had looked at it. Her two mentors did not recognize them, and she had asked the slaves streaming in if they recognized them. None did.

She heard raucous barks in her mind when she fingered it. Most strange; the sound like rabid dogs. She wondered why she had it. She did not have it before her murder but she was found with it when she was rescued. Did it come from the mercenaries?

She had yet to hear any word on the location of the Golden Pride mercenary company, but one day she would. Then there would be a reckoning. She had even planned out her revenge. It would be up close and fiery. She would scream Kiserri’s name when that moment arrived.

She mollified her thirst for revenge with the carnage that Barristan, Jhogo and Syrio had visited upon the mercenaries. Many of their number were already rotting in hell. Bastards!

Her body had long healed. Her mind and soul were ready. She was not the weak girl she had been. Her body was strong now. She had become a warrior queen. She was sixteen and a woman grown. She was ready to take her destiny.

She looked out over Vaes Tolorro. It had been her home and given her succor but it was near time to leave. She would avenge herself on Khal Jhago. He started the events that took her harem and Kiserri from her. He was going to die; the bastard’s judgment was near at hand. He was a rapist. He would pay. The cities of Slaver’s Bay were all rapists on a scale almost unimaginable. She would remove them and make them pay as well. The slave trade was about to be destroyed. Permanently.

Daenerys would give her life if necessary to abolish it. She had her destiny, but the slaves deserved
their destiny too. She would give it to them.

It was time to make her future.

But first she needed her army. *I am coming for you Khal Jhago,* Daenerys thought. *I will enjoy killing you. I will take your army and conquer Slaver’s Bay. Then I am coming for you, Robert Baratheon. It is a time for reclamation.*
Chapter 17

Lightening Out of the Desert

3 years ago

Daenerys / Barristan / Daenerys / Syrio / Daenerys / Barristan / Daenerys / Barristan

Daenerys

Daenerys lay on the escarpment hidden in the ridge line, using the spy glass that Syrio had given her when he first pledged his allegiance to her. From a distance, she scanned the Dothraki Khalasar of Khal Jhaqo with the magnifying glass. It was not as acute as her dragon’s vision and was not able to change focus on the fly, but it would suffice.

The Khalasar was immense. She knew she must use shock and awe to literally swoop in and take out Jhaqo, and then kill any others who wanted to challenge. She would have her dragons sowing fire and death. The death of all potential male leadership and dragon’s flames would quickly break the Khalasar to her will. She had spent all day observing.

The Khalasar was currently at restive peace. With the spy glass she clearly saw women being raped. Her blood began to boil with repressed rage - they were women of the lamb people, captured. She felt herself thirteen again, being raped every night. Gods, she would avenge those women. She swore it!

Daenerys crawled back down the escarpment. Her forces had spent weeks trekking to arrive. Her dragons were waiting on her, ten miles away. They were anxious to deliver the same justice as their mother. She watched the horizon, waiting for her small cavalry to arrive. They would come charging in once she had dispatched the Khalasar leadership. They would help her solidify her control in the confusion sure to follow.

Then, the Khalasar would be hers. She was the Mare who would mount the world!

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Near dusk her cavalry arrived, Barristan in the lead. She looked over her small band of loyal bannermen. Syrio was full of nervous energy. Strong Belwas climbed off the large Destrier he’d been riding and patted his stomach, complaining that he was starving and needed food to regain his strength. He was peaked. His horse was definitely glad to have the immense weight off of his back for a while. Her Blood Riders were also anxious to exact some of their own revenge. They had been treated most poorly when they rode off with Daenerys.

The others dismounted and prepared to make camp. They would be eating their food cold without benefit of fire this night.

Daenerys went off a short way with Barristan and Syrio. They were both very nervous about her plan to go in solo, they felt there was too many possibilities for things go wrong. They gave her many different scenarios that would likely result in failure.

The Kalasar was truly immense. She knew she must use shock and awe to literally swoop in and take out Jhaqo, and then kill any others who wanted to challenge. She would have her dragons sowing fire and death. The death of all potential male leadership and dragon’s flames would quickly break the Khalasar to her will. She had spent all day observing.

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She explained to them it had to be this way. “I must be the one to kill the Khal, and I must do it alone. I want the Khalasar to follow me with undivided allegiance. I must make the kill on my own; it is the Dothraki way.”

They especially did not like the idea of her taking off her dragon bone chain mail to fight Jhaqo. But like it or not, she would kill him as a Dothraki. And she was looking forward to it.

She ate a small meal and did some mediation mantras to collect her thoughts. She calmed her dragons along with her own mind. Then she rested.

She awoke a few hours before dawn. They had moved from the escarpment and found a path to guide the horses to the other face near the base. They were three miles from the edge of the Khalasar, and they would begin their charge when they saw that Daenerys had succeeded in killing Jhaqo.

She knew that Jhaqo would have to fight her one-on-one when the time came. She would kill him, and that would be that.

Her dragons had winged in low and were hopping from foot to foot. They were anxious to be off and take their mother to her destiny. She had moved to the forward face of the escarpment with her generals. Syrio and Barristan were passing the spy glass back and forth, as the light of the approaching sun began to brighten the world. They were as confident as they could be, given the circumstances. They were being so audacious that the plan almost had to succeed. They took the defile back to the other side of the escarpment.

Daenerys hugged her two generals and moved over to hug her other great warriors. She was nearly crushed by Strong Belwas. “Be careful my Khaleesi. I need for you to come back to me. I am so hungry and only you know how to prepare that special cheese and locust dish that I crave. Will you fix that for me after you have won your Khalasar?” he asked with a hopeful tone.

She patted his immense belly. “So demanding!” His eyes went downcast. “But, yes, I will make my Strong Belwas his favorite dish.” she told him. His eyes light up as he licked his lips and patted his stomach in anticipation.

Her three Blood Riders came to her. They were still upset that they could not be there to support their Khaleesi as was their right. She again reminded them that they could not ride her fiery dragons, and that she needed them coming in on horseback as her Blood Riders. They would be sung of for many generations as the Blood Riders of the Mare who mounted the world. They lit up at that and fiercely hugged their small Khaleesi.

She quickly stepped out onto open ground, and walked over to her nervously waiting dragons. They were brimming with her anxiety, and they too sought revenge on the hated Khal. Barristan and Syrio climbed up the escarpment and on to a large boulder, looking down at her.

The sun was just breaking on the horizon. It was time to go. Her dragon’s tails were lashing the ground in anticipation.

She mounted Drogon. “Valā loktyro manaerāt jaelza lua!” she shouted. Drogon, Rhaegal and Viserion lunged in the air with a mighty punching of their wings. They rose up quickly and were soon over the ridge of the escarpment, then tipped over and down to disappear as her generals rushed back to their command.

Daenerys and her dragons did not gain altitude but flew down the escarpment just over the jutting rock outcroppings, picking up speed. The dragons flashed out over the grass sea, their wings flapping hard. Daenerys felt exhilarated. As they quickly approached the Khalasar, Daenerys saw the
more observant Dothraki pointing towards the approaching dragons and forces starting to mill behind them.

She flashed over the edge of the immense encampment. The Khalasar seemed to stretch from one end of the horizon to the other, it was so large. Khal Jhaqo must have acquired at least eighty-five thousand riders.

Daenerys’ dragons were only thirty feet off the ground, their wings pumping hard as the dragons reveled in their speed and the approaching combat. She spied the large hill that the higher ranking families had set up at the base. There was a large, open communal area and her dragons quickly veered toward that. She saw the hobbled horses rearing and bucking in fright.

There were screams as people ran around and quickly pulled back to the edges of the clearing when it became obvious that it was the dragons’ destination.

Daenerys had her dragons only pull up and land at the very last moment, their wings beating furiously back, causing small hurricanes. Grass, twigs and dirt flew in all directions. Once slowed, her dragons landed with graceful ease. People were gaping. Their horses screamed in terror.

Daenerys felt exalted. Her destiny was finally about to begin. She slid off of Drogon, striding forward with confidence.

She saw him then, as he stepped forward against the dying wind. His eyes were large with fear, but he still moved forward, shoulders squared. Khal Jhaqo had to face her. It did not matter that she was a woman beneath him. She was challenging him, and he had to accept. He was Khal.

He quickly recovered from the shock of her sudden appearance. Daenerys looked at Jhaqo. He was indeed a mighty man, tall and thick of chest with large, muscular arms. His legs were like tree trunks.

She would kill him easily.

“I see the little white haired slut has returned so we can rape and kill her. I knew you would come back one day; you never were fucked properly. I will enjoy tearing your asshole apart. You cunt is not worthy of my cock!”

“My, my, Jhaqo … such words.” Daenerys held up her little finger. “I’m not afraid of a worm.” she smirked, wiggling it.

“Cunt!” Jhaqo shouted, stepping forward. “You have no honor. You would fight me in chainmail, you fucking twat. You are a worthless piece of shit.”

Daenerys laughed. “I will take off my chainmail. I will kill you as a Dothraki. I am the **mare that mounts the world!**” she shouted.

“Fuck you. It is only your dragons that make you Khaleesi.” Jhaqo sneered. “What would happen to you if they were not here or dead, I wonder?”

Daenerys instincts suddenly pricked. *Why would he say this?* She mentally spoke to her children. **“Dovaogédys!”** she shouted to them, mind to mind. Her dragons, who had been relaxed, suddenly went tense, their bodies quivering and tails agitated.

Daenerys looked around, her head pivoting. She suddenly felt great danger that she could not place. Her dragon’s fire would blast and melt the camp to slag, with horses and men charred to ash. Yet Jhaqo looked smug.
Jhaqo began to laugh. “Fichi hrazef zinayi kishi. Fin kisha fonoki, zhey khaleesi?” How could he be so confident? Something was most certainly wrong. “Your dragons avoided the Khalasars but you were a Khaleesi and not a Khal. You do not know the finer points of how a Khalasar moves. Scouts are always out scooting out fresh water and forage for our horses. They look for new people to rape and loot. They saw your dragons. I knew you would one day come for me.”

She watched as Jhaqo lifted his hand up, and then whipped it down.

Daenerys and her three dragons were all looking right and left. The Khaleesi’s eyes bulged when suddenly the hill seemed to morph before her, and netting fell away. Her mind began screaming. The hill had scorpions lined all across it. There had to be at least forty, if not more, and they were swiveling down to aim at her dragons.

“Quptenkos!” Daenerys screamed. “Āeksiot zýhon vaoreznon jepin!” She was suddenly filled with terror as she heard the horrible sound of the scorpions firing off a huge volley of bolts in unison. Her dragons jumped and pumped their wings furiously as they sought attitude desperately.

“Aaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiii!” Daenerys screamed in agony, collapsing as her left leg felt like it had been slammed through with a flaming spear. Rhaegal’s left thigh had been hit by a long scorpion bolt that sunk in several feet. He staggered, but continued to gain attitude while dripping blood. Daenerys writhed in pain, her body jerking helplessly.

She felt her body shriek in agony as two barbed bolts ripped through Drogon’s right wing, leaving two gaping holes. All of Daenerys’ body was flooded with searing, blistering agony. She squeezed her eyes shut and focused on her inner essence, centering herself.

She could feel that Viserion had gained altitude and moved off as several bolts chased him. She felt the pain in Rhaegal as he labored for distance. Drogon in his fury had gained speed and circled back in. He was flying down to come to his mother’s aid. More scorpions fired off as they were reloaded.

“AAAARRRUUNGGGGGG!” Daenerys screamed. She felt a bolt pierce clear through Drogon’s tail, halfway down the length of it. The bolt jutted out of both sides, blood welling out and running down the scaled appendage to splatter off in the slipstream of his flight. Though injured, the immense dragon still bored in to save his mother.

Daenerys bucked and writhed on the ground. She screamed as another spearhead bolt pierced Drogon’s left wing near the root. She was sobbing in pain, her body shattered along with her son’s.

“Please, please, Drogon fly off!” she whimpered to her beloved son. She sighed when he finally moved up higher out of range. His rage was hot in her body. She concentrated again, and found her inner balance and staunched some of the agony.

Slowly, very slowly, she levered her body up to her palms and then her knees. Gritting her teeth she stood up on shaky legs. Her body was flushed and on fire, and she was leaning and swaying. She was finished. Her sword was still in its scabbard on her back. She did not have the strength to reach up and pull it out.

Khal Jhaqo was laughing. “Not so mighty now, are you slut?! You are not worthy of my dick … I will have my riders rape you.” He turned to his men. “Take her. Make her bleed … fuck her to death! Violate her and then beat her!” His men eyed her with hot, hungry looks.

Daenerys felt defeat, all of her dreams dashed. Her plans had come to naught. She had not even won her first battle. She would not survive this. Her shoulders slumped.
“You will know what to do when you are in need. Remember, only once can you use it.” Suddenly, the echo of forgotten words came to her mind. Her body suddenly stiffened, and her back straightened.

“Look at the slut … she is anxious for her rape!” Jhaqo laughed.

Daenerys ripped the dirk out from behind her belt where she had placed it. She gripped it with her right hand and lifted her left hand up, slashing the blade across the back of her hand. The cut opened up and blood welled up but did not flow down her hand. It was wide open, full of blood, but did not run.

The surrounding Dothraki stared at her strange behavior, wondering what she was trying to accomplish.

Suddenly they all heard loud, roynish barking all around the Khalasar. She saw confusion in Jhaqo’s eyes as he looked around for the source. She heard loud screams of agony as confusion started to multiply around them.

A strange animal burst into the communal area, pelting toward her on all fours. It barked as it ran. It had a tunic on, belted at the waist. It was a being! The ur-vile ran up to her. How did she know what its name was? The beast, no, her ally rose up on his hind legs.

She gaped at the ur-vile as did everyone else. The creature had a long torso and equal length limbs. Its arms and legs were proportionate, allowing it to run on all fours. The ur-vile was about five foot eight inches tall, and its skin was midnight black. The ur-vile had no eyes, and only a slit for a mouth with sharp teeth clearly visible. It had pointed ears high up on its head that twitched in all directions. Its face was dominated by a nose that covered the whole center of it. The nose had large nostrils that were surrounded by fleshy folds. The creature breathed heavily with loud sniffs. Daenerys instinctively knew the ur-vile used its sense of smell as its vision.

All this had happened within seconds. The ur-vile’s hand flashed out and held her wrist in an iron grip. Its other hand went into its tunic and pulled out a dirk that mirrored her own. The creature slashed the blade across the back of its own hand that was gripping Daenerys’. The cut opened, and black blood pooled but did not flow.

The ur-vile began to chant, and the chant was joined in all around as more ur-viles poured into the clearing from all directions. The beasts barked wildly, furiously, more of them joining in. The first ones to appear started to jump up and down on all four. Their leaps propelled them high in the air. The Dothraki backed up in confusion and rising fear.

Ur-viles started to form up behind the Loremaster, rising up on their hind legs. There was no cohesion to the group as it moved and the ur-viles barked harshly at each other. Some seemed to be arguing while others stomped around in random patterns. The Loremaster in a flash flipped his hand over and mashed his cut into Daenerys’.

“FFFFFUUCKKKKKKKK—UUNNGGHHHIIIIIIIIIIIII!” Daenerys screamed, but not in agony. This was a scream of exhalation.

Power flooded into her body. Her mental wounds were no more. Her body was filled to overflowing with power and strength, and she felt like she could crush mountains.

“Form up! Form UP gods damn it!” Jhaqo yelled at his commanders as he shook off his shock. His men shook themselves from their stupor, following his lead. Warriors ran to hobbled horses and
struggled with the panicked animals that stomped their hooves and turned round and round in panic delaying the Dothraki from forming up into ranks.

The Loremaster released Daenerys’ wrist. She ripped her sword out of its scabbard, the blade glowing bright blue and eager for bloodshed. She ripped it back and forth and screamed, her voice ringing across the grass sea as a rippling ring of power.

The area had filled with ur-viles. At least two hundred of them were in the communal area alone, barking and milling around. They gathered behind their Loremaster in a haphazard manner.

That changed in an instant. In the blink of an eye, the ur-viles formed up. What seemed like confusion in one second transformed into a compact wedge behind the Loremaster. The creature put away his dirk and pulled out a long iron stave with a sharpened tip. That tip glowed and rippled with a red tint.

The other creatures were slightly shorter than their Loremaster. Seemingly out of nowhere the creatures on the edge the black wedge had long blades of their own, either iron or bone. The ur-viles crouched, anxious for violence. Black ichor dripped off most while a few glowed blood-red and hissed.

Power radiated out of the wedge and from Daenerys herself. She would tear her enemies limb from limb. A phalanx of horses had formed up and now stormed towards the wedge of strange beasts thinking to shatter and then kill them.

Sixty horses charged as one.

The wedge pivoted effortlessly, the point now aimed at the hard charging phalanx. The barking rose up in pitch. The Loremaster made a slashing motion with his stave and hot, black ichor spewed out of the tip in an arc. Black acid landed on horse and rider, the substance eating deep into flesh instantly. Next bone and metal were effortlessly melted away. The screams were horrible to hear. Those that survived, continued forward. The ur-viles on that edge ripped their blades up at the last moment. Glowing hot blades chopped men and horses alike to ribbons.

Daenerys screamed in power and exhalation. She ran forward towards her mortal enemy.

**Barristan**

“Oh my gods.” Barristan breathed out in horror. He was staring through the spyglass he and Syrio had been sharing. They were all on the other side of the escarpment, up high enough to observe their Queen.

He went slacked-jawed when he saw the camouflage nets drop. He was even more horrified when he saw the scorpions.

He screamed in his mind. How could he have been so stupid?! He had totally underestimated his enemy. He never did that! He had assumed the Dothraki were incapable of thinking outside of their comfort zone. Their commander had foreseen dragons and came up with a brilliant counterstroke. He had doomed Daenerys with his incompetence.

Groaning in his soul, he watched the scorpions fire their first volleys. He saw a bolt strike Rhaegal in the left upper leg and even from this distance they could hear his scream of pain.

“What the hell is happening, man?!” Syrio barked at Barristan, trying half-heartedly to take the
spying glass. He saw enough to know he did not really want to see. Barristan heard shock and fear multiplying in their small ranks.

Barristan looked on, aghast. He watched Drogon take several shots through his left wing. His rage screamed in the air. His view went back to his Queen. She was writhing on the ground. *Oh gods—her mental link with her dragons.* She was *feeling* their pain. He saw Drogon move back in to save his mother, and two more bolts found their target. One hit his tail, and his other wing.

Barristan saw his white haired Queen as she writhed and flipped on the ground like a fish out of water in agony. He knew it was over. He watched his Queen slowly get on her feet, swaying. She was going to fall over at any moment. She was spent.

He would charge into the Dothraki horde and give his life. He deserved his fate. He had failed his Queen. He was an abje—*whaattttt!*?

“What the fuck is that?” he softly exhaled. Something had run out into the clearing. It ran up to Daenerys and stood before her. *What the hell is that?*

There were now more of these things running out into the clearing. They began to mill around, many jumping up and down in a strange macabre dance. He saw the first creature cut itself and mash his and Daenerys’ hands together, back to back. The hands wallowed into each other.

They heard Daenerys’ yell washed over them across the distance. It was not a scream of pain, but of power and hope.

He saw the strange beasts form a triangle and meet the initial charge of the Dothraki. The Dothraki were quickly annihilated.

“Syrio … you won’t believe this … Daenerys has been saved by—”

“Let me guess.” Syrio cut over Barristan. “Creatures that are all black with long torsos and strangely proportioned limbs have come to her aid. They have no eyes and huge noses with ears on the top of their head. They wear dark tunics and have iron and bone blades.” Syrio said calmly.

“How the fuck can you see that without the spy glass, Syrio?” Barristan growled, putting down the tool. He turned to look behind him. No one was looking at him, but were instead staring back up the escarpment.

It was covered in ur-viles.

The creatures ranged up the slope in a haphazard manner, all of them had started barking in a discordant fashion. The cacophony was confusing, as if all the ur-viles had something urgent to say and were barking over each other to be heard.

Some were jumping up and down. Others stood still, looking clearly at Barristan. Others were clinging to the sides of boulders with hands that had two thumbs and Barristan saw that their bare feet had a hook claw on the back that held into small cracks in the rocks. They hung off at weird angles. A few were chasing around each other in a melee of circles, barking and baying.

One disassociated itself from the melee of bodies and confidently came up to Barristan. He saw up close the fleshy mound of folds around two gaping nostrils. The ur-vile was sniffing hard, and then it extended its strange hand and gripped his arm in warrior fashion.

The message was clear. We are brothers.
“Men hear me. These crea—” suddenly a word appeared in his mind, “ur-viles have come to give us
aid against our foes. Another group of these compatriots even now fight and die for our Queen. Can
we do any less?

“We will leave here and fly to our Queen’s aid. This may seem like a waste of life and folly. But I
choose to give my life for my Queen in her moment of need. Let the minstrels write of this ride of
valor into the maul of a seemingly unmatchable foe! Let us fly to the defense of the woman who has
given meaning to our lives!”

Barristan did not look back. He ran to his horse and vaulted up onto its back, then kicked his heels
into its ribs. The horse reared and screamed out its war challenge and started forward. Barristan heard
a loud shout from his men. Their yells and cheers were of victory, and death to the Queen’s foes.

Suddenly, to his right and left the ur-viles vaulted past him, sprinting between the boulders
effortlessly or hopping from boulder to boulder with never a doubt of their balance. The beasts pelted
past Barristan, all the while barking furiously.

Then he was out on the open plain. They had three miles to ride to reach their Queen. The last of the
ur-viles sped past Barristan. He wheeled his horse around several times as his forces came flowing
out of the small defile and into the plain with him. He turned his war horse around and sped after the
ur-viles who continued to bark fiercely.

The Khaleesi’s Blood Riders were instantly at his side. They were bred and born to be cavalry and
effortlessly kept up with Barristan. They looked at him with fierce joy in their eyes. The love of
combat coupled with a thirst for revenge at their treatment fired up their souls like nothing else.

The Loremaster slowed and Barristan came up beside him, his horse in a full gallop. The ur-vile
suddenly jumped up and landed behind Barristan on his horse. Impossibly the creature was able to
keep its balance on his horse’s wildly flexing and jerking haunches. The creature looked forward and
then behind at the riders as they whipped their horses to urge them forward.

For the next two miles the ur-vile rode silently, standing up on the back of the horse. Barristan heard
it humming a discordant chant. He felt power flowing out the ur-vile and into his horse and the other
horses and they did not tire during their breakneck race to their Queen’s aid.

They were half mile from the edge of Khalasar now. The Loremaster produced a long iron stave
with a sharpened tip even as it was wildly jostled by the galloping horse beneath it. It barked loudly
and the ur-viles that were several hundred yards in front of the riders heard their Loremaster. The
creatures suddenly slowed and stood up on two feet.

The Loremaster jumped off Barristan’s horse’s back and landed hard, rolling to its feet and running
to get at the front of the milling and barking ur-viles.

Barristan watched up close, his mouth hanging when he saw how the creatures went from one
moment a confused roiling mass of individuals to the next where they were formed up into a tight-
knit wedge of over two hundred. The Loremaster was at the apex, and on each side blades of iron
and bone appeared. The blades were rippling with dire power.

Power that was allied to himself and his Queen.

“Attack! To our Queen!” Barristan yelled to the ur-viles and his men following close behind.

He spied a ragtag group of Dothraki riding out to meet them. They had not had time to organize, but
still rushed out to meet the threat.
The Loremaster whipped its iron stave right and left. Long ribbons of eldritch acid flew out, finding horse and rider and immediately ate through leather, flesh and bone as if it was butter. Those that avoided the splashes of acid were savagely chopped in two or ragged quarters by the flashing blades of the ur-viles as the Dothraki tried to breach their wedge.

The screams of the dying were loud and shrill. Then the wedge slammed into the edge of the Khalasar. Tents and small grass structures were flattened and trampled with the rapid advance of the ur-vile wedge cutting ever deeper into the Khalasar.

Barristan had a passing sorrow for the innocent women and children caught in this parade of death. His own forces were still trying to catch up to the impossibly fast moving, magical creatures.

Then he received another shock. Behind the passing wedge he saw women, children and babies appear. Their habitats had been utterly crushed and trampled but the innocents were being spared. They were spread out on the ground, starting to push themselves up. Dazed, confused and disheveled but alive. How? How could these ur-viles move so fast and over the innocent and yet spare them? Just what had they allied themselves with?

“Stay to their flank. Let them shatter the charges and we will protect their flanks.” A group of spearmen rushed forward and hurled their spears at the wedge. The Loremaster burned and broke most, and the rest of the ur-viles slashed the others down. Only a few managed to land in the wedge. Barristan saw a dead ur-vile with a spear through its throat as the formation moved forward.

They could be killed.

Now he was slashing and jabbing with his sword raining death in all directions. The Dothraki had no discipline in their attacks; they were savage and mighty but unskilled.

He saw one of his men about to be chopped with an Arakh when an ur-vile jutted out the bloody red tip of its bone stave and fiery red ichor enveloped the Dothraki rider and horse in searing red flame. The screams of their dying was hideous.

“Stay close to the wedge! Let us protect each other! Spread the word!” Barristan whirled his horse around and chopped down riders, cut horses throats and split their heads open.

He saw Syrio Forel’s rapier move faster than light, slashing open bellies and spilling intestines or piercing hearts and brains with the tip. Other warriors chopped savagely. He saw Rohar Archyr go down, pierced by an arakh chop and two arrows jutting out his chest. Barristan roared, surging forward and beheaded the Dothraki rider.

Arrows were flying wildly. Some of his own warriors were accomplished bowmen and they shot death back out in return. The ur-viles were burning many of the arrows out of the sky with a red glow that began emanating out from the wedge.

Barristan saw that Strong Belwas had dismounted. He was far too large to be effective on horseback. His destrier fought loyally by his side, trampling unhorsed Dothraki and slamming into other horses, knocking them off their track. Belwas’ scimitar was slashing men and their beasts down in fountains of blood and gore.

The wedge staggered. A huge phalanx of Dothraki horses slammed into the apex and far side of the formation. The Loremaster killed many with his acid and others were gutted and slashed apart with blades of iron and bone yet still the Dothraki charged, their numbers too great to be halted. Furious barks of ur-viles and shouts of men filled the air. The wedge held and bent, the point moving around. Now the Loremaster was in the midst of the charge, his iron stave sending out splashes and long arcs
of black acid death. Dothraki fell in great numbers around the shrilly barking Loremaster.

Syrio, Barristan and ten others slammed into the Dothraki’s horses from the side. Their mounts reared to bash in men and horse skulls as swordsmen chopped and hacked. The wedge surged forward, killing the rest and proceeding into a group of bowmen firing arrows. As they moved onward, several more ur-viles fell.

**Daenerys**

She felt like a god as she vaulted forward. Her arms were filled with unbridled power. She could crush boulders.

She crashed into the nearest Dothraki in a flash. Her blade whirled in a swirl so fast it was invisible to the naked eye, her strength so great she chopped the man clean in half. She wildly charged the next men in her path as they attempted to stand their ground. Her Valryian blade slashed through spines and femurs like balsa wood. She killed easily with her blade moving so fast it was a blur.

She was killing machine. She moved to the next man her blade chopped off the man’s Dothraki’s sword arm before she sliced his head in half like an overripe pear.

Her shouts of exhalation reverberated across the grass sea. When riders approached her at wild gallop she easily avoided them, jumping up to sever heads and split bodies apart with her immense strength easily pulling her blade from bone. She saw that the ur-viles were battling toward the hill to take out the dreaded scorpions.

She saw some of those siege weapons start to point down at the new barking threat. Viserion flew down and roared, spewing flame but was too high to deal flaming death. All of the scorpions were again wheeled skyward.

She watched several waves of mounted horses charge into the fighting wedge. The first wave was largely reduced to screaming death by the long ribbons of jet black acid arching through the air and splashing through the riders. Where the acid landed, flesh and bones were reduced to slag. Horses simply folded with ruined ribs, spines, or missing heads.

But the Dothraki were nothing if not brave. The second wave was only partially annihilated by the Loremaster and raggedly crashed into the wedge. The other ur-viles blades slashed up, slicing horses wide open and looping heads off necks. Some plashed red or black ichor out from their blade tips igniting horse and rider in clinging flames that refused to be doused.

Dust was rising up from the trampled dirt. The dust stung eyes and obscured the battlefield. She charged forward seeking Jhaqo to kill him and end this battle. Fuck honor! She would chop him in half. He had run up the hill and was shouting at his scorpion operators. The weapons were turned towards the ground. They ignored the white dragon that screamed overhead in frustration and righteous anger.

In their haste, most of the bolts shot off to hit dirt but two landed in the formation killing an ur-vile. She was enraged. She started to charge toward the hill but a volley of arrows came at her. Several hit her chainmail, bruising but not stopping her. Another hit her mail just above her wrist and one whistled past her eye.

*Foolishness! I can be killed out here alone!* She had run off from her protectors in her overconfidence and blood lust. She saw more arrows being fired at her. She blocked them with her
flashing sword, her coordination supernaturally enhanced.

She wheeled around, crouching down and chopping the legs out from underneath two horses that had charged her. She quickly dispatched the riders as they lie trapped underneath their dead mounts. She moved on into the next mounted charge, chopping horses down and severing riders’ legs as she moved past the onslaught. The surviving riders wheeled, but she was on them moving in a blur with fast slashes of her blade.

She observed the ur-viles stilling their attack and taking out the bolts as they flew towards them at the last instant with precise arcs of acid that slashed bolts in half. All momentum had stopped. Riders were gathering for another massive charge.

A loud roar filled the sky. Viserion dove down with his wings pulled in tight to his body and shot past, roaring out flame. His fire found two scorpions and set them ablaze. Men were reduced to screaming corpses as the wood ignited, the iron bands already glowing cherry red. Viserion slashed back across the sky from the other direction, sending out another mighty gout of flame to destroy a third scorpion.

The scorpion operators desperately worked their launchers to align them skyward. A black shadow of death flew past a dizzying speed. Drogon’s mighty breath of fire destroyed another scorpion and engulfed many archers that had climbed the side of the hill to fire down on the melee. The dragons went up high in the sky with the remaining, still numerous scorpions, wheeled back up to the sky to aim at the roaring and dodging dragons. The dragons staying just out of range frustrating the scorpion operators. The dragons taunted the operators to keep the focus on them and not their mother and her allies.

Dust and ash obscured the dragons as they wheeled and circled just of range of the frustrated scorpion operators. Thick, acrid smoke rose up into the air. Daenerys noticed more dust and smoke from south-east and knew that Barristan and Syrio had joined the fray. She could only hope they were still alive.

“Hhhhnngggggggg!” Daenerys exclaimed as suddenly all air was punched out her lungs. Two spears had hurled into her back and flattened her to the ground. The spears fell away afterward, her Dragon Chain mail preventing any penetration, barely. She felt links jammed through linen and jammed into her skin. Her eldritch strength instantly healed her.

She sprang up and dodged another spear that nearly went through her throat. She jerked and dived as arrows whizzed past. She saw a large phalanx of gathered horses now forming up. To her left were spearmen and to her right was a forming line of bowmen.

She could only defend one direction. She had let her confidence betray her. No plan survives first contact with one’s enemy! She had doomed herself again. She wanted to scream but calmed herself, deciding to take as many of her enemies down to hell with her as she could. Arrows were fired and she dodged most but three hit her hard in the chest knocking her back. She gasped for breath. A spear hit spun her around. She got up immediately.

She could feel her exhalation holding but she knew it would end. She had killed scores if not several hundred of her Dothraki foes but it did not matter. She could not fight a Khalasar without her dragons’ full support. The spearmen raised their spears in unison. She could see mounted horses were going to follow the spears in and overwhelm her.

A long line of acid splashed into the line of spearmen, killing most in howling agony. The fighting wedge slammed into those that remained. The Loremaster charged the mounted horsemen, spewing out gouts of acid killing horses and riders in boiling black. The wedge slammed into the survivors,
cutting them savagely and spewing out small gusts of acid and sticky flame.

The ur-viles had given up their attack on the hill to save Daenerys.

A line unseen of spearmen charged forward unexpectedly. The ur-viles, though surprised, chopped most of the charging men down.

Daenerys fell on them with savage fury from the side. She slashed and chopped men in half in her rage and cleaved limbs and heads.

Her dragons were diving and weaving, keeping the scorpions trained on them. Blood slicked the churned up ground and severed body parts nearly tripped her. The smoke of fire and acid hung thick in the air.

The battle had ignited many of the closest tents and lodgings on fire. These flames were spreading, adding more smoke and confusion to the field of battle.

Suddenly, the Loremaster was before her. He barked at her fiercely, his fleshy nostrils quivering and snot splattering.

She nodded her head. The meaning was clear. Stay the fuck with me dammit!

Daenerys had learned her lesson.

**Syrio**

To the right and to the left Syrio slashed and pierced hearts with his rapier. He had never seen anything like this. He was used to fighting one-on-one or small groups. There were thousands of men milling around, and that was not counting the women and children running around screaming.

The ur-viles were burning wagons full of supplies and destroying domiciles. They knew the ones that were inhabited. They used acid to set empty ones on fire and simply bowled over the ones with inhabitants inside. Somehow the children and women were rolled over yet left otherwise unharmed behind the quick marching formation. *It was fucking amazing!*

Six Dothraki surrounded him and he dodged and ducked their arakhs whistling past his face and ribs. He could not focus enough to kill anyone as he focused on simply surviving. Suddenly three fell dead with arrows in their throats. He saw Marleya Blackmyre near the wedge shooting her bow. She bent down and scooped up quivers from the dead Dothraki to keep firing. He quickly dispatched the three remaining riders.

“Fuck!” he yelled, feeling an arrow brush his ear. Blood dripped down the side of his face and he saw a huge charge of Dothraki pelting toward them.

“Fall back, fall back!” Barristan yelled as the ur-vile wedge pivoted to meet the charge and surged forward. A huge arc of black acid was flung in the air and with unerring accuracy fell along the forward line of the horse charge. Horses and riders dropped dead, tripping the riders coming up behind them.

A shock rippled the ground as Dothraki riders and ur-viles collided. Riders died with their bodies coated in clinging fire or burning acid. Ur-vile blades chopped through muscle and bone like it was paper. But the rush was great enough to stagger their formation. Ur-viles fell but the breach instantly sealed as the next ur-viles waiting in the wings stepped up with blades at the ready.
Barristan and three warriors slammed into the Dothraki and killed five before they could wheel about. More died, but so did one of their own.

Syrio screamed and joined the fray. His rapier ripped through backs and cut spines in two. The ur-vile Loremaster sent out a surge of acid melting the last of the Dothraki and surged forward. Arrows were raining down on the ur-viles and they threw up a red weave that shimmered and burned most of them. Those that did not burn slipped through with a few finding their targets.

He felt a surge of black acid rush past his shoulder, incinerating a rider who had snuck up on him in the confusion.

Another throng of Dothraki charged him. He slew the first two but his horse was pressed back and the other Dothraki spread out to surround him. He slashed right and left to keep them at bay, but they were pressing in.

Suddenly on his right he saw two arakhs slash into and through his assailants. Aggo and Jhogo wound in among their Dothraki foes, spinning as their blades slashed and chopped deeply into muscled bodies. The blades ripped out just to slash again.

Syrio used the distraction in that sector to turn and quickly dispatch the assailants on his other side. He was soon joined by the two Blood Riders to finish killing the remaining Dothraki. Then the Blood Riders spurred their horses, riding off to find more kills.

His horse shrieked and wheeled when a long line of fire appeared in front of him. A second line of incendiary flame followed that ignited grass, structures, men and horses in blue white fire. The screams were hideous as horses and men seemed to melt and burn before his eyes.

The smoke and acrid stench of burning flesh was thick in the air. The dragons made another pass, thinning the ranks of the enemy. The dragons took out their vengeance beyond the range of the scorpions. The ur-viles barked wildly and surged into the breach created by the dragons, now wheeling and gaining attitude.

Syrio slashed right and then chased down two riders fleeing in panic killing them with two flicks of his blade.

The whole area was a mass of confusion. The ur-viles were working furiously to join their brethren fighting with the queen. Another two phalanxes formed and charged into them. He fell back with his fellow dwindling warriors. The Loremaster pivoted to the right and met the charge, his acid arcing out in three ribbons. That phalanx was cut apart and the wedge surged forward, their blades slashing furiously.

The second rush was able to hit the other side of the wedge hard. The formation sagged in, but held. Ur-viles fell and were trampled but their brothers filled in the gap instantly, their blades out and slashing death. Their human warriors fell on the Dothraki who were concentrating on the greater threat.

The next several minutes was only confusion to Syrio. He was surrounded by Dothraki and he was prepared to die. Then he was suddenly surrounded by barking and buffeting black foreign bodies as he was enveloped by the protective wedge. He felt ancient, arcane magic surging back and forth between the ur-viles. Their magic was old and powerful. They were working in perfect concert, supporting each other and combining themselves and their magic to make them so much more than their few numbers compared to the sea they were fighting against.

Then Syrio was out on the other side of the wedge. A few dead ur-viles spewed out black blood
along with forty or fifty dead Dothraki and their horses as the wedge moved on. The two dead ur-viles were left behind.

Syrio now knew that each loss weakened the wedge from his close association passing through it. But their numbers were still enough to keep the formation intact. For now.

He kicked his horse and charged forth. He saw Strong Belwas, surrounded by dead horses and Dothraki. The wall of dead kept attackers from overwhelming him. He was about to be feathered by a group of Dothraki Archers. He cut the first three down before they even knew he was there. In the confusion he killed several more. Somehow Belwas had climbed over his barricade of dead and smashed into the horses, cutting their legs out from under them and spilling riders right and left.

Syrio trampled them with his horse and cut a few more throats as his horse whipped around.

He looked and saw the dragons circling the hill. They had learned the range of the scorpions now and flew just out of it, keeping their attention. He saw Viserion rise up and then dive down, his wings folded close to his body to reduce his target and streaking down low over the hill, his hot blue-white fire burning another scorpion to slag and charred timber. He flew out the lessening hail of bolts. The dragons had whittled the numbers down.

Smoke was boiling up around the hill. He realized with a rush of adrenaline that they were much closer now. They were making progress!

Smoke was everywhere and he coughed, his eyes burning. He saw women weeping as they staggered around in panic. The Dothraki trampled them with no regard. It infuriated him. Their own riders were killing their women and children while these inhuman ur-viles had killed none.

The ur-viles burned more supplies and a line of wagons as they blazed up in eldritch fire. They were throwing out acid and slashing blades, dispensing death in all directions. They still always avoided killing the women and children. *Unlike the Dothraki warriors.*

Syrio roared, throwing himself at Dothraki riders and killing them in a fury of hate.

**Daenerys**

The ur-vile wedge was surging forward in short bursts. They had taken losses with a line of dead behind them but they were nearing the base of the hill now. Their losses were dwarfed by the mounds of dead Dothraki stretched out behind the formation.

The ur-viles had set fire to the large pile of supplies and plunder that came across. They had come across a group of lamb women weeping and huddling together. Daenerys cried out when the wedge washed over the huddled women. She was infuriated. She was here to save the helpless, dammit!

Her mouth gaped open when the wedge moved on and the women were sprawled out on the ground, slowly sitting up in shock. How did the ur-viles do that?!

They finally reached the hill. She could feel her exhalation fading. It had served her well; she had survived her baptism of fire. She had made mistakes but she was alive! The ur-viles started to climb up the hill, still keeping their wedge intact.

The closest scorpion went up in flames. Volleys of arrows came whistling down and a huge wall of riders were pelting down on the formation from behind.
Daenerys jumped in front of the riders. Her eldritch strength was going to end, but not quite yet. She was a whirling dervish of death. Her blade chopped horse and men alike apart. She broke the initial charge. The ur-viles on the back end of the wedge were ready, and their blades reached out to chop and thrust out pure death.

The horses slammed into the wedge. It held even as more Dothraki and ur-vile fell in death. She was slashing her sword right and left, taking down riders lessening the force of the pressing rush.

She heard the barking grow louder and looked up, more of the scorpions had gone up in flames. Suddenly her black and white dragons flew through at breakneck speed, spewing fire up and over the hill igniting more siege weapons on fire. Archers and scorpion operators ran alight screaming as they fell into death.

“Yessssss!” Daenerys screamed in triumph. She chopped and slashed, killing more Dothraki. The ur-viles fell back, their mission accomplished. The dragons wheeled in again and most of the rest of the scorpions went up in flames, the iron melting and timbers burning wildly.

Smoke was everywhere. She climbed up the hill. Her exhalation was failing now, but she used what was left to move up deftly and surely slicing down archers and surviving scorpion operators. She was removing the advantage of height.

She looked out and was filled with fire and hope. She saw another wedge of ur-viles surrounded by the remnants of her warriors. She was elated to see Barristan and Syrio on horse and chopping and piercing Dothraki dead. Strong Belwas was near the ur-vile wedge dispensing death with each slice of his sword. Her Blood Riders whirled and slashed on all sides of them as they helped protect the right side of the ur-vile formation.

The ur-vile wedge had left a wide trail of devastation. All structures in that path had been burned or crushed or both. She could see where the Loremaster had sent out long arcs of black acid to attack other stores of food and wares. She looked around and saw long lines of fiery destruction around the Khalasar. Her dragons had served her and her allies well. The lines seemed random, but she knew that they were put down to sow confusion and keep the Dothraki from organizing.

The other wedge and her warriors were chopping and surging forward. She could see that they would soon link up. It would not be enough. She looked out along the swath of devastation left by the ur-vile wedge with Barristan. She could count over fifty dead ur-viles and was sure she had missed some in the carnage of war. She knew her own benefactors had taken grievous losses.

Her warriors had given out many times the death that they had received. She looked out around the communal area and the path that the other ur-vile formation had cut through to reach her. She could see a sea of dead horses and Dothraki. Her forces had killed at least five or six thousand so far.

It was not nearly enough. The Khal had a sea of at least near eighty thousand warriors left to wage war against her forces. That still left the odds at over two hundred to one. She had to put an end to the fighting. Her forces were still killing at a horrific rate as she watched horses and riders burned to ash or bone and blades chopping Dothraki down like limbs from a pruning shears.

Another charge boiled toward the ur-viles as Daenerys watched. Somehow the wedge reversed itself and the Loremaster who had been on the hill finishing off the destruction of the scorpions was at the apex of it, facing the charging horses. Again the shock was frightening to see and feel as ur-vile formation and horses collided.

The Dothraki were butchered in horrific numbers but their bravery was rewarded as they pressed in and were able to kill two ur-viles. Each loss reduced yet again the size of their wedge and fighting
Drogon had retreated from the fighting around the center of the Khalasar. Rhaegal was nearly prostrate on the ground four miles from the edge of the Khalasar, his injury having sapped his strength. A group of Dothraki were galloping towards Rhaegal’s location, intent on killing him.

Daenerys was about to shout a mental command to Drogon, but he was ahead of his mother in coming to the aid of his injured brother.

The Dothraki never knew what hit them as she watched her black son’s body coil and then stretch out as a mighty blast of dragon fire flew out of his mouth and incinerated the Dothraki and their mounts as blood boiled and muscles were charred and then turned to ash. The screams were hideous, but Daenerys felt nothing. They were trying to harm her children.

Khal Jhago had much to answer for.

She looked around and found what she sought. She felt elation and fury erupt in her small body. “Yooouuuuuuu!” she shouted in a loud scream of righteousness and jumped down off the hill.

**Barristan**

The fighting was never ending. The ur-viles were taking the brunt of the attacks but his own forces were suffering grievously. He had lost over half of his valiant fighters. For every one of their losses they inflicted well over thirty he was sure.

It would not be enough. It was like a mighty cliff up against the surging ocean on the coast. Each pounding of the next wave eroded it just that little bit more. In time the ocean would win. They were lost in the Dothraki sea of warriors.

Still he fought on. He slashed and hacked down rider after rider. These men were fearless in battle. They hurled themselves against the black wedge of death relentlessly. Their losses were grievous, but still they pressed their attacks. When an ur-vile fell there were no more to take their place where ten or more Dothraki came up to fight in the place of their fallen brethren.

The attack of the ur-viles had been always moving forward leaving a wake of destruction behind them of mangled and acid eaten bodies. Shelters burned to the ground and wagon trains set alight. Goats and sheep were butchered to deprive the Dothraki of future food and the remaining panicked animals running around wildly adding to the confusion.

Now the wedge had ceased its forward movement. To be still was courting certain death. He kicked his horse racing to the apex of the wedge. There he saw the wedge and indeed ceased movement. The Loremaster was sniffing hard. Barristan looked forward and tried to discern what had stopped the ur-viles rapid forward attack.

It took him fifteen seconds to realize what had gripped the ur-viles and caused them to stop. Now they had started a chant that had changed pitch and timbre from their earlier vocals. It became a rolling melody that rose and fell from front to back and then back again like waves crashing on the ocean shore. The ur-viles began to jump and down making their fighting wedge appear like a rolling wave.

The Dothraki were adapting their attack. They had been slaughtered in their piecemeal attacks. The individuals and small formations had been obliterated. They had given the ur-viles losses but they
were few and far between.

The Dothraki were massing a huge formation of riders lined up in repeated rows in front to the ur-vile wedge. Barristan saw they were amassing thousands of riders and now men with spears were forming up behind them. It was clear their intent.

He had to admire their courage. They were going to move in mass forward and envelope the ur-vile wedge. The leading riders would surely die but their deaths while grievous in number would allow their brothers behind them to come into contact with the ur-vile wedge and use their weapons up close.

They and Barristan had seen the Loremaster use his stave to hurl his acid but it had become clear that after a large arc he needed close from three to five seconds to ready the next large slash of acid to throw at his enemies as he tired. They would be able to kill him between splashes as they overwhelmed his brothers protecting him as he readied his next arc of death.

A purple haze had started to waft up over the ur-viles. The mist reached up several hundred feet but did not rise any further or disperse. The ur-viles bodies were still jumping in a rhythmic manner making the wedge front to back ripple over and over.

Barristan looked behind them. Movement had prevented the Dothraki from forming an attack from the rear. Those behind them were still in shock and dealing with confused women, children and animals in their way. Fires burning out of control sending up flames to panic horses and throw riders.

He knew the wedge had to start moving very soon or they would be butchered. He saw a young Dothraki surge his horse forward and stormed toward the ur-viles. Several arrows whizzed out but they missed. The Dothraki youth threw a spear and it landed!

The ur-viles did not burn or knock it down as they had been doing. Why! He thought furiously. An arrow from Marleya pierced the boys skull and jammed through his brain the point jamming into the other side of his skull the force hurling him off his horse. His body jerked on the ground in its death throes.

Then Barristan shouted out “Defend the ur-viles! They are preparing something but they are defenseless until then!” He moved out and engaged a Dothraki preparing to hurl a spear at the wedge. Barristan’s blade hit the man in the ribs just as he prepared to fling his spear. His sword cleaved deep into his body. Blood spewed out the man’s mouth and gushed out the gaping wound when Barristan ripped his blade out.

He wielded around. A thick purple haze now filled the sky over the wedge. He saw the blood riders of Daenerys, Syrio and four of his men rush from the other side of the ur-vile wedge launching into the Dothraki to prevent them from attacking.

General confusion kept the Dothraki from organizing any more to finish them off their tormentors. He knew that that the reprieve could not last much longer. More Dothraki were getting their courage up and coming forward. Many were feathered and others engaged but several more spears were hurled and found ur-vile spitting them as they could not defend themselves as they chanted and jumped.

Barristan looked behind them. A force was forming up behind them. No! They were about to completely out flanked and attacked on two sides. The ur-viles had to act!

Suddenly two long tongues of flame lashed over the riders behind them. Drogon and Viserion belched long rivers of flame onto the riders behind them as they flew over at dizzying speed.
Barristan still was shocked seeing how the flames melted men to slag and horses ran off screaming enveloped in flame that soon had horses and riders if still on them running wildly. The horses would run only to fall to their knees screaming and wildly flipping around on the ground the flames still burning hotly.

The dragons roared loud bellowing screams of rage and violence. The sounds were deafening and sowed confusion. The echoing dragon roars prolonged the rebel’s lifespan as horses of the Dothraki screamed in panic and many bucked riders who had to fight to stay seated.

Barristan watched the dragons soar up and pivot over and dive back down again sending out long tongues of flame to send rivers of death down among the milling around Dothraki. Their fires roasting men alive and sending horses crashing over as meat bubbled off bone. More dragon screams of rage filled the air.

Thick smoke roils of smoke drifted over all. The stench of roasted flesh and death was thick on the air currents.

Barristan looked forward as the dragons flew off having cut off the rear attack and were now menacing the hill again. Barristan was impressed with Drogon’s strength and endurance with the iron spike still embedded in his whipping tail. It seemed to only fuel his rage at his enemies.

There was a thick purple haze over the ur-vile wedge now that did not drift. The haze had settled down to only a hundred feet over their heads. Arrows and spears that pierced the haze did not come out again. The ur-viles were now barking furiously their waves of bobbing surged like wild waves in a storm tossed sea.

Then without warning all their staves of iron and bone whipped up and haphazardly slammed into each other in random manner blades colliding into each other and rebounding.

KKKAAABBBOOOOOMMMMMMMMM! A might clap of shocking power detonated and where there had been mist was a black cloud five hundred yards across that now floated two hundred feet over the ground again. The cloud was as jet black as its ur-vile creators. Purple lightening flashed silently throughout the roiling cloud that seemed to seethe with madness and hunger for great violence. There were no rolls of thunder with the purple lightening.

All the humans in the vicinity stared at the boiling cloud that quickly drifted forward to come over the massed Dothraki in front of the ur-viles. The cloud seethed and the purple light inside of the cloud flashed with hints of death and rot. It appeared to Barristan like he was looking in an open door to a sepulcher.

The cloud roiled and seethed over the gathered Dothraki and did not move any further. The ur-viles suddenly ceased their barking chant and rhythmic bobbing of their wedge.

Silently, the black cloud started to snow black flakes down that drifted aimlessly down towards the Dothraki below. More and more flakes precipitated out the black cloud that still flashed with purple lightening in its depths. The flakes spun and flipped over as they wafted down flitting like butterflies as they fell to Earth. More and more flakes rained out of cloud and wafted down over the large formation of gathered Dothraki. The flaks spinning down and now wafting back behind the mass of Dothraki too even though there was no wind.

All the men friend and foe watched. The ur-viles too seemed to be watching their creation of black snowflakes drifted down in thick profusion of sizes and shapes. Some of the flakes as large as swallowtail butterflies and others small as Summer Azure butterflies.
Barristan watched a flake fall down and onto the face of a Dothraki with at least twenty bells in his hair. The flake landed on his cheek beneath his eyes. “Aaaaaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!” the man screamed as the flake melted his skin and bone and that side of his face away melted away. Another smaller flake hit his left shoulder eating bone and muscle as the man screamed more and louder.

The flakes were now landing all over the formation of Dothraki now eating horse and man up with black flakes of ur-vile distilled acid. Horses were screaming and rearing in agony as block holes were eaten into bodies. One horse reared and dislodged his rider his left ribs exposed and lungs being eaten fell dead as a several flakes hit its head and eye and brain were eaten away.

The formation was being torn apart as more and more men and horses either fell down dead immediately or collapsed writhing as bodies and heads were eaten through by small acid flakes.

The Loremaster barked a tinny yelp and the ur-viles surged forward running gathering speed and slamming into the roiling dying mass of Dothraki. Their blades chopped down those remaining standing down in mere seconds. The ur-viles cut into the rolling mass of men and horses as more and more died with holes all over bodies of black death eating craters clean through bodies.

The acid had no effect on the ur-viles as each flake that hit them turned to liquid and rolled down their skin and soaked into her tunics without affect.

The ur-vile wedge pivoted round the Loremaster their staves and hacking and sending out short guts of black or red death. The Loremaster again sent out his ribbons of grisly black acid death.

By the gods Barristan gaped. They were butchering thousands of Dothrakis in mere minutes. The wedge now surged forward again. The cloud had started to dissipate as it rained its acid out onto the enemies of the ur-viles.

Barristan was horrified at the increased carnage. What if these fell denizens of the deep every allied with the Queen’s enemies. They would be unstoppable. Outnumbered by the thousands the ur-viles were still impossibly successful. They were suffering losses but still they charged recklessly into their enemies killing them by the score.

His remaining forces were fighting small individual battles. The Dothraki in this part of the Khalasar were in shock. The snow was dissipating. It had done its work with brutal efficiency. Barristan saw that at least three thousand Dothraki had perished in the last few minutes.

Barristan heard mighty Drogon’s roar as he spun around the hill up high keeping their attention. Barristan had thought no power could truly stand up to a dragon one on one. He know knew of one creature that could kill a dragon as likely as the dragon killing it. These ur-viles and their fighting wedges were simply horrific in action. For a dragon to use its flame it would have to come in range of the Loremaster’s acid.

Thank the gods they were both on the Queen’s side!

“Forward! The acid rain dissipates and is no more. To the ur-viles side. Protect our allies!” Barristan roared and his troops immediately obeyed moving forward on their horses or stolen horses. Only Strong Belwas was on foot and his speed was truly amazing.

All moved forward to aid their black skinned brothers in arms. Barristan felt the surge of battle lust run in his veins. He would defend his Queen to his dying breath!

Barristan did not let helpless odds stop him. His Queen had need of him and so he fought on. He fought entirely on instinct. This allowed him to reflect on all that had happened. He and his Queen
had underestimated their enemies. They had assumed they would react like they always had. They
did not give them credit for being able to adapt and do the unexpected. They did not have a
monopoly on clever thinking. If they survived today, they would not make these mistakes again.

Thank the gods for the ur-viles coming to the Queen’s aid at just the right moment.

Barristan noticed that Strong Belwas had been surrounded by riders. He was slashing and wheeling
around but he was hopelessly outnumbered. He was covered in nicks and cuts. He spurred his
destrier forward at a fast gallop and crashed into the nearest riders, unseating some and gutting
others. Strong Belwas dispatched the unseated riders with a single slash each.

They were constantly pushing forward. The ur-viles were a killing machine but were also still
spewing acid at any structure that had no women or children, which were most now since they had
fled. He assumed their acute sense of smell enabled their decrement. Large quantities of supplies and
looted wealth were being destroyed.

The Dothraki were torn between a desire to attack their assailants and wanting to save their supplies
and stolen loot.

He heard a strange echoing of the ur-viles’ barks now. It seemed some were close, and some were
much more distant. He wondered if this was the beginning of a new spell being chanted. He
continued to kill, almost running on automatic. His arm was weary but he concentrated past his
fatigue. To slow even a fraction would mean his death.

Several lines of spearmen had formed and desperately threw their spears at the ur-viles. Most were
chopped or melted in acid from the air, but some still found their marks. The ur-viles were like the
Dothraki in one way - they fought on regardless of their grievous losses.

The chants of the ur-viles picked up cadence and they suddenly rushed forward, their blades slashing
as they plunged into the walls of spearmen. Dothraki died in great numbers as arakhs came out and
the sound of blades clashing rang in the air. The ur-viles butchered the Dothraki even as more of
their own fell.

The ur-viles continued to bark and the answering barks were much closer now. Barristan suddenly
understood. He had kicked his horse to join the ur-vile rush.

Suddenly, the wedge burst into the clearing before the hill. Barristan was used to carnage but the
scale and savagery of the fighting here had been truly frightening. Dead Dothraki and their horses
were thickly scattered on the ground and up the hill. There was a more than a light sprinkling of dead
ur-vile scattered around the clearing as well.

No quarter had been asked for and none was given.

He saw a wall trying to form up to charge at the ur-vile wedge that had been supporting Daenerys.
He could see that well more than half their numbers had already been slayed. They were still a
savage, deadly force slashing and splashing out acid to kill all around them.

He saw Syrio and four warriors riding their horses hard to attack the wall from behind. Strong
Belwas was running with surprising speed for a man so large. He simply bowled into the nearest
horses sending them crashing into their mates and then to the ground. Syrio was stabbing and
slashing so fast he could not follow his movements. Dothraki simply fell off their horses dead.

He crashed into the other end of the flank of mounted warriors, their focus on the wedge. He slashed
down four more before they noticed he was there. It became a wild melee. He had Dothraki all
around pressing him in.

His chainmail kept their first strikes from doing serious damage but their numbers were pressing him and he was blocking multiple blows at the same time, quickly becoming overwhelmed.

The Dothraki surrounding him were suddenly cut down screaming by the iron and bone blades of the ur-viles. He was buffeted by the bodies of the ur-viles as they surged forward, killing their attackers. Though several more were slain, the Dothraki fell back, their ranks broken.

“Yooouuuuuu!” Barristan heard his Queen scream. He turned to see her jumping down off the hill and running forward. He spurred his horse onward and was soon beside his Queen. He chopped down several Dothraki that moved to intercept her. He ran a third down, his horse’s hooves shattering the fighter’s skull.

“Khal Jhaqo … I challenge you for this Khalasar! You must accept or lose face!” Daenerys’ voice rang out.

Daenerys

Khal Jhaqo was just about to mount his horse. He stopped himself and looked around at his Blood Riders. They were uncertain, looking back and forth between themselves.

Jhaqo moved out in the clearing. The nearest Dothraki had stopped fighting and the word was moving like wildfire through the Dothraki as they heard of the challenge. A woman? The audacity! But Jhaqo had to accept, or lose face to a woman!

The fighting slowly stopped.

“You are only a woman! A bitch! You don’t have a right to challenge me for my Khalasar. You are nothing, Khaleesi! Only the fact that you were Drogo’s whore gave you any power. He is dead and I am Khal now. You have no right to challenge me! You are nothing. Your human fighters are almost all dead and these dogs are of no account” Jhaqo sneered, looking at his blood riders and closet lieutenants.

They were looking at the ur-viles with wary eyes. All had seen and felt their power. The ground was thickly carpeted with Dothraki dead and soaked in their blood. The ur-viles were chanting softly and roiling as they took in the interaction between the two humans.

“I will kill you Jhaqo! I, a woman, will slay you!”

“You are a coward cunt! Shielded in your chainmail.”

Daenerys slowly sheathed her sword and removed the scabbard off her back. She then removed her belt and started to slowly peel her chainmail off of her petite body.

The ur-viles became agitated. Their wedges broke apart, the creatures barking stridently and beginning to mill and jump up and down. Their barks seemed to bounce off each other. They were slowly forming a line to the right of Daenerys. She had worked her top mail off and was slowly removing the bottom. She removed her linen undercoat and now was in a simple shift. She removed her armored boots.

She sat down to roll the socks off her feet. She picked her scabbard up and pulled her rune sword out, and it sprang to life burning a bright blue from the runes and filigree.
In only her shift Daenerys turned to face Jhaqo. “I am ready to kill you now.” Daenerys said calmly.

Jhaqo laughed. “You are only a woman. I refuse to fight a low cunt!” His blood riders milled around, undecided.

Suddenly, the ur-viles barked together and their blades flashed up and then slammed down into Earth in unison and a loud thunderclap echoed away into distance. The ur-viles moved toward Daenerys. The first one came right up to her. He had an iron blade that was glowing hot. The ur-vile reached forward, and the boiling blade laid flat on her head. Nothing happened. Then he lifted its blade, bending forward and placing his wet nose on her forehead. Then the ur-vile stepped aside.

It was a clear show of obeisance. The next ur-vile repeated the ritual. This kept on as each ur-vile put its boiling hot blade of iron or bone on Daenerys head and she was not burned. Each ur-vile kissed her forehead with its nostrils.

Finally the two Loremasters were before her. They clashed their blades together and hot acid boiled out, and their blades fell on her. Black acid ran down her body, not touching her. She was left dry. Then each Loremaster leaned in and kissed her forehead, then joined the rest of the ur-viles beside her.

Daenerys turned to Jhaqo “You were saying?” she asked softly.

Jhaqo looked at his Blood Riders nervously. “You will fight the Khaleesi,” was all Callakko said.

Jhaqo still hesitated.

“Fight!” Callakko roared.

Jhaqo had no choice. “I will take great pleasure in gutting you Daenerys … you are a blight on the Dothraki.” He swirled his arakh in a fast and deadly dance.

“I will take your bells, Jhaqo.” Daenerys told the Khal softly.

They stood facing each other with drawn Arakh and Valyrian blade. They slowly circled each other, gauging for weakness and psyching themselves up for a fight to the death.

Jhaqo continued to hurl vile insults. Daenerys watched quietly, waiting as they circled each other.

Suddenly like a maddened bull Jhaqo roared and charged Daenerys, his arakh slashing down in a deadly arc. She easily blocked his blow and counteracted with her blade moving in a flash.

He blocked her blade and they slashed and parried with lightning fast reflexes.

The Khal tried to bull rush the small woman, locking their swords and attempting to push her back and down. His eyes betrayed his shock when she planted her feet and held her ground. She twisted his arakh down and over, throwing Jhaqo off balance. She slashed down as she went with his momentum, her blade only nicking the back of his leg. First blood. The Dothraki murmured.

Back and forth they fought on the trampled, blood slicked grass. The Khal used his great height and weight advantage to press his attack. The small Khaleesi grimaced, but would plant her feet and pull the man off balance. Other times she would merely side step his attack, frustrating the Khal.

Jhaqo was a very good fighter. He controlled his frustration. He went in with a sweeping decapitating blow but Daenerys leaned back and slashed out, leaving a cut along the Khal’s ribs as blood flowed down his side.
He roared, running straight into the woman. His arakh came down hard, knocking the glowing blue blade down as it tried to slice open her entrails. He slammed into Daenerys. She grappled with his sword hand and rolled back with the man onto her back as her foot came up and helped kick him over her body, he landed hard on his back with a loud thud. He rolled immediately away, avoiding the downward cut that would have carved a vertical smile in his head.

They quickly got on their feet and locked swords again, grunting as they circled staring hard into each other’s eyes while seeking an opening. They shoved each other away and then attacked each other with deadly fast slashes and lunging thrusts.

They again locked up swords and Daenerys moved in close and pulled her head back, head butting the Khal in the sternum as he gasped and staggered back. She lifted her arm and slashed down with a killing stroke. The Khal partially blocked her blow and twisted her blade and slashed out. Jhaqo received a long cut down his sword arm. Blood flowed down his cut arm.

Her roared again and charged Daenerys. She stumbled over a dead body as Jhaqo delivered a killing downward stroke. His blade sliced down the Targaryen’s face from her temple down her cheek to her jaw, cutting it open to the bone.

She gasped at the flash of searing pain. Blood poured down her face and blinded her in that eye.

“Prepare to die, bitch!” the Khal moved to her blind side. He rushed in, his arakh slashing in a deadly arc to cleave the woman in two.

She ducked own in a squat, her body folded nearly to the ground. The blow whistled over her head. She lunged up with her blade as she surged forward. Their bodies slammed together. Jhaqo eyes widened as he looked down.

Daenerys’ sword had jammed up underneath his ribs and slid up his body cavity, piercing back out of his back above his shoulder blade.

Daenerys gritted her teeth and ripped her blade out of the Khal’s body. She pulled her sword down six inches and twisted her wrist to angle her blade in a new direction. She lunged up again with her blade to cut a new path of destruction in the Khal’s body. Jhaqo convulsed on her blade. She ripped her blade out as his blood streamed out in hot gouts.

His body crashed to his knees, gasping hard as it fought to survive. The man looked at Daenerys with pure hate in his eyes. Her blade arced up and slammed down again, cutting his head clean in two from the top of his skull down to his throat till her blade stuck in his collarbones.

She ripped the blade back and out of the corpse. Blood sprayed all over her. She turned to look at the Khal’s Blood Riders.

“Kill yourselves if you must, or pledge your allegiance to me. Choose life now or die. I am now Khal Daenerys. I am the *Mare* who mounts the world!”

**Barristan**

He watched the three blood riders choose life, bending the knee to Daenerys. They would be loyal. They were Dothraki and had no choice.

He went to Daenerys. Blood still poured out of her cut, but it was a face wound. That would bleed profusely but was not putting her life in jeopardy. The former Blood Riders of Khal Jhaqo bowed
They had all survived.

He winced seeing the wound on her face. It was an ugly thing and would leave a terrible scar. She would no longer be renowned for her beauty. It was a cruelty.

A Dothraki woman came up to her new Khal and gave her a towel. Daenerys jammed the towel into her wound, the fabric immediately starting to turn red. Daenerys looked out over the plain. Barristan followed her gaze to see where she was looking. In the distance he saw the dragons. He remembered Rhaegal’s grievous wound.

Suddenly the two Loremasters tore off at a furious run on all fours with thirty of their brethren. The direction was obvious.

Barristan saw Viserion suddenly rise from the great distance and begin to fly to them. In a few minutes the dragon landed before his mother. The Dothraki women wailed, putting their children behind them as the men trembled.

Daenerys’ Blood Riders laughed at their new Khalasar mates. They called them dogs and cowards. They were reinforcing their control over the Dothraki who now were subordinate to them. Daenerys’ Blood Riders liked that very much.

Daenerys climbed up on Viserion, launching upward. But instead of rising, he drifted right and his claws shot down and gripped around Barristan and effortlessly lifted him up off the ground.

“What the hell is this! Put me down!” Barristan cried out, but Viserion the spoiled child ignored him and flew fast back to his injured brothers.

The Loremasters were already walking around the dragons like doctors examining their patients. And in all actuality, they were.

Drogon eyed them warily but did not protest. He had seen these strange creatures aiding their mother. He knew they were coming to save Rhaegal. His dear brother was near spent. He was prostrate on the ground, his whimper painful to hear. Rhaegal’s breath labored. Drogon could feel the severe internal bleeding in his brother. An artery had been pierced. He was bleeding out.

Drogon saw Viserion returning with their mother and his crush and gently set down the protesting Barristan Selmy. All the dragons liked Barristan immensely. He was loyal and true to their mother - it was just that Viserion was unseemly with his man crush.

Their mother came running over with Barristan close behind.

Barristan could feel the anxiety in his Queen. He could see that Rhaegal was pale. His eyes were glazed, and his tongue lolled out his mouth. His breathing was labored.

He watched the Loremaster he had fought with produce a large, shallow bowl from within his tunic and put it on the ground. Then he put the tip of his stave into the bowl. The thirty ur-viles that had come with the Loremasters formed a small wedge around him and began to murmur in their strange, barking language.

A dark, potent liquid poured out of the iron and quickly filled the bowl. The Loremaster took the bowl and put it before wounded dragon. Rhaegal sniffed at the bowl and then started to lap up the liquid.
Immediately his eyes lost their glaze and his breathing steadied. The bowl was refilled and put before Drogon now. He drank it with quick flicks of his tongue.

The other Loremaster came before them and pulled out a small bowl filled with liquid and offered it to Daenerys. It too was filled with the dark ichor. She sniffed it and wrinkled her nose.

“What is it, Dany?”

“I don’t know. It smells like molded leaves and rot.” She eyed her wounded dragons. They had definitely revived. She drank deep as well, trusting her benefactors.

Barristan was thankful when he saw all of her exhaustion fall away. Dany pulled the towel off her face, and the deep cut now only trickled blood.

Barristan wondered if there was no end to these ur-viles’ abilities and magic.

The Loremasters again focused on Rhaegal. All watched with rapt attention. Twenty of the ur-viles moved to get in front of Rhaegal. A bone stave was run up into his mouth. They began to chant and liquid poured out the bone tip and the dragon drank it down greedily. His eyelids became drowsy and drooped to slits. They continued to chant while a few ur-viles went to various spots on Rhaegal’s body and placed their hands on him, focusing on chakra points and murmuring. They flowed their own vitality into his spent body.

The two Loremasters gripped the bolt that had sunk deep into Rhaegal’s body. Their strange double thumbed hands gripped the shaft. Chanting louder and louder, their thin shoulders hunched and then arms surged up ripping the shaft out of Rhaegal’s body and throwing the metal bolt far away.

The second Loremaster fell to its knees and shoved its slender forearm into the wound. Barristan could see muscles work as the creatures hand worked inside the injury.

Daenerys gasped.

“What is it my Queen?”

“The bleeding has been staunched,” she said, awed. The ur-vile pulled out his arm covered in steaming dragon blood. The first Loremaster produced a long segment of bone and shoved it into the wound. They now worked their stave tips into the wound and chanted with a staccato rhythm.

The wound was soon sealed up with nascent scales having formed. The ur-viles circled their iron tips, healing the wound even more.

Rhaegal was asleep breathing easily now.

Finished, the ur-viles moved to Drogon and his lesser wounds. Ten ur-vile moved in and pressed into the black dragon’s chakra points, murmuring. Drogon relaxed.

Five of the ur-viles motioned for Drogon to open his mouth. He did as they knelt down and they placed their iron bars between his teeth, side to side. The dragon bit down on the metal shafts as the ur-viles gripped the ends, chanting and their bodies rhythmically swaying.

The Loremasters got together by end of the spike jutting out of Drogon’s tail. Faster than the eye could truly follow, their blades went up and back and came down together and hit the end of the bolt, the blow slamming the bolt out of the dragon’s tail.

Drogon’s scream was loud and raw. The iron in his mouth and the magic emanating out of the bars
ameliorated Drogon’s pain. In quick motions the Loremasters inserted a bone shunt into Drogon’s tail. They chanted, placing their blades on each side of his tail and soon it had nascent black scales forming and closed the wound.

Finally the Loremasters moved to Drogon’s wings and lightly traced their iron tips over the rents in them. Before Barristan’s eyes a latticework of magic appeared. Then, in from the edges of the tears in his wings, nerves, blood vessels, muscle and sinew crawled up the magical latticework until the wounds had been healed. The skin was left luminescent and raw.

The ur-viles did not wait to be congratulated or thanked, and ran back to their brethren at the hill.

Daenerys climbed back up on Viserion who rose up and gripped Barristan and flew them back to the Khalasar before flying back to his brothers. The three slept pressed together, sharing body heat as they healed.

Daenerys’ Blood Riders were busy organizing her new Khalasar as they instinctively knew how to do what was necessary to bind the Khalasar to the Queen’s and new Khal’s will. The battle had been won, but at great cost. Over two thirds of Barristan’s warriors were dead or badly injured. Close to half of the ur-viles were dead.

He asked Jhogo to find water and sinew so he could sow his Queen’s face back together.

He asked Rakharo to find out where the hell the Dothraki had gotten those scorpions. That surprise had nearly undone them. Soon Jhogo returned with sinew and a needle.

Daenerys was dabbing a blood sprinkled towel to her face. Several women were trying to attend their new Khal.

“Well … I won’t be using my beauty to conquer Essos and Weseros.” His Queen joked weakly.

“There is more to a person than their looks, Daenerys.” Barristan replied.

He was about to start sowing the Queen’s face back together when the two Loremasters came up to them, barking loudly and then calming down. They gently pushed Barristant up and away with their superior strength.

“What are you doing?! I need to clean her wound and sow it shut!”

“Barristan … leave them be. They have only served faithfully.”

The Loremaster that had fought with Daenerys held out his hand. Daenerys looked confused for a long moment, and then realization lit her eyes. She pulled out her dirk. The Loremaster snatched it out of her hand and the second suddenly held her head in a vice grip, holding her head over at an angle.

Alarmed, Barristan started to draw his sword. He was too late. The first Loremaster slashed Daenerys’ dirk down the wound precisely.

They backed up as suddenly as they had moved forward. The dirk was not covered with any blood. They handed it back to Dany.

Barristan gaped. Her grievous wound had been healed entirely. Only the thinnest of scars remained, barely even visible.
The ur-viles formed their wedges in unison, and then bowed in unison. After bowing to Daenerys Targaryen they were up and running away in all directions. They were gone within seconds.

Daenerys had risen as well, fingerling her wound. Tears ran down Barristan’s cheeks. Her beauty had been restored.

Daenerys got up and went to the corpse of Jhaqo. She fisted his hair and pulled his split, ruined head up twisting his hair into a knot to pull the halves of Jhaqo’s head together. Her Valyrian long dagger easily slashed though his locks. She held up the dead Khal’s hair that tinkled with silver bells.

Daenerys had the first of her own bells.

When asked what to do with Jhaqo’s body, she instructed to have it burned. All were surprised. Her Blood Riders said the cur did not deserve the honor.

Daenerys overrode them. She reminded them that Khal Drogo would be waiting for Jhaqo up in the heavens. Her Blood Riders were suddenly enthusiastic to begin building Jhaqo’s pyre.

Barristan had to know. “My Queen—why didn’t you tell me of these ur-viles? Why didn’t you factor them into the initial attack? We could have formed a totally different plan and one much less dangerous” he finished in a mild scolding tone for withholding this vital information.

“I wish I had known Barristan. I was beaten. I was accepting my death when I suddenly knew what to do with this dirk you found on me back in Vaes Tolorro. I heard in my mind “you will know what to do when the time comes. You can only use this once.”

Barristan sighed. Of course it would only be the once.

“The knowledge just appeared unbidden in my mind.” Dany pulled out her dirk and looked at the strange runes on it. “I had always wondered what it was for” Dany spoke as she turned it over in her fingers. Barristan saw that she had no cut or even scar on the back of her hand.

Barristan let it drop. It was obviously magic and that was totally beyond his knowledge and purview.

They spent the next week consolidating their control over Dany’s new Khalasar. Barristan discovered that the last city Jhaqo’s Khalasar had threatened had given them scorpions as an offering. Callakko told Barristan that Jhaqo had foreseen Dany’s need for revenge and prepared for it.

Barristan had been impressed. Jhaqo had thought outside of his Dothraki comfort zone and nearly defeated them. Barristan would never underestimate his Queen’s enemies again.
Bitter Negotiations

Chapter 18

Bitter Negotiations

Three Years Ago

Barristan / Daenerys / Illyrio / Barristan / Daenerys / Barristan / Daenerys / Barristan

Barristan

Barristan spent the next few days after the battle watching Daenerys and her Blood Riders assert their control completely over their new Khalasar. A few knots of men had refused to accept the new world order; Daenerys fought and killed the leader and his strongest lieutenants. Her Blood Riders decimated their followers. After the third instance, any resistance faded. Daenerys’ collection of bells had passed twenty-five.

Barristan organized the collection of the dead and the building of pyres or digging of graves for the warriors whose customs dictated those forms of burial.

He had been shocked at how badly ruined the Dothraki were that had fought the ur-viles. Bodies mangled by hideous burns that ate through their bones, and flesh sliced to ribbons. Barristan couldn’t help but wonder how much worse the carnage would be if the creatures ever attacked at night.

Seeing through a sense of smell rather than through eyes, these ur-viles would have been almost unstoppable on a moonless night, attacking their foes as the humans fought blind.

They had gone to collect the ur-viles as well, but their bodies had decomposed to a thick, viscous soup that the ground hungrily sucked into its pores. Over the next days wild flowers and new shrubs sprang forth, growing profusely from the spot of each dead ur-vile body.

He and Syrio talked about the bravery of the Dothraki. They had recklessly fought, throwing themselves headlong into the battle. The ur-viles were simply beyond comprehension. Neither had heard anything about their origins and they wondered where they had come from. Their allegiance to Dany was both touching and frightening. If strange, magical creatures were bowing to Daenerys Targaryen, then she was indeed the Queen.

They were both as proud as fathers in reviewing her fighting prowess and bravery. She had thrown herself into the midst of battle, always seeking out the greatest fight and throwing herself into the fray, slaying her enemies. She had used their philosophies and martial training to become an almost perfect weapon.

And now after battle her charisma was completely bowing the Khalasar to her will.

While the supplies of the Dothraki had been ravaged, there were still plenty of stores left to feed the Khalasar in the short term. They had no pressing need to go foraging for prey and wild tubers and grains. Barristan watched the Queen moving among the women and gathering supplies. She soon had the prerequisite items she needed. She and several cooks sat down, preparing a large meal.

Barristan observed Strong Belwas moving around the cook fires, drooling as Daenerys cooked. Several times she had to shoo him away as he whined that he was hungry. His fighting had drained his strength and reserves. He would put the back of his hand on his forehead and moan that he was
piqued, staggering around while grumbling: “the vapors, I have the vapors—I’m famished!” Daenerys rolled her eyes as she cooked.

Eventually she called Belwas over, and he started weeping seeing the special cheese and locust dish he craved. He sat down and started shoving handfuls into his mouth.

He was nothing if not grateful and courteous. “Mmpfff fffpphhh nmmpfffl uummmmm mmmpfffl slllurrrppp mmmmmm sslllurrrppp mmmpfffl uumppfffl!” he thanked Daenerys profusely.

Once the dead were burned and buried, they slowly prepared to depart. Callakko had said he did not want to be the new Khal of Daenerys’ Khalar. He observed they wound up dead, and he wanted to remain living. They had found Khoko to lead Daenerys Khalasar.

Barristan had come with thirty warriors and would be leaving with only elven. Each loss as it had always been for him was bitter.

After a week, they finally left. Drogon had already gone four days prior with Viserion to hunt and roam. They returned with two wild sheep they fed to Rhaegal. Rhaegal had continued to recover from his near fatal wound, and was ready to leave too.

Barristan watched Daenerys call in her dragons who, as always, came to her even as the echoes of the whistle she sometimes used for effect faded. The Dothraki looked on, amazed at seeing the massive shapes winging in from southwest. They landed, and sought affection from their mother. Then Viserion hopped over and rubbed and purred all over Barristan, embarrassing him but also secretly thrilling the old knight as he rubbed Viserion’s lips and nose the way he liked.

“Barristan, I will meet you back at Vaes Tolorro. It is time we launched our campaign against the slave cities but first, I am going to fly the Dothraki Sea and deal with the other Khalasar that are too close. I am sure sight of my dragons will infuse them with a hearty dose of fear. I will need to eventually bring them to heel. I can’t have my flank constantly under threat of attack.

“Soon, my general and friend, we will begin our conquest that will one day bring us back home.”

“General?”

“Yes. You will lead my forces. Together we will make history!”

She had flown off then with her dragons. He had longed to go with her, but no one aside from Daenerys could endure the heat that now emanated from the bodies of her sons.

Barristan had much to consider. He needed to prepare a strategy to roll the cities up along the rim of Slaver’s Bay and also move inland to conquer key cities at main crossroads along the Dragon Road and the trade routes in the hinterlands. They would also take claim of resource areas of mining, inland ports on rivers and lakes, and integrate any mercenary companies that were willing to pledge allegiance to the new Queen of Westeros and Essos.

He would also need to implement the explicit directives of Daenerys Targaryen. Under pain of death there would be no rape. Nor would she tolerate the looting of cultural treasures. She had found the road to Vaes Dothrak to be a rape of culture. The last prime directive was that all nobles that they were about to bring down would not be violated.

This would prove to be very difficult.

The freed slaves would demand revenge. The human heart could be a most cruel task master.
Daenerys

Daenerys was exhilarated. She had survived her first battle and triumphed. She knew she had made mistakes, but it did not matter - she had won. She would take her aid in any way shape or form.

The ur-viles had saved her ass. Their savagery and power had kept the Khalasar at bay long enough for her to confront and kill Khal Jhaqo. Their entry into the fray had allowed her to overcome her tactical failures. She had to give Jhaqo credit for coming up with the use of scorpions; Dothraki had never before used siege weapons!

She rose up in the air on Drogon, heading out to the Dothraki Sea. She needed to make sure that no other Khalasars were near her own. She had control of it, but did not want to stress them with immediate combat.

She spread her dragons out and rode up high into the sky, then circled them out to the north, east, and west.

She reflected on the battle. It had elated her to finally fight her enemies and crush them in battle. It had felt so good killing Jhaqo. The man had been a bastard, and she enjoyed seeing him ripped apart by her own sword. She also had enjoyed the spoils of her victory, partaking of the food and wine of her new Khalasar. She had let Strong Belwas loose on a wagon full of ripe goat cheese. How could a man eat that much?

The first two nights after killing Khal Jhaqo she had been kept busy, putting down the few rabble rousers who appeared and adding more bells to her hair. She had felt the simmering battle lust in her blood and in her wet, aching loins.

The third night she mounted her fillies. She had so many young, nubile and even not-so-young Dothraki women seeking her bed. They wanted the honor of sleeping with the new Khal. The women were intoxicated by the fact that a woman was the new head of their Khalasar. Daenerys partook of so much sweet pussy. She fucked women to exhaustion, and then took yet more women to her furs fucking them in the open so all could see.

She was the Mare who mounted the World! Her women came to her already so wet, and cummed over and over in her mouth or on her fingers or with hard tribbing, aching cunts on sloppy wet quim or on soaked thighs and hips. She devoured and partook from dusk to deep into the night.

Daenerys smiled at how the women fingered the new scar on her face. They found it alluring, showing her to be a warrior. She had loved how she was over small Titanni grinding their soaked cunts together with her swirling hips. As Titanni rose to orgasm she traced the scar on Daenerys face, her other hand clutched hard on Dany’s muscled bicep, the dothraki’s back arched high, her fingers digging into Daenerys face as the twenty-four year old screamed over and over in orgasm her body convulsed with ecstasy.

Daenerys traced her scar, so thankful to the ur-viles for their parting gift.

Callakko came to her the seventh morning. “You can have your fill of all the fillies you want Khaleesi. I see that you are quite an accomplished lover. But, you will need to select a man as your consort when the time comes.”

“I will not! I will take a woman as my Consort and wife!”

“You do not know how the world works, young Khal. In your battle lust we all understand. But to rule you must have a man at your side. If you don’t, you will leave yourself open to factions who
will deem it unnatural and wrong. You must have a strong man as your Khal, Khaleesi. You must produce an heir. I am not a Maester from the Citadel but I am pretty sure that two women cannot produce an heir.”

“I will have her lay with a man to produce an heir, then.”

“I fear no man of power would do that, my Khaleesi. Powerful men want to rule. As do you. You surely can understand that.”

She had not liked his answers one bit. She was the Mare that would mount the world. She would create a new world order.

She circled her dragons out further into the grass sea. By the end of the third day she felt much more comfortable. The nearest large Khalasar was near Vaes Dothrak. It would take at least a month for the Khalasar to come far enough southeast to threaten her own.

She had spied a small Khalasar near the middle of the vast lake to the East. It seemed to have only three or four thousand riders. She had had a personal history with Jhaqo. She needed to know how hard it would be to conquer other Khalasars.

Barristan would soil his armor. She flew her dragons down out of the morning sky. They burned long swaths of grass all around the Khalasar, the horses going wild in terror. She watched the women running to and fro with their children and the men milling around, confused and shouting uselessly.

She swooped in fast and furious with Drogon, dismounting before the Khal. She shouted that she had killed Khal Jhaqo and was now the new Khal of his Khalasar. She challenged any to fight her for the right of this Khalasar. A Dothraki named Pozzatho came forward. She offered to let him live as her general of this Khalasar, if he would only bend the knee and swear allegiance to her.

He had laughed, saying that Jhaqo must have had some wasting disease or wanted to be a woman if this “small prairie dog” wanted to challenge him for his Khalasar.

He had died with his head spinning off into the grass. His Khalasar quickly submitted. His blood riders followed their Khal into death. So be it. She easily found three young Dothraki men full of zeal and fire to take their place, naming Assilo as the new Khal.

She found Pozzatho’s head in the grass, shaking it to get the flies off. She cut out his eight bells. Her collection continued growing.

She told them to drift south down the shore of Vraris Loch. They would come when she called. She would be back with her dragons if they failed to do her bidding.

Assilo punched his chest declaring his unswerving allegiance. “I will be true my Khal! The Mare who mounts the World!”

Daenerys liked the man. He knew who was in charge. Daenerys Targaryen!

When she arrived back at Vaes Tolorro she was greeted as the conqueror she was. For her true Khalasar she held up a string with all of her new bells. Her attendants had gasped and cooed, anxious to weave them into her hair.

To the slaves who gathered close calling her mother, she told them that soon, very soon, she would begin her conquest of Slaver’s Bay starting with Qarth. The cheers were deafening. She had the slaves inventorizing their skills. Many had logistical and clerical abilities. Others were craftsmen and
artisans. She would use them to start the building of a new world order.

She hoped to be able to find some nobles she could work with. There had to be some men and women who did not have their souls corrupted by the slave trade.

She went to bed after taking a sweet pleasure slave from Astapor with her. They had fucked long into the night, their repeated screams of ecstasy sweet music to Daenerys ears.

She would prove Callakko wrong. The world couldn’t be that backward. Could it?

Illyrio

Illyrio was nearing his destination. He had left his comfortable home in Braavos to meet this upstart Queen in the desert. Barristan’s reports were making Daenerys Targaryen out to be some kind of goddess come to Earth. He had a hard time squaring this woman with the frail, scared child he remembered being given away to Khal Drogo.

She had indeed grown mightily if Barristan’s reports were to be believed. He needed to inspect his holdings and partnerships in Slaver’s Bay anyways. He had made the circuit three times when he was a much younger man. He had an abhorrence to the slave trade, but he was not about to let that get in the way of making profits.

He had decided though, that it was time to do more than hedge his bets. According to Barristan the young Queen was soon to start her conquest. Illyrio was still shocked that the woman was delaying her quest for her homeland to first take on the slave cities.

Illyrio had asked Barristan repeatedly about this. Daeneyrs was going to destroy the slave trade? Why? She was a Valyrian of pure noble birth. Their race had been enslavers, not liberators. It made no sense.

Barristan assured him that Daenerys Targaryen meant to smash the cities. He had asked for clarification. She was going to set herself up as the new master? No had been the response. All of the slaves would be freed. He had found that unbelievable at first, and bad for business.

But, upon deeper contemplation, he acknowledged that great change always caused confusion which caused opportunity. He would be prepared and would be able to swoop in and provide for the new slaves and their newly destitute slave masters. He had told Barristan that he planned on taking a few slaves from the noble families that had caused him many problems over the years.

He had been told ‘no’ in return. ALL of the slave trade was to be abolished. Any who did not accept this would be crushed and destroyed. Everyone who defied the Queen would be annihilated.

EVERYONE.

That was when Illyrio came off the sidelines. He was not going to commit fully, but he had to give more than tokens. Desultory support would not be enough. Illyrio got to where he was at in life by trusting his instincts.

He had inquired of his dear friend Varys. His reports had been imprecise due to distance but they indicated that the woman had an iron will and was almost supernatural in her strength, reflexes and endurance. And, very importantly, her dragons were growing to be very, very large.

Illyrio would gauge the situation in the cities himself. He sent ravens to his most powerful rival Nyesseo Hestenohr. The man had cost him big business deals and swindled him out of great profits. Then again, he had done the same to him. He truly admired him though he knew he could not trust
the man. As long as great profits were involved though, both could thrive and make ever more riches.

Illyrio left Braavos with a fleet of fifty warships and the hire of the Black Scorpions; a band of two thousand vile, evil cutthroats - untrustworthy men and women. A great mercenary company by all account.

He was challenged outside of Tyrosh but he handed the patrol captain the letter from Nyesseo, plus a large bribe of gold dragons and was allowed in without further problems.

In their discussions he helped his rival and now partner understand the new power dynamics that were about to be unleashed on the world. They could either oppose it and be crushed, or get in on the ground floor and become truly filthy rich.

Illyrio reminded the man that this woman was crushing a five thousand year old evil only because it was the just thing to do. She was putting her destiny off merely to end slavery. She was doing this for no profit and no gain. She may indeed lose her life in this new quest, and yet she was not hesitating. Did this sound like a woman who would tolerate avarice?

Nyesseo Hestenohr had finally agreed. He then told Illyrio he had someone he wanted to meet in the morning.

The next day Illyrio met with Jhalando Khal, the Emissary of the Summer Islanders. He was in port with three swan ships. They were here on a goodwill mission to strengthen ties between Tyrosh and the Summer Islands.

The man listened intently. He had heard whispers of some pale woman warrior deep in the red waste. He was totally fascinated with her intentions of destroying the slave trade permanently. There would be no new slave master rising up to replace the old.

Illyrio noticed how the man’s eyes glittered at that. He immediately committed to their endeavor. The next morning, the Typhoon Master sailed from port on a mission to urgently reach the Summer Islands and confer with the Queen. The Emissary would sail with Illyrio and Nyesseo to meet this Queen.

Nyesseo committed fifty ships of his own, not to be outdone by his partner. He hired the Manticore Ravagers mercenary company. Four days later they set sail with the two Summer Islander ships, soon out of sight scooting the way for any pirates or brigands.

Illyrio and Nyesseo stopped off in each Slaver City in turn as they worked west to east. They left their small fleet well off the coast, not wanting to alarm or antagonize the cities they visited. The men checked on all of their holdings and business ventures.

In each city Illyrio probed gently to see if there was any amelioration in any of the noble families. There had been none. They were as arrogant, contemptuous and haughty as ever. They had been in existence since the birth of the sun, they spoke in hyperbole. Why shouldn’t they? They had been in charge for five thousand years.

Illyrio would be happy to see them fall and burn. What was the word? Yes, Dracarys.

They had sailed around the rim of Slavers Bay putting their new orders in place. They pulled investments out of one place and into another to lessen the damage a change in order would cause. The high noble houses were a lost cause, but they found some ears in the lesser houses and merchant classes. They would be the foundation of the new order.

Finally, they were at Qrihq Harbor. It was in all actuality just a small anchorage rather than a deep
harbor, but supplied enough protection from the seas if the weather was not overly rough. It had been going well for Illyrio over the last year and half as he sent small caravans to the Queen at Vaes Tolorro.

He also maintained a small rookery there. He had built many rookeries around the rim of Slaver’s Bay, hidden within small coves, then up along the east coast of Essos to bring him word quickly. He was very glad he had made the investment, it had enabled him to act quickly now that the time had come.

The anchorage was just large enough for the small fleet to find refuge. Nyesseso and the Summer Islanders would stay on the coast as he journeied inland, neither comfortable in such an inhospitable place. Illyrio would not let anything stop him from forging his destiny with his Queen.

It took nearly three weeks to make the journey with the nomadic guides leading them through wastes to hidden springs and fodder for the horses. They arrived at Vaes Tolorro refreshed.

The Queen had arrived back from her conquest of the Dothraki several days before. She met Illyrio several hours after his arrival.

She was in Dothraki dress and in her hair more than thirty-five bells chimed softly as she walked. Illyrio was suddenly very thankful for his decisions regarding this woman. She was a Khal now!

He could not believe the transformation he saw in her. She had not grown much taller and was still petite of build, but that was the only thing that was the same.

When he had last seen Daenerys Targaryen she had been a small, weak thing. Now she walked with what many would think was swagger or bravado.

Illyrio knew it for what it was. Supreme confidence backed up by sheer ability.

“My Queen. I have come to bend the knee to you.”

“You don’t speak for Braavos, Illyrio. You helped sell me off like a piece of chattel. I was a mere cheap bauble to you and Viserys. Should I forgive that?” the young woman spoke, her violet eyes filled with the fire of challenge.

Illyrio bowed his head. “All true. You were just a pawn in the Game of Thrones, then. Now you are Queen. The Queen is even more powerful than the King in all reality. I think the Dothraki would call you the ‘The Stallion that Mounts the World’.”

“That is Mare Who Mounts the World!”

“True Braavos is a free city, but all cities are led by great men and women. I am but the first to bend the knee. The free cities all will follow a winner, Daenerys Targaryen first of your name. I assume you have your army now? Where is Barristan?”

“He is on his way back and yes Khal Jhaqo is dead, killed by my own sword. I must thank you for your precious gifts. They served me well in my conquest. I am indebted.”

The fat man of Braavos was thankful for his caution two years ago. He had helped facilitate the movement of the mercenaries to the very anchorage his ships were now in. He had a representative on the ship, along with Robert’s representative.

He was playing both sides to see which would prove the stronger. Whose side was the fates were on? When the decimated company made it back to the ship without the body of the Targaryen,
Illyrio’s agent acted. His agent killed the Iron Throne’s representative and negotiated with the mercenary company, paying them only a fifth of the agreed sum. After all, they had no body.

Illyrio’s agent sailed back, stopping off at Lyse to procure the body of a Valyrian girl of pure lineage and the appropriate age. This corpse was given to Robert’s men when they anchored at King’s Landing, the body preserved in ice.

Illyrio’s word had been enough to settle the manner. He told the King in a letter he wanted to put the misadventure behind him, that he had made a terrible mistake. Robert had probably drunk a keg of ale in revelry.

Now he was giving his total support to this very girl. Some things were better left unsaid.

From there Illyrio found the Queen most receptive.

She was thankful for his ships and the mercenary companies he was providing. She was going to fly to Qarth to see if they would be open to joining her cause and give up the slave trade.

Illyrio scoffed at the notion and told her it was pointless. Daenerys wanted to give them a chance regardless. He told the Targaryen that he had visited all the slave cities to the east and they would never surrender their lives blessed on the back of slaves.

She was undeterred. She would do what was necessary to end the slave trade. She would not leave one stronghold left - all would bend the knee or perish.

For the next week he waited for Barristan and the rest of her warriors to return. They arrived in the late afternoon sun, dusty and tired but happy to be back home and in the presence of their Queen. The Khalasar and slaves greeted them as heroes. That night all the men and women were repeatedly bedded but Barristan who found it all beneath him. His honor, his loss Illyrio thought.

Barristan came to Illyrio that night to report how the Khalasar had been taken. Illyrio was soon enthralled by the tale of sheer savagery and gallantry displayed by both sides.

Barristan had only the highest regard for the Dothrak’s frightening prowess.

Illyrio’s mouth hung open at the appearance of these strange ur-viles. Someone with some skill had drawn several pictures of them for him to reference. They were hideous to behold, and totally in service to the Queen. Again he was so thankful he had chosen her side in the coming conflict. These ur-viles were horrifically powerful.

Barristan reported that at least ten thousand Dothraki had been killed by the combined forces of Dragons, ur-viles and human fighters. Barristan was nothing but honest and fully reported how close the battle had been - it could have gone either way.

Barristan reported they had survived their baptism of fire. They would not make the same mistakes again. Never again would he or his Queen underestimate their foes on the battlefield.

The next night the Queen held a small banquet in his honor. He noticed she was still clad in a simple dress and ate with her people.

The woman was most strange indeed.

He watched as Strong Belwas ate two whole lambs, still complaining that he was starving. He drank prodigious amounts of wine on top of it. On his fourth lamb he fell face first into the carcass, snoring happily as the gluttony finally overcame him.
Then Illyrio called for three small boxes to be brought in.

“My Queen! I have three gifts I wish to bestow to you to show my good faith. These three gifts are precious. One is of great practicality. The second will bring forth death and vengeance. The last gift will adorn love and fealty.”

He saw that he had Daenerys’ attention as she came before him.

He opened the first box and shook out two large mats. The thin mats shimmered and flexed easily as they moved. “These are made of a rare and precious metal from Asshai. Woven with magical spells, this metal is able to deflect intense heat. Even the heat of dragons. I can see your warriors using the mats to ride on your dragon’s backs or to weave protective clothing. I have more being crafted, but the process is slow and laborious.”

He handed the first box back to his attendant and was handed the second box. He opened it up and produced a small letter.

“In this letter is the location of the Golden Lions mercenary company. I have them in my employ. I can have them anywhere at any time, my Queen.”

He saw the fires of hate and revenge light in the sixteen year old’s eyes. She said nothing, but her body was filled with a predatory grace.

The second box was handed off and a small third box produced. He gave this to the Queen.

“Open it, Daenerys.”

She did, and her eyes lit with wonder. Her small fingers went into the box and pulled out two wedding bands.

“These wedding bands were forged by the same smith who forged the swords I gave you before, my Queen.”

He could see beautiful Valyrain script lighting up and something else he could not recognize from even the short distance.

The Queen brought the rings closer to her face to read the script.

“My Queen. These are the rings that bound Visenya and Rhaenys. They had these rings secretly forged to pledge their undying love to each other. They remained married to Aegon out of duty, but gave their hearts to each other. Rhaenys always took hers off before she went into combat. When she perished, Visenya took hers off. Never to wear again. I give these to you, now.”

He watched the Queen turn the rings as the script magically moved around the bands. The script, though tiny, seemed to almost jump out of the metal making them it easy to read through the magic of their making.

“Can I ask what the script reads, my Queen?”

Daenerys looked up at him with tears in her eyes. “The first reads ‘I Visenya do pledge: The beginning of forever … Now that I have you as my wife true.’ The second reads, ‘I Rhaenys confess: I found love, and love was you … this day and always’. My gods, Illyrio. How did you come into possession of these and the swords?”

“A very powerful man who collects items of your ancient people’s heritage owed me a great debt.
This is his payment to me, and my gift to you.”

“What is the image I see circling in the rings?” Illyrio inquired after a moment.

“They are two entwined Ouroboroses sliding against each other. … so beautiful—they are the Valyrian symbol of true love.”

The Queen smiled with tears in her eyes. He knew of Daenerys’ true leanings and could only hope she would find her one true love like the Targaryen sisters had so long ago.

Illyrio felt smug. He had chosen well indeed. His friend had informed him about what happened when he asked about Daenerys firing up the rune swords. His friend had told him that Barristan must have been lying - House Targaryen was one of the weakest of the Valyrian Houses, and only the most powerful of Dragon Lords could accomplish that, and never with two swords at once.

Yes indeed. Illyrio had chosen the right side of destiny.

**Barristan**

Barristan was sitting around the war table. He looked over at Syrio. He shrugged his shoulders. Illyrio was sitting down dabbing his chin, wiping away peach and pear juice. He seemed unconcerned with Daenerys’ plan to take Qarth. Marleya Blackmyre was now part of the war council, having proven her mettle and valor on the battlefield. Her observations sage Barristan soon saw and admired.

The Queen wanted to move fast and strike hard. All knew that word would soon filter out of the Dothraki grass sea about what she had accomplished. She wanted the option of using her dragons to shock her next conquest, which she announced would be Qarth.

Daenerys wanted to roll up the slave cities from east to west. She would use Qarth as her home base to begin her campaign to conquer all of Slaver’s Bay. She would seek to establish trade with the Summer Islands, Sothoryos, and the city states of Great Moraq. She wanted to establish trade with both the azure emperors and general Pol Qo in the land of Yin. She was not sure yet who she would support, so was hedging her bets.

Daenerys had come to Barristan and told him that she would use the new heat mats from Illyrio to allow him to ride none other than Viserion, of course. She had smirked when she made the declaration. Barristan acted like he was set upon, but in reality he was pleased. He enjoyed the dragon’s affection.

The plan had been to have Syrio fly Rhaegal, but it was discovered within a quick minute that was not going to work. Once in the air the man was suffering from vertigo and nausea. When Rhaegal landed, Syrio staggered off to get violently ill. Barristan said it must be equivalent to sea sickness but in the air. Syrio’s finely tuned sense of balance could not take the natural motions of dragon flight.

She asked Strong Belwas to ride instead, and he giggled with glee. He got up on Rhaegal’s back as they used one mat to climb up on the dragon. The size of the mats required that Barristan and especially Belwas remain still.

When Daenerys asked Rhaegal if he could maintain a straight line and not cause Belwas to lose his balance, Rhaegal was so affronted that he did not speak to her again for two days.

Then, two days later it was time to seek dynasty in Qarth. They flew at a leisurely pace. They
stopped and spent the night at Vaes Qosar, the city of spiders. They ate a meal with Strong Belwas
eating four wheels of cheese, five legs of mutton and large pot of pickled locusts. He went to sleep
snoring and patting his ‘tummy’. Barristan soon went to sleep as well, his last waking vision of his
Queen staring to the southeast, anxious to meet her destiny.

They arrived over Qarth soon after noon. They flew in high and Barristan looked at the city closely
with his spy glass. He saw the people moving around likes ants in a disturbed nest, confused. They
flew down in a circling spiral from three different directions. They dragons kept jerking their paths to
confuse any potential bolts.

There was none.

They landed in the main courtyard as men yelled and women screamed. Drogon roared his defiance.
Barristan and Daenerys saw the terrorizing effect, and she ordered all of the dragons to roar for the
next few minutes, sending long tails of fire into the sky.

The city was in a panic. The dragons then stilled and the city was as quiet as a mouse in a temple.
Daenerys and her companions got off of their dragons with the white ribbon of parley tied to a spear
that Barristan held. They lounged in the shadow of her great black dragon, a small protection from
the hot sun. Heat did not affect Daenerys. Barristan and Strong Belwas drank diluted wine.

They were patient.

At a third hour past noon, they were called to meet before the terraced walls.

A small, dark skinned girl was pushed forward. “I am Missandei. I will translate.” Barristan saw the
slave collar around her neck, and he felt his teeth clench.

The small young girl introduced Xaro Xhoan Daxos, a member of the Thirteen that spoke for the
City. The Tourmaline Brotherhood, and the Ancient Guild of Spicers had their high, noble families
on the walls too. Pyat Pree of the House of the Undying was there to represent the warlocks of
Qarth.

“What do you want, Daenerys Targaryen? Why have you upset our city with these dragons? What
have we to do with you?” Missandei translated Xaro Xhoan Daxos as he spoke for Qarth.

“I have come for your surrender. A new world order has arrived. I am its agent. The slave trade will
be destroyed.”

“Yes.”

A long pause followed.

“I see. You are nothing if not confident. You have us at a disadvantage. What will happen if we
don’t accept your demands?” Missandei translated back and forth.

Barristan watched Daenerys turn to wave at her dragons.

“I will free your slaves or burn your city to the ground. The choice is yours” Daenerys shouted up to
the nobles. Her very body language one of pure confidence.

The leaders conferred with many dire looks being shot down at them.
“We will meet you tomorrow when the sun rises over the outside wall. Be gone.”

“I think not.”

“Wwhhaatttt?”

Daenerys pointed to the nearby large pyramid. “We will reside on the top terrace.”

“I forbid it!”

“DRACARYS!”

Large gouts of dragon fire filled square and shot up into the air.

“Like I said, you can have the top terrace or the whole Pyramid if you so desire. The family of Grizmok mo Rhazn will vacate the pyramid. We will talk in the morning when sun clears the wall.”

They rode their dragons onto the top of the pyramid. Barristan had been told by Daenerys about her dragon’s ability to see beyond human vision. They immediately set up watch with the dragons diligently scanning the city with their infrared vision.

They shared their vision with their mother. She saw much confusion, but nothing organized. Barristan was nervous. He knew the leaders of Qarth would not surrender. He wouldn’t. They could not understand the full power of a dragon.

He was nervous but felt safe enough since they were under the flag of truce. He knew that they would have to fly off and come back and use force if necessary to break the city later.

He gave Daenerys credit for her gambit. It was worth a try.

**Daenerys**

Daenerys relaxed with her back to the wall. She had spied a caracal with the nobles moving around and jumping up on the wall to peek inside. She had watched the interpreter petting the strange cat as the nobles conferred.

She sent out her consciousness into the city towards the most ornate pyramids, slipping into various higher animals. She did not see anything going on through their eyes.

She was about to stop when she looked out of a set of eyes and saw the people she had encountered on the wall. They were conferring. She listened to their speech but it was only gibberish to her. She felt a scratching behind her ears that had Daenerys purring along with the animal. The animal started to lick itself, and she felt the tongue rasp along fur. So it was indeed a cat. The animal looked up at the person scratching it and saw it was the small interpreter gnawing her lip and looking at the leaders with hidden fury and fear.

They were planning treachery. Of course they were. She watched them for an hour discussing their plans and heard much anger, fear and confusion. They were ripe for defeat.

Daenerys did not tell Barristan. He would demand they fly off. She had to meet her destiny. As long as they did not surprise her dragons with some unseen weapons she would be in control. Her dragons had been hurt once and they watched the city very carefully looking for any similar danger.

This was why Daenerys had wanted to strike so soon. They had no warning and, thus, could not
prepare any defense. She would have her city tomorrow.

The next morning at the break of dawn they flew their dragons down to the courtyard and then Viserion and Rhaegal flew up onto the inner wall, sitting down comfortably while their necks constantly craned around to look for any danger.

At two hours past dawn the nobles came out on the wall, keeping their distance from the dragons.

Pyat Pree stepped forward along with the slave translator. “We have determined that you are indeed the child of prophecy. You have a great destiny to fulfill. This is as much a spiritual quest as physical.”

“You will need answers to this destiny. If you come to our temple,” he pointed to the north side of the city, “you will find the clues and portents you will need to reach your destiny.”

Since her encounter with the ur-viles Daenerys was able to recall fragments of her journey in the afterlife and the meeting with two great women of power. Daenerys remembered what Infelice and Linden Avery had said when she was crossing back to the world of life. That she was her own destiny. Still, she knew she may learn something useful. Her fist clenched. She sensed danger, but that did not matter. She would never back down from a challenge.

“Do you accept our invitation?”

“I do.”

“Daenerys—No! This is a trap!” Barristan called out loudly, twisted with fear for her.

“It does not matter, Barristan. I will I not shy away. I may learn something of use.”

Daenerys turned to Pyat Pree. “I will go to your temple.”

She went to Drogon and lightly climbed up on his back, then took off gaining altitude and flew in the direction that Pyat Pree had pointed in. She soon saw the House of the Undying - she was not impressed. It seemed to be dilapidated. It looked dusty and old with faded walls and the roofs of the various levels seeming to sag.

She saw a figure at the door as she landed and dismounted. She was shocked to see Pyat Pree, already waiting.

They stood before each other. “Follow these directions specifically. You must. If you do not, you will never come out. When you enter the temple you must always take the first door on the right, and always take the stairs upward. One must not enter into any room they pass, no matter what vision they see, until they reach the audience chamber - always turn right, and always head up the stairs to reach this.”

Daenerys nodded. “I’m ready”

“Then enter,” he said, pointing to the door.

Daenerys moved towards the door and then stopped looking back with a cocked eyebrow. “You not coming? Surely you are not afraid of your own temple are you?”

“This is a journey that must be made alone”

Daenerys shrugged and entered. She calmly walked, going down twisting corridors. Soon she was
seeing doors and hearing sounds that were either alluring or frightening. She walked on unaffected. She had calmed her mind the night before, and remained focused on her mission.

She simply did not care what these warlocks had to say. She was uninterested in anything they thought they knew. She felt compulsions trying to force her to look to the sides in the doors. She knew they wanted to distract her. The pull felt stronger and she smiled. She did not care, and continued on calmly.

She felt the frustrations rising up in the building. She was not playing their game. She smiled grimly.

She suddenly felt visions being pressed in on her. She did not resist; she would look. She saw various visions of men and their futures. She was not a man so did not care. She saw her beloved horse trotting in a stream under stars. She was dead, so what did it matter?

“Hahahahahaha!” Daenerys started to laugh as she walked, her body shaking with her mirth. “I don’t give a fuck about your fucked up visions. Stop boring me!” she continued walking.

Suddenly, she had arrived. She felt it. It was a large banquet hall filled with long tables heavily laden with food. She saw the room filled with men and women in the prime of their lives. They called to her to enter and join them in the feast. To come, and she would have answers.

She leaned against the wall beside the door and yawned, then looked at her nails.

She felt confusion beginning to build in the room.

The persons urged her with greater urgency to enter. She pulled out a Valyrian dagger and trimmed her nails. “Can we get this over with? I have a city to conquer.”

They stopped eating their feast and started to move towards her.

She heard them as whispers started to come to her from many different voices. She heard "mother of dragons" and "child of three". Wow, I already knew that! she thought to herself.

I came in here for this? Daenerys patience was fraying. “Can we speed this up please? I grow bored.”

She heard whispered prophesies, "three fires must you light... one for life and one for death and one to love... three mounts must you ride... one to bed and one to dread and one to love... three treasons will you know... once for blood and once for gold and once for love..."

“ENOUGH! I have three dragons, big deal. I have loved and lost and been betrayed.”

She looked around and whipped out her rune sword, the pearly blue light surrounding her slight frame.

“There is something you do not understand. … I don’t give a fuck! I am YOUR destiny!” She pushed off of the wall and marched forward, her eyes filled with wrath.

Suddenly the young, beautiful people turned hideous. They morphed into ancient and withered bodies, their flesh violet blue and even their nails and white of their eyes had turned blue from drinking the shade-of-the-evening.

Their clawed hands reached out for her. Her sword flashed out and an arm was chopped off. The form shrieked, but continued moving in.
Daenerys became a whirl of flashing sword as limbs and heads were severed but still the crowd moved in. She was not afraid.

“Drogon! Morghot nêdyssy sesîr zûgusy azantys vestras!” The building shook once, and then again. The third time the ceiling collapsed. Sunlight poured in as one very pissed off Dragon dropped down.

“DRACARYS!” Loud roars of rage filled the hall and fire blasted out of Drogon’s mouth, incinerating a large gathering of Warlocks stunned by his sudden appearance. Daenerys chopped and swirled, her blade killing and maiming. Her dragon slashed his tail and stomped on several figures. Drogon fired out great gouts of flame. She spied several Warlocks attempting to climb up Drogon’s body and she threw two daggers, piercing their necks and killing them.

In a minute it was over as the survivors fled off in various directions. She climbed up on Drogon and vaulted into the open sky above. She surveyed the temple and had Drogon set fire to both sides of the Banquet Hall, then flew off.

A minute later she was back at the outer wall of Qarth. She landed and dismounted in the courtyard, covered in dust and soot from her battle.

“I have listened to your Warlocks and found their answers wanting. Most are dead now. Surrender or die. My patience is over.” Daenerys announced with deadly calm.

**Barristan**

He watched shock ripple through the nobles. He got into a combat stance along with Strong Belwas on the other side of the nobles. They had not moved closer any to the nobles, not wanting to escalate the situation.

He had waited with anxious unease. For over an hour all had waited in nervous agitation. Barristan knew his Queen had to meet her destiny alone sometimes. He had no use for prophecy. He did not believe in it, but still, he avoided it.

He watched Xaro Xhoan Daxos produce a small war horn. His eyebrows knotted. What was this? The man put it to his lips and blew. A sharp, high pitched note rang out.

Daenerys had started, and her dragons shook their heads hard back and forth, looking stunned.

The leader of the thirteen spoke out with the slave interpreter translating. “You have overplayed your hand. In our family for generations we have had this Valyrian Dragon Horn. It was a mere ornament before, but now it has made me a great dragon lord.”

“Drogon! Come to me!” Xaro commanded the dragon. The dragon hesitated, looking at Daenerys. “Now!” The dragon flew up to land beside the group of nobles who shirked away from the massive beast.

Barristan saw out of the corner of his eye a man suddenly stand up in front of the ornate fountain in the center of the courtyard. He had been a massive warrior from the slave fighting pits. The fountain must have had a hidden trap door.

*Dammit! You can’t think of every possibility!* Barristan screamed to himself.

He started to yell out Daenerys’ name out but he was too late. The man had a massive spear.
watched in horror as the man in a fast, deadly motion hurled his spear at the young Targaryen’s back.

The spear hit hard and flung the woman forward, her body slamming down onto the paved court and laying still. The spear fell away, clanking on the stones.

Xaro Xhoan Daxos looked triumphant. He looked over at Barristan who was staring at the fallen body of his Queen. “Prepare to die, old man.” Xaro smirked. “I will enjoy having your own dragons kill you and that fat eunuch.”

He motioned to Drogon, who lowered his head. He reached up, hesitating to touch the great dragon’s toothed snout.

A motion caught their attention from the courtyard. The slave warrior had stepped out of the pool and awaited his next order. Everyone spied the female form on the courtyard stones slowly levering her body up to her hands and knees, and then standing up.

Barristan’s spirit soared. The dragon bone chain mail! The fine black links crafted so small and fine, with the interlocked links magically bonded. The mail had felt almost felt like silk in his fingers. It had blocked the spear point from penetrating.

Xaro Xhoan Daxos screamed at the warrior. He charged the white haired woman. In a whirl, the scion of House Targaryen pulled her sword out and chopped mightily at the warrior. She landed her sword into the man’s hip, sinking it deep into his pelvis. The man screamed and fell like a chopped tree. She turned back around as the man slowly died.

Xaro Xhoan Daxos looked at the interpreter, yelling at her as she blanched. She weakly spoke out: “Defend me and kill my enemies!”

Drogon lifted his head and looked down at his former master. His mouth opened wide as Xaro Xhoan Daxos looked on with triumph.

The whole mass of humanity surrounding them paused at this moment. The tableau of life and death being played out. Xaro Xhoan Daxos was rising up and down on his feet in excitement. He wanted to see a person broiled in dragon’s fire.

Barristan could not believe it. Magic had overwhelmed his Queen’s mental link with her dragons. He was watching in horror.

He watched Drogon’s head rise higher and his body breathed in.

“What!” he roared. Drogon moved in a flash, his head twisted down and his mouth slamming shut, chopping Xaro Xhoan Daxos’ body in half. His legs toppled to the terrace and his left arm severed at the elbow fell with it. The rest the dragon breathed fire over bodily remains in its maw and swallowed with a loud gulp. The other two dragons then focused on the screaming and trembling nobles.

Daenerys

“You simple fools! You think that blowing a horn means anything! You have no magic. I am magic given flesh!”

“DRACARYS!”
Rhaegal and Viserion let forth huge gouts of flaming death that incinerated large swaths of nobles on the wall. The screams of the dying filled the air.

A large group of soldiers started to run into the courtyard, down the avenues. Drogon jumped down off of the wall and breathed out fire on one column. Men’s bodies were incinerated as flesh and muscled charred to charcoal and bones melted, the metal and leather of their uniforms igniting or melting.

Drogon hopped and jumped into the other column of soldiers and crushed them to the ground with his weight. His head shot down, and he snapped bodies in half, his body pivoting his tail and whipping it into soldiers snapping bones and crushing skulls.

Then the black dragon jumped up and let out a few more gouts of flame, finishing his kills.

Daenerys looked up and her two other dragons were running down the wide top of the walls and letting out gout after gout of flaming death.

Barristan and Strong Belwas held their swords out, but had no targets to engage. Daenerys’ dragons were slaughtering the noble families.

Drogon went to her and flew her up into the air. She urged her dragon back to the Temple of the Undying and burned it down to ash from one end to the other. She looked up and saw Barristan flying down to the docks as several warships were trying to sail away. Viserion quickly burned them both. Crewmembers jumped overboard as she ships quickly sunk.

Viserion flew back and forth over the harbor. Arrows shot out from the left guard tower at the entrance to the harbor. Soon it was a flaming oriflamme.

She along with Barristan flew around the city. Whenever they spotted a group of men trying to form up they dove down and her dragons burned both the men and the surrounding buildings to the ground. Buildings reduced to slag and bodies burned to char and ash.

Rhaegal was running around the walls of the city killing anyone who came upon it. He burned and simply brushed others to their death.

Suddenly, Rhaegal took a small girl into his mouth. The young girl screamed in terror, and Daenerys realized it was the slave interpreter.

Oh No! She thought to herself in horror. Not the innocent!

Before she could think or act she watched Rhaegal lower his head and gently place the wildly kicking girl into Strong Belwas’ arms, as he gently took the gift and held the girl close to his large body. Rhaegal shot down the wall where he spied a few soldiers that had appeared. He chased them using his head to batter into their bodies, sending them toppling off of the wall to their deaths.

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Daenerys was exhausted. She had spent the remainder of the day and a long night putting down insurrections of nobles. They would rally first here and then there with mercenaries or loyal slave fighters. Barristan, Strong Belwas and herself brought in one or two dragons to burn the resistance down. Fires were raging all over the city. Whole blocks had been burned to the ground.

She kept one dragon and rider on high to keep an eye on things. The slaves were uprising and killing their masters. This was not what she wanted, but had no ground troops to put down the uprising. She wanted the old order removed but not with senseless bloodshed. Her own family’s history warned
her against that.

She had her dragons buzzing the city constantly throughout the night, roaring strenuously and keeping everyone’s heads down with fear.

It was a few hours past dawn. She had landed back where it had all started two days ago. They were worn but knew they had to keep going. Her dragons could carry on for another day or two.

She saw the slave interpreter sleeping on some furs by a wall. She walked over and bent down to shake the girl awake. Strong Belwas had been busy. He had setup a large anvil and a set of tools.

The girl awoke with fright in her eyes.

“What is your name?”

“Missandei.”

“Where are you from?”

“I was born in Naath where I was captured. I grew up in Astapor. I was sold four months ago to Xaro Xhoan Daxos to be his interpreter and to be his youngest son’s sex slave when he came of age.”

Daenerys felt her anger flare. She guided the girl over to the anvil. The girl looked around.

“I am to be your slave now?”

“I think not.”

“Then one of these great warriors?”

“Not today.” Daenerys pushed the girl to her knees. Strong Belwas picked up his tools and in a minute the girl’s slave collar was gone. She fingered her neck.

“What does this mean?” she asked looking up at Daenerys.

“You are free. I’m freeing this whole City. I will do this all along Slaver’s Bay. This is the first day of the beginning of the end of the Slave Trade.”

“You’re not going to become the new ruler of Qarth?”

“I am, but there will be no slaves. If I can get any of the families to work with me I will bring them in. Otherwise I will cast them out with only the clothes on their back if they resist.”

Suddenly, off to the left a group of slave warriors with two Qarth slave holders burst out a doorway.

Three swords were whipped out of scabbards and three dragons rose up on their toes, shaking with the desire for fresh combat.

The small interpreter ran out from Daenerys and Belwas as they tried to grab ahold of her.

She ran forward, yelling in the native language. She stopped in front of the warriors. They looked at her and a rapid back and forth question and answer conversation occurred. The small black girl pointed at her neck.

The slave warriors turned and dispatched their masters. They walked up to Daenerys. They looked
down at the small woman. They stared at the pale, thin scar on the side of her face and the scars on her hands.

Daenerys pointed to the anvil. The men stared in wonder and moved over to it.

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It was late in the day and they were barely controlling the city. The slaves were rising up in greater numbers and the nobles of Qarth were organizing. She had not have the forces to keep the city in check.

She looked out over the harbor and out to sea. She jumped up, her body rigid and she felt adrenaline pumping through her veins. She saw the first specks of ships approaching the harbor.

First it was one. Then a second and a third appeared. Then across the horizon dots started to join in. She was not ready for another battle!

“Barristan!” she yelled. He was down in the courtyard talking to a slave warrior with Missandei interpreting. He was trying to start putting together a garrison to bring the city under control.

He looked up. “I need you up here now! Ships approach!” Daenerys saw the look of doubt cross over his face. They could do major damage with their dragons, but she could see the first signs of exhaustion in her scaled son’s eyes. They only had so much more fight left in them. The air gusted around her around as Viserion landed and Barristan jumped down.

He looked out to sea and he sighed. He too knew they were not ready for another fight.

He took out his spy glass and trained it on the ships now thick across the horizon. Daenerys was impressed with the size of the approaching vessels even though they were still far out to sea.

“Well I’ll be damned.” Barristan softly exclaimed.

“What is it Barristan? Do we need to get our dragons awing? How much time do we have?”

“They are from the Summer Islands, Daenerys. I think you will be interested to see what is on the towering front mast of the lead ship. Look at the top there.” He handed the spy glass to his queen.

“You will see a flag with Two Peacocks in full bloom on it, which represents a major house I think but it is the flag riding above it in a place of honor that I want you to focus on.”

Daenerys pointed her glass at the ship that Barristan pointed out. She first looked at the ship itself. It was thing of beauty, the lines graceful for such a large ship. The three masts were towering in their height.

She saw dark-skinned men and women manning the deck and working up in the rigging. She saw archers in the rigging and along the rails. She saw men and women with swords and spears on the deck.

She lifted her spy glass up the foremast. She looked up and up, and then gasped.

Above the flag of the peacocks rode a large white flag. On the flag was the three-headed Dragon of House Targaryen.

Tears started to run down Daenerys cheeks.

EPILOGUE
“Are you ready, my Queen?” Barristan asked his liege.

Daenerys looked bedraggled in her soiled, sheer wrap-dress that clung to her alluring curves. Her medium sized, perfect breasts pressed into the material. Her hair was matted and hanging limp against her body. She had dirt on her face and makeup had been expertly applied to make it look like her left cheek had an ugly contusion on it.

“It is ‘are your ready slut?’” Daenerys corrected, enjoying how the stiff formal knight grimaced and made a sour face. “I am your bed slave, Barristan. We need to get close to them. I want to see their eyes.”

“I know Jelaera Taeneneos. I still don’t like this. Why couldn’t you get Syrio Forel to take this role?”

“Because I wanted you.” Daenerys batted her long eyelashes, making Barristan sigh. “They will enjoy seeing an older man controlling a young woman. Their dogs and will like the show of power. I want my revenge, and I want them to feel total triumph. Only then will I strike. We have prepared our little appreciation gift and I want to fully enjoy it.”

They had ridden Drogon down to the coast about forty miles below the anchorage that Illyrio had set up. The harbor of Qarth was filled with Summer Islander ships. The nation’s various factions had pledged total allegiance. They wanted in at the beginning of “this epic quest of justice and vengeance”. Illyrio’s small fleet had come in several days ago.

Daenerys was elated. She had her fleet so much quicker than she had planned, and she was not going to waste any time. She had conferred with her generals, Barristan and Syrio, the Summer Islanders and the captains of the two mercenary companies.

It was decided they would take Ax Isle. It was a land of corsairs that harried all shipping in this part of the world. She would end that blight. It would provide anchorage for her fleets that would be closer to the main shipping lanes and give her an advance base to launch her next attacks. The Summer Islanders had told the Queen that they would retain command of their ships but would follow her directives. They had complete faith in the Breaker of Chains, as they called her.

She had worked her hands raw breaking chains herself as the men, women and children looked on her with awe. This was their new ruler and she herself was breaking their chains? She was freeing them? Just who was this woman?

Of course they fell in love with her, calling her “mother”. Barristan shook his head at the memory. She naturally drew people of good heart to her.

Illyrio had arranged for the Golden Lions to meet her at this location. They had prepared well for the meeting. Several horses were brought out from the small stable that had been set up. This had been planned for weeks. They mounted their horses and Dany attached the leash to her choker as Barristan took the lead.

They went down the track for several miles till they came out of the wadi to a small plain. They saw the members of the Golden Company waiting for them.

Barristan slowly rode up to the group.

“I am Barristan, and this is my pleasure slave Jelaera Taeneneos. I hear you have expertise in killing
Valyrians. I need to have a certain family eliminated. They live in Astapor.”

Daenerys made a strangled sound and Barristan jerked hard on her collar, making her nearly fall out of her seat.

Barristan got off his horse and jerked cruelly on his leash as the small, frail slave fell off of her mount and landed hard onto the ground.

The men laughed at her plight.

Barristan jerked up his slave as she whimpered.

“I had my eye on this slut for a long time and her family would not sell her to me. I had to have her stolen. They are causing me problems. I need you to kill them.”

“We will gladly do as you wish. Illyrio says that you will meet our fee plus incentives.”

“Yes. I want the mother and her two other children raped and killed before her,” he jerked hard on Jelaera’s collar for emphasis. “Then rape and kill the mother. “I want her father to witness all this before you castrate him. Only then will you kill him, after he has suffered for several days. Do you think you can handle that?”

“Hahahaha! I think we can manage that.”

“You sound like you will enjoy doing your work.”

“Oh yeah. I always love raping girls. They are so sweet when they scream.”

“I see.”

Barristan swatted his horses hard on rump and they bolted off at a wild gallop.

The leader looked strangely at Barristan. “Why did you do that?” suspicion rising up in him as his command got edgy.

“I believe my slave has something to tell you.”

Barristan suddenly jumped to the left to the ground that gave way as he fell into the pit and rolled over, pulling the mats from Illyrio overtop of his body.

The men were beyond confused by this strange behavior. They looked at the Valyrian woman who suddenly did not look so weak and docile. She stared at them with hot eyes full of rage.

“What the fuck are you staring at, bitch?”

“DRACARYS!”

The men were so focused on the strange tableau in front of them they never saw the black dragon flying in fast behind them.

Fires hotter than any blast furnace shot out of the dragon’s mouth and enveloped the men as they instantly caught fire, their bodies broiled and charred to the bone. Their screams were loud and hideous but quickly cut off as throats were burned shut.

The flames engulfed and burned off Daenerys Targaryen’s clothes. She stood regally in the inferno as the killers of Kisseri met their violent end. She watched them burn down to a few ashen thigh
bones and broken skulls.

Barristan slowly climbed out after a few minutes to find his Queen kicking a few of the skulls out into the wastes.

She looked at him with grim satisfaction.

“Nothing can bring back my Kiserri, but I hope her poor little soul is resting a little easier.”

Barristan could only nod his head. The innocent always fell when the Game of Thrones was played.
Sansa

Sansa stood on the ramparts of Winterfell anxiously awaiting the ‘royal’ carriage of Highgarden. The outriders had come through just the day before, late in the afternoon. She had hurried out to the courtyard just as the four riders came underneath the main gate, and to Sansa, they had looked like something from a minstrel’s song.

The men were all resplendent in their tight fitting plate armor, polished so that it gleamed like mirrors in the bright sun. Their helms were adorned with ceremonial roses fashioned into the crown. The roses themselves were enameled with red and yellow paint, making them glow in the light. Green leaves and stems with thorns ran up the sides of the helms, with some of the thorns tipped with red. The roses were beautiful, and held just a hint of danger hidden amongst the flowers.

Armor that had never seen combat was polished silver. Each edge of plate fit precisely into its fitted mate. Dark green chainmail was visible at the shoulder, elbow and knee joints like the stems of a rose. The polished heels of the knights’ boots had gold spurs that gleamed brightly in the sun.

The two lead knights held high standards with two flags flapping hard in the breeze. The lead banner was a large shield-shaped flag, colored green with a large yellow rose in full resplendent bloom in the middle. Beneath the rose the saying of their house: “Growing Strong” in a flowing script of intertwined letters and roses.

Below the main standard was the flag of House Stark, the howling Direwolf snarling at its foes. It was nice touch, Sansa thought. She shivered at the romanticism of it all.

Next she looked closer at the war horses the riders were riding. The horses were adorned with silver armor also that glinted like suns come to earth. The horse’s heads were covered from behind their ears to the snout in silver armor pierced with eyelets for their ears, eyes and nostrils. Each horse’s armor was obviously crafted for each individual horse and its unique dimensions. Plates of armor went down the horses’ necks to cover their manes. A large piece of plate armor covered their front haunches, and had a raised scallop for the front of the knight’s legs to rest against, securing the rider. A large plate of armor rested on the top of the rear haunches of the horses to give full range of motion. Sansa smiled at another small armor adornment: a small ringlet of armor around the base of the horses’ tails. Armor blankets thick as undercoats were also present on each, brown with yellow cross stitch patterns adorning them. The saddles were war saddles with a shallow scoop, allowing...
the riders full motion while in the saddle. They had yellow roses stitched into the leather, giving bright relief. All of the armor on the horses was held in place by dark straps of leather looped around the belly of the beast, connected by buckles.

The visual effect of the knights and horses was very powerful to the almost seventeen year old Stark girl. The knights looked so gallant, riding tall and proud on their war horses. The horses nickered and threw their heads in restive restraint, their hooves pounding the ground as if anxious to seek and attack any adversary.

She waited on the wall of Winterfell impatiently for the arrival of the main retinue of Highgarden. The herald knights had spoken of minstrels, court musicians and mummers in the troop to provide entertainment. Sansa was ecstatic since they never had such visitors. She already had her wish list of songs she wanted to hear: The Dornishman's Wife, It's Always Summer Under the Sea, Gentle Mother, Font of Mercy, The Bear and the Maiden Fair being first in line.

Then around the bend of the road hidden by the forest, the retinue of House Tyrell finally appeared. Sansa’s heart accelerated. They had finally arrived. She was giddy with excitement. Even more knights still flanked the large ‘royal’ carriage. It was massive. The wheels were almost as tall as her five foot nine inch height. The wheels were shod in bronze. She noticed the spokes of the wagon were carved and painted to look like garlands of roses running from hub to rim.

The wagon gently jerked to and fro as it navigated the rutted road. It was flanked by ten knights with their rose crested helms of Highgarden. These knights had flowing green capes, trimmed in sable. The tops of their capes were not trimmed, but resplendent in fox fur. They carried spears with small Tyrell standards just below the tips, fluttering back as they slow cantered their horses forward.

The four herald knights went out from Winterfell and fell in line in front of the procession with standards held high. Together the whole procession then slowly approached Winterfell.

The main carriage was windowed on both sides with panes that folded out from center crosspieces. The windows were designed to open from the middle, with small awnings covering the apertures. The awnings were done up in a checkered patterns with tassels hanging down from the edges. The tassels jerked wildly with the motions of the carriage.

The cabin of the main carriage was made of wood panels with dovetail borders. The outer panels were painted green with the insets of the panels painted yellow. The main inset on the panels of the door on each side had yellow roses painted on them. The border of the door panels were enclosed in a garland of carved, entwined roses painted mainly yellow but with red, pink and purple that made the garland seem like a riot of color, displaying life and wealth to Sansa’s eyes.

The garland filled with vines that the roses sprung off of, and the dangerous thorns ever present. Beauty marked with danger was the clear message.

The top of the carriage had had two turrets on each end, with intricate scrollwork that made complicated geometric patterns that then lead up to the central adornment that was twice as tall. Two outer caps had waves rushing inward to hold up the traditional crown of Old Highgarden, painted in gay colors of red, green and yellow. The jewels encrusted in their royal crown were real. Highgarden had great wealth that they clearly wanted to advertise to all they visited.

It all made Sansa giddy. Ten supply wagons followed next, stacked high with supplies and accruements for the royals when they made camp. Between the royal carriage and supply train were four more covered carriages that carried lesser royalties and the more genteel members of the party, including the musicians and entertainers that Sansa longed to see perform.
Around this party rode fifty more mounted troops that watched over charges like ranging wolves protecting their young. These knights guarding the carriage proper were resplendent in polished armor and bore the sigils on their horse blankets of House Tyrell. They were beautiful to behold, but not as resplendent as the herald knights. Sansa watched them until the party approached the main gate, and then ran down to the inner court.

Once there, Sansa smoothed out her dark aquamarine dress. The flowing hemline was just off the ground, and the hips and shoulders were done in medium black, with ruffles stitched on the latter, making her shoulders appear larger. Her dress swept off the ground in a feathery swirl with her motions. Diamond patterns ran up from her waist and around her hips like a belt, and the back of her arms were black, while the front patterned in aquamarine velvet.

She knew Loras would be impressed with both her dress, and her own groomed appearance.

She had her face expertly made up with eyeliner to highlight her eyes, and her lashes teased out full and resplendent. Her cupid bow mouth was adorned with light red lipstick. Tully blue eyes sparkled, and her hair was teased behind her perfect ears, flowing down her back.

She knew she had to make a good impression on her possible future husband. Her stomach was fluttering with butterflies.

She was surrounded by men and women of Winterfell, each excited to have such gaily adorned visitors from the South.

Sansa watched several men leave the next transport wagon, and come up to the royal wagon. The men wore livery that was basic brown trimmed with yellow, and black trousers. The crest of Highgarden was on their breast pockets.

They opened the doors and pulled out the step down ladders, securing them into the slot holes on the wagon side to stabilize it. They then offered their arms to the royals inside.

Mace and his wife Aleria stepped out, followed by Olenna - Mace’s mother. The grandmother, though small, still seemed vital in her off-white dress.

Sansa’s parents went forward to meet the Lords of the great house of Highgarden. Her father was striking in his wolf cape. Her mother was beautiful in a dark dress that set off her auburn locks and blue eyes. They both exchanged salutations of greetings, and offered the royals of Highgarden a light fare to break their fast. Sansa smiled at her father. He was giving the ‘Guest Right’, showing they had nothing to fear in the ritual of royal good faith.

Then Loras stepped out of the carriage. He was tall in his light armor, tinted in the green and yellow of his house. She could see he was well muscled beneath the plates, with long, curly hair that reached his shoulders like a lion’s main. He took her hand and kissed her knuckles, then smirked at her with gaiety in his eyes. “You are as beautiful as the minstrels sing, Sansa Stark.” He spoke in a seductive purr.

“Puuhhleeassseeeee brother!” Sansa heard an exclamation of mirth from within the carriage. She turned to look at the open door, and a leg appeared, with a green dress caressing the long limb as a delicate hand gripped the frame. The middle finger bore a thin ring encrusted with glittering emeralds.

The herald offered his arm to the princess, and Margaery stepped out onto the steps and walked down as Loras took her other hand. She had long, brown hair in loose curls that ran down her back to her shoulder blades, and covered her ears.
Her dress did not encase her shoulders, leaving her alabaster skin exposed. Sansa felt her stomach clutch for some strange reason. The green dress had long pleats, every fourth one yellow to appear and disappear with a beguiling swirl as the Tyrell moved. The sleeves of the dress followed the lines of long, toned arms, and ruffles flowered out like garlands around perfect wrists. Long, tapered fingers were topped with fingernails that were painted dark green.

Sansa’s eyes caressed those digits. Then she looked up the dress, and saw it had wire underneath Margaery Tyrell’s small bosom, pushing up her breasts. The dress was highlighted with a choker strap from shoulder to shoulder that was dark green, and from that choker strap down to the décolleté cut dress was transparent lace that only accentuated the breast of the Tyrell teen. This was all set off with a pendant that hung around her neck, and nestled between her breasts. The pendant had a large, smooth pinkish stone in the center. The gem was enclosed by a hexagon, with a larger hexagon surrounding the smaller one, encrusted with zirconia. It perfectly set off Margaery’s dress.

Sansa was breathing a little harder, her face flushed. Her eyes devoured those beautiful breasts and her mouth watered in anticipation. *What has overcome me?* Sansa wondered, feeling her body filling with a burning, pulsing energy.

She looked up into the dark brown eyes that were looking so intently into her own. The world simply fell away, and all that existed were those dark pools. A roar filled her head. The whole world centered on those deep brown eyes staring into her soul. She was stunned, her breathing shallow and her face going pink. The flush quickly spread down her chest and up her breast as Sansa felt the heat of blood rush beneath her skin.

She felt wobbly, and Margaery gripped her arm. “It’s alright, Sansa,” Margaery whispered so only Sansa could hear her, “I feel it too.”

She felt fire where Margaery’s hands gripped her arm, and a strange warmth radiating up into her body making her heart thunder in her chest. She gasped quietly, feeling her nipples and clit tingling. Margaery slowly stroked her fingers around on Sansa’s arm in a light circle. The touch inflamed something deep inside Sansa.

Sansa’s eyes widened as she understood what her body was telling her. In the flash of a moment, she had fallen deeply and completely in love with Margaery Tyrell.

**Margaery**

The rocking and sudden dips of the royal carriage had begun to grate on Margaery’s nerves the further they traveled up the King’s Road. She had made peace with the journey north. She knew she was promised to Joffrey Baratheon, so seeing Robb Stark meant nothing to her. She looked out the window. She hated being handled like a heifer, being married off to some fucking twerp.

Her mother was so dense. Thank the seven gods for her grandmother. Her grandmother had realized early on the true leanings of her granddaughter, niece and cousins. They had such a nice, safe nest in Highgarden where they were free to love and fuck in peace. They had to keep themselves circumspect when around those outside their inner circle – but inside that circle they were free to love each other. Their grandmother had made sure no one was abusing or taking advantage of anyone else. Once she had seen this, she had helped them setup the perfect façade of innocent, familial love.

She had hated having to keep her virginity as one by one her fellow hens took each other’s, but she understood. She was worth a lot with her hymen. Since she had not found the right woman yet, she still kept her grandmother happy with her precious highborn hymen intact for some worthless and probably horrible man, or even boy.
She couldn’t think of Joffrey as anything other than a boy. She had been furious when her parents had come to her so happy, telling her that they had arranged a marriage between her and Joffrey Baratheon, and that she was to one day be Queen of Westeros. Margaery was politically ambitious, but the thought of giving her body to that sadistic piece of shit filled her with sullen anger.

A month later her grandmother had come to her. She had assured her granddaughter that she would never have to marry Joffrey, and she had Margaery take a sip from a cup. It tasted funny, and made her breathing slightly constricted.

“You just drank the poison ‘the strangler’, ” Olenna told her granddaughter. Margaery’s eyes bulged out of her sockets. She watched her grandmother chuckle.

It was only after that, that Olenna told Margaery that for the next two years, she would sip ever stronger potions of the deadly poison. Margaery was pissed at her grandmother for her moment of humor at her expense. Olenna explained that by the time of her wedding, she would be immune to the dose she and Joffrey would drink at their wedding banquet.

He would die, and she would be free to grieve with many fake tears of bereavement. She would then marry Tommen when he came of age. That would give Margaery and Olenna time to mold the seemingly sweet boy into a king they could rule through. That, and Margaery could bring her clutch of hens to King’s Landing to have the best of both worlds!

They would take advantage of Cersei holding off on marrying her eldest son. Cersei had enough common sense to see the shit needed more seasoning in hopes he would find himself. Margaery knew the sadistic fucker would never find ‘himself’ - the boy was a cruel despot in the making.

She had resigned herself to not having a good time at Winterfell. She had not been happy to be forced to go North in the first place, and she would just have to make the best of a bad situation. Why couldn’t her father talk to the mighty wolf without her? The North was so… backwards and antiquated.

On her way north she had determined to try to see it in a more positive light. It was ‘provincial’ and ‘quaint’, she decided to think. They were not backwards, just ‘rough’ and ‘homespun’. They rounded a turn in the road, and the mighty castle of Winterfell came into view. She looked out the window at the stronghold. It was hard to image that the castle, in one form or another, had been in this location for almost eight thousand years.

The walls were massive and the blocks fit tight, but it was not adorned like Highgarden, Casterly Rock or King’s Landing. It was functional only. The North said they never forget. She assumed that ‘keeping it simple’ helped them remember. Still, the castle was impressive in its own way.

After they passed underneath the main gate, she watched her family get out of the carriage. First her parents, followed closely by her small grandmother. Her parents were greeted by the great Lord Eddard Stark. They did not seem that impressed, but her grandmother had told her that a wolf in its lair was a truly formidable force. She had them accept food from the Starks as guest rite, and then made small talk as the Starks had clucked and crooned over her grandmother, whom she knew was preening and taking it all in with false modesty.

Her brother got out of the carriage and she soon heard him laying it on thick with the eldest daughter of Eddard. The file on the girl her age was that she was tall and statuesque, and quite beautiful. She would see for herself.

She called out to her hound dog brother. He always told her, “a hole is a hole, sis.”. She got out the carriage and turned to meet the lady who could potentially marry her brother.
The tall, auburn haired young woman turned slightly to look at her. Margaery felt like she had been hit in the stomach as all air left her, and her body was suddenly tingling from the top of her head all the way down to her toes, curling in their supple leather boots. She was on fire, her eyes dilating as they took in this vision from the Age of Heroes. Sansa Stark was a fair Queen of that age, reborn.

Margaery could see that Sansa felt it too. The girl’s blue eyes betrayed her blown pupils. Her breathing was getting ragged. Margaery had more control of her emotions, and took a deep breath. Her body was thrumming like a plucked string on a harp. She felt fire and passion burning through her veins. Her clit and nipples were pounding, and her pussy was getting wet.

Her mother had told her she would have to marry out of duty, and if the gods were very kind to her she may come to love her husband. Her grandmother told her that it was the fortunate few who actually found their life mate. A soul meant just for them. Her grandmother had sighed when she told Margaery this. Olenna told her granddaughter she had been born a generation too soon – and Margaery had never discovered whom her grandmother pined over.

Olenna had told her she would know the instant she met her life mate, if she ever did. Margaery now knew what her grandmother had meant. She took a moment to say a prayer of offering to gods she did not believe in, then she took a step forward and touched the tall, redheaded goddess. She felt the current of attraction and love surging between their bodies. She spoke to the girl, calming her.

She guided Sansa inside, following after their parents. Loras looked at her and Sansa appraisingly. He then nodded his head in acknowledgement. Sansa was hers.

Margaery had to prompt Sansa to answer questions and make replies to general conversation that would cycle to the dazed redhead. Margaery gripped her hand to support and claim the girl as her own. She looked over and saw Olenna looking at them, with her sharp appraising eyes. Margaery could feel her grandmother calculating and weighing options like she always did. Margaery held the piercing gaze, until her grandmother broke contact.

But Margaery knew this contest of wills was not over.

Sansa moved like she was walking through a deep haze. Margaery kept her close, whispering soothing words to her and stroking her hand. Margaery enjoyed the shiver that ran through the redhead’s body at her touch. Sansa’s pussy would taste so good in her mouth later.

“I really love your castle, Sansa. It’s so provincial and appealing … can you show me around? I would really love that.”

Sansa shook her head so enthusiastically ‘yes’ it made Margaery’s heart do funny things in her chest.

Sansa took her on a journey throughout the various houses in the castle’s compound. She was enthralled with the quiet, understated grandeur of the castle now that she gave it her unvarnished attention. The long halls with their old suits of armor and tapestries that were more than a handful of centuries old.

Sansa told Margaery the long history of the Stark family, highlighting the many great accomplishments of Sansa’s ancestors. It was quite impressive, and she hung on some of the great stories - especially Bran the Builder.

Sansa took her to the solarium greenhouse they called the ‘glass gardens’. The room was kept artificially warm by pumping heated water into the enclosed area. As they approached the doorway, Margaery looked up at running wolves chasing an elk, with a large howling Direwolf head in the middle of the bas-relief.
Margaery felt like she had entered into a magical garden. Their fruit trees were in full bloom, rebelling against the seasons of nature. Many exotic flowers in bloom filled the room with a sweet elixir of intoxicating scents.

She smiled at the blue roses that the North was famous for. She plucked one, and put it in Sansa’s hair over her right ear. Sansa smiled tremulously. Margaery moved in until her smaller body was pressed into the taller Stark, looking up at the trembling redhead. They stared intently into each other’s eyes. Sansa’s breathing began to rise, and become ragged.

Margaery cupped the back of Sansa’s head and pulled her down, slowly holding eye contact until their lips met and they kissed sweetly, with tremulous lips gently caressing. Sansa whimpered. Margaery wanted so bad to deepen the kiss, but sensed she needed to bring her love along slowly.

They went back inside to the main hall when the dinner hour had arrived. In the main hall, Catelyn Stark swooped in like a diving hawk and swept Sansa off Margaery’s arm and quickly sat Sansa next to her brother. Loras, to his credit, looked chagrined.

Margaery sat between her mother and grandmother, fuming. Olenna leaned into her granddaughter. “Control yourself Margaery, don’t overreact here … you know how to play the Game of Thrones”. Margaery calmed down. She and Sansa made direct eye contact that only Olenna and Loras caught.

Margaery and Sansa picked at their food. Margaery smiled, watching Sansa use her fork to spear peas with obvious frustration. Margaery made the conversation that was required of her, along with the expected smile.

When the meal was finished, Margaery was back on Sansa’s arm in a flash. “Sansa, do you think I can sleep with you while I am here? …I’m used to sleeping with my cousins and I don’t want to sleep alone in this big, scary castle that I am not used to.” She asked the redhead while batting her eyelashes.

She felt so hot seeing Sansa gulp loudly. The two milled around the banquet hall. Margaery could see that she was waiting for her father to move away from his wife. Finally, it happened and Sansa set off to talk to Eddard. Margaery saw the initial surprise on Eddard Stark’s face as he listened to Sansa make her case. He looked at her, squinted, and then a slow, soft smile appeared on his face.

Eddard Stark slowly guided Sansa back to Margaery. He clapped her softly on her back and told Margaery he didn’t want any of the old ghosts of Winterfell scaring her. Margaery already liked Eddard Stark a lot. He exuded calm and charm with his every breath. Margaery had seen her grandmother gazing at Eddard with long looks as well. She now knew who her grandmother had fancied when she wore the body of a younger woman.

A few minutes later, Sansa’s mother came surging over telling Sansa that she could not allow Margaery to sleep with her. Sansa needed to spend all her free time with Loras. That was her duty. Margaery saw Sansa start to wilt as her own dander started to rise. Sansa’s lips began to tremble, and eyes brimmed with tears. The Tyrell felt her heart ache seeing Sansa so distraught. But Margaery dared not lash out at the harridan.

Suddenly, Eddard was there and he told Catelyn that surely she did not mean for Sansa to entertain Loras at night in her bed. Catelyn was nonplussed, and started to splutter. She protested that was not what she had said. His riposte of “let the girls have their time Cat, you know Sansa doesn’t have any girl bonding time with Arya,” seemed to work. Eddard then led her off.

Margaery was starting to really love that man. Sansa was hers.
Sansa

Sansa was so nervous in her room that first night. She and Margaery sat on her bed, laughing and gossiping about this rival or that one. They made a show of comparing the available male suitors for Sansa. When she asked Margaery about Joffrey, she got slightly upset telling Sansa he was a fucking shit but she just knew the gods would take care of the situation.

Sansa was extremely jealous of the Baratheon even though she knew she had no right to be. The thought of him touching Margaery filled her with anger and burning jealousy.

When Sansa asked how she knew this for certain, Margaery became demure and evasive. Sansa decided to drop it.

When it was time for bed they changed into their nightgowns, chaste and long. Margaery had pulled open a large traveling case that had been placed in Sansa’s room to retrieve hers, and Sansa loved the many sharply detailed roses carved and painted on the wooden case. As always, the color yellow was predominate.

Margaery only kissed her sweetly on the forehead, frustrating Sansa. Sansa lay in bed staring at the ceiling, wondering about these new emotions surging through her body and making her pussy ache with longing. She waited until she heard Margaery’s breathing even out. She turned to look at the sleeping Tyrell with longing and a love she knew she should not feel.

The next day it was formal events with the two families watching formal displays of martial skill. Margaery had been impressed with the displays of sword, ax and bow. Eddard Stark had fought his Castellan, and Margaery had gasped at the man’s speed and skill. She had confessed to Sansa that she had thought Loras was a great sword master, but she now knew he had much ground to gain to match the skills she saw in Eddard Stark. Sansa felt such pride in knowing that Margaery saw the greatness that was her father.

Then a long, formal tour of Winterfell that was slightly tiring, going up and down the many stairs.

Sansa then decided to have her new friend met her Direwolf. Sansa had been afraid of how Margaery would react to the giant wolf. She had indeed trembled slightly, but held her ground as Lady strolled up to the Tyrell girl, her tail high and wagging. The wolf bumped into Margaery and licked her hand. The great wolf’s eyes nearly on level with Margaery. Giggling, Margaery started to pet Lady who whined in pleasure. The Direwolf immediately took to Margaery, licking her face with her long, raspy tongue. Margaery said she wished she had her own Direwolf.

That night they kissed a little more, but Margaery told Sansa to calm herself down and roll over and go to sleep. Sansa had been so frustrated. Why didn’t Margaery want to kiss her more? Sansa’s pussy was aching in need. She wanted so much more, and it frightened her. She had thought she knew what desire was. That ‘desire’ had been a childish thing compared to what she felt when she looked upon Margaery Tyrell. She wanted to take Margaery and give herself to her, even though she was unsure of what that meant, having those feeling for a woman.

She squirmed, knowing that Margaery felt the same emotions. Margaery not taking their feelings and desires to the next level was frustrating the Stark girl no end. Sansa ached to take their building feelings to the next level. She wanted to give herself to Margaery.

The next day Sansa was in heaven, having Margaery on her arm all day. She was so funny and intelligent. They discussed politics and matters of House. She loved being able to discuss such matters with someone who was just as interested in these things. Her mother said that was not a woman’s place. Margaery seemed to eat up politics and the application of power. She was so
intelligent and subtle with her thinking.

Sansa fumed a little inside. It was clear to her that in Highgarden, Margaery had not been restricted in furthering her desires to know of governing, and how to wield and work the levers of power. Sansa instinctually knew that Olenna was the true power in Highgarden and that Margaery was being groomed as her successor. What was shocking was that it was evident her parents did not. These two women may use men as their surrogates when necessary, but it would be them guiding and controlling.

That night she and Margaery looked at each other as they stripped and got into their gowns. Sansa had been so fidgety and nervous the first night, covering herself so no intimate skin was revealed. Margaery had smiled knowingly, but did not press Sansa on her shyness. Her calm demeanor quickly settled Sansa. She quickly felt her bashfulness at having another woman see her body fading. She knew her sister Arya would rather have thrown-up than share such a moment with her.

By the third night she was comfortable enough to change out of her dress and into her night gown without covering her body. Margaery, she had sensed, was very immodest about her body being exposed to her, but was being demure for her sake. Sansa needed to prove to Margaery she was her equal. She determined to let the Tyrell see her in all glory and in her imperfections.

She saw Margaery eyeing her breast that night when she let Margaery fully see them for the first time. Sansa was not happy with her cone shaped tits, and the way they hung on her chest - her nipples and areolas were capped over her breasts like candles melted on top.

Margaery caught her, shy and trying to cover her body over when she Margaery looking at her with open appraisal. She asked her to let her fully see her breasts. Sansa demurred but Margaery gently demanded that Sansa show herself to the Tyrell. Sansa dropped her arms and Margaery gasped seeing the Stark’s bosom licking her lips in obvious hunger. The sight had thrilled Sansa down to her core making her pussy wet. Margaery started telling her how beautiful they were. She had Sansa stand before her, then she demanded that Sansa straighten her shoulders and throw out her chest. Finally, Sansa did.

Margaery had continued to gush about how beautiful Sansa’s breasts were. Some lucky person would love making love to them the Tyrell had told Sansa. Sansa had caught the neutral pronoun. “I can tell they will die sucking hard on those lovely breasts and working those pink teats with a swiping tongue.” Sansa’s knees had actually nearly buckled at that, and she had to grip the dresser edge.

She told Margaery she had lost her balance.

Sansa was so flustered she did not see the knowing look in the Tyrell’s eyes, or her tongue lick her lips slowly wetting her lips in anticipation of having the Stark girl in her bed screaming in orgasms of shocking rapture. Her mouthed filled to overflowing the sweet hot girl cum from Sansa’s gushing pussy.

They went to bed, and Margaery stroked Sansa’s hair and kissed her lightly on the lips. They looked deeply into each other’s eyes in the dim light of four candles that were still lit. Margaery scooted closer to Sansa as they faced each other. Sansa could feel Margaery’s knees and pelvis pressing against hers. Margaery gave Sansa sweet feathery kisses gliding and gently pressing their lips together. Then, Margaery leaned in more aggressively. Their kisses became longer, and slowly more passionate. Margaery’s lips glided over hers, and then started to suck and nibble on them. Margaery sucked on Sansa’s lips in turn stretching them and gently teething and rolling them between her lips and tongue. Sansa was mewling in rising pleasure her body rubbing instinctively against Margaery’s body.
Sansa felt like her body was on fire. The feel of her lips being sucked on and nibbled had her pussy on fire. Her nipples were rock hard and throbbed with the need to be touched and sucked. The feelings got even stronger and better when Sansa felt Margaery’s tongue prying her lips open and brushing across her teeth.

Sansa immediately parted her teeth and Margaery’s tongue slid into her mouth. Sansa gasped hard into Margaery’s mouth. Margaery swallowed her sweet lover’s mewling. Then Margaery surged her tongue deep into Sansa’s mouth, finding Sansa’s wet tongue. Sansa groaned hard into the Tyrell’s mouth, feeling her pussy gush, soaking her mound and inner thighs. Margaery wrapped her tongue around Sansa’s oral appendage. Their tongues danced in a wet slippery entwined dance. Sansa gagged in helpless pleasure feeling Margaery’s tongue exploring her mouth and then sliding down her throat. Sansa’s body convulsed and her eyes rolled back hard into her head.

Margaery was emboldened by Sansa’s complete surrender to her advances, and enfolded the teen to her body and pulled their bodies tight. Breasts mashed into each other and wet pussies started to press into the other’s body.

Margaery eventually broke the kiss. She smiled hearing Sansa whine, with a cute pout on her face. “Kiss me back, Sansa,” Margaery softly husked, “show me your need for me—my body.” Sansa’s hand flew to the back of Margaery’s head and threaded into the long silky tresses, and mashed their lips back together. Sansa surged her tongue into Margaery’s mouth and they wetly wrestled around in frantic sensual combat deep in the Tyrell’s mouth.

They kissed for a long time. Finally, Margaery said she needed to get some sleep, still tired from the long travel. Sansa’s breathing was ragged and a light sheen of sweat had started to form on her upper lip and forehead. She was almost stunned at the cessation of their make out session. She had felt so alive and on fire!

Margaery rolled over so her back was to Sansa. Sansa moved in hungry for any contact she could get. They spooned. Sansa tentatively put her arm around the teenage Tyrell. Sansa put her hand near the girl's breast. Sansa sighed happily when the girl gripped her hand and placed it between her small breasts over her heart. Sansa wiggled in happiness but she ached for more. She was frustrated, her cunt swollen and so fucking wet. The warmth of Margaery’s body quickly lulled her anxieties as they cuddled. She could afford to wait.

She waited for Margaery’s breathing to even out. Sansa slowly started to pull her hand free and smiled hearing Margaery whine but she slowly got her hand free. Sansa rolled onto her back. She scooted away from Margaery to give her hands the room they needed. She hiked up her nightgown up over her hips. Sansa was on fire and wasted no time. She shoved her fingers into her mouth to lubricate them.

Sansa’s hand flew south and she worked her fingers between her sopping wet labia lips and slide easily up and down her drooling slit. Sansa frantically stroked her pussy and rubbed and flicked her clit. The Stark’s breathing accelerated and got deeper as she stroked her sopping muff. Sansa pulled on her nipples squeezing them through her nightgown. Sansa was no virgin to masturbation. She had slowly figured out to make her body sing. Sansa rubbed more and more urgently over her slit and now focused on her rock hard clitoris with fast frantic swipes of her fingers moving in a blur pressing in on her shiny cum soaked rubbin. Her wet cunt making obscene squishing noises as she rubbed even faster over her swollen muffin.

Sansa’s body tensed and her toes curled as she felt her belly tighten up and her thighs spasm. She pressed in harder with her rubbing fingers jacking her clit with fast rubbing fingers. Then her world exploded in shockwaves of throttling bliss.
Sansa swallowed her wails of ecstasy as best she could her body bucking and convulsing. She felt the bed quake and jerk and was thankful that Margaery was such a sound deep sleeper. Sansa gagged in helpless pleasure her mound bucking up off the bed her ass cheeks clenching to push her swollen cunt up into her rubbing fingers. She felt her face clench up her eyes squeezed shut hard as her orgasm slowly started to abet. She glanced over at the sleeping Tyrell. Sansa shook her head to get the sweat out of her eyes. Margaery was still asleep.

Emboldened with this discovery Sansa felt safe to continue giving her body the release it needed. In her raw need for more pleasure and release of sexual tension Sansa missed the knowing smirk and elevated breathing of the pretending to sleep Margaery. Her seduction was proceeding apace. Sansa would soon be hers. Totally and completely.

Over the next forty minutes Sansa jilled off three more to shattering orgasms. She would recover till the aftershocks stopped and her slit stopped jangling so hard. Then Sansa expertly plucked her body yet again; her soul desperate for the release that only masturbation and gut wrenching orgasms could give her. Sansa's body was simply on fire for the sleeping beauty beside her. Her body had bucked so hard she was afraid she would awaken Margaery with her carnal pursuits. Finally, the heat in her loins while not extinguished they had been tamped down.

Later that night Sansa was awakened. She was big spoon and Margaery’s heels jammed her shins as they kicked and Margaery's sweat slicked body rubbed back into her body. Loud strangled whimpers filled the room as Margaery’s right hand worked frantically on her pussy. “Oh Sansssssaaa suck my clit harder oh gods yessss yesss—aauugggg ggg unnggg ggg arrgggggg!” Margaery softly cried out in strangled ecstasy. Margaery writhed and convulsed back against the Stark girl.

Sansa felt fire in her body and elation in her soul hearing Margaery whimper her name while masturbating. Even more Sansa wanted to give her body and her undying love to the teenage Tyrell.

Margaery looked back to see if Sansa was still asleep. Sansa pretended to be asleep but was really watching intently with slit eyes. She watched the girl scoot away and spread out her legs. The Tyrell teenager hiked her skirt up over her hips exposing her wet swollen cunt. Sansa felt her own wet twat clench at the lovely sight. The girl touched her clit but hissed with the sensitive nubbin still jangling hard.

Margaery had been whimpering as strong aftershocks made her face slash and limbs thrash in small jerks. Margaery pulled on her hard little nipples making her hips jerk up as more strong aftershocks flooded the Tyrell's still throbbing clit. When her body had calmed after a few minutes Margaery started to jill off again. Her fingers working her sodden pussy with her own expert skills. Sansa had to bit her tongue to suppress a moan when a thick wash of Margaery musk flooded Sansa's nostrils from the Tyrell's flooding pussy. Sansa nearly gasped seeing the girl shove her fingers into her pussy deep enough to brushing her hymen. Gods Sansa wanted those fingers to be hers. Margaery’s strangled moans quickly became more and more desperate. Then the crest hit Margaery hard. Her body convulsed all over. Margaery’s body shook violently as now cries of ecstasy were only half strangled.

She looked quickly over at Sansa with the fearful look of a little girl getting caught with her hand in the cookie jar. Satisfied she had not been caught she relaxed. Only then did the tension leave Margaery’s body and she slumped back against Sansa and soon was softly snoring.

The next night Margaery asked if they could sleep in the nude like she did in Highgarden. Sansa had gulped and said “why not”. They were both girls after all. Sansa’s nipples were so hard and pussy wet seeing Margaery’s small firm upswept breast with rock hard nipples exposed to her famished
Sansa was shocked at Margaery’s smooth pussy. Margaery’s told her that she liked the feel. Sansa kept her muff close clipped but was enamored by the baby look of Margaery’s puss.

When they got in bed they immediately enfolded each other in their arms and legs entwined mouths seeking each other and kissing ravenously. They had been lightly enfolded into each other but now their bodies were pressed tight and wet quims instinctively found hip and thighs. Their bodies had complete control of their minds now. Wet camel toes started to hump and drag on smooth hips and thighs. Flowing cunt slime soaked and lubricated hips and upper thighs to make it easy to hump and grind their teenage pussies on each other’s trembling bodies.

Sansa knew they should not being this but it felt so damn fucking good. Her body demanded she continue and she could see the same lust addling Margaery’s blown pupils. They clutched their bodies tighter and now ground down hard their wildly trembling twats into each other. Sansa was already addicted to the feel of Margaery’s cunt humping her body wetly. The feel of cunt slime soaking her thigh and hip felt so right an natural to Sansa.

They kissed and humped until their orgasms exploded out spasming cunts hot cum gushing and soaking their entire groins, belly and thighs in hot slimy twat juice. Their orgasms wracked their young tight teenage bodies. Their screams of ecstasy filled the room or swallowed by devouring mouths.

They had slowly calmed down. Then Sansa cawed out when Margaery began to hump their thigh again. Sansa instantly pressed her pussy into Margaery’s cunt slimed sensual leg and tribbed with wild gyrations of her ass. Sansa’s ass cheeks dimpled hard with wild maniacal surges of her twat into the Tyrrells’s body. All too soon they cummed hard again screaming in ecstasy before their lips locked tight so they could swallow each other’s screams of unadulterated fucking bliss.

Sansa was besotted with pleasure and love for Margaery. Her pussy felt so alive. She loved to masturbate but sharing her body with the woman she was falling deeper in love with was intoxicating.

The next night she had Margaery shave her pussy and anus smooth. Then it was her turn to get the stubble off her Tyrell. She slide the razor over Margaery’s vulva and the Tyrell pulled her legs back and exposed her anus that Sansa carefully shaved clean removing the rising stubble. This intimate act even further making Sansa fall in love with the teenage scion of House Tyrell.

They ran to the bed and kissed deeply humping to shattering orgasms. Then Margaery asked Sansa to masturbate to orgasm for her. Sansa said she never masturbated scandalized but when Margaery raised an eyebrow she blushed hot and slowly spread her legs and masturbated. She worked her breast like she loved and then slide her hands down to her pussy and stroked her kitty to a screaming orgasm.

Then Margaery jilled off as Sansa saw her fork her clit and squeeze jutting it up so her right hand could rub the clit squeezed out its hood. The shiny nob so hot looking as Margaery’s fingers blurred over her clit. Margaery’s screams of orgasm were deafening.

Then Margaery got them to sit up against the headboard shoulder to shoulder. Margaery hooked her leg over Sansa’s leg. She reached over and played with Sansa’s pussy and Sansa groaning reached over and started to play with Margaery’s pussy. They gasped and writhed. Margaery bent over and siphoned in Sansa’s nipple and sucked hard her tongue rasping Sansa’s steeple areola. Sansa’s world exploded in shocking pleasure. Again and again raw aching pleasure exploded in Sansa’s belly and ripped out her convulsing cunt hot juices sloshing out her spasming quim. The bed was soaked beneath her twat that still dribble out milky cum.
Soon Margaery’s head was slamming back into the headboard as Sansa rolled her clit and tapped it hard with thumb. Margaery screamed so loud and sweetly for her.

Then they rolled down onto the bed and clenched rolling around on the bed kissing with fuck hunger as they humped and stroked their heated pussies to multiple orgasms. They finally went to sleep with sweat and cum soaked bodies pressed tight together.

Sansa would be washing Margaery’s body tomorrow morning in the heated water they would use to take a sponge bath. She relished the thought of running her wash cloth all over that glorious body cleaning off all the dried cum covering Margaery’s body. Sansa ached to make true love to Margaery as they went to sleep snuggling and smiling in love.

**Eddard**

Eddard was in the meeting room he used when meeting with high nobles. The beams were massive, supporting the ceiling darkened by centuries of fires burning in the hearth. He looked up at the beams wondering just how many of his ancestors had met in this room before him.

This hall would not have seen the progenitor of House Stark, Brandon the Builder. But it had seen Rickard who defeated the Marsh King and married his daughter, bringing the Neck into Winterfell’s realm under the lordship of House Reed. He had recently reread the tale of how the Mormonts were granted Bear Island when King Rodrik Stark won it from the Ironborn in a wrestling match. So much history had been seen in this hall.

The walls were covered with large tapestries that depicted these stories, and others. Prominent among them was the story of Bran the Builder and his building of the initial Wall and Winterfell with the help of Giants. One tapestry showed Bran going South to help build Storm’s End, and putting in it the magical spells of binding that to this day kept the keep’s walls strong against the raging sea.

Several tapestries depicted the Starks who helped repel many major wildling invasions, such as when they and their Umber bannermen defeated Kings-Beyond-the-Wall like the brothers Gendel and Gorne, as well as Bael the Bard, who both sired and fought a Stark.

These meeting were not nearly so grand or bold. No tapestries of these times would be hung on the walls here in this room, or even the least of rooms or halls.

He and Mace had spoken of the dissipation of Robert Baratheon and the rising heir, Joffrey Baratheon to the throne. They were both very displeased, bordering on major disquiet with the happenings in King’s Landing. Robert was depleting the realm’s coffers in senseless tourneys and mindless banquets. The kingdom was bleeding dragons. His poor leadership was inspiring graft and corruption.

Mace had put out feelers for a rebellion, but Eddard and put them down. He would not call his banners against his childhood friend. True, his friend had turned into a drunken buffoon. But he would not go to war over a man who could not keep his mouth off a goblet of strong wine, or his dick out of any pretty woman in the realm.

Robert was wasting away, and the kingdom with him, but Eddard had had his fill of rebellion with Robert’s own rebellion. So much death and lost potential had been shed in that war. He still saw in his mind the good men he had killed only because they had chosen the other side of the conflict. He still awoke in sweat, seeing the life go out of Arthur Dayne’s eyes. Cat would wake up and hold him as he stared in the dark, lamenting the waste of such a great man over the right of Robert to marry his sister.
A sister Eddard now knew Robert would have cheated on as much as he cheated on Cersei Lannister. It was in his nature to bring infidelity to his wife’s bed. Robert’s drives were just too strong. He was a brilliant war leader, and a horrible political leader. He was lost, and with him the realm.

The realm was spiraling down into bankruptcy and aimless policy. It was still not worth going to war over. He would fight for the realm next time, but not for just any one man. He had yet to find anyone worthy fighting for, killing for.

He tapped the table with his fingertips. He did not know of any men worthy, but he had begun to wonder if there was a woman worth fighting for.

Daenerys Targaryen was going to come back to Westeros. That was a given. When she came, he would willingly bend the knee to avoid yet another war. He was satisfied with being Warden of the North. If Daenerys was satisfied with the status quo, there would be no problem. It probably wouldn’t be a problem even if she came to fully subject the North.

She had dragons and he did not.

This woman seemed to be something more though. She had totally diverted her attention from her ancestral homeland to attack and conquer the Slave Cities of Slaver’s Bay and shattered the most powerful Khalasar, along with several smaller ones. Others still defied her rule, but had retreated far into the grass seas and were not making any trouble for her. They had been bearded, or should he say, their hair had been shorn.

She now used the cowed Dothraki to garrison her conquered cities. She had forbidden them to rape and pillage the defenseless. The Targaryen had broken the Slaver Cities, but did not set herself up as the new slave lord. She was instead abolishing the slave trade.

Completely.

She was instituting freedom for all and establishing free trade. She was all the way to Lys now, and had conquered them with sheer force of will and power. She had the strength now to avoid unnecessary bloodshed, and that’s what she was doing. He admired that. Greatly.

It was something he would have done in her place if he had had even been able to conceive of such a thing. She was in some ways greater than him.

He would bow down to this woman if all this was true and not just propaganda. He could serve such a woman proudly, helping her to make Westeros, hell, Essos too, into a better world.

He could only hope she lived up to her promise. Robert had failed hopelessly and miserably.

Robert was a waste, but that could be lived with. What made him loose sleep at night was his son Joffrey. He sometimes spitefully thought that Cersei must have slept with the Mad King just before Jaime ran him through with his sword.

Joffrey had a madness, and on top of that he was sadistic and cruel just for the pleasure of being cruel. He would likely prove to be a vile and evil despotic king. But, he was not that yet.

Eddard would not go to war over a possibility.

Maybe the impossible would happen, and Margaery could dampen and subdue the fires of madness in Joffrey. He knew she likely would not be able to, but he would not fight against a what if. He would call his banners if and when the madman actually took the throne and raised havoc.
Eddard shifted and looked through the north wall of the meeting room. He may have a greater concern to face. His bones told him that the real threat was up north. A long winter was coming, and the reports from Jon were disquieting. Patrols were not returning from beyond the Wall. Tales from captured wildlings told the crows of icy beings walking the woods and wastes, raising the dead.

*Please old gods do not let that be.* He feared the enemy from eight thousand years ago had returned. He had no proof yet, but his intuition told him as much.

Like his Robert and Joffrey problem, this could wait for now. He would not raise his banners for disquiet and bad dreams at night.

Eddard turned aside from thoughts of realm and the future. They would resolve themselves in time.

He was happy having the House of Highgarden visit his realm. He loved his home, but he knew for the women and children it did lack the pleasantries of the South. He had made sure word was sent out of their visit and villagers were streaming in every day to see the musicians play and the mummers put on their plays. He wanted his realm to see the magic of delight that the visitors of from the South could provide.

He did not consider himself a dancer. But he had gotten on the dance floor and danced with his wife as she twittered and giggled. It had made him smile. It was so much nicer to dance with a wife of flesh and blood, instead of steel wives with their cold, ever-sharp blades.

He and Cat had a most pleasant time in their bedchambers after dancing.

He noticed that Sansa and Margaery had hit it off. She was spending all her time with girl. He was pleased at how well they got along. They were like the sisters that Arya and Sansa had never been.

He wondered about Sansa, and whom she might marry. His wife was hoping that Sansa and Loras would marry, merging their two houses. She wanted to make House Stark ever greater. He never told his wife of Loras’ bisexual nature. He slept with women, but he obviously preferred men. He had already formed liaisons with the weapons master journeyman nearly ready for his own hammer, and a knight from Last Hearth.

Word had also reached him that Loras and Renly were in a hot and heavy relationship. He knew that in a perfect world, they would marry. It may not be his cup of tea, but he thought everyone should have the right to lead their lives if it hurt no one else. It was the right that all sought - the right to live their lives as they saw fit.

He went out the room and into the hall. He saw Sansa and Margaery walking ahead of him, holding hands and laughing at something. It was nice to see Sansa so happy. Arya had faded into the background with the Tyrells in Winterfell – but at least she was not fighting with her sister.

Eddard hoped that his daughters would both be able to marry a man that made them happy. He had held off his wife in hopes that that such a match would occur.

He sighed. He knew the choice Arya would probably make if she could. She was simply infatuated with this Targaryen Queen who was marking her way across Essos. He was sure by the time Daenerys had made it to Westeros she would be wed. She would have a king in tow to make some political alliance or another. It would probably be an arranged marriage, but a marriage nevertheless. That would put an end to his daughter’s fantasy.

Eddard sighed. Who could he find that could hope to make his little girl happy? He sorely doubted any man was up to the task. He would not allow his little she wolf to be cruelly yoked or harmed.
Margaery

The rough architecture of Winterfell continued to capture Margaery’s attention as she walked down the long hall of the great hall. She loved the roughhewn beams that were visible, and how the stones were not fitted together with the seamless precision like they were in Highgarden.

She noticed these things, but the only thing she really saw was the beautiful red wolf that walked beside her. Sansa was so beautiful that it made Margaery’s heart skip.

She was the one. She had listened to the minstrels sing and read a few romantic histories of the handsome king and beautiful princess, who meet and fell madly and passionately in love with each other. Of course she had always changed the King to Queen in her own versions - but she never told her mother that.

She had her cousins to live out those fantasies with. But this was not a fantasy. This was what she had been waiting her life for. Sansa was the one.

She gazed up at Sansa with total adoration. The way the deep auburn haired beauty’s lips moved as she spoke. Her lips were a perfect cupid bow, so red and inviting. She hungered to kiss those lips, and the lips that lay between Sansa’s legs. Margaery’s undergarments were sopping wet in anticipation.

She had been stroking and pressing into Sansa since the moment they met. She made direct eye contact and exposed her neck and fluttered her eyelashes. She constantly touched and caressed Sansa’s body.

They had slept in her bed for five nights, at first just talking and gossiping. She smiled as she thought of how Sansa had stopped talking about silly boys when Margaery easily led her to talk of the charms of women.

They spent the day laughing and holding hands like long time childhood friends. Once in Sansa’s room though, it all changed. Tonight they would give each other their virtue.

Her mind burned still with the memories, masturbating the instant she thought Sansa had gone to sleep. She had sensed the tension she had filled the Stark’s body with. She had made to wake Sansa when she had done her own masturbation. Knowing she was watched surreptitiously had only made her orgasms all the stronger.

Margaery had led Sansa from kissing chastely to long make out sessions. They then added tribbing and mutual masturbating. Sansa had been so responsive and anxious to take their intimacy ever higher and hotter. Tonight they would take each other’s maidenheads, and forever mark each other as their mate.

She loved the height difference and how much bigger Sansa was than her. She could already feel her woman riding her hard and making her cum so hard in her mind.

She had made sure to keep her virtue so far. She had been saving it for whatever man she would be sold off to further House Tyrell for her grandmother’s sake. She’d had had no reason to do otherwise. Circumstances had changed and now, and she would choose to follow her own path. No longer would she sold off to the highest bidder as chattel.

Tonight Sansa Stark would take her womanhood. She shivered in anticipation of the pain and pleasure of the moment. She would give Sansa the gift that a woman can only give but once.

Her fingers twitched with the hunger to take Sansa’s maidenhood and then rub her g-spot as Sansa
screamed in pleasure. She had learned much in pleasuring her cousins.

They were in her room now, and again Margaery was surprised at how warm it was. All castles needed to have hot spring water running through the walls! Sansa went to the fireplace and put some more logs on the hearth, to add more heat and light to the room.

They went to the dressing screen and removed their clothing. Margaery had seen that Sansa was shy and modest, and had teased and joked her that she were both women, and that she should not be embarrassed about her nudity as they put on their night slips on the first nights. Now they slept totally in the nude. Sansa’s handmaiden had been shy, therefore, Sansa had not had much interaction with girls her age in anything but the most formal situations.

Sansa had not had the brood of hens that Margaery had had growing up. Sansa had not been exposed to the almost rampant lesbianism that defined Margaery’s life growing up. Her parents never had caught on to the homosexuality of their children. That was not the case with her grandmother. Thanks the gods that her grandmother had fully supported Margaery and her cousins and their love of the female body and each other.

Her grandmother had sighed when she made that discovery, but had worked since then to make their dreams come true. She would understand her actions when she finally got around to telling Olenna about tonight. She had promised to hold onto her virtue until she fell in love or was married off.

She was in love.

Sansa had gone to put on her night slip out of sheer habit, but Margaery had stopped her hand just before Sansa gripped the fabric. Her dark brown eyes met the deep blue of Sansa’s eyes. Eyes now filled with hot, throbbing hunger and raw passionate love. Sansa felt it too.

Margaery moved into her taller lover. Her five foot six inch body fit perfectly into Sansa’s as she pressed their bodies into each other. Her hands threaded in Sansa’s auburn locks and pulled her head down. Sansa’s long arms went around Margaery’s lower back pulling her into Sansa’s body instinctively.

Margaery mewled feeling Sansa’s hot body pressed into her. Their legs finding the groove between their mate’s legs, letting wet pussies find thigh and their breast compressed as their bodies came together.

Their mouths found each other and loud moans filled the room. Lips melded and lipped their mate’s sensual lips. Loud groans filled the room as lips were sucked on and stretched out by nibbling teeth. Margaery swiped Sansa’s lips after a minute of sweet kissing and the lips parted letting Margaery slip her tongue deep into Sansa’s mouth. Their tongues wetly twined in wet love and they danced heatedly surging from mouth to mouth. Cunts found hard thigh muscles and swept up and down in short jerks humping wet twats on hard muscle. Legs glistening with wet twat slime. Mouths groaning hard into each other as nostrils flared with passion and cunts humped with harder stronger strokes. Legs and hips quickly slimed in fuck juice. Both women gripped each other’s ass helping them hump each other with wet pussies. All the while mouths devoured each other.

Sansa ground her twat into Margaery’s pelvis groaning gutturally and Margaery swept her cunt on Sansa’s long leg slimming it and letting the wet juice lubricate Sansa’s svelte body to let her hump like a bitch in heat. Their juices slicked firm flesh and let their pussies grind hotly up and down with short jerks of hips pulping their pussies into hard muscle and bone. Love juice was soon running down hip and legs in wet trickles. Labia lips were stretched and rolled on lubricated thighs and hips. Clits jammed and mashed. The friction and pressure sending jolts of searing pleasure to each teen’s brain. They parted for breath Sansa’s eyes blown dark with lust her breathing ragged.
“Margaery … I-I-I don’t kn—“ her speech cut off with another fiery kiss as she convulsed her eyes rolling back in her head feeling Margaery’s long tongue down her throat. Margaery swiped Sansa’s tonsils with her tongue as she held the tall beauty to her. Margaery chuffed as she repeatedly speared her tongue down Sansa’s throat at her love convulsed in her arms gurgling into her devouring mouth. Margaery smiled as she kissed her lover deeply and slowly guided Sansa over to Sansa’s bed that had been turned back with blinding white sheets.

Margaery slowly lowered Sansa down on the bed and moved Sansa to the middle of the bed all the while kissing Sansa deeply one hand behind her head and pulling their mouths tight and her other hand squeezed Sansa’s breast pumping the firm breast as the redhead mewled. Margaery bent over on her knees knelt down to continue devouring her woman.

Margaery pushed her tongue back from Sansa’s mouth slowly in clear invitation slipping her tongue back into her own mouth. Margaery gagged when Sansa’s long tongue surged into her mouth and found her tongue and they wetly wrestled slithering around twined in Margaery’s mouth. Margaery had been up on her knees to the side but now straddled Sansa’s body and pressed down. Her wet twat wallowed on Sansa’s hard flat stomach. Margaery short stroked her hips rubbing her drooling clam shell up and down Sansa’s lower stomach sliming it with her weeping pussy. Margaery lifted her cunt on the top of her sweeps and jammed down on the start of down sweep of her groin. The pressure making her face slash with ecstasy. Their hands were in each other’s hair as they snogged deeply.

Margaery slowly stretched out getting her body between Sansa’s legs working them out with her wiggling hips and thighs. Now between Sana’s legs Margaery started to jam her aching wet cunt into Sansa’s cunt grinding their hot boxes into each other pulping them as labia lips were stretched and rolled and clits jacked over each other shocking the two teens with ecstasy. Margaery first kissed Sansa deeply and now kissed down Sansa’s face.

Margaery peppered Sansa’s throat with fiery kisses and kissed down her collar bones and back up to her throat as Margaery licked it sensually. “unnggggg mmmgggg ohhhh babyyy yessss!” Sansa panted in love. Margaery kissed down Sansa’s chest to her full coned shaped tits and kissed them with light kisses back and forth. She rasped steeple areolas with her swiping tongue before she quick sucked on the turgid pink nipples. Margaery sucked Sansa’s nipples deep into mouth in turn. There she sucked variously with long hard deep throat sucks on the engorged teats. All the while her pussy was humping up and down Sansa’s swollen pussy.

Margaery’s tongue swiped and lashed the long thick nipples and her teeth grazed over the steeple areolas. Sansa whimpered feeling Margaery’s pussy wallowing and humping on her stomach soaking it in hot cum. Margaery watched Sansa lifting her head watching her cheeks hollowing out as she deep throat sucked on the thick nipples she stuffed into her hot greedy mouth. Sansa’s body jolted as searing fire filled her aching breasts. Each hard suck on her thick long nipples had her body jerking and her face slashing with hot pleasure. She gagged in helpless pleasure feeling the hard sucks tenting up her areolas as Margaery’s tongue swiped the steeples on her areolas and her lovers tongue batting her engorged teats.

Sansa was squirming and rolling her hips up instinctively into the pussy tribbing her swollen quim. Margaery kissed back up Sansa’s flushed upper chest and throat and again locked lips with Sansa. She speared her tongue down Sansa’s throat making her caw and groan deep in her chest. Back and forth Margaery kissed and sucked on Sansa’s nipples before kissing back up to Sansa’s mouth totally overwhelming her with passion.

Margaery loved how their pussies, inner thighs and bellies were now soaked in wet slimy twat juice. The wetness letting them easily sweep aching pussies over each other.
Margaery pulled Sansa up to a sitting up position. They sat hip to hip as they spent a long minute kissing and stroking each other’s now sweating bodies. Margaery kissed down Sansa’s throat and now massaged both of Sansa’s tits with her hands pumping the hot full tits and tweaked the hard rubbery pink nipples.

“Unngghhiiiieeeeeee!!" Sansa wailed her body convulsing feeling Margaery suck in her throat. Sansa jammed her throat into the mouth marking her as Margaery’s slut. The Tyrell gave her a vicious hickey sucking the flesh moving hotly in and out gnawing teeth. “Oohhhh Godsss yeesssssssss!!” Sansa whimpered.

Margaery kissed down Sansa’s heaving chest and sucked thirstily on long thick nipples as she sucked the nipples in deep and pumped her head filling Sansa’s flushed tits with burning friction and ecstasy. Margaery snuffled devouring Sansa’s perfect tits. Her head pulling back tenting Sansa’s capped nipples in Margaery’s hot greedy sucking mouth.

Margaery would move up and kiss Sansa deeply before swallowing a nipple again and lapping it with her tongue moving her head back to circle the steeple covered areola before thirstily sucking on the rock hard teat again. Margaery moved from jutting nipple to nipple. Sansa now had a hand in Margaery’s hair and jammed her head into the boob Margaery was wolf sucking on.

Sansa gurgled. Margaery looked up seeing Sansa’s face slashing hard. The Stark girl’s head jerking and falling back as keens of ecstasy thrilled from her throat. Now Sansa cupped her breasts and jammed them into the mouth that moved right and left to hard suck and then tongue lick with the flat of tongue over the rock hard nipples.

"Oh . . . yes!" Sansa gasped trying to stuff more of her tit into the hot mouth sucking fiercely on her tits. "Ohhnnn! Oh . . . oh yes Margaery! Ohhhhhmmmm, that feels so good!"

Margaery pushed Sansa back to her elbows and the statuesque redhead watched with limpid eyes as Margaery quickly kissed down her filmed with perspiration belly. She moved to get between Sansa’s legs and pushed her legs out one leg up bent at the knee. Margaery kissed up and down Sansa’s quivering legs. Margaery looked up at the deep blue eyes that looked at her with pure hot fire in them.

Margaery wet her fingers in her mouth sensually and pulled them out. Keeping eye contact Margaery started to rub up and down Sansa’s muff rubbing it and pressing into the rigid clit making Sansa whimper and her body jolt as Margaery kept hot eye contact. The Tyrell used her fingers to slowly tease open Sansa’s slit splaying out the dark labia opening paradise to Margaery.

Looking up Sansa’s flat belly Margaery slowly lowered her head and started to lick the slit slowly and lick up and over the rigid clit again and again as Sansa whimpered. "Ohhhhh! Oh Margaery!" Sansa moaned, arching her back, beginning to churn her hips in involuntary fuck motions. "Oh yes . . . yes, do me, yes! Oh god yes Margaery! Oh, it feels so good! Oh yes, like that! Unghh! Unhhh!" Sansa gurgled swirling her hips lifting her cunt up to her woman’s skilled tongue.

Margaery suckled Sansa’s clit between her lips and sucked it as she gripped the upraised leg to anchor herself as she lapped on the engorged clitoral hood with her rasping tongue. Her tongue drilled into the hood teasing out the shiny clit and she slurped on it with her lips. “Mmmgggggg mmmmmmm mmmgggggg” Margaery moaned feeling her woman’s clit for the first time in her mouth. She suckled on it with pure love lathing her tongue over the hard nodule making Sansa’s hips jolt and jam up into her mouth.

Margaery sucked and licked and then pulled her head back. She started to rub with her fingers over the bulging clitoral hood. She drooled spit on Sansa’s muffin rubbing her fingers languidly up the
slimy slit up and down the length of the hot slit. “Unnggg uunggg oohhh bbbaabbyyy!” Sansa gurgled. Margaery moved her head back down and sucked Sansa’s hot throbbing clit again and switched to sucking with hot tongue lashes as Sansa started to go wild.

Sansa’s hand went to the back of Margaery’s head and jammed forward. Margaery swiped Sansa’s clit as she rotated her head and mashed her head forward and sucked in Sansa’s upper cunt and sucked hard pulling her head back snapping Sansa’s clit out her mouth. She did this again and again as the redhead cawed and jammed her cunt up into Margaery’s mouth. Her sweet wolf’s body convulsed with need as Sansa rotated her swollen twat up into Margaery’s devouring mouth. Margaery sucking with cheek hollowing love sucks on Sansa’s shiny pinkish white clit.

Margaery could see the tension rising in Sansa her whinnies clotted with raw need. Her upper body withered on the bed rolling from shoulder blade to shoulder blade. Sansa’s face slashed hard with desperate need to cum. Sansa’s body was filmed heavily with sweat now with beads beginning to run down her body as her face slashed with ecstasy.

Margaery sucked Sansa’s clit deep into her mouth and sucked hard and deep on it. Her tongue like a serpent with slashing and lashing swipes on Sansa’s clit. Sansa cunt exploded her back arching as her womb shattered with explosions of pure fucking bliss that scalded Sansa near senseless with pleasure. "AAAAWWOOOGGGGG! AANNGGGHHIIIEEEEEE! hhhnnn hhhnnn Aunnnnggghiiieeee! Ohhhnggg . . . unghh! Aanngghhiieeeel" Sansa cried out, as the Stark felt the wrenching spasms of a sharp orgasm tear at her quivering flesh. “Oowwwggggg! Hhhnngggggg! Fffuuuuccckkk—mmnngghhiiieeee!” the long statuesque teen screamed in ecstasy. Margeary was in heaven feeling Sansa throw up her hips to grind her rupturing cunt into her lover’s hot sucking mouth. Sansa's body bucked and lurched up and down as she now gripped Margaery’s head with both hands and ground her cunt into Margaery’s mouth her body bucking and flipping. Margaery drank deep and greedily the hot cum flooding her gulping mouth.

As Sansa gasped and mewled Margaery rolled onto her back and slowly urged Sansa to roll over onto her knees and elbows. A groggy Sansa leaned her upper body down to rest on forearms her cheek pressed into the bed her knees splayed out lowering her swollen dripping snatch. Margaery scooted up between Sansa’s legs and gripped the toned ass of the Stark teenager. Margaery paused looking up at Sansa’s engorged pussy. Sansa’s labia lips were hanging down deep pink to medium brown and soaked in cum. Sansa’s shiny clit jutting out its sheath the tip all shiny. Her love had a bigger clit than hers. Margaery’s mouth watered at the succulent morsel begging for her tongue.

Margaery pulled Sansa’s groin down to her mouth. Margaery flicked the jutting clitoral hood with her swiping tongue and making Sansa whimper anew her hips quaking with raw need and pleasure. Margaery snaked her tongue up and down the gooey slit murmuring as she sucked in Sansa’s sweet creamy effluent. Margaery pulled Sansa down further and the Stark girl rocked her hips grinding her swollen quim down on Margaery’s hot gobbling mouth.

Sansa surged up to her palms and rolled her hips grinding her aching cunt down on Margaery’s mouth her vulva swelling the mouth lapping the drooling slit. Margaery loved the feel of wetness and heat flooding her mouth as her lapping tongue bulged out the vulva enfolding over her hot lapping mouth. Margaery swallowed the sweet love drool leaking out the hot swollen puss she was hotly devouring.

Margaery looked up at Sansa’s her head hanging down her face slashing with primal pleasure then it snapped up “Auuugggg hhnggg hhngggg ooohhh—Margaerryyyyy!” Sansa whimpered as her muff was expertly gobbled. Margaery rocked her head up swallowing in a mouthful of cunt meat
Sansa took her right hand and gripped her nipples in turn squeezing and pulling on her teats the pleasure sending arrows straight to her now diamond hard clit. The throbs hit her hard with pleasure. Margaery scooted back slightly and lowered her head. She now speared her tongue up Sansa’s cunt hole and sucked in a mouthful of slimy cunt meat and munched on it driving the redhead wild. Margaery sucked hard stretching and tormenting the sweet inner folds of Sansa’s pussy sucked between her lips.

Sansa was grunting and crying out in ecstasy. Margaery hammered her head up and down spearing Sansa’s sloppy wet honey hole. Margaery licked up Sansa’s sloppy wet slit sucking on lips and licking slit. Then her mouth sucked Sansa’s clit deep into her mouth and sucked with all her pure love her tongue spearing the shiny nodule and then polishing it as her cheeks hollowed out with deep throat love sucks.

Sansa felt her cunt explode. "AAWWWOONNNNGGGG!" Sansa suddenly screamed, in a roar that thrilled Margaery. Sansa jamming down hard with her hips grinding her immolating pussy down into the Tyrell’s hot sucking mouth. Margaery watched Sansa’s whole body as it convulsed wildly her legs lifting and hammering the back of her feet on the bed her toes curled painfully. Margaery’s face was soaked in the cum convulsing out Sansa’s rapturing cunt. Sansa’s head snapped up and down her eyes shocked wide open in blistering ecstasy. Her clawed hands tearing at the sheets as her head thrashed like she was being speared. She screamed more wails of shattering ecstasy "AAARRRGGGGHHHHUNNNNNNNN … Auunngghmmngghhh! Anngghhaaiiiiii! … auuggauhhgg Awwwooiieennnnn!"

Margaery was in heaven. Her face covered in Sansa’s cum. She scooted back and flipped the now weeping girl onto her back and climbed on top of her lover and kissed her deeply. Sansa moaned hard tasting herself on Margaery’s tongue. Their tongues shoved back and forth in between their mouths.

After a minute Sansa stopped sobbing and broke their kiss. “I love you” she whispered and enfolded the Tyrell in her arms and rolled Margaery onto her back. The Stark pushed her head down kissing Margaery deep and hard her tongue down the girl’s throat as Margaery’s eyes rolled back and spasmed in her skull.

Sansa kissed Margaery all over her face. Margaery cooed and preened feeling Sansa’s lips all over her face giving Margaery sweet kisses. Then they were kissing again deeply tongues down throats. Margaery gripped and roughly massaged Sansa’s ass cheeks as the girl humped their swollen pussies up and down over each other.

Sansa began to rock her hips harder and harder her pussy wallowing down over Margaery’s swollen muff. Their slimy cum soaked mounds rubbed up and down over each other. Their slimy labia lips rolled and stretched while the sweeping motions had their clits jammed into each other and rode over the other’s clit. Their breath chuffing through flared nostrils gasping for breath to keep humping hard.

Margaery was wound up like an overwrought wagon spring. She gripped Sansa’s ass cheeks and pulled and pushed encouraging the girl to trib face-to-face. They kissed deeply as Sansa was now pounding and dragging her muff over Margaery’s muffin. Their clamshells drooling cum into the other’s slit and basting swollen clits.

Margaery felt the tension in her belly rising to unbearable pleasure. She broke their deep kiss and jammed her forehead into the crook of Sansa’s throat. Sansa pushed Margaery’s sweaty face into her throat with her hand.
"Auungghhh! Oh oh Nnnunngggmmmm! Oh! Oh . . . sweet seven gods, unngggmgmmnnggghhiieeee! Mmmnngghhiieeeee!" Margaery screamed as her body bucked and then went taut her body quivering as one overpowering spasm after another wrenched her flesh. “Ungghh! Hnnnggggggg! Awwwoogggggg! … hhnn hhnnn Ohnngg! Gods . . . yes! Yesss! Mmmnnggggeeee!” she wailed, her beautiful body surging and convulsing as a fierce orgasm wracked her sweet teenage body.

When Margaery came back to her senses Sansa was staring down at her with a look of pure rapture. Sansa kissed her fiercely and then scooted down gripping Margaery’s breast in her hands and roughly massaged them grinding her palms into Margaery’s stiff nipples. Sansa bent her head down and sucked thirstily on the medium brown colored nipples. The redhead lapped and sucked with glee and happiness. Her tongue did circles around steeple areolas and then rasped the hard little nipples with long slow rasping tongue licks. Her head jammed down and sucked in a mouthful of Margaery’s firm boob. Sansa pulled her head back sucking hard on the tit meat filling Margaery’s breast with fire and pleasure.

Oh gods Margaery thought this girl is fucking lesbian wolf—she’s going to devour me Margaery thought in a near swoon of perfect love.

Sansa sucked in a mouthful of Margaery’s b-cupped tits and vacuum sucked the friction making Margaery’s heels scissor on the bed. Sansa would suddenly surge up and kiss Margaery deeply and then back to Margaery’s breast. The Direwolf taken human form tried to suck Margaery’s nipples off her breast and down Sansa’s throat.

“Sansaaaaaa ppllleeseeeeee!” Margaery whimpered her hands on Sansa’s shoulders weakly pushing urging Sansa to move south down her body. Sansa looked up at Margaery with her blue eyes on fire. She continued sucking with hard sucks her tongue slapping Margaery’s right nipple.

“Babyyyyy my pussssyyyy my pussy … plessssssee … please suck—suck my pussy!” Margaery whimpered. Sansa lifted her head and with her fingers she rolled Margaery’s nipples squeezing in hard. The pleasure was like arrows striking Margaery’s shrieking clit hard with shocking pulses of ecstasy.

Sansa moved down Margaery’s belly now. Sansa kissed the palpating belly her lips kissing all over the firm tummy making the Tyrell gasp and mewl in clotted need. Sansa with evil glinting eyes gave Margaery’s stomach hard love bites making Margaery whoop and hips lurch up. Sansa’s traveling lips leaving behind red love bites.

Now Sansa was over her shaved pussy. “I love how smooth my pussy feels since I shaved it and I really love how your pussy looks and feels.”

“I love it too … push your beautiful face in my shaved cunt and suck me off baby!” Margaery husked to her young lover.

“Ohhhh yessssss” Sansa moaned and lowered her face to just over Margaery’s pussy and then took a long deep breath. “Oh godssss your pussy smells so fuckinggg goooodddd!”

Margaery smiled at the murmur performance. Sansa was staring at her pussy all wet and swollen covered in cunt cream.

Sansa started to lower her face several times and pulled back and now looked up unsure at Margaery “I’m not sure what to do” she spoke with fear entering her eyes.

“Baby … do what I did to start with … just lick me and follow your heart” Margaery husked down at her lover.
Sansa lowered her head and licked up Margaery’s pussy. Her eyes went spacy “Oh God you taste sssoooo good!” Margaery watched Sansa mash her face down burying her face in Margaery’s vulva and sucked in a mouthful of cunt meat and started to lap furiously.

“Aauugggg hhhnnn hhnnnngggg!” Margaery gagged in raw pleasure as Sansa quickly licked up and down her slit with flat tongue licks. Sansa then moved up and swallowed her clit and sucked so hard on the shiny morsel. Sansa’s tongue lapping furiously on her rigid clit that she had sucked out its hood. Margaery swirled her hips up into the teen’s hot sucking mouth. She lifted her head and watched her vulva bulge out as Sansa raked her tongue up and down her sodden trench. Margaery watched Sansa suck in her sweet cum and swallowed convulsively in happy glee.

“Oh baby yesss—hhuunnggg oohh aauuggg nnggggg!” Margaery whimpered feeling Sansa lift her head enough to lick her tongue up her slit and over her shiny clit again and again. This girl was a natural! Margaery’s head lulled from side to side as the Stark girl sucked again on her clit. Sansa lapped her head to roughly slide her tongue up and down over Margaery’s rigid shiny clit. Sansa’s long arms went up Margaery’s body and cupped her breast and ground her palms into the swollen titties. The friction of the rasping palms filled Margaery’s breast with aching fiery pleasure.

Margaery pulled her head up to look at Sansa and shook it to get the sweat out of her eyes. She watched Sansa’s cheeks hollow out with her love sucks on her clit. “Shit!” Margaery cried out feeling that first delicious spasm deep in her belly that was more than pleasure. It was the first spasm of her rising orgasm building deep in her belly. Sansa sensed it and began to suck Margaery’s clit in and out her perfect sensual lips her tongue polishing Margaery’s clit tip.

“Fffffuuucckkkkkkkkk!” Margaery cried out. Sansa now gripped her hips and pulled her face even harder into Margaery’s clit and sucked Margaery’s clit deep into her mouth. Her throat sucked voraciously. Margaery’s hands were scrabbling all over the sheets her heels digging into the mattress.

The tension rose and rose and then shattered. "OOOOOWWWGGGGGGG! AAUUGGGGHHHHHHH! … Ungghh! Ohnnggg! Oh . . . yes oh . . . gods! Auunngggghiiimmeennngghiiee!!" Margaery squealed, her cries filling Sansa's bedroom as a phenomenally sharp climax ripped through the beautiful Tyrell teenager.

Margaery had to push Sansa’s head back forcefully. “Sansa—Sansa … back off—let my clit recover baby … like I did you … my clit is all jangling now.”

Sansa nodded her head and gently tongued all over the Tyrell’s vulva and inner thighs licking up sweet hot slimy cum. Sansa’s tongue occasionally brushed over Margaery’s clit testing it.

Soon Margaery clit had calmed and Sansa again wildly sucked her off to a wild screaming orgasm. This time Sansa backed off but stayed by Margaery’s pussy. The girl pressed her face into Margaery’s pussy and rolled it around soaking it in Margaery’s love slime. “Your mine Margaery—all mine!” she declared possessively. Sansa looked at Margaery now with her face wet with beaded sweat and Margaery’s creamy cum.

Margaery whole heartedly agreed with Sansa. She may share later with her cousins if Sansa was willing but not anytime soon. She wanted the Wolf all to herself.

It was time.

“Sansa … put you fingers in me and fuck me. Take my flower—make me yours” Margaery told Sansa. The girls eyes going glassy.
“Oh Margaery … are you sure? Should we?”

“Do you love me?”

“Ohhhh yeeesssssss!”

“Then take me and make me yours Sansa—take what is yours!” Margaery encouraged in a heated whisper. “I give you my flower willingly with all my heart Sansa … take me and make me yours forever!” Margaery declared in a passionate whispered entreaty.

She grabbed Sansa’s right hand and brought the fingers up to her mouth and sensually slipped them into her mouth and sucked on them coating them with her warm spit her lips sensually going up and down the long digits.

“Mmmnnggggggggg!” Sansa whimpered. She pulled her fingers out of Margaery’s hot mouth and brought them down to Margaery’s wet slit and rubbed the first three fingers up and down the wet trench rolling and rubbing over engorged medium brown pussy lips. She rolled the lips and forked them pulling them taunt and rolling them. She forked Margaery’s clit and squeezed in on it driving Margaery crazy with pleasure.

Sansa rose up releasing Margaery’s clit which made the Tyrell cry out in frustration. “Are our sure Margaery? You sure you want me to be the one?”

“Yeessssss! Sansa pleeeaaasseeeeee I love you!”

Sansa moaned and sucked Margaery’s clit deep in her mouth and fiercely sucked on the hard button. Margaery watched fire and passion burn into Sansa’s orbs as the wolf took her lover. Sansa slipped two fingers into Margaery’s hot tight quim greasy with cum. Sansa worked her fingertips into the tight cauldron on Margaery’s cunt. Sansa lapped the clit sucked between her lips.

Sansa slamming her fingers forward piercing and ripping Margaery’s hymen asunder her knuckles slamming into Margaery’s vulva and remaining motionless. Margaery’s head snapped back “Aaaaiiiieeeeeeee!” she wailed as her womanhood was ripped and taken by her wolf. Her body shuddered as pain seared out her pussy but already it was fading to weak pulses as Sansa instinctively sucked on her clit with soft loving sucks and the Stark girl began to oh so slowly pump her fingers in and out Margaery’s no longer virgin cunt.

Margaery’s body collapsed back to the bed as new pleasures started to flood out her pussy as Sansa slowly pumped and worked her fingers in and out Margaery’s tight twat. Sansa half rolling her hand working her fingers through the tight slimy hot gripping folds sucking on her fingers. Sansa’s face filled with wonder and pleasure feeling the tight folds sucking on her deep probing fingers.

Soon Margaery was in heaven as her cunt pulsed harder sucking on the two fingers Sansa now slammed harder in and out her tight pussy sending her to the moon on hot rushes of ecstasy. Sansa was pulling on her clit with her pumping head and sucking so hard. Her cunt felt on fire with pleasure hard pulses gripping her belly making it contract slightly lifting her head off the pillow as raw searing pleasure poured out her cunt. Sansa’s fingers pounding in so deep and hard her inner folds sucking and gripping tight on the digits pistoning in and out her drooling love box.

The pulses came harder and closer and then her cunt seemed to explode and tear itself inside out. “Mmmmmnggggggheeeiiiiiiiiiiiii!” Margaery screamed her back arching high off the bed her head jammed into the bed. Her body flipped and jackknifed violently in the throes of ecstasy. “Fffuucckkkkkkkk! Saaannnsaaaaa I loovvveee youuuuuu! Oooowwwggggggggg! Hhhhhnmmmmmmggg!” Margaery cried out as pure pleasure pulverized her with fucking bliss.
Sansa sucked Margaery’s entire upper snatch into her mouth in a wild frenzy of wild lust. Her fingers now slammed so hard into Margaery’s convulsing sloshing couchie as hot gushes of cum splattered out around the pumping fingers. Margaery was gagging as a fierce pulsing suddenly bloomed in her womb and tore it so hard with shocking spasms of searing fucking bliss. Margaery’s feet planted in on the bed and jammed her angled cunt up into Sansa’s mouth as a second orgasm exploded over the top of the first orgasm. “Onngghhnnngggiieeee! Ohhhnggg! Unghh! Sansa . . . yessssss-ffffiuucckkkkkk unghhh! Aunngghhiiieee! Onnggmmmmhnniiiee!” Margaery screamed, twisting and clenching under Sansa’s hammering fingers in her now deflowered pussy. Sansa’s mouth love sucked on Margaery’s clit. Margaery whimpered, whinnying, then unleashing another cascade of shrieks.

Sansa backed off sensing Margaery was spent. Margaery’s body now soaked in sweat her pussy swollen and almost brown with hot pumping blood. Her brown labia lips all distended. Sansa had a smug look looking up at Margaery.

Margaery was destroyed with strong aftershocks burning through her body making her hitch and jerk as fire filled her clit and nipples with searing shocks.

Sansa scooted up and they embraced. Sweat and cum soaked bodies melded as new loves kissed deeply. Margaery was in heaven. It was that simple. She was in heaven.

She kissed Sansa feeling her strength quickly returning. She was ready to claim Sansa as hers.

She rolled a squealing Sansa onto her back and kissed her deeply before moving down and roughly sucking on the redheads pale areolas and so pink long engorged teats.

Margaery kissed down the flat toned belly settling between Sansa’s legs and putting her left leg over her shoulder and pushing out Sansa’s right leg wide opening her lover up to her hungry gaze.

Margaery moaned looking at Sansa’s swollen flower all wet with cream leaking out her slit. Margaery lowered her head and began to lick and suck on Sansa’s slit and clit. The Tyrell moved her head up and down devouring the swollen sloppy wet pussy.

Soon she had Sansa screaming like she was being garroted her body convulsing hard bucking wildly up into her hot sucking mouth as massive orgasm ripped through Sansa’s strong statuesque body.

Margaery backed up her body slightly and pushed her first two fingers into her mouth slobbering all over them. She slicked her fingers with spit lubing them up to take her woman’s flower. Margaery looked up at her Sansa with hot throbbing eyes as she slowly inserted her first two fingers into the still spasming quim and pushed them in the distended fuck hole up to Sansa’s hymen.

Sansa felt the fingers in her pussy pressing into her hymen. Her eyes flared wide. Suddenly, Sansa scooted back as Margaery looked up stunned and confused.

“What if I marry so high born Lord. I’ll need to be a virgin for him!” Sansa exclaimed looking fearful, turning around strangely as if she was being spied on.

Margaery surged up to her knees on the bed in horrid shock. “No no nonono,” she weakly whimpered staggering out of the bed. She felt like she might throw up violently. She looked desperately for her clothes on the floor, and walked with wobbly legs over to them by the screen.

“NNNOOOOOOOOOOO!” Sansa screamed and jumped out of the bed and fell to her knees, looping her arms around Margaery’s waist and pressing her cheek into Margaery’s flat stomach. “Forgive me!”
Margaery kicked her legs, trying to break the iron grip.

“Let me explain!”

“Fuck you! Let me go you goddamn cunt! My gods—I gave myself freely to you Sansa—” Margaery nearly fainted, her world tilted for a brief moment before she clung her teeth in resolve. Silent tears of raw hurt ran down her cheeks, her soul starting to crack, preparing to shatter.

Sansa was whimpering and sobbing now. “Please, please, let me explain,” she whimpered as Margaery tried to pry her hands off her body, “let me explain”.

“There is nothing to explain. I’ve made a horrible mistake. I hate you!” Margaery hissed in fury.

Sansa

She had ruined it like she always did. She deserved her fate. Her arms fell away from Margaery as life drained from her body. Sansa sobbed brokenly. Her father always told her to take full accountability for one’s actions. She started to feel faint as her breath got light and feathery. She needed to confess to Margaery. She needed to tell Margaery it was all her fault.

In a dead voice “You’re right. I’m not worthy of you Margaery … I’m so, so sorry. All I’m really good for is breeding. Just some heifer to crap out sons for my Lord I will never love.” Sansa spoke brokenly, her head bent down with her long, red hair flagged down around her face.

She did not see the Tyrell slowly stepping back, fire in her eyes along with something else.

“I’m fucking weak. I’m stupid, weak and a dreamer. Arya is right.”

“What does that mean?” Margaery snarled, backing away from Sansa, hurt evident in every line of her body.

“I’m weak. I’m pathetic. Arya never cowers to our mother, she fights her every day for her right to seek her own path. Me—I just bow my head and say “yes mother”, and meekly do as she says. Ever since I can remember, all I have heard is that as soon as possible I will be married off to some high prince. No matter my feelings, my desires. That it is my destiny to be sent off to some man I won’t love.

“Only my father has saved me so far from being auctioned off to some local lord. My mother is so fucking gods damned anxious to marry me off it makes me fucking sick!” Sansa let her inner turmoil and anger to finally surface.

Margaery had stopped moving. “Why don’t you fight? It’s your life.”

“I’m weak. I have been groomed to be a prince’s wife and give him babies. My mother feels that’s all I’m really good for. I… I just have my looks. I’m not very smart, nor do I have any will. You are meant for far better than the likes of me Margaery. Find a woman who is worthy of you. It surely isn’t me.” Sansa bowed her head and wept brokenly.

She did not feel Margaery kneel in front of her, and then she was sobbing like a baby when Margaery took her in her arms and comforted the distressed Stark princess.

“You’re strong Sansa, you just have to reach inside and grasp it.” Sansa couldn’t stop herself from snuggling into Margaery’s firm but pliant body.

“No, don’t lie—instead of giving you myself I… I… I don’t know, all I heard was my mother’s
voice in my head again berating me, telling me I had to be perfect for a—some male prince or lord … I’m pathetic."

“No Sansa. Stop. Look at me … look at me, damnit!” Margaery barked at her love, who finally looked up at her with red rimmed eyes.

“I’ve been nurtured by my grandmother to seek and follow my own path. You haven’t. I can wait if you are no—” her words were cut off by a scorching kiss. Sansa’s tongue slid deep into her mouth, and claimed her tongue aggressively. Margaery melted into the fiery kiss. She really had not choice, being so in love with Sansa.

Suddenly Margaery squealed into the mouth devouring hers as Sansa effortlessly lifted her up off the floor pressing her body into Sansa’s tall and strong body. Sansa had one hand in Margaery’s hair mating their mouths tight as their tongues dueled hotly in Margaery’s whimpering mouth. Sansa carried Margaery back to their bed. Sansa placed Margaery down on the bed and looked down at her with pure love that made the Tyrell hiccup and a tear run down her cheek.

Sansa laid down on the bed beside her love. She slowly pulled a pillow over folding it and worked it underneath her head. “I want to watch you as you take my virginity Margaery. I want to watch you as you claim my body, mind and soul as all yours.” Sansa watched Margaery move to sit up and shivered as Margaery stroked her body hungrily. “I’m going to take your hymen now Sansa. You hurt me terribly, but I love you so much I forgive you. But you can’t ever do anything like this again. It will kill me.”

“I won’t Margaery. I will be strong for you from this heartbeat forward. I belong only to you. I would rather slit my wrists than let any man touch me.”

Sansa felt Margaery put her fingers on her lips “Don’t worry. My grandmother will fix it all for us.”

Margaery moved down the bed and she slowly spread Sansa’s legs up and out spreading Sansa’s knees out. This spread out Sansa’s flower to her lover. Sansa shivered seeing Margaery look at her cunt with fuck hunger. “I’m going to fuck you so good Sansa. From now on I live my life for you—and us.”

Sansa felt her throat gulp “I live only for you Margaery. I give my soul completely. Take the gift that only a woman can give but once. I give it freely.”

Margaery groaned deep in her chest when Sansa maintaining hot eye contact pulled her wet pussy open showing the red inner folds clutching and wetly pulsing.

“I give myself to you Margaery … make me yours for now and forever.”

Margaery again laid down between Sansa’s legs and moaned pressing her mouth into the quim still wet and swollen. Margaery was so lost in Sansa’s wet womanhood. Sansa gagged in helpless pleasure feeling Margaery feast on her sodden twat. Margaery jetted her Sansa’s clit in and out her lips and began to waggle her head lashing her tongue form side to side over the rigid clit in her mouth.

Sansa whooped and her upper body jerked and spasmed her cunt now grinding instinctively up into the mouth devouring it with focus and pure love. “Oh . . . unh! Oh Margaery . . . unh! Unh! Oh gods . . . oh shit oh! Unnhhh!” Sansa panted, squirming wildly, completely overwhelmed by Margaery’s passionate assault on her swollen aching quim.

Sansa had started pumping her nipples pulling on her tits and roughly massaging her flushed breasts.
For a minute Sansa ramped up her body wallowing from shoulder to shoulder as her body rolled in rising tension and ecstasy. Sansa was squealing and then she was screaming and bucking her hips hard up and down.

"Unnghhauuugghhhhiiee!" Sansa cried out as the full shock of her orgasm hit her. "Oh! Oh! Onngghhhmmniiieeeeee! AAAAAWWOOOOGGGGGG!" Sansa screamed, her head lifting form the pillow and slamming back and back again as she felt her cunt tearing itself inside out. She jammed her exploding pussy up into the mouth devouring harder as the shocks of ecstasy tore through her body. She jammed her cunt harder into the Margaery’s mouth as it devoured her prolonging her gut wrenching spasms of pure fucking bliss.

Sansa ground her trim up into Margaery’s mouth Sansa’s pubic bone grinding her muffin up into Margaery’s mouth driving her lover’s head back that small fraction. She was driven insane hearing Margaery lewdly gulp down the love juice sloshing out her spasming pussy.

“Oh oh Margaery—I love you I love you … take my maidenhood Margaery—make me a woman—your woman, Margaery.”

She felt Margaery hesitating. She had her hands locked on Sansa’ hips to control the Starks hard bucks. Sansa half sat up on her right elbow. She gripped Margaery’s right hand and brought her first two fingers to her mouth and wetly sucked on them like Margaery and done her own fingers earlier.

Sansa trailed Margaery’s fingers down between her firm beast and down to her stomach and then slowly wormed them into her aching cunt. Sansa whimpered feeling the digits brushing over her maidenhead.

Margaery still hesitated. Sansa groaned and with her long arms she gripped Margaery’s right wrist and pushed the fingers harder into her hymen as it began to stretch and Sansa’ gritted her teeth and tears sprang into her eyes.

Margaery sucked Sansa’s clit into and suckled it her left hand massaging Sansa’s inner thigh. She lifted her head a moment “together baby” she bent her head back down and sucked fiercely on Sansa’s clit with short sharp sucks.

Sansa felt her lover pull her fingers back and she gripped Margaery’s wrist hard and together they slammed Margaery’s slender fingers forward tearing through her hymen ripping it asunder.

A long flash of pain filled her pussy but the sucks on her clit quickly overrode the pain and her pussy felt alive and filled with fresh spasms of ecstasy.

Margaery slowly pumped her first two fingers in and out the hot tight vice grip of Sansa’s pussy as it clenched down and sucked on her pumping finger in hot loving tight embrace.

Sansa felt pleasure pouring out her pussy. The fingers stretching her out felt so divine. She felt her belly tightening. She swirled her pussy up and forward to take Margaery’s long fingers even deeper up her snatch. Sansa’s eyelids fluttering feeling her lover’s knuckles rapping her vulva harder. Margaery slowly pulled her long slender fingers back and then sharp thrust forward to slam them back into Sansa’s tight couchie fully burying them up Sansa’s pussy.

The dance slowly accelerated and built up force. The Tyrell slowly worked up the pace and force of her fingers fucking her sweet wolf. Margaery was now slamming in finger into Sansa’s cunt. The vibrations and friction shocked Sansa with raw pleasure. Sansa stared down at the fingers pounding her trim as her twat made wet obscene slurpy noises. It felt soooo fucking good!
Gods Sansa thought her quim sounded like a sloshing pool and her pussy juice was splattering. Margaery had stopped sucking her clit and pulled her knees forward to bend over her pussy. Margaery’s left hand was rubbing over her slicked clit in a blur.

Margaery was looking hard into her eyes. Margaery’s face slicked with Sansa’s cum.

“Cum on my fingers Sansa” Margaery softly murmured barely lifting off the sloppy wet pussy. She looked up at Sansa with her throbbing brown eyes as she again swallowed Sansa’s clit and hard sucked with quick sucks. She watched her slut wriethe and caw in rising helpless pleasure as Sansa’s face filled with almost agonizing pleasure.

“FFFFFUUUCCKKKKK!” Sansa screamed as felt her womb explode and her pussy felt like it was tearing itself apart. ”Aaannngghhhhh oh sweet old gods unngghhh auunngghhiieeee!” she wailed, her body flipping up and slamming backwards into the pillow over and over. Sansa wildly thrust her hips up into the fingers hard fucking her exploding twat. ”Auungghhh! Unngghhiieeeeep! Mmnngghhiieeee! Nngghhiieeee!” Sansa wailed in lost pleasure her body alive and soul totally in love.

She fell back onto the pillow limp. Margaery kept her finger buried in Sansa’s twat enjoying the spasms still ripping out her lover’s pussy.

Sansa was stunned her body soaked in sweat. Her pussy felt alive. She gasped after a minute when she felt Margaery start to move her fingers again.

“Oh baby … I’m devastated … my pussy feels ssssooo good baby” Sansa weakly told her lover.

“I’m going to take you to heaven Sansa.”

Sansa gagged when Margaery sucked her clit back into her mouth and gently rhythmically sucked on her still hard clit that went diamond hard again.

Sansa’s head lulled around feeling Margaery fingers rubbing all over her frontal pussy channel. She heard Margaery grunting around her clit a look of concentration on her face.

Suddenly a shocking pulse slammed into Sansa’s body robbing her of her breath.

Margaery released Sansa’s clit a moment “Oh Baby! That’s your g-spot—so spongy! Hold on!” Sansa keened feeling her clit sucked back between Margaery’s lips and her nub polished by the Tyrell’s tongue.

Sansa felt Margaery press her first two fingertip pads into a spongey hillock on her pussy wall. Margaery was wildly rubbing this spot and again sucking fiercely on her clit with long harsh love sucks.

Margaery now zeroed in on Sansa’s g-spot. Margaery adjusted the angle of her pumping fingers to harpoon the spongy hillock and press in hard on the Stark teenager’s g-spot.

She looked up Sansa harshly bellowing stomach. Her lover was writhing first form one shoulder and then half rolling over onto her other shoulder her face looked like she was being garroted.

Suddenly Sansa felt her cunt tear itself inside out as her body surged up into a half sitting position as hammering blows of ecstasy ripped her womb out her belly.

"AANNGGHHIIIEEE! OH! UNNMMGGGHHH! AIIIIEEEE!" Sansa screamed as unimaginable pleasure exploded out her rupturing pussy with hammer blows of shocking ecstasy.
"OOWWNNNGGGHMNNIIIEEE!" Sansa wailed her body shaking violently and snapping with almost killing spasms of fucking bliss. Her body folded forward to almost a sitting up position as her body convulsed with spasms of fucking bliss. "Ohhnnnuunnnggg ... unngghhh! Ohh! Unnmnnnggeeееee! Oh yes! Ohnn! Unngghmmnnieeeeee!" Sansa screamed in almost agonizing pleasure her body jerking forward and back but still upright. Her firm tits whip-lashed up and down on her chest the sweat soaked tits slapping her chest hard in her throes of near crippling ecstasy. Sansa's body slammed back down onto the bed and bucked and writhed as pleasure robbed her of conscious thought. Her eyes rolled back into her skull and rolled violently making her eyelids bulge sweetly for Margaery as she absorbed Sansa’s orgasm.

Sansa was hers now. Totally.

She backed off on her loving ministrations and brought Sansa down slowly. Sansa was weeping softly and murmuring “I love you I love you I just love you I love you with all my heart Margaery.”

Margaery crawled up Sansa’s body after grabbing the covers and pulling them over their sweat soaked bodies.

Sansa snuggled into Margaery’s body. They kissed and murmured to each other. Sansa rolled over in small spoon. Margaery looped an arm and leg over her Queen. The Queen of her heart.

They went to sleep with Sansa holding Margaery’s hand against her heart with a smile on her face. Margaery soon followed kissing Sansa’s neck and shoulder.

**Olenna**

Olenna stared in her scrying dish. She had rushed back to her room after spotting the two teenagers nearly tripping each other as they hurried down the hall to Sansa’s room. Even from afar she could feel the sexual tension. She had seen the fires of lust raging hotter and hotter in Sansa’s eyes day by day. Others might not see it, but Olenna knew to be looking for it. Her not so-sweet granddaughter had been stoking the flames of want in that redhead’s belly for five nights now. Quite admirably too, Olenna had to grudgingly admit. She had seen it all through her dragon glass eye.

Olenna had poured in the elixir from the purple bottle that went with scrying dish as soon as she returned to her sleeping quarters. She had been spying on Margaery with her dragon glass eyes for years now. Olenna had feared that Margaery was besotted with the tall red-headed Stark girl, and would not be able to control herself despite all claims otherwise.

She had confronted Margaery this very morning. She could not let on she had been spying on the girl with her magical seeing eye, so she had to phrase it as suspicions and ‘I know something is up between you two’ statements.

Margaery had confessed she was besotted with the girl, but was only having some fun with her. Getting her to loosen up and enjoy the pleasures of Sapphic sex. Margaery would not let it go far. She wanted Sansa to see the truth of female desires. She had told Olenna to chill out, whatever that meant.

Olenna had to grind her teeth in frustration. Margaery was headstrong and would do damn well as she pleased. She trusted that Olenna’s love for her would always win out. Damn the girl and her intuition – she was right.

Olenna had received the dragon glass eyes in her youth from a male paramour. He had been a sweet lover, and he had given her a gift he had picked up from an antique shop in Oldtown. Her long past lover had told her what a salesman had told him. That it was from old Valyria. The salesman had
explained that the three pendants had magical abilities that allowed the master to see through them with the scrying dish. All one had to do was pour the purple liquid into the dish and recite Valyrian spells, and one could see and hear through the pendants.

They had laughed about it at the time. She had cooed over the pretty pendants with a large, smooth, pinkish stone in the center. They had both doubted the authenticity of the pendants, but they laughed about it as he boned Olenna to hard, screaming orgasms.

Years later she had been fucking the Maester of Highgarden. Mace was enamored with a young daughter of a local lord. They had agreed to look the other way as each dallied. When her Maester had seen the dragon glass eyes he had been most intrigued. He told her the designs and runes were definitely of old Valyria but all knew magic did not exist any longer.

That had peaked Olenna’s interest. She had diligently researched the Dragon Glass Eyes and slowly science out the old artifacts. She read that one had to believe for the magic to work and to sing the proper incantations to invoke and bind the pendants to her will. First she had sought the magical incantations to use with the dish, and how to say the high Valyrian words. It had taken her two more years to learn belief. She had been highly rewarded for her diligent efforts.

When Margaery had taken Sansa’s hand after dinner Olenna could almost feel the sexual tension between the two teenage girls. When she followed them out into the hall and saw their hurry to get to Sansa’s room she was sure of their intent. She had prayed to gods she knew did not exist that Margaery would control her libido and supposed love for this girl. She had a way to make sure of events.

Olenna had hurried back to her private room and poured out the magical liquid that rolled out the long neck like mercury. The heavy metal shimmered and poured languidly down and out of the long neck of its retaining bottle. The purple metal then quickly leveled itself in the shallow basin. Olenna spoke the spell she had learned in High Valyrian. The liquid shimmered, and Olenna watched the world as seen by the gem from in the scyring bowl.

The pendant was still around Margaery’s neck. It was dark and stayed that way for half a minute before light was again available. Sounds were muffled. Soon Olenna was able to piece out that Margaery was in the green houses of Winterfell and she was snogging passionately with Sansa. The sounds of the sixteen year olds panting and moaning came to Olenna’s ears as the vision went dark again as they kissed passionately, their bodies pressed tight against each other.

_Damn Margaery’s eyes_, Olenna groused. She was working up Sansa so the girl could never stop any of Margaery’s nefarious designs on that sweet, nubile teenage body. While she whined, a part of the matriarch admired how Margaery plucked the Stark’s strings to achieve her goals. Olenna fumed though, when she was sure what that goal would be. Her granddaughter was just a little too audacious!

Soon the girls were hurriedly walking down the corridors of Winterfell back to Sansa’s room, which they had been sharing since Margaery’s arrival. The girl had so easily maneuvered their parents to achieve her aims. Olenna admired how deftly her granddaughter had maneuvered both sets of parents into having her share Sansa’s quarters. Of course both sets of parents were completely oblivious to all the signs of sexual attraction and raging hormones. Their whole bodies and persona screamed deep passionate love and sexual hunger for each other. Olenna shook her head, wondering how straight people often could not read the signs of their children’s true sexual nature. Arya practically screamed out she was gay and her mother did not have a clue. Olenna could tell that Eddard, the crafty wolf, had finally put the pieces together and was working his way through to acceptance.
Gods she admired that man!

Olenna had been assured by Margaery for the last two years she would hold onto her virtue. It was a valuable asset that could achieve much in their Game of Thrones. Margaery had assured her she would never give away her precious virtue until it was the “proper” time. Olenna had had her fears, knowing her granddaughter’s strong, defiant personality. This was one of the qualities that made Margaery so adept at the Game of Thrones.

Still, Olenna had thought she and Margaery were on the same page. They had not been. The proper time, to Margaery, was obviously now. She had seen Margaery was besotted with Sansa from the moment they met, but she had hoped that Margaery would hold onto a sense of propriety.

Margaery had put her pendant around the dummy bust that held Sansa’s own pendants, facing into the room. It was the natural way to arrange a pendant on the bust. Olenna had counted on this each night, the pendant giving her access to the two girl’s private time.

She had seen Margaery each night take Sansa further and further down the road of sexual awakening. Olenna had been hemmed in by her own craftiness. She could not confront Margaery with her knowledge. To do so would reveal her source of this privy knowledge. She would never risk her granddaughter’s trust and love.

With her pendant perfectly positioned, Olenna had seen the entire sexual escapade. She had seen the deflowering of both girls. The looks on their faces as orgasms ripped such pure pleasure from their pussies was quite powerful, Olenna had to admit.

She had been angered first at Margaery and her lack of control. Her granddaughter had lost a precious bargaining chip. Olenna calmed her anger, thinking of the many times she parted her legs for lovers back in her youth long before she was married off. Gods she had cummed so hard. Olenna had to admire that Margaery was giving away her virtue for love where Olenna had given it simply because she was randy and wanted to experience the full joys of sex with a man.

Olenna also admired Margaery’s selection in a mate. Sansa was beautiful, smart and a fiery potential. Sansa just needed more confidence, and she knew Margaery would take care of that problem. Olenna started to make the calculations she always did when new parameters were introduced. Margaery would lead to the full flowering of Sansa’s abilities. In time they would become a powerful force. A force she would nurture, and in time use.

Olenna enjoyed watching the lovemaking. She had been almost flabbergasted when she discovered her granddaughter and her cousins were having incestuous lesbian sex. A lot of lesbian sex. She had then given Margaery a gift of one of her precious dragon eyes. What she had seen and heard had been very educational. She had known of lesbian sex of course, and such relationships, but it was all knowledge that was intellectual and felt far away.

This was up close and personal. She had come to see what her progenies saw in it. Love and the joy of sex really should be allowed to express itself no matter the pairings of the lovers. She began to wonder what she had missed out on. Olenna loved sex, and being a voyeur was almost as good in her late autumn years.

Her enjoyment had come to screeching halt when Sansa faltered. Had Sansa lost her mind! OWCH! That was harsh! Olenna had almost gotten up to run down to Sansa’s suite to thrash her ass and get Margaery out of there. Fortunately, she had hesitated. The Stark girl’s confession of feeling so inferior touched her heart, and grabbed her granddaughter’s heart as well. Olenna almost couldn’t understand how the girl could feel so trite and inconsequential. Olenna and Margaery were filled to overflowing with confidence and feeling of self-worth.
Olenna looked forward to Margaery bringing out the inner wolf in Sansa Stark. Catelyn Stark should be ashamed of herself!

Olenna had to change her whole calculus now. She knew she would have to betroth her granddaughter to Joffrey the shit in four months. Margaery had been distraught until Olenna told her how she had already planned out his poising on their wedding day. Margaery was most happy to play her part in his poisoning and death, after she recovered from her grandmother’s jib at her expense. She told her grandmother the realm would be a much better place without the “little shit”.

Olenna planned on then marrying Margaery to sweet, amenable Tommen. They would be able to mold him into a good ruler, and allow Margaery and her cousins the ability to marry the right lords and keep them all still together so they could carry on their illicit, incestuous lesbian affairs.

Now she would mold Tommen into accepting Sansa as his concubine. That is what the world would think. She would in reality be Margaery’s true love. Not the best solution, Olenna knew, but it was the only one she could envision at the moment. Hopefully, a better option would show itself in the future.

Olenna again wondered why a whole generation of Highgarden seemed to be gay or bisexual. Margaery was forcing the issue with her innate desires for the female body.

Olenna sighed. She loved her granddaughter and it was obvious that she had all the skills and temperament that her son Mace lacked. He was a dullard when it came to the Game of Thrones. Margaery would grow to be her equal.

She looked into her dish and observed her granddaughter all entwined and asleep, snuggling into Sansa’s body and clutching it possessively. It was obvious they were both deeply in love with each other.

Olenna allowed herself to grouse one more time crying to herself: *why oh why couldn’t you keep your legs shut and keep your virginity*. Women had a big advantage when it came to sex, and keeping one’s virginity if they chose. *Damn you Margaery for choosing not to! You knew I would bend and support your passion for the Stark girl.*

*Margaery counted on my love for her, and that my desire to pass on my mantel to her would control my ire and rancor.* Olenna smiled slightly. *Margaery is already quite skilled at the Game of Thrones,* Olenna she had to admit. She had Olenna changing her plans for the future, and for Margaery already.

Life had definitely gotten more complicated for House Tyrell, but Olenna already felt her blood pulsing in her veins. Their deflowering was a new challenge that had to be met. Olenna loved challenges.

Olenna sat back, contemplating the new set of facts. Sansa was in many ways a perfect match for Margaery. Together, once Margaery had Sansa up to speed, they would be a formidable pair to deal with.

Olenna steeple her fingers together. She contemplated the future of Westeros and how that would affect both House Highgarden and Margaery.

A violent storm was approaching from the East. Daenerys Targaryen had arisen from the desert and had become a most terrible force. She was already mighty, and only growing stronger. She had shattered all the rim of Slaver’s Bay and deep inland. Dothraki Khalasars had been shattered by the woman as well.
She was definitely coming west. She wanted to reclaim her throne. None would be able to stop her - alliances would have to be made.

Olenna thought about how she could bend the woman, or at least mollify her to best put forward the aims of her House.

Fortunately, for Margaery and her brood’s innate inclinations, the Queen seemed to have their same tastes and orientation though she was seemingly trying to suppress or at least hide her true nature for now. The woman was definitely ambitious, and was showing she would do what she needed to do to take and rule her kingdom.

Yes, this Daenerys Targaryen was going to be a most formidable force. Olenna was already looking forward to the challenges this wild card would cause in the fortunes of Westeros.

**Arya**

Arya looked up into the night sky at the half moon shining bright. The morning star was just to the left of the lower point of the moon, an alignment of celestial bodies that was a portent of love. Arya was definitely falling in love with the exploits of the dragon queen. Arya tilted her face up, letting the ghostly light of the moon caress her skin.

How she longed that it was Daenerys Targaryen caressing her face instead, with her long, slender fingertips. The woman must be so tall and powerful to do all things that Arya heard about. The woman was smashing City State after City State. She had conquered Khalasars. The Targaryen was an unstoppable force, moving like lightning across the sky. The Dragon Queen was a large rolling thunderhead with one clear destination:

Westeros.

Her dreamy Queen was coming to her. She could almost see her violet eyes staring out across the Dothraki grass sea, or from atop some pyramid of Meereen. The tall woman’s hair would be flowing out behind her in the strong breeze, the wind brushing her body.

_I wish it was my hands touching that lovely body,_ Arya thought. Her cheeks reddened with thoughts of her tongue caressing that same dragon-blooded body, especially certain areas of it.

While warged into Nymeria, she had spied on several of the cooks and maids finding small spaces in behind alcoves or in the haylofts making sweet girl-girl love. The women were so engrossed they never saw the wolf from on high, or peeking inside a partially closed door.

Arya had spent time in her wolf watching and learning. She had masturbated all night long after seeing such hot sex. Arya knew basically how to make love to a woman now, just not the finer specifics.

How she longed to learn from the Dragon Queen.

Arya squirmed, squeezing her thighs together and enjoying the friction. She took a deep breath. There would be plenty of time later for that pleasurable pastime. She looked out from her perch on the east curtain wall of Winterfell and out over the small field, and into the forest beyond. The tall pines, spruce and elm trees that stood shoulder to shoulder like brothers of some long lost family of titans. These brothers blocking small humans from the mysteries that still roamed in those depths of the forest they guarded. Arya heard a long, mournful howl. From the courtyard she heard Nymeria’s powerful answer.
Arya envied the freedom of the wolf pack to roam where it would. Eddard had put out an edict to stop active hunting of wolves. He would compensate for any lost lambs during the lambing season. How Arya wished she, too, had the freedom to seek out the destiny she desired.

She felt trapped by circumstance. She was warrior born, but trapped in a body that society would not acknowledge had the right to seek out the path of the warrior. Arya hoped her sweet Dragon Queen would come to Westeros and change this.

Daenerys Targaryen was the total woman. She was smoking hot, smart, a warrior born and so, so, tall. Arya dreamed of taking that mighty warrior and making her writhe beneath Arya’s fingers and tongue. Arya shivered at just the thought.

She knew the Dragon Queen would love her. She just had to!

Nymeria came strolling down the battlement with her strong, confident lope. Arya looked back out over the embrasure at the dark forest that seemed almost magical in the dim light. Off in the far distance she heard more wolves howling their plaintive cries.

Arya looked into her direwolf’s eyes on level with hers. Nymeria had her ears cocked, twisting locating the sound. Now more howls answered the first from the Southeast. They sounded mournful, like two separated lovers that longed for each other and knew that though they may hear their mate, they would never be reunited.

Nymeria woofed and butted her head into Arya ribs. The action broke her out of her melancholy thoughts. Arya stroked her wolf’s ears and looked into Nymeria’s intelligent, dark golden eyes.

The wolf flopped down onto her back, and looked up at Arya expectantly. Nymeria woofed again, expressing her displeasure at a lack of belly rubbing.

Arya chortled, bending down and aggressively scratched her pleasure hound’s belly with her fingertips. The wolf wiggled on the stone, her legs running in the air and her tongue lolling out of her mouth.

After some satisfying scratches, Arya sat down beside her direwolf.

The times were changing. Arya ruminated in the difference she had seen in her older sister since the Tyrells had arrived. Yes indeed, Sansa was acting different. Before the arrival of the Roses of Highgarden, Sansa had been her usual self, prattling on about Loras this and Loras that. He was so handsome and so strong. She was so sickening in her swooning over the young knight. He was tall, strong, and handsome for sure, but for the life of her Arya could not see why Sansa swooned over that man.

Arya started scratching behind Nymeria’s ears.

But no longer. The last few days, Sansa had not mentioned Loras at all. In fact, she spent all her time with his sister Margaery. She was almost as sickening with Margaery - gods how could the two act any more like girly girls. They were always together, laughing and hugging each other. They for some reason found the need to touch each other constantly to make their points. They would stare into each other’s eyes as they talked, totally ignoring the rest of the world.

Arya wanted to put a finger in her throat and gag. She had been talking to them yesterday and they did not even hear her as the stared into each other’s eyes. What was wrong with them?

She had plucked Sansa in the ear for that. The next thing she knew she was running down the hall, fearing for her life with a furious Margaery Tyrell lifting up her dress to chase after her. She had run
to her room and slammed the door shut as an angry Tyrell yelled at her to come out and face her like a girl.

Yeah right.

Arya listened to Margaery pounding on her door and kicking it. Arya’s eyes were still a little wide thinking about it - *how had she run so fast holding up her dress with both hands?*

She had waited five minutes, hearing nothing. She wanted Nymeria with her, so she opened the door and immediately a hissing, storming Margaery Tyrell was slashing at her with her clawed hands and trying to grab her hair. Wild-eyed, Arya desperately fended her off.

Suddenly, Sansa was there trying to pull Margaery back, distracting the hellcat. Nymeria came loping into Arya’s room, bunting Margaery casually aside. Arya closed the door, but first paused to give Margaery the universal sign of *fuck off.*

More pounding on her door ensued, but the thick timbers did not even quiver in protest.

Tired, Arya left her stargazing and went to her room. She climbed onto her bed and sat back against her headboard. Nymeria woofed and jumped up to join her mistress, putting her head in Arya’s lap and rumbling when her master scratched her muzzle and along her head up to her twitching ears. The wolf became sleepy, immersed in supreme pleasure.

Arya pondered the riddle of Sansa and Margaery. The girls spent *all* their time together. Margaery even slept in Sansa’s bed. Arya could just image them giggling and gossiping about whatever small stupid, simpleton prince they had eyes for this day or that. They were probably practicing their stitching for the wedding bridals. Geez. What else could they be doing all night long anyways?

Annoyed, Arya finished with thinking of her sister. The little wild wolf closed her eyes and started to ponder which fantasy she would choose tonight. Who would save whom? … Yes.

Tonight it will be her sword that saves the day.

Arya wiggled down, preparing herself, and then opened the mummer’s play behind her eyelids.

Daenerys Targaryen was fighting a large band of brutish mountain clan ruffians from the Howler clan. Their dead were littered around the high mountain glade. In some places the dead were literally heaped one upon the other, their limbs intertwined in a grotesque dance macabre from their death throes, and their bodies covered in mangy coats of animal fur, rusted chain mail and mismatched plate armor that was ill fitting.

Daenerys’ sword slashed men’s arms off, disemboweled with intestines spewing onto the ground unraveling like a child’s twisted string. Heads were chopped clean off, or cleaved into parts at all different angles.

But the numbers were too great. She was tiring. Arya ran into the glade from the fringe of forest fir and spruce.

Like a Direwolf in righteous anger she dove into the fray. Her right hand held a shorter broadsword, her right hand wielded Needle.

Her swords blocked and parried the initial blows. The blades then lashed and slashed out, delivering death on both sides. Her arms whirled her blades in a blur of crippling blows and killing strokes that struck down their foes.
They came back to back, and Arya fought wildly defending her Queen. No longer exposed from an attack from the rear, Arya and the Queen quickly dispatched the vile brigands.

Suddenly, the dead were gone and the field filled with warm, bright sunshine and a wild profusion of wild flowers in a riot of blue, red, yellow, purple and orange. Arya stared into the violet orbs of the tall Targaryen. They were on the apex of a knoll in the middle of the glade.

The Queen stepped down several steps so their heads were now on the same level. Steel grey met violet eyes, and the Queen smiled. Arya felt her heart flutter, and a shy smile graced her lips. Daenerys gently cupped the younger warrior’s cheeks and brought their lips together. They kissed sweetly to begin with, but soon the hot ardor of pulsing passion took over, and the Queen demanded entrance to Arya’s mouth which was immediately given.

Arya cried out into the mouth devouring hers. Tongues wetly entwined and slithered together. Clothes seemed to magically disappear. Now naked bodies pressed tightly as the Queen took her new lover to the bed of flowers and lowered herself between Arya’s legs.

Soon Arya’s cries of ecstasy filled the summer glade.

Nymeria looked up at her master with her chin down on her neck her eyelids jerking with her dreams. Her body twitched, and the smell of her arousal filled Nymeria’s nostrils.

Her master was dreaming of white haired woman again. Nymeria laid back down soon joining her master in sleep as she too dreamed of a mate and the sweet coupling they would partake of. She would stay with her master for half the moon passing in the sky before she ran out to the pack to run wild.
“Noooooooooo!” Daenerys screamed. She awoke with ghastly visions of Meereen in her mind, her body soaked in sweat and the sheets twisted and half kicked off the bed.

She wiped her hand across her face to stop the sweat running down her forehead. She took several deep breaths to start getting her breathing under control as she shook.

She remembered receiving news of the crucified children on the coastal road been Meereen and Yunkai. She had been utterly shocked. She was stunned that Meereen would have such cruel arrogance. She never considered such violence on the innocent.

She had been enraged. She mounted Drogon and soared over the roadway. Twenty miles out she came upon the first child. She was dead, her right hand nailed to point to Meeren. It was a warning. The crows had already pecked her eyes out, and her body was turning dark and starting to bloat.

She flew down the ancient highway as tears of rage and grief tore at her heart. Each child she came upon opened the tear further. They were all dead, each had their right arm nailed to the mile markers pointing down the road that ran towards the city.

The mutilated condition of the bodies was a flail on her flesh. She screamed her impotent rage atop Drogon. She vowed she would have her revenge. She flew up to Meereen, where they were waiting for her. She had been so enraged she had been tempted to press in right then, but the scorpion barrages begged caution.

She saw them on the walls laughing in scorn and confidence.

With their thick, high walls they had felt safe. They had been fools. She was Daenerys Targaryen, Mother of Dragons.

Near the hour of midnight she had arisen from their sewers like some ghoul from dark legend. Trash and human waste covered her body and matted her hair. She brought her Unsullied up to the city and led the rebellion from within as her forces outside the walls and in the harbor engaged the defenses of Meereen.

She had led her forces and ever-growing slaves that joined them covered in the filth of the city. She did not remove any of it. The city was foul, and she wanted its stench on her body to urge her on.

She had righteous retribution to dispense. There would be justice for those sweet, innocent children killed like mangy dogs on the coastal road.

Meereen had fallen by noon the next day.

With her informants from the Freedom Slave Underground and freed slaves she quickly found the most prominent leaders. It had not been hard; most had no fear of her. She quickly rounded up the
men and women leaders and their immediate family.

The children younger than sixteen were led off.

Daenerys, still covered in filth, watched the Great Masters as they were brought into the large court. Zeknahr mo Zharazn of House Ghazeen presented himself as spokesperson of the Great Masters, the heads of Meereen's slaving families. When Daenerys came up to him, he spit in her face.

He started to speak down to the small usurper but Daenerys’ fist ripped up and smashed into his teeth, shattering them as he choked and spit out shards of broken teeth and blood.

She pronounced their fate. She had taken down one hundred and sixty-three children from the crosses down the coastal road. She told the staring nobles that she knew Ghiscari culture revered the number five as a lucky number.

In ‘honor’ of their culture, Daenerys would herself have one hundred and sixty-three times their lucky number of five crucified for what they’d done to those children.

The nobles were gathered and Daenerys led them out to the fields where holes had already been dug in circles. She ordered the Noble men of Meereen to crucify first their own accountably-aged sons and daughters, and then their wives to the crossbeams and post.

Most had balked at first, till she took the whip to them. Then men were sobbing and begging as she got her Blood Riders and captains of her mercenary companies to grip their sure hands over the weak Master men’s hands and hammer the nails home.

Some men fought however ineffectually, and she shattered their hands herself with a heavy mallet. Their screams and the screams of their heirs and women on the cross only fueled her anger. The screams of the slave children did not stop their executioners.

These ‘nobles’ were pigs ordering their crimes to be committed from afar. She got up and personal with their execution. She had the ‘honor’ of wielding the instruments of death herself. She drove in many of the nails into the Masters by her own hand. Their screams meant nothing to her then. She was the mouth that ordered their death and it would be her hands performing their execution.

She owed them that much. To be their executioner.

She pulled the sheets around herself. She had been so enraged seeing those poor innocents killed so heinously with their arms outstretched toward Meereen.

She had taken no joy in the Masters’ executions, but did not turn aside. For her it had been retribution plain and simple. They had killed the innocent and had paid the price. Unlike the Masters of Meereen she took the sin of their upon herself.

Now she wondered about the zeal with which she had dispensed justice. She now knew that several of the houses had been somewhat liberal and maybe she could have worked with them. Wasted opportunities.

It was the wives’ wails and the screams of the sons and daughters that truly haunted her now. She had been so lost in her raging anger.

You can’t paint a whole canvass with one brush stroke. It took many. Many of those women were no doubt married off to their own ‘masters’ like she had been to Drogo. They may have been corrupt to one degree or another, but just how guilty had they been? Weren’t at least some of them innocent?
If Khal Drogo had been overthrown when she had first been bartered off to him should she have been killed? Had she not been innocent at the time? Some of the women had to have still been pure enough not to deserve their fate.

And then there were their children. They still had the potential to take a different path; many were still young enough. She had robbed them of that. She took away all their possibilities of tomorrow. The way some looked at her when she watched impassively as she forced their fathers’ hands to crucify them. She was their monster.

She had walked between the posts, asking the ‘powerful Masters’ if they still felt powerful? Had the Masters of Meereen asked themselves about the lives of the slaves they killed? They had thought they were gods, didn’t they? Now she had become their God! She did this over the three days it took for the last to die in humiliation and agony.

She could still see each of their faces. She watched them die slowly and they became etched into her memory forever. She had not expected that. She had thought she would put them behind her. She instead found she carried them with her. They came to her at night to torment her with her cruelty and malice. She found herself reliving their deaths over and over again.

She would awake drenched in sweat with their screams ringing in her ears.

She wondered if she would have the right to feel victimized if her enemies were to crucify her now.

Daenerys shook herself. Her body was cooling. She was sure her meeting with the bastards of Robert Baratheon scheduled for today had triggered those particular nightmares.

Daenerys sighed. She had no one to hold her and soothe her soul’s torment when she awoke from her terrors. No one to love and comfort her. She looked around forlornly.

**Varrys**

The table was covered with twenty dossiers, which was amazing in itself. Varys looked over a report titled ‘Jorlyn’. She had been hard tease out. She was thirteen summers with the jet black hair and deep blue eyes of Robert Baratheon. The daughter of a seamstress. She was a beauty he supposed, though such things did not interest him.

He looked over a few of the other dossiers again even though he had them all memorized. All of Robert’s issue had survived. That was also surprising - no illness had taken any of them. Varys chuckled with the old phrase he had heard once: “the seed is strong”. Robert’s seed was superlative.

All of his children were dark of hair and blue of eyes. They were all strapping youths, strong and tall of body. And something else he had seen in the reports - all of the children comported themselves with restraint and a sense of control.

Somehow their mother’s traits seemed to ascend with their personalities. Robert had shown very little of that.

Varrys wondered about that. It was like after Robert won the throne he didn’t know what to do next. Of course, marrying that harridan could not have helped matters.

The woman thought she was a master of the Game of Thrones. That made the master of whispers chuckle. She kept saying she should have been born a man and allowed to take up the sword.

That was exactly what the queen had ended up doing. His spiders reported that Cersei was toiling mightily and suffering greatly. He kept waiting to read the report where she finally gave up and
stopped her foolish efforts. It had not come yet. She would somehow roll over from flat on her back
and lever herself back up and resume the near-torturous exercise the master of Dorne’s Military
Academy, Myrion Dwellen, kept subjecting Cersei Lannister to.

In fact he read how the Master in the beginning had overstressed the woman and given her a near
fatal case of heat stroke. Cersei had survived. It seemed the bitch was tougher than all himself
included gave her credit for. Of interest to Varys was the report that Obara had cared for the
Lannister tenderly. Cersei was near comatose and did not know of the way Obara treated her with
reverence. Varys knew this must have enraged her father Oberyn. The thought of his daughter
falling in love with the Lannister would be intolerable. Cersei was simply unlovable.

Tyrion must be pissed. He had lost many gold dragons betting against his sister in the ongoing pool
as to when his sister would stop. He was befuddled that she kept going forward. Truth be told, so
was Varys.

Also, according to whispers the oldest Sand Snake of Oberyn had taken an even keener interest in
Cersei. It seemed that Obara had boned with Cersei during her moment of crisis. Maybe Cersei’s
grit and determination was an aphrodisiac to the martial daughter of Oberyn. Obara was actively
training with the Cersei. Rumors were flying around Sunspear and the Military Academy that Obara
had her eye on the fallen Lannister. Everyone saw it. Why? Cersei was still a beauty to be sure, but
a failure. What could that strong, proud woman see in the fallen pretender?

Poor Oberyn. The shame and humiliation his eldest was bringing him. He would always hate
Cersei.

Varys brought his mind back to the matter at hand.

He had put a lot of the crown’s limited resources in tracking down all of the former’s king’s bastard
children, and he had finally found them all. The Queen had been most pressing on him locating
them. They ranged in age from twenty to only a little over a year old.

He did not count the children of Cersei. Anyone with eyes could see that they were the result of
incestuous coupling between brother and sister. He personally didn’t care. Didn’t seem to bother the
Targaryens any. Of course the constant inbreeding did tease out a certain insanity that ran in the
family. He had seen that Rhaegar did not have the taint. Neither did Daenerys Targaryen. She was
fiery and sometimes too passionate, but her reasoning was clear and sound.

If anyone else had else had asked him to find all these children he would be sure that they were about
to be executed. A problem being removed before it could even develop.

But this was Daenerys Targaryen. He was absolutely sure the children would be safe. He just didn’t
know what she had planned, and that upset him. His spiders were everywhere in the Red Keep and
Daenerys knew it. She and that damn imp would put their heads together and barely whisper.

He was the master of whispers and they were using his very own weapon against him. He finally
had to accept he would not find out until the Queen met with the twenty bastards of Robert
Baratheon within the hour.

He wondered what their life would be like after the meeting.

Most had a decent enough life. Some were seamstresses, one was an animal handler, Edric had it
good at Dragonstone, another was a smith. Two girls were working as high end prostitutes for
Chataya of the Summer Islands and extremely happy.
Varys sipped his Earl Grey. If only Robert had put as much effort into being king as he did fathering bastards maybe his legacy in the history books would be quite different than what would be written. A drunken lout that spent the crown into insolvency, abused his wife and fathered bastards like they were golden eggs.

Varys couldn’t wait for the meeting.

Daenerys

Daenerys had taken a hot bath, the water scalding to wash her skin and hair vigorously. She needed to feel clean after her nightmares. She remembered how she would put her dragon eggs in the embers of a fire and handle them afterwards. That was when she first began to suspect her true destiny.

She combed out her hair. It was soon shiny and silky. She liked to do her own ablutions in the morning and dressing herself for her morning session of sparring with her mentors. She was always pushing herself to improve. She had conquered her kingdoms but she could never know what future challenges would unexpectedly arise.

Or perhaps the vexing Eddard Stark would force her to march north and put down whatever the hell he was doing. She had not called her banners yet. The time it would take to marshal her forces, train and fit out would take months and she was loathe to do it.

She resisted the calls from her Small Council to go on a war footing. She would be forced to march north.

Today she had an important meeting so she called in her attendants. She sat patiently as they wove her Dothraki bells into her snow white hair, the silver bells blending in perfectly with her long tresses and creating perfect highlights. She had forty-seven bells now. She was proud of every single one.

When she met with Barristan and Syrio, she was especially aggressive with her mentors. She charged in recklessly with her practice sword, fighting like a demon possessed. Her blade was a blur that was matched by the former Captain of the Kingsguard and Water Dancer. She pressed her attack. They never gave her quarter. She had red marks on her arms and her left ribs ached from a sharp blow from Barristan.

She had done well. She almost pushed through Syrio’s defenses and had knocked Barristan to the ground when she kicked him in the knee and then punched him in the temple. He had backhanded her across the cheek in return, but she felt it was worth it. He had come up with a spinning pivot and brushed back her attack but she had put him on his ass.

After the sparring session Barristan came up to her and casually. “And?” he asked.

Daenerys had simply said: “Coastal Road.”

Barristan had shook his head and smiled sadly. He knew the cause and effect of that phrase.

Whenever Daenerys came at her mentors like a crazed, rabid hyena they knew she had had a nightmare.

She had sat through her Small Council and the reports and updates had been routine. Eddard had kindly decided to not do anything to piss off for the day.

She had read the dossiers on the children of Robert Baratheon. She had been impressed. The young adults were all tall and comely, and all had stood out in whatever field of endeavor they had chosen
as their profession.

The teenagers and children were all mild mannered, though proud and fierce in their play and focused on learning the various trades their mothers had setup for their offspring.

She read about how Mya Stone had her eye on a certain young night. He had lost interest in the base born woman. She had been hurt but quickly acted like she didn’t care and took other lovers.

Daenerys hated how the children of nobles born outside of marriage were punished and *not* the father. She had admired how Eddard Stark had taken in his bastard and raised him as a Stark in all but name. She had fumed that it was his *wife* that refused to allow the boy to grow up a Stark.

She felt sorry for Mya and all the other nineteen children. Their father could not keep his fucking dick in his trousers and didn’t have the common sense the gods gave a mule. Couldn’t he see that none of Cersei’s children were his? They did not have his face or build. Robert had seen many of his offspring: all black of hair and deep blue of eyes.

Fucking idiot.

She had her hair touched up after the Small Council meeting as she wanted to impress the children of Robert Baratheon. She wanted to look her fierce, regal best for what she had planned.

**Gendry**

Gendry was nervous as he waited in the large room. He had arrived second behind a fifteen year old boy, who was apprenticing to be a scribe. He only got more and more nervous as more and more young adults, teenagers, children and babes entered in the room, along with their mothers in the case of the youngest.

He had guessed his lineage but it didn’t matter. He only wanted to be a great smith. He was near to taking his master’s exam and he knew he would pass it. He had taken up the war hammer to work off excess energy and improve the symmetry of his muscles - he didn’t want the stereotypical overly large dominant arm from working the hammer on metal.

He was getting quite good, he had to admit, his master having hired a man to help Gendry train with the hammer to help him develop his skills. His master knew of his ability and wanted a happy apprentice, hoping that Gendry would continue to work for him until he was ready to move on or, hopefully, maybe take over his smithy.

Gendry kept looking around thinking of one word: fratricide. He began to sweat. He had heard stories of what happened the night the Targaryen dynasty came to an end. The children of Rheagar Targaryen had not survived the night. If the mad king’s children had not been smuggled out of the city unbeknownst, they too would have been killed.

Now one of them had returned. He could only hope she was not about to commit the same crime against him and his own obvious half-brothers and sisters that had been attempted on her.

New rulers so often wanted to remove any possible obstruction to their rule. This room full of Baratheon bastards had trouble written all over their proverbial foreheads.

Still, he had *some* hope. Everything he had seen from the new Queen had been positive. His father had been a drunken fool that only seemed to live to eat, drink and fuck.

He looked around the room to see confirmation of that last fact. He saw a mirror of his features written on the faces of the other gathered men and women.
All that Gendry really wanted out of life was to be a great smith. He knew he was well on the way to achieving his dream. He had recently cast his own warhammer that fit his hand and his build perfectly. He had worked ornate edges on the lower sides of the warhead and made it a two-handed weapon just like his father had used in his rebellion.

He had no desire to spark a rebellion. Just the thought had him looking around nervously. He just liked the length of the hammer in his large hands. He stood almost as tall as his exiled father. He still had a hard time understanding the Queen’s restraint. He was the deposed ruler and they were always killed.

His attitude vacillated between the extremes of ‘I am going to die within the hour’ to the almost confident feeling that everything would be okay.

He really just wanted to get back to his forge and hammers.

He watched the other bastards surreptitiously. Some were calm, cool and collected while others were clearly about to piss themselves. He only hoped he didn’t look like the latter.

Across the room he spied a very pretty woman about his age, or maybe a little older. She was tall at over her six feet in height with broad shoulders, lean of build with small breasts. Her body was muscular in her riding leathers. He continued glancing at her out of the corner of his eye. He couldn’t help but admire her beauty.

Suddenly, all were silent as the Queen entered the room. She wore breeches and a tunic tucked in with a sword belt on but without blade or scabbard. He noticed the daggers strapped to her thighs. She called out, demanding their attention.

She then told them that she had sought all the children of Robert Baratheon. Gendry could here the gasps of some of the teenagers in the room. Clearly some were shocked to hear of who they actually were.

The Queen then told them that she had no ill-will towards any of them. She said: “I will not punish any for the sins of their parents.” She paused. “And still, the bringing of life into this world can never be a sin.”

The white hard petite woman then gently took a black-haired baby from its mother and rocked the sleeping infant.

The Queen then told them that as of today their last name was Baratheon if they chose. If they wanted to keep their current names, that would be fine too. She told them she had had slave guards that still used their slave names. The reasons were their own, and she fully supported their choices.

She told them that she would provide ample support to the younger children and their mothers. All were free that lived outside of King’s Landing to move into the city. Their mothers would be provided work at very decent wages and their children would be royally educated.

All were invited to further or begin their schooling. She wanted them all to be literate and to have all the options open due their noble birth.

The grown children were going to be offered jobs. She then talked to them individually. He was told that he would sit for his Smithy Master Guild Hammer and Tong. She was going to make his smithy another royal affiliated forge since she had heard nothing but positives about their work.

He had accidently heard that the Stone girl was offered a job in the royal stables. He heard the girl brazenly ask for a yew longbow as well. The queen had smiled and granted her request. The girl
was cheeky, and the Queen benevolent.

He heard so many whispers about this Queen, some more violent than others. He had heard how she had crushed whole city states and fought and defeated Khalasars. She had killed their Khals and then taken their bells.

Gendry’s mouth fell open as he realized it was true. Those bells were on full display, chiming in her hair.

He looked at his Queen in wonder. She had conquered kingdoms and was now taking in all of the bastards of her predecessor.

The whispers of her benevolence were alive in the room. His fear disappeared.

**Mya**

Mya had not been disappointed in her Queen.

She had been accosted by an emissary for the Queen three months ago. The man had come to her and asked that she come to King’s Landing to meet the new Queen. She wished to talk about things the man would not divulge.

She asked the man point blank if this was request or a demand.

She had been surprised that it was in fact a request. The Queen would only reach out once. She was free to choose her destiny. She could live her life as she saw fit.

She had demanded to know what the Queen wanted from her.

“Nothing.” was the reply.

“Then why are you here?”

“To give you a new destiny if you so desire Mya Stone, or should I say Mya Baratheon. The choice is yours. I will be leaving in two days. You can come with me, or live your life here.”

She had chosen to go with the emissary. She would always be a bastard in the Vale, looked down upon, or she could take a chance and find out what the Queen wanted with her.

She was duly impressed. She was now considered nobility, but she could still work at what she was good at.

The Queen wanted to raise the younger children up to be designees in her government. She would need leaders to help govern in Westerosi fiefdoms and in her service in Essos.

She told Mya her way with animals was well known. Mya had told her she loved archery and cheekily asked for a yew bow expecting to be put down for being impertinent.

Instead she was told she was going to get a yew bow tomorrow. She was fist pumping inside.

She watched the smith boy, Gendry, gawking at her and trying so hard to not be seen doing it. It was endearing, and she found him very, very attractive.

As far as she was concerned he was nothing to her. If she wanted him, she didn’t care if he was her half-brother.
She watched the Queen pick up a Baratheon baby and coo to it. Then a six year old came up to her and simply stared up at her with wide, open eyes. The girl followed her around like a star-stuck puppy.

The Queen bent down and talked to the girl, ruffling her hair. Then the girl ran back to her mother, who was a whore. She would be one no more. The Queen had asked the woman if she had a hobby. The woman had said she liked making jewelry. She could be apprenticed as of the next day if she chose. The woman chose.

Mya saw the sad look on the Queen’s face as the girl climbed up on her mother and her mother hugged and cooed to the girl as the girl talked excitedly about the Queen.

“Why so sad, my Queen?”

“She reminds me of my daughter.”

“Daughter? I am surprised. I thought, er—well, that you were childless.”

“I am … now.”

“What happened? … Sorry, I shouldn’t have asked that.”

“No it’s alright. She died over five years ago.”

For some reason it was important for Mya to know more. “May I ask what happened to your daughter? … I can see you truly miss her.”

“She was stabbed through the heart right before my own heart was pierced by the same sword.” the Queen answered and slowly moved off.

Mya stood there, her mouth agape. The Queen went to a window and stared out of it for a while, her thoughts obviously on her long ago lost daughter.

Mya now understood some of the rage that permeated the stories of her conquest of Essos. Gods, to have your child killed before your eyes. My own heart was pierced by the same sword. Mya stared at the Queen. What was this woman?

Edric

The room was filled with excitement due to what the Queen had told them all. She had moved around the room to talk to each of the older children one by one, his kin. She had seemed genuinely interested in each one of them.

The Queen had talked to a girl who was a prostitute at a high end brothel that catered only to women of noble birth and women married to powerful merchants or guildsmen. For some reason the Queen seemed quite interested in the girl’s descriptions of both the brothel and its clientele. The Queen had made sure to make the young woman feel comfortable and respected.

She asked the girl if she wanted to continue her profession or come into her service and train for service to the kingdom. The girl had respectfully declined, saying she was being groomed to run the brothel when her lover, the owner, retired. The queen had smiled and wished her well. She told the girl, Dyanna, she would put out word in her forming court of women in need of her services. The girl had beamed.

Then the Queen was before him. The Queen knew his name and about his life at Storm’s End. She
knew of his affection for Cortnay Penrose, Renly's castellan. They made small talk and then the Queen asked Edric if he wanted to come with Cortnay to King’s Landing.

She had learned of his studious ways and how he had mastered High Valyrian. She needed this skill set. She required an ambassador to speak for her in the Free Cities. The further southeast you went, the more Valyrian was spoken and she needed someone who could speak both the Common Tongue and High Valyrian interchangeably.

She asked him if he happened to know anyone who could fill this need. He had nearly shouted ‘yes!’ in his enthusiasm.

The Queen chuckled. He would begin his diplomatic training the next day, and she would send for Cortnay Penrose. They would travel to Essos together when Edric was ready.

Edric was stunned. He had been an afterthought to his own father. He had heard the rumors of how his father laughed at the thank you notes he sent for gifts his father had never got for him himself.

This woman had just met him and was already showing him more respect and honor than his own blood. He had finally met true nobility.

**Daenerys**

The warm sunlight felt good on her face. Daenerys kept her back to the crowd in the room as she suppressed her body’s tremors. Tears ran silently down her cheeks.

She had not thought of Kiserri for a while now. The little girl was taller than her precious angel had been, but her black hair and innocent ways reminded her of her little Blood Rider. Her heart ached to again hold her precious adopted child.

She could see as if it were happening all over again, the pain and terror in her daughter’s eyes as the sword ran through her body. The blood that poured out her mouth as she tried to scream.

The Queen quickly cried herself out. She had learned how to do that over the years when sad memories flooded into her present.

She sniffled and stopped her tears. She surreptitiously pulled a tissue she always kept for this purpose, and dabbed her eyes and cheeks dry.

Daenerys breathed deep like Syrio taught her and calmed herself. She turned around, ready to meet her Queenly duties.

She returned to the audience chamber, talking genteelly to the various Baratheons in the room. They would never again be called bastards. Those days were no more for these children.

She was angered at the very concept of punishing the children for the sins of their father and sometimes mother. This was something else she planned to change about her homeland and Essos. Royalty would acknowledge and raise their children as their own. If you brought a child into the world then you by the gods were going to raise it as your own with honor and love.

She would make it very clear that they would deal with her if they failed in this. This was one battle she could pick and win. There would be no more Stones, Snows, Waters or Sands.

After the royals were moved to recognize their progeny then she would work to make all men recognize and raise their offspring whether fathered in or out of marriage.
Daenerys looked around the room. The meeting had gone well, and she had achieved all that she set out to do. She had given the unrecognized children of Robert Baratheon the future they deserved.

She had enjoyed seeing the reactions of the young adults; they were old enough to understand what this day meant to them. With the younger children it had been a pleasure to see the women who were raising their bastard children alone to suddenly understand that never again would they be openly scorned for their ‘indiscretion’ of the past again. Their children now had a future. They had a future. All had leapt at the chance to have a better life for themselves and their children.

Daenerys made it clear her largesse was for the whole family. They would not be coddled, but supported to better their stations in life.

Her emotions in check, she resumed playing with the younger children. She remembered the good times with Kiserri.

She was pleased and honored when Gendry, Mya and Edric came up to her and bent the knee in unison and pledge their allegiance to her.

Yes indeed, she had acted wisely. Today had been a good day.
Chapter Notes

AN #1: Intense graphic F/F/F/F sex

Chapter 21

The Targaryen Way

4 months ago

Cersei / Myrcella / Cersei / Obara / Myrcella

Cersei

Cersei was leaning over the rail vomiting yet again as the horizon seemed to roll at obscene angles. Her stomach was hurting and her throat was burning. The retching contractions began anew.

She felt her hair being cupped and brought from around her face, pulled behind her ear and laid on her back. She felt a hand rubbing her back as she began vomiting again. Then several more times she retched up nothing. She was exhausted.

Once empty, her stomach calmed slightly. She tiredly lifted her head to see who had shown her a kindness.

Her face registered her shock at Oberyn standing beside her with a neutral look on his face. “Cersei,” he said simply.

“Come to revel in my misery? …damn how do you sail on these violent seas?! … the waves are huge!” she finished weakly, leaning back against the rail, her head slightly spinning.

Oberyn looked out over the rail at the two-foot waves with a chuckle. “Cersei, I fear to tell you that these waves are actually quite calm, really.” He pulled a corked bottle out of his pant’s pocket. He pulled the cork out and handed it to the Lannister. “Drink this, Cersei.”

Cersei sniffed the bottle suspiciously. Was it poison? “What is this?”

“It’s ginger … it will help with the sea sickness.” Oberyn answered.

The worn out woman looked at him suspiciously and smelled the bottle again.

“Why would you help me? I am a cunt, you know.”

Oberyn sighed. “That you have been Cersei … that you have been. But you are to be a warrior now. Drink.” He walked off at ease on the rolling deck.

Most strange. Cersei thought. She drank the concoction. To her surprise, she started to feel better.

She turned to look out at the waves. The horizon was no longer rolling. She looked back up the deck, and observed Oberyn up at the wheelhouse. He looked back at her for a moment before going
below decks.

Myrcella

Myrcella and Arianne were leaned back against the headboard of their bed. They were covered in half dried sweat and cum. Their hair darkened and matted with their sweat. They were side by side on the bed. Their hips and sides touching heads pressed back into the wood.

Their inside legs were thrown over the other’s leg their outside legs spread out. Their pussies opened up. Both women were masturbating with expert skill. They watched each other as they jilled off. At times tilting heads over to kiss with heated fuck hunger. Their tongues like serpents writhing around each other. Their twined tongues snaking form mouth to mouth writhing and twisting in slippery wet love.

Their faces slashed with wanton pleasure. Their fingers worked their pussies with expert skills. Fingers that pumped deep in sodden pussies or rolled and squeezed engorged clits. They smiled at each other and looked down to watch their wife masturbate for her.

Myrcella was slamming two upturned fingers hard up her cunt that was making wet sloshing sounds. Arianne had buried two fingers up her cunt. Her hand was also upturned but jammed in deep. Her last two fingers jerking up spastically as she woman rubbed her frontal cunt wall and then her g-spot with the first two fingers of her right hand.

“Aaugggggg!” Arianne cried out in an uprush of ecstasy. Her fingertips were jacking into and over the spongy hillock. Arianne looked over at her pride wife. Myrcella was staring with glassy eyes at the twins.

Arianne turned her head and watched the twins perpendicular on the bed in a hot sweaty sixty-nine. They had their bodies pulled tight with hands gripping hips or ass cheeks.

Loreza was on the bottom her neck up off the bed and voraciously eating her sister out. Her head pumping up to spear tongue in deep up her sister’s twat. Loreza slurped and moaned dining on sweet pussy.

Dorea on top had sucked in her twin’s entire upper cunt deep into her mouth. Dorea was pulling her head back stretching out her sister’s cunt out an inch as she stretched Loreza’s soaked vulva. The slimy wet cunt meat clearly seen by their wives as they masturbated.

Dorea wiggled her head like the lioness she was stretching and pulling on the cunt meat in her mouth. Dorea’s head went down and up with her love suck on Loreza’s sloppy wet trim. She groaned gutturally loving having her wife’s quim and clit deep in her mouth where her tongue lashed the sweet cunt meat.

Loreza’s head jammed back into the bed and tilted back her face showing a shocking ecstasy. Her throat pulled taunt. " Aauggnoownngg! Aauggnoownngg! Ohhhhhh Dorea I loveeeeee youuuuuuu! . . Ohhnnn . . . unngghhh! Ohh! Unnnmnnggeeeeeee! Oh yes! Ohhn! Unngghhmmnnnieeee!" the litesome body jerked into the body pressing her down. Their sweaty bodies glued together.

Arianne and Myrcella smiled at each other seeing their wives fuck so exuberantly. They were then kissing as they continued masturbating. They were all in such love with each other!

They broke their kiss and Arianne began so shudder. Myrcella looked down and Arianne had her fingers buried deep in her cunt rubbing her g-spot desperately. Suddenly, Arianne’s body folded over and down her heavy tits swaying underneath her folded body. Wild spasms ripped through her
"Mmmmnnnggguuunnnnggg! Oh! Aiinggh! Mnggguumnnnggg! Aiyyeee!" Arianne screamed as her cunt tried to tear itself inside out. Her body rising up and then jamming down as convulsions of ecstasy ripped through her body. Arianne folded over her body jerking wildly making her heavy tits flip and roll so hot and dirty underneath her folded body. Her body convulsed hard her face slashed the agonizing pleasure. Her tits rippled and jiggled as her udders shook with her bodies convulsions. Her face looked like she was being tortured with ecstasy. "Fffffffuuuccckkkkk Unngghhiieeee! Unnggggiieeee!

Myrcella’s wife wailed as her body toppled over to the side. Arianne’s body still convulsed with her dying orgasm. Her body had folded up to a half fetal position as killing aftershocks rocked her voluptuous body her feet kicking and her ankles slamming into each other as her top leg jerked up and slammed down again and again as killing ecstasy still tore through the Martell’s body.

Myrcella looked back at the twins now. Dorea had gotten out of their sixty-nine position and had mounted her twin wife. She had their cunts locked tight and pulled Loreza’s right leg up and had put it on her sweaty torso. Dorea had her wife’s ankle on her shoulder.

Dorea held on for dear life using Loreza’s leg as an anchor as she jacked her cunt back and forth over her sister’s cunt. She was jamming and sweeping her swollen pussy over Loreza’s swollen distended cunt. Dorea’s whimpers desperate.

Dorea pushed Loreza leg out with her hands gripping Loreza’s ankle. Spittle spraying out her clenched teeth. Then Dorea’s head snapped back as violent convulsions ripped through her body. "AIINNGGGHHHIIIEEEE! AAWWOOGGGGSSSSSSS!" Dorea shrieked like a murder victim. It was a such a blood-curdling shriek that Myrcella was sure their body guards would crash through their door. "Ummngggiiieee! Gggggoodsss dammmnnnnn! Unngggghhiieeee!

She slowly slumped forward her body pressed into her sister’s sweat soaked body. They wiggled around to get their faces together and they kissed in languid love.

Now Myrcella’s orgasm erupted. Her body was flipping forward and slamming back into the headboard again and again. The bed shook violently with her lithe body crashing into the wood hard. Her screams echoing off the walls.

Finally, her orgasm was waning and Arianne enfolded her in her arms and pulled her down so they were lying down on the bed with Myrcella on top. The feel of her wife’s tits mashed into her small doves and their sweaty bellies mated in tendrils of sweat and cum with those tiny filaments so colorful in the light. Their mouths sought and found each other and mated tight. Their tongues wrapped around its mate and danced in pure love.

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Myrcella walked down to the docks surrounded by her wives. Arianne was in a beautiful dress that allowed her tits to nearly fall out while hugging her hips, showing off her hour glass figure. Her sand snakes were in tight leathers with open vests displaying their cleavage.

They were the envy of all.

She smiled, loving all the hungry eyes that fell on them. They had all heard the whispers. So many wanted access to her wives and their shared bed. But they were not of her pride - they were of no consequence.
She was mentally reviewing the reports she’d received back from King’s Landing. Her and Arianne’s reports had apparently blown the Queen away. She walked with her head held high. Arianne was beaming, and her hips swaying saucily.

The sand snakes had been pensive, and they had to fuck them hard over and over to mollify their doubts. Myrcella told them their time would come. Power attracted danger in the Game of Thrones. A feral look came over the twins faces then; they looked forward to finding a home for their spears and swords.

Myrcella had seen her mother getting off of the ship when it arrived from King’s Landing. She had looked wobbly, trying to get her land legs. She did not feel anything really for the woman. She really had been a bad mother, but was still very happy that Daenerys had spared her life.

She and her sand snakes had been keeping an eye on her surreptitiously. They watched Cersei Lannister exercise and run constantly as Myrion Dwellen seemed to work her mercilessly. They watched Cersei topple over to lie on her back, spent. Cersei’s mouth was vitriolic as she spewed insults and barbs up at the man leaning over her patiently.

It was Loreza that spoke appreciation for the fact that eventually, Cersei would painfully roll over to all fours and then push herself up on shaky legs while still hurling insults and resume her training.

Over the weeks they had observed her getting stronger and stronger. The woman was now able to run the laps demanded. She would end every run gasping as Myrion continued increasing the limits. Calisthenics and lifting heavy rocks were just part of the daily regiment.

Slowly, Cersei’s body was hardening and sleek muscles were starting to appear.

They also noticed that Obara Sand had started to appear on the training ground. She would stand back and merely observe. When asked by her sisters why she was there, she merely stated that she found the woman fascinating. To begin warrior training so late in life was rare.

The twins had never seen Obara take such a long-term interest in a woman before. She had always been a woman who had sex for pleasure; a queen of the one night stand. She fucked her women and moved on to the next conquest.

This fascination with Cersei Lannister was most unusual.

Obara told her youngest sisters that she was impressed with the woman’s determination and amused by her acid tongue.

Today Myrcella would finally confront her mother. She knew it was not going to be a good meeting.

As her pride walked to the training ground they were joined by Obara. When they reached the training grounds, they found Cersei doing pushups.

Myrcella watched her mother doing pushup after pushup as she advanced on the heavily sweating woman.

Cersei

Cersei was seething as she finished her third set of two hundred and fifty setups and one hundred pushups. She was sweating like a fucking pig. She wore a thin top and short leggings. She was soaked in sweat and aloe for her continuous sunburn. She had trouble sleeping for the first three months with her burned skin. She had never been out in the sun until she came to his hellhole with
its burning sun. She was given aloe at night to take the heat out of her skin.

She had been given rice bran to put on her skin to act as a sunscreen to mute the sun striking her skin. She had used a wide brim hat and veils at first but she sensed the other cadets thought her weak for it. Cersei hated weakness. More so in herself than anyone else. She slowly peeled back the veils and then removed her hat as her skin finally adjusted. She was happy that at last her fair skin was calming down.

She looked up, then stood and sneered. Finally. She knew her sweet, sweet daughter would eventually show up to grind her nose in it. She would have done it if the situation was reversed.

She saw her loving daughter and her ‘pride’ approaching, along with an added sand snake, Obara. It was unnerving having the woman watch her working out - slaving away at her toils. The warrior’s face was impassive.

Cersei guessed the woman was in her early thirties. Her body was toned and muscled but she still had a woman’s figure. Her full C cup breasts were still high and firm. The thin training outfits she wore displayed the woman’s nipples, often erect from the workouts. Cersei found herself staring at the sand snake when she was using her spear at a speed that was almost unimaginable. Her skill with the bull whip was also impressive.

She often heard the younger women training on the campus talking about how skilled she was in bed, and how they were so infatuated with the eldest sand snake. The woman evidently made her women scream the night away in ecstasy.

Cersei groused internally. Had anyone ever truly made her scream in the pure joy of sex? Jamie had, but that seemed like another lifetime ago. All of her other lovers had left her feeling old and used.

They stood before her, offering no salutations of love or respect. They were at an impasse with no one speaking. They stood staring at each other for several minutes.

Finally, Cersei could not take it anymore.

“Come to watch me toil, dear daughter? Why now? Why the sour look on your face, issue of my body?” Cersei spat at her daughter and her disgusting wives.

“Nice to see you too, mother. Still an asshole I see. Do you ever have anything nice to say to anyone other than uncle Jamie? Actually no… not even him anymore, since he left you for Brienne of Tarth. Best decision he ever made.” Myrcella replied, with her own spiteful looking face.

Cersei grimaced at the low blow. She really didn’t need all this. She had more runs and exercises to complete or Myrion would be deriding her with his silent stern look that said ‘I am disappointed in you Cersei’. That would always fire her up, and she’d attack her next task with a vengeance.

She was going to shove it down everyone’s throats someday. “What do you want Myrcella? As you can see I have much to do and little time to do it.” Cersei looked at the other women. “Whom do you love the least, Myrcella?” She looked around at the women one by one. “Two skinny sluts and one fat one.” Cersei probed for weakness. She found it in Arianne’s wince of self-doubt.

“She watched Myrcella turn around to see her wife’s distress. Her daughter whipped around with a
murderous look on her face. Her hand seemed to fly out at her.

SLAP!

Cersei’s head jerked over from her daughter’s vicious slap across her cheek.

Myrcella began to scream. “Don’t you ever, ever insult one of my wives again?!” Her emerald eyes were on fire, and spittle sprayed out her mouth. “Arianne is one of the most beautiful women to ever walk the face of this Earth. Do you understand that? Only Loreza and Dorea match her beauty!” The sand snakes were fuming beside Arianne as they softly stroked the woman. Their eyes promised vile retribution.

“You are a mean spirited little shit!” daughter yelled at mother.

Myrcella then pulled Arianne hard into her body and kissed her hard. Their chuffing and working cheeks showed their tongues entwined and wrestling wetly deep in Arianne’s mouth. Cersei was disgusted seeing their mouths part as her daughter kissed her lover hard and deep. Their wet tongues entangled and wrestling in raging love before their mouths mated tight again.

Arianne stopped sobbing and started to mewl into Myrcella’s devouring mouth. Their bodies melded as the long kiss continued.

The voluptuous woman’s body stood straighter. Finally, the kiss was broken.

The woman was clearly revived and when her dark eyes locked with Cersei’s, it was the lioness that looked away. She had felt a strange tingle in her stomach by the end of the kiss. And that damn Obara was just staring at her with those calm eyes.

“You are a fucking cunt mother!” Myrcella spat at her mother.

“So I have been told sweet daughter. I don’t deny it anymore” Cersei replied. She forced herself to bite her tongue. “I apologize for my unseemly remarks. Arianne, I apologize.”

They all seemed to calm down.

“An apology does not erase all the cruel things you have done, Mother.”

“I know.”

Myrcella was now nonplussed. This was not how she expected her mother to act. She never admitted fault. What was wrong with her? She looked at her mother closely and saw the fire and spite radiating out of her. Yes. This was her mother.

“Don’t you ever insult one of my wives again. Do I make myself clear?”

“I understand Myrcella. I cannot promise … I am a cunt … but I will try to do better.”

That seemed to mollify Myrcella a little. She stared at her mother and a sly smile crossed her face. “I want you know, mother, that I am a trusted confidante of the new beautiful queen. She values my reports highly. She is grooming me for greatness.”

Cersei gritted her teeth.

“You always said you wanted to be great. I am being great … you were a failure, mother. You were a failure as a Queen and as a mother both” her insolent child said. Cersei ground her teeth harder.
Her new found restraint seemed to throw her daughter off. She stared at Cersei for a few long moments. She and her pride started to move off but she stopped. “I have to ask mother. Is … is Jamie my … was he my f-

“The answer is yes, Myrcella.” Cersei replied softly. Her daughter deserved the truth. It didn’t matter now anyways.

Her daughter hiccupped and turned around. Myrcella’s pride held Arianna’s body close to their pressing bodies and cooed to her disgustingly. They moved off, but Obara remained behind.

Wonderful. Cersei thought.

Obara

The sand snake looked at Cersei. They both held their ground. Finally, Cersei broke the silence yet again.

“Yes?” Cersei asked with a sneer.

“Myrion Dwellen asked me relay a message to you.” Obara told her calmly. She watched the Lannister’s eyes flare.

“And?” Cersei asked with bated breath, her strong body leaning forward.

“Tomorrow you begin your training. He has a special program set up for you.”

“Yeessss!” Cersei crowed. “Finally, weapons training!” Obara watched the woman dance around. She had no idea what the Master had planned for Cersei, but her instincts told her it was something special. She kept her smirk hidden. No need to ruin the woman’s moment of hard-earned joy.

Obara knew she was in trouble when her belly clenched and she felt her heart hammer a little harder seeing the Lannister so happy. It almost made the taciturn sand snake smile.

“I also have a message for you, Cersei Lannister.” Obara told the former queen softly.

She watched the woman stop her happy dance. She immediately eyed the woman warily. “I apologized for my words with your nieces and their pride.” Cersei shifted to the balls of her feet, prepared for trouble.

Good, thought Obara. She is instinctively picking up on the warrior way. Around Cersei every day the lioness watched warriors and their students training on the expansive yards of the training academy.

Obara kept quiet. She saw the pressure building in the fiery Lannister.

Finally: “What is it Obara? What Earth shaking announcement do you have to make? What is it with all these cryptic announcements in Dorne anyway!” the Lannister spat.

“I have chosen.” Obara stated simply.

Cersei looked at her, and then around the field. She looked back at Obara with a confused look “Chosen what?” she asked.

“You.” Obara told her future wife. “I have waited a long time to find a mate worthy of me. You are that woman, Cersei.”
Cersei did not register the statement for a few moments, and then suddenly her eyes flared wide open and she backed up.

“Helllllll no!” she yelled at the sand snake. “Why in the seven hells would I allow that? You are fucking nuts!” the woman shrieked at her.

“Nevertheless. You will be my wife. I have chosen … in the end you will come to me.” With that, Obara turned and walked off leaving an angry and confused lioness in her wake.

Obara just knew it. This woman was her mate. Her fire and passion was being tempered into a most impressive weapon. She saw it day by day. She could afford to wait for a while before she claimed what was hers.

Cersei would be a weapon in the field of battle and her slut in their marriage bed. She was going to make that woman scream and forget all her previous lovers. Obara was confident in herself.

Her sisters had regaled her with so many stories of Myrcella’s passion in bed. They were intoxicated with her intelligence and ability to pay the Games of Thrones.

Those games did not interest her. She wanted a warrior with passion and fire in her soul. A woman who would compliment her cool demeanor with a fiery one. A woman who would be her equal. Yes, she had chosen wisely.

Making sure no one was near Obara started whistling a happy tune.

**Myrcella**

That night Myrcella was on her back in their bed. Dorea was humping down on her mouth as she sat on Myrcella’s face. The sand snake swirling her wet cunt down on her wife’s mouth. The sand snake was cawing and chuffing feeling Myrcella’s long tongue buried deep up her snatch and wiggling around in her wet inner folds driving her insane.

Myrcella looked up Dorea’s litesome torso and watched her wife’s tits jerk and flip on her quaking chest. Myrcella smiled into the quim she was devouring seeing Dorea’s face slashed with ecstasy.

She watched Loreza come into view behind Dorea. Loreza pressed her body into Dorea’s body leaning into her twin. Her hands came around Dorea’s slender body and cupped and roughly massaged Dorea’s little peach tits. Myrcella watched Loreza start nibbling and sucking on her sister’s throat and ear.

The extra affection had the sand snake jamming down harder onto Myrcella’s hot gobbling mouth. Myrcella was in heaven with Arianne between her legs licking up and down her slit. She would pause in her lapping to tongue lash and slap Myrcella’s clit with rapid flicks of her strong tongue.

Myrcella gagged into the drenched couchie she was devouring sucking in a mouthful of sweet cunt meat now and gobbling on it deep in her mouth as her tongue wretched all over the slimy cunt meat.

As she fucked, Myrcella’s mind drifted back to earlier today. While her meeting with her mother had been volatile it could have gone much worse. Her mother was her acid tongue and mean spirited self but it had been definitely muted. She had actually apologized and that was a first!

Her face slashed as Arianne sucked Myrcella’s clit deep into her mouth and sucked with cheek hollowing deep throat love sucks.

Yes her mother was different … a mollification … maybe there was hope …. “Augggghhhhhhh!”
cried out into Dorea’s cunt in ecstasy.

She was shining in court with her reports to the Queen. She and Arianne worked hard on every report and missive they sent to the Queen. Loreza and Dorea were out and about listening and reporting back everything they heard. Everyone underestimated their intelligence thinking them only brute warriors. They spoke freely around the supposedly dim women. That was their downfall.

Oh gods Myrcella cried out in her mind. Arianne had wormed her middle finger up her anus and was pumping it in and out so hard and deep as she short sucked her wife’s clit between her sensual lips.

Myrcella felt Dorea work her fingers underneath her head and jam her face up even harder into her down grinding cunt.

Yes Myrcella thought. She was shining … she only needed something big to truly bring her to the forefront of the Queens provincial advisors … something that she could take to Dany and show her loyalty and worth. She was sure it would happen. She just had to be ready for it when it happened.

Like she was ready now. Myrcella sucked Dorea’s clit deep into her mouth and jetted it in and out through her sensual lips. Yes! Her wife’s screams filled the room. Dorea’s cunt ground down on her mouth as Myrcella gulped wildly swallowing as much of the hot cum gushing out of Dorea’s womb that she could. Her mouth flooded and the overflow ran down her cheeks and throat.

Myrcella loved feeling Dorea’s fingers clawing into her scalp and jacking Myrcella’s head up hard into her exploding cunt. Dorea’s screams pure music to Myrcella’s ears.

Then it was Myrcella screaming wildly. Her wails swallowed by the cunt she was gobbling. The pussy that continued to jam down onto her mouth. Dorea’s body convulsed so hard as her head snapped forward and back her face torn apart with ecstasy.

Myrcella own body felt like it was flying apart with heavenly contractions in her stomach and womb throttling her with sweet ecstatic pleasure as her body convulsed and bucked jamming her cunt up into Arianne’s hot sucking mouth. Her wife whimpered as she swallowed Myrcella’s hot gushes of sweet cum. Arianne felt her wife’s anus pinching down on her finger wildly that she had jammed up deep into her lioness’s ass.

Myrcella thought for the millionth time that with her pride there was no holding her back as she continued screaming in Dorea’s rupturing cunt.
Daenerys rolled her shoulders, finished with her habitual morning bout with her Blood Riders. As always, she had been up an hour before sunrise, and quickly dressed in her training tunic and breeches. She opened her door and picked up the tray of fruit and lightly toasted bread that was waiting for her. She always ate her early meal with a glass of goat’s milk and a glass of fruit juice - today it was peach.

Her meal was delicious - almost as delicious as Pamdazna Irra had been in her bed last night, Daenerys thought as she wolfed down her breakfast. Fucking all night took a lot of energy, the Queen thought wickedly. She felt so much better now that she was again partaking of the female body.

Once again, she mulled over her situation as she pinched her nose in frustration. She still felt trapped by tradition. She wanted to have a Queen on her arm, but she knew that the conservative Westerosi would not accept it no matter what Tyrion may think. Daenerys had finally given in to her body’s needs and compromised by having trysts with women who she would not consider as potential queens.

She had felt nervous energy building within her as she waited by the fireplace, until she finally saw the figure of Varys’ sparrow pushing up the cleverly hidden doorway at the corner of the large hearth. The tiny youth came up, escorting a vision of loveliness. The woman of this particular evening had been clad in only a thin, see-through nightgown, her full breasts and shaved cunt on clear display.

Daenerys had gotten instantly soaking wet. She fell on the former pleasure slave like a dragon in heat.

Later in the night another sparrow took the same beautiful, totally fucked out woman away on wobbly legs.

Gods Daenerys had loved Pamdazra cumming so hard in her mouth. Pamdazra’s cum had been so, so sweet as she slurped it down. She drank from that fountain many times. The feel of her lover’s pussy contracting and gripping hard on her deep, thrusting fingers had been so heavenly.

The former pleasure slave from Yunkai had been so beautiful with her light brown hair and dark brown eyes. Daenerys had kissed her deeply and then feathered kisses all over her beautiful face. Then Daenerys had sensually licked the tear drop tattoos adorning her cheeks. Her lips remained pressed to them as she fingerfucked the woman to a loud, screaming, convulsing orgasm.

The former slave had wept at the tenderness Daenerys showed her as Dany went down on her after that and sucked her off to yet another screaming orgasm, the Queen insatiable in her hunger.

Daenerys had found it intoxicating to stare down at the former slave’s sweat and cum covered stomach and dark, swollen pussy that she would again lower her mouth to and devour as cum soaked
her face. Then after Daenerys had made the former slave cum so hard and long, Daenerys had the woman simply devour her own cunt afterwards. Pamdazra had whimpered and moaned while eating Daenerys out and sending her Queen to the stars with womb ripping orgasms.

Daenerys fondly remembered when they had scissor fucked and were up on their elbows to watch each other chuff and slam their groins into each other’s drooling cunts. Pamdazra’s full tits were whiplashing and swirling on her chest from the impact of surging and grinding bodies. The two women ground their swollen twats hard into each other. The women surged their snatches into the others with hard spastic heaving humps. Dany’s own little doves whipped up and down on her chest with sharp flips as well, contributing to her raw, guttural pleasure. They had humped to wailing orgasms of mutual bliss.

Once she’d caught her breath, the former slave had disentangled their legs and fell upon Daenerys, again burying her face in the Queen’s shaved-smooth sloppy wet couchie. The freed pleasure slave, sucked in the Valyrian’s labia lips and then her clit deep into her mouth. Pamdazra worked her magical oral skills on her Queen with her fluttering, batting tongue. Daenerys’ screams had echoed back and forth off of the tapestry covered walls. Her upper body surged up off the mattress and slammed back again and again as her cunt exploded in shocking womb rending ecstasy.

The Queen’s full body contractions nearly tore her apart. Her body stiffened and her toes curled painfully as her thighs wildly spasm. Her elbows slammed the bed hard and fast in helpless pleasure. She reveled in each hammer pulse of her orgasms. She was scalded with almost agonizing ecstasy as the former slave kept her orgasms rolling one after the other.

She had felt like she did after the blood ritual with the ur-viles. As if she could conquer the world.

Daenerys shook her head and pulled herself back to reality. She had a small council meeting to prepare for.

She was extremely satisfied with how her government and kingdom was coming together as of late. All was well except for her vexing Eddard Stark problem. It was like a thorn in her paw - not in and of itself dangerous, but a constant irritant that made her testy and kept her acid tongue alive and well at times.

She hoped that today would not be one of those days.

She had her Klatch of Confidents meeting many nights now as her closest advisors and more importantly friends planned the realms response to ‘The Eddard problem’ as she called it. She had her scouts finishing their initial mapping out of where she planned to land her forces in the North. Her using troop ships would save time and the troop’s strength. This time of year the seas should be calm and allow for rapid sailing up and down the coast of Westeros.

She had one dragon or the other as they flew around the North to fly out to sea to look for bad weather that the Queen would see and plan accordingly. She was preparing her realm for whatever actions she must take to keep her realm as one.

Daenerys looked in the mirror and liked what she saw.

Daenerys was never shy about her body. She had a hand maiden come and help her strip out of her workout clothes, and then help Daenerys take a sponge bath and make sure her hair had no dirt or grime in it. She did not have time to wash her hair before the Small Council meeting. The woman was as a straight as they came, and Daenerys did not feel any attraction to her, despite the intimacy of the task.
Daenerys longed to have a wife to perform such duties and let nature take its course, and the hot scorching sex such intimate acts would lead to.

After her attendant had helped clean her body Daenerys sent her off. The Queen preferred to dress herself as she had since her days with Drogo’s Khalasar. True, her harem usually helped but that first lead to exhausting sex with Daenerys eating out so many hot juicy pussies! The Queen felt in an impish mode. She opened the door nude and let in her two closest advisors came into her room to give her first debrief of the morning.

Tyrion’s bulging eyes had been worth it. He had devoured her body with his eyes and then the squirt of fear in them for doing so made the Queen chortle on the inside. Gods she loved teasing her Hand. His head snapped down as he mumbled an apology and entered the room. Missandei looked at her with a smile at the Queen’s naughty behavior. The scribe loved seeing Tyrion squirm.

Daenerys smirked at Tyrion sitting sideways so he did not have to look at the naked Queen. Missandei, on the other hand, had no qualms. She gave her Queen the morning reports and highlights; all business.

Daenerys had made it clear to the small Lord more than once that he could look, he just couldn’t touch. No man could! She had emphasized this clearly and clacked her teeth, making the small Lord hang his head in pained shame as Daenerys chuckled.

The Queen started to pull on her trousers and got her blouse top out of her closet.

Daenerys would put that day off as long as she possibly could. She was now seriously looking at Renly Baratheon and Loras Tyrell as possible mates.

She chuckled again when she thought back to the epiphany she had two weeks ago. She was a Targaryen. She could marry both and fulfill her family tradition in a way. Two husbands who would satisfy their needs with each other. This way she could feel free to satisfy her own needs and desires as she saw fit. The thought of not having a wife galled her, but she was at the point where she simply had to take what she could.

She had not discussed her revelation yet. She would not force herself, even on a man. She knew that Renly had political ambitions, but was not so sure about Loras. She could only assume he would go where Renly went, especially if he could freely love his husband – with discretion, of course.

Daenerys hated that homosexuals could not lead their lives in freedom. To have the basic right to love who you wanted; to love openly and freely.

She looked at herself as Missandei worked on her hair as she gave her part of the debrief. Missandei combed the Queen’s hair making it shine with a thorough brushing and then putting in some of the pretty purple and red ribbons that Daenerys so loved. They framed her features, and brought out her eyes.

Then she had Missandei rub some liniment into her shoulder. Her blood riders had been frenzied in their attacks earlier - she had them all come at her as one. She had been a whirling dervish against them, her sword swirling and blocking the majority of their blows. Those she did not block she spun and juked aside the blades barely missing her.

She had been hard pressed. They were great warriors. She used her lack of height and small body to her advantage as she moved and jumped like a panther. They all ended up throwing punches and kicks at each other. At one point they had knocked her to the ground, and she had placed her hands on the ground and threw her legs up, twisting her hips and making her body spin before snapping her
back to come to her feet and swipe out her sword, mock disemboweling Rakharo.

The other Blood Riders had learned from his mistake and did not let Daenerys so easily hook their Arakhs.

She defeated Jhogo after he was knocked off balance with a kick to his thigh. He had bowed to Mare Who Mounts the World when she delivered a killing chop to his shoulder that would have split him wide open to the sternum.

She and Aggo had wound up on the ground after disarming each other. They grappled while trying to get their daggers out, rolling and grunting. The fight ended when Aggo had a dagger to his throat while trying to keep the writhing Queen under control.

She had pulled a muscle in the exhilarating exchange, and enjoyed Missandei working the medicinal liquid into her muscles while getting them to loosen and relax. With her scribe they had long ago become only good friends with no sexual attraction.

She noticed that Tyrion continued acting the perfect gentlemen, for the most part. She had seen him turn his head for a glance a few times when she raised her head up from reading part of a report.

In truth, she enjoyed teasing Tyrion. He was so easy. She knew she had a killer body and loved using it at night with her sluts and to help control both men and women at court. She reached up, tracing the line of her scar on her face. She shivered slightly.

She was soon ready and she and her most trusted confidants went to the Small Council Room. She looked around at her Small Council, proud of how quickly they had gotten the government actually functioning and working for the good of the realm with her.

**Tyrion**

The Small Council was filled with quiet conversations as the members worked on their assigned tasks. He leaned back into the chair that was designed just for him, his feet supported and cushioned just so to give his back and legs the support he needed to feel no pain to his small frame.

He was so thankful for his Queen. She could make the Small Council meetings interesting with her histrionics, but all had gotten used to them. When she was screaming and throwing insults, they all felt safe and sound. It was when she went deathly silent that a person felt naked fear. Fortunately, those instances were rare and never occurred unless she was directly provoked or challenged.

In the four and half months since the Small Council had been meeting, the team Daenerys had assembled was starting to accomplish many good things.

The hemorrhaging of gold dragons had been stemmed. It was amazing how much money you saved when you weren’t having silly feasts and gaming tourneys every other week. They had found and rooted out graft and corruption that had set in with the poor rule of Robert Baratheon. Daenerys had been most unhappy but had forgiven many of the lesser criminals with the express warning that they would be watched closely. The more egregious offenders were given moderate terms of incarceration in the prison chambers but were to be provided plenty of light, clothing to keep warm, and good meals with clean water.

The taxes that had been sloppily administered were now flowing in a much smoother, formal manner. They had had to tease out corruption in the tax collection offices in the provinces, but that was well on way to resolution.

The only irritant was, as always, Eddard Stark. Tyrion looked down at the Queen who was talking
to the Maester about something, and pulled out a pear from a hidden pocket and bit into it. What was that grizzled wolf up to? That was the question that no one could answer. He was acting very strangely. He hoped the Queen would not have to have his head after vouching for the man.

Tyrion had noticed that Harsch Lape and Daenerys had finally formed a working relationship. It was still tense at times though, with man’s inability not to stare at his Queen’s tits that were so clearly on display with her sheer tops. All would steal glances to be sure, but he insisted on outright staring.

Tyrion suspected it had become a game. When the Queen would get up and move down the table she would sometimes rap his head with her knuckles or flick his ears in punishment. The Maester was now on his toes, sometimes avoiding the punishment with a smirk. These were balanced out with yelps of pain when the Queen found her target later.

There had also been a big change in Solaja Xo. She now sat sullenly at the table. She was offering more and more insights, and was active in integrating the navy of her nation to the other navies allied with Daenerys. The challenge of using the Queen’s navies in the most effective manner was bringing out the best in the Summer Islander.

Evidently, the woman had formerly been a great admiral in her nation. She had moved into diplomacy after deciding she wanted to let a younger woman take over the fleets of the Summer Islands. She had wanted other challenges.

One of those challenges had been Daenerys. She had pursued the Queen with a focus that was single-minded. She had been extremely upset when she discovered the Queen was taking women into her bed every night.

The woman had fumed. Several times she chased Daenerys around the table as the Queen changed seats to get away from her. Varys had reported to Tyrion when the woman tried to corner the Queen in a backroom and rip her clothes off. The Queen had used her warrior skills to slip from the woman’s clutches.

It had come to head last week. Tyrion was leaving out the Queen’s chambers going over the latest reports from the Great Houses. She had stormed in and knocked the little Lord flat on his ass, not even noticing it.

The dark skinned woman had screamed at Daenerys for sleeping with the mother and daughter prostitutes Chataya and Alayaya. It incensed her that Dany was sleeping with them when she had been, literally, throwing herself at the Queen. She was galled with the Queen partaking repeatedly of the dark skinned lovers when she rejected Solaja’s own willing offer. She was every bit as dark! Solaja had yelled in frustration.

“They’re whores, gods damn it!” Solaja screamed.

Daenerys had taken umbrage at that, and Solaja Xo had calmed down, acknowledging that prostitution was a noble profession.

She asked then in a plaintive tone “Why not me?”

“I’m just not attracted to you Solaja Xo. I’m sorry.”

“But you fuck other Summer Islander women … it’s not right to refuse me.” The woman had appeared to be grief-stricken.

“Solaja … I’m sorry, but we will not be sleeping together … you are on my Small Council—”
“I’ll quit!”

“No. Solaja.” Daenerys sighed. “I can’t fuck a woman that I feel no attraction for,” the Queen had told her softly. “It wouldn’t be fair to either of us.”

“Fuck you! You screw whatever whore that bald-headed eunuch brings you! … I would give you my body every night if you would let me!”

“I want those whores, Solaja—not you,” was the calm reply.

Solaja had left after that. They had both heard her weeping as she went down the hall. Tyrion and the Queen looked at each other with sadness and pain. Neither liked hurting someone if they did not deserve it.

Since then Solaja Xo had been the model of cool professionalism.

She announced to the Queen that she had received a raven from five freight ships filled with gold, gems and precious metals that had been taken from the former slave lords. They were heading for safe keeping in the capital of her nation.

Tyrion was still impressed with the Summer Islander’s honesty and honor. He found it hard to believe. Varys had gotten spies up and running in the kingdoms of the Summer Islands and they had found that zero theft had occurred from the hordes of wealth that Daenerys had taken from around Slaver’s Bay.

The Queen was also in the process of taking the looted wealth that lined the road to Vaes Dothrak and returning it to the lands they originally belonged to if they were still in existence. Treasures from Slave Empires were not returned and were being melted down or processed to fund the rebuilding of those cities. The slave masters would not be rewarded for their past sins.

Booty from civilizations that no longer existed was also being melted or torn down to be taken to the Summer Islands for safekeeping to fund future projects.

Daenerys had killed another Khal that had challenged her for her ‘desecration’. His twelve bells added to the collection that now adorned her hair on special occasions. She had chopped off both of his arms before taking his head.

The prowess of the Queen made Tyrion shiver.

Daenerys was using the wealth in these ships to help buy grain for the Kingdom for the approaching winter, and splitting the rest between army and navy. A lesser amount to keep the navies assembled paid and in top shape, and the rest would pay for the assembly that he and the Queen believed would have to be called in the not to distance future.

Eddard Stark and his addled Game of Thrones would require it. Tyrion had suffered several thorough ass chewing about it in the privacy of the Queen’s quarters so as not to not embarrass him.

Calling up an army was expensive. She wanted to defray the cost as much as possible to keep the burden from hitting the Houses too hard.

He was looking at the itinerary and saw that House Tyrell had requested - i.e. demanded - an audience with the Queen today. The Great House representatives had arrived at the Red Keep two days ago. Mace and his wife were comfortably ensconced in their royal chambers, enjoying court.

It was Mace’s mother that was demanding audience with the Queen. She had brought suitors for the
Queen’s perusal. Tyrion had told the Queen that she would have to give audience to the woman. Olenna was a force to be reckoned with and once she sank her teeth into something she was like a wolverine; she would not let go.

The Queen had been most agitated at that. Fortunately, a night of great sex had relaxed the Targaryen enough to cope.

Suddenly, all could hear an altercation at the main door. Then they flew open and a stumbling Grey Worm fell back with Rakharo at his side. They were helpless before the mighty ego and strength of the old woman pushing them back.

Typhoon Olenna had made itself felt. The small elder woman looked around imperiously, until she spotted the Queen.

“There you are. You have put me off long enough!”

Olenna

The Queen looked at her with a slightly open mouth. Good. Her audacity had captured the full attention of the Targaryen.

Olenna had two first impressions. The first was that the woman was a ravishing beauty – it was no wonder she’d had multiple husbands in Essos, even if none were long for the world after those unions. Varys’ varnished reports and her own moths had reported the stream of women recently gracing the Queen’s bed and how they left absolutely besotted with the woman. Seeing the woman in person she understood why, and it formed her second impression. She had spent her life attracted to men exclusively, but this woman radiated power that all found appealing. Olenna was about the same height as the Queen, but the power radiating off the tiny Targaryen made her seem six feet tall. This was a ruler!

The woman was now boring her violet eyes into hers. The challenge met and accepted. They stared at each other for a long time as the Small Council went silent, waiting.

Finally, the Queen slightly inclined her head for the true power of House Tyrell to proceed.

Olenna clapped her hands twice.

Servants came in with several rolled-up green carpets that they rolled out. One lead from the doorway, and then another ran down the length of the room.

Another servant came in and threw down various colored rose petals onto the carpet and off to the sides of the runway. The color yellow predominate. Then several viol and lute players came in, starting to play a soothing melody.

All in the room gave her and the carpet runway their full attention. Good.

Willis Tyrell appeared in the doorway. He looked around and sighed, before walking out, proudly, not afraid to show his limping step - all knew he had been injured honorably.

“Willis Tyrell. My eldest grandson. He was a mighty warrior before an unfortunate accident left him with an injury that took him off the tourney field. My grandson is studious, educated, and kind, and is renowned for breeding the finest hawks, hounds, and horses in the Seven Kingdoms.”

She watched her grandson roll his eyes and then give her the stink eye. She reached out to swat his shoulder as he passed, and he rolled his eyes again. He walked down and then back up the runway,
Olenna saw the Queen paying polite attention, but not really looking either. She was twirling a dagger between her fingers in a blur. *I wonder if her tongue is that fast.*

Next, Loras Tyrell was in the doorway. He gave his brother a good natured fist bump. He stepped in with a confident, ostentatious pose. He was exceptionally handsome with his long, flowing brown hair and golden eyes.

Olenna knew that all the women longed to open their legs for him. Her grandson was glad to oblige. He had told his grandmother once that “a hole was a hole”. Though women longed to give her grandson their virtue, it was the sons of the nobles he most longed to deflower.

“I give you my youngest grandson, Loras Tyrell.” Olenna watched him strut down the runway. He was used to his good looks attracting all the women in a room. Strangely, *all* the women were not paying attention to him now.

The Queen was obviously turned off by his ego. Olenna noted that. Poor Margaery. She doubted she could warn the girl in time and she wouldn’t listen anyways with her own big ego.

Olenna listed Loras’ great attributes. She called out that he was a highly skilled knight and jouster; his tournament successes legend. She regaled the Queen with details about his skills with swords, axes, and morning stars. That made the Queen actually pay heed for a moment before she started to trim her nails.

“Yes, Olenna thought. *The Queen is thinking of how she can marry my sweet grandson and still fuck all her harem at night. I like how she thinks. A schemer who is now thinking how to best use what she is presented.*

She next introduced Luthor Tyrell, a knight in training. He was a young, strapping youth with promise of growing into a muscular young man. Maybe the queen would be interested in a man with a more robust manly figure. Loras was almost too good looking for some tastes. Olenna extolled his manly attributes and great stamina in all manner of physical exertions.

She pinched Luthor’s ear when he passed. He was blushing and actually groaning at her description of his physical prowess. “Oh Auntie!” he exclaimed when the Queen of Thorns told the assemblage that maybe the Queen would want to have a young man she could shape into a consort she desired by her side.

But the Queen was even more disinterested. Her nephew left the room.

“I thank you for this presentation of House Tyrell. It has been most illuminating.” Daenerys spoke in a bland, bored voice.

Olenna waited a few heartbeats for effect as the musicians continued to play a beautiful melody.

“But it is not finished yet, my Queen.”

There was a pause as the Queen looked confused. “You have presented your heirs to the House. I don’t understand.”
“My Queen. You are from Essos and used to a different culture than old, staid Westeros. You were a Dothraki, and I understand their lusty heritage. I now present my granddaughter … Margaery Tyrell.”

The room was silent for a moment, then quickly filled with not so silent murmurs.

Her own Hugh Elicero was stunned and saying this ‘couldn’t be’. Micud Caudill and Vedad Softic were crying out that it was against the laws of man, gods and nature.

Olenna saw the Queen had wilted a little at the vociferous arguments erupting around the table. The Maester happily mentioned that the Queen could never have a child with Margaery Tyrell. Olenna had heard of his rejections by the Queen and ear plucking. It seemed he was getting some revenge.

The Summer Islander watched the Queen stagger and simply stared at her. Olenna had heard of her rejections also. She would not come to Daenerys’ aid now.

“Oh shove it up your asses!” Olenna barked at the Masters around the table. “You couldn’t even come close to satisfying the queen or my granddaughter with your tiny cocks. We don’t want me to bring your wives in for verification, do we?” she sneered to the table.

The Masters, for some reason, quieted down.

“In the House of Tyrell we consider love to be more important than the silly heritage of old, dry, musty customs.” Olenna knew that was not entirely true, but she was not going to let facts get in the way of ambition.

She glared at the Masters who glared right back. She saw that Barristan was studying his Queen intently. Many of the guards lining the wall were either snickering or muttering to themselves that Olenna was insane to even imply the Queen was unnatural.

The Queen evidently had sharp hearing, her eyes glancing to the walls, her shoulders slumping a little more.

“My Queen … follow your heart and do not listen to these feeble minded men. Again … I present my granddaughter, Margaery Tyrell.”

The young, stunning beauty entered the room.

All in the room could clearly see Margaery’s thick, softly curling brown hair, large brown eyes, unblemished skin and slender yet shapely figure. Margaery’s dress was low cut, showing off her full B cup breasts, the nipples almost visible. The girl walked with easy grace and courtly charm.

Olenna spoke of Margaery’s intelligence, and her shrewd politically savvy. She would make a great Queen for any Queen or King. Someone the monarch could confide in, and ask for sage advice.

The Queen was looking intently at the girl. She had been wounded by the prejudice she had heard, to be sure, but she saw a little fire returning. It was obvious the Queen had been shocked that any House would be so bold as to offer their female heirs to her. If nothing else, Olenna had scored political points with the Queen.

Margaery was thrusting her chest out and shaking her ass for the Queen. The Queen was hard to read now, but Olenna had picked up the Queen preferred a certain restraint in potential suitors.

Margaery was approaching the door when Elinor Tyrell stepped in. She was three years younger at sixteen, but had a full D cup and voluptuous figure. Maybe the Queen wanted some meat on the
bones of her queen and not Margaery’s more willowy build.

She watched the Queen. The Targaryen was only human and stared along with the men at the heavy breasts nearly spilling out of Elinor’s bodice.

Margaery and Elinor were friends, but still competitive. They stuck their tongues out at each other and gave each other raspberries as they passed each other.

Olenna rolled her eyes.

Elinor strutted down the runway, her voluptuous body doing a lot of talking for the teenager. Olenna told the Queen of Elinor’s wit and loyalty. She was sure the teen would be most willing to please the Queen.

On cue the youth turned and batted her eyelashes at the Queen, then bent forward, showing off her cleavage.

The Queen licked her lips, her eyes devouring the cleavage along with all of the men. Tyrion was squirming in his chair, moving from foot to foot as he continued to look over and around the sides of the chair trying not to eye all the hot ass being displayed up and down the runway.

Elinor left as Megga Tyrell entered. They bumped into each other, nearly knocking each other off of their feet. They gave each other noisy raspberries.

Olenna rolled her eyes. *Youth.*

Megga was a little sprite, much like the queen. Maybe the Queen would want a woman much like herself.

Olenna was trying to cover all the bases. She had chosen these two because they were already lovers. She was sure they would quickly convince the Queen to marry the other, and this would give Olenna two Tyrells sharing the throne.

They could not match Margaery, of course. Who could but herself? If the Queen would choose someone from House Tyrell, she truly hoped it would be Margaery. Her granddaughter was so adept at the Game of Thrones.

It was evident that Daenerys was also a master but preferred a more direct approach. Margaery and Sansa, after Margaery convinced the Queen to marry her lover too, would make a formidable dynasty. Her House sigil was the three headed dragon after all. Daenerys would be the mailed fist and they would work the back channels and undercurrents to get the realm’s business done. They would be unstoppable.

Olenna suspected that Eddard would always fully support his children. What a mighty binding of Houses that would make.

If the Queen bowed to tradition, then Loras waited for her. If the Queen ever craved cock then Loras would be happy to oblige else he would satisfy Renly and any other pretty boys and girls that he may choose. That would leave the Queen free to pursue her own dalliances. The Queen may feel this was necessary in the end, but Olenna sensed she would prefer a woman on her elbow and just did not know how to achieve that.

Strange how she was so bold in so many things, but was afraid to fight for what she most wanted. Olenna would fight and fight hard for her consort. She would go to war for it. She saw that this woman would not fight such a battle for herself.
She fought a three year war to end slavery in Essos. She would have fought for Westeros if she had to, to win her throne. But to achieve her heart’s desire - she demurred.

Olenna guessed that in a way, that was very noble. Foolish, but noble.

Olenna left the Small Council room. She had accomplished all she could do there. She had planted the seeds, and she would see if any took root to grow and break the Earth. She was pleased with herself. She had established House Tyrell as the frontrunner in the race to win the Queen’s eye.

She presented choices from all angles. If the Queen let duty win out, she would wed Loras. If she followed her heart she would choose either Margaery, Elinor or Megga.

All the other House’s requested the Queen’s attendance when it came to the presentation of possible suitors. It was obvious she was not interested, so Olenna had taken away the possibility of denying her.

You had to reach and take what you wanted.

The true power of Highgarden had finished her business. Now she had another appointment to keep.

She always believed in playing all the cards she was dealt from the deck.

She would see what this next clandestine meeting held for House Tyrell. She had great hopes.

**Varys**

Varys had watched the whole ostentatious presentation of suitors to the Queen. He owed Olenna for much of his informants in the Reach, Casterly Rock and Dorne. He had his own of course, and he knew Olenna had her “moths”, as she called them, flitting around Westeros gathering reports for the ‘Master of Murmurs’, as the Queen of Thorns called herself. He knew his pseudonym was superior to the name the true force of the Reach used.

He watched the children come down the carpeted runway as the viol players played romantic and seductive strains in the minor key meant to put the Queen in a receptive mood.

As he had suspected the Queen had little interest in the men paraded down the line. Loras had not been so much an interest, but a calculation. Varys knew the diminutive Targaryen was gauging whether she could make a shame marriage and pursue her true interests with his cover.

Varys had determined the Queen desired a marriage to a noble lady but did not know how to achieve her goals. If she would only come to him… he had plenty of ideas.

When Margaery entered the room, disinterest flew out the window. The Queen’s eyes feasted on the young girl’s teenage body. She had been practically drooling. Varys had looked to her side and saw Missandei’s eyes lidded as she licked her lips as well. He often wondered why the Queen did not take her interpreter, scribe, handmaiden and confident as a lover. The small woman clearly worshipped the ground the Queen walked on. Varys supposed that they had been together for so long and formed their partnership when Missandei had been so young that the idea simply never occurred to either of them to take their relationship to the next level. It was almost too bad. Varys had done much research on Missandei, and knew she would make a loyal and intelligent consort to the Dragon Queen.

Olenna had covered all the physical bases to see if a certain type peaked the Queen’s interest. Some women had a certain preference that simply ‘rung their bell’. Though, from what Varys had seen...
and had reported back to him, the Queen simply loved women *period*, regardless of type.

His sparrows had often stayed just underneath the hearth or slightly cracking it after they’d brought a woman to the dragon. They, unlike him, had working cocks and cunts. The woman definitely knew how to please her women. Several young female sparrows were now lovers after watching the Queen. They saw what they had been missing. Their excited whispers of how the women’s bodies flipped and jackknifed so hard from their orgasms had his sparrows all atwitter. They were in awe at how totally the Queen threw herself into sex and would cum so hard and exultantly.

The Queen was definitely interested in the women being offered, and maybe with time would indeed select a girl from the House of Tyrell… but something was lacking, he perceived.

Daenerys was a warrior. She loved the soft women he supplied her with, and devoured them with a fervid, feverish hunger. The reports from the women who graced the Queen’s bed were that she was insatiable.

Daenerys always made sure to close the thick lead panes of the windows to her room before lovemaking commenced. When asked, the Queen told her lovers “I’m going to make you scream so loud … I’m going to make you cum so hard you will think the gods and angels have come to our bed and touched you …” then she would smile wickedly, “but it will be my tongue and fingers as I make you wail in ecstasy.” Then she delivered. Every time, every night.

Varys of course had no interest in such things, but he was impressed never the less. The woman had truly mastered everything she touched or set out to do. The Queen’s women all left her bed totally spent and drained, in a euphoric daze of lust and desire for even more.

Varys truly feared for a man’s safety with the Queen’s incredible appetite for sex. He felt that only a woman could possibly keep up with the Queen. Having Margery and Sansa marrying the Queen would have merit. He knew the two scions of their own houses were also insatiable sluts who had fucked for hours during their brief, idyllic two week bonding period. They would run off at the first opportunity and not appear again for long hours.

The Spider was always amazed at how heterosexuals would miss homosexual trysts right underneath their noses, not even conceiving such a thing possible. Margaery and Sansa had taken full advantage of that. Those two women would give the Targaryen all she could handle in bed from what had been reported.

Somehow, someway Varys was sure the Queen would resolve her romantic malaise. A happy Queen in the sack at night would definitely help in her rule during the day.

In other matters, Varys was content. Much of the instability that plagued the Small Council and Court of King's Landing had disappeared or was on the way to resolving itself. When people had clear and honorable leadership, most got behind that and worked hard to meld themselves to it. He saw people who had been jaded suddenly trying to support the Queen with their utmost effort.

He was starting to maybe understand a little why Eddard Stark enjoyed such loyal support. That was great, he supposed, but it made his own life shit sometimes. He had lost most of his northern sparrows, but had managed to find two more.

Varys had been confident that the intrigue and stress of the movements of men and stores would cause upset among some in the Realm of the North. This stress would leave aggrieved parties, who would be happy to sing to a new master.

One was a spurned past friend hoped for lover of Sansa. He had thought he was on the inside track
to her affections when he was younger. As children they had kissed and pretended to be lord and princess. Now grown, and he had become bitter when he was spurned. He had thought that now that she was old enough to be betrothed he would be the most suitable suitor. He would be her husband and she would be his wife, and they would head a powerful holdfast.

When he had approached Sansa with his adorations she had been cool and indifferent. The young suitor had been confused and angry with the prompt and curt cutoff of his overtures when he questioned her cruel attitude. The young man been shaken to his core.

When he was informed that Sansa was in an unnatural relationship with Margaery, he had been stunned and then angry. He had jumped at the chance to be a spy. He was helping the realm cleanse itself of this sin.

Of course he forgot to tell Varys’ agent that he also would then be able to reassert his claim on the lass and become a powerful Lord. Men were so easy to read and manipulate. They always thought with their cock. Sometimes Varys missed his cock, but rarely since he knew it freed him from its clutch on his mind and reasoning.

The second was a merchant that had been complaining vociferously to anyone who would listen that he was being bankrupted with the disruption to his trade. He found a sympathetic ear and a man able to help defray his sudden increase in costs and lack of revenue. In return all he had to do was keep his eyes open. No treason, just reporting to the Queen what her loyal subjects had been doing so secretly.

The man was a trader who made constant trips from White Harbor to Winterfell.

He had of course had jumped at the opportunity to serve his Queen.

The Small Council meeting was falling into a calm boring drone which sounded sweet to Varys’ ears. A boring Small Council meeting meant a calm and peaceful realm.

An aid to the Maester came in the side door on the side of the room. He had a pale look, and Varys felt his Earl Grey tea curdling a little in his stomach.

Trouble had just reared its ugly head.

**Daenerys**

Daenerys spied the attendant coming up to the Maester and handing him the message. Maester Harsch Lape read the message, and looked up at his Queen.

“**My Queen, Highgarden reports that a large raiding party from the Iron Islands has landed at Lundenberry South of Three Towers. It is a fleet of at least thirty long ships. They are burning, looting and raping with ‘wild abandon’. They claim they are taking the Iron Price.**”

Daenerys felt her anger boiling. “**What is Highgarden’s response?**”

“They are organizing a response and will have their fleet at sea within twenty-four hours. They need to dispatch a defense in case this is ruse to leave the Shield Islands undefended. This happened to them several years ago and they will not fall prey to that trap again. They state they will meet and destroy the enemy.”

“How long will it take them to sail there? Aren’t the winds unfavorable for quick passage at this time of year?”
“They will meet the enemy in three days, they state.” Harsh read from the letter.

The Queen sat back, her eyes closed as the Small Council broke out into loud conversation discussing the brazen attack of the Iron Islanders.

The House of the Kraken was by far the most restive in the kingdom, their talk of Iron Price and Salt Wives an anachronism of a bygone era. An era that belonged on the same rubbish heap of the shattered Slave City States.

The Queen sat up in her chair, her eyes open and focused with a burning need for justice.

“This meeting is over!” the Queen said, standing up. “Barristan,” the man came out from the shadows. “Get Strong Belwas. Even now my dragons are sailing down to the courtyard. Prepare for departure within the hour.”

“Yes my Queen! We will mete out dire justice on these bastards!” Rarely did the knight show his anger but the rape of the innocent always sent his blood on fire with feverish need to dispense justice.

The Maester, Micud Caudill and Lysono Saan tried to dissuade the small Queen but she brusquely brushed them aside.

“My subjects are in need of my aid and they will receive it! By the time Highgarden can get their ships there the Iron Islander long ships will be long gone. You know it, Highgarden knows it, and the Iron Islanders know it.”

“What they don’t know is the speed and wrath of me and my children. These fucking bastards will learn a very painful lesson about the consequences of operating in open sedition against the throne of the dragon.

“They will burn, Maester Harsch. Oh how they will burn.”

With that Daenerys hurried out the Small Council and ran all the way back to her royal quarters. Once she arrived, she pulled her dragon bone mail out of the wardrobe and off of its hanger. Her two handmaidens came bursting into the room and helped her quickly strip out of her court attire. She put on her undershirt and leggings.

She knew as Queen it was her duty to protect herself as much as possible. The handmaidens waited.

Barristan would harangue her ass mercilessly if she did not put on her mail. A large part of her soul still resisted. She may be the Queen of Westeros but a large part of her core self would always be a Khaleesi and Khal of the Dothraki. They fought with no armor relying solely on skill to avoid damage. The Iron Born fought the same way. She had to admire that.

But Barristan would ride her ass to no end.

Ten minutes later Daenerys Targaryen came bursting out of her room in her black chainmail covering her body from her neckline and down over her feet. Only her hands and face were unprotected. She was acceptably prudent.

She had her rune sword in its scabbard on her back. On her hip was a long dagger. On each thigh were two throwing daggers with one on each of her forearms as well - all Valerian steel. She was walking death.

She went to the courtyard. Her dragons were all restive in their anxiousness to be off and dispensing
their Mother’s justice.

Strong Belwas and Barristan Selmy were before their dragons waiting on the queen. They looked at her expectantly. They too wanted to fall on this craven dogs and teach them a harsh lesson in justice.

A crowd of watchers stood back. Daenerys saw Solaja off to one side and they nodded to each other. Daenerys saw the light of the fighter in those eyes that Daenerys had read about in her file on the Summer Islander. She was a great warrior for her House. Dany could see the envy in her eyes.

Missandei was wringing her hands. She was not a warrior and could never understand the fire that now boiled in these three mighty warriors’ veins.

Viserion was rubbing his face all over Barristan’s head and giving his rumbling purr as Barristan scratched his lips and underneath his head in that one spot that Viserion loved.

Strong Belwas was already on Rhaegal, stuffing two legs of mutton into his mouth chewing sloppily with grease running down his chin and throat. He groused though his mouth full of meat: “How can I go to a fight when I have not had my two lunches? I am weak with hunger. I can hardly lift my arms!” he whined as he used said arms to shove the much reduced legs of mutton back into his mouth.

Daenerys looked at Barristan. “Are you ready? The odds will be greatly against us.”

“Not for long,” was Barristan’s reply.

They both vaulted onto their dragon’s backs. Belwas was drinking down a skin of wine at a prodigious clip. Then he burped loudly, throwing the skin to the ground.

“Let us go kill these dogs. I will kill them. When we come back we can then celebrate with a feast of locusts, cheese and honey!” he patted his stomach, licking his lips.

As one, the three dragons leaped up in the air, their wings making a small hurricane of wind. The crowd of watchers buffeted as the dragons quickly gained altitude and moved off to the West at an already dizzying speed.

Daenerys had impressed on her dragons the need for great speed. They would be able to slay her enemies when they arrived; they were well-fed and rested. Their bodies were capable of prodigious effort.

Soon the three riders were crouched low. Dany pressed against Drogon’s scales, their heat unfelt. Her two warriors were lying on their saddles and mats protected by the magical fabric supplied by Illyrio. They crouched close to the dragons’ bodies to stay out of the slipstream.

Daenerys felt bad for Syrio with his airsickness. He was denied this exhilarating rush.

Trees and stray houses quickly came up over the horizon and then were soon left behind. The noon sun was soothing on their backs as the dragons flew faster than any raven could even dream of flying.

The beat of wings and surge of the dragons’ bodies lulled their riders into a comfortable state. Their speed was astonishing to any who happened to look up, nothing more than dots that quickly appeared on the horizon and then disappeared just as quickly on the other horizon.

Daenerys felt a surge in speed suddenly as they flew down the Mander River five leagues past Tumbleton. Dany looked over at Barristan. Strong Belwas was asleep, his cheek on the mat and his
mouth drooling.

Barristan pointed to the northeast - Daenerys saw it. A strong weather front of colliding air masses was occurring over the plains below the Gold Road. A bank of angry clouds raised up in protest, dark and roiling. But the front was moving to the east slowly; they were in no danger from it.

They were advantageously riding on the backwash currents of air roiled up around the colliding air masses. Their dragons’ speed increased by twenty to twenty-five extra miles per hour from the boost of the tailwinds. The dragons were able to rest, gliding on the air streams at times between heavy wing beats.

Her dragons ate the leagues up as they flew west and then south.

They took a break in the late afternoon as the sun started to set. They took care of nature and stretched while nibbling on some finger food, while Strong Belwas shoved handfuls of his favorite locusts into his mouth chewing noisily.

Then they were awing again, flying fast and furious.

As the sun was setting they flew between Highgarden and Hornwood as if the furies were on their tails. They were the furies of hell!

The sky gradually darkened and then turned inky. It did not matter. Dany had shown her dragons where they needed to go, and they flew as straight as an arrow southwest.

They gradually bent their course more southbound. They took another break near midnight and were soon back in the air. Her dragons were tired but had in no way approached the limits of their strength. Near five o’clock in the morning they arrived at the coast. The dragons aim had been true.

They alighted five miles inland, on a high hill overlooking the beach. Daenerys looked through Drogon’s far seeing eyes. She counted roughly thirty long ships. About ten were ashore with the other twenty out to sea, anchored a short way off the beach as a picket line.

The ships were roughly one hundred feet in length. Each of those ship had a crew of about seventy-five.

This was indeed a major raiding party. The odds were ridiculously against them.

Daenerys was not overly worried.

She knew the raiders thought they had two more days to plunder and rape. They would be drunk and unprepared for attack, especially one from inland and from the air.

Many men would be in those ships. She would show no mercy, just like they had shown none to their victims.

She discussed her plans with Barristan. Strong Belwas just wanted to fight. They soon agreed on the best plan of attack. Barristan believed in shock and awe. He went to awaken the heavily snoring Strong Belwas.

Soon her two companions were alight and flying out to sea. Daenerys awaited the rising sun.

When the sun started to break the horizon, it was time for revenge and justice! They would be attacking out of the rising sun. They would be like an avenging angel arising out of that sun.
She got on Drogon’s back and he beat hard, winging toward the beach. With his superior vision Daenerys had made out the main encampment that would house the commander of these forces.

She had a destiny to fulfill as she carried her flaming sword in her hand. She was about to fight her first fight on her homeland. A fight in defense of her subjects. She burned with the need for justice.

As Drogon neared the encampment he let out a mighty, screaming roar, shattering the early morning calm. The blinding sun behind her, Daenerys swooped in like an angel death.

Drogon let out a mighty broiling jet of fiery destruction incinerating the two main war tents of the Iron Islanders, the canvass alighting and horrible screams of the dying sounding from inside. Drogon flew past and banked over, then landed in the midst of the just-awakening camp.

Behind Daenerys she saw in a brief flash of shared vision her other two dragons flying fast over the anchored ships, two of them lighting up aflame. The wood went up like kindling, the caulking between the slats going up like infernos.

The dragons came onto the beach breathing more fire as men sleeping in the open went up like matches with hideous screams. The dragons alighted and Strong Belwas jumped off, rolling to his feet while Barristan leaped down. They ran up to the clumsy men awakening and most half-drunk from a night of debauchery and rape. The knight and pit fighter chopped them down with ruthless efficiency. These Iron Islanders were scum, and deserved to die like the curs they were.

Drogon landed and fired out a hot gush of flame incinerating a group of men drunkenly stumbling. Daenerys jumped off of his back and ran up to two men, chopping them nearly in half with her blue glowing rune sword. A man with a battle ax came at her swinging in a roundhouse motion. She ducked underneath and sliced his stomach open, his intestines spilling out as he dropped his ax and screamed, trying to hold his guts inside his body.

Daenerys advanced and a man pulled his cock out of a woman as she wept brokenly. One of Daenerys’ throwing daggers flew forward, impaling his cock to this stomach. The rapist screamed hideously. The Queen moved onward with her sword, chopping down men as they tried to come at her.

On the beach Strong Belwas charged into a large knot of men, his scimitar beheading and disemboweling them. When they had started to surround the huge eunuch, Barristan came roaring in and chopped three men down. Rhaegal came crashing down to the beach, crushing men as his tail lashed out, snapping bones and breaking bodies like twigs. His fire melted the bodies of men like wax, their faces burning off in the intense heat. Their screams of dying echoed down the beach.

Screams filled the air constantly now. Viserion was out over the water flying over the boats at anchor, lighting them on fire one after the other. He would fly past and shoot up into air, beating his wings hard and then turn over and dive back down, his flames igniting another ship. A few arrows flew up toward him, but most missed and those that found their target bounced off of his thick scales.

Soon twelve of the ships were destroyed, sunken or aflame.

Drogon was running around on the ground snapping men in two with his mouth. His body crushed men and his tail shattered bodies easily. He would spy a group forming to make an assault and with a mighty roar he would bellow and hot, fiery death shot out of his mouth incinerating men like kindling.

Daenerys was moving like an angel of death, chopping men down at every turn. Her body staggered forward when she was a fraction late and an ax kicked up over the dragon mail. She whirled around
and chopped through the wielder’s ribs, killing him.

She was thankful she had put on her dragon mail. She would never let Barristan hear of this. A woman needed her secrets.

Viserion had come back from the ships and joined the fray. He made long passes through the camp of the Iron Islanders sitting many men ablaze as they stumbled and tried to organize. Drogon took to the air and gained altitude, then came roaring back down, his mouth spewing hot death as his body came crashing through a loose group of panicked Iron Islanders.

Daenerys dodged two throwing axes. Before she could charge the men Viserion incinerated them in a hot, short gout of fire. Four of the ships on the shore were quickly burning down to the sand.

No foes were around Daenerys for the moment. The Iron Islanders were falling back to the shore. The fight had been taken out of them.

The ships out to sea that were still undamaged were raising their sails, clearly preparing to flee. What crew they had left were manning their oars and reverse rowing to pull back. Some men were swimming, trying to get back to their ships. The tide was coming in and the ships on the shore were starting to float. She sent Viserion to protect Barristan and Strong Belwas.

Strong Belwas bowled through two men his scimitar blocking their axes and sending their heads spinning.

The two dragons near them were running around throwing men high into the air to crash to earth shattering bones and snapping spines. Occasionally the dragons would take quick leaps to get airborne so they could fall on more men, crushing them as their tails whipped back and forth rolling through bodies like a scythe through ripe wheat.

Then the leader of the raiding party was before the queen. He was six foot six inches of solid muscle, his legs and arms looking like gnarled tree limbs, his barrel chest deep and muscled. He had a great jet-black beard.

He had his long-handled double head ax gripped with both hands.

The Queen faced her silent foe. She felt no fear. “Well, are you going to attack or what? I think little ol’ me just crushed the great Kraken. I think your drowned god is building a new wing to his palace for all the men we are sending him this morning.”

The man’s eyes burned with hate.

“Prepare to die you unnatural cunt!” he sneered, moving forward gripping his axe. Drogon was still busy running around killing Iron Islanders with relish, his brothers protecting their charges while killing and maiming at a fast clip.

Barristan and Belwas stuck close to their dragons, lashing out death to any foolish enough to challenge or just simply unlucky as they stumbled into their range as the Iron Islanders sought to escape the dragons’ fury and perished from man’s fury instead.

The survivors were crawling up into the now floating ships on the beach. The ones out to sea kept sailing away with their highly reduced crews. Those ashore were abandoned to fend for themselves. This was not about honor, but survival.

The Iron Islander approached Daenerys.
Drogon continued to circle around his mother, killing any who dared come close to her.

“Prepare to die you fucking cunt. You only think you are a man! Let the Iron Islands teach you your place!” he barked at Daenerys.

He came in slow and suddenly slashed out with his axe in mighty but controlled swipes, his two sided axe allowing him to come at the Queen with fore and back-hand strokes.

Daenerys easily met his blade with her shining blue sword, the clang of steel loud and sparks flying in all directions. The man chopped down heavily and the Queen met the blow, stopping it with brute strength and knocking the man back.

The shock on his face was great, his eyes had grown large with fear. The Queen was nearly as strong as him, and it shocked him. Daenerys came in fast now, her sword chopping high and then low, keeping the Iron Islander on the defensive and furiously blocking killing strokes of her sword.

He bull rushed Daenerys, but she sidestepped him and he went sprawling to the ground. He was up in an instant, his arms swinging his ax furiously, keeping Daenerys at bay.

They circled around each other, both breathing heavily and sweating profusely. The man charged hard and lifted his axe up high. He brought his axe down trying to smash past the Queen’s guard. She met and held his blow up high.

Their bodies locked hard as the man pressed down, trying to bend the woman down. Suddenly Daenerys’ left hand came off her sword and gripped his axe shaft and jerked upward. The man planted his feet and gripped his axe even harder to control it.

Daenerys right foot lashed forward into the man’s left knee, shattering the locked up joint jamming bone and cartilage straight back in a direction it was never meant to go. Bones shattered and tendons shredded. The man staggered, his body striving to stay upright.

The blond haired woman pivoted to the left and spun around, her sword slashing down low as she got behind him. Her blade cut the man’s right Achilles tendon.

The mighty warrior crashed to his knees, his face twisted in agony. His beard was filled with the froth of searing pain. He was breathing hard, his face twisted in anguish. He stared at the small woman back in front of him with hate.

“You will die at the hands of the Iron Islands one day, cunt. My brothers will hunt you down and ra —” his voice suddenly stopped as Foe Hammer whistled down and chopped his head in half from left temple down to his right jaw. The top half of the man’s head slid off the bottom half onto the ground. His once mighty body followed, crashing to the ground in a lifeless heap.

“Blah blah blah,” Daenerys spoke as she turned towards the beach and ran down to it to help her friends and children kill the remaining raiders on the beach.

Drogon had left her toward the end of the fight with all the rest of the Iron Islanders dead or hastily attempting to reach their ships.

Those that got their ships out to sea Daenerys let escape. She wanted word to reach back to the Pyke. The Queen had met them, and defeated them.

The Iron Price was a thing of the past. Even if the House of the Kraken didn’t know it yet.
Chapter Notes

AN #1: Just to be official I have not watched HBO GOT since season 2. I do kind of keep tabs on Internet. None of my creative decisions will be based on any season of HBO or beyond book 5 for that matter. My Melisandre is most definitely not the one in GRRM's world.

AN # 2: I had been taken to task for having in tag Jamie / Brienne. I have added them back. They are now in the story as supporting characters.

AN # 3: Several scenes of intense graphic F/F sex.

AN # 4: Dany and Arya will have their scenes but the story must work to that point. It will happen. Their first meeting is getting closer.

AN # 5: Some kinky spanking.

Chapter 23

Dance of Deceptions

Eddard / Melisandre / Tyrion / Olenna / Daenerys / Sansa / Ice King

Eddard

Eddard was preparing to go out on another long ride on yet another mission in service of the realm. He looked out the window at the rain that had been coming down hard for the last two days. Storms were rolling in one after the other from the west, with brief respites of high, scudding clouds before the next wave of low clouds and torrential rains came in with howling winds.

It seemed appropriate somehow. The winds of war howling and downpours obfuscating the truth from view. He winced at that. He hated playing this Game of Thrones, but he must. What rankled and sometimes frightened him was how adept he was becoming at playing it.

He knew that the Queen was frustrated trying to piece together his motivations. Why challenge her if he did not mean to set himself up as King of the North, or intend to come south to challenge her Homogeny of Westeros?

He pulled out his rain cloak and set it aside. To calm his trouble mind he was again sharpening his sword before he set upon the road. It was the new sword forged in Qohorik, by Master Arik Strake. It was not Valyrian steel like Ice, but it was still a mighty and great sword balanced and fitted for him.

He was humbled to know that his new sword was made of the same fallen star that had been used to create the sword that the great man Arthur Dayne had used: Sword of the Morning. He sometimes wondered if the blade might be even greater than a Valyrian blade though - that almost seemed ridiculous and borderline treasonous to the great swords of that doomed land. Still, Eddard wondered. Its creator implied it was.
Two years ago he had decided he needed a new sword that he could use in combat. Ice, while a masterpiece of Valyrian metallurgy, was really only a ceremonial sword. He wanted to be able to hand down a second heirloom to the new warden of the North when the time came.

To that end he had put out a call to a great swordsmith who resided in White Harbor. Theodal Sparr was renowned throughout the North for his work. Eddard had sent him the dimensions of the sword he wanted, and the balance he sought.

He had heard nothing back and was not pleased. It was not that he felt slighted as the Warden of North, it was simply a matter of poor customer relations and simple bad manners. He was about to send a raven to Theodal when Eddard was told that there was a strange fellow named Arik Strake who had come all the way from Qohorik to see him. He said he had Eddard Stark’s sword with him, and that it was ready. The smith had told the guard to tell Eddard Stark that the brother of Star of the Morning had been forged. That had most definitely gotten Eddard’s attention.

Perplexed, he and his castellan Ser Roderik had gone to meet the man. He was clad in a long, black robe that hid his face. The robe was covered with cryptic runes and filigree done in silver thread that ran from the cowl of the hood down to the hem. The man had an apprentice with him, also strangely garbed with the same rune covered robe and cowl.

Strake bowed and offered obeisance to the Great Steward of the North. He told Eddard he had journeyed far from his homeland, and that he had been working on Eddard’s sword for almost twenty-five years so it would be perfect for its new master. Strake told Eddard softly, “great magic has been wielded into this sword, like its brother born many years ago.”

Eddard’s brows flexed in consternation. He had only decided to have the sword made four months ago. He had been a teenager still when this man said he had begun construction of this sword. The whole situation made him feel like he had ants crawling all over him; the strange man made the hairs on the back of his neck stand on end.

The man then had his apprentice unveil the sword.

The blade was breathtakingly beautiful, pale as milkglass, looking like no other sword he had seen. Where Valyrian steel had a dark blue sheen, this sword was light blue like the summer sky when no moisture was in the air. The sword almost shimmered with an inner light. The cross guard was two snarling wolves facing outward, and the pommel was shaped as the Sigil of House Stark, a snarling wolf head.

Eddard was stunned. It was slightly smaller and much lighter of hue than the Morning Star of Arthur Dayne, but it was unmistakably of the same ilk.

“Take it, Eddard Stark. It was made for you. You will do great deeds with this sword.”

“What is its name?” the stunned Stark asked, slowly reaching out to take the sword.

“It is named ‘Evening Star’.,” Eddard stopped the motion of his hand. This choice of name for the sword again made his hackles rise. The name choice so obvious as to invoke a strong reaction with Eddard. Eddard could feel great magic pulsing in the air. Magic always made him wary.

“What is this sword made of? How did you forge it?”

The man tilted his cowl covered head. “It was forged of metal from the heart of a fallen star. The same star used to make the sword wielded by the knight you killed a generation ago, Arthur Dayne. Long have I forged it with the hammer of the gods.” Was the man using hyperbole? Eddard
wondered.

“It has the same properties of the finest Valyrian blades. It is as strong and sharp, but even lighter and with more tensile strength. This blade cannot be broken or reforged. It is as permanent as the mountains or the deep seas. I have labored and toiled, filling it with magic and desire the equal of your blade, Ice.

“It has many of the same qualities of the Krill of Loric Vilesilencer. It can withstand any magic and cut the magic that it opposes. You and the Lion, with this sword’s brother, will have need of these swords unique qualities.

“The Lion and the Wolf shall put down great evils.”

“Who is this Lion of Dorne? I know no such Lion.”

“You have known of the Lion of Dorne for many years. In time the scales will be lifted from your eyes.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“Believe what you will. I have labored twenty-five years to make this sword. I beg of you to take it.”

Eddard tentatively reached out and took the sword and gasped. The blade felt almost alive in his hand, and he was filled with ecstatic energy. He forgot all his worries about this strange blade and its origins. He slashed and parried and then stopped to look at the swordsmith. “What is this strange energy I feel in this sword?”

“It is youself, Eddard.”

“What?”

“I cannot say more. Take what is freely given and bear it well, Eddard Stark. The world has great need of you and that sword. The Lion will take up its sword and remake it into their image. Each of you will fight great evils in the future.”

“You mean the Ice King?”

“There are other ills and vile portents in this world Eddard Stark. You will need this sword, as the Lion will need theirs.”

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?!” Eddard asked the man who was already turning to leave. The man started to walk towards the open gate.

“Wait!”

The man stopped, turning his head back.

“How… how much do I owe you?”

“As I have said Eddard Stark … it is freely given.” And with that, the swordsmith from a far away land walked out of the castle Winterfell, and into the early morning mist to quickly disappear along with his apprentice. Eddard did not give pursuit. That would have tarnished the great gift that had been so freely given.

Eddard snapped his mind back to the present.
He needed to leave before the midnight hour to start his journey to the latest meeting he needed to make in his Game of Thrones. It made him miss fighting on the battlefield. He preferred the kind of fight where it was simply his physical skills against the physical skills of his opponent on a field of battle. Something real, and not ethereal.

He polished Evening Star reverently. If he succeeded in his goals with this meeting, he would be in a much more advantageous position with the Queen of the South. Soon he would have to make a clean break and wanted to be prepared for that moment as best he could.

Suddenly, Catelyn burst into the room, greatly agitated. She was flustered and took several deep breaths to calm herself.

“Eddard, I absolutely refuse to be put off any longer. Do you know what I just heard? Do you?!”

Eddard set his sword aside and patiently waited.

“I heard a remark from Lady Berena of Hornwood that Sansa was becoming an old maid and getting to be past her prime! Can you believe that?! We must act, Eddard. You must finally put an end to their foolishness!”

“Cat. Sansa is only nineteen. Hardly an old maid I would think!”

“No! You are not sidetracking me anymore. It is high time that our girls perform their duty and take a husband that has been arranged to strengthen our House!”

“Even if they don’t want to do this?” Eddard asked gently.

“Yes. I did my duty, and now it is time for our daughters to do their duty.”

“And marry a man they don’t even know? To marry someone who is a complete stranger? … Like you did me?” Eddard ended softly.

Catelyn stopped and stared at him.

“Eddard … Don’t make it sound like that … yes, you were a stranger when we first met, but I quickly came to love the man that you are. Like our girls will.”

“And what if I had been like Robert Baratheon or Joffrey Baratheon? How would you feel then, Cat?”

Catelyn Tully was silent a long minute, looking off into space. Finally, she spoke: “It doesn’t matter—we all have our duty to perform, Eddard.”

Ned decided that now was the time to fight this battle.

“No Cat. In this we are through with duty.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” Cat asked, not liking the timbre of her husband’s words.

“It means, Cat, you will stop harassing our daughters to marry men they do not want. It means that we will allow them to select their own mates. Their own loves.”

“That is silly, Eddard. Arya, yes, we must find her a suitable husband yet but Sansa already has given her heart to Loras Tyrell. Why they keep putting off their nuptials I don’t understand. But it past time for them to marry. I demand it. Sansa will not become an old maid. Do you hear me?”
Eddard sighed. “Cat, sit down.” When she hesitated, he patted the spot on the bed beside him. His wife sat down, giving him a wary look.

“Cat … Sansa is indeed in love, but not with Loras.”

“What?! … but… but then, who?”

“She is in love with Margaery Tyrell, and Olenna has given her blessing.”

Catelyn jumped up off the bed. “That is unnatural … my daughter cannot love another woman! I forbid it!” she screeched.

Eddard sighed again. “You will not forbid anything, Catelyn. Our daughter is in love with Margaery and Olenna fully supports it. I support it as well, and they will wed.”

“No this is not possible. Margaery must have used magic, or, or some potion to ensnare my sweet, innocent angel—”

“I think it was mutual, Cat.”

“No! Margaery must have raped Sansa!”

“Cat! Stop it right now! Listen to yourself! Be careful what you are saying—who you are accusing!”

“No! I will … I will-” and she came to a halt. The air seemed to come out of Catelyn, the full ramifications of what she had heard and what she had said sinking in.

“How do you know they are in love?”

“Believe me Cat, Sansa made it very clear to me she is in love with Margaery.” Eddard then told his wife of how Sansa nearly threw herself to her death to protect Margaery.

“Maybe Sansa still has her maidenhead. Then we co—”

“Their hymens are only a distant memory, Cat. Our ‘sweet angel’ fucked her brains out for the entire month that the Tyrells were here. She and Margaery made love constantly. She is a woman grown with a woman’s appetite. Let’s accept the woman she has become, Catelyn. I like the woman she has become, and so should you.”

Cat collapsed back down on the bed and leaned into her husband. “I don’t understand.”

“Learn to accept it Cat, and then you will understand. Sansa is fortunate to know and love the person she will marry. We got lucky. I would prefer Sansa have more than luck in her marriage partner. She could have, in a different reality, easily wound up with Joffroy as her betrothed and not Margaery. I shudder at the thought.”

“What about Arya? No one wants to marry the ‘wild wolf of the North’.”

“I know who will marry our Arya, Cat.”

Catelyn Tully turned to look at her husband curiously. “Who could possibly tame our little Arya?”

“Daenerys Targaryen.”

Eddard’s wife at first gaped, and then shot up off the bed again.
“Are you crazy? Do you know how much danger you are putting our precious Arya in? What Game of Thrones you are playing … I forbid IT!”

“Cat, I understand your fear, but it has been foretold … it is prophecy.”

“What can you possibly mean? Who has prophesied this? Who?”

“Bran.”

Catelyn Stark just looked at her husband with her mouth silently working. Then Eddard saw recognition fire in his wife’s eyes.

“‘The Direwolf and Dragon must lie to together.’ You are taking a mighty big risk with our daughter, Eddard. You know that don’t you?”

“Yes Cat, I do, but I know I am right. We both have known for years but not accepted that our daughter is gay. We tried to fool ourselves. We have tried and tried to change her to be something she is not. If we were to ever to truly try and force her on this she would either rebel against us and flee to never be seen again or we would break her spirit. I love my daughter too much to do that to her Cat. She is a warrior and I for one will let her go south to the Warrior Queen. There our Arya will win Daenerys Targaryen’s heart. Mark my words.”

“But what if you are wrong?”

“I’m not.”

“But how can you be so sure?”

“Call it instinct, call it intuition, but I trust myself. The Godswood supports my decision. I am sending Arya South soon. She will first become the Queen’s royal hostage and the Queen will fall in love with our little girl. You know Arya, once she sets her mind on something she has a single minded focus. Sansa tells me she has been planning how to kiss Daenerys Targaryen.”

“Planning to kiss Daenerys? What could be so difficult about that?”

“Arya thinks the queen is six and a half feet tall.” Eddard chuckled.

“From what I read she is barely five feet.” Catelyn chuckled at the misconception herself.

“It doesn’t change the fact that you are truly risking her life, Eddard.”

“I know Cat, but this way Arya gets the woman of her dreams and we help save the realm from the Ice King. If he wins in the coming war it won’t matter what else we do.”

Catelyn went over to the window and looked out of it as Eddard waited patiently. “I had such great hopes for our daughters marrying well. That they would each marry into a great House, bringing even more honor to House Stark.”

“Cat, stop and think … Sansa is marrying Margaery of House Tyrell and Arya will marry into House Targaryen, who just happens to be Queen of Westeros and Essos. How much more mighty can our House become?” He stood behind his wife and ran his arms around her waist, kissing the top of her head.

“I will try to accept all of this Eddard … it is just so earth shaking … how do you do it?”

“I love my daughters,” was the simple heartfelt reply.
“I will try Eddard … I will try. I do want my daughters to be happy. I do.” She paused a moment. “I have something to tell you, Eddard.”

“What, my wife?” Eddard asked, kissing his wife’s hair again.

“I’m pregnant.”

**Melisandre**

Melisandre’s mouth was full of her wife’s sweet wet pussy as she sucked on the slimy cunt meat in her mouth. Her head pumping up and down as she sucked and stretched the slimy cum soaked camel toe she was devouring. Her head was on a pillow helping her tilt her head forward as she ate Ygritte out feverishly.

Ygritte was on top of her in sixty-nine snuffling as she waggled her head pulling and stretching her mouthful of Melisandre’s pussy. The fiery redhead growling aggressively as she ate her deep auburn colored hair wife out. Ygritte pulled on the cunt meat in her mouth as her tongue slide all over the slimy labia lips and snail snot in her wife’s sweet dark red slit. She sucked her wife’s cunt meat deeper into her voracious sucking mouth.

Then Ygritte mashed her head down snuffling as she slurped and tongue lashed Melisandre’s gooey slit. The woman whose hair was kissed by the sun growling as her head made a lapping motion running her tongue hard up and down Melisandre’s sloppy wet trench and driving her tongue deep into the Shadowbinder’s wet cunt hole. Ygritte swirled her tongue in her wife’s succulent cum filled honey hole. Then Ygritte’s mouth glued itself to the steamy fuck hole and sucked in mouthfuls of slimy cunt meat sucking the cum off the slimy folds. Deep throated guttural groans purred out of Ygritte’s chest as she slurped and rolled her wife’s cunt meat in her mouth.

Melisandre loved feeling her wife’s weight on her. The feel of Ygritte’s sweaty body writhing down on her body. Melisandre gripped her wife’s taunt ass cheeks and pulled Ygritte’s sloppy wet trim down hard into her lapping mouth. Melisandre’s head made a lapping motion as she licked her wife’s dripping slit and then drove her tongue deep into Ygritte’s fiery cum filled cunt. Melisandre glued her mouth to Ygritte’s cunt hole and sucked in her own mouthful of cum slavered cunt folds and munched happily.

Melisandre tilted her head back for a moment and moved her right hand off her wife’s taunt ass cheek and pulled some long strands of her auburn hair that had somehow gotten between her lips and her wife’s sweet gash. Melisandre ripped the strands back and out of the way their red tresses smeared with glistening cum and Ygritte’s thick musk impregnating the hair strands. She would savor the musk of her wife’s twat in her hair as they fell asleep. Hair removed Melisandre surged her head up and swallowed another mouthful of divine soaked cunt meat and happily munched on the slimy folds.

They had cummed so many times already. Both of their bodies were dripping sweat up and down the length of their bodies. Cum was slavered all over their mounds, asses, bellies and upper legs. Their sweaty bodies were constantly slipping and jerking over each other.

They had been in this positon for almost ten minutes ravenously devouring each other relishing their closeness.

Melisandre had come to love Jon as much as Ygritte. She adored her husband both in and out of the bed. He was so considerate and giving. He knew his wives needed plenty of alone time to fuck and love one on one.
Not that she did not adore fucking Jon with Ygritte. Feeling his cock pounding her cunt and feeling his dick shoot ribbons of his precious semen deep in her belly flooding her womb as she screamed in orgasm. She loved watching Ygritte clawing his body as her back arched and she screamed so loud feeling his dick shot out hot wads of cum again and again into her womb.

Or when he pulled out spent pussies or pounded assholes and cummed all over their faces soaking them in his semen and they ravenously licked and kissed it off each other’s faces and swallowing his cum moving it from mouth to mouth.

But now it was about only her and Ygritte. She had gripped her wife’s body just forward of her hips and jammed her back into her mouth where she had swallowed most of her wife’s little plump cunt. Melisandre pulled on the slimy folds and her tongue wormed into the slimy folds and slapped hard and fast the clit jutting out its sheath.

She felt Ygritte’s head lift off her cunt and press into her thigh and she could feel Ygritte’s face slapping hard on her sweaty inner thigh. Ygritte’s body first froze for a handful of seconds and then began to flip and jackknife violently.

"Oonnnngggghiiiee!" Ygritte wailed, thrashing her head slamming it into Melisandre’s thigh as her body convulsed violently. Ygritte’s clenched her teeth as a scalding ecstasy poured through her quivering body. "Annghh! Oh! Unnmnggihiiee! Oh Melisandreeeeee oowwwwghhhhaaaaa! Arruunngggggggggggggggggggggggee!" the little sun kissed Free Folk woman bucked jamming her cunt back into her wife’s hot gobbling mouth.

Finally her orgasm began to wane and though hammered nearly senseless the small Shadow Binder lifted her head and glued her mouth to Melisandre’s cunt and sucked her clit deep into her mouth and sucked it in and out through her clenched lips. All the while the small woman pumped her head pulling her wife’s upper vulva and clitoral hood deep into her mouth. Ygritte avidly lapped the folds sucked deep into her mouth. Ygritte stretched them out and then pushing down with her head and pulling up fast stretching her wife’s clitoral hood and upper cunt again and again. Her mouth glued at the base of Melisandre’s clitoral hood tormenting with hot sucks and fast flicking tongue swipes.

The fiery redhead’s tongue was like a fast striking adder drilling her wife’s clit relentlessly. Melisandre had been lathing her spent pussy slurping up Ygritte’s creamy cum.

Then Ygritte smiled into Melisandre’s cunt as she devoured it feeling Melisandre’s body start to stiffen and shake violently as her back arched. The tall deep red colored head of her wife jammed back hard with a sudden jerk. Melisandre’s head slammed into the pillow on the mattress titling her head back her eyes squeezed shut tight. Melisandre’s felt her womb twist and then explode tearing her cunt inside out with searing fucking ecstasy.

"AAWWOOGGGGHHHGGGG! OOOOWWWGGGNNGGGG! AUNNGGHHIIIIEEE!" Melisandre screamed out, groaning loudly as a fierce, shattering orgasm wrenched her writhing body. "Onnnngghhh! Awwwwonnnggg! Ungghhh! Oh gods . . . ohhhh! Auungghhiiieeee!" her body flipped up into the down pressing body of Ygritte. Ygritte loved how her body was bucked up and down by her wife’s violently jacknifing body.

The small woman had released her wife’s clit and lowered her face and opened her mouth wide over wife’s cunt hole drinking down the hot gushes of steamy creamy cum flooding her mouth to overflowing. Ygritte swallowed in ragged gulps the sweet cum flooding out her wife’s spasmimg womb as her lips continued to press to her wife’s cunt hole. Her tongue flailing sweet slimy cunt meat. Her chin grinding into Melisandre’s clitt helping to prolong her wife’s orgasm with several more fierce seizures of hard cumming.
Finally, Melisandre began to come down from her orgasm. She was softly weeping she was so much in love. Melisandre was in love with her sweet wife, who returned that pure love back to her.

Tiredly, Ygritte turned around and weakly collapsed down onto Melisandre’s body. Her tired, swollen, wet pussy pressed into her wife’s belly. Ygritte stretched her short legs down Melisandre’s long legs as her wife pulled their bodies tight and their mouths sought and found each other. Their tongues wetly entwined around each other.

Melisandre pulled the covers over their bodies as they kissed in post coital bliss.

They were as close as two souls could become.

They hugged each other tight as tongues continued to stroke each other in pure love.

They slipped the bounds of their exhausted bodies.

Their consciousness’ bound together as one and moved North at a speed that was a dizzying blur of trees and homesteads whipping by, their speed unburdened by the laws of the physical body. They were soon in the high north of Westeros, a place where the sun rarely broke over the horizon at this time of the year.

The cold was a deadly biting force. Freezing death always present on the constantly blowing freezing wind. They did not feel it.

The looked down at the Ice King’s camp, their senses attenuated in this form. They continued on with their astral projection to a bog a short distance away.

Then, they had arrived. They were at the bodies of an elk that had been trapped in the bog and a great sabre cat that had come to feast on the trapped animal before it to found itself trapped by the icy embrace of the bog as it pulled both down to their deaths.

They swirled around the long dead animals. Their essences flowed into the great elk this time. Many times they had made this journey, choosing the long dead animals in turn. Their souls filled the rigid, rotting limbs with strength and purpose.

The elk thrashed and struggled, five minutes later it broke the surface of the bog and struggled to the shore. A mindless drowned animal, but now this animal could navigate out of the frozen water. Dead eyes suddenly blazed blue and the elk shambled forward and into the camp of their dread enemy.

To all around them they were just another dead minion walking and shambling mindlessly, awaiting commands to do their master’s bidding. The dead moved and slumped from place to place filled with a restless desire. They were awaiting their summons, eager to give themselves for their master and his ever increasing army.

The two witches kept their souls buried deep. They could not allow their shock and disgust to register on the decomposing animal and its movements. They had to keep their essence deep in dead flesh to go unseen.

They watched the Ice King vomit into a large bowl as the demon baby on his back chewed on his throat and clawed his body. They could feel their united evil essences feeding each other, making
each other stronger.

They watched the transformed giant children taking small sips from the bowl that made their bodies glow bright blue as an unnatural growth spur caused their bodies to writhe and grow another fraction taller.

Then some small children were brought forward, screaming and crying. The oldest was no more than five years old. They were forced to drink from the bowl, and a hideous transformation came over the children as they were changed into Ice Wrights and led off. The Ice King was growing his army at a furious pace now.

The two witches were burning with anger but could do nothing to stop his heinous transformations. They hated the vile entity of the Ice King and the loathsome thing on its back. They longed to kill them, but knew they were not even close to powerful enough.

Only with their husband and the Direwolf and the Dragon together could the Ice King be killed and again buried deep in the frozen Earth.

The witches in their purloined elk moved with its unsteady gait looking at the vast hordes of dead that seemed to stretch to the horizon in all directions. Many of the dead were in an advanced state of decay, while others were so fresh they looked nearly alive. The dead bodies were all filled with an icy, hateful life that that only fire, dragon glass or magic weapons could extinguish.

So many dead and so few weapons to kill them with. Jon complained to them at night after lovemaking how pitifully few were the weapons necessary to fight the Ice King and his minions. They had to hope that Eddard Stark could bring north the full might of Westeros; that he would find the weapons necessary to fight the evil dead and their masters.

They moved around a while longer, watching the Ice Wrights in their camps eating the flesh of frost-bitten elk and reindeer.

Their hearts broke seeing the youths that had their lives cut short as they grew into Ice Wrights. The Ice King came to their small camps and vomited again into his bowl, letting his growing children drink until they grow taller and even colder than before, their eyes glowing bright blue with hate for all life that had hot blood in their veins.

They looked again at the hideous thing that clung to the neck and back of the Ice King. Its teeth were constantly working into the Ice King’s throat, and they could see the demon baby swallowing icy blue blood from its host, its toes jerking and clawing into the Wight King’s body. It should have been painful, but the Ice King did not seem to feel it at all.

The witches slowly moved in a wide, deviating path back to the bog. They shambled their elk by the throne that Ice King had set up. The throne was not an ornate construction. It was basic in form but did have ornate spirals projecting up off the back of the seat. He rarely sat in it, so often moving among his camp feeding his children and maintaining order.

Hanging off of one the high spiral projections on the back of the throne was an artifact that made their hearts tremble. It was small and ornately carved with inlaid runes and banded with gold that was etched with powerful magic. The horn was only two feet long, slightly curving upward. It was made from some Northern onyx, ribbed and jet black.

It was the Horn of Winter.

They had been tempted to try and steal it more than once, but when they looked closer they saw
powerful wards guarding the throne and even more covering the horn itself. The Ice King had protected his prize possession well.

The witches kept their elk stumbling shambling forward until they staggered back into the bog. They moved in twenty yards and began to thrash the elk’s legs, slowly sinking the beast ever deeper into the mire. Ten minutes later the elk was once more reunited with its long dead feline brother in their failed bond of the struggle for life.

The elk went limp once more as the witches fled the frigid, hoary North and fled to the warmth of their bed in Castle Black.

Back in their sheets the two redheads held each other tight and comforted one another, crying for the lost children and clenching their teeth in impotent rage.

The time would come when they would exact their revenge, and when they did - it would be so sweet.

They held each other, shivering and whimpering at the awful sights they saw each time they visited the cruel North. They hugged and snuggled into each other, seeking comfort in their shared heat and love.

Melisandre played with Ygritte’s hair as she snored softly lying on her side as Melisandre lay in the large spoon position, pulling her wife’s body tight to her own.

Melisandre kissed Ygritte’s hair, silently thanking her wife for opening her eyes about being such a zealot in her worship of R’hllor. Ygritte had shown her that all the religions of light had elements of the ‘truth’ in them, and Melisandre had shed her dogmatic zeal.

She heard Jon coming into their room, his slow steps betraying how tired he was. He looked over at his wife in the darkly light chamber as the fire burned low. He put more logs in the flames and stripped down naked. He could see that his wives had visited the far North by the haunted look in his taller wife’s watching eyes.

Their report could wait till the morning. He slowly climbed into bed and Melisandre pulled away so Jon could lay between her and Ygritte. The small woman instinctively turned over and snuggled into her husband, smiling. Melisandre kissed Jon chastely and put her head into the crook of his arm as he held her tight, giving her his strength and resolve.

Jon asked softly if all was the same, and Melisandre told him yes but the children were awful to witness. He nodded and kissed her hair. “We will kill that bastard. Mark my words, Melisandre. We’ll gut him.” And he kissed her hair again.

Melisandre knew that Jon was working with his father to bring Westeros north to fight the final battle. She only hoped it would be in time.

**Tyrion**

Tyrion sat at his desk in the study of the tower of the hand. He was reviewing the reports from the provenances and was pleased. After Myrcella’s constant stellar statements the other Major Houses had gotten in line. Of course the reports from the North, while factual, remained terse and to the point. That was one house that would never kiss ass.

The report from Casterly Rock was amusing. His father bleating about the cancellation of some of the debt he claimed was incorrectly stricken from the books. His father had said certainly the mistake was on the side of the Throne. It was not of course, but it did not stop Tywin from arguing. Maybe
his father had not known any better but that would not stop him defending the honor of House Lannister. That always came before all else - especially his children as they all found out growing up. Now the man had no heirs. Sometimes life was just, Tyrion thought to himself.

He smiled at the thought of his father’s predicament. He had again sent Tyrion a personal letter telling Tyrion it was time for him to come home to Casterly Rock and begin to assume his duties as heir to the House of Lannister.

Tyrion burned the letter. He knew the truth. His father was out of options.

He thought back to the meeting that had occurred in the personal quarters of the Lord Commander of the Kingsguard at the top of the White Sword Tower in the Red Keep. The House of Lannister was having an “emergency” meeting. Tywin and Kevan were in King’s Landing securing another loan for the Iron Throne, making a huge profit.

He was hanging in the back of the room, avoiding his father’s withering gaze.

It had been over three years ago. Jamie had told his father to shove his ‘family duty’ up his ass. Tywin had again been putting heavy pressure on Jamie for him to come home and take up the House Seat of Lannister. Tywin needed to start training his son on the intricacies of House Rule.

He had tried to present a circlet to Jamie saying it was time for Jamie to forsake this inane duty to the crown and come home where he had always belonged. Jamie threw the House Circlet to the floor and crushed it underneath his heel. His father had actually thought Jamie would come home, and was left stunned and speechless.

Tyrion laughed at the memory. Jamie had pulled a blushing and mortified Brienne of Tarth from the shadows and kissed her hotly, passionately until the tall broad shoulder woman was weak in the knees and mewling.

When Jamie had finally broken the kiss, he turned to look at Cersei. “I’m leaving this cesspool and going to the Isle of Tarth to marry Brienne. Close your mouth, Cersei. You’ll let flies in. I won’t be around anymore to cover you ass anymore … or uncover it either.” He snickered as the Queen went red in the face and spluttered.

Jamie looked around the room in general “See you losers later.” He looked at his father. “See you later, cuz.” And then he was gone.

The look on Cersei’s face had been priceless.

Now Tywin had lost Cersei too. She would not be some heifer for him to marry off and acquire an heir. Men would have been lining up to get between her legs and at her golden pelt. Tyrion had a great and genuine hate for his sister, but he recognized she was still a ravishing beauty, despite her few stretch marks and no longer young and perky breasts after having given suck to three children. She was simply blessed.

She had chosen exile instead of going home, and he couldn’t blame her really. His father had been most displeased though. He had demanded of Doran and Oberyn that she be returned to Casterly Rock post haste. He conveniently avoided the new Queen and her Hand in his ‘requests’.

Tyrion had felt a swell of pride when both Dornishmen had sent ravens to Casterly Rock and King’s Landing stating this was a matter for the Hand to decide.

Of course his sister had cost him a fucking fortune! He had seen the opportunity to place bets on how quick she would fail. He did not give her two days before she was either banished from Drone
or was in some saloon drunk off her ass. He had been absolutely sure his sister would collapse and fold with this new road to becoming a ‘warrior’. She had not. She always picked herself up from her exhaustion and trudged on, cursing and spitting bile at everyone as she did.

He had to smile. That last part was the sister he knew and loathed. The most recent report on her from Dorne had her getting into a brawl with some young fighting bucks from the sand dunes of the Red Mountains. Men borne and breed to be mean and foul tempered. They were most excellent fighters. The reports had them deriding his sweet vile sister as a weak Lannister. A lioness who had been kicked out from her pride. She had knocked out the first one with one uppercut and then was caught in a wild free-for-all after that.

He was vexed when he read that Obara had come to her aid yet again. They had quickly dispatched the others to la-la land after that. Seven strong, strapping young men defeated somewhat easily, the missive read. Cersei kicked one so hard he threw up before a straight left knocked him out. The last one Cersei had choked out with almost effortless ease.

Where in the hell had his sister gotten such strength and skill? She had apparently screamed out “Who is fucking next?! Who wants to get their ass kicked by the Lioness of Lannister?!” She then had continued on: “Anyone else want to get humiliated by this cunt?!” Tyrion read sourly that the other men and women gathered around had slunk off. Cersei was clearly developing a reputation.

He was starting to become concerned with what his sister was becoming. She could now tear him limb from limb with ease he now sensed. He would have to watch his tongue very carefully if they met again. That would of course be very hard to do, and he knew that might put him in great danger. He never could control his need to get in a quip or one last insult. He wondered how much a bodyguard would cost. A very big, strong, and mean-spirited bodyguard.

Tyrion noted with interest that Cersei did not notice what the observer had. Obara was nearly drooling, watching Cersei when she was not looking. In fact, Cersei seemed to be going out of her way to ignore the obviously pining Sand Snake. The woman was following Cersei around like a lost kitten and her dense sister didn’t even see it or if she did she did not understand that Obara was falling in love with her.

What is it with women in my House? Tyrion complained to himself. They were like honey to the women of Dorne. The only thing Tyrion could come up with was that it must be their blonde hair.

He looked at the ravens from the beachhead that had been established on Seal bay. Like the four beachheads further south. He knew the Queen would select only two in the South but these had been the four locations and they would decide where to actually land their forces from this pool of sites. Tyrion had been mildly and thankfully surprised that no resistance of yet had been given yet in the land of the Wolf. They had seen riders on the second day but by day four no further signs of activity could be detected. They knew they had to be watched but it was from afar and done with great stealth.

All the beachheads being closely observed they were sure. Still, there had been no defense forming at all that he and the generals could see. The two beachheads located south of the Weeping Water River, the one ten leagues South of Ramsgate and the one east of Oldcastle to put White Harbor at risk there was still no signs of defensive positions or bulwarks being thrown up. It was almost like Eddard Stark wanted to the Queen to land huge forces on his territory. He may as well have put up road signs saying ‘this way to Winterfell’.

They had argued over this in the Klatch of Confidents meetings at night in the Queen’s quarters to make sure they were on the same page when they went before the Small Council. The Queen was adamant that they speak with one voice. She did not want point, counterpoint argued in front of the
others. It would only stir ire and tension. Tyrion fully believed in the Queen’s wisdom in this.

So far it had worked splendidly. When all the Small Council heard them speaking with one voice they quickly fell in step with his and the Queen’s views and decisions. It still warmed Tyrion’s heart that the Queen let him speak and lead the meetings. She only added her voice to reinforce his views and to quash major dissent. They both allowed healthy airing of various viewpoints but refused to allow it rise to the level of outright hostility toward them or each other.

When Daenerys made a point with her violet eyes blazing and her body thrumming with her power of command, people fell in line.

*What was that man up to?* Tyrion wondered again thinking of this insane Game of Thrones Eddard Stark was playing. What sovereign wanted his home invaded and left his lands totally open for attack?

Could the Queen, Missandei and Syrio be right? Were they far enough away from the source to see something he couldn’t? There was nothing north of the wall but legends and tales to scare recalcitrant children into obedience.

He and Barristan were on the side of great caution and making sure to first pivot towards Winterfell. To arrive at Winterfell prepared for siege warfare. It seemed the logical thing to do.

Tyrion turned to stare into the fire in the hearth. He wondered about his second trip to the wall. He had felt nothing on his first visit but on the second he *had* sensed something evil out there. Something sinister and malevolent waiting in the trackless leagues of the far North. Something out there in the perpetual dark was full of hate and an implacable desire to rend and kill. He had retreated from the wall as Jon Snow looked down on him with a sad, wise smile.

Jon Snow knew that he, Tyrion, would explain away what he felt. His mind would explain away what his heart told him. Jon Snow had been right. Now Tyrion wondered about it all even more. Had his instincts in the cold of the Wall been true?

No matter. The Great Houses had been thoroughly and heavily training for the last four months. They were ready to start forming up to march north if called, but all hoped it wouldn’t come to that. It would be a major disruption to the land. The Queen desperately sought to avoid a full call to arms - she was indeed so tired of war.

She would march if she must, but she was sending ravens almost daily to Eddard Stark. She demanded, cajoled and threatened but all he did was give enigmatic answers. ‘He served the realm’ was always what he always came back to.

The South would march against the North if it must. One thing the North had learned from Essos was the value of scorpions and trebuchets hurling great rocks and pouches loaded with great multitudes of small razor sharp rocks. The cities of the North bristled with such weapons.

The Queen had tactics for such weapons but she was loathe to risk her dragons unless it was totally necessary. She only had three dragons and they gave the Queen her power. But more importantly she loved her dragons fiercely as a mother. She would not risk them like Rhaenys had with Meraxes which led to both of their deaths.

The Summer Islanders and fleets from the Free Cities were reforming. The new fleets were mainly transport and clipper style ships to carry supplies. The northern ports were blocked by fleets from Westeros Houses of Baratheon and Dorne and the Summer Islands with contingents from Essos. Only supply ships after inspection were allowed in. No mercenary or military supplies were ever
found. Strangely, the North was importing great quantities of obsidian.

Daenerys had collected a large fleet from the cities she had conquered. The former slaves manning those ships were now freemen being paid. Many had been willing to volunteer for the service. They had no problem finding recruits. The freed slaves wanted to serve and one could say almost needed to serve their Queen. They owed Daenerys Targaryen everything. They were anxious to serve and give their lives if necessary.

Tyrion turned his thoughts to the audacity of The Queen of Thorns. He had to give the old wench her due. The nerve to come in and set up a runway and parade the eligible heirs of Highgarden to the Queen. With minstrels no less! For a woman, she had balls! He had almost fallen off the side of his Chair of the Hand when Olenna had called in her granddaughter to walk down the runway. This was more than just a clever ploy.

He had watched Margaery looking at the Queen. The look in the girl's eyes was predatory, and Tyrion had felt his cock jerk. This girl loved women and he had a mental image of the Queen and Margaery naked and dripping with sweat, their faces buried in each other's snatches eating each other out to wailing, cum-filled orgasms.

He had squirmed from ass cheek to cheek, wiggling, trying to give his erect cock room in his suddenly tight trousers. He had felt a surge of fear looking over his shoulder at his Queen. Had she seen? He wondered in fright. His knees went weak with relief seeing her eyes occupied, hungrily traveling up and down the body of the nubile princess of Highgarden.

He admired the old woman from Highgarden. Her 'moths' must have ferreted out the truth. He and Varys always used the hidden passageways to bring women to the Queen, and the royal quarters were far away from the rest of the keep with thick walls. No one could have known.

Tyrion did have to consider the Spider giving the moth of Highgarden the information. One could never be entirely sure of Varys' complete loyalty. He served the Queen, but Tyrion sometimes wondered if he had other intentions as well. He couldn't put his finger on it, but Varys kept himself apart in some way. He had spent resources on it and could find no links between the eunuch to any one house or large powerful group. For now he had let it drop. He was a valuable resource that the realm needed.

Tyrion applauded Olenna’s audacity. She had hopefully opened Daenerys’ eyes to the possibility of having a Queen. He could feel her maudlin spirit on days when she mulled over her future and her dread of having to marry a man. She hated the thought. She would not really speak of it but Tyrion knew that Dany despised her previous forced marriages in Essos.

Why she was so afraid of tradition and custom Tyrion was not sure. She had half of the world under her direct power and the rest wetting themselves for the chance to become her allies in strong-bonded allegiances.

He took a drink from his wine glass, saluting the true force and ruler of Highgarden. He wondered if Olenna was enjoying her soggy ride to Stoney Sept. Why anyone would want to visit distant family in weather like this was beyond Tyrion. It had been storming for the last five days.

He was thankful that Varys had been able to use the unsettled situation in the North to find some new spies that could actually give him information. Receiving news again had been calming to Daenerys. She was deathly tired of hearing: “I have nothing to report.”

The North was definitely stocking up on food and wares. Men and supplies were on the move all over. No one pattern stood out, but a definite shift in northbound movement was deduced.
Again, why? Tyrion had an answer but a lifetime of conditioning had him unable to accept it.

What if Eddard is right? And if he was, were they already too late to respond?

With their preplanning and staging they would be able to move north in half the time it would usually take. That may still be too long if it was a supernatural threat. If it was simply Eddard losing his mind, well, then they had time. They would crush him.

He liked the man. Tyrion hoped it wouldn’t come to that.

Olenna

The golden trimmed carriage jumped as the wheels came out of the ruts they had been following. The slippery mud underneath the rims squirted, causing the wheels to jump. Olenna cursed the rain again.

She looked across the coach at her grandchildren. Loras, a warrior, was unaffected by the jerks and jumps underneath his ass, damn him. Her granddaughter, Margaery, grimaced and squirmed as her delicate ass cheeks were bumped and bruised.

Olenna smiled evilly. Olenna had seen Margaery’s sweet ass abused before. An abuse she willing sought out. Her dragon eye had seen a naked Sansa spanking her granddaughter for being ‘a bad, bad girl… trying to prick the great Direwolf with one of her thorns’. Margaery had been squirming all over Sansa’s legs as Sansa sat on the edge of the bed blistering Margaery’s ass with her hard striking palm. Her granddaughter’s squeals laced heavily with lust filled Sansa’s bedchamber. The Tyrell squirmed her ass up into each hard slap of Sansa’s cupped palm.

At first Olenna had been a little shocked at how into it Sansa got when spanking her wayward granddaughter. Margaery had had to cajole and wheedle to get Sansa to tentatively slap her ass the first time. Olenna had been shocked how quickly Sansa got turned on abusing her willing panting granddaughter.

Five minutes later she was blistering Margaery’s ass and pulling her granddaughter’s fisted hair so hard Margaery was staring up at the high ceiling of Sansa’s bedchamber. Sansa had one hand viciously jerking her granddaughter’s head up and back half choking her granddaughter while her other hand cruelly stuck Margaery’s rump. A rump Olenna observed that Margaery did not try to squirm away but instead flexed up to take the next searing palm strike to the cherry red ass cheeks. Sansa made sure to blister both ass cheeks as Margaery wailed and sobbed in pain but more importantly pleasure. Margaery was squealing like a stuck pig. Sansa jerked Margaery’s hair even harder. Margaery’s breath was half choked off as her throat was pulled so taunt. Sansa used her cupped hand to hard smack Margaery fiery red ass cheeks.

Olenna watched Sansa rub Margaery’s cherry red ass cheeks making her granddaughter coo and mewl. Then Sansa savagely attacked her granddaughter ass cheeks again with her cupped palm as her right hand snatched Margaery’s head forward and back savagely. Olenna heard her granddaughter pant and moan like a Lysene pleasure slave. Sansa shoved Margaery off her legs roughly and Margaery tumbled to the floor with a loud thump.

Sansa eyes went large and she gasped “oohhhhh”. She started to bend down to help Margaery. From the floor Margaery whined “Stay in character Saaansaaraa!” “Ooohh” Sansa breathed in with a look of thought and then vile intent came over her beautiful pale features. “Get on your knees you godsdammed cunt and suck my royal snatch and make me cum hard in your fucking mouth you cunt!” Margaery had nearly swooned getting on her knees and burying her face in Sansa’s muff.
Fuck that had been hot! She knew Margaery was a freaking kink slut but she would never had known that Sansa had it in her to be a dom. Must be a switch with her passive nature. She knew eventually they would reunite. With her dragon eye Olenna would be ready to observe all their debauchery she was sure the two would partake of. She couldn’t wait to see Margaery use her flogger and cattail on the pale Stark girl’s body. They would leave such sweet red marks! She remember her youth and being under the tail and feeling a flogger whipping her near senseless filling her with pain and pleasure.

Olenna sighed, lifting up the curtain embroidered with roses prominent with their sharp thorns. She so vividly remembered watching and hearing Sansa’s screams of orgasm as Margaery absolutely devoured her wet dripping honey hole. The screams were almost deafening and the sounds Margaery made were so obscene as she snuffled eating Sansa out to a second orgasm.

Olenna squirmed on her thick cushioned bench and sighed. It was funny to sit there and look at her granddaughter who could seem so virginal when she desired. Olenna knew the truth. Margaery Tyrell was a depraved lesbian kink slut. Olenna loved her granddaughter for having the strength and passion to reach and grasp what she desired. All this reflecting on great sex was riling her up. She needed some alone time. You never got too old to jill off! Olenna smirked to herself.

Olenna had kept her secrets until Margaery came to her with her desires and need to get back to Sansa. Olenna had asked her granddaughter if she still had her virtue. She was proud of her granddaughter when she threw her shoulders back and did not hide her love or the sex she had shared with Sansa Stark.

A true player of the Game of Thrones needed a strong backbone.

She thought back to how beautiful and sultry Margaery had been on the runway before the queen. She had to thank Varys again for helping her to get her entourage in. He had been reporting the Queen’s great reluctance to seeing suitors – in particular male suitors. She had covered all her bases like she always did. Yes, she was a master at the Game of Thrones.

One had to know when to form alliances. Her moths could fly high to get in a window where a spider must toil and maybe not even reach the ledge, and what if the window was closed? Her moths could fly fast and far while a spider could only crawl to find an open window.

But. A spider could go deep into the earth and find the hidden spaces to crawl into rooms a moth could never reach, their webs capturing all even when they were not present.

Between them, she and Varys had much of Westeros under their close surveillance. Of course she never gave him all her tidbits and neither he to her. He had no knowledge of her Dragon Eyes. That was part of what made the game so much fun. Teasing out the truth was half the battle. They both thrived on their games of half-truths and veiled insights. Who could sift through the information to make the best conclusion? To strike hard and fast with a true aim when the time came?

Olenna could only hope her aim was true this time. Had she read the proverbial tea leaves correctly? She was soon to find out.

Olenna’s thoughts went back to her “Parade of Roses”. She had seen the raw hunger come into Daenerys Targaryen’s eyes when Margaery strutted down the carpeted runway. Those hungry eyes followed Margaery and her handmaidens when they were presented. There was no doubt, the Queen was as gay as Olenna’s girls on the runway. She was pleased when she saw this. Of course she wanted ever more power for House Tyrell but she had just as great a desire to make her progeny happy.
She had been at first displeased when her moths came to her with the obvious lesbian nature of what seemed a whole generation of Tyrells back at Highgarden. The whole brood and Loras were totally bisexual? She could not believe it at first. She had waited to see if it was simply girlish exploration of their maturing bodies, but no, it had been real abiding desire of incestuous lesbian love. The girls had made sure to keep their maidenheads intact at first, but one by one they lost them to each other except for Margaery.

Their desire for penetration had been too great. The moths had reported how they would slam their fingers in hard and deep finger fucking each other to screaming orgasms.

She had admired Margaery’s restraint. She was saving herself. Of course that had all ended when she watched through her Dragon Eye Margaery and Sansa deflower each other their very first night of true sexual intercourse. Margaery had spent five nights working Sansa’s body to the point that when Margaery was ready for them to take each other’s virginities Sansa did not resist. Well there had been that spectacular hiccup but they had worked through that with love and forgiveness. Although upset at first, Olenna had lost her anger when she remembered she lost her virginity when she was sixteen to that stud of a knight in royal service to their family at Arbor on her island home. God he had fucked her so good when she could get away to him.

It was all going to work out. She was playing all the cards she was dealt like she always did.

A little later they came to the guard gate on the road. They had reached the Tully lands. Passwords were exchanged and the cover guard from Highgarden and the twenty men in the garb of the trout surrounded the slow-moving royal carriage and moved on. The Queen’s guard turned to head back to King’s Landing.

It was late afternoon and they were still four hours away from the inn they would spend the night at. Loras was slowly becoming agitated. “Something doesn’t feel right grandmother,” he told her while watching the Tully guard. “I don’t like this.”

“Calm yourself Loras. Nothing is amiss.” Damn his warrior instincts, Olenna thought, looking at her grandson as his eyes kept darting outside the carriage.

Olenna had only four house guards accompany them, insisting that they needed to show their trust in their Queen and the honor of House Tully. She told Loras that one must show difference when the time required it. Loras had argued the point but eventually stood down when his grandmother had demanded it.

Forty minutes later the Tully guard suddenly turned in and quickly disarmed the guards of House Highgarden.

“We are betrayed!” Loras cried out. His sword was in storage in a traveling chest. He reached for the long dagger at his hip. “I will defend you and Margaery with my dying breath!” he exclaimed, looking wild-eyed as he waved his dagger back and forth,

Margaery was frightened, but a feral look was in her eyes too. She would go down fighting.

“Oh put that dagger up Loras!”

“I will never surrender!”

“Oh shut down your balls for the gods sake, grandson. I have arranged all of this.”

“What?!” Olenna heard echoed from her two grandchildren.
“No! I will defend the honor of House Highgarden!”

“I SAID SIT DOWN!”

Loras looked at his grandmother, stunned. He sat down and put his dagger back in its sheath. He and Margaery looked at her confused.

A man on a beautiful dark destrier slowly approached the royal carriage on the leeward side where Olenna was sitting.

“Loras, please open the windows.”

Her grandson looked at her perplexed, and then unlatched and pushed the glass panes back. The rain blowing past the carriage and into the rider who came up to the window slowly.

The man was in a heavy rain cloak, the hood pulled forward.

“Olenna. I am sorry we must meet like this in the rain far from our homes. I hope you are safe and well.”

“I thank you for your courtesy. You have traveled far to see me.”

“That I have, O Rose of Tyrell. I only hope to not be pricked by your sharp thorns. You are a most dangerous woman Olenna.”

“I did not know you were such a flatterer. You are a man full of surprises, Wolf. Eddard Stark.”

Her grandchildren gasped, seeing the Warden pull his cowl back.

All three Tyrells stared at the man that was Eddard Stark. His muscled, hard body was on full display in his chainmail. His craggy face was beguiling, the hard rain pelting his form and soaking his long hair and beard that still showed no sign of grey.

Olenna looked over at her grandchildren. Margaery was reconsidering her lesbian nature and Loras was staring enraptured.

Olenna herself turned to take another look at Eddard. Gods this was a man! He radiated command and power, but it was also laced with honor and patience. Olenna felt her pussy spasm and clench.

“You are an attractive man … even soaking wet in the rain, you sly wolf.” She teased.

“And your beauty is a legend for a reason.” Was his soft reply.

Damn! Her pussy was getting so fucking wet. Power always had that effect on Olenna. She needed alone time, and she needed it bad! When she reached the inn tonight she would be jamming a towel in her mouth as she screamed and screamed into it, masturbating again and again. It had been some time since she felt so aroused. She would take full advantage of it tonight.

“Let us talk of destiny, Olenna. These are great and dire times.”

“Yes they are. It seems you plan to make yourself King of the North.”

“Yes it would seem that way.” He flashed his famous grimacing smile that made women who met him weak in the knees and wet in their snatches. The man never even saw it Olenna marveled. He had eyes only for his wife Catelyn Tully. What a shame and waste.
“Is that your goal, Wolf?”

“No. I go to the Wall. The Ice King comes. If he is not defeated at the Wall then all will fall eventually. Mostly likely sooner than later. I hope to entice the Queen to come North with all the hosts of the South.”

“That is a most dangerous game you are playing Eddard. I like it. You play big. But I have been told since I was a little girl that you Northerners only defend the realm from ghosts and grumpkins.”

“I fear you have been told false, Olenna. These nightmares are all too real. They come to kill all that live and breathe.”

Olenna shivered at the sheer conviction in Eddard Stark’s voice.

“I do what I must, Olenna. I will give my life for the realm if it is required.”

“I believe you would. But why have you come to me?”

“I need royal hostages.”

“I knew we were betrayed!” Loras shouted out again, grabbing for his dagger. Again Olenna gripped his arm to restrain her grandson. He glared back at her with both confusion and anger.

Eddard slightly cocked his head looking at Olenna’s granddaughter directly. “Margaery,” Eddard softly called to her. She stared at him with her large brown eyes, confused and intrigued.

“My daughter waits for you at Winterfell. I give my blessing for your union. I know you and Sansa are lovers and I would have you wed in the Godswood if you so desire. Will you come?”

“YES! YES! Yes! Yeeesssssssssss!” Margaery squealed, already pushing to get out of the carriage heedless of the rain.

Olenna jammed her forearm into Margaery’s midsection and grunted, pushing her back into her seat. She glared at her grandmother. “I’m going, grandmother!” Margaery shouted, her voice scaling up.

Olenna glared at her, then turned back to Ned. “Masterfully played, Eddard. You know I want the best for my grandchildren. Now if I say ‘no’ to Margaery she will be unmanageable. I usually prefer a more sedate back and forth in the Game of Thrones, Wolf.”

“This is how I play Olenna. Without guile.”

Olenna’s cunt was sopping wet now. She had been defeated and she was absolutely wet. Gods, she wailed to herself, why couldn’t I have been born a generation later? This is a man who I would have willingly orbited around. He is a man worthy of following. I would have supported him from the shadows and we could have made Westeros great!

Gods he would fuck me so good. The older woman sighed.

“I have lost, I know, but why should I trust you? You already know I will… but why?”

“I am sending Arya south to the Queen.”

Olenna whistled through her teeth.

“Gods Eddard! I’m impressed. You are taking a great risk, you know. You really are playing the
Game of Thrones. And with your own daughter.”

“Aren’t you playing the Game with your grandchildren?”

“Yes. Yes I am.” She turned to her grandson. “Loras, will you go with Margaery to ‘protect’ her?”

“You know I will never leave Margaery undefended, grandmother.”

Olenna rolled her eyes. *Gods, men and their cocks.*

Olenna watched Margaery and Loras ride off with Eddard. Margaery had complained loudly they needed to be off immediately. She was antsy like she had ants in her knickers as she rocked from foot to foot in her impatience to be off and back to Sansa. “We need to be off godsdamnit!” Margaery groused as she waited for the horses to be brought forward and traveling cloaks provided. *Gods damn that man!* Olenna thought. *He knew I would send Loras too!*

She had to admire Eddard for such a gambit.

Then she sighed. She knew one of the reasons he was sending Arya south. Somehow he knew his little wild “wolf child” would win the Queen’s heart.

Olenna knew that Eddard had won the duel. She had not fought much. He had Olenna convinced now that there was indeed something evil coming South. It must be opposed by all of Westeros if they were to live.

If her daughter wed the first princess of House Stark, the House of Tyrell would be aligned with what would be probably the second most powerful House in Westeros behind House Targaryen. Eddard fully intended his youngest daughter to wed the Queen of Westeros. The man reached far. Olenna admired that greatly. Eddard Stark and Daenerys were both great players of the Game of Thrones. Having her granddaughter wed to Sansa would be to her great advantage. Her advantage was Highgarden’s advantage. She had been willing to marry Margaery off to Daenerys. Marrying her off to Sansa was almost as good. The bargain was worth it. Olenna could not help but be impressed with Eddard’s gambit.

But the courage of this man. Gods! The chances this man took for his children. Her pussy pulsed again. Olenna’s eyes lit up once she realized she was finally alone. Only her “Honor Guard” were left and the supposed Tully men who formed a loose wicket around the royal carriage. Eddard’s men ranged out far and wide to provide a protective net for Olenna. They would guide her to the Inn and then post themselves out of sight, providing protection until men from the true Tully guard came to relieve them.

Her royal guards were her most trusted men. She had hand selected each and every one of them. Each were great swordsmen but had gained their position in her ranks because they had been her most respected and cagey moths in the military. She had absolute faith in their silence, and their oath to stick to the story she had concocted to tell both House Tully and the Queen. She knew House Tully was in with Eddard but she had to play her part convincingly. That was part of the Game of Thrones.

She told her captain of the guard she wanted to be alone for a while to think, and to take his time getting to the inn. Then she jerked the drapes closed.

Her clothes were soon flying off in all directions. The guards never heard her screams of ecstasy, or noticed how the carriage jerked strangely over the next few hours.

*Daenerys*
Daenerys could not believe the news she had received. Ravens from Olenna, Mace Tyrell and Edmure Tully, all complaining vociferously about the abduction of Margaery and Loras Tyrell. Mace and Olenna were outraged that she could so easily lose their daughter and granddaughter.

How could Loras and Margaery be abducted on the way to Stoney Sept? In House Tully territory? They had each blamed her for a lack of security suggested she was entertaining spies in her court.

*It was fucking unfair!* It had happened in Tully lands for crying out loud and *they are blaming me*!

She had lost her mind with her Klatch of Confidents. She dare not show confusion and weakness before any other than her closest advisors and friends. She had raged, stomped her feet, pinched her nose repeatedly. *How in the fuck had this happened?* She had raged as her friends nodded sagely.

Daenerys sighed and went to look out the window. The rain had stopped, but the clouds still scudded high in the sky blowing west to east. The landscape was drab and angry looking in the dull light.

The Queen pinched the bridge of her nose and slowly bumped her forehead into the wall beside the window.

That had not been enough. She had called Tyrion and Varys to her personal quarters and royally chewed their asses out and asked them how this could have happened. It was their personal duties to be connected and informed but again events were catching them totally off guard. Tyrion had defended all on the small council and Varys told her in a certain, confident voice that no one had sung about Olenna’s itinerary. So few persons could have even known of this side trip to the Stoney Sept.

Daenerys had ranted and raved until she saw Tyrion deflating and Varys going stoic, no longer defending himself or throwing twisted barbs back at her. She had calmed after that. Gods it was so fucking frustrating, having to sift through the half-truths of the Game of Thrones.

She asked them both how Eddard could have possibly known of their excursion.

Varys was convinced that a spider or moth that howled instead of singing must have been in the Royal Court of House Tully while Tyrion thought it must be someone in Olenna’s retinue. Only a person that close could have had such intimate knowledge of route and timing. Eddard had made his abduction at the most opportune place and time.

Daenerys went back to her desk and sat down mulling over the situation. Eddard now had two very valuable hostages. Hostages that had Mace Tyrell demanding a Northern execution after a southern retrieval.

It would take months to organize and move north, even now with all of the work she’d done to prepare for this eventuality.

She sighed. The gates were closed at the Twins, and Moat Cailin was a death trap. She would have to force her way through. She knew the defenses of all the cities were bristling with scorpions. She was truly stating to hate that word. She would not risk her dragons!

She beat her forehead on the table. She could invade the beachheads she had made, but if Eddard attacked it would be bloody. She did not want to fight a war on her homeland!

Daenerys had her own ideas about who gave out the information. She wondered what the hell you would call the spies of Tully. She thought about the Trout sigil. Guppies? Minnows? She grimaced. At least with House Stark she could come up with foxes or jackals. Not very small or stealthy, but
better than a slimy fish.

She kept going over who could have possibly leaked the information and her intuition kept going back to one person: Olenna.

She had taken her time in getting to the inn after the abduction. The rider’s horse she sent up to Riverrun had come up lame. She had insisted on extreme secrecy as she waited at the inn. It was a royal matter of the highest import. She had finally sent out a rider to Stoney Sept and sent a raven to Highgarden - not to her Queen, who was a hell of a lot closer.

By the time Daenerys knew anything was amiss ten days had already passed. With horses pre-positioned to keep fresh mounts underneath the captors, it was too late by the time Daenerys knew of the abduction. But even if it had not been, the rainy weather and low cloud ceiling limited her dragons and their ability to scan large swaths of land as they flew over it.

Olenna had said in her messages that she was completely addled by her ordeal, she had nearly come undone with the ‘vapors’.

What the hell were vapors?! Daenerys had fumed. This woman thrived on “vapors!” She had to be lying, but she would never be able to prove it. All her honor guard had given the same answers to any questions asked.

But why? The woman had made a hard play to win the Queen’s favor for her grandchildren.

Just the same, she could not shake the feeling that the woman had let Eddard Stark take her grandchildren.

She could never accuse her of this of course, and Olenna knew this.

What could Eddard have offered her to get her release her grandchildren to him? What was her game? What was his game? What advantage was Olenna trying to achieve?

She thought she knew what Eddard was out to achieve. Even if they marched north they would have to show great restraint now. If Kissari had lived, and they had somehow gotten ahold of her, she would have been nearly immobilized with fear and the need to keep her adopted daughter safe.

What a master stroke. *Come north Queen, but be very careful in what you are doing.*

Why would Eddard do all this? For a man who supposedly hated the Game of Thrones, he was proving to be a master.

She was beginning to believe more and more in what the north knew: “Winter was Coming.” Eddard believed it. Could something from eight thousand years ago still come back to haunt man from so long ago. How? Why now? What had changed?

She had prepared for a militarization of her lands. She still needed about five months to get her forces north once she made the decision to move. To do this though she would totally disrupt all her plans for change and improvements for Westeros and Essos. She would wait yet.

Eddard had not declared his independence and Tyrion assured him he would never declare himself King of the North. Therefore, Daenerys hesitated.

She knew that if she marched north she would have to appear to only want to march on Winterfell. But if she was right, then that was only a stopping point on her way to the Wall and destiny.
She had fought hard to be Queen, but times like this were so trying. What was the truth? How much force should she use?

She let her mind wander back to Olenna’s Parade of Roses. The event had given Daenerys a small sliver of hope. It was clear that Olenna had no problem with offering her granddaughter to her – and if she had been willing, perhaps others would be as well.

That hope was dashed by the reactions she witnessed around the Small Council table. Then crushed further by all of the spiteful comments in her still coalescing court and amongst her guards from Westeros and Essos. Her Dothraki supported her no matter what since she was the Mare Who Mounted the World, but even they wondered why she would choose a filly when she could have a strong bucking stallion between her legs.

Gods she hated men sometimes.

It hurt, and she damned the patriarchal world she had been born into. She could not break Westeros just for the right to marry whom she wanted.

She heard the hearth stone move, and thanked the gods. She whirled around, instantly getting wet. Gods she needed a distraction from all this Game of Thrones. She needed release!

She tensed when a small, white-haired woman of obvious blackfyre descent stepped up into her bedchamber. She was already nude, and breathtakingly beautiful. Her nipples were erect, and cunt already slick. As Daenerys stepped up to the woman no taller than herself, she reeled with lust smelling the woman’s musk already flooding the room and Daenerys’ nostrils. Daenerys could see the young vixen’s pupils were full blown with lust for her Queen. Her lilac irises intoxicating.

Daenerys slowly stripped before the former slave until she was as naked as the woman before her. They stared hungrily at each other. The former Lysene slave whimpered, staring hungrily at the Queen’s shaved muff.

“What is your name, you beautiful vision of old Valyeria?”

“Jaehnae Arlaeris”

“I’m going to fuck so good Jaehnae—I’m going to make you scream your throat raw.”

“Uunnggggg! Oh my Queen—fuck me! Plleeasssee!”

Daenerys cupped the back of the Valyrian’s head and pulled their mouths together. Mouths first tracing and nibbling on lips but then hungrily opening to allow tongues to play hotly in their mouths.

Daenerys looped her arms around the tiny woman’s waist as the woman jumped up and locked her legs around Daenerys naked body. Daenerys moaned hard feeling the woman’s wet cunt wallowing on her stomach. Their mouths locked the whole time as tongues wetly swirled from mouth to mouth. Daenerys stood their reveling in the close intimate clench of raw lust. Their tongues alive with fuck need as the Blackfyre woman humped her wet cunt up and down Daenerys hard flat stomach soaking it in her hot slimy love juice.

Daenerys carried the woman over to her desk as Jaehnae now nibbled on Daenerys’s throat with hot licks and kisses and then Jaehnae sucked in a mouthful of sweet tender throat flesh and sucked it viciously through her teeth.

“Ooowwwggggg!” Daenerys cried out in shocking pleasure.
Fuck the reports. Daenerys used one arm to fling the reports to the floor and leaned forward pushing her long distant kinsmen to the desktop and climbing on top of the woman and pressing her body down on the woman’s as their wet cunts found hip and belly.

They kissed ravenously as pussies humped wantonly on heated needy flesh.

Gods I need this Daenerys thought as she gagged in helpless pleasure feeling Jaehnae’s tongue wetly shove into her mouth again and start wrestling her tongue with avid hunger.

Sansa

Sansa looked out over the battlements of Winterfell in the midday light, sullen with the heavy rains. It was autumn, the rainy season, and she hated the endless storms that rolled across the lands of the north at this time.

She felt the rain start to fall down heavily upon her. She gazed out down the King’s Road that led south. She had watched it several times a day, hoping to see her father appear again.

She missed him. Her mother missed him even more. She and Arya had been ecstatic hearing that their mother was pregnant; her mother was so happy to be with child again – but she needed her husband.

Once more she looked out into the gloom of the late afternoon, and felt her heart rise in her chest. Coming up the road was a group of riders. They looked tired and bedraggled, but they were flying the Stark banner. There was no doubt, it was her father!

She knew he would first want to dry off and see his wife her mother. She would see him tomorrow when he was refreshed and ready to again take up the mobilization of the north.

Relieved, Sansa went back inside, out of the rain. As she walked down to the steps to the ground level she contemplated Arya and her upcoming journey south to King’s Landing.

Part of her felt unclean, withholding the true motivations behind her trip. But Arya had to be completely innocent of the overall plan. It was critical that the Queen found no guile in Arya, and find her free of any guile of the Game of Thrones being played. In truth, Arya was not suited for it anyways. She was called a ‘wild wolf’ for a reason.

Arya was already a warrior woman of legend. She was untamable. She would march to her own drummer and forge her own destiny. She felt sorry for the Queen, in a way. She knew Arya would be like a tornado barging into the Queen’s life. What kind of impact would Arya have on the Queen?

The Queen was a dichotomy to be sure. She had shattered cities and civilizations that had supported the slave trade for over five thousand years. She had bells woven throughout her hair from the Khalasars she had shattered and subsumed to her will.

She had garnered a new respect for Arya as the legends of Daenerys Targaryen grew as she marched across Essos. This was what Arya had always aspired to become. A fierce warrior woman, like Nymeria of old.

The Queen was such a woman. She conquered with her own hand. She then dispensed justice like her father always had, letting the hand perform what the mouth demanded. The Queen had personally executed those that had defied her after she had offered her hand to help them up off the ground after her conquests.

She was rebuilding the broken cities and personally breaking the chains of many of the slaves she
Sansa, Robb and her father saw a change as the Queen marched west. She had definitely become less violent in her conquests. She moved to a model of intimidation and subterfuge to achieve many of her victories rather than brute force.

Then the way she had conquered Westeros had been even more stunning. She had taken the whole land by the force of her personality alone. She still shivered thinking of the words that the Queen had written in her letter suing for peace and almost pleading to avoid war: *must the strong always forcefully bend the weak to our will? … can’t we find another way? … a way of peace and justice … a way towards reclamation for all.* She shook her head, hearing those noble words in her mind.

Although those had truly been great words, her three dragons were even greater. No House wanted to be the first to go up against the Queen and her beasts. She had truly become unstoppable.

She knew that Dorne had to have been screaming in her ear the need to crush Highgarden and Casterly Rock. Dorne’s implacable attitude towards those Houses was famous, and still Daenerys took the path of peace. She had risked and won her prize her own way, and she had done it where no one else could have.

That had to show the true heart of the woman. She was quick to forbear if she could. She would forebear with Arya. Once that happened it, would be over. The Queen’s heart would be lost to her sister. Arya had that dangerous, dark charm that made so many women cream their close silk garments, just as Margaery’s fire made her own short clothes sopping wet.

Sansa went down the hall to a small meeting room and entered. Inside were two men waiting for her. As she passed them, they bowed their heads in differential respect.

Brandon Tallhart of Torrhen’s Square embraced Sansa genteelly. Once they separated, Sansa smirked sardonically. “When the hell are you ever going to get over that childish crush, Brandon?”

Brandon clutched his heart. “Oh how you wound me, you vile temptress.”

They both began to laugh.

Sansa asked her childhood friend how his mission was going.

“I have been feeding them the information that I was given. I give it to my handler in the small gulps that we discussed. He is anxious to know more about troop movements in particular. That, and how much we are building the defenses up around the major population and power centers in the north. I have them convinced them that all the defensive weapons are real even though most of them are fake. I have them thinking that many of the houses and lords are taking their men to the ancestral staging areas. We have them convinced that Deepwood Motte and White Harbor are much more heavily defended than they really are.”

“Good, very good Brandon. I am sorry I have asked you to act like the spurned lover who has turned cruel and spiteful.”

“I’m not worried, Sansa. If the North is defeated by the Ice King, nothing will matter. But, with what you’re helping to achieve that won’t happen. We will win. We must. My supposed actions will be, at most, a footnote in history. In all likelihood it won’t even be remembered for a month. I am not worried, my dear friend.”

Sansa smiled again and gave him another chaste kiss on the cheek.
She turned to the other man who was sitting on the edge of the table. He reached out his hand and shook Sansa’s, smiling.

“And how is your mission of disinformation going, Khort Tascer?”

The merchant from White Harbor grinned. “Ah the smell of the grease paint … the thrill of delivering the perfect line.” He said theatrically. Khort’s parents were both master mummers from White Harbor, and he had definitely inherited their love of attention and putting on a false face.

“It is going well, Lady Sansa. I have given them all of the information that you requested all the while complaining about how much this ‘disruption’ is costing me.” He bent over and hefted up a money bag and gave it a shake. Sansa could hear gold dragons clanking nosily inside it. “I have helped my handler to see the supplies that the North is shipping in. In particular all of the dragon glass.”

Sansa smiled at hearing that. The North was importing as much obsidian as they possibly could. They had made a connection with a merchant in the Summer Islands that had a source from the borderlands of Asshai. The man had several warehouses filled with large stores of obsidian.

In the land of Yi Ti, talismans made of the volcanic glass were considered to be an aphrodisiac. Bedrooms across the various principalities had carved black statues of their love goddesses. The more wealthy the household, the larger these statues were.

Her father had offered to buy all of the obsidian the merchant had, at twice its value. The man had been floored with the offer. Eddard had sent a raven detailing the reasons for his great need. It did not matter whether or not the merchant believed him. Just the same, the merchant had ended up agreeing to sell the obsidian to him at cost, plus the expense of freight. He had declared it was a ‘wise business investment’, and promised to sell any further obsidian he could locate to the north.

Later the man wrote Eddard and told him that his honor and wisdom was known even in Tall Trees.

Sansa and Ned felt the Queen was a very intelligent woman. She would see this “obsession” with obsidian. Even if she did not believe in the Ice Wrights, she still might seek to understand why the North was acquiring so much of it and then hopefully start making weapons of the precious material like the North was.

Khort told Sansa that he had delivered false shipping slips to his handlers listing the supplies that were being sent to Winterfell to make it appear as if Winterfell was stocking up for a long siege and bringing in the materials to build up substantial defenses.

*Good*, she thought. That, combined with some novel ideas they had come up with to feed to the Queen should be enough to convince her to come north to Winterfell. She only hoped the Queen did not burn the castle to the ground first. They had, in reality, no defenses for dragons. Anything indicating otherwise was all part of their ruse.

She trusted her father had a plan to stem the wrath of the Queen. Something that would force her to stay her hand from using her dragons to burn Winterfell to slag as Aegon had Harrenhall.

The meeting soon broke up after that. Brandon laughed as they left, and put back on his sour, bitter face. The merchant walked out complaining about being broke again.

Sansa went to the kitchen and ate a late lunch. She had come to enjoy eating with the kitchen staff, it kept her grounded with the common people. She had wondered as a child why her father ate with his subjects when none of the other Houses did. Now she understood. It formed a strong, bone-
deep bond between the Starks and the people of the North.

Once sated, she went back to her chambers and got her robe, towels and nightshirt and went to take a long, relaxing bath. She had had a full day already, and would take dinner in her chambers later.

She luxuriated in the bath, cleaning her hair thoroughly and thought again about how fortunate Winterfell was to have heated water year-round. Steam from the naturally occurring springs beneath the castle kept the walls warm, and her room in particular was warmer than the other bedchambers. She liked that extra heat when she masturbated on top of the bed. Her fingers working their magic as she thought of a certain rose of Highgarden. With that thought, Sansa felt a familiar ache returning between her legs.

She finished her bath and walked with a slightly hurried step back to her bedchambers. Her pussy was already swollen and starting to get so wet. She smelled her snatch juicing, and she loved it. Thinking of Margaery always made her wet.

She went into room and paused. Gods she had to be feeling it bad for Margaery this night. She could almost smell her lover’s scent, roses mixed with saddlewood. Sansa breathed in deeply and shook her head.

She went to the dressing screen and hurriedly took off her robe and then her night shirt. Once naked she looked down her flat stomach and saw her pussy already wet and swollen with fuck hunger. Her nipples and clit were throbbing with lust for Margaery.

Sansa gasped when she felt a naked body press into her own. Her eyes flew wide open in shocked wonder. She instantly knew the feel and rightness of her lover’s body pressed into her body. Margaery’s hard nipples pressed into Sansa’s back as the woman’s lips found her throat and started to nibble.

“Ooohhhhh hhhnnggg oh baby! How!”

“Ssshhhhhh I’ll explain later … now I am going to fuck you so good Sansa,” Margaery softly murmured her right hand sliding around Sansa’s hip and rubbing up and down the bald mound and slowly teased the inner lips open. “You been thinking of me my sweet wolf. Your cunt is so fucking wet and I just touched you” Margaery husked rubbing her fingers up and down Sansa’s bright pink slit. Margaery moaned feeling the wetness of her lover already slimming her fingers with fuck juice.

“Ooohhhhh Fuck! Hhnngg hhnnn hhnnn uunggg!” Sansa whimpered as Margaery other hand moved around and gripped left full cone shaped B cup tit. Her hand gripped and massaged the breast. Margaery’s fingers sinking in deep squeezing Sansa’s pale breasts. Margaery squeezed each breast in turn making Sansa’s areolas and nipples bulge on her cone shaped tits. Sansa gasped in ecstasy her nipples going rock hard and her clit throbbing hard. Margaery rhythmically squeezed the firm tits hard making Sansa’s body jolt and gasp hard with wheezing breaths of raw need.

Margaery kissed and licked her woman’s throat hotly. Margaery’s slimed fingers moved up and began circling Sansa’s clit and rubbing over the bulging clitoral hood putting pressure and friction on her still sheathed clit.

While doing this Margaery’s left hand moved up to slowly cup and squeeze in hard on Sansa’s nipples rubbing her palm over the rubbery nipples. The Tyrell slowly moved her hand back and forth pleasuring Sansa’s aching tits. “Ffffuucckkk Margaeryyyyy—you always make me ffeeeeeelll so fucking good!” the Stark girl whimpered her nipples throbbing so hard now each pulse in her breast hammering into her clit down below making it jerk and spasm in raw need.
Sansa’s legs were going weak and she leaned back into Margaery. “Ooogggggg!” Sansa gagged feeling Margaery slipping first one and then a second finger up into her tight pussy. The fingers buried deep and slowly stretching out Sansa’s tight quim. Margaery slowly began to scissor her fingers in her lover’s twat running the digits through the slimy inner petals sucking on the digits fucking them. Margaery moaned loudly into the ear she was nibbling on and then running her tongue over the beautiful shell. The feel of Sansa’s slimy wet cunt on her fingers heavenly.

Then Margaery slowly started to work the digits in and out Sansa’s tight hot cunt. Her fingers thickly slimed with love juices as they started to pump harder. Margaery pulled her fingers out so slow and then rammed them up fast and hard into Sansa’s cunt. The fingers were sliding easily in and out the slicked love canal now. “Ungggg hhnnggg … oh baby—you’re fucking me sooooo good! Hhnnggg unngg shit! Unngg uunngg” Sansa gagged in rocking pleasure.

Margaery increased her pace for a short minute fucking Sansa with fast strokes making the Stark cry out in shocking pleasure. Sansa reveled feeling Margaery’s knuckles pounding her swollen and wet vulva with each hard ram of long fingers up Sansa’s hungry sopping wet trim. Margaery sensing Sansa’s rising excitement slowed her strokes to a sensual rhythm to prolong the divine fuck. Sansa whimpered at the lessening in force and friction working her honey hole and jerking her clit with sharp raps of Margaery’s knuckles.

Sansa looked down her palpating belly watching Margaery pull her fingers out slowly from her spasming cunt. The fingers creamed with her twat juice and then sliding so deliciously back in deep up her steamy cunt. The slow in and out motion turning Sansa’s belly to jelly. Her knees were trembling as she pressed back into Margaery who clasped Sansa to her body supporting her trembling weight. “Gods I love you Sansa … I love fucking you Sansa … I have missed fucking this hot tight cunt so much … never again will I go without” Margaery softly told her future wife. Sansa gagged in raw love hearing those sweet passionate words. “Mmmmm nnggg hhnmmn hhmmmnn oowwggg uunn!” Sansa cawed in rising need. Her twat was clenching in spasms of fucking bliss feeling those fingers slide so slowly up deep into her tight cunt.

Sansa was stunned at how her love had seemingly magically appeared. Margaery’s fingers of her left hand moved up and the Tyrell used her thumb and index finger to squeeze and jerk on Sansa’s engorged rock hard nipple and folding her areola in between the fingers and twisting it gently making the steeples on her areola stand out all dark red on her pale areolas. Her nipples dark pink too.

Margaery was kissing and licking Sansa’s neck. Margaery moved her mouth up and down the elegant throat of her lover. She pressed her smaller barely B cup tits into Sansa’s back. Sansa’s jerking body rubbing on Margaery sensitive nipples. Margaery loved the friction filling her breast with aching heat but Margaery needed to focus on her lover. She was going to make Sansa cum screaming. Sansa was moaning louder and jamming back into her lover’s body.

Sansa turned her head and tilted it down toward her lover. Sansa reached back with her hand to grip the back of Margaery’s head. Sansa clenched a fistful of brown curled hair and pulled on Margaery’s head to tilt Margaery’s head up. They paused for a long moment letting their eyes speak of their undying love. Margaery suddenly started slamming her fingers hard and deep up Sansa’s cunt pounding the swollen muff.

Sansa’s face grimaced with ecstasy as she jerked Margaery head with her hair knot and her mouth came down with fuck hunger. “Ummmfff mmpffff” Sansa moaned into Margaery’s lips that melded and nipped before Sansa opened her mouth in offering.

Sansa gagged in helpless love feeling Margaery slip her tongue deep into her mouth. Margaery’s
tongue sought and found Sansa’s tongue. They instantly entwined and wetly danced. Sansa’s body convulsed and Margaery opened her eyes briefly and saw through Sansa’s jerking eyelids that her eyes had rolled back into her skull and were rolling around in helpless pleasure. Their tongues commenced a serpentine dance of love in Sansa’s mouth.

Their nostrils flared and bodies jerked in pleasure. A fine film of perspiration was already coating Sansa’s body and beading on her forehead and upper lip. Her belly and cunt were on fire. Her ears heard the hard impact of Margaery’s hand slamming into her vulva as the Tyrell slammed her fingers fast and deep up the tight pussy she was fucking. Margaery moaned feeling Sansa’s juices slicking her fingers and running down her wrist.

They kissed heatedly for a short minute and then broke for air. They were both breathing heavily now in excitement and Sansa with a body rising to orgasm.

Margaery kissed Sansa deeply again her left hand moving right and left working Sansa’s breast squeezing rhythmically and moving her hand up to milk and pull on Sansa’s nips making the tall woman jolt and gasp.

Margaery broke the kiss to get back at the tall woman’s neck that was perfectly positioned for her mouth.

“Hhhhhnngggggggggg!” Sansa gasped her body jamming back hard into Margaery’s feeling the Tyrell suck her throat deep into her mouth and suck the tender flesh in and out through her gnawing teeth. Margaery gnawed the tender throat flesh through her see-sawing teeth marking Sansa as her woman. “Ooowwwwggggg hhnnnggg hhnnnggg!!” Sansa cried out feeling Margaery pull her mouth back and forward tormenting the sweet flesh between her sawing teeth. The pain and pleasure flooding Sansa’s body.

Sansa’s cunt was a soupy mess now and making splattering sloshing noises as Margaery rammed her fingers in fast and deep.

Margaery sensed Sansa was now fast approaching orgasm. She changed the position of her right hand slightly and bent her thumb so it hammered Sansa’s clit as she pounded her lover’s love box. She spit out Sansa’s throat and licked the bruised flesh sensually.

Margaery could feel the pulses getting closer inside Sansa’s sloshing trim and loved it. Sansa’s pussy was so hot and tight on her pumping fingers.

“Cum on my fingers slut … let me feel your cunt lock down on my fingers Sansa!”

“ARRUUUNGGGGGGGGGGGGG! AAAWWOOGGGGGGGGGG!” Sansa screamed in pure love the echoes bouncing off the walls of their bedroom. Sansa’s body convulsed and jammed back into Margaery smaller body. The Tyrell left arm now lopped around Sansa’s waist to hold the taller woman tight to her smaller body. Margaery groaned loudly herself feeling her lover convulse so hard in her orgasm. Margaery adored the way the Stark woman’s body jammed back hard into her body as it flipped and jackknifed violently in searing fucking ecstasy. Sansa’s cunt gripped her plunging fingers in spastic seizures of hard cumming. Margaery redoubled the pounding of her fingers up into Sansa’s rupturing cunt.

"Angghh ... nnnmmgnee! Oh! Oh!" … oh Goddsssddddmmmmmmmnnn! … Auunggh! Oh! Nnngggmmmmeee! Oh! Oh! "Auuungghhhiiieeee!!" Sansa cried out, flipping and straining, her face torn with rapture. "Oh! Unhh! Anngghiiee!!"

Margaery’s felt her lovers orgasm start to wane and she backed off on her finger thrusts and now
sensually pumped them in and out Sansa’s swollen love box. The cunt filled with creamy cum that slurped on the fingers slow stroking the cunt that drooled out slimy strands of cum that stretched out and fell to the floor.

Sansa was nearly boneless and Margaery pulled her fingers out Sansa’s buttery cunt and adjusted her grip on Sansa’s body and effortlessly picked up Sansa in classical bridal position. Sansa’s body soaked in sweat now. Sansa looked up at her with pure love that made the Tyrell’s heart beat hard in her chest.

Sansa’s face was flushed. Her throat and upper chest down to Sansa’s breast pink with the flush of orgasm. Margaery needed more.

Sansa was limp as she felt Margaery easily carry her to her bed and laid her head down on a pillow and climbed up on Sansa.

They kissed deeply bodies wallowing and humping pussies on hip and thigh as they gagged in pure love for each other as tongues speared from mouth to mouth.

Sansa broke the kiss and reached behind her head and gripped the pillow and started to put it underneath her head.

Margaery reached up stopping Sansa.

“Baby! I needdddd you to sit on my face Margaery—I need your pussy in my mouthhhhh! Margaery pleaseeeeee!”

Margaery smiled down at her. “Don’t be so greedy baby … I haven’t had you yet … I need your cunt in my mouth so bad Sansa—it has been toooo long!”

Margaery playfully looked down at a glaring Sansa until the Stark girl with a pout relented. Margery rewarded her lover with a scorching kiss that had Sansa humping up into Margaery in raw need.

Sansa had her arms looped around her lover’s body pulling Margaery down into her body flattening their tits into each other’s bodies. Margaery had her hands locked in Sansa’s red tresses pulling Sansa’ head up. She pulled Sansa’s mouth to hers and their lips locked as tongues surged from mouth to mouth and down groaning throat.

Sansa mewled when Margaery broke their lip lock. Sansa moaned hard seeing spit roped between their lips swollen form their kissing. Sansa tried to pull Margaery’s mouth back down but the smaller woman with surprising strength resisted. Margaery kissed down Sansa’s cheek giving hot fast kisses down Sansa’s jaw and then down her throat. Margaery used her index and middle fingers to push Sansa’s head over. Sansa’s head tilted over fully exposing her tender throat flesh. Margaery lowered her head. Margaery had only marked one side of Sansa’s throat as her property. As her slut. A loud scream filled the room as Margaery gave her love slut another hickey on her throat sucking the flesh fast in and out her teeth.

Sansa’s face slashed so hard her elbows hammering the bed in ecstasy. Margaery beamed up at her lover loving how she could play her future wife’s body so well. She kissed her future wife’s throat all over and down the perfect collarbones and shoulders and then back to Sansa’s throat and then up in short kisses to her sweet bee stung lip. Their tongues swiping lips and sucking in those lips to nibble and pull on as guttural groans filled the room. Then mouths opened wide and again tongues wrapped around each other sliding and slipping against each other.

After several minutes they broke their deep snogging. Margaery kissed down Sansa’s throat to her
upper chest. Margaery kissed, licked and nipped Sansa’s upper chest making her woman pant and whimper. “Babbyyyy pleeeeeeeseeee!” Sansa whimpered in raw aching need. Margaery kissed down to her woman’s breast and kissed up the slope of Sansa’s conical breast and siphoned the nipple deep into her mouth and rhythmically sucked on the engorged teat.

Sansa was writhing on a pillow she had pulled underneath her head. She looked down at Margaery as she sucked so well on one nipple and then the other. Margaery would release the nipple she was fiercely sucking on and move her head over to suck and hot lick the other nipple. Sansa watched Margaery’s hands come up and pinch and twist the nipple that was not currently being sucked and tongue rasped. The nipple soaked in spit and Margaery used the lubrication to twist her fingertips on her hard aching nipples. Margaery’s fingers pulled and twisted the engorged nipples that were slicked with spit.

Soon Sansa was writhing on her pillow. She watched Margaery lap over her nipples with the flat of her tongue all the time looking up at Sansa. Margaery loved watching the Stark girl’s face slash constantly eyes first bulging and then squeezed shut in ecstasy.

Then Margaery would suck Sansa’s entire nipple and areola into her mouth and pump her head back stretching out Sansa’s breast filling them with delicious heat and friction. In and out Margaery worked her head pumping sweet tit meat with her hot sucking mouth. “Huunnggg oohhh ohhh Margaery—suuuucckk suck suck ohhh gooddssdammmnnn suck!” Margaery would fierce suck on Sansa’s breast and pull her head back. Her head motion first tenting Sansa’s tit and then it would wetly plop out her mouth as Sansa cried out in ecstasy.

Sansa helplessly cawed her body writhing and her hands now on Margaery’s head driving her face into her spit soaked tits. Margaery moved her head back and forth slowly sucking on Sansa’s tits pulling her head back until Sansa’s nipples popped out her mouth. Then Margaery went back to fiercely licking and giving searing short sucks on Sansa’s rock hard nipples.

“Babyyyyy Plleeesseeee!”

Margaery lifted her head up with a questioning smirk. Her hands came up and her fingers squeezed and tented Sansa’s nipples as she pulled hard on the engorged nipples. Sansa’s upper body was flushed with need.

“Please what Sansa?”

Sansa pushed down hard on Margaery’s head. The need plain but Margaery playfully played obtuse.

“What do you need Sansa?” Sansa pushed hard trying to push Margaery down her body. “Tell me Sansa”

“Eat my pussyyyy babyyyyyyyy!”

In a flash Margaery had scooted down. Margaery breathed deep. “Godsdamn Sansa … your pussy smells so intoxicating.” Margaery stared at the pussy right in front of her face. Her lips unconsciously being licked by her tongue as she drooled in raw lust.

“Open up our cunt for me Sansa. I have dreamed of this every night. Eating this sweet wet cunt! Every night when I was eating out one of my hens it was your pussy that I wished filled my mouth. It was your cunt my fingers or strap-on was fucking. Your voice I heard screaming.”

“Oh yes! I love you so much … eat my cunt out baby!” She could care less that Margaery had been
fucking her hens. Margaery fucking her hens had taught her lover so many skills. Skills Margaery used to drive Sansa nearly mad with pleasure. She was with her now and that was all that mattered.

“I missed you so much Sansa. I will partake of your body and make you scream baby!”

“Ooohhhhhhhhh!” Sansa whimpered reaching down and pulling her pussy open. Her fingers hooked along her seam and pulled her inner lips back. Sansa spread her legs as her soaked fuck hole opened and clutched for Margaery. Sansa’s honey pit all red and soaking wet. Sansa flexed her stomach making her cunt hole clutch for Margaery. Margaery spied all of Sansa’s inner folds flexing and rolling with Sansa’s hard breathing and hip flexes.

Sansa saw Margaery drooling. “You see anythi—Aauuggggggg!” Sansa cried out feeling Margaery burying her face deep into her cunt and sucking in a mouthful of her wet cunt meat and devouring it!

Sansa’s head lulled over her eyes slit but unseeing. Her hands were still on Margaery’s head. Sansa ground her lover’s face deep into her humping pussy. Margaery sucked, licked and munched on Sansa’s aching slit and clit. Margaery pumped her head stretching Sansa’s cunt up and down as she devoured what she had been denied for over two years.

Sansa felt Margaery worm her arms underneath Sansa’s legs and reach up to grip her hips and help Sansa rotate her aching trim up into Margaery’s hot devouring mouth. Sansa’s face slashed over and over again feeling her lover lapping her tongue up and down her groove and then moving up and lashing her clit with fevered tongue swipes.

Sansa’s belly contracted with hard spasms of ecstasy. Margaery moved her mouth down to lip lock on Sansa’s cunt hole and lap her tongue deep into Sansa’s honey pit scooping out hot dollops of creamy cum. The Tyrell’s nose swiping and jacking into her shiny clit nubbin. The friction exquisite. Sansa nearly lost her mind listening to Margaery noisily gulp down her love juice.

Then she would feel Margaery munching up her slit slurping in her inner lips all dark pink and engorged. Her pussy all slimy wet. Margaery pulled on her labia lips the friction making Sansa whoop. Margaery pulled her head back with Sansa’s labia lips sucked between her lips. Margaery first waggled her head tormenting the stretched out cunt lips and then pulled her back further slowly until Sansa’s cunt lips snapped out from between Margaery’s lips.

“Aauuggggg uunnn nnnggg oohhhhh baby uunnggg ungggg” Sansa whimpered her cunt jerking up as Margaery continued to play with her slit and labia lips stretching, licking and pulling them through her lips with exquisite slowness tormenting Sansa with ecstasy.

Sansa would cry out when Margaery sucked her clit deep into her mouth and hard deep throat suck with her tongue slapping her rock hard clit.

Up and down Margaery worked her mouth on Sansa’s swollen drooling cunt. Sansa’s body began to small flip and seize up. Margaery knew it was time for the love kill.

She brought her right hand over from Sansa’s hip and pressed her fingers down hard into Sansa’s lower belly just behind her clitoral hood. The pressure pulled the hood back and down fully exposing Sansa’s shiny clit.

Margaery lip locked her lips on the shiny nubbin into her mouth and sucked in and out fast her tongue drilling the clit polishing it.

Sansa exploded. Her ass leapt up off the bed and raggedly humped up and down grinding her cunt hard up into Margaery’s devouring mouth. Sansa wailed in crushing ecstasy
"Unngghhhaaiiiggghh! Ohhnnngg! Auungghhmmngg! … Oh! Oh! Oh sweet seven gods . . . oh shit! Auunnmmgghhaannnrnnnggg!" Full body convulsions tore through the tall beauty’s body her hips surging up off the bed grinding her exploding twat in Margaery’s hard sucking mouth and gigging tongue spearing her exploding clt.

“Uuunngghhhiiieeeee! Mmmnggghhiieeeeee! Nnnhhhiieeeeeeee!” Sansa screamed as honey fire broiled in her veins scalding her in pure fucking ecstasy. Again and again Sansa heaved her exploding twat up into Margaery’s hot sucking mouth. Margaery moved her left hand underneath Sansa’s taunt clenching ass cheek. Margaery clawed her fingers into Sansa’s clenching tight ass cheek. Margaery helped her woman hump her cunt into her hot sucking mouth.

Sansa’s upper body flipped and jackknifed violently as her snatch felt like it was tearing itself inside out. Sansa’s body lifted off the pillow and slammed back down again and again as her firm tits whiplashed on her sweat soaked body. Her screams weakening as her orgasm finished pummeling her with sweet hot ecstasy. Her body went limp on the bed.

Margaery spent a minute gently licking and lathing the swollen dark pink cunt that was for now spent and satiated. Only after cleaning up all the sweet creamy cum that she could find did Margaery kiss up Sansa’s sweat soaked body. Margaery lay on her lover as she tilted Sansa’s head over and she mated their lips. Their lips sliding and melding before Sansa opened her mouth wide and she moaned tasting her pussy on her lover’s tongue that speared deep into Sansa’s hot groaning mouth.

For several minutes they lay like this basking in being together again. Margaery was purring in happiness.

“I’ll never let you go again Margaery! You belong to me! I can’t live without you!” Sansa smiled hearing Margaery mewl in pure happiness at the hotly declared words.

Then Margaery squealed as in a blur Sansa ripped the pillow from behind her head. Sansa then got her hands in Margaery’s armpits and jerked the Tyrell up and lifted her lover up at the same time. Sansa roughly, hungrily dragged Margaery’s body up her torso. Margaery’s clam shell soaked Sansa’s torso in snail snot as Sansa dragged Margaery’s swollen snatch up her body.

Margaery’s folded body thudded into the headboard as Sansa moved her hands down to Margaery’s hips and roughly pulled Margaery forward and up so her torso was leaned into the headboard. Sansa adjusted her grip and pushed Margaery roughly up the headboard getting the Tyrell mostly upright her groin over Sansa’s face. Sansa moaned smelling Margaery’s hot wet pussy. Gods she loved the musk of her lover. Margaery smelled like pure sex. Sansa looped her arms over Margaery’s thighs and pulled down hard.

“Uunnggggssssgggggg! Oowwggghhhhhhhhhhh!” Margaery cried out as Sansa pulled her body down roughly mashing Margaery’s cunt onto Sansa’s hot gobbling mouth. Margaery’s vulva flared out around Sansa’s mouth totally engulfing Sansa’s lips. Sansa’s tongue speared deep into Margaery’s drooling swollen love box.

Sansa started to hammer her head up spearing her tongue deep into Margaery’s sopping wet quim. Her tongue fucking her love hard and deep. Sansa centered Margaery’s fuck hole over her mouth and speared her tongue in deep again and again. Each time her tongue snaked back out her lover’s snatch it was soaked in creamy cum that Sansa gleefully slurped down. Then Sansa would surge her head up off the bed and lock her lips to the sweet couchie mashing down into her mouth. Sansa sucked in a mouthful of hot slimy cunt meat and munched on it as Margaery whooped and whimpered.

Then she moved her head up and sucked on Margaery’s bean sized clit with fierce sucks and fast
tongue licks.

Margaery was swirling her pussy down in a tight spiral dance and reached up to grip the top of the carved headboard. Margaery threw her head back. "Mmmmmm Oh baby . . . ohhhnnnn baby!" Margaery used her grip on the headboard to grind her cunt down on Sansa’s mouth. The auburn haired beauty diving her face up so her mouth could suck and lick feverishly the cunt jammed and swirling down onto her mouth. Margaery whimpered, yelping softly as Sansa lapped her head. Her tongue raked Margaery’s rigid bulging clit. "Unnhhhhh! Oh fuck! Yeah baby—give it to me! Fuck me Sansa!"

Sansa moved her hands to grip Margaery’s ass cheeks and urged the brown eyed beauty to hump her mouth harder.

Margaery swept her pussy in a tight motion over Sansa’s mouth. The Stark girl holding her tongue out like a rudder letting the Tyrell fuck herself on the stiff tongue. “Hnnnggg uummmggg hhnnnn hhnnnggg hhnnnggg!” Margaery cried out in ecstasy.

Margery jerked hard on the headboard making it hammer the wall.

Sansa pulled her mouth back slightly “Godsdamnit Margaery—I’m not made of fucking porcelain! I’m not going to break—fuck my face godsdamnit!”

Margaery squealed and mashed down harder now. She humped her pussy hard up and down Sansa’s face her vulva totally engulfing the chin, mouth and now nose of Sansa as she used Sansa’s face as a fucking post with her sloppy wet cunt. Margaery looked down and saw her juices had soaked Sansa’s lower face with cum trickling down Sansa’s throat now.

Sansa jammed her head up and sucked and tongue lashed Margaery’s cunt in pure heaven on Earth. Her mouth tasted sweet flowing hot milky creamy cum. Sansa loved looking up Margaery’ hard flexing stomach. Sansa watched her lover’s firm breast wipe up and down with her hard humping down into Sansa’s hot sucking mouth.

This wild dance only lasted a minute longer as Margaery groaned gutturally forcefully jamming her cunt up and down Sansa’s face. Sansa sucking and tongue raking the sopping wet cunt riding her face and moaning into it continuously. Her hands clawed into Margaery’s ass urging her lover to fuck her with abandon.

The bed’s legs were now barking on the floor. Margaery threw her head back her eyes staring up at the ceiling unseeing and screamed “HHUUUNNGGGGGG! AAWWWOOOGGGGGG! HHUURRRNNNGGGGG！” Her body began to flip and jackknife like she was being garroted her hands trying to rip the headboard off the bed. Margaery screamed loudly. The bed now quaking violently in the throes of Margaery scalding orgasm.

"Ummnggghrrgannngghh! Oh yes Unngghhhhiiiiieeeeee! Unnggghhhhhrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
Never again will I be separated from this Sansa thought to herself as she traced lazy figure eights in the sweat on Margaery back as their tongues languidly danced now in her mouth.

Ice King

The sovereign of the far North sat in his throne, his son gibbering as he sucked on his throat. They had been working all day and he was resting for a short while. His true son fed him strength continuously, but even the Croyel had limits.

The Ice King had walked among his growing children, feeding them. He regurgitated his essence to strengthen and grow them at a preternatural rate.

He felt nothing but love for his growing, deadly sons.

He hated the Dragon Queen more every day. When he had first formed his union with his powerful true son, the Croyel had informed him that he could begin to make sons of living male children up to six years of age. He had been ecstatic. His human sycophants had been supplying him with a steady stream of captured and slave children that had been sold off to his merchants.

But nearly three years ago the stream began to slow, less and less fodder was brought to him. The Ice King at first thought it was the ebb and flow of happenstance. But the flow continually slackened. Finally, he had demanded an answer from his human minions. He was enraged that his future sons were not being brought to him.

He was told that a small blond woman of old Valyria had arisen from the red deserts far to the East. She was smashing the slave cities one by one and moving constantly west. Unlike all before her she smashed the existing order in these cities and did not set herself up as the new slave master once the city-state had been conquered.

She was actually abolishing the trade. Her goal was to remove it permanently.

At first the Ice King had not been overly worried. Such noble aspirations would quickly be crushed.

Only it had not been. The woman had something called ‘dragons’ and was steadily conquering city after city. Now she was forming new navies of freed slaves along with alliances with people from a land called the Summer Islands and the kingdoms of Yi Ti, and sweeping the oceans clean of all slave raiders along with their ships.

Then the Queen had landed in Westeros. He had learned of these Valyrians and their dragons, and word was she only had three of them. He was not overly concerned.

He picked up the Horn of Winter, caressing it. He would blow it and bring the hated Wall down and surge south killing all before him and converting their dead into his army and taking their small children and making new children of ice and blue eyes.

He smiled coldly. He liked that. Making his enemy his own.

His sources among the warm bloods made this woman sound like Azor Ahai reborn. But that hero was dead and gone - he was not an elemental force of nature such as he. He had endured; Azor had not.

Old Valyria was also dead and gone, he was told with assured certainty. It had blown up four hundred years ago. This woman was the last remaining vestige of that old culture. If Valyria still existed, he would have feared. But what were one woman and but three dragons? How hot could their fire be? He feared no paltry bonfire. He was ice given flesh; he would overwhelm and kill
these weak fire-breathers.

He had bold plans. Originally, he was content with the taking of Westeros, but his son had convinced him that this was only the start. He would kill the hot bloods and take their young and make them his own sons. He would convert Westeros in his image. Then he would conqueror his way across to Essos, slowly growing stronger. One day he would move out of Essos to control the whole of the entire world.

But even that would not be enough. His Croyel had told him of the Land, the birth place of the Croyel. They were few, but they would join his cause.

Together they would defeat the hated Lords of Revelstone and the Haruchai in their mountain fasts. The Ranyhyn` would die, screaming their wretched horse screams. Then they would journey across the Southern seas to kill the Giants in their home and the Bhrathairealm in their desert cities.

Yes, the Ice King would in time conquer the whole world. His son had filled him with great ambition.

But first he would need to take care of this Dragon Queen.

To that end, he was in luck. The Greenseer had grown old and weak, and his replacement was late in coming to him to take his place.

The Weirwood needed its new avatar. Without him, they would be impotent.

Only the Dragon Queen with her dragons could get the boy to the tree. And when they attempted, he would be ready. He would lie in wait, invisible to her human eyes and spring his trap upon her when the time came.

He and his sons would feast on her body and the flesh of her dragons. Only when they were ripped nearly apart would he raise their decimated corpses to do his bidding.

He had recovered. He lifted the shallow bowl off the ground and regurgitated his life essence into it again, and moved to a group of his growing, hungry children. They needed to be fed. They saw him coming and cawed and jerked, looking at him with pure love as he dipped his head down and sipped in a mouthful of his own icy essence, and then dribbled a small amount into each open, hungry mouth.

His children were humming and thrumming in contentment, tasting their father in their mouths before swallowing. Their bodies crackling and shivering as another growth spurt shaped their forms.

Long into the eternal night, the Ice King fed his children.
Daenerys

The sound of her sharpening stone rasping up the Valyrian blade was always soothing. Again and again Daenerys ran the stone up the finely honed edge, marveling that she was sharpening the blade of her long dead progenitor, Rhaenys Targaryen.

She read again the runes buried deep in the blade and shimmering up through the metal. The magic was still strong over four hundred years later. This combined with the wedding bands the sisters had had forged by the same master spoke so plainly and eloquently of their love for each other. They truly had married their brother Aegon out of duty alone.

The runes on her sword shimmered as she started to polish it. The wavering runes spoke of the great undying love of the younger sister for her older sister. *I loved you yesterday, I love you still, I always have, I always will.* The words made her heart ache for such a love; to have a woman to hold her like Rhaenys held her precious sister and lover Visenya. The two Ouroboros at the base of her sword interlocked, an undying symbol of their devotion.

Daenerys read other of the magical runes with grim determination. Up in her personal quarters she had the mate to the sword Illyrio had given her - it was Aegon’s sword, not Visenya’s sword. The gods were speaking to her, giving her not the sister’s but the brother’s sword to complement her own.

She was to marry a man.

How typical of Aegon to erase Rhaenys’ sword from history out of spite when he discovered the truth of Rhaenys’ love. His favored sister loved not *him*, but the sister he himself had married out of duty only. Daenerys hated the ego of men and their need to have control and to dominate women. She had experienced it first hand and would never accept a man’s yoke again.

But she could also only marry a warrior. She *needed* a strong partner.

In the High Houses there were three possible selections: Loras of Highgarden, Renly of House Baratheon, and Robb of House Stark.

Daenerys ran her oiled rag up and down the metal. While Robb Stark was a good, strong man she was not interested in marrying him. He had his Alys to wed, according to the new sparrows that Varys had found.

She was interested in Renly and Loras only because they were interested in each other. She could marry them and satisfy her royal responsibilities. The prophecies said she would remain barren, so when the gossips started to wag their tongues and tails she would conveniently pull that trump card out.

Daenerys smirked at her cleverness. She loved using a negative and making it into a positive.
Those were the more traditional offerings.

She had also received a letter personally written by Oberyn two weeks ago. Written in a flowing script and offering sweet blandishments, he spoke of her great beauty. He told Daenerys that his paramour was also quite smitten with her. While Ellaria Sand and Oberyn Martell were older than Daenerys Targaryen, they could bring their life experiences into a union with the Queen. They could also bring into her bed immense and exquisite lovemaking skills. They could bring many, many women to the Queen’s bed with them as well. They would make the Queen cum over and over every night. He had promised that she would be ‘most pleased’ if she entered in a union with them.

She had been mildly intrigued, and she admired their willingness to play their gambit. Drogo had pleasured her, but not touched her soul - her lost harem had filled that role. But maybe Ellaria could give her a new harem. She would consider their offer.

When she asked Varys of the couple he had provided a very thick folder. It had definitely caught her attention. Ellaria was very skilled in lesbian lovemaking and had a large harem in Dorne; a harem that would follow her to King’s Landing.

Daenerys shook her head as she finished the oiling of her precious sword. Maybe to have Ellaria and her harem she could endure bedding Oberyn as well, like she had Drogo when she was the Khaleesi in deed as well as name. He had given her orgasms that rocked her body if not her soul, and she guessed Oberyn could do so too. She would hold this as a fallback plan.

Daenerys got up. Her morning workout and maintenance of her sword had her relaxed and ready to fulfill her duties as Queen. Daenerys went to her quarters to take a quick sponge bath and change her clothes to prepare for a small council meeting.

It wasn’t long into the meeting before Daenerys found herself pinching the bridge of her nose. Highgarden had sent yet another raven complaining vociferously over how she had allowed the scions of House Tyrell to be kidnapped. The children were taken in House Tully territory and the trip was Olenna’s idea! She wanted to cram that letter down Mace’s throat!

She was even more agitated with the return of Olenna. She had a meeting scheduled with the crafty old fox, and Daenerys knew deep in her soul that the woman had worked with Eddard Stark to arrange this ‘abduction’. The only problem was she could never come out and just say it.

She sighed when Grand Maester Harsch Lape read out that Mace Tyrell demanded Eddard Stark’s head. Was he going to fight the northern lord? She thought not. Even Barristan and Syrio did not want to fight that man.

Secretly, she admired the man’s balls. The audacity! And always in the back of her mind she worried that all of this was done for the specific reason of drawing the south to go north to the Wall. That he was slowly setting up an unavoidable circumstance where Westeros would have to go and defend the one thing the mighty Great Houses said was not worth its weight in ice.

She had heard, wondering whispers questioning why she had suddenly revived the religion of the old gods with the mining, extraction and forming of weapons from the obsidian of Dragonstone. They snickered that the Khaleesi of the steppes of Essos was afraid of snarks and hobgoblins. That she had become a tiny princess of dragon glass fighting little faeries.

Upon receiving reports of the North’s preoccupation with dragon glass she had asked her Small Council if they had any idea why Eddard Stark would be interested in obsidian. All knew that weapons made of the stone was useless against modern armor or weapons. Arrow or spear points
would most likely shatter hitting plate armor and not penetrate chain mail. A sword or ax made of the stone would explode into shards if was hit with a like weapon made of forged steal. Valyrian steel and you would have to forget to it. It would be like fighting with a parchment sword.

Despite all this it was obvious that the North was procuring large shipments from Asshai via the Summer Islands. They were not only procuring it they were fashioning them into projectile weapons and daggers. Like so many things that Eddard Stark had been doing recently it made no sense.

She asked her Maester and Tyrion what they knew. Maester Harsch Lape knew nothing of obsidian. It would not be something that the Citadel would learn of. Citadel did have records dealing with the age of heroes but were little studied now.

Daenerys had hoped that Tyrion’s love of the past would have led to studies in ancient history that might have provided an insight but he sighed and confessed he could not add anything to the collective knowledge.

Daenerys turned to Maester Lape. “Lape. I want you to prepare to travel to the Citadel on Viserion. You are roughly the size of Barristan. I have had more riding gear crafted with the material that Illyrio is providing. You and Barristan will travel to the Citadel. There you have three days to find what you can about the use of obsidian in the Age of Heroes. You will then return with what you find. You will leave at first sunlight in the morn.”

She had noticed out of the corner of her eye the man’s strange reaction. He looked ill. Did he have a fear of heights or motion sickness? No matter. Unless he became extremely debilitated he would make the journey. He would know how to sift through the Citadel’s library.

Later that night Missandei came to her and said that Maester Lape was despondent and sobbing in his tower. Concerned Daenerys had rushed to him.

She had been shocked entering his quarters. He was sitting at his desk shuffling papers with tears running down his cheeks. She cautiously approached the man. She asked what ailed him.

“You are sending me away. I thought I had proven my worth to you. I thought you valued my counsel and knowledge.”

“I do. That is why I am sending you to the Citadel. To do my will.”

“You sent Tyrion before and now you are sending me. You want to remove me. Is it because of my breaking my vows of chastity?”

Daenerys locked eyes with the man. “I in fact admire you breaking that silly vow. You may have the couth of a drunken Tyrosh sailor in port, but that is not a problem. Gives me a reason to pluck your ears and give you noogies.” The Queen chuckled.

The man looked at her hopefully. “I am sending you because it makes the most sense to send you Harsch. You are quite the scholar. I know that if the information can be ferreted out you will be able to do it. I don’t want to lose you. If you would feel better I can send Tyrion. I will have to give him triple the time. Time I fear we might not have.”

“I am a good scholar and I still know the librarians well. They would gladly assist me.”

“I would never do that to you Harsch. Remove you underhandedly. I respect you too much. I would be the first to talk to you if you were not performing your duties adequately. In fact you are sterling in your performance of them.”
“You keep me on my toes. I would grow bored if you stopped staring at my and Solaja’s tits. It is flattering in a way.”

The man was so relieved. He was now anxious to be off. Daenerys was relieved. He was very good at his duties.

He had come back four days later with information from the tomes of the Citadel.

The information had been sketchy at best. The war with the Ice Wright was strangely omitted from the written records. Her Maester theorized that the war had been a very close affair and little had been left after the war. All efforts had been put into the creation of the Wall and the building of Storms End.

What he did discover was that the First People used obsidian as their weapons of choice. He had found that the first men found them easy to defeat because of their use of obsidian weapons in the Age of Bronze.

Harsh had found several passages of conversations with the elvish people. They had said that their Dragon Glass killed the raised dead of the Ice Wrights and caused the Ice Wrights themselves to steam and melt.

These accounts had been dismissed as fanciful folk lore tails.

She had thanked her Maester profusely for his excellent research. She had her answer. She could not afford to not use this knowledge. She had ordered the immediate digging of obsidian from her ancestral homeland and the fashioning of pointed weapons. She would prepare for any contingency. She had the resources and she would use them.

Then the whispers had started.

She ground her teeth at hearing them. Most times she kept her temper in check, but she’d had a few blowups. Sometimes the only people happy were her nightly visitors. She was voracious in bed, her whores screaming long in the night with the orgasms she sucked, finger blasted and tribbed from their sweat and cum-soaked bodies. Afterwards, the women feasted on her cunt over and over again. Daenerys smirked at that. She’d sometimes had to curl up in the fetal position to protect her kitty from their ravenous tongues.

She received a detailed report on the inspections occurring in Flea Bottom. It listed which buildings were in the most need of repair or replacement, where the roads needed to be widened or re-made entirely, and the places where rain and sewage pooled and did not run off. It also detailed which areas needed new wells drilled and water towers built.

She had some of the realm’s best engineers designing a new layout for the area to prepare for a rolling rebuild of the slum. If she marched north, all of these plans would have to be suspended. She’d be taking those men north with her to build siege engines and defense bulwarks.

Myrcella and Arianna were apace with her on their plans for the rebuilding of the slums of Old Town. They had loved her idea of urban renewal and were throwing themselves into it as well.

They had reported that raiders were becoming a major problem with trade routes deep in the desert. The tone of the report had her sending off a raven ordering the Pride of Dorne to avoid taking this into their own hands. They had an army, best to use it.

Once the council session concluded, she took her place on the Iron Throne. It was a day of the Queen’s justice, and she would proclaim final verdicts. All day she listened to defendants pleading
their cases. For the most part, the crimes committed had only been misdemeanors that were easy to
discern. Only one case was a felony. A man had beat his wife and put her in the small hospital in her
ward. The same man had also abused his two young sons. She had ordered him lashed with the
scourge ten times, and then to have the wounds washed in salt water once every three hours for three
days.

Then he would go to a counsellor. She had heard of this in Pentos and liked what she found. She
had them send over five counsellors to King’s Landing. This was to be a curriculum with the
university for women’s study that Myrcella was developing. Many courses would be developed to
further the cause of equality for all women. Daenerys had decide that there would a university in
Braavos, Sunspear in Dorne, and here in Kings Landing.

You had to educate to change behavior. The man who had beat his wife would then after he
finished work each day spend two hours cleaning trash and sewage from the streets in his ward, for
six weeks.

The man had been sullen, and Daenerys did not like his attitude. He was clearly not feeling the guilt
he should for his crimes.

“One thing more, Tirius Morrass,” Daenerys called down from the throne. She gripped the scabbard
of her sword that had been leaning by the throne, and pulled it out. It lit up bright blue, and she stood
up and stared down at the man. “If you lay your hand on one more innocent I will castrate you and
then kill you myself. I have executed my enemies by the hundreds, don’t think I’ll spare you. Do I
make myself clear?”

Tirius suddenly started to shake violently and gulped weakly.

“Yes my Queen,” he croaked as he was led out for his punishment.

Once he was removed, she began to hear supplications.

There were more complaints from the smallfolk in flea bottom. Now that they knew their complaints
were being heard they were making sure to have all of them registered.

Daenerys assured them that change was coming soon. She knew they did not believe her, they had
been ignored and marginalized for too long, but she would prove it to them. She just needed some
time, and to also get the ‘Stark Problem’ behind her.

She heard from a rich merchant that wanted to pull down a small prostitution house to expand his
business. To this end, he claimed that his increased business would help fill the coffers of the throne.

He made it clear that his noble family was of more importance than the ‘filthy whores’.

Daenerys seethed on the throne. The man felt his mere birth made him better than these women who
were working hard to put food on the table and clothes on the bodies of their children.

She had pronounced that the man could expand his business if he first helped the brothel find a new
location and give them a loan at one percent interest to be paid back in reasonable installments.

“So surely that is a reasonable cost to remove these ‘filthy whores’ from your presence?” the Queen had
queried the man. He knew it was reasonable. He would have simply had the women cleaned out
under the previous monarchy, but it was a new order and he accepted it.

Daenerys then had to hear another complaint about her Dothraki. This time the complaint was from
her close allies Chataya and Alayaya. The Dothraki had been in their establishment celebrating the
Rite of Mane Tying, when young Dothraki men mounted and broke their first horse. They had gotten very drunk and rutted like the heathens they were. They had also fought and caused much damage to their establishment. Both Dothraki women and men had gone wild, and several men were in the hospital recovering from broken bones and deep cuts from arakhs.

The Queen had pronounced that all fights while in Westeros among the Dothraki were to be non-fatal. Any who broke that pronouncement would be beheaded by herself. The Dothraki knew their Mare Who Had Mounted the World would do it. There had been no deaths.

Her pronouncement was that the Dothraki would be ridden like either mares or stallions with butt plugs in their asses, while prancing around the main floor of the mingling room neighing for five circuits. Then they were to be fucked by whomever wanted them.

The Dothraki women were getting wet and the men were mortified. Maybe the men at least would learn some control. Dany pinched her nose - it seemed the Dothraki women were enjoying their punishment.

Once she was done with supplicants, Daenerys retired to her suite in the Red Keep. She put on a translucent cream colored gown that showed off her swaying breasts and shaved mound. Her hair had been combed out and was gleaming with her fifty-seven bells woven in, chiming with her movements.

She wanted to be her most imposing and sexy self for her visitor.

Jhogo knocked on the door, and she called out: “enter.” The door opened and admitted Olenna Redwyne into her suite, the old woman’s eyes lighting up at seeing the Queen as the door closed behind her.

Daenerys knew it! The woman wished to bury her face in my cunt! She had a little revenge at least as she led the true power of Highgarden to the plush chair reserved for distinguished visitors.

“You look most alluring tonight,” Olenna said to the Queen, unconsciously licking her lips.

“My beauty is but a pale reflection of your perfection,” Daenerys replied as the woman rolled her eyes and snorted.

They exchanged platitudes and made small talk for a while, skittering the real issues between them. Olenna was obviously intelligent and cunning, and Daenerys couldn’t help but like the woman even if her scheming was making her own life difficult.

They shared a strong whisky drink from her homeland.

“I would have you know O Queen, that all spiders and moths for the night have been removed. A rare event I must confess.”

Daenerys put her glass down, still half full. She was not much for alcohol. “What is your game, you sly fox? What are you playing at, Master of Moths?” her tone indicating curiosity and respect. She knew this woman was her equal in controlling the levers of government and court power. She was not a warrior like herself, but that was the only strength Olenna lacked. If the woman had been her age… who knew what the two could become together? Daenerys was sure Olenna would have offered herself to the Queen as a possible prospect. She may be straight, but she would learn otherwise for the chance to rule by her side - the woman craved power that much.

“My goals are to make my House as great as possible without causing war or discord. I am first and
foremost loyal to the realm, and to the Queen who sits on the throne.” Olenna replied.

“So I can count on your loyalty?”

“Yes, my Queen.”

“Recent events make me question this. Your son is demanding war, Olenna.”

“Ignore his bleating, Daenerys. He knows he is not strong enough to march north and fight the Starks. He would soil himself if he saw Eddard coming at him on his warhorse. Mace loves his children but he knows Eddard would never actually harm them. This is all political posturing to save his ass.”

“I know you arranged for Eddard to take Margaery and Loras, Olenna.”

Olenna put her hand on her heart and gasped with a stage face on.

“I am shocked that you would let your children be taken and be used as hostages.”

Olenna looked at the Queen serenely. She had given up having Margaery on the throne unless she could get both Stark sisters to share. The Starks were proving to be more liberal than she would have ever considered, but not that liberal.

Olenna had done as much research as possible on Arya Stark and combed her memory and the memories of others from their visit to Winterfell. The Queen would never know what hit her.

“To play the Game of Thrones, as you know Daenerys Targaryen, you must play big or stay in your little room trembling. And neither of us tremble, Daenerys.”

Ygritte

The wind seemed to always be blowing in from the North now. Ygritte knew this was not so, but it still felt that way. The wind coming from the dark North had evil on it all the time now. She glanced at the crows down the wall huddling near their fire. They did not feel the evil like she did.

They knew of the evil intellectually, but they could not feel it in the marrow of their bones. Ygritte had fully regained her powers and memories, and now she was even more powerful than when she had first walked the earth two thousand years ago. Her powers were almost the equal of Melisandre - her once student was now the master with her two thousand years of additional life.

Ygritte shivered. She wore a simple, thin cloak over her Freemen trousers and top with a vest. Like Melisandre, she no longer felt the cold, her body supplied all the heat she needed. No, the shiver was not from the elements, but came from her memories of Melisandre and Jon loving her: Jon ramming his cock into her tight cunt from behind as she was on her forearms, bent down eating out Melisandre with a rabid hunger for her sweet, hot pussy. Jon’s strong strokes jamming her face hard into the juicy quim before her. Melisandre’s wet cunt engulfing her mouth as Ygritte tried to suck her wife’s clit down her throat.

It had been perfect. Jon’s dick fired off hot ribbons of jiszm into her womb with hard spurts, triggering her orgasm. Her screams of rapture vibrated out her mouth as she sucked furiously on Melisandre’s clit and upper cunt sucked deep in her mouth. Where Ygritte’s screams were muffled and swallowed by Melisandre’s wet snatch, Melisandre’s wails were almost deafening. Those screams urged Jon to continue ramming his cock into Ygritte’s spasming cunt and for Ygritte to keep sucking and gobbling sloppy wet sweet pussy.
The crows avoided her. They sensed her difference and power. Suddenly she felt a presence behind her. She purred when Jon Stark, who she thought of as her husband (and he was no fucking bastard), pulled her tight into his body and bent down, kissing her head and stroking her breast and pussy through her pants, making her wet. He was promising her another great fuck tonight.

They talked about the growing evil out there in the trackless depths of the dark North. They knew that the final battle was growing ever closer.

Ygritte had to smile at the difference between her and Melisandre and Jon. She was fiercely anxious for the upcoming battle. Jon was resigned and wanted to meet the danger to his home and loved ones with firm resolve. Melisandre was anxious and nervous. She wanted to strike but had never been in actual war with forces moving against each other in formation and tactics.

They would crush the Wight King! Then they would be free to leave this place and find themselves a home. Maybe somewhere with this new Queen. Melisandre did much prefer a warmer clime. Ygritte did not care where, as long as Melisandre and Jon were with her.

Jon went to walk down the wall to increase and strengthen the resolve and courage of the crows and free folk watching the North.

Ygritte went down in the basket and went to the mess hall. She no longer needed to eat or drink like Melisandre, but she still enjoyed a nice steamy stew.

She chewed on a heel of bread and talked with Samwell Tarly. She liked him. She had helped Gilly to get the silly crow to give up the stupid vow of chastity that these damn crows took. She had had to work way too hard to get Jon Snow to break his vows. She saw Gilly come and sit beside Tarly. Tarley still insisted that when they were out with his crow brothers that they hide their true relationship. Jon hoped to change that after the war and before he resigned his commission. Ygritte hoped that Jon and Sam were but the first to give up this senseless vow of chastity.

The order was dying away in part because of this vow of chastity and sacrificing one’s life for the service. They needed a military force like in Dorne to rotate soldiers through to serve on the wall for one maybe two years and the rotate off the duty. Bring in fresh troops to keep the Order alive and viable.

She was telling him the story about her claiming of Melisandre. It was a great story after all and she loved telling it again and again. She stopped mid-sentence. She felt a great magic near. Not just any magic, but Shadowbinder magic. One of her kind had just made herself known. She could feel her aura and knew she was a woman. She was powerful, but not her or Melisandre’s equal.

Suddenly, she could feel Melisandre’s distress, mental and not physical. Her wife needed her as she shot off the bench and ran out of the mess hall, leaving a befuddled Sam in her wake.

Ygritte ran furiously back to their bed quarters in the room near the armory. It was away from the foot traffic and gave them the privacy they all craved now.

She ran down the hall, furious at the distress pouring from Melisandre’s psyche. She was hurting and confused, and Ygritte was enraged that anyone would make her wife feel such upset.

Ygritte slammed the door to their bedroom open with her long dagger in hand, ready to dispense death. Melisandre was cowering in the corner of the room, confronted by a shadowbinder with a strange wooden mask covering her face.

“Get away from her you bitch!” Ygritte shrieked at the woman, swiping her dagger at the stranger
who immediately backed away, holding her hands up.

“Control yourself Tygreti!”

“My name is Ygritte, bitch!” she snarled, moving to pull Melisandre into her body with her free arm. Her wife collapsing into her side, sobbing and shaking. Ygritte’s anger was boiling. To hell with her order - for hurting Melisandre she would gut the whore.

“Ygritte … Melisandre.” The woman with the mask addressed both women with a slight turn of her head. “I am Quaithe. One of you should be dead. All know that Azor reborn will need to sacrifice his wife on his sword.” The woman pointed her finger at each woman in turn. “One of you did not perform her duty!”

Ygritte snorted “You came all the way from Asshai to tell us that. Pffffffffft! You know nothing Quaithe. Our love is all that is needed for Jon and his sword. You’re just like the men of this world. Kill women here, enslave women there. Bahhh! I reject that outdated thinking! Be gone woman!”

“YOU do not know what you speak Ygritte! You have kept Melisandre from sacrificing herself, and you have denied the task yourself as well. It is needed. It is absolutely needed! You know this!”

“We will take you and thrust you on Jon’s sword if you want a sacrifice so badly!” Ygritte snarled, moving forward with her dagger raised.

“I’m not his wife!” the shadow bender exclaimed, moving back.

“I thought as much!” Ygritte stopped moving forward and wrapped both arms around Melisandre and hugged her, shooting daggers at Quaithe with her eyes.

For a minute they were at an impasse. Ygritte kept cooing to Melisandre. She would have to build up her confidence again, thanks to that gods damned woman.

“Why are you so anxious to get directly involved? I thought that we Shadowbinders were supposed to work from the shadows and advise only. Are you becoming like us, O pure one?!” Ygritte spit out spitefully as she studied the interloper. She seemed to be in her mid-twenties, but that could be easily off by centuries. She was certainly beautiful even with the mask totally covering her face. The woman’s hair dark brown tied up in a bun.

Suddenly, Quaithe surged forward. “You must listen to me. You both have strayed from the faith. You’ve become heretics! Melisandre must sacrifice herself on Azor’s sword!” Quaithe’s hands gripped the taller woman’s shoulders.

Ygritte had had enough. Her right hand balled in a fist around her dagger, then lashed out in a vicious roundhouse arc, her fist slamming into the mask that the strange woman wore.

The blow was so vicious that the mask shattered, the panes flying apart. Melisandre forgot her distress and pain, and Ygritte forgot her anger.

The woman’s face may have been beautiful once, but it was now a ruin. Most of it had been burned away on the left side. Her lips and cheeks were gone, and her skull exposed. Deep runnels ran up to her hair line, the flesh eaten away and bone exposed. The right side of her face was less damaged, but the skin and muscle was still terribly burned and blackened. Ygritte instinctually knew that someone had hurled acid in this once beautiful woman’s face. Her face had been made a wasteland.

“NNNNOOOOOOO! UUNNGGHHEEEEIIIIIII!” Quaithe screamed, throwing up her hands. The light from the fireplace went dark for ten long seconds. When it returned, Quaithe was gone. Ygritte
and Melisandre stared at the door that had worked shut after Ygritte’s entrance.

It had not been opened again. They were alone, deeply distressed by the appearance of the woman and her ruined face.

“My gods,” Melisandre gasped “what happened to her?”

“I don’t know love. She’s not important.” Ygritte gripped her wife’s hair and brought their mouths together, kissing her hard. Melisandre hesitated but soon gave into her wife’s adore for her and opened her mouth groaning, feeling her wife’s wet tongue twining around hers, slithering and squeezing.

The tension in Melisandre’s body faded.

“Listen to me baby! … Jon and I are right! Believe us! There is no sacrifice necessary—Azor was a weak man who did not understand his prophecy. Our love is more vital and powerful than one man’s obsession with blood sacrifice.” Ygritte looked hard into her wife’s eyes, where she saw doubt fading. “Believe in me Melisandre … believe in Jon—believe in our love for each other. Quaithe’s vision is blinded by the dogma that once gripped you, and her own pain blinds her.”

“My gods, who would do that to another woman?” Melisandre, her sweet self, more worried about this Quaithe than her own distress. Ygritte breathed easier. The crisis had passed.

Soon Melisandre was naked on their bed screaming as Ygritte sucked her off to a violent flipping and jackknifing orgasm. Ygritte kept loving her wife, making her cum again and again, the tall woman’s body simply soaked from hair to feet in sweat and cum.

Jon came in an hour later and instinctively knew what to do. He fucked Melisandre hard, face to face, and kissed her deeply as his cock exploded firing off hot arrows of cum into his wife’s cunt, flooding it. His semen jetted into her love box and womb which triggered yet another orgasm for Melisandre. Her screams were swallowed into Jon’s devouring mouth. Ygritte’s screams bouncing off the walls as she jerked off and timed her orgasm to meet Melisandre’s orgasm.

Three hours later Melisandre was asleep with Ygritte sprawled on top of her and Jon leaning into her right side. He played with Melisandre’s sweaty, matted hair. Normally, he fucked his wives in turn, ejaculating in both their pussies but tonight he had cummed all four times in Melisandre’s hot vise-tight cunt, knowing she needed to be the sole focus of the lovemaking. She needed to feel his semen spurting hard with his cock buried fully sheathed up her tight spasming cunt. Ygritte hungrily jumped in to make more love to Melisandre as Jon recovered.

“We will need to go to Winterfell and get the first shipment of dragon glass,” he told Ygritte. She nodded sleepily. It was time to start peeling away the veils that surrounded them and their love.

Tyrion

Tyrion was very pleased with himself as he sat in his comfortable plush chair in the tower of the Hand. He was performing his services as the Hand of the Queen most satisfactorily. She valued his judgments and insights. She was strong-willed and confident but would follow his advice or plan if he proved it had merit or was outright superior to her original intent.

He had approved the initial plans for the first phase of the rebuild of Flea Bottom. He was also going to use the opportunity to increase the pier space at the harbor and build ten more slips to increase trade. He would use the landfill to create space for the new orphanage that Dany wanted to build, and a halfway house for abused women. He would use the dredge material and ruined buildings to
build the new on top of the old. Tyrion appreciated Dany’s hot anger at those who had been abused. He could only have wished that his father and sister had faced her wrath when he was growing up.

Thinking on self-defense prompted him to wonder where his new bodyguard was.

Varys had spoken highly of the man. He was supposed to have arrived half an hour ago.

His sister’s rapid transformation into a fighting and, ergo, killing machine was making him nervous. If she found out how much he had bet on her failure she would be filled with righteous fury.

He looked around. He had just bet that Obara would not be in his sister’s short clothes for the next three months. He had to win sometime! Most only gave Cersei a few weeks to resist the beautiful, voluptuous warrior’s advances. Cersei had to use that new found willpower to resist for three measly months! She owed Tyrion, godsdamnit!

There was a knock on the door. He took his time to answering.

A minute later there was a harder knock on the door. “Come answer the door you sawed off runt! I want to be paid for this waste of time.”

The insolence! Tyrion stalked to the door and flung it open.

Outside leaning against the wall was a man with a sword on his hip. Tyrion was expecting a knight, not some sell sword.

“I was expecting a knight,” Tyrion told the man, looking extremely disappointed.

“You got me.” He answered as a woman followed in, giving off an air of being much aggrieved. Tyrion could not help but eye the woman as she swished her hips, walking into his chamber looking at the opulence of the room with a calculating eye.

“Hey Imp, keep your eyes off my woman! I’m paying her a lot of money to pretend she loves me dearly.”

“I see. May I ask your lady her name?” Tyrion asked.

“Shae. And my ‘sweet paramour’ here is Bronn. His money makes up for lack of a cock.” She said casually.

“That is sweet coming from a woman who if she had as many on her as she has had in her would look like a porcupine,” the man shot back nonchalantly.

Tyrion studied the strange pair. The man, this Bronn, had a lean, wolfish appearance, with dark hair, dark eyes and a stubble of beard. He was of average height and build.

He had expected, well, more.

Tyrion turned his attention to the woman who reminded him subtly of Tysha. Shae was short and very pretty, with large dark eyes and black hair that was braided and running down her back. Her high, firm breasts swished invitingly in her sheer, loose top. Despite being a short woman, she had the legs of a filly. She was fingering the furniture and expensive ornaments that lined the shelves and tops of tables and desks.

“Shae, can you be a little less obvious in your leering at the wealth of the Hand?” Bronn sighed.
“I think I like this little Lion of Lannister. I bet his cock is bigger than yours.” She sniped playfully, shaking her ass at him and smiling seductively at Tyrion. The dwarf felt his cock stirring. Just what kind of bodyguard was he getting?

“I expect double pay for any travel and I will be needing an extra stipend to keep Shae happy in a nice apartment,” Bronn stipulated.

“Why should I hire you for my bodyguard at all? You seem lacking.”

“I am very good, Imp. Plus, if I’m paid I’m very loyal, and very good at killing people. I hear you are afraid of a little kitty cat down in Dorne. I’ll protect you from the kitty. If she gets past me, Shae will fuck her to death. Won’t you dear?”

“At least I’ll have a nice orgasm for a change.” Shae deadpanned.

For the next half-hour Tyrion negotiated a little, but was mainly insulted as he watched the sell sword and prostitute argue and backbite each other. They obviously enjoyed it. After they left his quarters, Tyrion stuck his head out the door and saw Bronn cupping Shae’s firm ass as the woman giggled and leaned into him with obvious affection.

Most strange.

He reviewed the reports from Dragonstone. The mining and extraction of obsidian was moving a pace. Artisans were shaping arrowheads, spear tips, daggers and jareds. Tyrion had commissioned the making of a dagger for himself as well, he was feeling very defensive presently.

He heard another angry knock on the door. He went and opened it, prepared to ask Bronn what demand he had now and instead was shocked into stillness.

In his doorway stood Tywin Lannister of Casterly Rock. He glared down at his youngest offspring.

Tywin did not wait to be let in. He strode in with an air of possessiveness. “This used to be my room. I was the best hand this realm has ever known.” He looked down at his son with a clearly disapproving stare. “This Daenerys Targaryen is sadly lacking as Queen. She wastes time carving pretty little chairs for dwarfs. She needs to focus on the true needs of the realm.”

Tyrion had started to shrink, but the insult on his Queen stiffened his backbone.

“Your vision is obviously dimming along with your years, father. This woman is twice the kings you served and I might add I am clearly your equal. The queen values my judgment and insights.”

“That alone shows her lack of royal temperament. She will not last the year. She will only last as long as she uses what is between her legs to keep the men enthralled with her. When they grow tired of her, she will be done.”

Tywin looked down as his son fell to the floor, bursting into laughter. Several times Tyrion almost controlled his laughing, only to point at his father and start laughing hysterically again. The consternation on his father’s face at his hysterical laughter spurring further laughing fits in Tyrion.

Finally, Tyrion gathered himself. “Father. She’s a rug muncher. A muff diver.” Tyrion slowly levered himself up off the floor. He continued to snicker, seeing Tywin’s confusion.

“She’s a lesbian, father. Believe me, the last thing she wants is a man’s cock.”

Tywin took a minute to digest this information. “Unnatural bitch!”
“Please, pretty please, tell our Queen that to her face. I will love watching her gut you.” Tyrion told his father sweetly.

“Enough of this woman. You need to leave this post and come home and assume your duties as my heir.” Tywin told his son, looking down on him with disdain.

_Getting desperate, aren’t you father?_ Tyrion thought to himself.

“I have no intention of going back to that place. Ever. I belong here with the Queen. You will be only a footnote in history where my accomplishments will be written of for a thousand years, father. Your time is past - go home and sulk.”

“You insolent little cur!”

“Now that is the father that I know and loathe. You don’t get it, do you? Jamie wants nothing to do with you, ever. Cersei chose exile rather than return to your not-so-loving talons. I am happy and proud _here_, father. My future is with this Queen. She is the fulfillment of _A Song Of Ice and Fire_. She is the beginning of a new age of enlightenment and reclamation. This will be an age of light, father. You had better go home. You will have no place in that light. The shadows you thrive in are getting smaller with Daenerys reign sweet loathsome father.”

“I ought to slap you down, you little dog. You need you fulfill your duty!”

_I will need to keep that damn Bronn closer than I thought._ “Father you don’t get it. None of your children want anything to do with you. We detest you! You treated us like shit and we are now free - and flourishing I might add.”

“You know nothing of family, honor or duty. None of my ill-begotten children do. All of you have been extreme disappointments to me.”

For a moment Tyrion fantasized about shooting his father with a crossbow.

He went to the door and opened it. “I believe this meeting is over, father.”

Tywin stormed out.

“Father!” Tyrion called out while Tywin was in the hall. His father paused, his head cocked.

“Since you think homosexuality is so vile, I have some news for you. Your granddaughter has her head buried in not one pussy, not two pussies, but three pussies. She has married _three_ women. Imagine that, father.”

Tywin scowled.

“And your daughter. She is being seduced as we speak. Soon she will be a lesbian too. I bet three months before she succumbs, but everyone else is betting two weeks tops.

“And guess who is doing the seducing, father. Obara Sand. Oberyn’s daughter. Perfect isn’t it! The daughter of one of your greatest enemies.

“Think of that, father. All your female progeny are gay. Cersei is currently discovering that as we speak. You might want to reconsider your bigotry.”

Tyrion slammed the door in his father’s spluttering face as it turned a not-so-healthy shade of red.

_Ice King_
Trees and undergrowth whipped by at a blur. Several deer and an elk were startled and started to jump away, but the disturbance was already past them before the animals fully registered the potential threat.

The Ice King was moving at an exhilarating clip. He had a meeting to keep. He felt his son humming a strange cadence as he drank his father’s blood, the Croyel’s talons digging into his father’s side painfully. The Ice Wight welcomed the pain. It gave him power.

The Ice King was running faster than the quickest deer. He had crested a hill a league back and spied the first glimmer of the hated Wall. He continued speeding toward that destination. His true son filed his body with exultant power that allowed him to fly over the ground like a striking hawk.

In the past he had met the traitors on the beach a few leagues North of the Wall, but that was no longer possible. The cursed Dragon Queen had tightened her blockade of the sea, and her ships sailed up and down the coast continuously.

She had gotten bold. A large company of men had come ashore and established a small base there. He had gathered a force of his dead and several of his Wight Sons to exterminate the camp. It had been most satisfying as his minions killed most of the warm bloods and converted them to his army.

Then last month an extremely large ship had run aground. The ship had two others off shore at anchor to protect it. The Ice King sent a larger force to kill and claim these strange people. Their skin was dark as if burned – but it did not matter. They would die.

His forces approached slowly as the Ice King watched through his Lt. Son – one of his first he converted from Craster many years ago.

He smiled as the arrows launched had pierced his dead army to no effect. His shambling dead had reached the ship and started to climb up it. The other ships had weighed anchor and moved closer to shore. Suddenly, a command went up from the ship in their guttural language.

The Ice King watched with fascination through his son as lids were ripped off pots lashed to the masts and rigging. The archers dipped their arrows down and then lit them.

Flights of arrows filled the air like fiery locusts in a swarm. His dead were pierced repeatedly with flaming arrows and caught fire. The dark skinned people seemed to have no end to their supply of death. An Ice Wight charged the ship but was pierced with so many arrows he died screaming as he melted on the spot. Another dodged the arrows and with great strength heaved himself up on the deck of the beached ship. He killed his enemies sweetly, his blade shattering their steel. Then a woman hit his blade with a sword that shattered the ice blade. That was impossible!

He saw that the sword had a strange blue cast to it. What kind of sword was mightier than their swords of ice?

It should have been impossible. His son died seconds after that, his arm lopped off by the blade and arrows piercing his body, killing him with hot angry flame. His elder son ordered his forces back in defeat.

Damn them all.

This Dragon Queen needed to be defeated! She was too cunning. He would kill her himself. She would come to him, he smiled in cold surety as he reached the Wall.

The Ice King wasted no time ramming his fingers into the ice Wall. Ice he knew. He felt an ill
pulsing in his fingers, but his strength had been multiplied immeasurably by his son. He felt the Wall trying to push him back to stop his advance, but he was now simply too strong for it. He was exalted.

He pulled back in shock as his son screamed in agony. The Wall suddenly exploded into blue rippling light up and down its length from bottom to top for several hundred yards on each side of him. Now he sensed extreme, dire power but it was not tuned for him. The Wall continued to ripple and shimmer, almost seeming to dance.

His son screamed into his mind: *How is this possible! No no no! It is a Forbidding! Not here the cursed Lords! Not here!*

He talked to his son slowly, calming his normally confident and placid boy. He was not able to fully understand him, but he got the basic idea.

The blue flame slowly dying away was a Forbidding imposed on the Wall in its creation. It opposed what it considered to be evil. The Lords were from some far away land called simply The Land. They were an anathema to the Croyel; mortal enemies.

The Croyel yammered he should have seen it but it had lay hidden. As he had discussed these strange events with his true son the blue rippling slowly faded away. Again he could no longer sense this Forbidding as the Wall was now nothing but normal ice. The Croyel was shaken, jabbering that the Forbidding should have flayed the muscle and tendons off his bones and incinerated him. He was stunned he was alive.

The Croyel studied the wall with eyes beyond the kin of the Ice King. After fifteen minutes the Croyel gasped.

He told his father that he must break their bond for a minute.

The Ice King hesitated. He was assured that their intimate union would only be broken only for a minute. The father finally gave permission to his son.

The Ice King staggered and fell to his knees, weakened like a new born babe. The Croyel crawled into his father’s arms, and asked his father to hold him out. He complied with arms that trembled as if he had palsy. They stared at each other and the Ice King sensed that the Croyel was looking at himself through his own eyes.

The Croyel having learned what it sought, quickly crawled back to his nestling spot on the Ice King’s back and bit into his father’s throat. The Ice King surged back up, his strength renewed.

“What did you see, my son?”

“Magic is dying father. The Wall and its Forbidding is diminished. I am diminished. As are you, Father. All are diminished. Some line has been crossed.”

The Ice King stated to his son he had never felt stronger.

He felt the Croyel thinking. “I am prepared now. I will cast a spell of separation that will allow you to climb the Wall without it sensing my presence. The Forbidding was created by the dread Lords who have intimate knowledge of my kind and know how to kill us with their vile, evil magic. You will shield me.” The Croyel hummed a new, discordant song.

The Ice King did not care. If all were weakening at this rate, he was still the mightiest force in his world. He would defeat the North and then move to the South of the World to take care of these
The Croyel smiled into his throat. He told his father that in the South magic was still strong and vital.

The Ice King climbed the wall easily with his great strength, though the higher he climbed, the more his fingers and feet ached as the Wall repelled and fought his advance upward. But it did not overcome him, he was simply too strong.

They had chosen this location because it was still rarely patrolled. He quickly scrabbled down the other side of the Wall and ran south at dizzying speed for twenty leagues until he came to a small, dilapidated cabin. A small group of men came out to greet him, shivering hard at the cold the Ice King brought with him.

The men wore the sigils of Twin Towers and a Flayed Man on their surcoats. After the death of Petyr Baelish, the Ice King had feared he would not be able to find more traitors but the promise of wealth, power and women always seduced the weak.

A man named Roose Bolton spoke for the traitors. He felt slighted and aggrieved by the House of Stark and would look forward to usurping their power and rank. He would feel avenged for the many slights done his house.

The Ice King negotiated pacts with those vile, weak warmbloods that he never intended to keep. He would kill them last, and add them to his army for his march into Essos. The men were greedy and full of avarice. He hated them even more than the House of Stark if that was possible.

The trip back to his kingdom was uneventful. He endured the pain of the Wall as his son clung to him even tighter. He felt his son contemplating events and portents.

He was not worried. If all were weakened evenly, then that still left him the strongest of all. He would conquer the world. It was his destiny. He would remake the world into his image - a land cold and bleak with icy winds forever blowing across the wastes.

He felt his son contemplating and mulling over the revelation at the Wall. Why was magic fading?

**Daenerys**

The Queen had forgone the Small Council meeting. There was no new business that had to be addressed. She thought of her plans for the coming campaign in the North as walked to the throne room to hear supplications.

During their last Klatch of Confidents meetings the Queen had defined their additional exploration of the North. Her forces had already scooted potential landing beaches to bring her forces to the North. She had her pool of beachheads to choose from now.

Now she and her generals along with Tyrion and Missandei studied the maps of the North. They were looking for the unused backroads and smuggler tracks. She had sent forces inland. Her scouts were seeking out paths and fords inland on the rivers of the North. She had found all her Klatch members had good eyes for terrain and finding good blocking positions.

She would put strong blocking forces comprised of her Mercenary Companies. These forces would take local high ground near the centers of gravitas in the North. White Harbor, the Dreadfort, Karhold, Hornwood and Deepwood Motte. These mercenary companies would hold these chokepoints in case she had misread Eddard and he was truly a traitor.

These forces would hold and delay. They would bleed the enemy until word got to her. She would
constantly have her dragons flying over the North. She would find out of their treachery. Her forces were to hold the advance of the enemies advance.

They would pin the enemy advance down till her dragons could be brought to bear. She had was developing doctrine that her blocking forces were to seek out and destroy any scorpions or trebuchets. With these destroyed her dragons could attack at will.

She was gathering all the intelligence she needed so she could act then the time came. She felt it was coming soon. Her thoughts returned to her duties as to hearing supplications to the throne.

She had scheduled and posted that she would have audience early on the Iron Throne instead. She was excited about the tourney that was to happen in the afternoon – so excited that she didn’t even feel the damn steel points and barbs of the gods forsaken Iron Throne piercing her dainty posterior.

She heard the routine petty arguments between shop owners and aggrieved spouses and some teenage hooligans that she assigned some civic duty to, and forced them to perform service to the people they had victimized with their vandalism.

Then came a man with a proposal that the Queen might find ‘beneficial and highly profitable’. He claimed to have a new way to advertise that merchants would be scrabbling to take advantage of.

She asked the man what she would use extra money for. Surely he could not produce enough income for her to find useful. She was Queen after all.

The man responded that her frugality was already becoming well-known and admired. Her desire to put the crown’s resources to work for the people was very commendable. But surely, the Queen would enjoy a sizable fund to purchase perfume, makeup, nightgowns and undergarments for the man in her life. Or get her hair and nails done so she could impress her male suitors. Surely she wanted to look her best for any men she might want to impress.

Daenerys’ hands gripped the arms of the throne, her knuckles turning white with her fingers clawing the metal. Was this man insane?!

The queen saw Tyrion trying to catch the man’s attention with not so subtle hand motions. The imp’s face was frantic as he waved his hand back and forth at his neck with the universal sign to “cut it off!”

The man was oblivious.

Daenerys saw Missandei looking at her with a humored grin. The Naathi rolled her eyes at the clueless man and turned her head to look at the Queen. She subtly put her parted fingers up to her lips and wiggled her tongue between them, just barely sticking her tongue out.

Daenerys laughed, her anger settling.

“What do you want? Get on with it man!” the Queen implored the clueless salesman.

He looked miffed that he was being cut off.

“I have this great idea. Your dragons need exercise, right?”

The Queen cocked an eyebrow at this.

“And they must be getting fat.”
The Queen’s eyes nearly bulged out of her eye sockets. *Was this man insulting her sons! Her sons were svelte by the gods!*

“Beasts that large *must* be lazy and need exercise.”

The Queen was nearly jumping out of the Iron Throne at this point, barely restraining herself. “Your idea.” Daenerys ground out.

“Oh. Yes. My idea.”

*Finally*, Daenerys thought.

“I am thinking that we can create a new way to advertise. Diaper cleaning services for new mothers. Wooden dentures for the elderly. Corsets to keep unruly teenage girls virgins for their future husbands.”

Daenerys made a strangled noise.

“The new herbal blend that treats erectile dysfunction in men, and contact your doctor or shaman for an erection lasting over four hours.”

“Are you shitting me?!” the Queen exclaimed.

“No. I am totally serious” the man responded clearly confused as to the Queen's reactions.

“Where the hell do my dragons come into this?!”

“I was thinking we could build a harness to fit around their bodies and place metal signs with the advertisements emblazoned on them. Everyone would see them. I will make them very visual for the illiterate.”

Daenerys could just see the pictographs for erectile dysfunction. “You can’t be serious!”

“Oh yes, I am my Queen. We’ll be rich!”

Tyrion had jumped up out of his chair. “I like it!”

The Queen’s head whipped around to glare down at her Hand, her violet eyes blazing. “You can’t agree with this, Tyrion.” she snarled.

Tyrion was rubbing his hands, his eyes alight with greed and avarice.

“I can make it even better,” the dwarf said. “We could design a harness that your dragons could slip into. Then have long cables hanging off of the harnesses. From the cables we could attach long, streaming banners. My gods it would be so beautiful.”

Daenerys stared at her Hand with dire warnings.

“They could fly up and down the beach for hours. Landing only to change out the banners. Yes, yes, it would work.” The greed radiating off Tyrion was almost incandescent.

The Queen was shaking in ire now.

Tyrion was into it now. “You could even put different designs on each side of the banners to double the profits. My gods I—errr I mean, *we* would make such a profit. I could maybe hire a second bodyguard.”
“I forbid it!”

“Ohhhh Danyyyyy!” Tyrion pleaded. “Drogon is looking a little overweight.”

“Over my dead body, Tyrion Lannister!”

Daenerys spent the next minute shouting down Tyrion’s pleas to listen to reason.

Finally the Queen relaxed back into her Throne with a self-satisfied smile, the distasteful matter behind her.

“Enough of this foolishness!” A loud, baritone male voice intoned from the back of the audience chamber. Slowly Tywin Lannister stepped forward. “I have witnessed enough of this infantile behavior from my son and an immature teenage woman. It is time that males again led Westeros!”

The Lion of Lannister came to a stop in front of throne.

Daenerys sat at attention on her throne, her body rigid. She stared down at the man silently. The people in the audience chamber were silent and tense. When the Queen was quiet, that was when danger was in the air.

“You are not on the audience list.” Daenerys calmly called down to Tywin.

“I don’t need to be on the list. I am a former Hand and the titular head of a Great House. A man leading his house. I have the right by birth.”

“I see.” Daenerys leaned to the right and reached beside her throne. Her hand pulled up and Foe Hammer was in her grip, the light of the sword shimmering blue. “Then you are willing to meet me in challenge in front of the throne.”

“I am not challenging you, woman. I am merely stating fact.”

“I will let you live, this time. If you ever speak again in this room, it will be because you have registered to speak. You are nothing to me!”

“I would never allow this drivel before the throne when I was Hand.”

“Why is that?”

“You don’t allow the common rabble to come before the throne. It is unseemly and demeans the throne.”

The said common rabble were murmuring staring daggers at the Lord of Casterly Rock.

“So, letting the common people to have full right of entreaty lowers the throne?”

“Yes. Only the high nobles can lead the people. The common men are just rabble. The throne was meant to have a man of royal birth sitting on it.”

“A man like you?”

“If not me, then a man of equal greatness. Not an unnatural woman. My son told me three nights ago of your … particular hungers.”

“I see,” Daenerys spoke, turning to look at Tyrion. He was staring at her wide-eyed, shrinking back in his chair in raw fear.
Daenerys smiled reassuringly. She was sure he was defending her in some manner. She turned to look back at Tywin.

“Unnatural. Like your granddaughter, Myrcella, and her mother Cersei? I think we all share the same malady. Seems to run in your family quite heavily.”

While none of it was secret, it was still little known and she knew Tywin had no desire to have this knowledge spread throughout the realm.

Both stared at each other hard. Threats given and received.

“You say you are superior to my abilities.” Daenerys continued.

“I think it is rather obvious.”

“Hhhmmm … let’s look at the pro and cons to what say you, Tywin.”

The leader of House Lannister squared his shoulders ready. “You know I had been the Hand to your father.”

“Yes. For twenty years. Then you got upset and abandoned your post.”

“That is not what happened.”

“You rushed to my father’s aid during Robert’s Rebellion, making sure to arrive too late to help in his defense.”

“That is a lie!”

“Forces under your control killed my sister-in-law after raping her, I might add. Oh that is right - you had my niece raped and then killed as well, but not before bashing my baby nephew’s head in.”

“I had no part in that. I was shocked at that turn of events!”

“Were they under your command?”

“Y-Y-Yesss but—“

“There is no “but” … heinous crimes were committed by men under your command!”

“I cannot be held accountable by all those under my command. I cannot be everywhere at once!”

“A true man accepts responsibility for those under his command.” Her eyes narrowed. “Have you made loans to the throne?”

“You know I have.”

“Indeed. Many if not all riddled with fraud and usury rates.”

“I deny those chargers.”

“Is a man the head of his house?”

“You know the answer to that!”

“My Hand. Your youngest son. You treated him like a piece of shit, and to this day despises you. Your eldest son, Jaime Lannister, renounced his birthright and refuses to acknowledge his status. In
fact he has petitioned me to change his last name to \textit{Tarth}. His children are to be known by that surname. When Brienne’s father steps down, she will take leadership of the House and not Jaime. He says she will make a much better leader than he ever could.”

“That is unnatural … my son is a fool!”

“Fortunately, Jamie did not inherit your misogyny.”

“That leaves your daughter. I gave her three choices as to her future. As you can see she did not choose to go home to you and your tender ministrations. She chose exile and the hard life of a warrior initiate. As a father you seem to really, really suck at the job, Tywin.”

“I resent that.”

“Then resent the truth. We both know about your female progeny. I must say from personal experience I applaud their \textit{tastes}.” The Queen spoke down to Tywin intoning the last word.

Tywin’s face went red.

“It is a new time, Tywin. A new age. I foresee that women are forevermore going to control more and more the levers of power. Arianna will take over in Dorne and your granddaughter will be there to support her.

“Be gone, Tywin Lannister. You can speak freely after you register and put on the register what you desire to speak. Like everyone else.”

The Lord of Casterly Rock stormed out of the audience hall.

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Daenerys was excited when the time for the tourney had finally arrived. She had resisted having any tourneys or contests, citing the costs to the throne. A large contingent from the Free Cities had arrived for the event just the day before.

They had wanted desperately to witness a Westeros Tourney. Most of them did not have such spectacle in Essos. Daenerys had demurred until the wealthy merchants and nobles told her that they would pay for the costs of the event. They had sent artisans out ahead of the delegation to prepare the tourney field and surrounding skill competition fields.

With their money and workers, a grandstand and tourney fields had been set up. A jousting rink was also erected. The grandstands made of fine wood and of the best carpentry skills. The booths for the royals and the wealthy merchants to sit in were resplendent in the finest upholstery and dark hard woods. Gold and silver inlay were used throughout the booths.

Daenerys shook her head at the extravagant waste of it all.

Daenerys had been thrilled at the power and savagery of the men charging each other in the jousting lanes. The violent collisions of lance on shield. The way the men were lifted off their horses and slammed to the ground was thrilling to watch. She had supreme confidence in her own abilities, but she knew she was just too tiny to take on those big burley men on horses with weight and momentum on their side.

A young knight from House Swann had won.

She had also loved the demonstrations of archery and ax throwing.
Then it was time for the melee. She understood the need to wear her dragon mail armor and a helm, but she was not used to all that protection. She felt like a snail, and hated how the helm kept her from seeing around herself clearly.

She had decided to have referees judge when a ‘killing’ blow had been landed. Syrio and Barristan were two of the judges. Syrio would never survive a heavily armored melee as a water dancer, and Barristan insisted that he had already fought his battles.

She saw Strong Belwas in the rink with a helm on, and little else. He was going to be an easy mark. He was stumbling around, bellowing that he could not see.

She saw Gendry out with his war hammer and plate armor that he had crafted himself. He had on his head a burnished helm with bull horns on it. He looked like what his father must have looked like in his prime. She could understand why women were so attracted to Robert. Fortunately, Gendry had not inherited his father’s temperament when it came to bedding women.

He seemed to have only eyes for his half-sister Mya. With her Targaryen lineage one thing she had no problem with was the concept of incest. If both parties were old enough to consent freely with mature judgement then she would fully support any such union. She sometimes wondered how Jaime and Cersei Lannister would have turned out if they could have freely shown their love.

Nahhh! Probably not. Gods those two would have been insufferable with their arrogance and narcissism. They always seemed to bring out the worst in each other.

She noticed when Mya put a ribbon on his arm. She had come to her recently asking if could have permission to marry Gendry. The dull ox was to stoic and unsure of himself to propose to her and she needed to take matters in her own hands. He was deathly afraid she would be angered at their incest.

Daenerys had laughed hard at that which confused Mya until she had described the full history of House Targaryen. What many did not know was that incest was a common attribute among the other High House of Valyria. They sought to keep their blood lines pure. Plus, when you are raised to find love with siblings it was most liable to occur.

The Queen rested on the rail on the edge of the tourney field. She was plotting her path to victory. Today the dragon would roar in triumph! Daenerys would use her agility and skill, and win the tourney! She could feel it.

Over two hundred men and one woman were now on the edges of the melee field, eyeing each other nervously with wired tension.

A war horn sounded.

AAAAwwwhhhooooooo!

With a loud scream Daenerys charged forward. She sensed someone behind her and whirled, barely blocking the vicious downward arc of a mighty broadsword. The knight beside her on the edge of the field had immediately tried to take her out.

She pushed him back and was going to “gut” him with a pulled blow when she was struck from the side and nearly knocked off her feet.

It was fucking chaos! Everyone was attacking everyone else. She saw Gendry’s hammer sideswipe Strong Belwas’ helm, knocking the ill-fitting armor off- kilter and blinding him. He staggered around and tripped over the hip-high fence, disqualifying himself. The massive eunuch threw his
helm off and pulled a sack around that was on his hip. He happily munched on locust watching the melee in full form not twenty feet away.

She heard screams and curses all around her. Her violet eyes were wide open in the insanity. She was barely blocking blows from all angles as she kicked and shoved men all around her, trying to get some space.

She saw a large knight and charged him. He blocked her blows, and then was attacked and ‘killed’ from behind.

Daenerys dove to the left and rolled to her feet and fought off three men as they tried to take her out. Her blue glowing rune sword swirling right and left blocking their mighty hacking blows of their broadswords. The two on the left had to pivot to meet a sudden attack from that side.

Daenerys dispatched some squire with mismatched armor quickly. She then had to fight off Gendry, his war hammer hitting her blade and setting off sparks. *So much for fucking gratitude!* The Queen screamed in her head.

She tried to dispatch a knight but was assaulted by two more on each side of her. She sidestepped the first, knocking him to the ground. He rolled away as she grappled with second knight. They grunted, pushing and jamming into each other their swords locked. They head butted one another, stunning themselves and Daenerys punched the knight in the head with the pommel of her sword as his knee slammed into her ribs.

They both staggered back. She tripped onto her back, the breath whooshing out of her lungs. She was still gasping when her eyes bulged. A knight with a morning star whirring in a tight circle over his head came running forward at her with a clear path.

She jerked her blade up and held it across her body, gripping the blade with her left hand. The star and chain wrapped around her blade as it descended. She pulled forward, flinging the man over her head. She scrabbled over and jumped on him, ‘killing’ him with a stab of her sword.

**BBBAAAMMMMM!!**

A huge chop landed down on her shoulder, numbing her arm. “Daenerys Targaryen has been eliminated!” shouted out Syrio.

“Nnnnoooooooooo!” Daenerys wailed in frustration.

The Queen ran up Syrio “No fair!”

“How so? You were struck a killing blow.”

“But I am supposed to win!”

“Not today Dany. Now off with you.”

“Aaarrrrrrggghhhhh!” Daenerys stomped her feet on the ground and glared at Syrio. “I won’t forget this!”

Syrio sighed. Geez, Dany was such a sore loser. He motioned for Daenerys to start leaving the tourney field.

She stormed off the field of the tourney, stomping her feet and wildly swinging her sword all around. Once she had left the field, she flung her helm off. The helm hitting the ground and bouncing up
high off the ground. She kicked the helm again in the air and it flew thirty feet to land and bounce
away.

The Queen turned to sit down with her chin in her palm and harrumphed. She would have her
revenge!

Eddard

Eddard was supervising the loading of the Crow wagon with the first load of crafted weapons for the
Night’s Watch. He felt pride in helping his son in his duty to defend the Wall and the realm. He
missed his son, who had done him so proud.

He had supervised the creation of arrowheads, spear tips and other weapons made of dragon glass.
He had brought in smiths from across his realm to make the weapons for the Wall. He wanted to
make sure that they were made to the highest quality standard. The King’s Road going straight to the
Wall would ensure quick delivery. Soon he would have whole wagon trains loaded with the
precious weapons moving north. They now could effectively fight the hoary host of their implacable
enemy.

Eddard trusted all his captains, but this was too important to risk anything but the best effort. Dragon
Glass was notoriously brittle, and he knew many of these weapons could break in use. He ensured
they were heavily protected in straw and wood chips as they were packed for transportation.

He had the craftsmen making as much as possible. Eddard had to divide the effort to ensure that his
own forces were well taken care of. He had been relieved that the Queen was still permitting
shipments of supplies from Essos to come through.

Again, she was showing restraint. She had said in between her insults and rants she would never
starve any in her realm. She was allowing the obsidian in since it could never be effective against
iron or steel. He had even brought in some weapon makers as they hid themselves as part of the
crew. The blockade did not seem interested in Eddard acquiring a few more men of various skills.

The boarding’s had become routine since he never once tried to bring in mercenaries or war
materials. Eddard had meet with the representatives of the companies he had hired to bring in
supplies. The instructions to the captains had been very precise. They were to show the utmost
respect when they were boarded. The Queen was showing the utmost restraint and respect and so
would they.

He spied the three crows walking in from their quarters in the small village east of Winterfell.
Eddard had offered them sanctuary within his walls, but they had refused. They did not speak but in
the barest of whispers. He wondered if Jon had accepted some strange religious followers into his
ranks.

The news from the Wall had been confusing and hushed for the last year plus. He had been too busy
with other matters to travel all the way to the Wall and discover for himself exactly what was
happening. He had his son there, and that was enough.

He had still been disturbed by the three Night’s Watchmen. They were withdrawn and solitary. He
did not feel any danger from them though, and as always trusted his instincts. In the North they
never failed him. He felt put off by their behavior, but was not going to let his pride dictate how he
reacted to rudeness. He tried to be a bigger man than that.
With the first shipment fully and carefully packed, Eddard went to the Godswood to sharpen Evening Star. He had been practicing every morning hard with Arya - she would be leaving for the South in the near future and he wanted her to further hone her skills.

He pulled out Evening Star, admiring its milky hue. He started to run his sharpening blade up the edge, reflecting on the women in his life. Cat was experiencing morning sickness, and she loved it. She was constantly telling him she hoped it was another strong son. His wife simply loved being pregnant.

Sansa was besotted with Margaery being back in Winterfell. His eldest daughter was still performing all the duties she had assumed, which filled Eddard’s heart with pride. She had wanted and taken responsibility, and did not shirk the yoke and burden of command and leadership.

Sansa and Margaery ate at the table with them regularly, but always quickly excused themselves. Eddard fully supported them and their love, but he was thankful they did not flaunt their intimate relationship in these trying times. He hoped to change that soon.

All had clapped Eddard on his back admiring his prowess in pulling off such a grand theft. They would probably never know that the Tyrells had been freely given up. He let them believe that a lightening fast raid of shock and awe had let him acquire his hostages.

Loras was fighting with Arya daily, his dexterity and speed were helping Arya improve her skills. And with all the young fighting men currently lodging in Winterfell, Loras was never lacking in … companionship.

He had passed down the hall in front of Sansa’s door late two nights past, and Lady had suddenly jerked her head up and looked at the door with her head cocked.

Eddard smiled softly. He was sure he knew what Lady’s keen hearing had picked up.

Arya was bouncing off the walls, constantly asking when it would be time to head south. She was anxious to serve her father Eddard was sure, but he knew she had her own agenda in mind as well.

Eddard felt another presence in the Godswood, derailing his thoughts, and looked up.

The three strange crows were walking towards him with their cowl pulled forward to hide their features, same as they had since they arrived. Eddard was surprised they had not simply left with their shipment of dragon glass.

The three crows came to stand before him. The tilt of their heads obviously showed that they were looking down at him. The tallest was maybe six foot two inches tall, while the shortest was barely five feet tall. They looked odd with their sized lined up from tallest to shortest.

The tallest spoke, and Eddard was shocked to hear a woman’s voice strong and rich.

“The time of deceits are over, Eddard Stark. That which you have not revealed has been revealed.”

Eddard looked up at them. Yes, definitely this woman was from some religious order, and what in the realm was a woman doing wearing the cloak of a Crow? He still felt no threat. He knew the Godswood would warn him if he was threatened. He put his sword across his knees and waited patiently to hear the conversation out.

The three “Crows” remained in a row, looking at him in their quiet contemplation.

The middle Crow slowly lifted his hands up and pulled his cloak hood back from his face.
Eddard surged up to his feet, his sword clattering to the ground forgotten.

“Oh my gods … Jon?” Eddard asked his son softly.

“Yes father, it is I.” Jon Snow stood before his father with his sliver white hair and violet eyes. “I have done my walk in fire, and come out refined.”

Eddard stared at his son in shock.

“I can understand why you never said anything. I know you were protecting me from your childhood friend Robert Baratheon. You hinted strongly that you were following my dead mother’s wishes.”

“Oh my gods … so you know now … you know who your father is.” It was not a question but a soft acknowledgement of fact.

“Yes. My father was Rhaegar Targaryen. Do I look like my father, father?” Eddard knew his ‘son’ was not trying to hurt him.

“Yes, with the hair and eyes I can see your father in you though the Stark of your mother, Lyanna, is the ascendant. You have inherited the best features of both houses son … or do you want me to stop calling you that?”

“No father. You raised me and loved me, not Rhaegar. You suffered so much from Catelyn to hide me.”

“It was worth every moment of it, son. But why are you revealing yourself to me now?”

“Ygritte and Melisandre told me it was time. Father, I would like you to meet my two wives.”

Eddard’s face revealed his shock as the tallest and shortest Crows pulled their cowls back to reveal two redheads. The tall one was a perfection of beauty with deep red hair, while the short woman had a charm to her freckled face and bright, coppery red hair.

“These women are Shadowbenders from the land of Asshai, and are both are over two thousand years old.”

Eddard stepped back. Suddenly, he could hear the Godswood murmuring and calling to him to accept these women and trust them.

Eddard stepped forward and embraced both women with a gentle, chaste hug. “I am honored to have you both as part of my family.” The small woman beamed and the tall one was awkward in his embrace.

“This is quite a shock Jon, but your sisters have helped me to accept my children as they are and not as I may have planned for them to turn out.”

Jon was curious and asked his father what he meant.

Eddard then told his son about Sansa and her lover Margaery Tyrell and how he was sending Arya South to the Queen. Bran has prophesized that the Queen would fall in love with her.

Jon was stunned at his turn of events, but his wives looked at each other knowingly. Eddard now knew these women were also lovers of each other’s bodies.

This led to Eddard explaining how Bran had been transformed into a seer. Where that would lead…
Eddard had no idea.

“What do we do now Jon? I am honored that you have shown me your wives. Can you tell me how this transformation occurred?”

“What news have you heard from the wall?”

“Strange. The news has been rudimentary at best. You did not tell me of anything amiss.”

“The Night’s Watch tried to assassinate me and my wives saved me, though they were not my wives then. This was getting close to two years ago now. I escaped, and after I came into my full powers I returned and took my command back.”

Jon told his father of his walk in fire and how it transformed him.

“I am no longer a Crow in spirit, but I will fulfill my duty to the realm. I will do my part in the defeat of the Ice King. After that I will resign my post and leave… though for where I do not know.”

“But your sacred oath?”

“That ended with my attempted assassination. I am following my own path now, for now it twines with my duties as Lord Commander.”

Eddard felt his anger rising at the Crows for trying to kill his son. “What of the traitors? Has justice been rendered?”

“Melisandre and Ygritte killed most of the traitors when they rescued me. I killed the few remaining traitors that deserved it when I returned three months later to reclaim my post.”

Jon looked at his wives.

“It is time for us to leave, father. We all have our duties to fulfill. We will meet again.”

Jon and his wives pulled their cowls back over their faces. They bowed to Eddard and then turned and silently walked out of the Godswood.

Eddard was having to adjust his thoughts again and again for his children. He was happy to have such fine children, but they sure were putting his head in a spin.
Chapter Notes

AN #1: ToHeck (Issandri) and mr_mustachio have created a tumbler and a forum for the Stargaryen community. Check them out.

http://house-danarya.tumblr.com/
http://house-danarya.freeforums.net/

AN # 2: Next chapter Dany pays a visit.

AN # 3: Next chapter Arya takes a trip. I wonder where she is headed?

Chapter 25
Sapphire Isle
2 months ago
Jaime / Brienne / Jaime / Tyrion / Dany / Varys / Jaime

Jaime

Jaime was sitting at the kitchen table trying to put the rocker leg back on the ‘horsey’ that Breanna had broken again. She was always playing too hard on the little horse, crying out “Queenie Queenie of Weesee!”

He smiled at the thought of his daughter’s antics. She was so full of life; always underneath his or his wife’s feet. The little towhead was always anxious to be involved with whatever was happening.

His son had hair several shades darker, and coloring more like his own. He was constantly trying to keep up with his twin sister – the little boy worshiped the ground she walked on. He wondered what he would do if he ever discovered his children doing what he and Cersei did. He shook his head, and stopped trying to put the rail back into its slot. He would cross that road if it ever came up.

He recalled the good days with Cersei. Those had ended when he took the white cloak of the King’s Guard. He resumed working on the wooden rail.

He squinted his eyes when the wood of the tongue finally fit into the groove. His newly made dowels were punched in with a small mallet, and the former Lannister, now of Tarth, sat the play horse back down and pushed it so it rocked forward and back. In his mind he had ceased being a Lannister. He was so much more now. He listened to the wood creak and smiled. He was finding true fatherhood to be very trying and tiring - but he wouldn’t change it for anything.

He thought back to his first set of children. They were really strangers to him in most ways. He had been so in love with his sister that he willingly gave up being their father to be with Cersei as her lover. He shook his head sadly. He had missed so much, but he had been so selfish he did not even realize what he had been sacrificing. All the memories he was forming now, he had never had with his first children. He had only worried really about his anger at Robert fucking his sister, and
nothing else.

By the seven gods he had been so self-centered.

Breanna came bursting into the small house that he and his wife shared. It was a simple house, reflective of the simple life that he and Brienne lived. She ran to her father and jumped on him in the chair, hugging him tight and murmuring into his neck. Jaime affectionately patted his daughter’s back.

“I’m hungry!” she announced.

“Well of course you are. Helping mommy takes a lot of work!” Jaime told his daughter.

She beamed and turned around when Brienne came in the door. On one hip was a basket full of clothes from the drying line, and on the other hip was Breanna’s brother Brandon. The little boy was snuggling close to his tall, broad shouldered mother, half asleep.

“I think my little boy is tuckered out, wife. What were you all doing out there?” Jaime asked, getting up and taking his sleepy son from his wife to relieve her of her double burden.

Brienne gave him an affectionate smile. She watched their son snuggle his face into Jaime’s throat, and drift off completely.

Brienne set the clothes on the table and went to the counter to make a sandwich for their daughter. Jaime bent down and picked Breanna up, placing her on the counter so she could watch her mother.

“They were chasing each other and hiding behind the sheets, playing peek-a-boo. You know your daughter; she has a motor that never stops and she wore Brandon out.”

Jaime laughed and ruffled Breanna’s hair as she beamed up at him. “I’m happy she got your eyes, Brienne.” He told his wife.

“Fortunately that is all she got from me!” Brienne chuckled.

Jaime moved in quick and pressed himself into his wife. He still smirked at how he had to rise up on his toes to get his mouth to her ear. He put his mouth to her ear, then whispered: “She got the caste of your face and your beautiful ears … ears that I’m going to lick and nibble on when I fuck you as soon as the children go to take their nap, Brienne.”

Brienne paused in her motions, the knife stopping halfway through an apple she was carving up for their daughter. “Gods Jaime—the things you do to me!” she gasped, gripping the counter top.

“Oh believe me my wife—I will, I will…” Jaime licked her ear and blew warmly into it, enjoying how Brienne’s powerful, muscular body shuddered hard in lust for him. Lust that was based on pure, true love for Jaime Lannister, the person. He had long ago discovered just how intoxicating that was.

“Say it, say it Jaime,” Brienne whimpered. Their daughter had taken a few slices of apple and happily munched on the slices, unaware of what was happening beside her in her childish innocence.

“I’m going to fuck you so hard you fucking cow … I’m going stab you with my hard cock all the way to the hilt and fuck you so good. I’m going to love your perfect breasts with my hands and mouth, squeezing and licking as I ram fuck you and suck on those long, thick nipples of yours. I will fuck you like a fucking heifer … you like me saying that, don’t you Brienne?” Jaime murmured,
starting to suck on Brienne’s earlobe.

“Ohhhh gods yes!” the tall, powerful woman whimpered at what had become pet names that made her weak. Names that had been at first spiteful, but over time become sweet endearments when spoken only by her Jamie. Brienne’s knees slammed into the cabinets as her knuckles went white holding onto the edge of the counter top.

“Mommy I want my sandwich!” Breanna reminded her mother helpfully.

Jaime backed off, chuckling. Brienne had to convince him many times after they become lovers that she loved him using his past insults as affectionate dirty talk. He had resisted at first, but come to understand that Brienne enjoyed it and he could not deny his wife anything.

He smirked again. Oh the sacrifices he made.

Jaime went and put Brandon down, then sat on the edge of the bed and looked at his two year old son sleeping, so innocent and beautiful. He would be three soon.

He was so thankful for a second chance.

He went back into the kitchen and joined his daughter and wife, eating a hearty lunch. He enjoyed peanut butter and jelly sandwiches with them. Brienne had set out cheese, and some finely chopped roast as well. Jaime smiled, watching his daughter wolf down her food and his wife staring at him with fire in her eyes.

She had indeed been a maiden fair when he bedded her, but now she was a wild, insatiable banshee in bed. She kept several towels on the bedside table to stuff in her mouth when she would cum, screaming wildly, her powerful body flipping and bucking out of control.

Jaime had thought that Cersei came hard, but Brienne was like a volcano erupting. He smiled remembering how his first thought bedding her had been: ‘My gods this woman has a body like a carpenter’s dream - ‘straight as a board and never been nailed.’ He nailed his wife hard that night as she so willingly offered Jamie her body to her lover.

He popped an apple slice into his mouth. She had become beautiful in every way to him. He liked her small breasts; really, anything more than a mouthful was a waste anyways. Cersei’s breasts had not been that much larger either. Brienne certainly can not complain about not being nailed anymore, he smirked proudly remembering how her back arched so high, lifting him off the bed with his cock buried in her cunt as they both cummed the night before.

Once their meal was over, Jaime knew he had to wear out Breanna. He took her outside and started to chop wood. He took the split logs and set aside smaller wedges that would be easy for Breanna to pick up and run into the house to give Brienne to stack beside the stove.

Breanna loved to help her father do his chores. She would run back and forth saying “I’m helping you daddy … do you see that?”

“I couldn’t do it without you, princess” he would answer back.

After twenty minutes of helping, she was lagging and getting sleepy.

He picked up his drowsy daughter and took her into the other bed in the children’s room and read her a story as she went to sleep with a big smile on her face. He ruffled her hair and kissed her temple, and then the temple of his still sleeping son.
He paused at the doorway to look at his angels, while thanking the gods they were deep sleepers.

He found Brienne sitting on the bench chair beside the house staring out at the ocean in the distance seen from the height of their home in the mountain glade. Jaime sat down beside her and looped his arm around her shoulders, pulling her hard, muscular body to his.

“I don’t want you to go, Jaime.”

“You know I must.”

“No, I don’t. She has not summoned you! Maybe she wants to let the past be the past!”

“I can’t live never knowing when I will get the raven, or when we will see her coming toward us with her dragon.”

“She has shown only compassion and restraint since she arrived,” Brienne said sullenly.

Jaime bent in and sucked on her earlobe.

“Hhhhnnggg ohhh… no fair you fucking bastard—auugghgg … oh, oh Jaime please take me to bed and fuck me with your dick… give it to me hard!” Brienne almost breathlessly told her husband.

“Are you wet for me, fair maiden of Tarth? Are you wet for your Lion of Lannister?”

Brienne took his hand and snaked it underneath her trousers and onto her sopping wet pussy.

Jaime moaned and pulled his wife’s mouth to his and they kissed heatedly, then Jaime picked up his wife and carried her to their large bed.

Over an hour later and in different clothes they came back out to sit on the bench, hand in hand.

Brienne lifted their entwined hands and kissed her husband’s knuckles and then sighed, leaning into him, her short hair plastered to her still sweaty forehead and body wet with the sweat of their heated fucking.

“I love you, Jaime Lannister.”

“And I love you Brienne of Tarth, with all my heart and all my soul. Thank the gods you came into my empty life.”

Brienne

Brienne leaned against her husband. Jaime did not care that she was five inches taller than him and her build more solid, making him seem small when she snuggled into him. She knew most men would feel uncomfortable with her sheer imposing physical presence, but Jaime was just that confident and she loved him for it.

She remembered it had not always been so.

She had come to the royal court following after Renly. He had been kind to her when he had come to Tarth on his coming of age tour, and she fell girlishly in love with him. She had hopes of him falling for her too after seeing her prowess with the sword along with her unfailing allegiance and loyalty to him.

Alas, it was not to be. He treated her as a good squire at best. For the longest time Brienne tried to live with that. She still had her virtue (not that anyone was trying to take it), and she was coming to the point in her life where she was sure she would die a maid. She couldn’t really blame the men
around her. She knew from an early age that she did not have the beauty and grace that most men craved in a woman.

She had definitely not been blessed by the gods with beauty. From a child she was bigger and more ungainly than her peers of an age; always very tall and muscular. Her size and build also gave her ‘unnatural’ strength for a woman.

That might not have been so bad if she had not been cursed with a flat-chest and ungainly gait which had the boys telling her she reminded them of an ox pulling a cart. The girls snickered at her straw-colored hair and broad, coarse features that were covered in freckles. Her teeth were prominent and crooked, and her mouth was wide with lips too large, and her nose has been broken from her stumbling and falling as she grew into her body as a young girl.

Yes the gods were most unkind to me, Brienne of Tarth reflected.

She had been ridiculed and given short shrift since she could remember. It kindled a rage she kept deep inside. She wanted to fight back, but she was too unsure of herself. She was naturally shy and the constant ridicule only added to her insecurity and she was sullen and unsure of herself when she arrived in King’s Landing.

Men laughed in her face and constantly considered her inferior to them in physical prowess even when she was their clear superior. The women were worse in many ways, they contented themselves with stage whispers comparing her looks to that of a sow or heifer.

She refused to cry, and eternally tamped down her rage.

Then there was Jaime Lannister the Lord Commander of the Kingsguard. His japes were just one in a long litany of insults.

Actually no, they hadn’t been. He used all the same insults as the others, plus new ones like troglodyte, gargoyle, beast of burden, withered tit on a harpy, and on and on. As well as his use of adjectives and adverbs to add spice and nuance to his insults made Brienne’s anger boil.

After six months of the abuse she noticed two things that ameliorated her anger, if only slightly. The first was that Jaime seemed to hold everyone in low regard, not just her. The second was that he seemed bitter at the world for some reason. She could never understand that. He had been blessed with the beauty of the gods.

She tried to get back at Jaime. She commented on his pretty looks and how the young noble sons must love him. He would glare at her and asked her exactly what she meant. How would he exactly pleasure them with his thick, long cock?

Brienne had gotten so tongue-tied and red in the face that she decided that line of attack had little to no merit. The realm of sexual innuendo was a dangerous trap for her wander into, she was ill-prepared for it.

The insult that finally hit home was the one that was sneered at Jaime by one and all. Kingslayer. Jaime always kept his face bland and acted as if the word meant nothing to him, but as one who nursed hidden wounds she recognized all the same that it did indeed strike true.

She used it repeatedly, and at every opportunity questioned his honor.

The other thing Brienne had picked up on was the tension between Jaime and his sister, Cersei. The whispers of them being lovers was a subtle background chorus like cicada songs at the beginning of summer, their cries distant and plaintive and lonely as the few waited for their brothers and sisters to
crawl from the Earth to join them.

Brienne knew repressed sexual tension well, and they were displaying it. The smiles they gave each other were sickening sweet and full of restrained anger.

There was one day in particular that was bad for Jaime. Brienne, for the first time, mentioned Cersei and ‘trouble in paradise’. She alluded to him that maybe Cersei was tired of her brother, the Kingslayer.

“On the practice field you fucking bloviated cow! I will break that big honking nose again O Brienne of Tarth with the beauty that only a bull could love!” He’d snapped in retaliation.

It was on.

They both stormed to the practice yard in the late afternoon sun and hurled themselves at each other with their practice swords.

The sound of colliding wood was loud in the yard, and faces contorted with effort and barely contained rage. Back and forth they fought. Brienne felt elation at seeing Jaime’s eyes flare in shock at her strength and speed. Brienne was on the offensive, and continually pushed Jaime back.

To his credit, in the end he was able to fight her to a draw. That had been a first for Brienne, but she did not show it.

After that bout he sought out Brienne for his sword practice. She at first had tried to refuse his demands, but soon gave up and fought just to placate him. He would literally throw himself at her, hurling insults almost as fast as his sword work.

After about three weeks of this he came to her quarters after the evening meal. He railed at her, asking her why she was holding back.

Brienne did not know what he was talking about, and told him so. He yelled at her, claiming that she was holding herself back and needed to let go. She was holding her own with him and hadn’t understood his constant attacks on her sword prowess.

Then she discovered why he had been insulting her even though she was his equal with the sword. He was secretly pleased that she was his equal. She had only lost to him twice and each time had immediately demanded another round and again fought to a draw.

It was five weeks after the last time Jaime had disarmed her and slashed her ribs. She was on her moon cycle and Jaime had somehow picked up on it, and started boring into her with insults on her being in her period. He derided her for being a woman and not a man, since he never had to worry about a period. He had coupled that with her being an ungodly mix of a heifer and fat ugly bull.

Brienne snapped and screamed at Jaime after that, charging him like the bull he accused her of being. Her rush knocked him off balance and her sword slashed down again and again in a blur of savage action, knocking Jaime’s blocking blade down more and more until it was almost cutting into his face. Then she made a loop swipe and threw his sword off to the left, jamming the tip of her blade into his throat and snarling savagely.

She had won but she felt like enraged animal. She had let Jamie break her and make her like a wild animal. She looked down at Jamie who stared up at her with a look she could not define.

She had broken down sobbing and ran back to her room and buried her face in her pillow, soaking it in her tears.
Two hours later there was a soft knock on her door, and Jaime gently asked to come in.

She tried to ignore him, but he kept rapping at her door asking her to open it. She finally got up and let him in, just so he would leave her alone.

She sat on the bed, her face even more hideous than normal from her childish crying as she swiped her face angrily at her tears.

“I guess you like seeing me like this. Even uglier than normal,” Brienne snarled at him, then bent her head in shame and started to cry softly again.

He sat beside her on the bed and slowly started to run his fingers through her hair. He told Brienne he did not mean anything by what he was saying. He had just been trying to get her angry enough to truly fight him.

“You’re a better swordsman than me, Brienne. I have known it almost from the start and have been trying to get you to stop holding back.” He paused and sighed. “The way I see it, only Barristan Selmy and Eddard Stark are your betters.”

“Stop trying to humor me, Jaime.”

“That’s the thing Brienne … I’m not. You’re just that good.” He finished softly.

She looked up at him intently then.

“You know … well Brienne, ahem, you do have the loveliest blue eyes … and your eyebrows, the way they arch in the middle, and the way you get those creases beside your mouth when you almost smile …”

Oh gods! Brienne exclaimed to herself as Jaime started to lean in, he’s going to kiss me!

Suddenly, the bed rose up as Jaime hurried out of the room.

Oh course he wasn’t going to kiss you, you stupid cow! Brienne berated herself, throwing herself down on the bed and sobbing again, soaking her pillow anew with her tears.

Jaime had avoided her after that. Brienne tried to see him but he was always busy, keeping the door locked to his suite and ignoring her entreaties.

She decided that she didn’t need Jaime. She would do what she should have so long ago and confess her love to Renly. He had to honor her dedication to his service, at least.

She marched to his suite and was surprised to see Jaime already there.

“You don’t want to go in there, Brienne.”

“Don’t tell me what I can and cannot do, Lannister!”

“Brienne … sometimes it is better to keep a dream alive than live with the truth.” He had told her softly.

She had shoved him aside and barged in anyways. She came running back out less than half a minute later, sobbing again.

The next day Brienne was packing up her gear to go back to Tarth. She was defeated.
That is, until Jaime was in her room storming at her about giving up and being a gutless coward.

They had fought like a Lion and Bear at that. They wrestled, throwing each other across the room and trying to punch and kick but blocking most of the blows in the limited space.

Then they were in her bed making passionate love throughout the day and long into the night.

Suddenly, there was sunshine, hope and love in her life. Never again did she have the need to cry her tears into her pillow. Jaime Lannister was hers and hers alone.

Jaime

Jaime yawned in the sunshine, enjoying it along with his wife’s warmth snuggled into his side.

“Jaime, do you remember the first time we made love … how good it was?” Brienne asked him.

Jaime snorted. “As if could forget, Brienne!” he responded with soft humor and love. “You may have been a lamb in the beginning, but I definitely remember a certain shy woman turning into a ravenous lioness who took what she wanted quickly enough.”

Brienne elbowed Jaime’s side. “Jaime, you corrupted me. I was like a baited bear staked in a pit. You released me, freed me. The only thing I could do in return was give you my hot, dripping wet pussy.” Her voice lowered, “you know I’m going to fuck you several times tonight Jaime … I need to feel your cock pounding me from behind … shooting your semen deep into my belly…” she left the thought dangle. Let it heat Jaime’s loins with hot desire for his sweet beautiful Brienne.

Jaime squeezed his wife possessively. She was insatiable. He was happy she no longer thought she had to compete against Cersei and her ghost. She was a confident, sexy, beautiful woman and she was all his. His and no one else’s!

They lay against each other and the cottage wall soaking in the sun.

He let his thoughts wandered as they sometimes did in this peaceful place that great sex with Brienne put him in.

He wondered about … what was that word? Yes, serendipity.

If Brienne had appeared too early, he would not have been ready to take what she so innocently offered. If she had appeared later … well he did not want to contemplate that eventuality.

He had been ready for a change when she appeared in his life.

He could not be exactly sure when his discomfort with himself began. He thought it most likely started on one of his walks through the poorer districts of King’s Landing. He could not remember why, but he had started to notice the plight of the poor and how nothing changed.

Robert had his drunken tourneys and his scrumptious banquets and wore new tailored silks almost every day that cost more than the people of his capital would make in their lifetimes.

He had tried to talk to Cersei about this, the inequity, unfairness, and impropriety of how the royals lived while doing nothing for the poor. Cersei had laughed at him for his insights. She told him to forget the poor; their duty in life was to bend the knee to put her and Jaime where they belonged, in greatness and opulence as was their birthright.

He felt unsatisfied with Cersei’s views. It began to burden him how the rich and powerful simply
did not see how their subjects toiled.

Then he noticed something else on his walks. While many were worn down, just as many were not. They worked hard, but with a smile – these folk had a life that contained happiness and love. He noticed fathers with their children out in the streets and in the doorways of their homes and workplaces - fathers enjoying the natural affection of their children.

One family in particular really touched him. It was a father with golden hair like his own, with three children he would play with in front of his tannery - two sons and a daughter. They were younger than his, but roughly had the same age difference between them as his own children.

He would walk slowly past that place of business, watching the children calling to their father with obvious love, and his patient responses to their inquires. He felt a jealous stab when he watched the man throwing his children up in the air and catching them as they laughed and squealed.

He tried to talk to Cersei about his stirrings of regret with not actually being able to be a father to his children. Maybe if he had been a true father Joffrey would not be the burgeoning monster he was becoming. Cersei had hissed at him that he had to accept what she could give him. It was not her fault that their father had married her to Robert Baratheon - she didn’t have a damn choice! She made the best of her situation, and so must he. To do otherwise would be treason, and mean certain death.

She could not see his viewpoint at all.

She got angry and defensive each time he tried to get her to understand that an emptiness was growing inside him. That he needed something more than her part-time love and looking at his children as if they were strangers that he could never touch or acknowledge as his own.

It seemed to be beyond Cersei’s ability to comprehend.

Then, with his spirit already unsettled, Jaime was forced to feel betrayal and the sting of infidelity.

He had long learned to explain away his wife lying with that fat oaf of a king Robert. It galled him each time she slept with the lout, but he took it. He was of the Kingsguard, after all - it was his duty. His father was always about duty, wasn’t he? He was coming to hate duty.

He found out by accident that his wife had been sleeping with their cousin Lancel. Lancel had discovered Cersei and Jaime’s affair several years prior. He had been easily shut up with a little intimidation and some extra gold dragons to spend. All had been well, or so Jaime thought. But as he came to find out, Lancel seemed to have found religion somewhere along the way. He had come to Cersei telling her she must repent and forgo Jaime. That she must confess her sins to the high priest – which he would stand as her advocate and protector.

The naïve ass.

Cersei said she had to seduce him to get the boy to see reason. She had smirked at her inventiveness in addicting the boy to her pussy. She had found it all amusing.

Jaime had been enraged and wanted to kill Lancel. Cersei had just laughed at him. What would that accomplish, except getting his head cut off? But she had not told him the full truth even then. Meryn Trant had discovered Cersei and Lancel by happenstance, and he had threatened to expose both her infidelity and incestuous proclivities.

Of course his dear sister had instantly opened her legs wide to keep the ‘knight’ quiet. He had come to hate the look of the man. He was trapped. To do anything would have resulted in his death and
that of his sweet sister. He contemplated that for a while, but then the thought of Myrcella and Tommen would enter his mind.

Joffrey was a lost shit, but those two weren’t. He swallowed his bile while his sister swallowed those men’s semen. He felt a little part of himself dying every day.

That was until a certain woman from Tarth had come into his life. Slowly she had brought Jaime back to life. Not only did she save his life, she changed him like a butterfly emerging from its chrysalis, into a new and hopefully improved person. Her love healed him. He grew to detest his old life and finally found the courage to make a full change. To take the second chance the gods he did not believe in had given him.

He remembered that night as he lay with his wife in their new cottage, her having just told him that she was pregnant. He had been so stunned, and filled with love and gratitude. He would be given a second chance. Gods he would not throw this one away. He would take this precious gift and cherish it.

As they had lain contentedly, Brienne had softly asked him about the day that Eddard Stark had found him on the throne after killing the Mad King. She had softly prodded and cajoled until he had finally told her the whole story.

He smiled at her righteous anger for him. She had wanted to jump into the ocean and swim to the mainland, then ride to King’s Landing and then Winterfell to tell them all they needed to get on their knees and kiss Jaime’s feet. He was hero!

He had kissed her and told her that Eddard Stark would never have accepted his explanation.

Brienne had calmed down and said something that had stuck with him ever since. “You never gave him a chance to be noble, Jaime. From all I hear of this man, I think he would have surprised you. He is honor bound and stiff, yes, but he seems to be pragmatic and just. You should have given him the chance to be great and accept the truth of the situation.”

He still wondered if she had been right.

“I’m going to King’s Landing Brienne, to face the Queen.” He told his wife, softly kissing her temple.

“Why Jaime…? She had not called for you. Stay here. She has chosen to let the past be the past. You have a family now, Jaime.”

“Yes I do. That is the reason I must go. Maybe she has just been too busy to come for me yet. Maybe she thinks she will let me live, and tomorrow she will decide differently. I will not live with this uncertainty. I will not have her dragon winging across the sea to attack with her need for vengeance.”

“I killed her father. There must be restitution. I will go before her and accept her judgment.”

Brienne sighed, and Jaime hoped she could understand his reasoning. He wanted to completely break from his previous life. He wanted their new life together to be totally free of any past entanglements.

“We will be coming with you.” She told her husband.

“No! I forbid it! I will suffer her judgment alone. The sin is mine and the punishment will be mine. You and the children will be safe here. She has shown herself to only punish the guilty.”
“The children and I will be coming with you, Jaime. Your fate is our fate.”

Jaime started to argue. Brienne pushed herself with cat-like reflexes and put her finger on his lips. “Sshhhhhh, Jaime. You know I will knock sense in your head with my practice sword if I must. We will come with you. The Queen says this is a time of forgiveness of past wrongs and sins. That we are living in a time of Reclamation. Let’s put her words to the test.”

Tyrion

Tyrion was standing on the bench below the window looking out over the water with a smile on his face. Jaime was finally returning from his self-exile in Tarth. His family was dysfunctional he knew, but Jaime had always treated him well. He loved his big brother, and couldn’t help but feel excited.

If it had not been for Jaime, he wondered if he could have survived Cersei and her hatred of him. Thinking of those years, his face twisted sourly again. She had moved on the next phase of her training. When he read of it he had gleefully bet large she would fail. Everything about it spelled disaster for her.

He was much poorer after that bet. He had no idea what the hell had gotten into his sister! She could now stand in the broiling sun for an hour, holding her arms out while gripping pails of heavy sand. It should have been impossible! He was growing more afraid of his distant sister by the day. He needed Jaime. For protection!

He turned and went back to his desk. He sat down and looked over a report from Dragonstone. With the news from Varys’ new sparrows in the North it had quickly become known that Eddard Stark was hoarding obsidian and having it shaped into arrowheads, spear tips, and daggers.

He had read that to Dany in their nightly Klatch of Confidantes. Any news of the North was first vetted among themselves before being presented to the small council.

By now, all had figured out why Eddard was doing this. Maester Lape had confirmed their deductions. Eddard believed he needed it to fight the forces of the Ice King beyond the Wall. He was preparing as he believed the Ice Wight had a massive army. But that was impossible, after eight thousand years. Maybe some form of dead were shambling around, but not some force that could breach the Wall. It was seven hundred feet tall and thirty feet thick. It was even said that magic was woven in its walls, but Tyrion doubted that much too.

Dany had asked her Klatch mates what they thought. Of course Missandei and Syrio advised that they move on this information aggressively. He and Barristan though, having doubts, saw no reason to not pursue this. It would really cause little harm, and give employment to many artisans that could use the work. Dany had decisively made the decision to not only make piercing implements of warrior but to produce them in prodigious quantities. Tyrion saw again that when the Queen made a decision she committed to it totally. She had total confidence in her deductions.

Stannis had groused at being ordered to start mining and shaping weapons from the ‘useless, brittle stone’. Dany had sent a large shipment of gold to Stannis along with quarrymen from King’s Landing and Essos’ Free Cities, and they had already arrived at Dragonstone to start crafting the weapons. More were heading to Dragonstone. In fact the numbers of artisans coming to fashion weapons were so great that his Queen had created some villages for the craftsmen on Driftmark. She had a small fleet of cogs moving material between the two islands.

Spear, javelins and arrow heads production was ramping up. Daenerys had galleons moving the produced to the mainland at Duskendale and Kings Landing. The weapons packed in walnut shells and put on wagons heading to King’s Landing from Duskendale. When they arrived at King’s
Landing the product was being prepared to form up in wagon trains to head up the King’s Highway to the North.

Tyrion thought the dragon glass would never be used but the Queen deemed otherwise. He had to agree with her assessment. If she was wrong then it was wasted effort that had employed many artisans adding to the economy. If Tyrion was wrong they would be dead.

He wanted to go on living and agreed the effort was worth it.

Tyrion moved on to reports of the Houses. Mace had sent another raven wailing about the abduction of his grandchildren. Tyrion again wondered why Eddard was making his life so difficult.

His frustration was interrupted by a knock on the door. “Can I come in, cuz?” was the quiet entreaty.

“Yes!” Tyrion leaped out of his seat and waddled himself over to the door, pushing it open hard.

Two small, beautiful children came bounding into the room and into his small body. Little arms lopped around him. “Unkie Tyr, Unkie Tyr!” he heard squealed by the little girl and boy. They hugged and jostled his body as they laughed. Tyrion looked down at the little hurricanes wrapped around his upper legs and waist.

Then he looked up at his smiling brother. He was disturbed because he saw sadness in the grin. He should have known that the Queen would spare him. She spared everyone. Then he spied the huge woman behind his brother. He looked at her and smiled. She was definitely no beauty, but all the reports and sparrow chips made it clear that she was so very good for Jaime.

“Brienne of Tarth,” Tyrion nodded his head and looked down. “This must be my niece Breanna, and my nephew Brandon.”

The children broke their little bear hugs and Breanna looked up at him seriously. “You’re short.” She proclaimed.

Tyrion ruffled the little girl’s hair “Yes I am Breanna … I forgot to grow up.”

Her eyes went large “You can do that?!”

“Just look at me.”

“Wow!” Breanna looked over at her mother for confirmation.

“Your uncle is a very special man, Breanna.”

They spent the next thirty minutes getting to know each other.

When the twins started to show signs of wearing out, Brienne took them to Tyrion’s bed and pulled a book from the rucksack on her back and started to read to them while Jaime and Tyrion sat at his small table in the corner of the room.

Tyrion asked Jaime for his opinion on the events going on in the North. He told Jaime all he knew, and his thoughts on the matter.

Jaime mulled it all over for a minute. “Tyrion. Brienne and I are the muscle that people like you use to achieve what you deem the proper course of action. I can only tell you what we were raised to believe. The Wall defends the realm against nothing but myths and legends. But then again, Eddard
is a smart man. He believes in what he is doing. Should we not as well? I truly don’t know, Tyrion.”

The smaller brother looked up at him. “Are you worried about your meeting with the Queen tonight?”

“Yes I am, little brother. I killed her father.”

“He was mad, Jaime. Everyone knows it.”

“Just the same.”

Tyrion saw Jaime’s wife glaring at him, and wondered why. What was Jaime not telling him? Whatever it was, Jaime was not ready to speak of it. “I can only hope the Queen shows forbearance,” the taller lion said.

“She will, Jaime. She has not shared with me her thoughts, but she spared Robert and Cersei. She has much less reason to have held ill against you, brother. I will trust in her and her willingness to forgive.”

They set the matter aside, and laughed over shared good memories.

“What is Cersei doing in Dorne, Tyrion?”

He saw his brother look quickly at Brienne, but she was smiling enigmatically back at them.

“I have no fear of Cersei Lannister, brother-in-law. Please tell us.” Brienne spoke softly looking at Jaime with nothing but pure love before turning her attention back to her drowsy but still playing children, keeping their focus so the brothers could converse.

Jaime listened as Tyrion told him of her martial training, getting into fights and winning them. It seemed she was single-minded in her determination to succeed.

“She has cost me a fucking fortune Jaime. I don’t know how she is doing it.”

Tyrion watched Jaime mull over this news of the sister they no longer really knew.

“She always said she could be a great warrior if she had been permitted. She always said she should have been born a man.” Jaime paused, staring off into space. “Maybe she was right.”

A twinkle came into his eyes then. “Little brother, she could tear you limb from limb now, you know. I’m sure she still hates you.”

Tyrion’s body shivered in fright. His face went red when Jaime and Brienne laughed at his discomfiture.

Jaime asked of his firstborn children. He shook his head sadly at news of Joffrey and his cowardice. He smiled at Tommen and his training for service to the realm. He was first shocked, and then laughed at Myrcella’s Pride of Dorne. He was happy she had found happiness with three wives. All Jamie could do was shake his head at her prowess.

Tyrion then told Jaime and his wife that Obara had made it known that Cersei was to be her wife.

Jaime had laughed hard at that. He joked that Cersei would rather sow her cunt shut before she let a woman go down on her. She was straight as the proverbial arrow.
And then it was time to leave.

Jaime gathered up his family. He paused at the door lintel as they waited in the hall.

“You’re the Hand now, Tyrion. You have vast resources at your disposal.”

Tyrion wondered where this line of thought was going. “Yes I do. What are you getting at, brother?”

“You could try to find her. It has been many years but she is out there, somewhere. Go and find her, Tyrion.”

“It is way too late for that, Jaime. Some things should be left in the past. Thank you though, for thinking of her.”

He saw his brother hesitate. Jaime seemed like he was debating on saying something more, but shook it off and took his leave.

He went back to his window and looked out with melancholy.

It really was too late for that. He could only hope that Tysha had forgiven him. He did not think that she would, though. He still had nightmares of that day.

**Daenerys**

Daenerys Targaryen looked in the mirror. She had put on a flattering gown of diaphanous sheer material that was low cut to show her cleavage. It showed off her tight little body. She wanted this man to see her as the beautiful woman she was - she found it put men off their guard, and she could use that to her advantage.

Her fifty-seven silver bells were weaved into her hair, highlighting her long silver tresses.

Aggo knocked on her door.

“Come in.”

The door opened and in stepped Jaime Lannister. He was indeed as beautiful as the reports said. His long blond hair and green eyes were enticing, if she were straight. Cersei was more attractive, but she was an undeniable bitch.

He stood there a moment, and then a very tall woman came in with a child on each hip. She glared at the Queen.

Jaime made a *what can I do?* motion with his hands.

Daenerys narrowed her eyes. She now knew who wore the trousers in that relationship. Brienne had turned the tables on her. She had brought her children to show the Queen that Jaime had a family and she needed to take that into account with any decision.

Daenerys adjusted her thoughts and strategy. Not that it needed much adjusting.

The children came running over to her when their mother put them down.

The little girl looked up at her strangely. “You’re short!”

Brienne looked mortified, and Jaime chuckled. Brienne stepped in, feeling the need to do damage
control, but Daenerys was not offended. She was short! She showed her amusement to Brienne with her eyes.

Daenerys bent to one knee and looked Breanna in the eye. “You are most perceptive Breanna of Tarth. Can I trust you to keep this a secret? It is a realm secret. My safety relies on you keeping this a secret. Can you do that for me Breanna?”

The child nodded solemnly with large eyes.

“You can trust me my Queenie!” the child exclaimed.

“Good. I will rely on that promise Ser knight!”

The little girl puffed her chest out in importance.

Daenerys looked up again. She looked at Brienne closely. Brienne was no beauty, but the way Jaime Lannister looked at his wife made Dany smile on the inside. Brienne clearly had this man wrapped around her little finger. She liked that.

For an hour they sat at her table and spoke, getting to know each other. The children played as they chatted, running around the Queen’s quarters. Brienne went to stop them but Daenerys held up her hand. “Let them play. I only wish my daughter was still alive to put life into this room.”

She saw the husband and wife share a sad look.

Finally, Daenerys decided she needed to know the truth. Jamie needed to lance the boil that was clearly working on him. Daenerys had been willing to leave that incident in the past but Jaime coming to King’s Landing brought the death of her mad father to the forefront.

“Why did you kill my father, Jaime Lannister? You forsook your sacred trust and committed a great sin and crime against the throne and the gods. Will you try and kill me in the future as well?”

“That is unfair!” Brienne roared, her blue eyes flaring with fire and challenge. Her children looked up at her startled. All three adults saw this and made sure to act calmly to not upset the children.

“No it is not, Brienne.” Jaime said. “That is totally a fair question.”

Daenerys waited.

“I’m a Kingslayer. I betrayed my duty, as you said. He may have been mad but I was sworn to defend him. I killed him instead. I have no honor. I will accept your judgment.”

“So you would deserve my judgment. Even if I said a life for a life?”

“Yes, my Queen.”

“Jaime!” Brienne screamed at her husband. The supposed calm had been shattered. Daenerys saw the children suddenly stop playing on the bed with the pillows they had pulled off, their eyes large with fear and doubt. Brienne scooped up her children and hugged them cooing to them calming their rattled nerves. They looked at the Queen with big eyes. Their little minds unsure of what was occurring between the small white haired woman with bells in her hair and their father.

“I see. Jaime, how many people have you killed?”

Jaime and Brienne looked at her with narrowed eyes, wondering where she was going with her question.
“I am not sure, maybe ten or fifteen during Robert’s Rebellion. It has been quiet since then.”

“Were those killings just?”

“Excepting your father, yes, Daenerys.”

“Ten or fifteen lives … I have killed my enemies by the thousands, Jaime Lannister. That is by my own hand.” She saw the husband and wife’s eyes grow large. “I’ve chopped my enemies down like wheat in the field with my scythe. So my killing has dwarfed yours, would you not agree?”

Jaime looked at her hard. “Yes.”

“But I am Queen. I have executed with my hand over four hundred and fifty men and women. Have you executed anyone beside my father? Did you look him in the eye when you ended his life?”

“No.”

“I have. When I took Meereen I was a ghoul covered in their sewage. I am not sure who I killed there that night. I was in a frenzy. I think … I think I may have killed a few children in my battle madness…”

“I ordered many noble families into a pyramid in Yunkai and burned it to the ground. I can still see the men, women, children and babes dying as fire ate their flesh from their bones. Many jumping hundreds of feet to their death. I can still hear their bodies hitting the stone roads.”

She felt hot tears starting to form.

“I was not strong enough to save my own daughter who died right before my eyes.”

Jamie and Brienne looked at each other hearing the words of their Queen. She had utterly destroyed her enemies.

“I have burned my enemies by the thousands with one word: dracarys. Were all worthy of that death?

“Many I executed in a group. I now know some were innocent. But I executed them all.

“I think the execution of one man, a mad man, pales before my actions, Jaime Lannister.”

Jaime looked at her with wonder.

“Will you tell me why you killed my father? The truth.”

Jaime told her the truth, and Daenerys listened with rapt attention.

“I see. So … instead of Kingslayer you are a hero. Why did you not tell Eddard Stark the truth?”

“He never would have accepted what I had to say.”

“You never gave him the chance.”

Brienne and Dany played with the children for another hour, calming and reassuring the little innocents.

Finally, it was time for them to leave.
“I would like to fight you on the practice square in the morning. I am told you are both very, very good. I like challenges. Will you accept?” Daenerys asked.

Both Jaime and Brienne were surprised, but accepted.

As they started to leave, Jaime hesitated. “My Queen. Can I ask a question for my brother? He does not know I am asking, so please don’t tell him.”

Daenerys assured him of her silence and waited, curious.

Jaime asked her if Tyrion had ever mentioned Tysha to her. He had not. Jaime then told Daenerys the whole sad story, and of Jaime’s part in it.

He asked the Queen to look for her. “It is so sad your Grace. For a few years all Tyrion would ask anyone he met was ‘where do whores go?’ Of course no one knows.”

Daenerys said she would see if she could help somehow, and then they left her.

Daenerys went and put a few logs in the fire and placed her hands before the hot flames, not even feeling them.

She mused that the answer to Tyrion’s question was simple really. How could he not science that out?

*Where did whores go?*

*Lys, of course.*

**Varys**

The spider was looking out a window over the practice square. The queen was bouncing as she did her warm up routines. She was undeniably excited to have a new challenge.

In many ways Varys thought the woman had male tendencies. She loved to test herself.

Jaime and Brienne were being disgusting, massaging each other loosening up their muscles after stretching and sharing quick kisses. Watching that, Varys was glad that he had been cut so many years ago. He was able to keep focused. He did not need ‘relief’. His Queen needed the women gracing her bed to find release and pleasure to alleviate the burden and challenges of rule, and she was insatiable. Not that the women were complaining – but he preferred not to have that problem.

He sighed. Why did Eddard have to run off with the one high, noble princess that seemed to fit the Queen’s desires and needs, on top of everything else?

Jaime and Daenerys stepped into the middle of the practice field looking at each other with their practice swords.

Then, on some unseen signal they advanced on each other and their swords became a blur. He could see Jaime was surprised as all men were with the Queen’s speed and strength. They danced a beautiful weave of attack and counterattack, their swords clacking together loudly. The blades would lock up and slide against each other as the man and woman grunted and shoved, then disengaging to again attack with swords arcing high and then low.

The fight went on for ten minutes. By the time it was over both participants had torn tunics and bright red lines on their legs and arms. Daenerys had landed one hard blow to Jaime’s ribs and had
hit his kidney with another hard shot. Jamie had growled at the time but now after the fight was over he was good nature about the Queen getting the better of him. He was happy to put up such a good fight. He smirked he was used to getting his ass kicked by Brienne.

Varys observed the giant woman’s mighty blush. She was too modest by half Varys thought.

The Queen had a big smile on her face.

There was a thirty minute break as Brienne clucked over Jaime and Daenerys watched with a sullen look. He knew she wanted her own mate clucking over her.

While he waited for the next round of fighting, he wondered about the challenge the Queen had given him. Normally, she would have gone to Tyrion for such an assignment but this involved the dwarf directly.

He remembered Tyrion asking that question once, years ago: “where do whores go?”

He had not thought much on it, but treated it as a riddle, turning the question over in his mind, wondering how to decipher it.

He was actually riled that Daenerys once hearing the question immediately knew the answer. She had not treated it as a sphinx riddle but looked at it as the obvious answer to the question itself. Where else would a woman who had been mortally shamed with the words of being a ‘whore’ go? She would go to the epicenter of the trade. Lys.

He had put in a request to have an audience with Chataya and Alayaya. They were the Queens of Prostitution in King’s Landing and through that, Westeros itself. He would find this Tysha for Tyrion. He could only hope that Tyrion would like what he found.

The second round, Daenerys vs. Brienne, was ready to commence.

The two women stepped into the square and circled each other, sizing each other up and down. Daenerys was an expert in predicting her opponents. She seemed to have a sixth sense in being able to science out her opponents skills and style of defense.

He had seen the giant woman, Brienne, taking in the fight between the Queen and her husband. She had likely noted a few things as well. His sparrows had seen the Lannister and woman of Tarth practice on the Sapphire Isle. She was a controlled berserker.

The two women charged each other and their swords collided with violent force. They attacked and parried, the taller woman using her size and strength to press her attack while the Queen used her smaller stature and agility to counter the woman’s sheer might.

The Queen deflected and side stepped the large woman’s attack leaving Brienne off balance.

Varys was impressed. Brienne quickly saw that sheer power would not win the day, and her attacks became much more controlled and crafty. She began to use feints and subtle shifts in her attacks. The Queen easily adapted to these new tactics.

They were a draw. Size versus speed and agility on full display. They would lock up swords, grunting as the scion of Tarth tried to force the Queen back and down but the Queen’s unnatural strength allowed Daenerys to easily push back.

Suddenly, Brienne dropped her sword and gripped the Queen, throwing her to the ground and getting on top of her while throwing a vicious punch down. All watching gasped when the Queen
caught the punch and stopped it! Brienne looked at her fist stopped in mid-flight with shock, and Daenerys pulled the large woman down and to the right, toppling her over.

Both women’s hands went out and gripped tunic and hair as their feet kicked out at each other with grunts and curses. To Varys they looked like two alley cats in a hissing catfight - the only thing missing was fur flying.

The two women were staring at each other, afraid to let go as they jerked and pulled on each other, their feet a blur kicking at one another. Their armored legs blocking and muting each other’s kicks.

Then, with the same thought they broke apart rolling back and away from each other and desperately scrabbling to pick up their blades. They found them and spun to rush each other again.

For the next fifteen minutes they fought and cursed to a drawn match. They were exhausted when they finally separated.

Daenerys had a big smile on her face as she shook Brienne’s hand telling the giant woman she was awesome!

The tall, not-so-pretty woman blushed heavily. Jaime kissed the giant hard and deep as she squealed in pleasure. Varys determined that Jaime’s vision must not be so good.

He went to the small room that he and Tyrion like to meet in privately. Varys was concerned with the Iron Bank and this waiting for them to declare what they would require from the Queen.

Tyrion had told him of the debt. The assassination of Aegon VI. He had admired how the Queen so logically looked at the problem and found the solution that best solved it. With her love of taking care of her problems with hands on efficacy he was surprised at her deigning to use the House of Black and White to solve that particular issue.

Neither he nor Tyrion could foresee what they would demand. Apparently the bank was not sure either - waiting for a certain something to occur to satisfy their debt.

Varys hated trying to science out organizations. People let their base emotions control themselves. That made it easy to figure out what a man or woman might do. With organizations, so many were involved in their decisions that it was so much harder to understand, comprehend, and plan against.

Also, Varys’ spiders had reported from the depths of the Iron Bank and the upper chambers of the House of Black and White. Some rancor had cropped up between the two entities. Normally, they worked in lock-step with each other but some tension had developed in the last several years.

The leader of the assassins guild, Jaqen H’ghar, was evidently questioning directives and orders. From what Varys had learned it was not open rebellion. The House of Death still followed directives, but tension was building.

Why after all this time? He had tried to learn more of this Jaqen H’ghar, but he was a mystery. Why would a man have hair like that? This was a mystery that he and Tyrion knew would have to be solved.

Jaime

Brienne and the children had already gone on the gangplank up to the ship. Jaime stood on the dock, looking down at his brother. It had been a good week. He had made peace with the Queen and no longer had to worry about a summons in the middle of the night.
Tyrion was looking good. Content. He was so happy for his little brother. He had become the Hand of the Queen and was truly valued by her. It had been a long time coming, but Tyrion was finally being respected for his intellect and talents.

“Don’t be a stranger,” Tyrion said up to his brother.

“I won’t, little brother. Tarth is our home, but we will visit regularly. I want my children to have their uncle. If Cersei can transform herself somehow, they will have an aunt too. I’m not holding my breath on that, though.”

Tyrion laughed at that. His sister was still costing him a fortune!

Jaime looked out over King’s Landing. “I don’t miss this place at all, Tyrion. I have many bad memories here. I miss you, and I like the Queen well enough, but this place is full of bad thoughts for me.”

“In time you won’t recognize much of King’s Landing,” Tyrion said. “The Queen will start rebuilding the poor quarters of this city and Old Town. She says that the largess of the crown should be for the people.”

“She means it, doesn’t she Tyrion?”

“Yes she does. She definitely wants to bring in new age of justice and equality. She wants an age of reclamation. … time will tell, but I believe in her.”

“This may sound strange, but so do I. I am a cynical man by nature and history but I think she actually might succeed.”

They had parted then, shaking hands.

He went to his wife on the rail looking out at the sea on the windward side. She had put their children down for their afternoon naps. All the excitement of King’s Landing had left them exhausted.

“I like your brother, Jaime. He is intelligent and cunning, but a very good man still,” his wife said.

“Yes he is, Brienne. Being the muscle makes us more simple than men like Tyrion and the Queen. They play the Game of Thrones, but aren’t corrupted by it. Rare indeed.”

“Do you think the Queen will ever have need of our muscle, husband?”

“Only the future will tell us that, sweet wife.” Jaime spoke, taking is wife’s large and calloused hand and squeezing it affectionately as the ship pulled anchor and headed out to sea and home on the afternoon tide.
Daenerys was tired. She’d endured a long day of meetings discussing the events occurring in North. It was clear that House Stark was up to something, but the Queen still could not put her finger on it. The man was mobilizing his forces even with his denials, but his orientation was North rather than South. It made no sense.

There had been an attack by a new mercenary company that the Dothraki was actively fighting near the province Qohor. She itched to take Drogon east to help take care of the problem, but knew she needed to have faith in her commander.

His forces had been shredded during the first battle, but had placed stronghold troops that had managed to stall the company’s advance just the same. The charges firing back and forth were confusing - each side claimed stridently they were the innocent and aggrieved party. She needed to go and settle this problem but she could not just drop everything to fly east. Things were tense enough in Westeros, she dare not take herself away.

The rebel Lord refused to bend the knee to Daenerys without a direct parley. He wore a helm with mighty stag antlers on it. She had sent ravens to Tyrosh to send word to settle into a holding action and not press any further attacks until she could personally come and have the requested parley.

The Queen held audience on the throne, which had been tiring as it usually was. She gave each case brought before her full attention and thought, just the same. Tyrion and Missandei proved invaluable in providing background information to each matter, and she often huddled with them asking their opinions to divine the truth.

Tyrion brought his knowledge of the Game of Thrones and the play of it. Missandei was so innocent and pure that she could often divine when persons were lying and obfuscating. When one never lies it is easier for them to spot the lies of others.

She grew tired of the petty squabbles that the magistrates could not solve and, thus, needed the royal decree. Daenerys always tried to dispense justice that was based on fairness and compassion.

Once she had seen the last supplicant, she took a luxuriating bath and ate a light meal of melons and pears while reading over some reports that Tyrion had just finished outlining the debt of the Iron Throne. He had unraveled more of the chicanery and outright lies that lay in the ledgers. Tyrion,
Master of Laws Micud Caudill, and Master of Coin Vedad Softic had forced a ten percent reduction of debt when their careful inspection of the Bank’s books versus their own books revealed obvious “errors” on the side of the Iron Bank.

The Iron Bank had forgiven ten percent of the debt to show good faith. Daenerys snorted. Tyrion believed that the bank had been doing tit-for-tat, knowing the Iron Throne had been defrauding them, so they played in turn.

Dany made her way to her bed, and got underneath the covers. She was too tired to masturbate. Normally several hard orgasms took the edge off, but she was just exhausted. Dany loved masturbating. A woman knows her own body better than anyone else ever does. If she ever found a true love, she planned to masturbate freely with them.

Dany fell asleep quickly, and the Direwolf dream started again. The dream had faded soon after her arrival in Westeros but recently it had returned. Daenerys could find no reason for its sudden reappearance. It had been several nights since she had last had it. In the dream she was back in the hall and it was getting colder. The wolf was at her side now as she curled up on the floor, pressed into the mighty beast enjoying the beast’s warmth. The wolf stared down the hall, full of tension, its muzzle twitching and its tail thumping hard on the hall floor.

The wolf suddenly rose up on all fours and growled, then started down the hall but stopped after a few steps and looked back with an inquiring look. She understood what the beast meant: follow me.

The wolf would step down the hall, and then saddle back and look at Daenerys. The wolf wanted to confront the threat.

Dany was indecisive. She was still nude which did not bother her, what bothered is that she did not have her weapons. While strong for a woman and skilled in hand to hand combat, she knew she needed her weapons to confront the demon or whatever it was that waited down the hall. The wolf finally came to stand before the Targaryen in a defensive position to protect the Queen.

Dany woke up with a start. The dream had started and changed starting a week ago. She wondered why. She shivered, still remembering the cold of the dream.

Dany snuggled underneath the covers and soon fell asleep again. She slept soundly for a few hours, then she heard a ‘qwork’. There was a long silence, and then another ‘qwork’. Soon other ‘qworks’ joined into a cacophony of dissonance. Then she felt a stinging peck on her forehead.

Daenerys awoke waving her arms wildly in front of her face. She felt large bodies colliding against her arms. She opened her eyes and was shocked to see ravens and crows circling and screaming wildly in her room, flying out the large windows as more poured in and circled, squawking at her, urging her to fly out of her room at breakneck speed.

Dany felt their urgency as raven claws clenched into her hair and dragged her in jerks to the window. She waved her arms and reached for her sword, pulling it from its scabbard and slashing the flaming blue blade at the birds careening around her room. Her sword arced at the birds, passing harmlessly through their bodies as she was stinging all over from the hard pecks of their angry beaks.

Dany awoke abruptly, sitting up and throwing her covers off her body. The room was lit by the half-moon. She quickly got up and got the fire roaring in the fireplace, and looked around the room. No crows. She began to breathe easier. Then she spotted a raven feather, with a few others laying on the floor in her chamber. She ran a hand across her forehead, but felt no welts.

Dany remembered the premonition from Meera. It was time to act.
Early the next morning she called Tyrion and Barristan to her. She did not want to bring up what she proposed to do with even Missandei and Syrio. They would strongly oppose her too but she knew that Barristan and Tyrion would more easily give in to what she meant to do. This was not a matter to be brought up with the Klatch of Confidents. They were her most trusted advisors. She explained what she meant to do. They both protested loudly and vehemently. Why hadn’t she told them?

She told them she did not want them to oppose her wishes. She was the Queen, but she knew they would argue with her. She was readying to leave. They continued arguing with her as she left her room to go to the kitchen to get a quick, light meal. Barristan had stalked off as Tyrion fretted. Once her hunger had been satisfied, Daenerys headed toward the large courtyard.

There Tyrion saw the three dragons waiting for their mother. He sighed and wished her well. Barristan who had early left, reappeared. He was clad in his battle chainmail and light plate armor over his shoulders and chest. He had put on his dragon skin gloves and chaps to ride a dragon. He began attaching his scabbard.

“What are you doing?” Daenerys demanded.

“I am coming with you” Barristan told her simply.

“No you are not.” He merely stared at her. For a minute they battled wills with each other. Daenerys finally broke, pinching the bridge of her nose. “Fine. But first wait here,” the Queen demanded in an imperious tone.

Barristan and Tyrion waited in stark silence - Tyrion in apprehension, and Barristan centering himself. He was steeling himself for any upcoming combat. He centered his mind to achieve the perfect balance.

Daenerys reappeared with a cursing Syrio Forel following her. He was demanding to accompany her too. The Queen told him that he had to stay because the Kingdom would need his leadership in case she did not return. Plus, he would never get past fifty in the air with his air sickness. Syrio’s face went apoplectic with the reminder of his weakness.

All three men started to argue loudly.

“I have every intention of returning but … but in case I don’t … Quiet! I command your obedience!” The three men fell silent.

“I have delayed too long in doing this.” She had been carrying a bundle wrapped in a blanket. “Barristan Selmy and Syrio Forel, you have been with me from the beginning. You have supported me from the start. I wish to give you each a gift - a token of my esteem.”

She got down on one knee and unfolded her bundle. All three men gasped. Daenerys arose with a broadsword in her right hand and gave it to Barristan. In her left hand she handed Syrio a rapier made of Valyrian steel, rippling deep blue in the light.

Barristan was looking in awe at his own Valyrian sword, the glyphs telling him that he held the “Hammer of Doom”. He looked up at Daenerys.

“It feels much like your sword in my hand. Do you approve?”

Barristan smiled and nodded his head softly yes. As he did this, men came out with the saddle, chaps and gloves and boot covers. Barristan quickly pulled on his protective gear. He threw the saddle on the back of the dragon and using his gloves and boots to get grips on Viseron’s scales he
vaulted up Viserion’s back his chaps protecting his legs. Viserion turned his head back and head bumped his father affectionately as Barristan secured the saddle hooking it to the dragon’s scales.

“It is time to go. When we go to combat we will all fly on Drogon, but for now you can ride Viserion.” The queen jumped up and scaled up her son’s body quickly getting on his back. Barristan put his hands on Viserion head and looked in his dragon’s eyes as the dragon purred in happiness. The ivory dragon pranced hopping from foot to foot his eyes locked with Barristan’s in eagerness to be away.

“Tyrion, you will find something for you in the blanket too.” Then she was away with Drogon, shooting up into the sky, gaining altitude fast.

The knight released Viserion’s head and the dragon whipped his head around and launched himself up into the sky with his brother right behind him. The two smaller dragons pumped their wings hard to quickly catch up with their black brother as they gained attitude and speed off moving quickly away to the North. Drogon screamed out a mighty roar promising death and doom to his enemies. Viserion and Rhaegal joined in with their loud trumpets of challenge as they moved off to the North.

Tyrion watched them disappear.

Tyrion walked over to the blanket and bent down. He came up bearing a Valyrian long Dagger that made an excellent half-sword for a man of his size. The dwarf slashed through the air, smiling.

Bran

Bran was watching Meera pacing in the small glade they had set up camp in. They were waiting for Daenerys to come and pick them up for the flight to the Tree of Life. The young girl was tense and muttering. Bran understood her tension.

He appeared calm on the outside, but he too felt the anxiety of the moment. The dreams had become more intense as of late. He was flying in the sky so high and then buried in the Earth, entangled in roots. He much preferred the former dreams, but he knew that his destiny was first under the ground.

He had to delve into the Earth before he could soar.

“Hodor, Hodor!” his loyal friend chanted.

“Easy Hodor … all is well.” He told the half giant. The large, simple man calmed.

Bran thought back to his first meeting with the Reed children early last week. They had come to him after the feast his father held for his loyal bannermen from the Neck. Bran watched the Reed children and their father conferring towards the end of the meeting.

The children asked if Bran could take them to the Godswood. Eddard gave his son a grimaced smile in answer. Bran knew his father sensed that his son would soon be leaving. His father would let him seek out his destiny.

He was still learning not to be bitter about his injury. He was just beginning to come into his burgeoning manhood, and then had it ripped away. The Raven was teaching him the true meaning of service. He had dreamed of being a knight on the field of battle. His battlefield would now be on the spiritual plain, and fought with mind and soul. He was not sure he was ready.

Bran waited for the Reed siblings to reveal their plans. He surprised them when he told them he
knew they had to get to the Tree of Life. Jojen smiled softly and told Bran he was already more mighty than him. Jojen asked if he was ready for his destiny.

Bran had told him “no”, but assured the startled teen that he would meet his destiny without shying aside. “I am a Stark.” was Bran’s simple answer to the questions of his willingness to meet his destiny.

Bran had then listened to their plots to get him out of Winterfell and to their meeting with the Dragon Queen, each plan a little more fantastical and dangerous than the one before. They had him scaling down the wall of Winterfell on Hodor’s back. Throwing him down to Hodor. Buried beneath a heavy load of bolts and fabric in a wagon. Having the Direwolves create a diversion and then sneaking out the small gate by the stables.

Finally, Bran had suggested “Why don’t I just tell my father I want to visit our loyal bannermen in their floating city in the reeds? I am sure he will agree.”

The siblings looked at each other and then, sheepish agreed to the much simpler plan.

Now they were in the clearing waiting for the Queen to arrive with her dragons.

Jojen had been looking North. “The Ice King is waiting for us. Along with an ancient evil … I can’t see it through the green”

“It is a Croyel.” Bran Stark replied.

Jojen and Meera looked at him with questioning eyes.

“The three-eyed raven dreams have shown me. It is a-a-a…” Bran hesitated trying to describe what he had seen. “Demon baby is the best I can describe it. It has bonded with the Ice King. It comes from a land very far away. It is ancient, evil and very, very powerful.”

“Can it be defeated?” Meera asked.

“It must—all things can be killed. We just need to find the way. We may not survive, you know.” Bran told the Reed children. “I would prefer you to not go with me and Hodor. This is not your fight. It is mine.”

Jojen replied “Evidently your green sight is not as refined as you think it is.”

**Meera**

She listened to her brother and Bran’s discourse on destiny and responsibility.

She only knew that she would support her brother and her liege’s son with all that she was. She was going to strike her blow against the Ice King. She knew that this was but the first blow against the ancient enemy, and she would not hesitate to meet her destiny.

Jojen had made it clear to her that something had gone horribly wrong years ago. He was absolutely sure that Bran was supposed to have made his journey almost four years ago. It would have been dangerous, but they would have made it. He was sure of it. Now they would have to fight against the ancient evil just to get to their destination. The Ice King himself was waiting for them.

The Ice King, even with this Croyel was still not strong enough to contend with the Tree of Life
itself. The Ice King would have the advantage against them, though. Jojen did not tell her as much, but she could see it in the caste of his shoulders. He did not expect for them to succeed.

But the effort had to be made, else defeat was certain. Jojen saw that the forces of light and dark were on the razor’s edge. Which would dominate?

Meera had argued with her brother. She had seen the Dragon Queen as he had, and she had faith in her. Meera could not put a reason to it, but she felt deep in her bones that the small, platinum-haired woman would meet and defeat any enemy. She would not fight her enemies alone.

Meera pulled out five precious arrows. Each tip was made of pure dragon glass, honed to a trilobite bladed point. Her most feared enemies were made of ice. She needed penetrating striking power. To the dead, it did not matter the head of the arrow. She only hoped she would be able to retrieve them after the battle. If she was still alive to retrieve them.

They had set up the banners of the same houses they had called to the Dragon Queen with before. They knew the dragons would see them from afar.

Meera ate a small meal of beef jerky and hard cheese, constantly looking South as her anxiety rose. Would the Queen come? Jojen had said it was time.

Bran went to sleep underneath the small tent they had set up for him. Meera marveled at how calm the sixteen year old remained.

She and Jojen walked around the glade discussing the coming battle. With his greensight, Jojen felt him very near the Tree of Life. He had probed the area using the Tree but he could not see anything amiss. The Ice King had somehow hidden himself from the Tree, which upset the young Reed.

Meera looked up again and her heart began to beat faster. On the horizon three dots appeared, growing larger quickly.

She felt her heart lift seeing the white-haired woman bringing her dragons down to the glade. She watched them land, and then mill around. The dragons were restless. Meera was surprised to see another person with the Queen.

The Queen stayed with her dragons, talking to them in her native tongue as the man with her walked up to them.

The man was older, but his back was ramrod straight and he radiated power and competence. He introduced himself as Barristan Selmy, and he was the general of her armies and one of her most trusted advisors. She had heard of this man. He was one of the greatest swordsmen walking the Earth. He would be a mighty warrior at their side.

She liked the man immensely from the start. He acknowledged both her and Jojen with respect. Jojen greeted him and told him they had their charge over in the tent.

Barristan looked over at the large man sleeping just outside the tent to protect his friend, then at the basket Hodor used to carry him in. The man turned to look back at the Reeds, and then the Queen. He shook his head, keeping his silence.

He was going to let them explain to the Queen. Her estimation of the man went up significantly at this realization. He had no ego, and also displayed a trust in them.

Suddenly, Summer appeared from the woods from behind the dragons and ran up to them. The dragons looked down at the beast as it walked from one to the other, smelling them in turn. The
Queen looked at the wolf that nearly came up to her eye level. Summer came up to Daenerys, and she stood still as the direwolf sniffed her.

Then the wolf muzzled its head into her side and rubbed against her as it moved on to walk over to the tent and laid down beside the large man guarding his master.

Meera was impressed. The woman felt no fear of the animal, and it had accepted her immediately. It had taken the wolf several days to accept the Reed siblings. The woman seemed to have no limits to her abilities and affinities.

Meera hoped it would be enough.

**Daenerys**

Daenerys spoke again to Rhaegal and Viserion. They shook their head. They smelled game nearby. They would feed, and then fly North for their part. She hugged each dragon in turn and they launched themselves into the air, winging northward. Daenerys watched their bodies fade into the distance.

She walked over to the waiting party. The small Reed told her that her dragons were indeed beautiful. She looked at the tent and cocked an eyebrow. “I am assuming that this is the three-eyed raven?” she asked with a smirk.

Jojen confirmed her assessment. He told her that he would awaken him so they could leave.

“That won’t be necessary. We won’t be leaving for three days.”

“What? We need to leave now!” Jojen exclaimed. “Time is of the essence!”

“No it isn’t. Three more days won’t change anything.” The platinum haired woman returned. When Jojen went to argue again, the woman held up her hand. “I have conquered many cities and defeated many armies … I know what I am doing.” she told the Reed boy.

She argued with him for another minute before she calmly told him “It’s my dragon. We will leave in three days.” The tone told all that the conversation was over.

Three hours later Bran awoke. He sat up and opened his tent, watching the Targaryen sharpening her sword that glowed a bright blue. He shook Hodor awake and patiently waited for his friend to wipe the sleep out of his eyes.

Hodor brought Bran over to the cooking fire. The small woman looked up at him with a smile.

“And who do I have the pleasure of meeting?” Daenerys asked the boy. The broken legs verified his identity. Her briefings had told her of the misfortune of Bran Stark.

“I am Bran Stark, but you already know that. We will be leaving on the morning of the third day from now.” the sixteen year old announced. He looked at Jojen, who lowered his eyes.

Daenerys sighed. Of course the three-eyed raven was a Stark. Who else could it be?

“Does your father know of this, Bran?”

“He does not.”
“Of course.” Dany sighed.

The boy was old enough to make his own decisions. The small Queen did not normally have any use for prophecy or the interference of the gods, but Dany could feel them now. There was a force at work that was actively working against the evil she could sense. Her dreams told her the truth of this situation.

She would not shirk her duty. She lived to conquer evil. She would triumph. She had no doubt.

For the rest of that day and the next two, the small camp bided time. All watched the Targaryen and Barristan spar violently in the glade, their blades moving so fast that they looked a blur. Meera cried out when the knight punched the queen in the shoulder and kneed her in her stomach. Daenerys return blows to the knight’s crotch had him grimacing and chuffing as he barely kept the woman off as he recovered. She learned that knights were not always so honorable when she watched Barristan kick the Queen where no man should ever kick a woman, and Daenerys howled like a Direwolf.

Her dragon had lifted one sleeping eyelid at her howl, and then went back to his slumber. The evening before they were to leave, the dragon and Direwolf left on their own. They appeared back at camp in the morning, muzzles soaked in blood.

Daenerys had not been happy when she discovered the Direwolf and the giant sized man were to be coming on the journey as well.

She had absolutely refused at first. Bran had simply told her “They will be coming.” And that was the end of the conversation.

Dany had gone stomping off while pinching the bridge of her nose and cursing not so quietly.

Barristan had come to her and told her how this could be of benefit. Dany listened to him, as she always did. In the end she agreed. She communed with Drogon who understood and relayed her thoughts on. It would soon be time to go.

**Bran**

Bran eyed the Targaryen who stared at him while trying not to, and failing miserably. Bran knew she would have to talk to him again. He was the son of Eddard Stark, who was vexing her currently.

It was the night before they were to leave and Daenerys was sharpening her sword. She kept looking over at him and immediately looked down when she saw the boy looking directly at her. She would fidget and hone her sword and look up again every few minutes. Bran was still staring at her.

Bran chuckled to himself, seeing the woman at such a loss. He sensed this was not a usual situation for her.

She finished sharpening her sword and made a dramatic show of eyeing the edge. She got up and stretched, groaning dramatically.

Finally, she approached Bran who was staring at the fire before him. She squatted down on the other side of it.

“I did not know you were a follower of R’hllo.” She jested weakly.
“I follow the Old Gods. Do you always insult your guests’ religion, Daenerys Targaryen?” Bran asked in an affronted tone, looking the woman in the eyes.

Dany rocked back on her heels and sputtered.

Bran held up his hand “I was teasing you. Forgive me.”

He watched her blush and look around uncertainly. Bran thought the expression humanized the woman.

Up close Daenerys Targaryen was so full of might he was almost speechless. The woman radiated power and destiny. She was not of the Old Gods, but he knew they totally embraced her. Her destiny and theirs were intricately linked.

“You will lie with the direwolf.” He told the woman simply. He smirked upon seeing her reaction. Daenerys’ face twisted in disgust and her body literally stiffened. He deliberately did not tell her who she would lie with. He enjoyed the show.

“What is your father doing, Bran? He is provoking me into taking action I do not want to take. Tell me. Help me to understand!” the woman barked at him in a frustrated hiss.

“I have no idea what his plans are.”

The woman scoffed at him. “You are his son. You have to know something! Give me gossip, innuendo, anything! Don’t you know I could bring my dragons down on Winterfell and burn it down to slag?”

“Like Yunkai?” Bran asked softly.

The woman shot up ramrod straight, her face distraught.

“Sit down, Daenerys. That was unfair of me. You are no longer that woman. That is the past, let it go.”

“No no … I still see them in my dreams …” the woman said with a quiver in her voice. Her eyes started brimming with tears.

“Daenerys.” Bran called softly as she looked down at him shakily.

“You will never do such a deed again.”

“How do you know?”

“I am a greenseer, Daenerys Targaryen … I see the future. Not perfectly, but this is true. If you accept love, you will not go down that path again.”

He watched her shoulders slump. “Your dreams will be answered my Queen.” Bran told her. He wished he could tell the Queen the full truth, but prophecy was like wisdom. It must be earned and not haphazardly given, else the purpose misleads.

The woman sat back down.

“My Queen,” he spoke softly and waited till the woman looked up at him. “I made it a purpose to not know my father’s plans. Thus, I can’t tell you. We Starks can’t lie. This way we both are safe.”
“Safe from what?”

“Destiny.” Bran replied and chuckled inside when the woman sighed and pinched her nose. She had learned to control her inner demons and burning ambition. She was the crux around which all revolved. The green dreams told Bran that his woman was supposed to have taken a different path. A less violent path. She was supposed to be molded slowly. Instead she had been made over almost overnight. The forge had been too hot for any person to come out unchanged.

For a time Daenerys Targaryen had lost her way.

He wondered how she ever found herself again. He knew the petite silver haired woman feared she would go back to her old ways. Her lover and consort would anchor her changes for the good. Together they would forge greatness.

“My destiny is not the physical world anymore, your Grace. I consider you my friend. I must walk a path on the spiritual plain. You must get me there, Daenerys. I must become one with the Tree of Life. I will leave the world of men. Only there can I bind the Ice King back to the Earth that nurtured him after his creation.”

The woman looked sadly at him and asked him if he accepted his path. Bran told her the truth.

“No. But I am a Stark. I will not shirk my duty.”

They communed silently around the fire for an hour, both lost in their own contemplations and thoughts of destiny. Bran asked Hodor to take him back to his tent as he laid down looking out at the fire and the Queen.

Again he wondered how one so small could be so powerful. He could see power and presence almost flowing off her small frame. All that was good rotated around her. He knew she would make Arya happy, and Arya in turn the Queen. With that thought he drifted into a peaceful sleep.

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**Daenerys**

Dany was thankful she had a large basket type saddle constructed. She had also put in hand rungs so that the riders could grip them tightly. She would use these rungs for something else once they reached the Wall. She carefully arranged the riders on Drogon’s large back. She had asked her son when she first knew of the additional riders if it would be too much for him to bear.

He had been highly affronted. He would not even know they were on his back! He was young and strong and just fed. He was up to any challenge.

Daenerys broke camp hours before the sun was to come up. She had everyone eat a quick meal before gathering them near a restive Drogon. The sky was still pitch black.

“I have scouted our way. We will be flying in on a straight shot, hard and fast. I want you all to be lying down as low as possible. Barristan, Summer and I will be on the outside perimeter and will shield you from the wind as much as possible, making sure you are safe. Bran. Will you be able to keep Hodor calm?”

The Stark nodded as his eyes unfocused. Hodor began to walk a little woodenly as he picked up Bran and handed him up to Barristan. He then climbed up Drogon’s side and got into the basket. Barristan had rolled down a fire resistant mat to protect the humans.

The others used the special gloves Dany had fashioned for them. The Direwolf had backed up and
ran forward, then jumped up high and landed on the dragon’s back and walked onto the basket curling up next to Bran protectively. Lastly, Daenerys climbed up and positioned herself forward on Drogon’s back.

“Drogon! Tolvio belma pryjātās!” The mighty dragon leaped into the air, quickly gaining altitude, rising up to a thousand feet. All could feel the wind whipping harder and harder across their faces as they hunched low. The dragon was beating his wings hard and straining forward. The trees raced by below. They flew across the sky like an arrow shot out of a longbow.

The first part of the journey was at first exhilarating for the riders who had never been on a dragon, but quickly grew boring as they laid down on the dragon’s broad back between its pinioning wings. The dragon did not seem to be laboring even with the additional weight.

Daenerys was monitoring Drogon but her largest son truly felt no struggle even with the excess cargo. His body motion as he pumped his wings soon had everyone lulled into a half sleep. Dany reached out with her mind and touched her other two sons, they were huddled together in the ravine she had spied out earlier. They could feel her coming and were anxious to confront their common enemy.

It was an hour before noon when Drogon saw the Wall coming up. Daenerys soon had her dragon landing on the top of the seven hundred foot tall structure. She spied several women on the wall about five hundred meters down. They looked up, staring slack-jawed at the black behemoth.

Daenerys got everyone off to stretch their legs and take care of nature’s call. She pulled out a bundle from the back of Drogon’s saddle. She chuckled, watching the wildling women talking wildly and pointing at them.

She got everyone mounted again, and then she and Barristan stretched a net over the novice riders, and hooked eyelets over the rungs worked along the edge of the saddle. She explained that it was to keep them in place. She told them how she planned to come in for her landing and she felt a little revenge when she saw how the Reeds and Bran blanched. She told them it was the safest way to land.

Then she and Barristan sat down on the outside of the net, and Drogon dropped off the edge of the wall and fell hundreds of feet. She had selected this area because it was on the straight line path to the tree of life, free of obstacles and foliage. Drogon used the drop to quickly gather speed, and fifty feet above the ground pulled up like a stone from a trebuchet and shot back up to a thousand feet, launching north like a bat out of the seven proverbial hells.

Daenerys and Selmy conversed softly, giving each other comfort and courage for the coming fight. Daenerys was supremely confident as was Barristan but a healthy dose of fear pulsed in their veins as it does in all great warriors.

About an hour out from the hill of the Tree of Life Barristan pointed northeast, then northwest. Dany had seen them too.

Crows, ravens, starlings, grackles and birds of prey were all winging North at a furious clip. As they continued to fly the dragon picked up an unofficial escort of birds that would come up near only to be left behind by the dragon’s furious pace. Dany looked back and saw the birds continuing on furiously in her wake.

As she approached the hill of the Tree of Life she was stunned by what she saw. There was a thunderhead of birds flying in a wild cyclone around it. The birds flew, stacked from several hundred feet up to ten thousand feet with eagles and hawks wheeling high above them.
Soon the air was a cacophony of quarks and squawks. At first the party had been afraid they were to be attacked by the enormous and still growing storm of birds. The ever growing cloud of birds was definitely centered over the Tree of Life, a black cloud morphing and bulging from side to side. The cloud near a mile wide full of loudly squawking birds.

Dany pulled Drogon to cycle wide around the cloud. The cloud suddenly parted and slowly stretched out to try and encircle the dragon. The birds never attacked, but an oblong wheel was forming with a clear opening towards the hill. Several ravens came up to the wheeling dragon and their head motioned towards the hill. They then dove towards the hill and rose back up to again, looking at the dragon and riders before diving back down.

The message was clear. Attack. The birds were on their side.

Barristan shouted to Dany with a feral smile on his face. “The Raven is a symbol of the North and the Weirwood. We are supported. Let us attack!” Dany needed no further encouragement. She drifted her dragon over the hill and Drogon began to seek what all knew was below.

He hole in the wheel of birds quickly closed behind them as they flew to circle tightly over the Tree of Life. The dark boiling cloud of birds tightening in their circular flight around the hill.

The Ice King they could not be see. He had somehow hidden himself from sight. All could feel his evil and the cold that was his nature. If he could not be seen then he would have a decisive and deadly advantage. Daenerys had foreseen this. It had been her white dragon, Viserion, that figured out how to see the hidden Ice King.

The dragons could see in many spectrums and one was heat. A human’s body glowed red. The rest of the background was various shades deepening to blue when they viewed that which was cold. Viserion reasoned that their foe was the essence of cold. He would be the darkest blue on the field of combat.

There. Suddenly Drogon started a rapid, spinning descent in a tight pinwheel. The motion was almost impossible to track as Dany had Drogon juked and jerked as he flew down to throw off any aim.

Daenerys saw that the entire massive cloud of birds were diving straight down quickly, outstripping her descent.

Ice King

For the previous two hours the Ice King had seen the gathering storm of birds piling up in the sky. Puzzled but unconcerned, he reached back to pat his slumbering son. They were of no consequence. The birds must have sensed the carrion they were about to feast on.

He had seen the dragon appear on the horizon. He and the Croyel were unsure of their flying foe, these dragons postdated his previous incarnation and they did not exist in the land of the Croyel’s existence. What was the fear of a little fire with the Croyel to protect him? Its Forbidding would easily fight off the puny flame this creature could produce.

Fire was his enemy, but a living thing could not produce but a little of it. It was impossible for the rumors to be true. He would soon kill this strange creature.

He smirked. The Dragon Queen was truly overconfident. She had only brought one of her dragons. Too bad. He would have enjoyed killing them all today.
He puzzled over how the birds seemed to part for the woman when she had arrived. He had many undead hidden in the surrounding forest and twenty sons nearby. He had a large reinforcement at the base of the escarpment as well, but had kept them at a distance.

He wanted all the glory of the kill.

His icy brows knitted. What is going on? He felt his son stir.

The birds began diving at breakneck speed. Why? There was no carrion yet. What were they doing?

His eyes shot wide open, suddenly on alert. The birds dove screaming into the forest and he felt their beaks quickly finding and tearing at his undead. They were voracious, stripping them of their slack flesh. He filled his army with motion and began to swat at the birds as their flesh was torn off, and ligaments and sinew ripped and shredded.

Birds were attacking them? It did not matter. He looked up at the spinning dragon rapidly descending. He smiled viciously. When they landed he would fall on them unseen.

At two hundred feet the dragon suddenly straightened out its descent and he saw massive, mighty talons aiming straight at his face! The dragon began a heavy back beating of its mighty wings. Then searing, agonizing flame was blasting down at him and his son with the force of a cyclone.

“AAARRGGHHHHHHH!” The ice king roared in pain as the sudden Forbidding put up by the Croyel formed, and then nearly shattered underneath the flame. “Aaaaaaiiiiiiiiiii!” the Croyel whined in terror and effort as he threw all his strength into the mystical shield. How could there be so much heat? It was like an erupting volcano! He could feel that there was magic in the flames.

All this happened in a mere three seconds.

SSSLAAAMMMMM!

Crushing weight hurled into the Ice King and Croyel crushing them down into the earth. There was a brief respite from the flame and then another deadly gout attacked them. The beast lifted back and jammed down with its talons. The flame stopped, and the Croyel tried to form an attack as he kept him and his father from being crushed. Suddenly, the head of the dragon was crashing into them, teeth and sinew trying to rip through the Croyel’s shields.

The Ice King was pinned, jammed into the earth unable to even draw his sword as his body threatened to shatter. Another burning gout of flame struck them.

Terror gave the Croyel strength to maintain the Forbidding. The wall, now a large red circle, formed a few feet above them. The dragon roared and another jet of furious flame hit his son’s Forbidding, nearly annihilating it. The magic was horrendously powerful. The beast’s claws tore at them. The Ice King, gripping the talons half wrapped around them preventing them from fully closing as the Forbidding kept the beast from completely controlling its claws since they had already pierced the shield.

It was a stand-off. The Croyel knew he just had to survive a few more moments from the terrible onslaught.

Daenerys
Daenerys rode atop of Drogon as he breathed his hot fire and his body tore at the Ice King and the hideous thing on its back. They had formed some type of shield that prevented her and Drogon from finishing the kill. Again and again Drogon lifted his head to breathe fire and then slam down in frustration to hit the strange, glowing red wall that prevented flame and direct attack from killing the evil apparitions. His jaws cracked the magical wall but was not able to destroy it.

When her dragon paused to attack again, the strange demon baby was able to renew its defenses. Time was running out.

She saw from the woods a horde of dead shambling towards her. The swarm of attacking birds slowed them and were actually ripping them to pieces but not enough quickly enough. Then she saw them. Twenty Ice Wrights running towards them. The birds did not attack them. They attacked only what they could fight.

“Drogon Se jevo qrinuntoti! Yno inkot! Yno inkot!” Daenerys screamed at her dragon calling him off as his desire to kill her enemy. Drogon hesitated, but only for a moment.

The dragon leaped up and flapped back furiously to land fifty feet away. Barristan and herself pulled out their swords and slashed the net free so the other riders could get off Drogon.

The Direwolf leaped off the dragon and immediately ran up to Barristan. He quickly moved toward the undead that were almost upon them. Meera jumped off next, her bow quickly notched. Daenerys threw off Jojen and Hodor slid down, and she gently placed Bran in his arms. Freed, she jumped down and rolled to her feet running towards the Ice King. Drogon roared and swung his head, a large swath of dragon fire engulfing the undead and sending them up in flames.

Barristan’s blade chopped into the mob and the undead that felt the cut of his Valyrian steel fell dead once more. Drogon hopped and leaped and bowled over the nearest Ice Wight and shattered it with his talons, its body immediately melting. Two more died when Drogon’s flame engulfed them.

Daenerys was upon the Ice King. He was tall and filled with anger. His ice sword whistled down and struck her flaming blue sword. The sounds of ice and metal ringing and clashing filled the air. She saw shock in the Ice King’s eyes as she went on the attack. He had expected her sword to shatter. It was his sword that would shatter. Her blade almost unseen as it whistled back and forth slamming into his sword, always knocking it back and to the side. The Ice King blocked her attacks as he backed away. It was he, not her, that was retreating.

Daenerys sent out her call.

Meera

Meera knew she was in a supportive role for this battle. She watched Drogon chase down several more Ice Wrights that had given up attacking the beast head-on. The dragon either melted the Wrights with his fire or shattered it in his massive jaws.

She watched Barristan chop down foe after undead foe, his Valyrian sword cutting the undead thews that made the dead do the bidding on the Ice King. Summer was biting and clawing at the undead that came in from the sides and rear of the knight, occupying them until the man chopped the foe attacking his blind side, killing it with his magical sword. Soon a wall of dead surrounded him as he moved to keep his battlefield clear, needing the space to wield his sword with devastating effect.

She saw out of the corner eye an Ice Wight coming up on Barristan from his blind side.
was leaping and shaking off two undead when she fired her bow. A high pitched shriek crossed the battlefield as the Ice Wight dropped its sword, its throat pierced with her arrow. The Wight collapsed to its knees, already melting.

Meera notched her next arrow. She kept close to Barristan as he protected her flank. She saw an Ice Wight coming up on Drogon as he ripped another one apart. The Wight moved in from the side, about to stab him near the juncture where his wing met his body. A high pitched wail filled the air as another Ice Wight died, melting with an arrow jutting out of its back.

Meera could not believe all the birds in the air. Most of the undead ignored the birds as they pressed their attacks. Some though, did strike back killing them in handfuls. Drogon killed birds as he was attacking undead with his flame. The birds did not care. More and more birds were constantly dropping down from the sky pressing the attack for their fallen brethren.

Meera saw undead men ripped done to the bone, unable to move without any rotted muscle or sinew.

Suddenly, a large group of undead stormed out of the woods aiming for the Queen.

Drogon had routed the remaining Ice Wrights and took to the air, flying just over the new wave of undead, burning them with his flame.

They burned. A large Mastodon, on fire, still ran towards the Queen as she was engaged with the Ice King. Meera let loose her third Dragon Glass arrow. The Mastodon dropped as if hamstrung and did not move. She had pierced its dead blue glowing eye killing its undead brain instantly. She saw black lines of eldritch power creeping around the dead body melting flesh.

The Ice King was now pressing an attack and the Queen dove underneath his strike, and came up behind him. Her sword slashed into his side “AARRRGGGGHRRHHH!!!!” He roared in agony. He should have died then, but he staggered back up, the ice blood flowing out his broken ribs and his rent side already healing up. The Croyel flooding his father with supernatural healing.

The Queen pressed her attack on the Ice King. Several Ice Wrights came up behind on Daenerys. The Queen sensed their approach, and she whirled on the ground in a graceful arc, chopping one Ice Wight clean in half with her blue glowing rune sword. She blocked another blow and dragged his sword down. Her left hand flicked up, and the Wright died with a Valyrian dagger jutting out of its eye. She easily blocked the Ice King’s swinging chop down on her.

Barristan was desperately fighting off a swarm of undead. The birds were savaging the corpses but there were just too many. A dead giant was lifting its foot to stomp down on Barristan as he was engaged with two undead. Summer was tearing the head off a man underneath him and then tearing off its rotted arms.

Suddenly the giant was pierced by the horns of a large elk, and then a flaming spear jut out of its chest sitting it on fire. The mighty elk shook its head, throwing off the now furiously burning giant. The beast charged into more dead, trampling them as its rider used his flaming spear to ignite and set them off burning.

Three Ice Wrights had reformed, and Drogon who had disappeared from view came hurtling in from the left to bowl them over. The dragon shattered one with his right hind foot, then his jaws shattered another. He leapt up and hop-skipped into a knot of undead, breathing fire just before impact, setting them ablaze before knocking about with his neck and tail.

The birds continued tearing and screaming as they tore undead to shreds. The sky was a blurring confusion of fast moving bodies and loud cries of rage and righteous fury.
Another Ice Wight appeared before Barristan as he tried to pull his sword out of the ribs of a dead bear. Meera’s fourth arrow slammed into the Ice Wight’s mouth, the tip jutting out of the back of his head. The Ice Wight, already dead, toppled backward. The enormous elk charged into the throng in front of Barristan, thinning the mob and allowing him to easily chop down the remaining undead with his sword.

The man on the elk sat waiting after he burned the last frozen corpse with his flaming spear.

Meera had seen Bran on Hodor and Jojen disappear up the hill to the Tree of Life. They had succeeded. The Ice King had forgotten all about him in his fight for survival.

They had succeeded! Now the only problem for the rest of them was escaping. They were swarmed, fighting furiously to stay alive.

She heard an unearthly scream that made her skin crawl. She looked over at the fight between Daenerys and the Ice King. The hideous beast on his back now had a gash on its shoulder. Yellow ichor leaked out, the blood bubbling and hissing. She saw the beast sucking furiously on the neck of the Ice King, which seemed to fill the Wright with strength and rage. His blows hurled down on the small, pale woman.

Daenerys managed to block, but could not attack.

Another wave of undead poured out of the woods towards her and Barristan. Most of the Ice Wrights were now dead. Drogon had one in its talons and another in its teeth as he took to the air and hurled them to the ground, shattering them. The dragon looked around and flew towards a new group of undead and burned them.

Suddenly, down the slope she saw a mighty horde of more undead with another thirty Ice Wrights leading a charge up the escarpment coming to their Ice Kings defense.

There was just too many.

Croyel

He was in agony. The blade had actually cut him! That was impossible. He was warded, and yet the blade had cut through his magic as if it did not exist.

The dragon’s breath was like the sun! He and his kind had never met such naked, unbridled fury in living flesh. It had taken the great magic of the Elohim, a mighty manifestation of the Weird of the Waynghim through willing human sacrifice or vast Earthpower to kill his brothers in the past.

Not merely some beast and puny human woman!

The wound on his shoulder was already healing but the pain was nearly blinding. He drank deeply from his father, and their shared strength renewed them both.

He had felt his father scream for their reinforcements and they had finally made their appearance. Why had they taken so long? They were in danger!

The Ice King had assured his son that the blades of man could not withstand the cold blades of the Wrights. He had been mistaken about his as well! The Croyel no longer cared if they killed this hated woman now. They needed to fall back and regroup!
But as he saw the swarm coming to their aid the Croyel felt elation. No. They would kill them all. He would relish seeing his father hack their bodies to small pieces and then reanimate, the hacked fragments wiggling as they tried to do his bidding.

He would laugh at them!

An Ice Wight appeared behind the white-haired woman as her sword was locked with his father’s. Yes! … “NOoooooooo!” the Croyel screamed as a Dragon Arrow penetrated its eye, killing it.

The Croyel looked at their saviors pelting up the slope to his father. Soon they would have their victory.

“Dracarys!” the small woman screamed, suddenly launching herself backward. What?!

The Croyel looked at the reinforcements as they approached. In an instant they were afire as another dragon, this one green, flew overhead. A long tongue of flame issued from its roaring mouth belching out white hot death. Undead went up like blazing candles of death. The dragon shot up, then came back and another long gout of flame set more undead ablaze, melting Ice Wights as they hissed and bubbled to their death.

From nowhere they were engulfed with searing agonizing pain. Hot flame that felt like the Sun exploding engulfed their bodies. The flame licked and clung to their body with magical tendrils that tried to burn into their bodies. The heat pulsed and boiled with eldritch magic. This was the heat of thousand thousand forges.

“I BURN! I BURN!” his father screamed in agony as the Croyel instinctually flooded his father with life giving, searing cold strength. The fire burned like the sun! The Croyel felt the hideous magic of dragon fire as he instinctively raised his shield and expanded it, desperately now fighting for his life. The magic of the flame was trying to undo the ligatures of the Croyel’s existence.

The white dragon flew past and made a tight turn and made another pass, spewing broiling, flaming death as both son and father screamed in agony. The black dragon had joined the green one, destroying their supposed saviors. The green dragon was leaping high in the air to slam down upon on them.

Then the white dragon flashed overhead as it flew off to get space to make another pass. He had survived. He flooded his father with his magical essence and he did the same in return. Their bodies had been scorched but not burned deep. Already their dead skin was peeling off their limbs and backs with new skin reforming beneath.

The Croyel had time to half form a magical ward to not be attacked unprotected again. The white dragon wheeled around for another pass. The Croyel angled his still not finished shield towards the dragon. The dragon came straight in on them with no fear its mouth opening wide.

More of the dragon’s fire poured down as the talons slammed them into the Earth, crushing father and son both. His shield was weak and cracked, the Forbidding barely holding up to the savage fire. Their bodies slammed and bashed into the ground.

The flame had weakened him and the white haired woman’s cut was still draining him. The dragon’s claws closed around them and lifted them up five feet into the air, then slammed down repeatedly as more hideous magical fire blasted down on him and his father. They were dying.

His father rolled to his side. The Croyel looked over his shoulder at the hill with Tree of Life on it. The Croyel could see the dragons killing the last of the undead. The small, vile woman with her
warrior were slaying the last of the Ice Wrights.

The Croyel had not been sure if the spell of translocation would work, but it had had to try. He was exhausted. His spell had worked. He could no longer defend them. It would be days before his strength started to recover.

He had underestimated the dragons. They were indeed powerful and terrible creatures. Their own scion was raised on ice and bitterness. He had been a project, a thing to humor themselves with. The Croyel was now very thankful that they had Ice-Fang. They would need him.

His father moaned and slowly levered himself up to look at the carnage off in the distance. His eyes wept dry ice tears. He felt the death of each son. He had so few! What was that woman? She was stronger than he was! Her sword was a terrible thing, along with that of the warrior who fought beside him.

He had heard of Valyria. He was told it was no more. He only prayed that there was only one of this woman.

He had felt her might and innate magic. She was definitely the locus of the North’s resistance against him. He now knew the Tree of Life would actively oppose him. No matter. He had much to reflect on.

He would not make the same mistakes again.

\[\text{Daenerys}\]

Daenerys was lying on her back looking up at red clouds. A high layer of cirrus had started to roll in during the battle. The clouds were slowly thickening, the setting sun’s rays lighting them into bright shades of red. The contours of the clouds gave variation to their shades. It was truly beautiful.

Now that the elixir of battle was over and adrenaline had run its course in her body, Daenerys Targaryen was exhausted. Her legs extended out and her hands folded beneath her head. She felt a calmness coming over her.

She had achieved a great victory. She mentally scolded herself. She along with her companions had achieved a great victory. She would have surely died without their support.

She turned her head and watched Barristan Selmy snoozing, his back to a tall pine tree. He had been a whirlwind of death. She again felt so fortunate to have him constantly at her side in battle. Not only the strength of arm but his gentle wisdom helped guide her course.

Daenerys looked around and sighed. She had seen Bran on Hodor along with Jojen climbing up the hill of the Tree of Life during the battle. She knew instinctively that they had reached their goal. The Ice King would again be bound to the Earth that gave him his unnatural second vile birth.

She remembered how their enemies had died. The undead died silently, but the Ice Wrights gave off delightful screams as they perished.

Dany felt no remorse in their passing. No shades of grey existed within the vile creatures. They were evil, plain and simple.
The man with the flaming spear that did not go out and his elk had disappeared as soon as the battle was over.

She had walked the battlefield looking at the enemies they all had slain. Before Meera had disappeared she too had walked around her kills and found her precious dragon glass arrows. They were too valuable to leave lying on the ground.

Dany had again gone back to her final battle with the Ice King in her mind. The Wrights had bubbled and turned to mist as they died; she was not able to find any trace of her fallen enemy. She had felt that her dragon was killing them.

Her plan had worked exactly as she had hoped. While the Ice King and its demon baby were engaged with her, Viserion had attacked them unawares. They deserved to be burned and crushed into the cold Earth.

It was a shame they dissipated when death claimed them. She would have loved proof and, yes, a trophy of her great victory.

She had felt their pure evil. They reminded her of the Warlocks and Witches of Astapor. They too had deserved their fate.

She wished her gaze could fall upon the fairer Reed sibling Meera, but she knew it would not. After the battle had been won and mopping up was occurring with her dragons hunting down any undead or Ice Wrights left alive with a vengeance, Daenerys had lost track of them.

Meera and Summer had simply vanished. She knew that they had gone to join Jojen and Bran. Sister to brother and Direwolf to master. She would miss them.

Especially that fierce Reed woman. She was delightful to the eye, and actually smaller than her! When she allowed herself to imagine the woman, she only instead saw the face of the brown haired woman on the wall of Winterfell. The woman that seemed to adore her dragons. She was not classically beautiful, but she stirred something in Daenerys.

She again looked up at the clouds turning darker red as the sun moved toward the horizon.

She would always remember this day and so would the world. She had achieved a great a victory. She could not but help take great pride in it.

She had not only gotten Bran to the Tree of Life as was necessary but she had single handedly defeated the Ice King. She had wondered if this was the reason for Eddard Stark maddening, confusing behavior.

She would send him a personally written letter. *I have taken care of your problem!* She would boast. A girl had to preen sometimes. She felt such elation over conquering the supreme evil within this new land of hers. She would go down in history.

She felt her blood pumping hard, and blood lust beginning to simmer.

She rolled over onto her stomach and looked around at her kingdom. Yes, even this frozen seeming wasteland was part of her kingdom. She had at first felt this land was of no value, but now she felt so differently. She could feel its vitality pulsing in her veins.

The land itself had risen up to aid and fight for her! This land deserved to be both valued and protected.
She lifted her feet in the air, swirling. Her children had flown off after dispatching the last of their foes. She had felt them as they found prey, and were now lazing about recovering their strength.

The flight home would be much more leisurely than their breakneck flight into hell.

She felt the blood lust boiling in her veins. She would have Tyrion procure a comely woman from a high end brothel for her to find pleasure with. She longed to sink her fingers into a woman’s cunt, fucking her hard until she exploded on her fingers. After, Daenerys would bury her face into the sloppy, wet cunt and devour it until the woman was screaming her name as her pussy erupted and gushed hot sweet nectars into Daenerys starving mouth.

Gods she was getting horny.

The picture of the brown haired lass from Winterfell suddenly appeared in her mind as it had so often at night recently. She had found herself masturbating to womb-rending orgasms imaging this girl in a hot sixty-nine with her, or clenched in classic scissor fucking in wild abandon. She decided her fingers would be enough as she would masturbate to more sweet orgasms thinking of this plain but captivating wench. She sensed this young woman, younger than herself, was a real dynamic force.

Something about the woman was visceral. Thinking of her naked in her bed had the Targaryen shifting in arousal. She rolled her swollen wet pussy into the hard cold ground as she eyed Barristan to make sure that he was still slumbering.

Naw. It was as cold as a witch’s tit out here. She would just have to wait. There was something about that lass though, just the same. Was she possibly the youngest daughter of Eddard? What was her name? Arya? There was just something about the girl. It was like a punch to the stomach.

Yes. This woman had made a real impact on her.
Sansa

Sansa felt like she was walking on clouds. Margaery was with her, and that made her life complete. She shivered, remembering Margaery surprising her and making such sweet love to her. They had fucked all night long with so many nearly spine-shattering orgasms.

Sansa unconsciously licked her lips. She remembered Margaery cumming so hard in her mouth and the sweet nectars gushing out her spasming pussy and filling her mouth with divine pussy juice. Life indeed was perfect.

Her father and even her mother had welcomed her lover with open arms. Her father’s actions did not surprise her, but her mother clucking and cooing over Margaery was a pleasant surprise. Margaery was attentive and so helpful, comforting her mother with a Tyrell home remedy for morning sickness that had eased her mother’s discomfort immeasurably. With her mother, it soon became ‘Margaery this’ and ‘Margaery that’. Her mother even went so far as to impress upon Sansa that she had better be good to her future wife.

She turned to look at the object of her affection across from her in the royal bath. She had let it been known that she and Margaery would be washing and grooming in the early morning for several hours after an even earlier breakfast. The royal bath was theirs. This would give Sansa time for her to indulge in some sweet carnal play time with Margaery and still be in the first round of war council meetings.

They had fucked exuberantly for an hour making each other scream again and again. Only then did they wash each other’s bodies and hair.

The sex they’d had was both intense and so satisfying. Sansa’s pussy was still tingling, and her nipples still pulsing from her orgasms. Her body had never felt so alive. Margaery’s form was flushed and oh so beautiful; her brown nipples semi-erect, making Sansa’s mouth dry with want. Margaery hot body always had that effect on Sansa.

They got out and dried their own bodies. They wanted desperately to make love again in the bath but time was beginning to run short. They sat on the benches lining the wall before expensive mirrors that had been installed on one wall.

Margaery moved to sit behind her on the main bench. They were both nude. Marygaery started to work Sansa’s long auburn tresses. She had washed the long tresses in the royal bath massaging her lover’s scalp. That had led to heated fucking and two more orgasms for each. After their latest round of lovemaking, Margaery rinsed Sansa’s hair and worked out the major hair knots and twists. She then towel dried her lover’s hair and used her fingers to work the hair freeing tangles. Then she lovingly comped Sansa’s hair. She got her sweet Stark’s hair completely untangled. Then she brushed out the flowing wavy auburn hair till it gleamed.

Sansa gasped as she felt Margaery’s lips on her neck. Margaery started to nibble and lick her throat
sensually. She felt Margaery press her body into Sansa’s back. Margaery’s nipples hard again and her now wet pussy pushed into Sansa’s ass. Sansa moaned in hot raw need. Sansa decided she had time for more lovemaking after all.

Margaery put the comb down and her hands came up and cupped Sansa’s cone shaped tits and started to massage them. Margaery rolled and squeezed hard on Sansa’s firm tits. Margaery’s palms rasped and scraped over Sansa’s long thick nipples stunning the redhead with ecstasy. Her fingers squeezing long engorged teats between the side of her thumbs and her index fingers. Sansa pushed back into Margaery and gagged in raw pleasure when Margaery sucked in a mouthful of her throat and gnawed on her throat bruising it. Sansa cried out in pained ecstasy. Sansa felt her cunt gush out hot fuck nectars. Her thighs and mound glistening with fuck juice.

She whimpered feeling Margaery’s right hand slide down her body across her flat stomach as Sansa leaned back spreading her legs.

“Aawwooggggg!” Sansa cried out feeling two finger slip in deep up into her recently fucked cunt. She started to instinctively hump her pussy into the fingers pumping in and out her pussy so deep. The Stark teenager whimpered feeling her lover’s long fingers sliding in and out her buttery cum filled cunt. The long digits plunging deep up into her belly.

Sansa’s cunt spasmed and gripped hard on the fingers fucking her pussy deep. Margaery’s left hand pulled on her nipples squeezing them. Margaery’s hand moved back and forth squeezing and pulling hard on Sansa’s rigid nipples. Each hard squeeze on Sansa’s nipples sent fiery arrows of ecstasy to her swollen throbbing clt.

Sansa was in heaven. Margaery’s left hand went down to her pussy and started to rub and circle her clt while her other hand now pumped her fingers harder and faster in and out Sansa’s drooling quim. Margaery’s fingers slicked with creamy cum and pumping fast now. The Tyrell’s bent thumb hammering into Sansa’s swollen muff and clt.

Sansa’s hands came up and cupped her breast squeezing them as her long fingers and thumb found her nipples and squeezed them pulling on her teats.

“Cum for me Sansa … cum for me hard baby—let me feel your cunt spasming on my pumping fingers baby!” Margaery husked into the ear she was nibbling and licking.

Sansa felt the tension again forming in her belly and her face, throat and upper chest flushed pink and her breast swelled and nipples went diamond hard.

Sansa felt her cunt suddenly convulse and rupture. “AAAAARRUUUNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGG! HHHNNGGGGGGGNNNNNNNNN!” Sansa screamed her body flipping forward and slamming back into her lover again and again as sweet hammering ecstasy filled her body. Her hands jammed forward her palms grinding into her shrieking pulsing nipples as Margaery hammered her cunt and jerked her clt with fast rubbing fingers. “Awwoogggggg! Hhhngg hhhnggg Fffffuuucckkkkkkkkkkkkkk! Unngghhiieeeeeeessss!” Sansa wailed as her body weakened with dying convulsions of searing bliss.

Thirty minutes later they emerged from the steamy bath feeling refreshed and ready to meet the day.

They returned to Sansa’s quarters, which they were currently sharing. Sansa snickered at how simple it was to bring Margaery into her room. Weren’t they just two teenage girls sharing a bed, innocent as young ladies were? All the nobles thought their girlish tendencies were cute. Sansa wondered what they would think if they had come in the night before while they were sixty-nining, rolling around on her bed devouring each other’s sloppy wet quims.
As had become the norm, Sansa went over what they would cover in the meetings for the day with her lover. Margaery was her equal in intelligence and had great insight into difficult problems. She longed to bring her into the meetings as well, but Margaery demurred. She told Sansa to not think with her cunt. She had just arrived in Winterfell, and would be considered an interloper. Plus, she reminded Sansa she, was only a woman in the conservative north.

Sansa started to get hot but Margaery put her finger on her lips. “We have to work in the world we live in Sansa.” Sansa accepted it, but did not like it. She wondered how to get the North to accept her lover - she wanted Margaery at her side.

Once Sansa arrived at the meeting hall, they had started with the now routine preparations for the upcoming war. The houses and nobles had their conscriptions trained and ready to move out now. The last crops had been harvested and put away. Beef was being slaughtered and being pickled or jerked for the upcoming winter.

The North was prepared to go to war, and Sansa felt like they would be able to handle the South when it marched. Her father getting Olenna to give him her two grandchildren had been a master stroke of genius. The ‘hostages’ would hold back the wrath of Daenerys if she felt enraged and vengeful when her father called his banners and openly declared himself.

The Wall was as prepared as it could be with her brother Jon running it. The Starks again were there when the realm needed them.

The Constituency of Houses in the far North were remaining in place while the forces in lands further South were slowly pivoting North. Supplies were being sent North to the Wall to feed, clothe and arm the forces that would be joining the Night’s Watch within a few months.

When the meetings ended, Eddard called for Sansa and Robb to stay behind. He looked a little nervous, which was strange coming from their father.

He looked at Sansa. “It’s time, Sansa. We need to send our little wild wolf South. It is time for Arya to meet with the Queen.”

Robb whistled through his teeth, and Sansa felt a thrill go through her. They were sending Arya south into the maw of the Dragon. Her first thought was that Daenerys Targaryen would not know what hit her, but then reality struck Sansa. The three of them were as sure as any player of the Game of Thrones could be, but in this game the future was always uncertain.

No matter how one thought of it or put a positive spin on events, it was still danger they were sending her little sister into. Arya may hunger for that danger herself, but it was Sansa’s idea that was sending her headlong into it.

“I will be giving her a scroll to give the Queen. Will you do the honor of telling Arya that she leaves in the morning, Sansa?” Eddard asked with his soft, squinty smile.

“Yes father, I would be happy and honored to tell my little sister the news. She will be so excited.”

Robb came up to her as Eddard left and gripped her shoulder. “I can’t wait to see the Queen wrapped around Arya’s finger. I am thinking we could have a triple wedding in the Godswood,” he said nervously.

Sansa thought only for a moment. “What a great idea!” She just knew Margaery would be excited too.

A lift in her step, she strolled out to the practice yard. Sure enough, Arya was there shooting her
arrows at a pin cushioned target, each one hitting the small center ring side by side, with a few partially split from multiple hits in the tight grouping.

“Arya … can I have a moment of your time?” She asked

Arya put down her bow and came over to her.

Sansa had thought to tease her sister with the information to draw it out, but decided that would demean the importance of this particular mission.

“Tomorrow you will be going South to the Queen, Arya.”

Sansa chuckled seeing Arya processing the news for a moment, and then jumping up and down, pulling Sansa into a hug and whooping.

Sansa silently thanked her father for letting her have this moment with her precious little sister.

“Yes! Yes! Oh my gods Sansa,” Arya squealed, shaking her sister’s shoulders maniacally. “I can’t wait to meet her.” Then in a small voice she asked: “Do you think she’ll like me Sansa—you’re the beautiful one.”

“Arya Stark, stop that this moment! You are hot, and any woman can see that! She’ll fall for you so hard Arya … she’ll be begging you to be her wife!”

“I… yes. She will!” Arya suddenly barked, her confidence rekindled. “Oh gods I can’t wait for tomorrow morning!” Arya was still a bundle of excited nerves as she unstrung her bow.

Sansa left her sister with a big smile on her face, and returned to her shared quarters – and to Margaery.

Once back with her love and confidante, the first thing she did was share the news of Arya going South to meet the Queen. Margaery had shared her joy.

Sansa told her lover the only thing she worried about was Arya’s innocence. The Queen was an experienced woman, according to all Sansa had read in her reports. Would she find Arya too provincial and too inexperienced? Would she find her sister to be the unique, wonderful woman she was? She gnawed her lower lip with the fear she had not expressed in front of Arya.

Margaery had chuckled. “Sansa … I think Daenerys will fall for Arya so hard. My grandmother thinks she needs a warrior woman that has not been hardened or become bitter … that still has that touch of innocence to her. She offered me up, knowing that the Queen would only select me if no such woman appeared. Now she will. Arya will sweep the Queen off her feet - mark my words, Sansa.”

Margaery’s full support for her sister made Sansa’s blood flow hot and her pussy moist. She had wanted to make love right then, but Margaery wanted to first go over what had occurred in today’s meetings.

Sansa smiled at her lover. She would have wanted to know exactly what was going on in any meetings Margaery attended without her as well. They were so much alike.

Sansa mused with Margaery on how to get the Constituencies of the South to accept the truth when the time came to reveal it. Why should anyone believe them? No one aside from the North truly believed. House Tully and the Vale only half believed but the felt the need to support Eddard fully. They felt Wall was worth fighting for if only to keep the Wildlings pinned to the North of the Wall.
Sansa loved the intelligence in Margaery’s eyes when she mulled over a problem. The same spark was there when Sansa had told Margaery of Jon and his wives. Eddard had only told her and Robb of the twist of events at the Wall, they had to keep secret the attempted assassination to keep the lords from demanding justice. But Sansa could never keep anything from Margaery.

Margaery had known of the priests from Asshai and their worship of R’hllor. Her grandmother had dealings with one in her youth and had made a study of them. She told Sansa that these priests and priestesses had great power. She described how they could supposedly create horrible monsters from shadows to appear out of nowhere and disappear unseen, even if right in front of you.

Sansa looked up at Margaery when she heard her lover’s voice trail off. She had a distant, thoughtful look on her face.

“You have told me Sansa, how you and your father and brother have wondered how Jon knows so much about the Ice King … it’s his wives. They are spying somehow on the Ice King unobserved. I can’t prove, but I can feel it. I just wonder how they do it…

“What we need to do is get Melisandre and Ygritte to meet the leaders at someplace they must gather.” Margaery paused to look at the map Sansa kept on her table of the territory of the North. “Hhhmmmm I would say at the Frey’s castle … no, it is not on the main route north … Yes. Moat Cailin is the spot—it’s a choke point.

“We will meet the Queen’s forces there and get these Shadowbenders to show the high lords the truth. Then we can move north in unison to meet and defeat the Ice King.”

Sansa felt her heart beating harder in her chest. Margaery was totally declaring herself as hers with her insights; looking at events as a person of the North and not from Highgarden. The Ice King was now her personal problem, too.

Sansa’s love for Margaery grew even hotter. Margaery was born just for her, Sansa’s heart told her.

Margaery looked up and saw the look on Sansa’s face and a brilliant smile appeared on her face reflecting the love that Sansa knew was on her face.

“You are brilliant Margaery!” Sansa gushed.

Margaery preened beautifully in response. She tilted her neck, exposing it to Sansa. Sansa’s mouth watered in response.

At dinner in the main hall, Sansa would tell her father the great idea that Margaery had come up with. Margaery, with her knowledge and cunning, had figured out a way to bring the South into the fold. This might be the final element to bring Westeros together as a whole to fight the Ice King.

Sansa stepped up to Margaery and gripped her smaller lover by the shoulders, then slowly pushed her back into one of the chairs near the hearth. Margaery looked up at her with limpid, burning eyes.

“Pull your dress up, Margaery.” Sansa spoke with quiet command as she got on her knees before her lover.

“Pull your silk undergarments to the side … that’s right—show me that pretty pussy… you’re so wet for me, baby,” Sansa moaned, lowering her face to her lover’s pussy.

Arya

Arya had had a hard time getting any sleep. She was awake and up before the birds even had started
to sing for the dawn, full of restless energy. Since went to her window and threw it open and savored the clean pure air. She breathed in deep. It would be a long time before she slept in this room again.

Arya quickly dressed in her traveling clothes. She and four bannermen were going to be riding south incognito. They would be traveling fast, paralleling the King’s Road and only crossing over it to stay at an inn every so often.

Her father had arranged to have fresh horses provided at stopping points all the way down to the Greywater Watch, crossing the territory of the Reeds. They would meet their representatives at the edge of the marshlands, who would then take them to the Seat of the Reeds.

She would lose a day traveling through the marsh, but would make it up traveling down the Green Fork River. House Tully had arranged to have a river galley ready for her. They would sail down the Green Fork through the Twins, down to the Crossroads Inn and then get back on the King’s Road for the final leg of the journey.

Arya looked at the rain clouds. It had been raining steadily, and would make river travel even faster. She was anxious to start off.

She ate a quick meal, then returned to her room to gather her weapons. She had her bow and her bastard sword, along with her precious Needle. She had spent an hour sharpening her swords to razor sharpness. She was going south to become the warrior she was born to be. She would take Daenerys Targaryen as her wife as she had dreamed of for almost five years.

Nymeria was ready to set out with her. The wolf was sitting down looking at her expectantly her long tongue lulled out as she panted. Her intelligent wolf was avid for adventure too Arya knew. They would have many grand adventures in the Queen’s service Arya thought.

Arya knelt before her mighty Direwolf. She rubbed Nym behind her ears liked she liked it. She rubbed her cheek along her wolf’s face as the dog woofed softly. “Nymeria, I want you to range before us. You can’t be seen by anyone while we are on the main road.”

“I am having to move in stealth. In the North, all know of the great Nymeria. I would be given away.” The wolf looked at her with a look that said “you are right all know of my greatness.” Arya scratched behind Nymeria’s ears and the wolf’s tongue lolled out, her yellow eyes staring at her master. The clever wolf woofed and pushed into the fingers scratching her so delightfully.

“You need to keep out of sight until we make camp at night out in the wilds. You must run with your cousins.” The wolf looked pleased at that. “You can be with me in the open again when we reach the land of the Crannogmen, and then ride the boat with us down the Green Fork. You understand?”

“Whoofff!” Arya again was so thankful that Jon had found them their direwolves so many years ago. She hoped that Jon was well at the Wall. She missed his gentle presence. It had only been Jon that truly understood Arya and freely accepted her wild free spirit.

“Good girl.”

She went down the stairs and out to the main yard. There she met the four men she would be travelling with. She laughed and joked with them, building some rapport for the trip ahead. Everyone quieted when Eddard walked out to meet them. He shook each man’s hand, and pulled them in for a quick hug. He reminded them of the gravity of the mission, and to protect his daughter. The men all assured Eddard Stark that Arya would be safe in their care.
Her father came to her last and hugged her hard, ruffling her hair. He pulled back and looked closely at his daughter. He seemed to be satisfied with what he saw in his daughter’s eyes. He gave her the scroll closed with his seal, and told Arya that she was deliver it the moment she arrived at King’s Landing. The message was most important. She was to only give it to the Queen. It had to be given directly to the her.

Arya told her father solemnly that he could trust her to fulfill her duty to both him and Throne.

“I know you will, Arya. Go and find your destiny, my daughter.” He again clapped his daughter on the back. “You will not fail me or the Queen Arya. You have my full faith and trust. The old gods are with you Arya.”

Arya swelled up at that.

She strode toward her horse, and saw that Sansa and Margaery were standing beside it. They were standing close, but not holding hands. Arya hated that they could not openly show their love for each other. She had seen them in the privacy of the royal chambers holding hands with interlocked fingers, and knew it was what they wanted. It was what she wanted.

She could see herself and Daenerys walking such. The Queen would make it that same-sex couples could openly show their love. She felt it. The Queen would never hide her away.

Sansa looked at her with mirth in her eyes. They both teased her about being so anxious to get off and begin her journey to meet the Queen. Arya could only smile and shuffle her feet. She knew her desire to be off was almost palatable. She was sure it was written all over her face.

Arya enjoyed how she and Sansa finally seemed to be able to communicate with each other as adults now. Finding out her sister was gay too had allowed them to bond. She was truly coming to like her sister. She had once thought such a thing was simply impossible.

Margaery came to the fore. She got before Arya and placed her hands on Arya’s shoulders. She locked eyes with Arya. Arya gave Margaery her full attention.

“You are a virgin Arya.”

Arya looked away.

“Look at me, Arya” Margaery asked in a gentle tone.

“Margaery is not demeaning you Arya. Daenerys Targaryen will cherish the gift you will give her little sister.”

Arya considered that and smiled. Sansa and Margaery loved her and were trying to give her heartfelt advice. She gave Margaery her full attention. She was not disappointed.

“Remember, first suck her clt slow and deep, then suck on it with harsh, fast sucks as you flutter your tongue over it, and then lap, still sucking hard so you can tongue lash the Queen clt’s with the flat of your tongue. Back and forth and vary length and force of your tongue work and sucks. But use lots of fluttering tongue. Not many woman use that technique. It will blow the Queen’s mind away I assure you.”

“I want you to do lots of tongue lapping with your head working up and down. When you work a woman’s clt it is all about friction, rasping sensations and pressure. When you do that, push your tongue down hard into her clt so you can rasp it with the length of your tongue as you lick it. Just keep licking and sucking hard - she’ll die from it.” Margaery told Arya soberly.
Arya knew her eyes were large hearing all this sweet information. She would make the Queen hers. She so wanted to suck Daenerys Targaryen off. Again and again! She had seen women fuck warging through Nymeria but hearing what to do with a woman’s pussy in your mouth was vital information. It would help her rock her Queen’s world.

She would be an innocent true but with Margaery’s advice she would blow Daenerys mind. Arya was feeling more confident.

“Also one more thing. Don’t use this one all the time. Keep it special but use it the first time to blow her mind. Press in on her belly hard just above her clitoral hood. Hard Arya. It puts pressure on all the sweet spots in a woman’s belly. It will make a dying orgasm rekindle and a strong one explode. Got that?”

Sansa couldn’t help but laugh when Arya’s face went beet red. She looked like she had been poleaxed.

Arya was terribly embarrassed, but she memorized the important tidbits of information. She was in debt to her sister and lover. She so longed to make Daenerys Targaryen totally hers and this information would help her so much. She would sweep the Queen off her feet. She could just feel it. She would make the Queen’s hers from their first meeting.

Arya went up to her sister and her lover. They each hugged her tight, and told her to be careful. Arya felt tears in her eyes and sniffled to hold them in. Sansa did not fight it and the tears rolled down her cheeks. Margaery looped her arm around Sansa’s waist not caring who might see. She needed to comfort her woman.

Arya mounted her horse and without further delay her and her men rode out of the gates of Winterfell at a gallop to the blare of war horns echoing off the landscape. She looked back at the gate. Her father, sister and Margaery were there. They waved to her as she rode off. She returned their waves of parting. She then turned around and traveled down the King’s Road and moved towards her destiny that awaited her in King’s Landing.

Arya felt exhilarated. Nymeria felt it too, setting off at a fast run and soon disappearing into the woods. The wolf was going to enjoy her time in the wilds.

Once the castle was out of sight for an hour they moved off the road and kept to the tree line. They did not want to be seen and recognized on the King’s Road. One never knew what spies may be on the road. This close to Winterfell they might easily identified.

Two hours later the horses were at a steady walk between gallops for rest. She saw on the horizon three dots flying high, but below the high scudding clouds. The Queen’s dragons were flying in a straight line. The times before when the dragons appeared, they seemed to lull across the sky with no particular urgency or clear direction.

Not today.

The dragons were flying at an amazing speed. She could tell by the way they were working their wings even more speed was capable from them, should it be required. She waved her arms trying to catch their attention, but the dragons moved straight north with purpose. It wasn’t long before the horizon had swallowed them up.

Arya deflated a little. She loved dragons and she was sure that her future wife had to have been on the huge black one - a big dragon for a tall, mighty warrior.
Arya deflated further when the clouds lowered and a heavy rain began to fall. Even with her long rain cloak she was soon soaked. Her feet became quite uncomfortable in her boots, and her respect for her father and brother rose even higher. To willingly spend time in this kind of weather when it was demanded – it was teaching her that being warrior was not all battles and glory. She felt like a drowned rat.

Her wet clothes clung to her body. The wet fabric drawing her heat from her body. She shivered. She moved on. Her feet feeling wet and miserable as water wicked into her boots. She knew she would have to keep her feet clean and get her boots off at night to keep fungus off her feet.

For the first day the rain would pause every so often, but from the second day onward it was a steady and heavy. They kept off the road by day and traveled the local tracks and animal paths that paralleled the King’s Road. They headed back towards the road to an inn they had marked out on their map for the trip south. On the third night no inn was available, so they camped underneath a small strand of trees that only partially shielded them from the rain.

They had difficulty in getting a fire going but her men succeeded. The fire gave off little heat.

Nymeria came loping into the camp and flopped down, curling around Arya’s feet in her lean-to. The wolf’s body heat felt heavenly on Arya’s cold extremities. Arya felt a little bad for her traveling partners but only a little. Having a Direwolf as your trusted friend had its advantages.

The next morning Nymeria licked her master’s face in the predawn light to rouse her, then was off to join the wolves she was meeting along the way. The nights they stayed at inns on the road Arya could hear the howl of wolves off in the distance. She knew Nymeria would be running with her cousins.

Several times Arya warged into Nymeria’s body while she was warm and dry in an inn’s bed. She had always enjoyed warging into Nymeria when she was on a hunt or running with her distant wolf cousins. Arya saw how all wolves, female and male, bowed before Nymeria’s sheer power. It was the same way Arya pictured both men and women bowing before Daenerys - she commanded that kind of respect.

As Nymeria towered over all other wolves her Queen’s tall stature made her tower over her subjects. Arya would love taming the towering Dragon. She would use her warrior skills and wily wiles to seduce the Queen into her bed. She would figure out the height difference when the time came.

On the twelfth night out from Winterfell they stopped at another inn. They were now some distance from Arya’s home and the chance of being spotted was lessening each day. Much of the traffic on the King’s Road were merchants and farmers who kept very close to their farms.

The northern crew rented a large room at the top of the stairs with a warm fireplace. They put on a change of clothes and put their traveling clothes out to dry before the hearth, reveling in the warmth. The men changed first and left for their meal. Then Arya changed. They had pulled off all the Stark sigils and dressed in plain traveling shirts, trousers and cloaks with the hoods pushed back.

Arya went back down the stairwell to the common room. It was a modest sized room with ten rectangular tables. The tables were able to six people on each side. They were made of roughhewn timbers that had been shaved smooth. The room had two large fireplaces with large fires burning providing warm and light. From the logs supporting the ceiling and for the floor of the second story hung lanterns that had four candles each burning.

A smoky patina hung near the ceiling providing the aroma of pine and charcoal. Two doors with swinging hinges on the North wall gave entrance to the kitchen and storage rooms. The door to the
outside was large and had cross braces to put timbers in to keep the door closed and safe at night.

The common room was filled with local folk and travelers. Several pretty, buxom women were waiting on them and serving the customers when a group of young men came in and took a table near the back. Arya and her men were sitting at a table near the center of the room, enjoying a quiet meal. She had her hair tied in a tight braid down her back, beneath her shirt.

Arya eyed the young women. They were quite comely and Arya loved how the three women wore tight tops that showed off their bosom. She was definitely a tit woman. Not having big beast did that to a woman. She loved seeing their creamy cleavage. She smiled where her thoughts were going.

The young woman waiting on them started flirting with her and Culler Reyne. The buxom brunette seemed to prefer the clean shaven look, as the other three men had full beards and short hair. She did a double take when she realized that Arya was a woman, but she still flirted with her which both pleased and flustered the Stark.

The woman went to take care of the table at the back of the Inn where the young men had gathered. They had ordered a few ales and were feeling quite good and rowdy. Soon Arya heard the woman saying loudly, “Let go of me, you’re hurting me!”

“Come on Kaela, you know you want it … you didn’t say ‘no’ last week.”

“That was then, this is now … you’re drunk and you’re hurting me!”

Arya had turned around, feeling her anger boiling. She started to get up and Culler put his hand on her arm. “This is not our place, girl,” he said, not using her name.

Colton, the leading Northern bannerman, stood up. “Lets go over there … Enith,” he said, looking at Arya, “and see if we can be of assistance.” Colton was six foot two of pure muscle. Arya stalked over with Colton to the table and the struggling Kaela.

“Let her go … it’s obvious she doesn’t want your advances.” Arya told them, as the man gripped Kaela’s arm painfully.

“Fuck off you twerp … hah—you’re a girl! Maybe you want to join us.”

“I said let her go!”

The man gripped the girl harder as Kaela moaned in pain.

Arya’s hand flashed out and grabbed the hand gripping Kaela’s arm and twisted it back, pulling his thumb and the web of his hand over and backward.

“Unnggrrrr!” the man squalled, falling to his knees, his body twisting as he tried to get the painful grip on his hand to ease.

Arya eventually released the man, who surged up and cocked his hand back and threw a punch at her. She easily ducked to the side. He went to throw another punch and his head snapped back with two right jabs and then a left cross smashed into his nose. Blood sprayed everywhere.

“Aaarrgggggg!” the main squealed in pain, his hands covering his nose as blood welled between his fingers. “The bitch broke my nose! The bitch broke my nose!”

The man to his left started to get up but Colton’s fist hit him straight on and he flew into the wall.
behind him and slumped down. Another man surged up and Arya gripped his shirt in both hands, jerking him forward and up as her forehead snapped down in a vicious head butt that rendered him unconscious.

By now three other Northmen had come up behind “Enith”.

“I suggest you all leave now, or I and my four brothers will have to finish kicking your asses,” she snarled.

The men left with sullen glances and muttered curses. The owner of the inn told them to not come back for two weeks and to see if they could learn some manners while they were gone.

After the brawl, Kaela was most attentive to Arya offering her free drinks and food. The owner came to Arya when Kaela was off in the kitchen and patted her shoulder. “Tonight’s your lucky night lass … Kaela will be wanting to bed you!” he said, and left with a wink.

Her tablemates laughed and ribbed Arya about the ‘night of passion’ that Kaela had planned for her. Arya’s face remained red through it all, sure that everyone was teasing her. Then she thought for a few moments of her lack of experience and Margaery’s advice. Would the Queen find her wanting in the bedroom…?

Even if she did, Arya really wasn’t tempted. She wanted her first time to be with Daenerys. She wanted to lose her virginity with the Dragon Queen. She may have been childish in her desires, but she couldn’t help her feelings. She had not even met the woman and she was hopelessly in love with her.

She was tired and told her traveling companions she was going to bed. She was surprised when none offered to escort her. At the previous inns at least one had stayed close at all times to protect her, even though she didn’t need it.

Arya’s chest puffed out. She had proven her metal to her traveling companions. She had shown them that she was a Direwolf! They had seen her practice on the practice fields but she had proven her worth in real life. Yes, she was a Direwolf ready to meet any challenge!

She went upstairs and got out of her clothes and underneath the covers in the bed. She had one to herself, the other four had to share two more between them. She was just starting to drift to sleep when the door opened. She was shocked into alertness when a body got into her bed and pressed against her, definitely female and was undoubtedly naked. It was filled soft curves and warmth.

A mouth found her ear “I’m going to fuck you so good Enith … I’m going to suck on your clit till you scream and cum so hard in my mouth! We will fuck the night away my sweet benefactor. I will ride my plump pussy in your mouth and cum wailing as my cunt fills yours mouth and stomach with my hot creamy cum!” the familiar buxom brunette purred.

Arya was like a cat the way she jumped out of the bed. Her guest sat up, her nude body so beautiful in the faint light of the low burning fire in the hearth. She felt Kaela watching her as she hopped around, putting on her clothes haphazardly.

Her shirt on inside out, Arya sputtered to the beautiful woman that she was sorry but she had to leave because, well, she just had to. Kaela watched Arya as she fell onto her ass trying to put her right boot on.

Kaela must have clued in to Arya’s inexperience. “It’s alright that you’re a virgin! I will be gentle … let me blow your mind Enith—no one knows how to make a woman cum like another woman can—
I’ll make you scream all night baby! I’ll suck your cunny so good! I’ll make your pussy explode in my mouth. I’ll lick and tongue fuck your asshole as I finger fuck you cunt soooooo good and make you cum again and again!”

Arya spluttered. She needed to save herself for her so tall Queen.

“Let me teach you Enith! I will show you the heavens of lesbian pleasure!”

Arya became wild-eyed as she grabbed her rain cloak and ran out of the room in a rush. Gods she was so flustered! She had to save herself for Daenerys!

Kaela was left sitting in an empty room, her naked breasts rising and falling with her increased breathing as she looked out the still-open door. Her pussy was swollen and sopping wet and her nipples rock hard and aching to be sucked. “Well shit!”

Ygritte

The flames were blazing in the hearth, Ygritte and Melisandre lay on their sides enfolding each other in their arms and twined legs. They had fucked heatedly for several hours to give them the strength and love they needed to make yet another visit to the lands of ice and death.

She and her wife up in the far north in their spirit form, and settled into the sabrecat again. They had emerged within animal with its wet pelt, covered in filth. They shambled into the camp of the Ice King, their eyes ablaze with blue light, their steps unsure and halting. They slowly walked by the throne with the Horn of Winter looped over a spire. As long as that horn was there then the Ice King was still not ready to move south towards the Wall.

They slowly moved around the camp, searching for the Ice King. After thirty minutes they felt confident that he was off on some mission. Over the year they had been spying on the Ice Wight, and they had seen him leave on three previous occasions. They continued on their walk throughout the camp. They saw several large Ice Wights that were passing a cup to the ‘young’ who slurped the liquid down, their bodies shivering as a sudden growth spurt gripped them. Immediately their bodies grew marginally taller and more robust.

After another hour of reconnaissance they shambled back towards the bog. They milled around, thirty yards from the Ice Throne. They eyed the Horn of Winter with longing, but they could discern the powerful, invisible wards guarding the Horn. The Shadowbenders could feel the stink of the Croyel on the magic spells protecting it. They may be able to breach the wards, but that would leave them open to both attack and death. This was not an option. They returned their borrowed body back to the bog again, reuniting it with its long dead brother.

They struggled back to consciousness in their room and bed. They turned to lay on their sides looking at each other with soft eyes. They had seen horrors but were slowly recovering. Melisandre pulled Ygritte to her and kissed her deeply as the woman with sun kissed hair moaned deep in her chest. Melisandre knew how to put the horrors behind them.

Ygritte cried out into Melisandre’s mouth when her wife slowly slide two fingers deep into her snatch that was already wet. The tall woman from Asshai slowly pumped her fingers in out her wife’s now greasy fuck hole. They broke their kiss gasping and Melisandre gagged out in helpless pleasure feeling Ygritte slide first one, then two and quickly a third finger into her snatch.

They finger fucked each other’s cunt with hard pumping hands slamming fingers in hard and deep. Their cunts making watery noises of being well fucked. They looked deeply into each other’s eyes. Their in sync bodies rose up in hot spasms of raw need. Their bodies soaked in sweat that ran down
their bodies and faces. Their eyes locked they watched each other fall off the precipice of ecstasy at the same moment.

Then they could not focus on each other as their body bucked and convulsed wildly. Their hot cunts clamped and clenching on the fingers pounding their exploding quims that soaked their hands, groins, bellies and legs in hot gushes of cum. They screamed and screamed in shocking bliss. Their pleasure so intense it was almost agonizing as their pussies felt like they were trying to tear themselves inside out with hot convulsions ripping through their cunts.

They sobbed in spent pleasure and love and kissed deeply pulling sweat soaked bodies tight and enjoying their bodies shared warmth. They tiredly crawled out of their sweat and cum soaked bed. They went to the sofa by the fire. They sat on the cushioned bench. They hugged and kissed sweetly enjoying life and love. They whispered and murmured words of endearment.

They were so in love along with their husband Jon. They had the perfect equilateral triangle. Their love in perfect balance.

The tall redhead grabbed a few logs and threw them into the fire to keep it burning strong.

“You can feel it too, can’t you love?”

“Yes. Strong forces are at work far to the north.”

Melisandre came and sat back down beside her wife, pulling the woman who was kissed by the sun into her side. They both snuggled into each other, enjoying warmth and companionship.

For twenty minutes they watched in silence only broken with Melisandre throwing in a few more logs. They could feel something in the air - something big was about to happen. They waited.

Suddenly, both women’s relaxed bodies snapped to attention. They could see birds flying in a cyclone. A black dragon diving at break neck speed. A man buried in the Earth, the roots of a tree burrowing into his flesh. They saw the Wall exploding into blue light and great hidden magic flaring to life. They saw a frozen man. They saw teenagers digging into the earth. They saw dead animals pecked to shreds by the wildly attacking birds.

Anger, triumph and pain burst through their bodies, one emotion chasing the next. They felt the sting of both ice and heat. Birds were pecking their bodies from their hair to their feet, and screams of pain and anger filled their minds.

Swords slashed and parried. They saw warriors with white hair fighting with dragons. The dragons hopping and shooting out long tongues of fire.

The two Shadowbenders gripped each other. Elk, birds, Direwolves and dragons were in a confusion of fighting and retreating. They caught glimpses of the Ice King and Croyel.

It was a long time before the images faded.

The women were left drained. There was no doubt - something had happened.

They focused and felt the Ice King and his vile son. They were not sure exactly what they had witnessed - so many visions and players were in the flames.

They were sure that when they saw the Ice King, there had been a battle. It must have been with the Queen… but how? The land was not perpetually dark; the fight had been on a hill with an enormous Weirwood tree. The fight had been over the tree. What was the tree? What was so important about
The amount of magic used in the fight had been staggering. The dragons had been enraged as they fought.

The Shadowbenders were not used to this kind of combat. Their fights were usually in the shadows, and more one-on-one. They were stunned at sheer force and savagery of what they had felt. They could sense that no quarter had been asked for or given.

They held and comforted each other.

Finally, they got up and prepared a meal. They had no need to eat, but their husband did. They heated up a thick beef stew. Ygritte put in pinches of herbs to add a bite to the hearty food. They loved making their husband’s meals special for him; they loved making him happy. He in turn was always doing special things his wives liked.

They cut slices of thick black bread and pulled out butter.

They poured the thick mead that Jon liked with his dinner.

Five minutes later Jon returned home. He saw the meal and thanked them profusely for fixing it for him. They loved how he was so polite and constantly thanked them for all the things they loved doing for him.

He hugged each wife and kissed them on the lips sweetly.

He sat down at the table and ate heartily. He asked them what was on their mind, sensing they had seen some visions in their flames. He may be Azor Ahai reborn, but he still had none of his wives’ magical skills or abilities to read the flames for portents of current events or possible future happenings.

His wives told him clearly and succinctly what they had seen in the enemy’s camp while morphed into the dead animals they used. They then told him of their visions in the flames. Jon continued to eat slowly, taking in all his wives told him. He asked them to repeat a few visions and asked a few questions.

Jon finished his meal, and settled on the small sofa in the corner of their abode. He sat in the middle, his wives sitting down beside him and snuggling into his strong male body. They leaned into him, happy and content, feeling safe with his strong arms around them.

He told them he was sure that the fight had been at the Tree of Life. It was the center of the consciousness of the Weirwoods.

Jon guessed that the teenagers they had seen burying into the hill of the Tree had been on a mission to the tree. He proposed that the Ice King was trying to prevent his.

For some reason the Queen was aiding these teenagers. That was a positive. Anything that opposed the Ice King had to be a positive.

He asked them if they thought the Ice King had been killed or crippled. Could the threat have been removed?

Melisandre and Ygritte looked at each other. No, the Ice King was still alive. They would have felt his death. They had learned his presence, his feel, and it was still there.
They rested together, watching the fire burn while Jon stoked it, knowing his wives loved to have the flames burning hot when they were out of bed.

“What do you feel this means my wife and husband?” Ygritte asked.

Melisandre, her usual quiet self, only murmured.

Jon, stroking their hair, could only sigh. “Only time will tell. Only time will tell, my sweet wives.”

Arya

Arya and her fellow Stark men were making up for lost time. They had lost a little time moving through the rain swollen swamps, but the Reed guides they had met above Moat Cailin guided them unerringly through the bogs and quicksand to the floating island of Greywater Watch.

The Crannogmen had led a swift river frigate from House Tully to the capital of House Reed as well. They had boarded the ship almost immediately.

The ship had ten oars on each side, and two main masts. There was a small crew and thirty armed troops with bows, javelins and swords. One never knew when river bandits would strike.

The leader of House Reed, Howland Reed, and his children, were not present, being off on some unnamed mission.

Once they had made it to the main channel they made good time. Arya was happy to get some shelter out of the rain in the cramped sleeping quarters below deck. Nymeria, not minding the deluge, spent a lot of time on deck at the raised stern looking at the passing shores. The great wolf had met Arya at the marge of swampland.

They passed beneath the Twins and continued down the Green Fork. The rain was constantly falling, making everything grey and dreary. Arya was constantly reminded that adventures and conquest were not all about excitement and the things that the bards sang about. The bards never mentioned toe rot or rashes in one’s crotch from being soaked all the time.

She ate meals of beef jerky with hard bread and cheese. Arya had made sure to have some sides of beef brought on board and put in the frozen stores lockup and five thick ox thigh bones for her Direwolf to gnaw on throughout the trip.

They had come far down the Green fork over the course of four days. They had tied the river frigate up twice at night. This was done when the captain told them they had reached areas were sand bars and twisting channels made it too dangerous to sail at night with no light from the moon made worse by the low rain clouds. When the channel was fairly straight and no sand bars were marked on the navigation maps of the captain the frigate continued sailing making very good time as the men oared in shifts to increase the speed of the passage.

Arya climbed up on the deck and looked forward. The rain clouds had finally lifted and all that was left was a light drizzle. She enjoyed the fine mist on her skin, the way it cooled her. Nymeria sat at her side, pushing into her.

They sailed into a section of the river that had sweeping turns with wide beaches. They came around a bend that narrowed with two massive willow oaks on both opposing shores. From the two trees, four thick hawsers had been strung across the flowing river.

Arya’s eyes widened as the Captain of the river frigate sounded a small war horn. Men came boiling up from below deck in response, weapons in hand. The hawsers were thick and strong looking, the
first three arrayed at two foot intervals over the rushing river and the fourth up high enough to slash over the deck if the boat somehow broke through.

The oars backstroked hard, all of the crew knowing the lines could cause serious damage if the ship struck them at full speed. Nymeria began howling, looking over at the trees. Arya warged into the direwolf, and with her keen eyes spotted archers hiding in the trees.

“Archers in the trees!”

The crew immediately ducked down, the first arrows whistling past ears.

Arya had her weapons by her feet and quickly strung her bow. She heard a shout behind her. She looked back up the river and five large barges were now pushing off the shore from their hiding place in the reeds. The barges were filled with ruffians. Arya had a good eye for martial men being the daughter of a Warden.

These men were not soldiers but instead brigands. They did not have the matching clothes of true armed unit and what armor they wore was mismatched and ill fitting. Arya was not impressed. Still they would have numbers and weapons. Any armor was better than no armor. She took a deep breath. She looked within herself. She was scared but her father had told her that was a good thing. “It gives you energy and focus Arya. Use that to stay alive.”

Arya warged back into Nymeria and spotted two archers over the left bank. The men sitting on massive bows of the trees they were in. Arya removed an arrow from her quiver and notched her bow string. She raised her bow and sighted her shaft. She took a deep breath and paused. Her bow thrummed once. Quickly with practiced ease of muscle memory she pulled a second arrow and sighted it. Her bow sung true as she released the bowstring by her ear. The men dropped from the trees - one to lie lifeless on the ground, the other falling into the river.

Arya paused, realizing what she had done. She had just killed two men! They were trying to kill her! Killing brigands in self-defense was honorable.

The rails of the ship were now lined with Tully archers. A few had jumped on the aft castle where storage and steerage was and were using the elevation to fire down on the advancing enemy. Where the brigands had mismatched clothes all the men on the ship from House Tully were matched in their garb and their armor. They were professionals.

Arrows were flying from the barges as they let the current pull them towards the boat. The bandits had shields while the Tully men used the ship rails and upper aft cabin for cover. The rails had cutouts to provide firing ports. A Tully man fell dead, an arrow through his throat. Arya felt her eyes narrow in rage. She waited for men to start to move their shields aside to the side to let their bowmen fire, and her arrows whistled into the brief opening, killing the bowmen as they loosed their own arrows.

Some of the arrows missed as her body was buffeted by the men beside her and the shield men closed the gaps seeing arrows flying towards them.

The river frigate thumped into the hawsers and the ship pivoted around with the current to press against the lines that sagged back, but held. She fired arrows up into the trees when she spotted archers up in the limbs. Nymeria was running back and forth on deck, anxious to attack her enemies.

“Nymeria stay down! You’ll get hit by arrows dammit!”

“Arrryyywwoo0000! Aarrrrrrryyyyywwoo00000000!” Nymeria howled in rage. The wolf slunk low to
the deck by the rail for protection from hated missiles of her master’s enemies.

The first barges continued approaching the ship. More archers from the ship had killed most of the remaining threats in the trees with unerringly, skillful shots at half-hidden targets. The arrows the ruffians shot towards the frigate gave away their general hiding position.

Arrows were fired furiously in both directions from the barges and frigate. The barges thumped into the ship, and grappling hooks with rope ladders caught on the rails. Reinforcements appeared on the shore and began firing arrows at the ship.

Arya and the men on the ship stayed low. The barges were the immediate threat. Arya wondered about these raiders - attacking a war ship was not very smart. A man came up over the edge and immediately fell back with a javelin thrown though his chest. More men’s heads started to appear, some right in front of her.

Wasting no time she picked up her swords. Nymeria suddenly jumped up, her mouth snapping shut on a man’s head, his screams cut off as Nymeria’s massive jaws crushed his skull like an egg. Blood and brain splashed out all over Arya; she never even felt it. Nymeria ducked back down, licking her snout.

A hand gripped the rail and her bastard sword swept back and down, chopping it in half and dropping him back down onto his barge with a ruined hand. His screams of agony filled the air. More men continued forcing themselves onto the ship, some feathered with arrows and more dead with javelins impaling torsos. Several men of the ship’s crew were lying dead with arrows protruding from them.

A group of brigands made it to the deck, and now the clash of swords could be heard.

A shout went up as ropes were tossed from the shore, grappling hooks catching on the ship. Men were pulling themselves along the lines toward ship! "How many are there?" Arya wondered. A man jumped onto the ship in front of her, and Nymeria lunged at him, backing away as a battle ax barely missed her.

Arya ran by her direwolf. No one threatened her wolf! Arya dogged an axe swing bending low and then lunged up. She shoved her sword between the man’s ribs and up through his heart. Blood poured down her sword and soaked her hand in his hot red blood. His eyes went blank as she pulled her sword out again, and he crumpled.

A man had snuck up on her from behind but Nymeria had bitten his hip and he howled in agony. He gripped his sword with both hands to drive it down through the Direwolf’s skull. Arya ran needle through his left eye and out the back of his head. The man’s body convulsed wildly his limbs jerking in his death dance.

She pulled her sword out the jerking dead man and Nymeria spit out his ruined hip looking for another foe to kill.

More men had gained the deck and some were coming in from the shore too. Arya retreated, finding a quiver full of arrows. She shot several bowmen on the shore to her left and then feathered two men pulling themselves on the ropes towards the ship, dropping them into the Green Fork.

Nymeria was cornered by two men against the forward mast. Two arrows shot out Arya’s bow almost simultaneously and both men dropped down. One man rose up with Arya’s arrow jutting out his chest. Two Tully men hit him at the same time with arrows to his upper chest and he fell to not move anymore.
Nymeria ran forward and leaped through the air and tore the throat out of one man and a Tully man split another’s skull in half.

Arya had moved back to get her bow. She dropped her swords to use her bow.

Two more men pulled themselves over the rail beside Arya. She swung her bow, hitting the closest man in the ribs and folding him over. She used the momentary distraction to bend down quickly and pick up her swords again. She blocked the second man’s clumsy sword strokes and rode her sword up his blade into his throat, below his Adam’s apple and severing his spine as he crumpled dead. She arched her bastard blade down and severed the first man’s spine as he hacked for breath killing him.

She blocked another man’s downward stroke with her short sword and needle lunged upward, running into his stomach and up through torso piercing his liver and jutting out his back. The man struggled. She pulled needle down and out and lunged up again piercing his heart killing the man. She pulled her blade out. The immediate rush had been stopped.

She picked up her bow and shot a man through the neck that had been dueling with a Tully man near the second mast. She turned and killed another two men on the barges. She looked at bank and traded shots with men on the bank. She felled three more men. She saw another wave of men coming over the rail. The Tully men retreated from the rail and sent a blizzard of arrows into the men but many still gained the deck. Some with arrows jutting out their bodies.

A large hulk stormed toward Arya. She dropped her bow and picked up her bastard blade. The man’s sheer size would give him power. She blocked his clumsy sword strokes parrying them off to the side or away and down.

After twenty second of furious chops and parries she saw her opening. Her sword bit into the large man’s ribs. He had chainmail on underneath his thick fur vest. Her sword did not penetrate the links but drove them into his body and broke two ribs.

The man staggered but recovered wheezing and swung down on Arya. She pivoted to the side and was behind the man. Her sword arched down hitting the man’s leg at the knee nearly severing his leg. The man screamed and fell to the rail and hung onto it gasping.

Arya’s sword arched and cleaved into his neck lodging into his spine sticking between the vertebra. His spinal cord had been severed with bone splinters. He was dead slumping down.

More raiders were feathered with arrows or chopped down.

The brigands had given up the fight. They were jumping over the rails and diving into the river. They left the survivors to their fate.

The battle was over.

Arya looked around. She saw Nymeria move up to a brigand who was trying to crawl away. Her massive jaws snapped shut on his neck, severing his spine, tendons and veins.

Arya started so shake wildly all over with adrenaline rushing hard through her. She staggered over to the rail, weak-kneed.

She felt humiliated with her reaction. She was a Stark, dammit!

Colton came over to her. “I remember my first battle. I pissed my pants during the fight and threw up after it.”
Arya smiled at him, appreciating his words.

Arya had survived her baptism of combat. She had been afraid but it had only fueled her during the fight. She was proud she had survived.

Her father had once told his sons, and Arya, as they sat around him with rapt attention “I’m always afraid when I go into combat. I use that fear to put me on edge keep me focused. Use that focus to see the whole field of battle and to fight with tenacity. Use your fear to defeat your enemy.”

Arya was elated to be alive. She had killed because she had to, nothing more. She did not feel any special hate for the men that had attacked them, they were just brigands and she was happy that their numbers had been heavily reduced. She had delivered justice as far as she was concerned.

The dullards had fought a wolf and paid the price.

They had lost five Tully men and four were severely wounded. She was angered that men from her mother’s family had died. She burned for vengeance, but contented herself with knowing that the brigands had been so weakened that it would be a long time before they dared attempt another river raid.

The dead had been wrapped in linen and given to the river that gave Tully its life.

Late that night the boat was anchored in a shallow inlet. The men had posted a watch, and a little shot glass of rum had been handed out to everyone to liven their spirits for the battle won. The injured were being tended. Some repairs to rigging and attachment lines was performed.

The men sung and told tall tales of combat and victories won.

Arya had stayed below decks. She had asked Colton for some alone time. He had just smirked at her.

Her hands were sopping wet. Her clothes had been thrown in a heap on the floor. Her cunt, belly, ass and thighs were soaked in her cum. Gods she loved being covered in sweat and her groin soaked in her hot cum. She loved to have masturbation marathons but there was an urgency above just the need to cum tonight. She had already Jilled off four times as her cunt felt like it was ripping itself to shards and her nipples nearly bursting as her pulse hammered in her swollen bulbs with each gut wrenching orgasm.

She understood the term ‘battle lust’ much better now. The need to find life and pleasure after a hard battle that has been fought and won. She was no longer a novice. She was now cupping her left hand over her muff and pressing it down with her right hand. Her hands covered with soaking cum making them slicked. Her palm a blur as she rubbed up and down her swollen snatch. Her crotch hair matted with cum and rolling beneath her palm.

Her head was lulling from side to side as ecstasy filled her pussy and shot down her limbs making her toes curl and fingers on her right hand claw into the back of her rubbing left hand. “Unggg uunnggg … ohhhhhh—shit! Hhnnggggg hhnnnggg uunnggg!”

She flexed her hips lifting her twat into her rubbing palm. The friction was making clit scream in pleasure and again her nipples were on fire hammering her brain and clit with hot pulses of raw almost agonizing pleasure.

“Oh Gods!” Arya gasped. Her body was tensing up. Her gut wrenching with each spasm rocking her hard warrior body. Her belly turning to harden steel. Her head started to pulse up off the thin mattress. Arya’s eyes squeezed shut tight. Her pussy was pulsing hard and it felt like a fist had
formed in her belly and was twisting. She rubbed even harder and faster on her spasming cunt. Her head jerked up high off the bed and then slammed back.

"Aoowwwwmmnnngghhhhhhhhhhh!" Arya groaned deep in her chest as her body humped up desperately her ass cheeks clenching and her thigh trembling as she surged her cunt up into her wildly rubbing hands. The first pulse had stunned Arya. Now the next flowing spasms and pulses of her orgasm destroyed her with fucking bliss “AAAWWOOOGGGGGGGG! AARRRUUUNNGGGGGG! AAANGGGRRRRRR!” the stark fifteen year old screamed as raw agonizing waves of ecstasy pummeled her cunt and ripped it inside out.

Arya flipped and jackknifed up and down as her body surged and bucked as pure fucking bliss burned through her body. Her wails echoed off the wood of her cabin. After twenty seconds she collapsed spent. Arya whimpered and shook violently as strong aftershocks gripped and shook her body hard. Her face scrunching up with ecstasy. Her gritted teeth spraying spittle with her hisses of raw pleasure.

She plucked her bursting nipples jutting nearly two inches up off her barely their breasts. Each squeeze of her pulpy nipples sending arches to her clit that had gagging in helpless pleasure. She worked her body till her body was filled with sweet lassitude.

She knew now she could be a great warrior. She would not shrink on the field of battle. Her father had told her he had seen hulking men that on practice field seemed like mighty warriors indeed but on the actual fields of battle proved to have not the stomach for the fight and shook violently, unable to strike.

Her father always felt pity for such men and sent them back, telling them to feel no shame.

Other men who seemed weak of arm and small of spirit had been lions on the field of battle. Arya was in this camp.

Her Dragon would find Arya to be a fierce Direwolf worthy of her respect and love.

Arya rode the waves of post coital bliss for several minutes.

Arya licked her lips. Her clit had recovered. She knew her body perfectly.

First looked down her chest and spied her half erect nipples. They were already pulsing and swelling reading Arya’s carnal thought. She brought her hands up to her mouth and put her fingers in her drooling mouth and ran her tongue all over the digits soaking them in spittle. She moaned running her tongue over her fingers.

She then took them out her mouth and took her swelling nipples between her spit soaked fingers and thumbs and rolled her fingers around her rapidly hardening nipples. She pressed in hard rotating her fingers around her engorged plum nipples. They filled with fire now so hard and yet still spongy.

She snuck her left her down belly already spasming in anticipation of sweet fucking bliss. Her belly knew of the pleasure soon to be pulsing out Arya’s core and rocking her body. She slowly slide her first two finger deep up her drooling snatch. More cum leaking down her perineum and soaking her asshole and ass cleft in cum. Her fingers instantly soaked again with her creamy cum. She knew her cunny was full of greasy snail snot.

She stroked her fingers deep into her tight couchie in a slow sensual rhythm as she rotated her fingers churning her inner petals and folds. She gagged in helpless pleasure her head thrashing. Her right
hand plucked and pulled on her engorged teats pulling on them making them shriek ecstasy to her brain and clit.

Arya was not even fantasying about her dragon now. She was just focused on pleasure. "Oh fucking gods" Aray gasped as she slipped in a third finger into her cunny. She stretched out her trim and now pounded her cunt hard and deep. Her palm slamming into her vulva as she pounded her cunt. "Unnggg hhnn hhnggg ahmmmmm! Oh gods ... that feels sooooo fucking good!" Arya was now surging her hips up with tight swirls of her hips to take her fingers as deep up possible up her now sloshing quim. "Oh yes ... oh yes!" Arya panted "Yes! Ungghhh! Oh yeessss getting ssooo close ... fuck—shit! ... uunnggg aauuggg aarrgggg!"

It was time to take herself over the edge. She rammed her fingers all the way up her cunt and wiggled them wildly all around. Her snatch splattered out cum as her cunt sounded like a puddle being stomped in. Her right hand flew down and rubbed up and down over her clt. Her fingers flew straight over her clit from top to bottom and back in a blur of fast jerking fingers. Her left hand churning her cunt furiously with her buried fingers.

"Oh fucking gods! AUUNNGGHHAAAllInNMGGGNNEEEE!" Arya wailed, her shrieks rising through the cabin in piercing wails of soul ripping ecstasy. The intensity of the spasms rocking through Arya’s body were fucking searing. The blood in her veins boiled with fucking agonizing pleasure. "Mmnngggggnggggiieeee! Unngghhhiiieeeeee! Mmmngggggggiiieeee! Nnnhhhhiiieeeeee!" Arya screamed, her body jerking and flipping her pelvis jerking high off the bed as her back arched and bucked. Arya’s body was pulverized as wave after wave of an excruciating orgasm wracked her young tight teenage body. Her teenage body shocked with crushing bliss as her womb felt like it had torn out her belly.

Her pussy was spent. She put her cum slicked fingers into her mouth and slowly sucked her cum off the fingers humming in contentment. Her pussy and nipples felt so fucking good. Her belly felt like it was full of creamy cum butter. With the firestorm temporarily abetted Arya’s thoughts drifted back to Daenerys Targaryen. Her thoughts of Daenerys beautiful body filled her dreamy mind. She longed to use Margaery’s instructions to make Daenerys hers.

Her breathing accelerated. Visions of her sucking off Dany had her need returning.

**Eddard**

Eddard was in the Godswood sharpening Evening Star, the hypnotic sound of stone riding up ever sharp blade soothing. He had had fought Loras earlier and been very impressed. The boy had a tendency to turn his left foot in after a minute of hard sword colliding strokes, though. This threw his balance off.

Eddard had told Loras this. At the moment of being corrected, Loras got a haughty look in his eyes. Eddard had started to feel disappointed, but then Loras looked down.

“‘You are right Ser Stark. I have developed a bad habit.’ Loras looked up, smiling. ‘Thank you.’”

They fought hard with Eddard getting in four good strikes. Loras was annoyed Eddard had gotten through his guard, but grit his teeth and kept pressing his attacks.

Eddard liked the boy. He had explained to Loras how he had gotten through his defenses those four times.

Loras had thanked him again. “My grandmother is right, you know.”
Eddard felt his face get a questioning look.

“You should have taken the throne in Robert’s Rebellion. She used to think you could never survive the Game of Thrones, but her thinking is changing.”

Eddard had allowed Margaery to send ravens to Olenna. She could write about anything, but, the strategies of the war council she was privy too. Margaery had easily agreed. “My allegiance is solely with you Father.” That had made Eddard feel so good. He owed the Tyrells that much. To let their daughter communicate with them. Margaery and Sansa had a code to keep information hidden if read by anyone else so only Olenna could see between the words.

“I am honored.” Eddard responded.

Loras had laughed “No you’re not. You would never want the Throne. You are too honorable.”

Loras paused a moment “You know, if you weren’t so in love with Catelyn and true to her, I would love to fuck you.”

Eddard had been surprised at that. “I will take that as a compliment” he said with a trademark grimaced smile.

Loras had laughed again.

Eddard continued sharpening his sword. He was worried about Arya. Had he done the right thing? Was it the right decision?

His daughter was well on her way to her Queen and future lover. He smiled at that thought. He and Catelyn were talking together the night before as they lay in bed, about planning for a triple wedding. How to make their three children each feel special with their nuptials.

It was a logical decision to give the Queen a hostage to equal out the hostages he had. Also, he was helping his daughter to achieve her dream. Bran’s prophecy had assured him of that.

Bran.

Eddard sighed. Bran had disappeared. His wife had been upset, but he had assured her that he had gone to meet his destiny. When he had told his wife what he thought Bran’s destiny was, she had wept bitterly. He had comforted Catelyn, holding her close. He told her he was sure Bran had been selected for this destiny long before he had been born.

Then there were the ravens back and forth from the queen. He was sorting all of that out. Claims of victory that he was struggling to verify. He knew deep in his bones that the Ice King still lived. He was sure Jon would have sent word of their foe’s death. The Queen was mistaken.

Eddard sighed again. He had already made his decisions. He just had to hope that the end justified the means.

He got up and set out to his first meetings with the War Council, which had been routine. It was good; everything was coming to fruition.

After that he went to see Catelyn. She was doing much better now with Margaery helping and clucking over her. The early morning sickness was remedy when Margaery had provided a natural tea drink. It had been a godsend. The Tyrell’s were renowned with their natural homeopathic remedies gathered with knowledge from tending their vast orchids and gardens they raised. Margaery had been a godsend. His wife was older now, carrying a child was more difficult. She was thankful she was no longer plagued with the vomiting and constantly upset stomach.
Margaery is crafty, Eddard thought as she brought Cat a bowl of ice cream. His wife was now berating Sansa if she even looked cross-eyed at the Tyrell, telling her daughter she had better listen to her future wife. Sansa made sure to turn her head when she rolled her eyes.

Margaery had both his wife and eldest daughter wrapped around her little finger. He could live with that.

Eddard made his way to his wife. He sat down and started to feed her ice cream as she preened. He loved making his Cat happy.

“You know Eddard, Margaery is so thoughtful and sweet. Her intelligence is simply astounding and her cunning! She loves Sansa so much. I can’t wait for them to marry! They will make our Houses even greater!” Now it was Eddard’s turn to turn his head aside so he could roll his eyes.

He saw Sansa and Margaery in a clench in the room behind Catelyn kissing. He remembered the days when he and Catelyn couldn’t keep their hands off each other. He smiled and gave his wife another big spoonful of ice cream. Her stomach was starting to show more now, and he wondered if it would be a boy or girl. He didn’t care either way, so long as it was healthy.

That night he had a private dinner with his son and daughter and their love interests. The Karstarks had come in with all the nobility. He had his children’s lovers at the table attending with them.

He told Robb he thought it was time for him and Alys to stop hiding their relationship. He told them as they looked on, shocked of Eddard’s approval of their pairing. He then looked at Sansa and Margaery. He told them he had already spread word of their pairing. He made it known it had his full approval. If any had problems with their impending nuptials to see him face to face. None had taken him up on the offer he told Sansa and her future wife. They had beamed at that. Sansa was thankful that she could now openly show her love to Margaery.

Eddard knew some of the more conservative Lords might balk a little but Sansa had made most big believers in her and were happy to support the union. The war was making many things possible. They could now openly show their affection and love for each other as Robb could show his affection to Alys in public. He smiled seeing Sansa and Margaery so happy.

The dinner went on with everyone in good spirits and Eddard happy that his children had chosen wisely. Both women his daughters wanted to marry were beautiful, vibrant, strong and intelligent. Alyse would make a great companion and pillar of support for Rob when it came time for him to rule the North.

When all started to leave, Eddard asked Sansa and Margaery to stay a moment. He smiled seeing the immediate tension in their bodies, their hands holding tight with interlaced fingers. They looked at him worriedly. True he had just given his blessings but they must have worried that was all for show somehow. No other Lord was as forward in their thoughts as he was.

“Margaery, you have been a godsend to my wife. Your support and love for my wife has made her pregnancy so much easier. I will be forever thankful for that.”

Margaery smiled.

“But I need more from you, I fear.”

Eddard saw confusion on their faces, and enjoyed the moment.

“Margaery, Sansa has told me all the great ideas and strategies you have been developing when she talks to you after the war council meetings. She has given you full credit to me. I thank you.”
“I live to serve the North now, father.”

Eddard felt a warm rush flow through him. Margaery was a Stark now, in all but name. They would take care of that problem soon enough.

“This relay is not necessary. Tomorrow I want you to start attending all the War Council meetings and any meetings I have with my son and daughter. I would ask you to still help my wife. Can you do this for me Margaery?”

Eddard was nearly bowled over by a squealing, crying Sansa. Margaery was standing with tears in her eyes.

Eddard beckoned her, and she came sobbing into his arms.

His family had indeed grown larger. His daughter had chosen wisely.

Between hiccups Sansa asked about the council.

Eddard smiled down at his two daughters. They voiced their concerns of the other lords. “I will handle that Sansa. I have already talked to Rickard Karstark, Wyman Manderly, and Galbart Glover. They support my decision. You have shown that intelligence, cunning and ability to think strategically and tactics know no sex. You have won them over Sansa. You two sure convinced me!” Eddard said lightheartedly, squeezing his two daughters into his shoulders.

He smiled his patented smile as his daughters preened and cooed in pure happiness.

**Arya**

Arya was so tired. She snorted, remembering how full of energy she had been when she left Winterfell. She had been a child then. The long journey and the combat she had been through had matured her quickly.

She felt more adult, and more the warrior she had always wanted to be. She felt a lump form in her throat for her father. Her father, who never crushed her dream, and subtly helped her to get where she was now.

She remembered her father again and again stepping in with her mother. She smiled at how he would deflect and cajole her mother to let the current incident pass. Again and again her father did this for her.

She loved her father so much.

The trip after the ambush on the river had been uneventful. The men on the boat wanted to chop down the old venerable trees but she and her Stark compatriots had talked them out of the act.

“What did the tress have to do with this? They were only trees. It was man that used them for ill.”

The Tully men had demurred, saying they would let Edmure make the decision.

They had gotten off the boat at Crossroads Inn. They were still in Tully territory, and Edmure had fresh horses waiting for them. They had set down the King’s Road as mere common riders.

Nymeria had jumped off the boat and ran at breakneck speed for a distant copse of trees. The wolf loved being with her master, but she would never miss a chance to run free and find wolves to hunt and frolic with.
They had stayed in inns every night as they were more plentiful in the South. The rain had returned, and Arya had constantly blown air out her mouth up her face to blow droplets off her nose. She shook her head to get the rain droplets off her cowl and eyebrows.

Two nights ago she had nearly been driven wild. They were at the Trout Inn. Fortunately, the men were downstairs drinking and wenching. She had told them to take advantage of any opportunity. Things were much more safe and sedate this close to the Queen’s strong presence.

Nymeria had found a male wolf appealing. He was large and strong for his kind. Nymeria ended up mating with the wolf repeatedly. Arya tried to tune out the images and sensations from the direwolf, even as Nymeria was in a state of high emotion and pleasure.

Arya had lain naked on her stomach. She had stuffed a pillow edgewise between her legs and was humping it wildly. She had orgasmed four times, and the pillow was soaked in her cum.

Nymeria had demanded she be mounted again. Arya was gripping the pillow between her hands and sweeping her aching cunt up and down the pillow that was soaked and slimed with her pussy juice. She was in tune with her wolf and fucked like Nymeria was being fucked. She could feel the shaft sliding in and out of Nymeria’s tight cunt. She felt her wolf’s cunt locking down and squeezing the thick shaft fucking it.

Ayra’s eyes squeezed shut tight her ass flexing up and down humping her pillow like Nymeria was being mounted. She felt the male wolf ejaculate in her Direwolf.

Ayra’s eyes rolled back into her skull her pussy exploding and gushing out hot floods of cum again soaking the pillow. “Huuungggggggg! Uunngggggggg! Hhnnggg hhngggg Awwooggggg—oohh Dannnyyyyy!” as Ayra’s body was flooded with ecstasy with thoughts of Daenerys sucking her off. Then images of her fucking Dany as Nymeria was being fucked filled Ayra. She so badly wanted to mount her Queen and fuck her with a cock.

She heard of strap-ons at Winterfell but had not found any women using one. She asked Maester Lewin about it. He had blushed furiously and stammered. That night though he had produced a book that explained the sexual practices of Dorne. He had told Arya in that land homosexuality was not suppressed and many women and men slept with their own sex.

The Maester told Arya the book had illustrations. The heterosexual sections had bored her to tears. The drawings of naked men made her skin crawl. The men were hairy and not appealing at all. But the drawings of the women had turned her on immensely. She had found the section on “toys”. She saw the illustrations of strap-ons and how to put them on and sync up. It explained the basic positions and how to work one’s body to give your woman pleasure.

She hoped Daenerys had such “toys”. The dildos and butt plugs looked very hot too.

The small party had returned to the road yesterday morning. They wanted to blend in with the crowds flowing in both directions on the road. The Northmen could see gathering forces training and exercising in the fields.

Before dawn, Nymeria returned to her master outside the inn. Arya had journeyed a half mile out into the fields to meet her wolf. Arya had ordered Nymeria to stay in the Kingswood; she would call for the direwolf when the time was right. Nymeria licked her face and woofed before loping off for the woods.

The Queen was obviously preparing her forces for action. Arya could easily guess where those troops might be marching to, but her letter from her father would allay the Queen’s fears. She felt
proud and elated that her father had entrusted her with the giving of the message to the Queen.

She was sure that the message of peace and fidelity would help soften the Queen to Arya’s advances. She wondered if she would be sleeping with the Queen on her first night in King’s Landing…

A girl could hope!

The next morning they approached King’s Landing. Arya felt excitement quickly give way to anger when her horse came up lame. The horse limped painfully. Arya dismounted and comforted it. It was not the horse’s fault.

By happenstance a large cart being drawn by two oxen came down the King’s Road towards King’s Landing.

Colton asked the man and his young son if his daughter could ride in the back and offered a gold dragon.

The man had tried to refuse the coin, but took it with Colton’s insistence. Arya was too tired and rain-soaked to refuse. She climbed up on the back, on top of sacks of potatoes.

The ride down to Kings Landing was bumpy and lumpy she clucked to herself. She was definitely not coming to King’s Landing as a conqueror.

She turned around and watched the capital slowly rise up from the haze and rain. It was a mighty city the likes of which was foreign to the young woman. She found herself mesmerized by the sight, enthralled by the many buildings slowly coming into view.

She was not happy she was riding to her Queen on an oxen cart, but a warrior did what was necessary.

They were almost at the gate and she had grabbed her weapons in their cloaks and was getting ready to jump down. At that moment the back axle broke and the left wheel snapped, pitching the wagon over.

“Wwwwhoooooaaaaa!” Arya yelped as she was cast off the cart and face first into the churned mud and filth of the King’s Road.

“Un-fucking believable!” the young Stark exclaimed. She stood up, soaked in mud and other sickening effluent.

Colton came up to her trying not to snicker at his lord’s daughter soaked in mud and piss and maybe something else even worse.

“I think we need to get you to an Inn and cleaned up, Arya” he told her.

Arya was stomping her feet, splashing even more mud up on herself throwing a temper tantrum. “No fucking fair! Arrgggg! Fuck! … No Colton. I was sent here to deliver my message upon my arrival and I am here!!”

Colton thought about arguing but she was his lord’s daughter. Maybe the Queen would be impressed with her dogged determination. Arya had definitely been out in the field.

Arya sat her cloaks down and pulled out her swords and strung her bow and slung her quiver around her body.
Nymeria came in out of the mist having sensed her master’s distress. The guards stiffened and brought their spears down but stilled when they saw the wolf licking the girl’s face and her hugging the very large wolf. Unbelievably, the wolf was not a threat and they relaxed.

“Nymeria. You stay here till I call you. Okay. Everything will be alright.”

Woof! Woof!

Unsullied at the gates studied the girl before them openly arming herself. They glanced at each other, then one of their numbers went into the Keep to fetch a person of command to handle this situation.

Arya and her party came up to the gate.

“I am Arya Stark, daughter of Eddard Stark. I am here to deliver a message to the Queen.” Arya said holding out her letter with her father’s royal seal.

One of the Unsullied raised his eyebrow, but they crossed their spears and told her to wait.

She fumed. She was so close to Daenerys. She could feel her body vibrating with tension and excitement.

A man appeared. He appeared to be like the other guards. He was black of skin and slender. He had the air of command about him. He eyed her closely.

“You say you are Arya Stark?”

“Yes I am. I have a personal message from my father.”

“You have not heard, then?”

“Heard what? I have been traveling hard and fast down from Winterfell. I have travelled out in the elements and fought brigands on the Green Fork to arrive here to relay this message to the Queen. My message is very important and only for the Queen’s eyes. It is from the Warden of the North. My father. We have travelled without fanfare to make sure my message is hand delivered.”

The man looked at her with his intense eyes. He looked at the men that were accompanying her as well. They were relaxed and looking around, unconcerned. These people had no idea. He sent a message to Barristan. He asked them to wait.

The Queen was giving audience and he wanted to make her aware of her important presence.

He introduced himself. “I am Worm Tail of the Unsullied. I command the Queen’s personal guard. We guard her person and her residence.” He gave Arya a grime look as she looked at him blankly.

The man asked Arya about her Needle and she proudly told the bald man of its lineage. She swished the sword and made lunges with excited glee.

The man cocked an eyebrow, impressed with her sense of balance and blinding speed. She reminded him of Syrio Forel.

A man came out to Worm Tail. She saw he was agitated and wondered why.

They were finally to be called in. Worm Tail seemed surprised at something. Arya sensed there was a tension in the air though she could not understand why. The Queen could not have known of her coming. Arya smiled. She was ready to impress the Queen with her prowess and verve. She hoped. She berated herself for her flagging confidence and straightened her back.
Worm Tail turned back to the Northerners. "The Queen commands that Arya Stark meet with the Queen alone. She will be safe."

Arya felt the tension fill her men and Colton started to protest. This broke protocol but Arya was sure the Queen was justified in her royal edict. She was from Essos. Maybe things were done differently there. Arya turned to her men.

"Colton, all is well. I will go and meet with the Queen and then come get you." Her confidence was back. When Colton started to protest she assured him she was equal to the task.

That made the man smile. "I am sure you are Arya. Eddard was most wise in his choice of emissary. Go impress the Queen young wolf."

Arya felt her shoulders square. Yes she would.

She was led into the keep. They walked down corridors to come before a pair tall ornate doors that were cracked open. On them Arya saw ornate dragons carved into the wood. I am so close! Arya thought. My time has arrived!

“Let the fucking bitch in!” Arya heard in a high pitched, shrill scream.

What? Was Arya’s confused thought.
Roar of the Dragon

Chapter 28

Roar of the Dragon

2 months ago

Daenerys / Eddard / Melisandre / Ice King / Daenerys / Ygritte / Eddard / Daenerys / Arya

Daenerys

The wind blew through Daenerys’ hair, whipping it around her face. She watched the woods and farmlands of her kingdom roll by below, beneath the body of her dragon as his wings pumped from time to time while he glided lazily on the thermals. Her other two dragons flew off to her right, their beautiful bodies glinting in the sun.

Rhaegal was like an emerald taken wing, his bronze highlights like burnished brass in the bright sun. Viserion’s body was like ivory banded in gold. Drogon was black amethyst giving life in the heart of the sun. Her dragons, like herself, were happy to be back in the land of light and warmth.

Daenerys found herself sad that she was returning with only Barristan. She realized that Bran and the Reed children had to walk a different path of destiny, but she missed them just the same. They were good people, all in all, and she needed people like that to help her craft and meld Westeros and Essos into a better, more enlightened kingdom.

Once King’s Landing was on the horizon, her dragons gradually dropped altitude. She led the dragons into a deep descent as she saw that a crowd was already forming in the main square, and people running up onto the rooftops. People never tired of seeing dragons. She took her dragons even lower and buzzed over the city rooftops, making several passes so the citizens could have their fill of seeing her children up close. Rhaegal, unencumbered with a rider, performed tight barrel rolls and quick wingovers to the squeal of children as he barely passed over their heads, showing off.

Rhaegal flew off while Viserion and Drogon landed in the square to let off their riders. Then Drogon took off immediately following Rhaegal. Viserion lingered looking at Barristan. He whimpered until Barristan started rubbing his scaled cheeks with his fingers. The tip of Viserion’s tail started to twitch.

Daenerys smiled at that as she walked into the keep. A page was there, and she asked the youth to go and summon Maester Lape. She was still elated from her combat victory over the Ice King. Eddard Stark had been right about the threat, and she, the Dragon Queen, had eliminated it. Now Eddard could stand down. She loved having that over him.

Maester Lape met her in the hall near her quarters, then followed her in. She stripped out of her riding gear. She felt Lape’s eyes traveling all over her nude body, but she did not care. She was on a high. She picked a slip and went into her royal bath, then opened up the taps to fill the large clawed tub. She knew as she worked the taps her ass cheeks flexed and her high firm breast swayed and jiggled most enticingly. She enjoyed teasing the lustful Maester.

When she had arrived at the Red Keep and inspected her royal quarters, she had been pleased except for the lack of plumbing. She had seen in Volantis the working concept of running water. She had studied the designs of how they accomplished the feat. The high nobility had constructed water
towers on the roofs of their lavish homes. These towers were filled with water, and gravity provided pressure to run through pipes put into the structure.

She had Tyrion see if water pipes could be installed in the Red Keep using the same design. Tyrion reported back that Varys had shown him many of the hidden passages, and yes, plumbing could be run into her quarters. She told him to proceed. If it worked, she would expand the use of this technology.

It had worked wonderfully, giving her running water. Better still, there was an open chamber in the area above her hearth and he had installed a large holding tank with pipes going in and out. This acted like a hot water heater for the water stored in it with the fire in the hearth heating it up to an almost boiling heat.

Daenerys loved the near-scalding hot water. For others, they merely needed to wait for the water to cool down and then wash.

She dictated a letter to Eddard Stark telling him that she, Daenerys Targaryen, the first of her name, had met and crushed his mortal enemy. She began to tell the Maester the words and thoughts she wished to convey.

‘I believe you call it the Ice King. He is dead by my hand. Even though you kept this secret from me, I still defeated him on the field of battle. The threat from north of the Wall is no more. Stand down and arrange to come to King’s Landing. This time of separation must end.’

She continued to dictate. She told the Maester to keep his knowledge of this to himself and share with no one outside of the Small Council. While it was a resounding victory, the situation with the North was still unsettled. She did not want word of this to spread yet.

Satisfied, she sent Maester Lape off. She smirked at seeing the bulge in his trousers as he hungrily eyed her high, firm breasts and delectable ass. She had to tell him twice to go to the raven tower to send her message. She smirked seeing him snap out of his lust induced haze to start moving.

She would share the deals with her Clatch of Confidents in the evening. She would relish telling them details along with whatever she could get the taciturn modest Barristan Selmy to say.

She got into the steamy hot tub, and luxuriated in its heat soaking into her pores. She was filled with nervous energy and soon her fingers were playing her body like a minstrel stroking the strings to his lute, plucking and vibrating the strings. Gods she loved masturbating.

Her fingers played, stroked and circled her aching clit. Her other hand pumped fingers hot and deep into her pussy, driving them in hard, her knuckles pounding her muff. Her body began to hitch and thrash as raw ecstasy throbbed out her aching cunt. Water lapped and splashed against the sides of the large tub as he gagged and moaned gutturally.

She wormed her left hand underneath her ass check and slipped first one and then two fingers up into her asshole and pumped her fingers in and out her pussy and ass in counter time. She gagged feeling her knuckles slamming muff and ass cheeks. Her body thrashed as she planted her feet in the tub bottom. She lifted her bucking pelvis almost out of the water. Her pelvis bucked and spasmed hard with helpless jerks of searing ecstasy. She slammed her fingers home burying them to the third knuckle in her spasming fuck holes.

Her eyes squeezed shut and her body began to convulse as her fingers hammered her spasming cunt and asshole. She felt her pussy and asshole clench and spasm on her hard piston ramming fingers. “AAAWWWOOGGGG! AARRRUUUNNGGGGGNNNNN! GOODDSSSSDAMMNNN!”
Daenerys screamed as scalding pleasure erupted from her cunt and butthole in epic orgasms. “Oohhhhhh unnggg unnggg Uuunngggghhiieeeeee! Mmnngghhiieeeeee! Uunggmmiieeeeee!” she shrieked feeling her womb rip out her belly. Her head ripped back, legs kicking wildly as a devastating orgasm ripped through her body making her scream over and over in bliss.

Her orgasm started to wane but she wanted more. She felt her body alive with battle lust. Her face now soaked in sweat. Her upper body flushed down to her breast. Breast swollen with her orgasm as her nipples throbbed diamond hard.

The Queen slammed her fingers home twisting her wrists to bury fingers deep up her pussy and asshole. Her right hand now slammed into her mons and she held it jammed against her dark pink vulva. With her buried fingers wiggling furiously in her inner folds. Her left hand slammed fingers in and out her spasming tightly clenched anus.

Her world exploded again into shocking bliss. "Ungghh! Oh! Anngghhh! Mnnnggggeeeeee!" She felt her cunt clamp down and grip her buried churning fingers in hot spasms of fucking bliss. She felt hot cum pumping out her spasming twat. Her body bucked as successive waves of her orgasm wrenched her luscious body.

"Ungghhhhh! Nggghhhhhh! Shittttt fuck!" Daenerys whinnied as scalding fire filled her body and broiled down her limbs making her toes curl and her fingers spasms in her cunt and rectum. “Nnnnngghhmnmnm! Nnmmgggeeeeee!” she wailed, her body straining and spasming through last throes of her second orgasm. She sagged back into the tub, her body satiated and limp. Her labored breathing slowly steadied out.

She was languid in the tub for a few minutes washing her body with her cloth purring at the smooth silk rubbing over her flesh. The desire to cum rose up again in her young tight body.

She jilled off twice more before getting out of the tub. She smiled at the water she had kicked out to the floor in the throes of her orgasms.

She sent word out that she wanted to have a meeting of her Klutch of Confidantes in the early evening. She wanted to celebrate this great victory with them.

She visited Tyrion and he had been given a short brief by Barristan. She told him a fuller version of events and his eyes grew wide at all of the descriptions of violent combat. Like most, Tyrion was enamored of things he would never directly experience.

She met with Missandei and she too was excited at news of the battle. Between her and Tyrion’s briefs she was brought up to speed on events that occurred while she was gone. The kingdom was still preparing for mobilization.

Missandei asked if the Queen wanted to stand down, now that she’d ended the Ice King’s threat. Daenerys paused to think on that. She decided that until Eddard Stark stood down, she wouldn’t either. Caution was the better part of valor in this situation.

When evening descended, she celebrated with her friends. She loved telling them of her and Barristan’s exploits. She gave vivid details of how her dragons scorched and crushed her enemies; and her exhilaration in combat. Barristan added salient points here and there to fill in the narration. The rest of the Clatch holding onto each word. They relished hearing of the epic fight between good and evil.

She told them of Bran and the Reed children going into the Earth to the Tree of Life. They all contemplated what this might mean. They threw out theories back and forth. For them to risk so
much for this had to mean it was important to the future.

They ate and drank. Strong Belwas ate a whole lamb, his face and throat soaked in grease. Once his belly was full, Belwas snored in front of the roaring fireplace. Shadowclaw sprawled out on his immense belly purring.

They played pyramid poker. Tyrion had taught Missandei all of the intricacies of the game. When the gathering broke up later, he was mumbling that between Missandei and his sister he was rapidly becoming broke.

Tyrion hesitated as the others left. “Will you need company to celebrate your victory tonight?”

Daenerys considered for a short moment. “No. I will take care of my needs tonight.”

She enjoyed watching Tyrion’s eyes flare at the implication of those words. Her body was still filled with tension and want. Her pussy quivered just hearing her own words. She smiled evilly at Tyrion. He left with a slight stitch in his walk from his raging boner.

Once she was alone, Daenerys skipped to her dresser and pulled open the top right drawer with her silk undergarments.

She pulled out to two gifts from Chataya. Daenerys shivered as she looked at the ivory carved shafts of each dildo. One was about eight inches long and thick with a large, bulbous head and ribs down the shaft all the way to the handle. The other was slender and had a curved, round knob that angled upward.

Daenerys shed her gown and lay down on the bed. She worked her breasts until her light brown nipples were rock hard, massaging her aching tits and pulling and rolling her nipples. She gagged in helpless pleasure, her cunt becoming swollen and wet.

She cupped her breasts with her hands and ground her palms into her nipples, grinding and twisting them, sparks of ecstasy shooting straight to her throbbing clit. She took her breast in turn with her left hand roughly massaging and talking her spit slicked right hand fingers and twisted them on the rubbery nipples. Her legs scissor on the bed feeling the pulses shot down her limbs and rock her brain with ecstasy.

Her breathing was soon ragged with perspiration beading on her upper lips and forehead. She pulled on her nipples and squeezed them in turn hard. The pressure sending lightning bolts to her rigid clit making it pulse raw pleasure deep into her belly and made her cunt sloppy wet with cum leaking out her slit and running down her perineum and soaking her asshole with slimy greasy cum.

She reached for the more slender shaft. She put the curved, rounded knob into her mouth and rotated it, getting it wet and slimed with her spit.

She slid the slender shaft into her sopping wet pussy and gasped. She loved using her fingers, but Chataya had been right - this was definitely a nice change of pace. She pumped the shaft in and out of her cunt, twisting her wrist as it began to slurp she was so fucking wet. The angled head of the shaft rubbed her cunt walls and her inner soaked cunt petals.

She took the other “dildo” as Chataya had called them, and put in her mouth, wetting it. She then snaked her hand behind her ass cheek and found her anus. She gasped with anticipation. She brushed the round head of the ball into her spasming anus. She slowly pushed in with steady pressure until her sphincter rings surrendered and the thick ball head stretched out her anus and then the shaft slipped up into rectum. She shivered whimpering and paused letting her anus stretch out.
The pressure made her belly squirm in aching pleasure.

She pumped the anal dildo feeling her sphincter gripped tight to the shaft. The shaft would not penetrate deeper up her hungry asshole at first. Daenerys kept pumping the shaft, feeling her asshole bow out and then her anus loosened and the shaft started to slip deeper up her ass with each stroke of her pumping wrist.

“Ohhhh gods yessssss! Uunngg unnggg oohhhh fffuuucckkkk!” She had concentrated on penetrating her asshole. Her right hand began to pump the other angled head dildo in and out her drooling pussy gagging in helpless pleasure. The hooked head plowing her inner folds of her cum butter filled cunt.

She slowly worked the shafts deeper into her belly. She gasped and mewled, feeling her holes stretched out and she shafts working deeper into her pussy and asshole. She gagged in helpless pleasure, feeling the heads of the dildos slip over each other in her belly. “ohhhhh onngg unnggg .... Goppdsssss yessssss—auggg ghnhnggg!”

Soon she was slamming both shafts in and out her pussy and ass. The ribs on the anal dildo were rippling her sphincter rings, the bulbous head hitting her rings on the inside of her anus on the out stroke before she rammed the dildo hard back up her ass. She had found her g-spot with the other dildo. She angled her wrist to jam the curved head into the spongy hillock. She was short stroking the dildo to rub it furiously into her g-spot. She could feel her hillock compressing with the short jerks of the dildo head rubbing it furiously.

Her body simply exploded. . "AAWWOOOGGGGGGGGGGG!” Daenerys screamed as her body suddenly stiffened up tight her body straining so hard in shocking ecstasy. Her hands were still jamming the shafts in and out her exploding pussy and ass. “Ahhhn ... ahhhn ... ahhnn” then her body simply went wild as a second orgasm ripped out her belly on top of the first orgasm “AAUUUUNNGGGHHHHH! UUNNGGGHHNNNGGGGGG! HHHUUUUNNGGGGGGGG!” Daenerys suddenly cried out, fierce cries of ecstasy that filled her bedroom. Her body flipped and jackknifed her hands slipping off the handles of the shafts buried deep into her belly. Her hands now balled into fist slammed the bed violently. "AUUNNGGHHIIEEEEEE!" Daenerys continued to wail as her body bucked violently as another throttling spasm shook her body. "Oh! Oh!” Her body lurched forward and back with devastating convulsions of killing crippling ecstasy.

She lay on the bed twitching. She would definitely be sending Chataya a gift for these “toys”. She was soon sleeping after pulling her toys out of her still spasming pussy and clenching anus. She rolled to a dry spot on the bed, and quickly fell asleep satiated and satisfied.

Eddard

Eddard read the letter again. He was stunned at the news. Was it possible that all he had prepared for had been for naught? He would be thankful of course, but he was just amazed. Was Daenerys Targaryen that powerful? That great?

He had been so sure that it would take the whole might of Westeros to defeat the Ice King. Eight thousand years ago a mighty army had previously defeated him, and that army still needed great wizards and a foreign hero to bring the Ice Wrights low. He stared across the room. He needed to make sure.

He hoped it was true that the Ice King had indeed been killed. If it was, much bloodshed and destruction would be avoided. He knew that if the Ice King came South he would have to defeated at the Wall. If he passed through the Wall and their defenses, the killing and destruction would be total.
He had called for his son, sister and her lover to come to him. He passed the letter first to Robb. He read it, and sat stunned. He then passed it to Sansa and she read it with Margaery. They too were shocked and questioning after they finished reading it.

“Can it be?” Robb asked.

“How? She is only one person.” Margaery questioned.

“She may be mistaken. What does it take to kill the Ice King? It took the sword of Azor Ahai to kill him before.” Sansa said, reasoning out what she had remembered.

“Her sword is a rune sword.” Eddard told them what he knew of the swords. “They are powerful in and of themselves. Also, when the last war was fought, there were no dragons. They, as we know, are a force of nature in and unto themselves.”

“Maybe these new powers are great enough. Maybe the Ice King is not as mighty as we thought.” Margaery said.

“I don’t think we should stand down, father. If she is wrong, we would be leaving the realm defenseless. We still need to prepare for war and continue drawing the South to our lands and defense of the realm.” Robb told his father.

Sansa and Margaery concurred with him.

“I agree. We must confirm. I will send a raven to Jon and he will tell us.”

“So Bran was not entirely truthful with us.” Robb spoke out.

Eddard had known when his son left with the Reeds that he was going to the Tree of Life. He had kept his thoughts to himself. It was obviously his son’s destiny, and he had to honor it. He was surprised that the Queen was the instrument used to get his son to the Tree of Life, though. Eddard himself did not even know where it was, and yet Daenerys managed to get him there.

He was thankful for that. He had been filled with great trepidation wondering how his son could possibly get through the Ice King’s minions – he had not gone through them at all, but over them.

Eddard found it comforting to see both Houses Stark and Targaryen working together in the land’s defense. It reassured him of his decision to send Arya South to the Queen.

They spent a few minutes discussing Bran arriving at the Tree of Life safely, and the part the Queen played in that safe travel.

None had any idea what Bran’s ultimate destiny would be going into the Earth. They all feared that they would not see Bran again.

It was a fear they did not dare express.

They turned their attention back to matters they could influence.

“How does Jon get all this information on the Ice King? It is uncanny. It is almost … magical.” Rob said.

Eddard considered a moment. It was time to tell his children the truth about Jon.

He told his children what had happened in the Godswood when Jon revealed his true nature. Eddard also told them truth of Jon’s birth. His children had been shocked to discover Jon’s true lineage, but
they understood why he hid Jon’s true parentage to keep him safe from Robert Baratheon.

He told them how Jon was nearly assassinated by his fellow crows of the Night’s Watch. Robb and Sansa cried out for vengeance. Eddard smiled at seeing Margaery enraged at her new family member being attacked.

The Stark patriarch calmed them. He told them how Jon had been saved by two female Shadowbenders from the land of Asshai, and that the women were both over two thousand years old. The three younger members of his family were shocked at the news. They sat looking at him wide eyed as his tale seemed to get stranger and more exotic by the sentence.

He told them of their red-headed beauty, how one was so tall and the other so short.

He saved the best for last.

“Jon is still the Lord Commander of the Night’s Watch, but he will abandon his post when the war is over.”

“What? That is impossible!” Robb exclaimed. “That is an oath for life!”

“I know son, but Jon feels betrayed by his brothers … and … he has taken both of the Shadowbinders as his wives. You have two new sister-in-laws. Melisandre and Ygritte are clearly in love with Jon.”

He could see Robb and Sansa struggling to accept this turn of events. In the North one knew of the Night’s Watch and their vows.

“These are extraordinary times, and I support all of your decisions.” Eddard emphasized.

Robb and Sansa looked at each other understanding. Rob knew he had been destined to marry into a Great House of the South and Sansa was definitely not supposed to be marrying a woman.

“I am sure it is Jon’s wives and their magic that is allowing him to reconnaissance the enemy. Somehow they are able to penetrate the Ice King’s kingdom unseen. I am thankful for this. Without their abilities we would not know the severity of the situation. We are still reliant upon on them. I cannot imagine the danger they put themselves in to walk into the den of the enemy. Their bravery will be the stuff of legends. Minstrels will sing of their bravado.”

“How do they do it?” Robb asked, not really expecting an answer.

“I don’t know, son.” He gave Robb a weary smile. “Hopefully they can tell us one day. I am going to ask them to travel again to the far North. However they are doing it, they will need to do it again.”

“I have already sent a raven to Jon telling him what the Queen has said. I do hope and pray that she is right, but I feel and fear in my bones that she is wrong. I can tell by her words she is convinced that she has succeeded.

“If she is right … then I will have to eat the proverbial crow.” Eddard grimaced but with a smile. “It will be embarrassing, but I can live with it if the realm is now safe.”

His children (he thought of sweet Margaery already as one of his) left him. He watched Sansa and Margaery leave with hands clasped and fingers intertwined. Margaery lifted their hands up and kissed Sansa’s. Sansa leaned into Margaery and kissed Margaery’s temple. Eddard couldn’t help but smile at the display of sweet affection. He was a quiet man who controlled his emotions, but he could still be quite touched by them at times.
He slowly walked out the Great Keep and made his way to the Godswood and entered into the sacred grove. He loved the sense of peace he always felt walking into this realm of the old gods. He sat down with his back to the Weirwood tree and started to sharpen Evening Star. The rhythmic scraping of stone on metal let him relax and reflect. These were indeed great times and he hoped to navigate them with honor and perception.

He slowly got up and leaned against the Godswood heart tree. He listened to the wind blowing through the leaves that clung to the branches.

He listened there a long time. He felt the rhythm of the Earth through the tree. He was even more sure now that the Ice King was alive, but he also sensed something else - he sensed the Ice King had been gravely harmed, and there was nothing more dangerous than a wounded animal.

He would have to wait for word from Jon on that. He would have to rely on his son’s wives. He was just thankful that his son had his wives. He shook his head. Two wives. His other son was marrying a woman that he was not supposed to. Thankfully, Lord Karstark supported the marriage. It did make his family more powerful, after all.

Then there was Sansa marrying Margaery. He had to give Olenna his thanks. Her easy acceptance of her granddaughter’s sexuality made it easy for him to accept it as well. Sansa had made an outstanding choice. Margaery loved Sansa absolutely, and, better yet, she had wrapped Cat around her little finger. He smiled leaning into the tree and listening to the wind sigh through its limbs and leaves.

He thought of Arya on her way south to the Queen. She was surely heading into danger, but he trusted his instincts and Bran’s prophecies.

He sighed, leaning back into the Weirtree, finding comfort from the old gods.

He had three weddings to plan for.

**Melisandre**

Melisandre and her wife had been shocked when their husband read the message from his father, stating that the Ice King was dead. They sat around the table discussing the possibilities.

They had seen that the Ice King had again been away from his camp on their last clandestine surveillance with their saber cat as camouflage. This was not unexpected. He was the Grand Marshall of his kingdom. He had disappeared before on missions. Jon had explained to them that was to be expected of a military commander. Whatever else the Ice King was, he was still a commander of his forces.

Eddard had told his son the battle between the Queen and the Ice King had been truly epic. She was convinced he was dead.

This explained the riot of images they had seen in the flames the week before. The images of dragons and glimpses of beings of ice had made it clear that a battle between the forces of Ice and Life had been fought.

They had assumed it involved the Ice King, but had not been completely sure. The images of the skies filled with birds, direwolves, and giant elk had confused the images. Why were all those other animals involved?

They had felt the emotions of the combatants, the entities in the fight filled with confusion, anger, fear and triumph.
Jon fully explained the Tree of Life to them. They had no concept of this Tree in their religion.

Melisandre expressed her inner doubt. “I came all the way from Asshai to prepare Jon to fight. To become Azor Ahai reborn.” Melisandre murmured, looking into the flames.

She paused and then looked at Ygritte with concerned eyes.

Ygritte smiled at her wife. “Don’t worry that pretty red head of yours, my love. It brought you to me, and that is all I am worried about. We will meet the destiny that R’hllor has set before us.”

“But if the Ice King is defeated without our direct involvement, it means that R’hllor has been totally wrong. He is all knowing. We may not fully understand the images in the flames. We have both seen the portents in the flame. Jon is to confront the Ice King along with the Dragon and Direwolf.” Melisandre countered. “How can this be, Ygritte?”

“Maybe R’hllor knows nothing, my sweet wife.”

Jon smirked seeing Melisandre lunge over and put her palm over their wife’s mouth as she looked around fearfully.

Ygritte licked Melisandre’s palm and she shrieked, pulling her hand away laughing.

Ygritte continued with her analysis. “We both know who the Dragon is. Daenerys Targaryen. Eddard Stark has told us that the Direwolf is to be your sister, Arya. She is to go to the Queen and become her lover. Is she a great warrior, husband?”

Jon paused, thinking. “Arya was always fiery and passionate. She was still very young when I left for the wall. I gave her a rapier-like sword we called ‘Needle’. She was already very skilled with the bow - a natural.”

“If she continued with the sword, who knows. It would seem she did. I am happy for her. She always felt hemmed in by our mother. She wanted to be a warrior since she was little. She always wanted to hear the stories of dragons of House Targaryen and especially the stories of the two dragon queens, Visenya and Rhaenys.”

“I am not surprised that Bran prophesied that Arya is to wed the Queen. It just fits. Hope she comes to the fight with a kick-ass sword!” Jon joked.

The wives looked at each other. Jon never japed!

“Do you have the strength to go back north? I know you normally need two weeks to recover and it’s been only one. I can share my strength”

Melisandre shook her head no and gripped Ygritte’s hand, sensing she was going to accept the offer.

“No Jon. We are strong enough ourselves. You will be diminished for a month or more if we take some of your blood. No matter how powerful you are it will sap your strength. And you may need it a moment’s notice.”

Ygritte immediately acquiesced.

Jon went back to his duties as Lord Commander, knowing his wives had to twine their souls for the ordeal before them.

For the next several hours, the women fucked hotly, their orgasms so intense and powerful as they
used sex to truly unite their bodies and souls. Soaked in sweat and cum, they were lying on their sides with Melisandre pulling Ygritte tight to her full, curvy body, their tongues entwined deep in Ygritte’s mouth, wetly wrestling as pure love flooded their bodies and souls.

Their souls slipped the bounds of mortal flesh. United, they quickly flew north, the leagues falling behind them in moments as they went to the bog that housed their dead cohorts in their spying on the Ice King. Their mystical energies paused over the bog, and then settled into the muck and filthy water.

Twenty minutes later the saber tooth cat clawed and pushed itself from the bog. It stumbled to the shore, and with its eyes aglow with blue flame shambled forward.

It stopped immediately.

The two Shadowbinders could see a major difference from the far edges of the Ice King’s camp. The camp was agitated and almost in disarray.

Normally, the dead merely stumbled and moved aimlessly from one horizon to the other. Now they were jerking and slamming into each other. The dead were falling down and rolling around with jerks before resuming their upright stance and again lurching almost violently around.

Loud keens could be heard. They spotted the sources. Many of the Ice Wrights had their heads cocked back, keening. Some were moving with purpose from place to place, obviously asserting some measure of control.

A shock had definitely hit the army of the far, deep north.

The Shadowbenders made their cat jerk and stumble to its knees, and then pushed it forward to blend in with the chaos. Many of the Ice Wrights were barking and talking excitedly in their strange warbling language. The witches could hear the fear in their tones.

They stumbled and rolled towards the throne of the Ice King, pausing at what they saw.

A raised, icy bed was off to one side of the ice throne. On it laid the Ice King and his vile demon baby son. They knew nothing of these detestable beings, but they could clearly see and feel the emanations from the entities on the ice brier. They had been severely injured.

They saw several rings of Ice Wrights standing out from the bed with their back to their father, swords drawn. The witches could feel the ire and determination radiating off of their rigid, freezing bodies.

Though the Ice King had been severely injured, the Shadowbenders could not attack to finish the weakened enemy. Their feline host would be cut to ribbons long before they could reach the fallen Ice King.

They could see that both Ice King and his son both looked wane and dissipated; drained of whatever they called life. The Ice King lay prostrate on his side with his son violently chewing on his throat, drinking his father’s blood. The Ice King’s head lulled on a weak, flaccid neck. His eyes had always seemed to burn with blue fire and purpose - now those eyes were dull and listless, unable to focus.

They watched as the tallest, strongest Ice Wrights came up to the brier. They each in turn tilted their father’s face up, gripping it and pulling his mouth open. Leaning down, they regurgitated their magical essence into their father’s mouth. He gulped and shook as he drank down the life giving sustenance his sons freely granted him.
They had fed from him, and now they returned to their father in his time of need.

Trickles of hot, pulsing blue life trickled down the Ice King’s cheek. He was still prostrate and disorientated, but they could sense his slow recovery continuing as he fed.

The witches stumbled their sabretooth on. They moved around the extensive camp in a discordant dance.

They saw that large Ice Wrights had taken over feeding the youngest as they grew and matured. Others moved around the dead making sure they were under their full control. They had retreated deep into their host when one came walking by, peering at the dead - but it had never sensed their presence. They slowly shambled back to their bog, sinking ever deeper into the brine.

Within a few minutes the saber cat was lying beside his long dead brother in life. The witches’ life essence surged up out of the bog and hesitated several hundred feet above the camp, where they looked down for several short seconds before they fled the far north to return to the warmth of their bed.

As they came back to themselves, Jon was sitting in his chair by a blazing hot fire in the hearth, knowing his wives would need that warmth. He had also covered them with a thick bearhide quilt.

He heard their whimpers and got up from the chair. Naked, he crawled into bed with his wives.

They snuggled into his side shivering as his body helped warm their own. They were exhausted. Their bodies had not fully recovered from the last time they had travelled, and now they were spent.

They tiredly told their husband all they had seen in the far flung camp of their enemy. The Ice King had indeed been gravely injured, but he was alive and being healed by his many sons. They discussed what they had seen in Ice King’s camp. None knew how long it would take the Ice King to heal.

Jon thought that if he was constantly fed then his recovery would not take all that long.

“He has been severely hurt Jon.” Ygritte said in a tired, raspy voice.

“Yes my sweet husband … the Dragon Queen severely wounded both the Ice King and that vile growth that feeds on him. I think I saw a sword wound on its back that has half healed.” Melisandre added, her voice weak.

“That is all good news my sweet, wonderful wives. I just fear the wounded beast.” Jon said.

Jon knew his wives were exhausted and what they needed. He got out of bed and put more logs on the fire, making the room hot. Then he pulled the covers off of his exhausted wives. He shifted their spent bodies so that they were lying side by side, their heads on pillow so they could watch him. He had their legs over the edge of the bed. He loved it when they watched him going down on them.

First with Ygritte he settled her legs on his shoulders and then buried his face in heaven. He buried his face deep in Ygritte’s wet cunt and started to suck her off hotly. She cummed screaming wildly throwing her exploding cunt up into his face as he drank down gushes of hot sweet cum.

Then he did the same with Melisandre. He loved feeling her strong thick muscular legs gripping his ears hard and tight as she wailed her cunt exploding in his mouth as he sucked in most of her cunt into his mouth where he ferociously sucked and tongue polished her rock hard clit. Gods her cum was so sweet as it overflowed his mouth and ran down his chin and throat. He sucked off his wives again and again, their hands jamming his face deep into their swollen cunts with clenched fingers and screamed in love, pleasure and need as he spent long hours sucking them off. He gave them life and
love as they gave him them their sweet cum.

Ice King

Ice cold blue eyes surveyed his kingdom. The Ice King was filled with rage at his humiliation and near death. That thought kept creeping into his thoughts. He had never felt such raw, naked power.

He still remembered the burning agony he had felt when Azor Ahai sliced his sword deep into his body, its fiery heat cooking his organs and melting them. He fell to his knees and looked up weakly as the cursed man lifted his sword back over his shoulder, and then his life ended when the sword decapitated him.

This power of the Dragon Queen was of another sort. The power of her dragons was like the sun come down to Earth. Their might and speed were simply shocking as well. Her own sword did not burn, but was filled to overflowing with magic that was every bit as potent as Azor’s had been.

His son had assured him that as long as he drank from his father he was invulnerable to any weapon this puny woman could wield. His son had been wrong. Her sword sliced through his magical aurora as if it did not exist.

Along with her sword, her dragons were mighty and dire. He knew of fire, but he had not grasped the pure, blazing heat of their flames. He had recalled only the puny fires of the humans he killed so many times. Their mightiest blazes were nothing compared to the fire of dragons. Not only were their flames the purest heat, they were laced with heavy magic. He had barely survived their licking tongues trying to consume and unbind him.

He had underestimated this human and her dragons. They had not existed when last he walked his world. He knew now that this woman and her dragons came from a doomed, long dead land called Valyria. He had been so sure in his arrogance that he would easily vanquish this Queen and her dragons, adding them to his army. Instead, he ended up lucky to survive their first battle.

He was already devising a plan to remove the threat. The woman and even her mighty magical dragons were warm blooded, and had to accede to their body’s needs. He would use that against them.

Somehow, the dragons had seen him where none should have been able to. He had thought much on this and still was no closer to a resolution for that problem, but, it didn’t matter. He was sure his enemy would meet him at the wall of ice. There he would wait, and strike when the moment was right.

His son told him he would weave stronger magical wards next time. They would defeat the dragons, and then the woman and her allies. Also, Ice Fang would be ready to sweep the skies clear if needed.

The Ice King was cautious by nature. He still wanted to grow his armies, but his crushing defeat had convinced him otherwise. He was sure he had time. The humans were divided. Plus, his defeat had appeared to be complete. He would not be surprised if they did not assume he was dead. The Starks would know otherwise, but it did not matter. The enemy had traitors in their midst and did not even know it.

His strength had been almost restored, and he no longer needed to feed from his strongest children. His son had recovered his strength as well, and was in the process of completing the restoration of
his father.

He was proud of his children giving to him freely and with total love and devotion. They had fed him in fidelity.

He had changed his mind with his defeat. He would finish growing his youngest children, he had no reason to delay after that. He would need only a month or two more to finish their maturation.

He had developed a plan of deception to lull the hot bloods into a false sense of complacency that he would use that to fall on them unawares. He would enjoy shattering their armies and then falling on their unprotected weak – the elderly, women and children. He would kill them all except the male children young enough to be converted to be his own.

He would then pause long enough grow those new children. Then, he would freeze the ocean between the land the hot bloods called the fingers to the land mass to the east called Essos.

Then the carnage could continue.

He sat on his ice throne ran his cold fingertips over his Horn of Winter. He wondered who had created this weapon. It did not matter, really, but he would use it against the hot bloods. He looked at the runes. They were foreign to him, and his son could not read them either. In fact, he refused to touch it at all - he said the magic contained in them was strong and fatal to him.

The length and shape of the horn, combined with the runes were for the unbinding of old, pure magic which the Wall and the Croyel himself were both composed of. Whoever had created the horn had been enemies of many things, his son whispered to him. They had an equal hate for the humans, and for magical creatures such as he.

The Freys and Boltons told the Ice King that Eddard Stark was mobilizing and working to draw the South up north. They would align their forces to fall on the unsuspecting armies with extreme force and violence. They would kill and sow confusion in the rear of the enemy.

The Ice King continued to study the horn, thinking about how the humans seemed to love killing each other. He in many ways could not understand them. Never among his sons had any even conceived the idea to kill one of their own. It made no sense. It was one more reason to kill them all. Any species that would kill their own did not deserve life.

Although he would never allow any to know except for his son with his intimate link to him, he feared this woman with white hair and violet eyes. She was a force every bit as powerful as Azoh Ahai had been. Her dragons only multiplied her strength to near reckless measures.

She too could conquer the world if she chose to, though she did not seem to have the desire. She was still weak in that regard, like the rest of her kind. You were supposed to use power to conquer and subject all others to your will.

The Ice King could not let the woman live long. With three dragons she was very formidable force. If she were to add to her numbers of dragons she could become completely unmanageable, reaching a level of strength and magical power that even he and his son could never hope to overcome no matter how powerful they became.

Interrupting his musings, his three oldest and strongest sons came to him. They bowed before him, then touched their foreheads to his feet in subservience. Then each rose to him until their lips melded, and they regurgitated into their father’s mouth as he did likewise into theirs. Their essences flowed from mouth to mouth in an intimate kiss that had no emotion.
The Ice King bonded even more strongly with his mightiest. Each son kissed their father deeply as their vomit mingled and interacted, and the mixed fluids were swallowed by each. By this means the Ice King made sure that his most powerful and intelligent sons remained completely tied and subservient to him and him alone. They could not even conceive the thought of rebellion or freedom from their father.

His Croyel son still mulled and at times gibbered about the Old Lords and the Forbidding buried deep in the Wall. He had tried to compel his father to go south to blow the Horn of Winter and bring the Wall down. The Ice King had to gnash his teeth several times to resist the creature’s will. Eventually he had to threaten his son with his removal from his body.

The Croyel had been smug until the Ice King used his body’s frozen properties to wall off his blood from the Croyel’s fangs. The Croyel had screamed in fear when the frozen walls had channeled away the blood of this father. It needed to feed!

It had bent to his father’s will.

He told this son to be patient. Soon. Soon he would be ready to strike. He would kill the dragons first. Then he would kill the Dragon Queen. After that, the defeat of his other enemies would be assured. He would defeat them all, and the Wall would come down.

First he would conquer Westeros, and then Essos.

Then he would remake the North of the world in his image.

He and his son would then plan for the move to the Southern Hemisphere of his world.

He would find these ‘Old Lords’ and crush them.

He had even conceived the desire to travel to Elemesnedene the home of the Elohim and defeat them. For some reason when he thought about this his son became most agitated and fearfual.

No matter. All who had hearts that beat hot blood would one day die at his hands.

**Daenerys**

Daenerys’ initial elation and supreme confidence in her victory over the enemy of Eddard Stark had slowly faded over the first days, and now weeks since her initial raven to Winterfell.

Her elation slowly turned to sullen resentment and a feeling of gloom. She could not at all understand why Eddard Stark had not immediately sent a raven back with gratitude, swearing total allegiance to her.

She had defeated his enemy, gods dammit!

She had told her Small Council to keep these events to themselves until the North stood down.

She had been shocked by their attitude. She knew they thought she was exaggerating her exploits; putting a magical spin on events that had none. She understood better the views of Barristan and Tyrion in their Klutch meetings in her quarters.

She rode dragons but they had become common and almost mundane to the citizens of Westeros already. They had nearly lost their allure of the mystical. Plus, dragons had been alive and vital until just less than two centuries ago. Even with that short span of time, she had seen that the memory of dragons were becoming myth. The Ice King was *eight thousand* years ago. The people of Westeros
simply could not believe in him.

She understood their reservations.

She might have thought like them if not for her past. Her experiences with Mirri Maz Duur, the House of the Undying and its warlock masters, the Undying Ones, and her fight with the ur-viles by her side had taught her that magical beings did indeed exist. She had suffered at their hands, and in the case of the ur-viles they had aligned themselves with her even though to this day she was still not sure why.

It was for these reasons that when she had first heard of the Ice King, she had been predisposed to believe in him and his minions.

Then she fought them and defeated them, and no one from Westeros truly believed her. It was in some ways maddening. And Eddard was not making it any easier. His silence was beyond frustrating.

Daenerys now wondered if she had made a mistake in her boasts in her initial ravens to Winterfell. But she had been so sure of her victory - she had a right to boast!

In her meetings with her Klutch of Confidents she had outright demanded they tell her why Eddard had not responded. She knew they could not tell her, but she really just needed to vent. It made no sense.

Missandei had conjectured that he must have some means of gathering reconnaissance on his traditional enemy. Maybe it had given him some insight that the Queen did not have.

Daenerys’ pride did not like the sound of that. She had become sullen for the rest of the night with her close friends.

By the next night she had to accept maybe Eddard knew more than she did about his traditional enemy. But still, she had seen the Wight burn and die underneath Viserion’s relentless assault.

She had. Hadn’t she?

Her confidence was not bolstered when Tyrion asked her if she had seen the Ice King die.

“YES! Why do you keep asking me that?!”

“You saw him die? You saw the body?”

“You know I didn’t—they evaporate, dammit!”

“So you saw the Ice King’s body do this? Evaporate? Did the thing on his back also evaporate away?”

Daenerys had at first yelled back that “Yes I saw him die!”, but really she was not so sure. In fact the more she thought about it, the more she knew she didn’t see it die in the same way as the others.

Finally, she told Tyrion after several nights of going over and over the battle with the Ice King in her mind.

She confessed that she had not seen the actual dying of the Wight - but just the same, he had to have been killed. Viserion was absolutely savage in his attack. She had seen the magical shields they used to protect themselves crack and then shatter. Viserion had continued to breathe fire and stomp
on her enemies after this. They had to have died, and his savage attack just clouded their actual death from her eyes.

Barristan told his fellow Klutch members that in combat it was nothing but a swirl of confusion. What you could be absolutely sure of in the heat of battle could come to seem hazy and uncertain afterwards.

Daenerys still felt certain in her heart that she had killed her enemy. It was not about pride, it was that nothing could have survived that direct savage prolonged attack. Nothing.

Daenerys asked Tyrion and Barristan since they knew the man why he would not respond to her letters. She may have been a little pompous and overly proud to begin with, but why hadn’t he responded with anything?

She had waited for days to receive a reply before she sent more ravens to the North. First, asking for a reply and now out right demanding a reply. She had saved his ass! Any response would have been better than this infernal silence.

The lack of communication was driving Daenerys crazy. She wanted to work with this man, but he absolutely refused.

Barristan and Tyrion had no answers for her. His behavior was indeed most provocative – but in actuality he had done nothing that could be considered sedition as of yet. Still his silence provoked her. The insolence of the man! Daenerys was positive that in some perverse way he wanted her to attack him. They only idea that made sense was that Eddard Stark wanted to draw her to fight with him at the Wall.

The reactions of her Small Council to her descriptions of her fight beyond the wall had been equally maddening. She had asked them over the last weeks what they thought of her fight. They had told her that she must be mistaken about the nature of her foe, that they had only appeared to be something magical from the distant past.

They must have had some strange armor that protected them from the fire of her dragon. Some strange relic of Valyrian make, probably. She had been confused by all the snow and cold, and the intensity of the fight.

She had never considered bringing back some of the now still carcasses of the dead that had once risen in animation. She knew they would have just discounted the evidence.

She was not sure of anything after a month. She wanted to just put it all behind her and govern her new kingdoms. She’d had enough combat and wars to last a life time. She wanted to rule in peace, and bring about a golden age.

This whole situation threatened to derail everything. She absolutely did not want to use her dragons against the land of her birth. Eddard had given her an out with the hostages he had taken. Mace was still screaming for Eddard’s head but he also made sure to tell her to ‘not get carried away’ with any assault on Winterfell. He wanted his children safe.

Olenna was still communicating through her backchannel that Mace was doing this more to save face than anything else. Mace knew his children were safe from harm in Winterfell and from the Starks. Still, she was being goaded into taking action, and action she would take if she had to.

The Houses under her sway had fully trained their forces now. It had been a generation since the realm had last seen major combat. It had taken time to get men who had never held a weapon
competent in their use - she did not want Knight fodder. Anyone who fought with Daenerys Targaryen was to be capable with their weapon. With her leadership their lives would not be wasted on the field of battle.

She had cycled her Essos forces back to their homelands. Now she had their navies again streaming back to lower Westeros and strengthening her blockade. She wanted nothing going to beyond the Wall.

She had kept her mercenary companies in the wastes of Dorne. They were well supplied with resources gleaned from Essos, and had been training constantly. She would intersperse these companies with the weaker forces under her command. They would provide strength and backbone to men who had never seen war, and they would continue the training of these vassals.

She had kept a portion of her mercenary companies in the free cities ready to move. They had trained hard to maintain combat shape while enjoying the whorehouses and spending their wages in those cities, making both the merchants and the prostitutes happy.

Troop ships were now in those ports. Those men were to head to the beachheads just below the New Gift, the Weeping River and between Ramsgate and Oldcastle. She had small holding forces in those beachheads. Soon they would be filled with trained fighters ready to take the fight to House Stark if necessary, or to the Wall if that was the measure she should take.

She sat alone in her chambers. She had refused Tyrion’s offer to have Chataya bring her a beautiful woman to wile away the night and get some ‘rest and fun’ as Tyrion put it. Lately, she had wanted to simply masturbate. She was not sure why, but the allure of sleeping with different women had, for now at least, lost its appeal.

She was far too wound up for that anyway. She felt like an overwrought spring. *Damn that Eddard Stark. If he would just communicate with me, I would side with him in an instant - if he would but give me a chance!*

The Great Houses were ready to march at her command. Dorne, the Stormlands, and the Reach were firmly behind her without any fear of chicanery. These houses had reason to follow her loyally.

The House of the Kraken were still a pain in her ass, but in some ways this had worked out for her. She was keeping much of the forces of Casterly Rock in their native stronghold to keep an eye on the Iron Islands. She was keeping the navies of both House Lannister and Tyrell on the western coast of Westeros. She knew the Iron Islanders would use any weakening of those forces to raid and marauder up and down the coast.

She had the forces she needed. Her problem was she was still unsure how to use them.

Damn Eddard Stark!

**Ygritte**

It had been a little over three weeks since their last visit to the far North. Jon had hesitated to send them back again. They had been exhausted from their previous back-to-back visits to the camp of the Ice King.

Jon had reasoned that magical or not, the Ice King would need time to recover from his wounds. They too had time to recover.

Jon had also become exhausted. He was working nearly twenty hours a day, pushing the Crows and
the Free Folk to train and prepare for the coming Others. The Dead had started to appear at the Wall already, probing and looking for weaknesses.

Jon had pulled all his scouting parties back to the Wall. They were not going to be taking the fight to the enemy - the enemy was going to have to come to them.

They made sure that all parties had plenty of fire arrows and now they had arrows and spearheads tipped with Dragon Glass as well. A party had been ambushed two days ago and they lost four men, but seventeen of the undead Others had been killed as well.

He told his wives that night he couldn’t wait for that news to reach the Ice King. They had weapons to fight with. Many of the arrows that had missed shattered, and some of the spear tips had broken when they were pulled out of the dead bodies, but there were plenty more ready and waiting.

His wives had felt an Ice Wight nearby, watching.

Jon was sure more reconnaissance raids would be occurring. Despite these probes up and down the Wall, Jon was certain that the Ice King would make his assault at Castle Black. When they asked him why he thought that, he could only say it was his battle instincts. He felt the Ice King would want to beat his ancestral enemy at the seat of their power. Also, legends had it that this was the site of the Ice King’s death. He would want to avenge that death with victory at the spot of his first death.

Three more shipments of Dragon Glass weapons had arrived. The stream of weapons coming north was increasing as Jon’s father got his artisans fully trained and set up his shifts. Troops from the far Northern Lords and Keeps were now arriving at the Wall as well.

Jon was using these troops to man the rest of the abandoned forts and boost up the troop levels at those that were already occupied. Jon was convinced the attack would be head on, but he had to prepare for the eventually if he was wrong.

She and Melisandre had walked up and down the top of the Wall, probing the thick forests for their enemies. They could feel the icy touch of Ice Wights. They would be there, and then disappear. They were anxious to see their husband drive his sword deep into the body of the Ice King and kill the son of a bitch.

As they searched, Jon met with the newest lords that had arrived. He was forming a military reserve to meet any breach or send to other parts of the Wall if required.

Ygritte and Melisandre made heated love for hours while Jon was occupied, exhausting their bodies with their intense love for each other. They had rolled around on the bed in a sixty-nine, devouring swollen pussies and sucking feverously on each other clits with long, deep, hard sucks. They had simultaneous orgasms that made exhausted clits scream in almost agonizing pleasure. Their full throated screams of blistering ecstasy muffled and swallowed by cunts that swallowed deep wallowing mouths and hard sucking lips on shiny diamond hard clits.

Finally their orgasms waned. They weakly decoupled and Ygritte turned around. With their faces soaked in cum and sweat they locked lips and gagged in pure love with their tongues wrapped around each other and dancing deep in Melisandre’s mouth. Their eyes had rolled back and spasmed hard in their skulls as their spirits freed themselves from exhausted and satiated bodies.

Their entwined spirits sped north at a speed that no animal could hope to match or even attempt.

Soon they were over the bog of their hosts and their essences slowly sunk into it. They felt the cold
and slim of the bog, but it did not touch their inner essences. Soon their spirits had settled into the frozen elk. Their spirits thrashed his limbs to kick free of the roots and clinging mud that attempted to suck the kicking animal back down into its deadly embrace.

They emerged and fired up the dead animals eyes with the ghostly blue sheen of the Others.

They could see immediately that order had been restored to the army of their enemy. The dead were even thicker on the frozen plains. The Ice King was clearly calling all forces to gather together from wherever they had been.

They quickly saw the Ice King. He no longer appeared weak and devastated. He strode around his camp confidently, with a strong step. He walked from group to group of ice wrights.

The witches could see a big difference. Before the Ice Wrights never seemed to be doing anything organized. Now many of the wrights were training one-on-one with their ice blue swords. Others were forming loose formations and working their swords in harmonic unison.

The Shadowbenders saw that the Ice Wrights only had swords. That was good to know. At least Jon only had to worry about their enemies only having one kind of weapon - they did not have to worry about arrows or spears hurled towards them.

They shambled to the edge of the army and with their magical sight could see far out into the frozen wastes, where more dead were shambling in to join the camp. The Ice King was definitely calling in his forces.

They moved slowly through the camp. They saw the some of the young and teenage ice wrights being fed directly by the Ice King, along with some of his strongest sons. They surmised that the Ice King was near finished the growing of his youngest sons. There would be no more conversions.

When they moved towards the frozen throne they nearly stumbled.

The Horn of Winter was missing.

They had slowly turned around and neared the Ice King again, and when he turned they saw that it was strung over his body and close to his non-existent heart. The Ice King climbed up on top of a dead mammoth and started to call out in a loud voice.

The witches listened to his strange language. They murmured a spell, mentally keeping their magic buried in the body of the elk.

“My sons, soon we will be marching to the hated Wall.” He lifted the horn from around his body and shook it hard. “I will sound the Horn of Winter and we will watch it come crashing down. We will then kill the hated Crows, as they killed us with fire and dragon glass. We will slaughter our enemies and then sweep South, rampaging and killing all of the hated hot bloods!

“We will take their lands like we were born to do, and make it into our image. We will make this whole land our own. We will make it into a paradise - forever cold and filled with the darkness we crave and love.

“My sons, prepare yourselves for the coming battle. Give yourself to it totally. Some of us will fall as soldiers always must, but for every death resolve yourselves and fill you hearts with greater anger and hate for our detested enemies!

“I am calling in the dead from across the North. They shall be our shock troops to deplete the hot bloods and we will kill the remainder.
“Let us prepare for victory. Once the last of our brothers have reached majority, we will begin our march south. When we arrive at the Wall, I will sound this horn and the Wall that has stood for eight thousand years will come crashing down, and with it, the hopes of our enemies.

“We will march on to total victory … are you with me my sons? Are you ready to march to victory and death to our enemies?!”

A large shout echoed across the barren plains by every throat of the Ice Wrights. All were totally behind their father. They could only be for their father - their very existence was owed to him.

The women of Asshai had seen enough. They slowly in a circuitous path, then went back to their bog and sunk their elk back into his icy grave.

When they came back to their bed, they found their bodies enveloped by the body of their sweet husband. He pulled them tight against himself, sensing they had returned to him.

His exhausted wives curled into him.

They slowly told him what they had seen.

After they had finished, Ygritte asked: “What does it mean Jon?”

Jon hugged them tighter. “They will be coming south soon.”

They had discussed the growth rate of the children of the Ice King. Jon estimated they had maybe six weeks before they began their march.

The dead not need rest, but they moved slowly. Their rate of progress was maybe two or three miles per hour over frozen flatland. Much of the route to the Wall would be through thick forest, and that would slow them down even more.

They still had time, but war was coming.

**Eddard**

Eddard had been waiting for Jon’s wives to again perform reconnaissance on the kingdom of the Ice King. He needed that intelligence. When Jon had sent a Raven telling his father that yes indeed, the Ice King had survived his fight with the Queen, Eddard felt his heart sink.

He had simply never considered the Queen would fight the Ice King without him. She did not even truly believe in the Ice King and yet she had fought him.

There was no doubt she had been brought into this whole thing by taking Bran to the Tree of Life. A Stark had needed to get to the Tree of Life, and a Targaryen had gotten him there. He should have known from his son’s rambling prophecies while in his coma that there was a very strong possibility of this occurring.

He slammed his fist on the table in the war room. He was alone, and allowed his emotions to show.

He had been so focused on his war he had overlooked the obvious. He knew deep down his own son was to be involved in the future of Westeros, but did not put much thought into it.

No. He was too busy focusing on battle tactics and troop movements on the battlefield.

It was a wasted opportunity. A huge wasted opportunity. He was sure the Queen must have been surprised by her meeting with the Ice King and she still nearly defeated him. Surely the Queen was
not that arrogant. To think she was so mighty that she could defeat the Ice King one-on-one.

Eddard rolled his fingers on the table top. Then again, she had almost killed the Ice King. Maybe she was that powerful. With just a little more force by her side, the threat would have been removed. The Ice King would have been killed rather than grievously wounded.

There was nothing to do for it now. The Ice King had recovered. A mortal man that had been that harshly wounded would have needed half a year at the least to recover, and much more likely a full year. The Ice King was not a mortal man. He had feared that the Ice Wight would recover much quicker, and he was right.

He had sent a raven back to his son that he needed his wives to go back immediately to the far North to check on the recovery rate of the Ice King.

A raven had come back immediately. His wives could not go back to the North for some time. The magic they used to go North was very draining. He had never told his father how they were able to spy on the Ice King until now. Eddard was impressed. To animate a dead animal and then spend hours walking among the dead and Ice Wrights was shocking.

*My gods, Eddard thought, the sheer bravery of such an act by these women. To go into the camp of their mortal enemy camp on foot! To do it over and over when at any moment they could be discovered. With magic you could never predict how it would manifest itself. Their deaths would be hideous if they erred.*

He admired them even more for it.

After that, Eddard had responded to his son, telling him that he waited patiently for his wives to recover their strength.

They finally had. He could have done without his son’s rather vivid descriptions of how they prepared for their missions, though. He knew Jon was tweaking him, and it had worked.

His fears had been fulfilled. The Ice King had indeed recovered fully or was near full recovery. The Ice King was pulling his forces together and was preparing them for the coming war.

Eddard was just thankful that Ice King had a conservative nature. The Wight wanted to grow the last of his children. Eddard shivered, thinking of the fates of those Ice Wrights. He knew what those Ice Wrights had been before they were turned. He felt anger boiling in his veins at the thought.

The fucking bastard did not even have the decency to create his troops from whatever spawned his vile existence. In the oldest scrolls he read hints but he refused to believe that they had been created by the first people to fight the Starks who waged unremitting war on them. Could his ancestors been that blind. That stupid. It galled him to give any credence to such writings.

He could only hope that his blade was the one to cut him down in the end. He would gladly sacrifice his life to deliver that blow.

Eddard wished for more time. He had just sent five more wagons full of Dragon Glass to the Wall. More wagon trains were moving North full of food staples, weapons and articles for the war camps that would be forming soon.

His regular troops were honed to a razor’s edge. The conscriptions had been trained up and were ready to move in mass to the North. Eddard had wanted another few months. He wanted to give Arya time in King’s Landing to form her relationship with the Queen.
He would make do with what little time was left. It would take time for the Ice King to grow his last children and then march his dead through thick forests and then form up in front of the Wall.

The thought of the Horn of Winter in the Ice King’s hands was horrifying to contemplate. He could only hope the horn in the Ice King’s hands was a fake. He had a smile on his face when he imagined the Ice King looking at his horn strangely when the Wall did not crash down.

If the Wall did come down, it would be a totally different look on the Ice King’s face. Eddard did not want to consider that.

He had his pickets reporting back to him on the beachheads the Queen had established on his Lands. He smiled grimly. Four days ago on the southernmost beach twelve ships had landed with obvious mercenary troops. They had immediately started setting up camp and defensive positions.

He hoped this was the beginning of a large scale invasion. If they came north as he hoped, the bards in future ages would sing of the cagey old wolf. If those troops fell on his defenseless cities, they would be singing dirges and very sarcastic and insulting songs of his idiocy. And he would deserve every word of the songs.

He knew Daenerys was absolutely savage on the battlefield. He was not sure he would survive fighting her one on one.

He needed to be ready for the Ice King. He knew the Wight would be filled with a rage for having been defeated and humiliated on the field of combat. His defeat would fuel the monster to come up with a plan to crush his enemies.

Eddard was worried that the Ice King was developing plans to fight Daenerys when next they met. Her dragons and her own power had probably surprised and shocked him. He would not be so easily fooled again.

He had sent out ravens to Riverun and the Vale. Responses from each had come back just yesterday. Edmure and Jon Arryn had sworn total allegiance to him. They would follow him ‘to hell and back’, to quote Edmure. He hoped it wouldn’t come to that.

They had agreed with his strategy from the start. He knew they were trusting him completely. They may have had their doubts initially, but they were close enough to the Wall to feel its call on the very foundations of their being.

In four days Riverrun would send a raven to King’s Landing. With their greater distance from King’s Landing Eddard and Jon would send ravens in three days.

Hopefully, all ravens would arrive at the Red Keep at approximately the same time. He wanted the Queen to be shocked at what all of the letters would reveal. He had to be ready for the coming host of his enemy and he needed to act now. The time for waiting was over.

He would love to wait another week, and better twice that to give Arya time to get established at King’s Landing. He sighed. The needs of the many outweighed the needs of the few or the one. He had faith in his wild daughter. She would bend the Queen to her will by sheer force of personality – she would have to.

Arya’s love for a woman she had not even met yet would prove irresistible. He had read of the rumors of the Queen’s sexual appetite. She would not be able to resist Arya and her innocent ardor. Her love would be like a quiver to the Queen’s heart.

Eddard shook his head at his turn of poor poetry.
Lord Stark sighed and walked down the hall. He wore his full coat of mail armor, with Morning Star in its scabbard on his side. He walked into the War Council room.

All took in his formal attire. He looked like a man of past great exploits. To many in the room, he was already becoming a legend.

Eddard looked around the room. His children met his gaze with intense eyes. He had called the three of them to him last night and told him of his decision.

They had all agreed with full support. Robb was anxious to meet the enemy on the field of battle. Sansa and Margaery were anxious to make sure they kept the logistics in place and running with one hundred percent efficiency. Plus, they would, in time, have to meet the Queen.

One way or another Winterfell would be a pivotal point in the upcoming war. He was leaving it basically defenseless, so he was completely trusting in his judgment of the Queen.

The Tyrell ‘hostage’ and his daughter’s wiles would be enough.

Loras was riding north with him. The youth had almost gotten on his knees begging to come north to fight in his army. “I’ll die if I am left behind, Eddard. This is the great war of our time; I must fight in it!”

Eddard could not deny him this. It was foolish youthful brashness but still - he had been that age once. The young man was a great fighter, and in truth, his sword would be needed.

“It is time,” Eddard said. “The North needs to break from the South. The Crown has not supported our need to confront and defeat the enemy who will soon be at the Wall. I am breaking with the Crown. From this day forth I declare myself the King of the North. Let us call our banners and march to greatness!

“With your support, we will meet the challenge of our time and reestablish our independence from the King’s Landing and take back what was once ours!”

The men around the table erupted into wild cheers and thumped the desk with fists and swords and ax pommels.

Their natural distrust and longing for past greatness made it easy to support Eddard Stark.

Eddard needed their full support for this final goad to the Queen.

She hated sedition. She would come to the North with her hosts behind her. Her own Houses would demand it. They would never let House Stark have that much power. Their fear, insecurity and outright jealousy would ensure that.

Eddard smiled and took the clapping on his shoulders and humbly accepted his men’s congratulations.

Inside he was tense and agitated. He hated this Game of Thrones. He was letting forces loose he hoped he could control. He had no desire for this throne of the North - he was just doing what he needed to defeat the threat to all.

_I just hope I can put the genie back in the bottle_, he thought, remembering a tale ole Nan used to tell him when he was a young child.

He sighed as the room emptied. He had to survive dragons and Ice Wrights and maybe other
magical creatures. And if he survived them, then he had to survive possible monsters that would look much like him.

Gods he hated the Game of Thrones.

**Daenerys**

Daenerys was having a very bad day. She sat on the Iron Throne seething as the points and barbs of the half melted swords were doing wicked things to her ass cheeks. Not the pleasurable kind, either.

She had been put into a foul mood at her sitting of the Small Council that morning. The news had been sour.

It was obvious that Eddard was ramping up his efforts, whatever they may have been. Troops were moving more openly. They were generally moving North. Why? She was sure she knew, but she had deposed the threat.

She had told Eddard of this! She had told him over and over with her messages getting more strident. He had the gall to ignore her!

Worse, with her Klutch of Confidents asking questions of her victory in the far North she had increasingly come to doubt it. *To doubt her great victory!*

Why wouldn’t the man talk to her?

She could see a logic behind it. He was giving the whole realm a reason to attack him. He was goading her to act, and the mighty houses were getting tired of his insolence.

He even had Highgarden and Dorne talking nice to each other in the need to teach this ‘dog’ or ‘bloody fucking wolf’ a lesson in obedience.

In a way, she admired his almost flawless playing of the Game of Thrones.

She had brought this to Tyrion’s attention very loudly in the Small Council. He had, to his credit, endured her mocking comments.

“My sweet Tyrion, I remember you vouching for this great man Eddard Stark. What do you have to say now? Huummmmmm? … Why so silent?”

She had not been happy when Tyrion brought up that maybe he felt the need to do what he did because he felt the Crown and the land of the South would never heed the call of the Wall.

She had lost it for a few minutes. She had screamed and stomped her feet in her ire. Once her anger finally dissipated, she sat down and twirled her daggers, nicking her finger. She never cut herself!

The bad day gotten worse.

Varys got up when it came time to give his reports. He had indeed used the turmoil occurring in the North to find spies to feed the Queen information she desperately needed.

A young, spurned noble had been given a tour of the defenses being erected around Winterfell designed specifically to fight her dragons, Varys reported. These defenses were being duplicated around the realms of Stark, Tully and Arryn.

This got Daenerys’ attention. She was very protective of her dragons.
She had felt her anger boil and her rage erupt with this fucking man’s audacity in devising ways to hurt and possibly kill her children!

She had gripped her chair arms as she heard of forests of scorpions being erected around every major population center and gathering of troop encampments. All Targaryens learned to hate the word “scorpion” after the tragic and vile death of Rhaenys by one while attacking Dorne.

She had seethed at that, but Eddard’s new inventions left her mouth hanging open.

He had somehow science out that her dragons did much of their damage by physical attack. Her dragons jumped and trampled many of their enemies to death. A dragon had only so much flame, so much magical energy they could expend in a given time. They used their bulk and weight as an equal weapon after their flame allowed them to get close to their enemies. Her sons relied on their hard iron scales to protect them from men holding weapons.

Eddard had dug pits and long trenches that had been marked on maps. His troops knew where they were and would lure her dragons in. The pits were covered and the bottoms filled with long fire-hardened wood spears and iron pikes. The dragon’s own weight would impale them to their death.

Then the spy had been shown trebuchets with pouches filled with iron weights with fine, razor sharp wire attached to them. The great mass of projectiles would be fired up into the flight path of the dragons, with the wires either cutting deadly slashes through her dragon’s wings or hopelessly fouling their wings and crippling them.

Most of the cities in the North had forests near them. In the Vale mountains were everywhere. Eddard was having platforms put in the trees and in hidden coves on the mountains near the population centers. Scorpions were being put onto these platforms.

As her dragons banked from an attack run, these platforms would shoot at their much less armored bellies.

Worse yet, a Samwell Tarly, of the Nights Watch, had figured out her dragons had the ability to see body heat. The guide on the spy’s trip among the defenses of Winterfell had boasted they had figured a way to hide themselves away from such vision.

Varys had been most proud of his report. His other spy suggested that most supplies that the North was gathering was either going to Winterfell and to the Wall.

*Damn it that made no sense!* The queen fumed. He was splitting his efforts. No commander of Stark’s intelligence would do that!

*Why wouldn’t this fucking bastard communicate with her?!* She had toyed with the idea of flying Drogon North and challenging Eddard Stark on a field of battle like the knights of old. She would fantasize of this, but then quickly put that idea away. If Eddard Stark was indeed a traitor, he would ambush and kill her. She had not fought so hard and sacrificed so much to throw it all away foolishly.

The other reason she put that fantasy away was the fact she might well lose such a one-on-one fight with Eddard Stark.

Soon after her Stark troubles had begun she had asked Barristan of Eddard’s prowess with the sword. Barristan had paused a long time, thinking. When it came to sword fighting Selmy was very analytical in his appraisal.

“You would beat him,” Barristan had begun as Daenerys felt her pride swelling, “if you got very,
very, very lucky. I doubt I could beat him, my Queen. He is the best swordsman I have ever seen.”

That pricked her pride back down to size.

Daenerys hated thinking of the danger she would have to put her dragons in to attack Eddard directly. He had taken away her greatest weapon.

She had only listened half-interested when Tyrion had spoken up, arguing that this sudden wealth of information was suspicious.

“It is almost like he wants us to know this.” Tyrion had said, looking around the table.

None were too interested in hearing him. Most around the table just wanted this problem resolved one way or the other.

The small council meeting had ended shortly after that with a fuming Daenerys. She now went to the thorn room to give audience to most likely petty grievances. They were really mind numbing at times.

So now her ass was really killing her and listening to people cry and blabber on about a few feet of property. She was idly wondering if she should just burn down the fucking building.

Suddenly, Grand Maester Harsch Lape came into the audience chamber of the Iron Throne. He was carrying three scrolls with broken seals. She had known the moment he had entered looking so pale just where those scrolls had come from.

She had left orders to not have them brought here where the common populace could hear the contents so she knew it was serious. His pale countenance only added to the bad feeling rapidly filling her body.

“My Grace! Eddard Stark has declared himself King of the North!”

“FFFFUUCCCKKKKK!” Daenerys exploded up and off of the throne.

“He says that he must declare his independence to meet the need of the realm. He rid—”

“SHUT UP! I don’t want to hear the words of this fucking traitor! Gods dammit! I will have his fucking head for this!”

The other two scrolls were read with their declaration of succeeding from the throne and joining their forces to the King of the North.

“This is fucking shit!” Daenerys screamed in rage.

Tyrion tried to say something.

“Shut the fuck up Tyrion … I’ll gut you if you speak up for this fucking traitorous bastard one more breath!” Daenerys’ eyes burned, raging anger down at her Hand.

Tyrion’s eyes were large as he shut his mouth. He was using discretion at the moment to survive the sudden hurricane Daenerys Targaryen that formed on the throne.

The Queen had switched back to her native tongue of High Valyria, screaming, then suddenly she had her two main daggers out and thrashed them about as she raged and stomped her feet.

Everyone looked at the Queen, her rage something frightful to watch. The room was so silent one
could hear a pin drop when finally the Queen had stopped lashing and screaming.

A runner came into the room. He looked around and found Grey Worm. They left together. A few minutes later the runner came back and found Barristan, and whispered in his ear.

Barristan’s eyes flared open. “My Queen!” he called out.

Daenerys had sat back down on the throne, slumped back. She appeared stunned at the turn of events. She only looked down at him in response.

“Arya Stark of House Stark wishes to entreat with you. She comes claiming she has a personal communication from Eddard Stark.” He calmly told his Queen.

The Queen stood up slowly. “Who is here?” she asked softly.

“Arya Stark, my Queen. She bears a message from Eddard Stark. I feel this shows—”

“SHUT THE FUCK UP AND SEND FOR THIS TRAITOROUS BITCH!” the Queen screamed.

“My Queen, I ask—”

“Don’t question me, soldier!”

“She is armed as is tradition … I recommend we disarm her in this situation.”

“I fear no one, Barristan. If she is a traitor, I will gut her on the spot!”

“Daenerys … Dany, calm down! I implore you! You are not thinking clearly at the moment!”


“I will send her in after she is disarmed.”

“Did you fucking hear me … send her in as she is! I am more than equal to any challenge from a fucking teenage girl!”

“Under protest, my Queen.” Barristan sent word to Grey Worm.

After a few minutes the Queen was so agitated she jumped back up off of the throne. She paced around for a minute fuming before sitting down again.

The page came back and whispered in Barristan’s ear. He turned calmly to inform the Queen that the daughter of Eddard Stark awaited outside.

“Let the fucking BITCH in!” Daenerys screamed shrilly.

A young girl entered.

She had been so furious she had completely forgotten her earlier fascination with the Stark girl. Her attentions had been sadly wasted, she saw.

This girl was bedraggled and confused looking. Her body was covered in mud and filth that half covered her face and matted her hair. Her clothes soaked in mud and offal. No emissary would enter like this. Clearly this endeavor was beyond the poor looking urchin.
She looked around like a clueless child.

She was wearing weapons she obviously did not know how to use. The reports on this ‘wolf child’ had completely exaggerated this girl’s martial prowess. She was a fucking pretender.

The girl took a tentative, weak step forward. “I-I-I bring a message from my father … I come in peace and offer the peace of my House.” She held up the scroll with the Royal seal of House Stark. “This is from my father … please take it.” the young woman asked meekly.

Maester Lape came over to Arya and took the message from her limp wrist.

The girl was weak. Maester Lape went up the steps to Queen and handed the scroll to her.

The girl looked at her like a weak fawn.

“Fuck this traitorous scum’s message!” the Queen screamed, throwing the message down behind the throne. She glared down at the envoy from the North.

“That was from my father!” the girl cried out.

The girl sounded so innocent. She looked wounded by the Queen’s actions. The look made Daenerys’ guts twist for some reason, as if she wanted to rush down the steps of the Iron Throne and comfort the girl in her arms. Daenerys looked closer at the Stark girl, seeing her steel grey eyes looking up at her so full of intent and innocent purpose. The color of her eyes was so beautiful….

What is wrong with me!

NO! this girl must be a master at the arts of the mummers!

“Shut your mouth, you fucking traitor!”

“What?!” the northerner exclaimed, her back stiffening slightly.

Thank the gods she has a little backbone, Daenerys sneered. She looked at the girl again, remembering what she had seen from Viserion’s eyes. She had been so alluring. She had clearly misjudged the girl. Still her eyes were …

No. This is some kind of fucking trap!

“Send this child … this little girl - away from me. She’s weak and ineffectual, her weapons merely props in some mummer’s play. I will hold her as a royal hostage.” The Queen spoke, sitting back down and dismissing the trifling girl named Arya Stark with a negligent dismissive wave of her hand.

Arya

Arya was stunned at this turn of events. She had dreamed of this moment for months and months since she had known she would be the emissary of the North. The queen was supposed to see her for the great warrior she was. The queen was supposed to fall in love with her!

She moved to stand before the Iron Throne, looking around at everyone. Their faces were fearful and terribly anxious. She held her bow limply in her hand. This was not the reception she had dreamed of. No honor and no fidelity, only anger and boiling rage.

What was going on?
“But but … my message!” Arya said weakly. Why was everyone so anxious and fearful looking? Why was the Queen attacking her and calling dispersions on her House … what was wrong?!

“My father is a great man!” Arya called up to the Queen.

“Your father is a traitor and a dog … and you are just a weak little female wolf cub … one who THINKS she is a warrior—playing with weapons she can’t even use. Be gone, little girl!”

Something snapped in Arya then, as her dreams of love and battle by her Queen and wife’s side shattered.

Faster than the eye could follow, her grip on her bow tightened and came up, and she pulled two arrows out of her quiver, stringing them in one fluid motion and then letting them loose up at the Iron Throne and the head of Daenerys Targaryen.
Daenerys

-Thwok Thwok-

Daenerys sat rock still, her hearing attuned to the sounds just beside each ear. She slowly turned her head right, and then left, to see arrows embedded in the Iron Throne not a half inch from those very ears. The arrowheads were buried in nooks and slats in the dragon-forged seat of blades of House Targaryen’s conquered foes. The shafts and fletching were still quivering from impact. The Queen’s violet eyes were wide open in stunned shock. She looked back and forth between the arrows. Then she stared down at the emissary from the Starks.

The first thought that roared through to mind was *who let this bitch in with her weapons?*, but she quickly remembered that she herself did. That only fueled her anger.

Several more thoughts rushed through Daenerys’ mind all at once. *The nerve of this impudent pup!* *How dare she?* Followed by: *I didn’t even see her move!* Barristan looked chagrined, his sword only one-third of the way out of its scabbard. He stared at the young girl with rising ire - an anger that was matched by the teen Stark. Daenerys found herself looking down and staring into the girl’s eyes. *Her eyes are so steel grey, it’s intoxicating— no! She just made me look a fool! That cannot be permitted.*

Daenerys noticed movement along the ranks of her unsullied and the red cloaks. The shock over the Stark’s sudden aggression was fading. Weapons were being unsheathed, and Unsullied were raising their spears as their bodies tensed, moving forward.

“Nēdyssy sesīr:” the Queen commanded. Most of the Unsullied obeyed instantly, but the red cloaks were moving forward with swords and battle axes drawn. A few bold Unsullied continued advancing on the Stark Princess, heedless of the Queen’s command. “*El so nēdyssy sesīr!*” she roared again before switching to the common tongue. “Stand down … I will handle this.”

The Unsullied moved back against the wall. She glared at the few red cloaks who thought of defying her, and they quickly bowed as they moved back as well.
The Queen returned her attention to her attacker, and felt her anger rise anew.

The Stark emissary looked up at Daenerys, her angry gray eyes blazing. *The child feels no shame! But gods her eyes are so beautiful, just like they were when I saw them through Viserion ... argh!* Daenerys’ mind was trying to flare her anger from a bonfire into the flames of a rising dragon.

The Queen instinctively knew the girl had not attempted to kill her. She could see the Stark was a master of the bow, and she would be dead now if the girl had wanted it. That truth shocked her. All of her sacrifices could have been made for naught in a blink of an eye in that moment.

That thought finally kindled her rage.

Her internal dialogue over, the Queen jumped up out of the Iron Throne. A primal scream ripped from her throat as she threw her head back. Her two long-trusted advisors, who had witnessed her Dragon Rising before, still watched in fascination. This was not Essos, and the Stark girl was a highly valuable commodity.

“You fucking *bitch*!” Daenerys screamed down at the young Stark who began to shake, her eyes wide though the Queen did not notice while her dander was in full bloom. The Stark girl only now realized what she had just done.

Daenerys’ head snapped around to look at Barristan. “*Bantis zōbrie issa se ossỳngnoti lēdys azantys Barristan. Belmurtī ivestrās kesīr pōnte jiōrinna se pōjon obūljarion mazōrinna. Lodaor hēnkos vējose hae Stark botilza. Valo limāt manaertoty Yunkai se lo elēnar tāemītsos!*” the General’s head bowed down in shame. “*Tolī rhūqo lōtinti, kostīlus.*” She barked at him a final time before glaring back at the befuddled emissary, who did not understand a word of High Valyrian.

The queen stormed to the end of the dais, her arms jerking in small motions. She turned around and looked at Missandei with fire in her violet eyes. “*Ñuhor līr Missandie gūrēnna kēlio kepa Syrio Forel bardugon Vīlībāzmosa iderennī se emilun hūrenkon qogror se lo paktot!*” The young scribe gulped and nodded her head.

Tyrion was not so inured to Dany’s vicious outbursts, and he felt his manhood shrinking again.

The young queen continued to storm around on the platform cursing. “*Vīlībāzma El a Sīkudi nopāzmi!*” the Queen sneered at the Stark. “*Keso Glaesot iderēptot Sīkudi daor hēnkos vējose hae.*” She stomped her foot.

“*Missandei, Qringōntan se naenna, thoros, ... Thoros!*” she yelled when the girl still had not moved. The scribe quickly scurried away to do her Queen’s bidding.

The platinum-tressed queen continued to storm around, fuming, then staring down hard at the Stark girl before huffing loudly on the dais. “*Lonir drējior issa syt ... ündon daor se.*” the Queen muttered darkly.

**Missandei**

The translator and scribe felt her body flare with the rebuke from her Queen. This was a first, and she felt a shiver run down her spine. Daenerys had always been gentle with her, but the Stark obviously had her Queen rattled.

The way she had insulted Barristan for not protecting her from the girl when she had overridden him
not once, but twice in warning was unfair. And then to compare him to a Yunkai dung beetle on top of it – that was quite unseemly.

The Stark heir had been rash beyond all measure to be certain, but to call her a ‘gods damned fucking twat’, and ‘a motherfucking piece of horse shit’, had made the queen look smaller to the scribe. She’d noticed that the few men in the throng who spoke the Queen’s mother tongue were left snorting from the tavern language, though.

Missandei had watched her queen up on the dais, raging and looking down at the Stark girl when she thought that she had finally started to calm. However instead of calming, her Queen would just get agitated again.

This type of anger was different from what Daenerys usually displayed. When the Queen felt threatened, frightened or challenged in the past, her anger was icy and deathly frightful. This time, the Queen merely raged, her foot stomping the throne platform as her arms waved and slashed, fuming and snarling deprecating remarks down at the Stark girl.

It made Missandei wonder. She saw the intensity that the Queen stared down at the Stark girl with. Could it be…? Then the queen’s rebuke registered, and she’d rushed to flee out of the room.

She ran to the small chamber where Syrio Forel kept office, near the outer wall of the Red Keep. It was near the practice fields he maintained while training the Queen, and her closest guards and fellow warriors.

“Syrio!” Missandei called out, bending over and gripping her knees. The man got up and quickly came over to her, rubbing her heaving back.

“What is wrong?” Syrio asked. “Is the Queen in danger?”

“No, no … get two practice swords, sized for women, and come back with me to the throne room.” Missandei answered.

As the weapons master retrieved the two practice swords from the racks, the small scribe explained to him what had transpired before the Iron Throne. Missandei expressed to him that it was absolutely not Selmy’s fault, and told him how the Queen had unfairly defamed him. It had been difficult to witness; Missandei thought of the General as a father figure.

Syrio Forel smiled, showing his appreciation for the young scribe’s nature to defend those she loved. They walked at a quick pace back down the halls to the throne room.

Missandei had to push and shove her way through the throng that had formed around the four entry points to the great hall, with Syrio helping her she was able to forge a path back into the throne room. She saw that her Queen was still muttering deprecations as she stalked back and forth.

The Queen spotted her and the weapons master carrying the practice swords. Daenerys stiffened with a feral smile. Missandei saw that Daenerys intended to teach the poor Stark girl a lesson that would humiliate her, and she felt a pang of sympathy.

“Jemot!” the Queen ordered, and Missandei and Syrio moved up to the throne.

Missandei spotted warriors and some nobles gathering together, whispering and looking around furtively. Syrio noticed the same, shaking his head with sad understanding. The oddsmakers were taking bets on how long the Stark girl would remain upright before Daenerys knocked her unconscious.
Arya looked up as the Queen spotted her weapons master approaching with the practice swords. Barristan Selmy had approached her after the little black girl hurried quickly out of the throne room. He told her that the Queen was going to challenge her to a duel with practice swords.

“The Queen is very skilled with the sword, girl. She is one of the best swordsmen in both Westeros and Essos. Only a master could defeat her. I advise you to quickly bow to the inevitable. Save yourself a beating, and some humiliation.” He said in an even tone.

Then he leaned in and asked softly, up close: “What possessed you, girl? You could be tried for treason! Any other ruler would have your head … Daenerys is hot tempered and hot blooded, but very fair. She will teach you a lesson. Once again, I would advise you to learn it quickly and with equanimity.”

Arya’s temper had at first given way to shocked dread, but the General’s words had reignited her anger. *I never surrender for anyone! I will be defeated only if my opponent is my better!* Her will to win stiffened her resolve.

The teenager tried to tamp her anger down. She was here to do her father’s bidding, not to bring shame on her house.

She had been so furious. She had been hurt by the Queen’s unwarranted treatment of her. After all of her hard travel and parched condition, she had been treated like a dog. She was her father’s emissary; and to be called a traitor when her father was a man of great honor was too much. The queen had screamed at her that her entire family were traitors, and not worthy of being her subjects. Then she had dismissed her as if she was a little girl. Like she was some highborn little fawning princess, and not a warrior! She’d killed men just to stand before the Queen!

Then she had been summarily dismissed like she did not even matter.

If Daenerys had been a man, she would have expected it, but, for a woman to treat her as a man would have had been distressing no end. It had been too much. She remembered thinking she would show the Queen otherwise, and the rest had been a blur until she was left standing under the Queen’s ire.

She watched Daenerys stomp down the steps of the Throne. She remembered the first time she’d ever seen the Queen, her tall body atop her dragon before the gates of Winterfell. She was impressive, up there on the dais - so towering. A mythic figure from the legends of old. Arya noticed that she moved with a feral grace as she approached, coming closer … closer … no … something is wrong … what—what happened!

*She’s fucking tiny!* Arya gaped. *This can’t be … she was six foot, six inches tall at least—what happened?!* At five foot-three, Arya was used to looking up to most, and was around eye level with others. But now she was looking *down* on the Queen, who was barely five foot and slight of build - though she could see that her arms were strong, and corded like her own. She could also see the Queen’s beautiful breasts swaying in her loose fitting, formal blouse top … and gods they were *big*.

Arya completely missed the Queen glaring at her, she was staring so intently at Daenerys’ chest.

“Look me in the eyes, dammit!” Daenerys snapped at her.

Arya broke off her dream session with a loud gulp. She looked at the Queens’s face angled up at
her. The woman’s purple eyes were so beautiful.

Arya watched the Queen take a practice sword and twirl it around and over her hand and wrist with obvious skill. Then she took her own wooden sword. She was most comfortable with Needle, but she was trained with any smaller sword just as well.

Remembering the kind old man’s words of warning and her mind clouded with lust, she was ready to submit to the Queen after only making a show of fighting.

Everything changed in an instant.

**Daenerys**

Daenerys was confident. She had taken the fight out of the girl before the fight had even begun.

“I will teach you a lesson, dog. I could have you hung for treason! You will be taught humility, Stark!”

The Queen had been taking many lessons on Westeros from Barristan, learning history and legends from her homeland since they had met. She had received more from Tyrion as well. What she did not know was that their lessons with her had a few intentional, glaring omissions.

Her own direct family history had been a subject that was carefully avoided. She knew her father had been mad and a horrible ruler, but not all of the specific details of that terrible rule. She was not her father, and she did not need to know his personal failures and limitations.

She did not know she had missed important lessons.

The Stark girl had moved away to swing her sword, and Daenerys saw the more than rudimentary skill she had received at Winterfell. In fact Arya seemed rather well schooled in swordsmanship. But she herself had been trained by two of the greatest swordsmen of her time.

Insulting ones foes was expected. Plus, she wanted to fire up the girl - for some reason the fire had seem to run out of her. She wanted, no, needed, to see that fire again.

**Stark and Targaryen. Ice and Fire.** Daenerys pondered the proper insults.

“Come at me Arya! Come and find out what happens to a Stark when they dare oppose a ruler of the House of Targaryen. We burn our enemies! Your sword and your very bones will melt in my righteous flames. Come before me and I will reduce you to ash in my holy an—”

“AAAAIIIIYYYYYEEEEAAAAH!” the Stark suddenly swirled with a wild madness in her eyes, and charged at the Queen with a blood curdling scream of hatred.

**Arya**

Arya now knew the Queen was not beautiful but heinous, and she would knock her god’s damned teeth down her throat!

The swords crashed together in a sharp retort that had wood singing. Again and again the swords collided with resounding clashes. She slashed and jabbed with the hard force of her left hand.
Arya snarled as she saw that the Queen Bitch was taken by surprise, as she noticed all her blows came from the left. She pressed her advantage. She swung high at the Queen’s head, and then swept low for the woman’s legs. The Queen’s sword came down, barely blocking it.

She felt the Queen truly join the fray then, her wooden sword almost a blur as she swiped and slashed it against her own, before going for jabs to her ribs and her armpits. Ser Rodrik had trained her well, and recently even Robb and her father had joined in at times. It had made her love them even more, knowing they were willing to accept her mother’s withering glances and catty remarks afterwards. Arya was done with her mother constantly trying to make her into what she was not. It got to a point where even Sansa had started to come to her defense.

She slashed at the Queen’s arms and legs, and then struck tight, back and forth windmill swings at the smaller woman’s head, driving her back. Arya was nonplussed by the strange, searching look she saw in the royal cunt’s eyes. She was in frenzy. Throwing her family’s cruel history in her face like that was too much. Her sword was like a magical implement in her hands, and she used a double-handed grip to swing devastating blows at the Queen’s head, not caring at the moment if she split her pretty face wide open.

She grunted with her efforts, her arms shocked with each collision of their swords. She elbowed the Queen in the ribs, and tried to chop across her thigh, but the woman kicked her in the knee making Arya stumble. The Queen hacked down savagely at Arya’s bent over frame. Arya dove to the floor, leaping to the side and rolled up into a defense crouch.

The Queen advanced slowly, measuring her and eyeing her with that same strange look.

The Queen came in with a two-handed stroke, and Arya met it. The woman suddenly released her left hand off her sword’s hilt and punched Arya hard in the temple, staggering the Stark. Arya blocked the next punch, releasing her right hand and in a chopping swing, gave the Queen some of her own medicine. The Queen’s head snapped back as she growled in pain. Then Arya delivered a quick rabbit punch to her face. The Queen gave her a sharp elbow to her shoulder that made her cry out in pain. Arya ducked forward, keeping her sword arm up to mirror her opponents up high, and punched the Queen hard in her sternum as she stepped past.

She heard a satisfying grunt, and then she cried out when the hilt of the Queen’s sword grazed over her lower back, shocking her kidney.

Pivoting, Arya roared again, slashing wildly. She used all her strength and enjoyed hearing the woman grunt and give ground, but their swords locked up and Arya’s eyes lifted when the smaller woman, lighter by a stone at least, hefted her up onto her toes and pushed hard, sending her flailing back.

The Queen attacked, hacking high and then low with savage blows. Arya gave way until she suddenly noticed a pattern to her sword work. She developed a counter on the spot and brushed the woman’s sword off to the side, then swept in.

At the last possible moment, the Queen’s free arm came up from underneath, knocking her sword off to the side just enough to miss its mark. Now Arya was on the defensive as the white haired woman jabbed at her face, making Arya lift her guard to block.

The air exploded out of her lungs with the blunted blade hitting her ribs hard, bruising them. She spun away and backhanded a blow that got through the woman’s guard, hitting across her upper left arm, leaving a red mark and torn material.

The two women circled each other, feinting and making sudden thrusts that were blocked. Arya was
slowly being backed up, her parry blocks barely coming in time. She saw the Queen still looking at her as strangely as she had since the fight had begun. Arya swung a blow at the woman’s hip, and with her right hand she threw a punch at the Queen’s face.

The Targaryen and seen it coming and ducked her head to the side, their swords shooting past their bodies. Arya surged forward, and they were pressed to each other as they instantly gripped each other’s sword arms just above the hilt.

The Queen’s head jammed forward and head-butted Arya in the forehead while the wolf’s knee came up, catching the Queen hard in the stomach. They both staggered back, grimacing in pain.

They both panted for breath, now filmed with a light sheen of sweat. After a few moments they came back together again, hurling furious blows at each other. Both were tiring, but they kept attacking. The Queen was landing a few slashes on the younger girl’s arm, and the Stark landed a blow on the Queen’s hamstring.

The strange look never left the Queen’s eyes, and Arya could not understand it. The wolf was still furious, but her rising exhaustion was tempering her savage anger. They locked swords several times, and the Targaryen’s violet eyes up close bored into her own,questioning and searching.

They circled around, their hands grappling with each other’s sword arms, not daring to let go of their opponents lest damage be dispensed. They both grunted and swore under their breath.

They rubbed and clasped. They circled up, closely studying each other, in a dance strange and macabre. Their dance would continue until one or the other would surge, and try and take victory.

Their rhythm became agitated each time one or the other broke off to hack and swing violently. They moved in sync, with water dance skill from Daenerys, and with efficient but wild force from Arya.

When they tired, they would clench, shoving, pushing, and gasping for breath - all the time studying each other until one or the other sought dominance again, and then they would step away and resume their swordplay.

Arya tried to use her heavier frame to her advantage, but she was discovering that Daenerys’ speed and grace were more than a counter for brute force.

They had clenched again, circling. The Targaryen’s violet eyes bored into hers with a hot intensity. Then Arya understood - the continual strange looks. The woman had been just taunting her. She had no idea why what she had said put her into blood lust. Evidently in her exile she had not learned the personal history sadly linking their houses. She hadn’t even been born at the time.

In that moment, she understood the Queen a little better.

But it did not matter.

Arya, since the instant she joined the battle, fought to win. Fought hard. She had seen the men wagering as they fought, and she knew who they were betting on. Damn it! She wanted their respect, and the truth was they only thought of her as a little girl that would surely lose. Damn them all, she was a Stark! She renewed her attack.

**Syrio**
The sword master had been watching the sword fight closely. He would step in immediately if he sensed his queen was in any danger. She may get some bruises that would take time to heal, and tender ribs along with a few cuts on her body, but she would be fine. Daenerys was obviously holding back. She did not strike with her full strength and did not use her most advance techniques against the Stark girl. She did not want to Arya hurt beyond the measure of giving her a stinging lesson in court etiquette. He saw Barristan was doing the same thing on the other side of the floor in front of the throne.

He was so proud of his student. Her blows were fast and adroit. He watched the Stark girl with a critical eye. She was rough, and while her skill set while good, it was also basic and unrefined. Her attacks were ferocious and untrammeled. Her left-handedness at first threw his prized student, but she quickly adjusted to the attacks coming from the unexpected angle.

The two women hacked and parried, but the queen was slowly pressing the advantage. He noticed two things: the Stark girl was fast. Daenerys had been training for going on five years with his intense water dance lessons. She had become smoke and mirrors, her movements lightning-fast and sure. The Stark should have been torn to ribbons, in the figurative sense.

He knew Daenerys saw it too. She was puzzled by the girl's instinctive ability to adapt to her attacks. The Queen started to randomly put different forms and patterns together to keep the girl off balance.

The second thing Syrio saw immediately was that this Stark girl was a natural. Daenerys had her pressed up against the throne, her forearm held against the wolf’s throat, restricting her breath. The queen rasped out through gritted teeth, “Do you yield?!”

Syrio saw the Stark girl’s eyes flare, and she suddenly surged forward, pushing his student back and knocking her off balance. With renewed strength and purpose, the wolf girl rained blows down.

Syrio gasped. That should have been impossible. The girl was coping with some of the advanced moves Daenerys had now used on her. It took years of intense study and training like he, Barristan and Daenerys had endured to learn. Muscles had to be trained over and over to memorize, to do even the first modest steps of master sword work.

The Stark, though exhausted, was utilizing moves that he had spent years learning. He knew this was not a random stroke of luck, because the girl repeated them. The girl was learning merely by seeing and then instinctively coping. It was unnatural. Even more, it was impossible. Arya’s Stark sudden use of new techniques was keeping Daenerys off balance, but it was not enough to keep her from slowly wearing the younger woman down.

Suddenly, the fight was over as Daenerys hooked the crossguard of her opponent’s sword and twisted her sword across and up. The motion twisted the practice sword right out of the Stark’s hand.

Daenerys was breathing heavily, sweat rolling off her face and hands. Her thin linen top clung to her body, drenched in sweat.

The girl across from her was equally soaked in sweat, her face mottled with bruises.

Syrio knew that Daenerys had been holding back so as not to not truly hurt the Stark girl. She had wanted to teach the girl a hard lesson, not realizing the girl was going to give her several lessons as well.

Dany raised her sword up high. “Today I am the victor!” she said, “House Targaryen is the victor.
My power and influence spreads over all of Westeros.” She appeared to revel in the cheers that went up. “House Targa”—

WHAM!

Daenerys’ head snapped back, her hand dropping her sword from the hard left cross that slammed into her right cheek. Staggered, the Queen stumbled back and fell flat on her ass.

“I never said I surrender, you fucking Targaryen Bitch!” the scion of Stark yelled at the surprised Queen staring up at her.

Daenerys’ dragon blood appeared to be boiling again. Arya had made it personal now.

Pushing herself up from the floor the Queen roared. “You. Fucking. Bitccchhhhh!”

Arya

What was wrong with her? Arya detested losing with a passion, but she could handle being defeated by the beautiful queen.

Even with her face bruised, and swelling over her right eye, Daenerys was divine. She could not but help but stare at the tear in her blouse that exposed the side of the Queen’s right breast. Her skin was flawlessly creamy, and her lovely breasts swayed with each of the Queen’s movements. The adrenaline rush had the Targaryen’s nipples diamond hard, poking up into the wet fabric clung to her perfectly high and firm breast.

But the spell had been broken when the Queen went on her speech of victory over House Stark. Over her. The Queen thought of her as a little girl that she had just spanked.

That was unacceptable. So Arya punched her.

She stared at her fist in shock. She knew why she had done it, but—why had she done that?! Twice within a half-hour she had attacked her Queen. She knew the woman must hate her now.

Then the breath whooshed out of her body when the Queen’s shoulder slammed into her chest, and they both fell to the floor. Daenerys slammed a fist down into her face once, and then again.

Her inner direwolf howled, and she flexed her hips, heaving and dislodging the Queen over to the floor beside her. She kicked the Queen in the ribs and slammed her fist into Daenerys’ face. She pulled her arm back to land another blow, but her head snapped back from a hard punch to her chin.

The women both rolled away and got up quickly. They circled each other warily, snarling and gnashing teeth. Fists flashed out, most parried or missed, but some landing with hard impact. Heads jolted back with the power of the blows.

Then the Queen roared and charged Arya again. They wound up on the floor rolling around until Arya got her thick, muscled legs wrapped around the Queen’s ribs and locked her ankles over her back, gripping her arms over the smaller woman’s shoulders, pulling her body tight and grinding her chin into Daenerys neck.

The queen screamed as Arya tried to squeeze her in half, growling and jerking her legs, eyes shut tight in focus as she tried to break the Targaryen in two. Suddenly she was lifted up into the air as the dragon used brute strength to lift her body high off the floor. Arya looked around wide-eyed and
shocked at the slender queen’s strength.

Then her body slammed into the floor. The queen immediately jerked up and slammed her down again and again as Arya weakened. Two more hard slams, and Arya cried out in agony, her limbs falling away and the back of her head hammered into the stone floor as the Queen leaned down and struck her face with the heel of her hand.

The wolf girl slammed her knee forward into the Queen’s cunt. Daenerys howled in pain, falling forward as they both rolled and then staggered back up onto shaking legs.

They circled again and threw a few punches. Their guards down now due to exhaustion, fists hit flesh but the power of the blows had faded all together.

Daenerys stumbled with a missed punch and Arya used the opportunity to smash into the Targaryen and slam her down onto the floor, then quickly climbed up on the Queen and got her knees on the smaller woman’s shoulders and lifted her fist high in the air to deliver a devastating punch.

She locked eyes with the violet orbs of the queen. Arya paused, feeling herself falling into them. Daenerys took a few moments to regain her focus, then whipped her legs up and forward, hooking them around the front of the younger girl’s shoulders and jerking hard to the side, dislodging her.

They hurried to their feet again, circling each other and snarling.

They surged together as their bodies pressed tight to one another, grappling hands gripping hard. Suddenly, Arya was flipped over Daenerys’ hip and her shoulders slammed into the floor hard enough to make her see stars. She cried out as her ribs were kicked viciously, and the heel of Daenerys’ foot slammed into her cunt repaying her kind for kind. The Stark howled in agony, but managed to find the strength to kick her leg up, her foot hitting the Queen in the stomach and folding her over so her face was down.

Arya slammed her fist up, pounding the Targaryen’s nose and causing blood to gush out. The Queen gripped Arya’s shoulders and jerked her up, then slammed her head into the floor. The Stark girl screamed in pain but it did not take the fight out of her. Arya punched the queen in the face, making her nose bleed heavier. Daenerys staggered back, and fell to the floor.

Arya rolled over to grapple with the woman. With both of them on the floor the queen got the better of her. Daenerys slammed the back of her leg down over Arya’s face, and now it was Arya’s nose that became a fountain of blood.

Suddenly Arya felt agony running through her arm. The Queen had looped her legs around her shoulders and head, then locked her ankles around the other side. She gripped her wrist and pulled it close to her throat, and thrust her hips up and arched her back.

Arya felt her arm stretched out taut, the pain searing.

“Surrender!” the Queen barked.

Arya only jerked and writhed, trying to free her arm. The pain was incredible.

“Surrender!” the Queen roared and pulled down on her arm again, and Arya felt the joint going to its maximum. “Surrender!” Pull. “Surrender!” Jerk. She roared in agony, but she refused to concede.

The queen pulled harder on the arm, arching her body to put more pressure on the overextended joint. Arya could feel her shoulder nearly popping out of its socket and knew the pressure would ruin it - but she could not submit. The Queen saw her as nothing more than a fucking child!
The Queen rocked, putting more and more pressure on the cruelly stretched joint. “Surrender … … Surrender gods damnit … Surrender you fucking cunt!”

Arya knew she was doomed, but said nothing.

“I SURRENDER!” The queen said suddenly.

The pressure left Arya’s arm. She silently wept, gripping her throbbing shoulder that hammered out agony with each beat of her heart.

Daenerys

The Queen slowly, tiredly, climbed to her feet and looked around at a sea of shocked faces.

“I want everyone to pay up on your bets. I saw you,” the Queen growled to the gathered throng. Faces turned down to look at money that was about to be surrendered.

The Queen had lost.

Daenerys felt her right eye swelling shut. Her lip was split, and blood still dribbled out her left nostril. Her whole body ached. She looked down at the Stark girl who was on the ground rolling, cradling her shoulder.

Dany had chosen to surrender rather than permanently injure her. It was clear the wolf would never surrender. So the Queen had.

Dany looked down at the girl she had finally vanquished. It had been an ordeal but she was the victor, no matter what was called out loud. Yet she felt no elation. All she wanted to do was kneel down and cradle the girl, tend to her, stroke her body … to … stop it! Daenerys ordered herself.

She sadly forced herself to remember that this was not her destiny. How sad, she reflected, right when she found her throne she also found what she had been longing for her love-starved soul. Unfortunately, one precluded the other. She could not have the girl. She needed to be stronger.

Barristan moved to come help her with Arya, but she shook her head ‘no’. She wanted to be the one, and the only one helping Arya. The only one touching her.

Daenerys was about to move to help the Stark when Arya rolled with obvious difficulty to her knees. The girl weakly hunched her back, exposing her neck. “I accept my fate for attacking the royal personage,” she said. “My family had no part in this matter. Only punish me. I will accept any punishment, Daenerys Targaryen first of your name. I deserve whatever recourse you deem fit. I deserve death for twice attacking you.” she finished softly.

Daenerys stared at the teenager incredulously. This girl - no woman - was a walking contradiction. “Get up Arya Stark—let me help you,” she said, helping the girl up as the young wolf leaned into her body. Daenerys thought the girl’s strong, muscled form felt so delicious against her own.

Daenerys held Arya longer than necessary before she finally broke the intimate clench. She looked intently into the face she had battered.
Arya

Arya was shocked that after all this violent conflict she could feel herself getting wet, and her puffy nipples began to swell as they rubbed against her leathers, the intense friction both pleasurable and painful through her bruises.

The Queen’s grip made Arya’s knees almost buckle in want. Pleasure surged through her body, making her weak. A weakness that piled on top of her rattled senses.

Arya was suddenly thankful for her riding outfit. It kept her arousal well-hidden.

It really was all so sad. All of her sweet child-like fantasies of the queen being smitten with her and sweeping her off her feet, defying all convention to take and bed her, fuck her and marry her. She had ruined with her damned temper. She knew in reality she never had a chance, but to put the nails into the coffin herself really hurt.

Daenerys was ready to move on. “Nothing is going to happen you. It was just a little misunderstanding.” She chuckled, the movement clearly making her bruised ribs bark in pain. She gave Arya a crooked smile.

Daenerys analyzed her, beaten from blows she’d received. “You are loyal subject of a mighty house. Plus, you pack one mean left hook, Arya Stark! Also, if you think I am letting you off this easy, you have another thing coming!” Dany laughed and then gripped her ribs, wheezing in pain.

Arya felt a spasm rip through her battered chest, and she staggered a little, her eyes hazing over with pain.

Daenerys asked Arya her parent’s names, how many sisters she had; then how many brothers. When Arya answered four the Queen frowned. Arya, seeing this, stiffly straightened her back “Jon is my brother!” she barked, defending the full brother of her heart.

Daenerys smiled. “I’m sorry. Of course you’re right, it is four.” The smiled and said softly “Loyalty … I like that in a woman.”

Daenerys waved over the Maester, who started to examine and cluck over the battered girl.

Even though Daenerys had only just told herself to be strong, she felt her body defying her already. Her body was telling her to listen to her soul.

Dany reflected on just how good it felt when the Stark girl wrapped her legs around her waist and squeezed. Dany felt her core jerk in response, her labia lips swelling.

Of course, the erotic effect had been quite reduced by the fact the girl had been trying to squeeze the life out of her and break her in two.

But Dany couldn’t but help think what it would feel like to have the girl clasp her that way, with
naked thighs, and to press her body down into the supine Stark girl – to ram and sweep her cunt up and down Arya’s swollen cunny, their juices soaking both their groins, slicking them as clits rubbed and jacked over each other through their soaked slits. Arya’s grip with her legs around her hips, ankles locked over her ass and her tilted sweet pussy rocked up into Dany’s own. Their mouths locked, heads tilted over as tongues swept and played with their mate.

The Targaryen felt her eyes glazing over. Daenerys shook her head hard before her already weak knees betrayed her and sent her on her ass. She knew she had to stop this self-torture. Arya had proven twice how much she was not attracted to her that way by nearly putting two arrows in her, and then nearly punching her lights out.

She spied the Maester guiding the girl out of the audience hall, and back to his chamber for treatment.

“And Arya,” the Queen commanded. The wolf turned around slowly, painfully in acknowledgement. “Unless the Maester says otherwise, I want to see you on the practice field tomorrow even if they have to wheel you out. You have natural skill and the passion to be a great swordsman - but it is rough and raw … how about we polish that into burnished steel?” the Queen asked her.

The Queen snorted to herself, hearing how rough her voice sounded with her spit lip and her cheek swelling on the left side as her lip puffed up.

“You are good Arya Stark but you need more practice … we will train together, yes?” the queen asked.

Daenerys smiled inside, seeing the ghost of a smile move across Arya Stark’s beautiful battered face. “As you command, my liege.” she answered, her breath wheezing out of injured ribs. She noticed the girl stood up just a little taller.

After the exchange, Tyrion came walking by, his pockets overflowing with gold coins and IOUs and his fists unable to fully close with all of the dragons in them.

“What are you doing with all that money, Tyrion?” Daenerys asked.

“Counting all my winnings,” Tyrion replied happily, bending over to pick up a dragon he had dropped.

“But I lost, Tyrion!”

“But I bet on the Stark girl, my liege.” The imp smirked.

Daenerys pinched the bridge of her swollen nose. “Of course you did.”

Chapter End Notes

AN #1: I will be missing one cycle of posting.
AN #1: I am back. Real life kicked in. Used opportunity to write further ahead. I should be able to post every 3 weeks till the end.

AN #2: This chapter will have F/F/M sex in it. I like anal so it will be in sex scenes. I have a potty mouth when I have sex so my characters will too. I like sex hot and nasty. it makes it rad and my characters are the same. For those who do not like "smut" or "porn" in their stories I apologize in advance. Use your scroll button to skip. There is plenty of story. Most chapters are purely story driven. Though next chapter will have several F/F/F/F sex scenes.

Chapter 30

Chrysalis

Two Years Ago

Jon / Ygritte / Jon / Melisandre / Jon / Ygritte / Jon / Melisandre

Jon

The wind howled from the North. It buffeted the tall conifers, bending them by their force of will. The swirling eddies sloughed through the bows, shaking them, making the needles writhe. Snow that might have settled on them or along the top of branches shook free, and swirled down to the ground. White wind devils swirling to the ground in riots of confusion. Gusts blew and howled like wolves on the hunt. The winds continued moving ever forward from the icy cold of the north. These winds had seen unimaginable evil with their birth at the top of the dark world. The wind cared not for what it had seen, but even unknowing forces of nature can’t help but be influenced by what they had touched.

In leaps and snarls the wind moved ever south. For long leagues in its journey, it met only token resistance. Suddenly, that changed. Ahead it felt pressure from something immense and unmovable. The wind slavered and bit at the obstruction, but it cared not for its ferocity. Around and around the wind whirled and howled in frustration at the block on its path - it was impotent against such an immovable force. Then its brothers arrived and joined it in an eternal frustration of howls. More brothers arrived, and lifted the first winds up, swirling and twining over themselves. Up and up the winds howled, standing on the shoulders of brothers that had come after them.

The winds sought and found no weakness in the Wall before them. If they had had a mind, they would have screamed in frustration. Then, suddenly, the winds were over the top of the Wall, and swirling down and lashing all before it. The wooden latticework on the side of the Wall buffeted and clattered against the sheer ice. Several men on it had to grip the rails to keep their balance, so as not to be cast off the switchback wooden stairs. The basket that hung from a mighty cable swung around in a wild swirl, making sudden leaps and jerks.

The wind howled in triumph as it leapt and clawed down the opposite side of the Wall. It hit the
ground and spun in mighty gusts. The detritus that inhabited all human habitations swirled up into
the air, jerking and moving in starts with the dust devils. It was dark and the dance of the macabre
was unseen. It would not have mattered. A more sublime dance of nefarious intent was already in
play by the humans. Their tableau so often repeated in their sad history of conflict, deceit and
betrayal.

The winds' howls of remembered evil only merged with and increased the evil already at play.
Humans needed little added incentive to create evil. Good and evil would always have their eternal
conflict. The players will change, and the tableau acted out will vary, but the sad display of human
avarice will always find voice. The winds only paused for a moment to contemplate the act of
treachery before racing south to further contemplate their lonely fates.

“I told you I would come back.” Alliser Thorne told Jon Snow, appearing from the inky shadows
near the Wall, his wolf cape jerking and flung out behind him by the wind as he approached the
surrounded Lord Commander. He moved in closer. “You thought to send me to my death out there
beyond the Wall, but I survived.” He had a rapacious smile on his face. A look of sure triumph.

Wun Wun was cornered against a storage shed with long pikes aimed at his head and body. He still
had Ser Patrell’s broken body dangling from his right hand. He was shouting in his guttural
language that none of them in this party understood. The giant looked to Jon for salvation in his
agitated state. His friend’s eyes had no salvation to give. This only increased the Giant’s confusion
and panicked anger.

“I’m going to kill your pet, and then we are going to kill this traitor who has let the wildlings come
through the Wall unopposed and given them land in the Gifts. You are a fucking traitor!” Alliser
shouted at his mortal enemy, his face in the dark light of the cloud covered night sky snarling at his
foe. He moved in as the other members of his cabal moved closer to Jon, daggers drawn to commit
murder. Treason always waited for the dark to commit atrocity.

“Listen to me … these are different times. You know what the true enemy is. We must stand united
against them. We need every hand we can get to man the Wall. Our numbers are too depleted to fight
alone!” Jon Snow shouted, trying to reason with his brothers in black.

“No. They are animals that deserve death!” Wick Whittlestick shouted. “Let them all die. We
swore an oath. We are the shield. A shield to protect Westeros from the Wildings and from this
inhuman thing!” Whittlestick motioned at the frightened giant.

“No! They are the same as those we protect below they Wall. They are men, women, children! We
need to meld their strength with ours to meet the threat that comes for us all! Don’t become what
you hate! This is treason! Listen to your hearts and not this vile cretin. We are better than him. It is
Allisar that is the traitor.”

“No Jon Snow, this is justice.” Allisar spoke, turning to look at the large circle of crows that
encircled their Commander. “This man is a traitor and has sided with our sworn enemy. He has
weakened us and polluted our numbers with these vile sub-human residents of the wild North. What
is the verdict? What say you my brothers?!”

“Death!” was shouted in the dark night and swirling winds. The hollowing winds birthed in evil
seeming to echo in agreement to the pronouncement of evil intent.

Jon looked desperately at Bowen Marsh. He was crying. “Bowen you can’t do this! This is
treason!”

“Ohhh, Jon! You’re a traitor, Jon!” Bowen moaned, moving closer. Jon felt his arms caught from
behind as he watched Alliser Thorne step forward with a look of triumph in his eyes. Jon cursed as his pinned arms kept Longclaw just out of reach. His compassion for his fellow crows had taken his only chance of life from him.

“Sentence has been rendered, Jon Snow … I am going to pierce that vile, black-bastard heart.” Alliser spoke with calm resolve.

He moved forward another step, his face formed in a mask of grim resolve with a hint of a smile. Suddenly, the man started with a jerk. Jon saw Alliser’s eyes first flare, and then bulge, his mouth half-opened with his tongue sticking out. Jon watched in fascination as Alliser slowly looked down his body.

Jon stared in shock as five long, black, slender fingers jutted out of Alliser’s chest, and then jammed forward another two feet. The fingers were more like talons; inhumanly long and dark as the space between the stars. Alliser’s body began to convulse and he dropped his long dagger. The rest of his conspirators stood in shocked silence and forgot about Jon for the moment, watching their conspirator leader dying on the strange spikes protruding from his body.

Suddenly a crow standing to his left was lifted up four feet into the air, as five long-jointed black fingers were savagely jammed through his torso. The man’s sword dropped from a lifeless hand, now hanging limp. Both bodies were lifted up into the air and jerked to and fro like marionettes on the strings of a cruel puppet master.

In a whipping motion both dead bodies were slammed down into the hard, frozen ground; their bodies shattered by the force of being violently slammed to Earth. A huge black shape morphed into view.

Jon gaped at the apparition from the pits of a Stygian hell. The demon was at least fifteen feet tall. It had a huge head with an overlarge mouth and red pits for eyes. Long fangs lined its jaws. Its head was triangular shaped. The thing’s body was thin at the waist but large in the chest in a shape no human could have. It had long legs with knees bent at an unnatural angle. The thing tilted its head back and emitted a long hideous wail of horror.

Its right hand reached out and gripped a man’s head. Jon watched in horror. The man’s head exploded in blood and bone flinging from between the black shadowy monster’s fingers. Its other hand gigged another crow with its five long fingers. The huge fifteen foot tall thing turned on its unnatural thin waist looking for new humans to slay. The edges of it seemed to constantly roll and surge.

The figure bent down, and its huge, dark mouth glowing green inside with three-inch long daggers that appeared along its gums snapped down on a shocked crow. The horrid teeth of the black shadow monster pierced and rent the man’s body almost in half. His scream was cut off, his limbs dangling out of the shadow’s mouth.

As the shock was beginning to wear off, Jon noticed two of the crows guarding Wun Wun were down, arrows jutting out of their necks. As he watched, another went down with an arrow through his eye. Wun Wun surged forward into the thinned ranks as another crow dropped his pike. His hand reached up and gripped his throat around the arrow that had shot half way through his neck. The dying man fell to his knee. Wun Wun fell on the other confused crows, crushing one with the body of Ser Pertell being used as a club.

Shouts from crows and wildlings filled the air, wondering what was happening in their midst. Giants could be heard roaring coming to their brother’s aid. Jon pulled his Valyrian sword out of its sheath and prepared to defend himself. The monster spit out its dead morsel and rose up to almost thirty feet
This was a demon from the pits of hell. If Jon had known that instead of death by the hand of man he was about to die from the hand of the after world, he would have laughed aloud. The fates always pissed on House Stark. The monster jumped up high in the air as Jon angled his sword across his face in defense.

The monster landed just behind him, crushing three men to death, pulping the bodies down to splintered bone and flesh that oozed gore and blood into the hard, frozen Earth. The hard ground refused to take the offering of shattered bodies. The monster, faster than thought, gripped his shoulder and pulled him behind it as its other hand lashed out, spearing another man with its five fingers. Suddenly, a woman from his past stood before him. She pivoted and shot another crow down with her arrow.

“Move Jon Snow—You know nothing!” Ygritte shouted. “Melisandre—come!” Ygritte started to move off.

“No. I need to get this under control!”

“They’re going to kill you, man! Melisandre is weakening and I’m almost out of arrows! We need to run while the confusion lasts!”

Jon ran after his old lover, excited and relieved to see her alive. He had assumed she must have burned in one of the towers that burned down in the wildling assault eight months ago.

Behind them, the silent black monster continued to kill without mercy. “What the hell is that thing?” Jon shouted at his lover’s retreating back.

“That’s my wife’s shadow self. She will provide cover as we get to our horses.”

Jon hesitated, slowing down “That is my command! I must go back.”

Ygritte whirled around and gripped his cloak “Those fuckers were going to kill you Jon! Fuck them! Come with us and live, you bastard! Do you know nothing?!” She shook him. The hard snapping of his neck brought the reality of the situation to Jon.

He shook his head yes.

They fled out of the grounds of Castle Black and over the frozen tundra and then then into the thick stands of woods to the left of Castle Black. They moved with hurried steps as war horns of both crows and wildlings blew in wild riots of confusion. They would have to take care of themselves.

For twenty minutes Ygritte and Jon hurried at a half run through the trees and open spaces between stands of trees. They ran from one corpse of trees to the next as the stands of trees grew larger in size. The last stand of trees a mile across. Finally, they entered a small clearing in this stand of trees. Here Jon saw that three horses were tied up. His salvation had been planned and prepared for. Only then did Jon see a small fire burning down.

“Melisandre!” Ygritte screamed surging forward seeing her wife prostate on the ground. “Nooooo! Dammit! I told you not to expend yourself beyond your limits!”

Jon saw a tall body crumpled down on itself by the dying burning fire. Up close Jon, could see by the size of the heap of cankers that this had once been a mighty fire indeed. Ygritte ran to the form and pushed the body back onto its back. “Baby, baby!” Ygritte took what was an extremely tall woman’s hand and kissed it, while chafing it with her hands and leaning down to kiss the
unconscious woman on the lips. “Oh baby, we’re here … baby, I’ve come back with Jon. You were so awesome. You kicked crow ASS!”

“Ohhhhh,” the tall woman moaned, and Ygritte squealed. Jon watched his small former lover crawl on top of the prostrate woman and grip the woman’s head with both hands, lifting it and kissing her with hot passion. The tall woman enfolded Ygritte with both arms and hugged the small woman down onto her long frame as they kissed deeply, tongues dancing entwined.

After a long minute the tall woman sat up. She easily held Ygritte to her as she rose up to a sitting position. Ygritte backed off, spit roped between their lips. “Don’t ever do that again Melisandre! You know nothing!” Ygritte berated the woman while holding her tight and kissing her throat. Jon watched his former love hug the tall woman with deep auburn hair, a glowing red ruby at her throat. He noticed in the fading firelight that the woman’s eyes were an unsettling red. She looked weak and haggard. She had obviously expended herself greatly to save him.

Jon already felt he was deeply in this woman’s debt. A woman he had just met had saved his life at her own personal cost.

The tall woman looked at Jon over Ygritte’s shoulder as the short woman kissed and licked her throat. The woman had beautiful angles to her face, and her dark red eyes were beguiling when he got a closer look. The woman’s long hair flowed down over her shoulders and back. She silently regarded Jon Snow. “I’m Melisandre of Asshai, and this is my wife Ygritte of the Wildings and of Asshai. You are Azor Ahai reborn. I am to become your wife as well.”

“What?!” Jon asked shocked, stepping back.

“Dammit Melisandre, you know nothing. We were supposed to seduce him, woman.” Ygritte sighed, getting up and helping the woman stand. She was four inches taller than Jon’s five foot ten inch height. She was voluptuous. This was a strong woman Jon thought. Though at the moment she was weak. She had abused her strength to save Jon. Jon was in her debt and he would need to repay it. The woman leaned on Ygritte’s shoulder, hugging the woman possessively to her side.

Ygritte gave Jon her brilliant smile that always made his heart clutch in his chest. “I’m so happy to see you alive, Ygritte. I had feared you were dead.”

“I would have been dead if Melisandre had not come and saved me from you and your damn crows.” Ygritte spoke in a gruff voice, but she had a big smile on her face.

“Will you come with us, Jon Snow?” the tall, solemn looking woman asked him in a serious calm tone.

“I will.” In all reality, what choice did he have? His own brothers had just attempted to assassinate him.

Ygritte

“Jon, help me get Melisandre on her horse. She is still so weak.” Ygritte asked her former lover. He did as she asked - it was his nature to help and nurture.

They helped lift up a wobbly ShadowBender who leaned against her horse weakly. “Help me get her up, but be gentle with her Jon. She’s so fragile!” the wildling said, wringing her hands. Jon gripped the extremely tall woman who held the saddle horn. He held her hips and she got a foot on a stirrup then paused, gathering her strength.
“Easy Jon! Don’t hurt my wife! She expended too much saving us … be easy! You know nothing!” Jon eased his grip on the tall woman’s body.

Melisandre turned her head to look at her wife. “Ygritte, you make me sound like a chicken boned woman! I won’t break. I am just a little drained.”

Ygritte went up to her woman and stroked her strong thigh. “I know you aren’t weak baby … I love those big, strong thighs gripping my head, and you grinding that big, juicy pussy up and down my face … with your hands in my hair grinding my face in your hot couchie as it explodes and floods my mouth with your sweet cum and all over my face.” Ygritte said with a dreamy look on her face.

Melisandre groaned, her face going scarlet despite her weakened and pale state. “Ygritte, you’re nothing but a horndog … Jon just got here, baby. He doesn’t need to hear about our lovemaking.” A mortified ShadowBender explained in a not so soft whisper.

“You know nothing! Jon is a prude who needs loosening up, babe. You taste so goodddd baby!” Ygritte exclaimed with a melodramatic flourish.

Melisandre sighed and looked at Jon aggrieved. The look was returned.

“I see you have experienced Ygritte in all her sass and glory.” Jon told the woman sympathetically with a soft smile on his face. “She led me astray from my sacred vows.”

“You now nothing Jon Snow!” Ygritte barked at Jon.

Melisandre replied “She is good at that I have found.”

Ygritte had a shit eating grin on her face and she knew it. “Oh, neither of you know nothing! Jon was and is my thrall! Just like you baby! He was mooning after me the moment he saw me. Once I flashed him my tits and my pretty puss he was putty in my hand, Melisandre.” Ygritte told her wife smugly.

“Funny, that is not how I remember it, Ygritte.” Jon replied calmly.

“Do tell.” Melisandre said, suddenly sprucing up.

“The way I remember it, Ygritte was after me like a love sick puppy begging me to give her my cock. You were hot for me, is how I remember it Ygritte.”

Ygritte looked up at Melisandre, who had her eyebrow cocked.

“Jon. Tell me more about how Ygritte was sniffing around your crotch like a horndog.”

Ygritte barked that it was Jon that was whining for her hot body. Ygritte changed the subject having not liked the direction of the current talk. “Jon get my wife up on her horse. Jon moved to comply. He lifted Melisandre as she pulled on the saddle horn.

“Gently Jon! Don’t hurt her!”

The Crow and witch looked at each other with aggrieved looks again as Jon got her on the horse. All the while Ygritte yammering at Jon to be gentle with Melisandre.

“I hear you sighing Melisandre!” Ygritte sniped at the two.

Ygritte stomped to her horse and mounted as Jon got on his horse. She fumed and led her horse between Jon and Melisandre to preclude any further conversation.
For fifteen minutes Ygritte rode between her lovers. She led the conversation to the situation with the crows and the Wall. It was obvious to her and Melisandre Jon was still in mental shock at their betrayal. His mulling over the betrayal of his Crow brothers. His voice was at times wooden, confused and angry.

Ygritte circled back and hid their tracks with the expert skills she had learned from her wildling second childhood before she spurred her horse forward to rejoin her wife and husband. She couldn’t wait to fuck them both.

That night they took many breaks to let Melisandre recover her strength and let the horses feed from grain they had in the saddlebags. They kept pressing on as the sun rose and shone on their backs. For three more hours they walked, moving from stand of woods too the next stand of woods. They moved deep into the trees to remain hidden.

They then moved into a small forest. They walked their horses slowly deeper into the trees. An hour in they took a break. The forest getting older with old growth trees and thick underbrush between the trunks. Jon ate some wafer bread and beef jerky that Ygritte offered him. He drank from a canteen provided. They then remounted their horses and moved ever deeper into the gloom of the sentinel old growth conifers and sprinkling of old oaks and maples. They found a small fox trail and they led the horses down the thin trail. For the next three hours the three went down narrow animal trails between trees and thick brambles. They then came out of the forest into a small glade.

Their cabin was on the edge of the glade, hidden by the surrounding trees. The rough hewn timbers showed their age but the building was sound and hale. The logs were caulked with hard clay and were well-maintained, keeping out the cold and rain. The cabin was tall and had a high arched roof to let the snow slide off in heavy snowfalls. There were several windows with glass panes that would let in light at certain hours when the sun was angled right in the eastern sky. Plenty of chopped wood was stacked high by the side of the cabin. It was an idyllic spot for the witches and their soon to be husband.

Melisandre was swaying on her horse. Jon quickly dismounted and went to her, to ease the tall auburn-haired woman down off her horse. Melisandre had started to slide down the side of her horse. Jon easily caught the woman and cradled her to him in his strong arms. He carried her into the cabin followed by an anxious Ygritte.

Ygritte wrung her hands again in worry. She was not used to seeing Melisandre being so gaunt and pale. She was always so strong and vibrant! She smiled softly seeing Jon Snow’s instinctive caring and nurturing side manifest itself. He was a born caregiver. It was the man’s nature to protect those in need, and it was part of what made her fall so hard for him. Melisandre would love him to when they got to know each other. Ygritte was sure of. For Melisandre it was still about prophecy, but soon it also would be about love and desire.

She led him into a bedroom dominated by a big bed that looked like a tornado had run over it. Ygritte saw Jon smirk. Thank the gods Melisandre was still groggy or she would be mortified to see their bed. They had forgotten to make it up having fucked hot and hard just before leaving to go save his ass.

She asked Jon to go find the covered pitcher of cider they had in the cabinet. He came back a minute later and gently lifted up Melisandre’s head and helped her drink down the fluids. Ygritte felt her heart pitter patter, seeing Melisandre’s hand grip Jon’s hand as she drank and they looked deep into each others eyes. Soon, very soon, they would both be hers. It filled her body with warmth seeing them already bonding before even knowing it. Ygritte then thought where that bonding would eventually lead, and she felt her pussy getting wet in anticipation.
They got Melisandre stripped down and Ygritte saw Jon’s eyes drink in her wife’s statuesque beauty. They had sat her up and undone the buttons and laces along her back, and shed the dress off her broad shoulders to reveal her full, firm breasts. Then they pulled the dress down her legs, exposing her big, bald pussy all soft and smooth. Ygritte felt her body instinctively clench in desire for the redhead’s charms. It was natural. She chewed her lip when Jon showed no arousal.

Jon had always blushed and reacted to Ygritte’s body when she was only a wildling. He was a strong, virile man reacting to her innate beauty as a woman. It was this same beauty that radiated from Melisandre’s statuesque, voluptuous body. Jon’s lack of reactions to Melisandre’s form was indeed worrying. Jon left them for some privacy, returning to the main room.

Ygritte got her wife comfortable as she quickly fell asleep. She covered the witch up snug in the blankets. Normally, they did not need covers but in her weakened state Melisandre did not need her body losing any of its heat.

Satisfied with her wife’s state, Ygritte went to Jon in the main room. He had gotten the fire going and she made a meal of cut cheese and salted meat with mead for him, as she no longer needed to eat for subsistence.

Jon was starving and ate two platefuls of food. Ygritte sat silently watching her husband. She would have to formalize it like she had with Melisandre. She knew they had a lot to discuss.

Finished, Jon pushed the dishes aside. He looked into her eyes. “I guess you have a lot to tell me, Ygritte.” he calmly said, his eyes so soft and gentle. Ygritte felt her love surging for Jon. She couldn’t wait to get him in their marriage bed.

“Where do you want me to start?”

“How about how you survived the fight at Castle Black and go from there?”

Ygritte told her of her being saved by Melisandre. How she was taken back to this cabin and of their dire injuries. How they healed each other. How she found out about her previous life.

Jon’s eyes had gotten big when she told him about her former life in Asshai where she was Tygreti, a mighty ShadowBender. She had been alive for almost a thousand years and sought a disciple to teach her sorcery to. She had selected a young sex slave who had been tortured. She spoke of how this young girl had snapped and killed the whole family torturing her one night. She was to be shipped off to the slave mines of Valyria. Instead, she took Melisandre in. She taught her all she knew, and the pupil became as great as the master.

Then Ygritte smiled. “I was as big a prude as you Jon, but Melisandre seduced me thank the gods.” She then told Jon of her original death. Then she circled back around to being saved in this life. She explained to Jon what had occurred to her since her saving at Castle Black.

Ygritte told Jon with a smirk that this time she was the one to seduce and bring her teacher into her bed.

“She is such a beautiful woman, isn’t she Jon?” Ygritte asked her former lover.

“Yes, she is.”

“Then why didn’t you react to her naked body? She is so hot. I saw no passion in you, Jon.”

“All passion for the flesh died in me Ygritte, when I thought you had died. I don’t feel anything like passion now. My desires for flesh perished with your supposed death.”
“I’m back, Jon.” Ygritte spoke, gripping his hand and running her thumb over it. “I have seen the fires. Come to bed with us and join us in a holy union of three.” She looked intently at her husband. “We were meant to be, Jon Snow. The three of us. Let us love and share life.”

Jon pulled his hand back. “I’m sorry, Ygritte. I can’t. Not now. I have a lot to think about. Please give me time.” Ygritte saw the pensive look on Jon’s face. The damn Stark resolve was going to be a pain in her ass again. She grinned to herself. She had seduced Jon Snow once. She and Melisandre would do so again.

“You will marry both of us, Jon. We have both seen it in the flames” Ygritte grinned at the crow. “The sex is smoking hot. Why delay the inevitable?”

“I think not, Ygritte. That part of me died with your supposed death.”

Okay Jon. … I know this is a lot to take in at one time. I will show patience.” Ygritte smiled at Jon wickedly. “Even when we both know that is not my nature.” She got up and started to go the bedroom to her wife. She stopped and half turned around. “Just don’t keep us waiting too long.” She said saucily.

She left the curtain pushed back so Jon could see into their bedroom. Ygritte stripped down and got underneath the covers. She smiled when Melisandre turned over and snuggled into her body, gripping her tit possessively and threw a long leg over her legs claiming her as Melisandre’s. She knew that Melisandre would easily fall in love with Jon. He was that damn good with his smoking hot body and sweet ways. She could afford to be patient.

Yes. She would have them both. Melisandre had told her when they looked at him in the flames that he acted like a woman with his constant caring and compassion. His gentleness was feminine, though he was all man. Ygritte had played up Jon’s gentle nature even more as they talked. She saw that Jon’s gentleness called to Melisandre and she played on that to make sure her wife fell in love with Jon. He would have two wives and they would share one husband.

Since her rebirth Ygritte had regaled Melisandre with tales of Jon’s gentle nature. It was easy to tell her wife of the many sweet things that Jon had done with her. While they fucked, Ygritte told Melisandre in lurid details at how well he boned and the feel of his big cock fucking her in her cunt. She had told her ShadowBender wife how she had just talked him into fucking her in the ass when things, well, went south, so to speak. She had loved feeling his cock flooding her womb or colon with hot semen. Ygritte knew how to make sex sound so fucking hot. She gave Melisandre hot sweet details of her fucking Jon.

Melisandre moaned it was like being in their furs with them.

She had Melisandre panting to go down on Jon and to fuck him with her hot tight pussy and asshole. The voluptuous woman was insatiable, and once she had a taste of Jon she would be hooked on him just like Ygritte had become. Ygritte preferred pussy, but there was just something about Jon. Melisandre was right. It was his feminine nature enclosed by that male psyche that made him so fucking hot. They would eat him up alive.

**Jon**

Jon was still trying to come to terms with his crow brothers trying to assassinate him. He had been doing the right thing, and they would have driven their daggers deep into his body until he lay dead
on the ground. The fact that his brothers would give any credence to Alliser Thorne made his blood boil. The man had died a horrible death and Jon could only smile at the memory. The traitor had gotten his deserved fate. The man was twisted, but that he had also been able to sway good men like Bowen Marsh truly troubled Jon’s soul.

His betrayal was one thing, but the additional insight to the hearts and souls of his fellow brothers was more troubling to Jon. The blind prejudice that he heard and saw that night soured Jon towards the whole order. He had seen the truth of the times. The wildlings were members of the realm that deserved protection. And his brothers talked of these men, women and children as less than human.

How could they feel this way? Where was their sense of compassion and justice? How could they be so cruel to so many? Especially their willingness to sacrifice women and children to certain death – that was horrible to even contemplate. It made his stomach squirm.

He knew that the brothers would keep their treason to themselves for as long as they could. It gave Jon time to consider his options and nurse his building sense of rage and need for righteous justice. His father would kill them all if discovered his attempted assassination.

Jon sighed. He did not want that. He only wanted to punish any surviving conspirators. The rest were innocent or those who knew but did not participate he could overlook. He would send them to exile in other Crow Forts. He would isolate the contagion. The Wildlings would watch over them.

Time passed, and he lived with Ygritte and Melisandre in a quiet sharing of the cabin. He slowly got comfortable around the two lovers. Ygritte had left them to scout the area around Castle Black, and seek out old contacts amongst the wildlings to find out the way of things. To see the balance between Crows and wildlings. Jon had total confidence in her skills.

Melisandre had been a nervous wreck. She cried and shook with fear for her wife. Her face nearly pressed into the flames to see that Ygritte was still safe. It touched Jon to see such devotion. Their love for each other was so obvious in their shared looks, and the gentle touches - not to mention the sounds of rampant sex at night and sometimes during the day. Well, more than sometimes. He had to admire their stamina.

He had wondered if he should be jealous when he first arrived at his hideaway. He almost immediately decided he had no right to feel that way. He had made his decision. He had chosen duty over and love. Honor over love. The only thing that he had received in return for his duty was very nearly a traitorous death. A death delivered by his own sworn brothers. The more he thought on that the more his soul raged. He felt some fundamental shift in his soul.

He had comforted Melisandre. He could not watch her suffer and not try to alleviate the pain he saw on her face and in her voice. She snuggled into his arms sniffling. She murmured she couldn’t live without Ygritte again. She would just die. Jon felt a lump in his throat at such pure love. He could only be happy for them.

He had felt the first stirring of desire then, seeing the bright and pure love between these two women.

When Ygritte came back into the glade, leading her horse by hand Melisandre had squealed in pure happiness. She ran across the glade hard with her dress flowing behind her as she picked up Ygritte and kissed her deeply. Melisandre had brought Ygritte back into the cabin easily, carrying the short woman. Jon watched her take Ygritte into the big bedroom. They stripped each other, clothes flying everywhere, and then fell to the bed. They never even pulled the curtain across the threshold. That ceased doing that almost from the start. Jon went outside and sat down on the small porch. His ears over the next hours filled with repeated screams of orgasmic bliss.
Jon eventually got up and walked through the forest. A man, hell, a person could only hear so much passion and raw sexual energy before one’s body was thrumming and shaking.

He loved Ygritte’s fiery nature. That was what attracted him to her from the start. It made Ygritte’s smile shine like the sun in the sky, just like her hair glimmered so brightly in the sun. It had been easy to fall in love with her. He had died on the inside, believing her dead. Now, he could feel that flame coming back to life.

Melisandre was the opposite in so many ways. Ygritte would look you straight in the eye with her chin thrown forward until you backed down from her sheer force of personality. Melisandre was demure, and almost shy. She stood up to Ygritte, but with quiet resolve that had the fiery redhead quickly backing down if she was in the wrong. Melisandre was like Jon in that they both enjoyed the little spitfire with her sass.

Melisandre was quiet and differential to Jon. She said he was Azor Ahai and she was in awe of him. That made Jon very uncomfortable. He insisted on cleaning the dishes after they cooked and cleaned the house. When Melisandre tried to step in, he had told her that he needed some duties to tend to. She tried to refuse him, but he saw admiration in her eyes. She liked his willingness to do the chores almost all men turned their noses up at. Jon was truly exceptional to the women in his life.

Jon was also discovering Melisandre had a subtle humor. She would make soft comments that made him stop and look back at her, wondering if it was a witty play of words it was so subtly done. He liked it.

The next morning after Ygritte’s return from her scout mission to Castle Black Jon was given the details of what was occurring at his old command. The Crows were indeed lying low. They were definitely afraid of the reaction of Jon’s father. They were living in dread. They were keeping to their quarters silently to themselves. They sent false messages to the other forts that all was well. No reports of monsters or many deaths was given.

Ygritte had met with some of her former countrymen and told them to keep the status quo. She informed the leaders of the Wildlings that Jon Snow would return and that the traitors would be dealt with very harshly. All the offers he had given to the Wildlings would be honored. More would be given if they kept this all secret and give Jon time to fully recover and seek his command back.

Ygritte had been post persuasive. She had smirked at Jon with her shit eating grin that said *I am just that good.*

After three weeks, the women had stopped wearing clothes in the house. They liked their fire burning hot, but they did not need the heat. They pressed into Jon when making a point, or putting his meals on the table. They kissed heatedly in front of him, and had actually started to fuck on the floor in front of him on the pile of furs. He had run out the door then. The women knew no shame! His Stark resolve was mortified.

He snorted to himself as he walked through boughs and listened to his muffled steps on fallen needles. Ygritte had asked him: “What man doesn’t want to see two hot women fucking each other blind?” Their open sexuality was making his body come back to life, but he was not ready for that. Not yet. He needed more time.

The women did not push themselves on him, not really. They just made it perfectly clear they were waiting for him to join them. They desired for him to partake in the rut of passion and life, and bind his soul to theirs.
More weeks passed.

Ygritte was out hunting for some fresh game so Jon could have rabbit stew. Melisandre turned from the fire to look at Jon. She had put on clothes with Ygritte out of the cabin, to give Jon a break he knew from their rampant assault on his senses. Her dress was still unbuttoned so that her large, full rounded breasts nearly spilled out her top. The red choker around her throat with its dark red ruby highlighted her eyes. She was strikingly beautiful. She was preparing some radishes, then she put her knife down and turned to look at Jon who was peeling potatoes.

“You must have been a woman in your former life, Jon Snow.” she told him.

Jon could tell by the tone that it was not an insult. He was not offended. “Why do you say that?”

“You are so gentle and insightful to the human spirit, as evidenced by your compassion for the wildlings. You are so good to Ygritte and to me, a stranger. Most men would react to me in this situation by saying I stole their wife. You are simple in your desires, and seek to nurture and support.”

Jon considered that. “I can live with that.”

He knew they were trying to seduce him with their brazen sexuality. That night Melisandre had quietly knelt in front of him while Ygritte came to sit beside him on the sofa. Both of them were nude as their name day. Ygritte had started to kiss his temple, and Melisandre started to undo the laces to his breeches.

He had stopped them before they could proceed. He was not ready. He was coming to really like, and maybe love Melisandre, but he was not ready to take that step. He stood up and asked them to please go their bedroom, but he could not join them.

Ygritte had been pissed off at the rebuff. It had been polite and courteous, but still a rejection. Jon watched Melisandre take the small woman in her arms. Ygritte looked so hurt. The tall redhead bent her head down, and tenderly kissed Ygritte on her temple. “He doesn’t love me, Ygritte.” Was her simple, sad comment.

Ygritte had raged at Jon with her eyes as they walked to their bedroom. That night the curtain was ripped across the doorway with a savage jerk. Jon would not be allowed to be a voyeur tonight.

Jon prepared the large sofa for the bed it became every night. He built up the fire. He sat staring at the flames like the two women did when they studied them. All Jon saw was flames - they had no answers for him.

He was coming to care for Melisandre, but he was still coming to terms with Ygritte’s supposed death and his large hand in it. He instinctively knew that if Melisandre had not interceded Ygritte would have died then and he would have followed her in death later by the hand of the same crows he had sacrificed her for.

He was unsure of himself and his place in this world. He had been raised to love one woman, not two. He was definitely not jealous of Melisandre. He could only feel happiness that Ygritte had been saved by a woman from a long ago past. He heard the bed rocking, and he knew they were “tribbing” as they called it. He had watched them from the doorway many, many times now. It was impossible not to, really. To see these two beautiful women fucking wildly and knowing he could join at any time was maddening in a way.

His father had a one-on-one relationship with Catelyn Stark. She had made his own life miserable, it
was true, but he could see his father loved his wife despite her flaws. It was hard for him to shake that fundamental foundation of his belief system. Could he love two women at the same time? Jon shook his head. He knew that most men would have thrown himself in that bed faster than he could blink.

Damn his sense of honor.

Ygritte was screaming her head off, the headboard banging into the wall. He knew exactly how Melisandre was fucking his love. He had watched Melisandre previously fuck Ygritte up on her palms, slamming her cunt and grinding up Ygritte’s swollen, sloppy pussy and swirling her hips back in a tight swirl to again slam her cunt into Ygritte’s swollen drooling love chute pounding it hard like he would. Ygritte sounded like she was being garroted. Jon sighed at the sounds of rutting and passionate love. What else could he do? He could be in there partaking of two beautiful women and watching them fuck each other right beside him. Every man’s dream!

Damn his honor!

It was going to be a long night.

**Melisandre**

It hurt. It hurt a lot being rejected by Jon. He had been kind and gentle and a part of her understood, but it hurt like hell. She was hurt that he seemed so in control of his emotions. Most men, hell any other man, would have ripped their clothes off (if they wore any), and defiled them both repeatedly. Not this damn man though.

She remembered back to her pre-teens and early teen years before Tygreti came to her, when she was still Melony. All the men had looked at her with fuck hunger. She had hated it so then. Now she wanted Jon Snow to look at her like that with a desperation that was starting to border on pain.

She felt her heart ache in her chest when he turned them away. Fortunately, she had her sweet, sweet wife. She dragged her to their bed and they had made heated love over and over deep into the night. She soon forget all about Jon Snow with her wife taking her to heaven over and over. The feel of her petite fist in her pussy twisting in and slamming her cervix and then her mouth coming down to suckle her clit made her go multiple and nearly made her pass out with ecstasy.

After they had finally exhausted themselves and wrecked the bed, they were satiated. Melisandre’s hurt was mollified and Ygritte’s anger banked. They discussed Jon as they cuddled and pressed their bodies tight against each other.

Ygritte told her that now that her dander was down she could see it from Jon’s perspective and it was kind of sweet. They discussed how men were such pigs as a rule, but not the Starks. They were so honorable, which was jumping up to put a big pain in their asses currently, but he was coming around.

Melisandre had to agree. He had always been polite and genteel with her. He insisted in doing many of the household chores that she enjoyed doing. He and Melisandre had a hard time getting to know each other, initially. Both were shy and quiet by nature.

Ygritte confessed she may have exaggerated a little bit when they first rescued Jon from the hated crows. Ygritte told her, looking sheepish, that it had been her pursuing and seducing Jon. That he resisted her for the longest time and she was trying to put the blast on him from the moment they met.
She had to nearly rape him to finally get him to bed her. She lamented never having the hunt for one’s mate with Jon. She paused for the longest time after that. Melisandre wondered if her wife had gone to sleep. Ygritte resumed her narration to explain that once she got Jon in her furs, the man had been insatiable. She had told Melisandre already how big he was and how he could bone so good. The man was a natural cocksman. She had highlighted to Melisandre of Jon’s love of going down on her, and that he was really, really good at sucking her off. A man who loves eating pussy was awesome. Again they agreed, he had to have been a woman in his previous lives.

Jon and Melisandre were both shy and reserved by nature. Ygritte was easy to fall for, with her fiery in-your-face stance and the natural sass that simply endeared her to you. But, Melisandre had to work to form a relationship with Jon. He was not distant, or in any way acting superior, just reserved. She was slowly finding him so endearing and charming in that ancient, formal manner you saw in plays in Braavos. He really was just that good and honorable.

She smiled, hugging Ygritte. She loved her wife so much, but she knew she could love Jon too. It was her destiny, after all. When Jon killed his wife, they had to love each other. There had to be that deep connection of love and then loss for the sword of Azor to become all it could be.

It was funny, falling in love with a man you were prophesied to fall in love with.

He had tried profusely to apologize after that night. He had told her that he found her to be a beautiful woman, but that he was raised to love only one woman and he was still processing the that idea that Ygritte was alive and married to a woman.

He held up his hand when Melisandre started to sputter. He told her he fully supported them and their love. She found that so endearing and her heart fell more in love with the man. She never thought she could love a man, but she guessed there was an exception to every rule. How she longed now to suck his cock and feel it exploding deep in her throat, and to feel his manhood in her pussy and ass like Ygritte had.

They came together more and more over the following weeks as they shared duties around the house. She would watch him chop wood, stripped down to his waist, enjoying his hard, sculpted muscles. She enjoyed how he blushed when he caught her looking, and then trying to not preen but doing exactly that as he chopped more wood, knowing he had her rapt attention.

She and Ygritte continued parading around the house nude. She liked that Jon looked on Ygritte with open lust when he thought no one was looking. He still loved the woman he had shared life with.

She felt a massive thrill the first time she saw him just staring at her, and told her in a breathy voice: “My god, you are a beautiful woman Melisandre—Ygritte is such a lucky woman to have you love her.”

She had sauntered up to him, and pressed her full bosom into his upper arm and leaned down. “You can have this body, and hers too, Jon Snow. We both love you so deeply. I yearn to feel you cock buried deep in my pussy and filling it with your hot potent seed. To see your face as my cunt grips you cock in a wet hot velvet fist and you feel the orgasmic spasms tearing my cunt apart on your spurting cock.”

She smiled recalling his loud gulp and the way his body shook. Ygritte told her that she now saw Jon staring at her ass, pretty pussy and awesome tits when he thought no one was looking. He would soon be theirs.

Two nights ago she had pressed into Jon while they prepared his dinner. He had always before
respectfully and subtly moved back while pretending to move to get something. Not this time. This time he pressed into her naked body and she shivered, feeling her nipples getting hard and her pussy lips swell as she felt her juices slicking her folds. He turned to look into her eyes, tilting his head up. Melisandre did not have Ygritte’s confidence. She had looked down at Jon with throbbing eyes and a wet pussy. He started to move his hand toward her exposed arm as she shivered in want.

His hand touched her arm and her pussy got instantly sopping wet. She licked her lips in anticipation, her couchie on fire for Jon’s mouth and cock. Melisandre lowered her face towards Jon’s face, their lips parting.

The door slammed open with Ygritte storming in breaking the spell. “I don’t need to eat but I want some of that rabbit stew! I shot out the bullseyes on all the targets and I need a reward!” the fiery haired woman crowed shaking her bow. Jon jumped back and started cutting his potatoes again. Melisandre’s head was still lowered for her first kiss from Jon. Nooooooooono! She stormed inside.

Damn it! So fucking close!

She watched Ygritte and Jon eat their dinner, fuming. Ygritte had stripped her clothes off and Jon was eyeing her little firm tits jostling as she animatedly talked and gesticulated about her day. As soon as Ygritte finished eating, Melisandre stood up.

“Jon—you have dish washing duty solo tonight.” she grated out.

She reached out and gripped a handful of Ygritte’s hair. Melisandre jerked hard on the hair not in her hand making Ygritte cry out in pain. She dragged the yelping wildling behind her. Melisandre jerked her arm down so that it bent her wife over as she dragged her to the bedroom.

“Fuck! Melisandre! What’s your problem, woman?” she groused as she was thrown down on the bed.

Melisandre was furious. She gripped her squalling wife, and dragged her over her knees when she sat on the bed. “What did I do, woman?!” Ygritte squealed in fright. Melisandre could feel her wife’s swollen, wet pussy as it wallowed on her thighs. Ygritte loved rough sex. She loved BDSM. “Let me up woman!” Ygritte ordered, all the while humping her ass up and jamming her now drooling camel toe into Melisandre’s legs nutting her pussy. When Ygritte looked back at Melisandre, her face was flushed and her nipples rock hard.

"You need to be punished!" Melisandre roared. She lifted her right hand palm cupped. Melisandre smiled seeing Ygritte's eyes go large in faked fright.

*Smack*Smack*Slap*Smack*Slap*Smack*Smack*Smack*

Melisandre blistered Ygritte’s ass with hard, cupped slaps of her palms. She told her wife through gritted teeth she had ruined the moment. She and Jon were going to fuck, and Ygritte had fucked it up!

*Slap*Slap*Smack*Smack*Smack*Slap*Slap*Smack*

“I didn’t Aaaaiiiii! Aaaggnneeii! Knowwww—Aaaieeee! Eeeiiiiii! Eeeeeiii! Please, stop, stop pleaseeeeeee!”

Melisandre continued to spank her wife as Ygritte’s pussy soaked her thighs in cum. She started massage her wife’s ass cheeks that were fiery red. She loved how her wife whimpered and moaned so gutturally.
Melisandre rolled Ygritte roughly off of her onto the bed, and scooted back stuffing pillows behind her head. “Suck me off till I tell you to stop, red!” Ygritte was drooling as she got between Melisandre’s legs and mashed her face into her wife’s swollen quim and went wild devouring sweet, juicy pussy.

She sucked Meslisandre off three times loving all the pussy juice gushing out her wife’s exploding cunt. Ygritte satiated her wife’s pussy and then was imperiously ordered to jerk herself off. Ygritte rolled onto her back on fire rubbing her pussy wildly with both hands.

Melisandre looked over at Jon in the door again, watching with hot, burning eyes. She could see that Jon was turned on by these witch’s kinky actions.

When she was, close Melisandre ordered her to stop. Ygritte’s eyes nearly bulged out her skull. Ygritte still owed her. Again, Melisandre imperiously command her wife to jill off. Four times she ordered her wife to stop masturbating on the edge of orgasm. Finally she heard the desperation she wanted “Milli ppplleeassssseeee! Please let me cuuummmmmmmmm! Pppuuuuhhhlieeeezzzeeeee!”

“Cum.”

Ygritte exploded, her hands a blur rubbing her pussy. Her screams deafening her body flipping and jackknifing violently all over the bed like a fish out of water. Melisandre had to grip her wife’s body to keep it from flipping off the edge of the bed. Ygritte’s body convulsed so hard with multiple orgasms throttling her sweet wife nearly senseless.

Yes, Ygritte was right. Makeup and angry sex had their place.

She saw Jon chortling and shaking his head. She could see by his flushed face and sweat glistening on his forehead he had enjoyed the hot, kinky show. Melisandre knew he just needed a little more time. She knew he was close to sorting everything out in his mind. He had been coming to terms with his past, and his current desires and his needs. Those needs were coming to be two beautiful redheads. Melisandre could see it in his eyes. He would soon be theirs.

Ygritte went out hunting again. Jon was sitting on the sofa relaxing, having just finished dusting. Melisandre shed her dress silently, and glided over to Jon on the sofa and sat beside him pressing her full bosom into his arm. He turned and looked hard into her eyes. Their eyes locked in a current, hot sexual desire throbbed between their locked eyes.

The next moment Jon had his arms around Melisandre’s body and pulled her into his hard body, their lips mating. Jon’s tongue swiped her teeth, and her loud groan filled the room. Her teeth parted and Jon’s long, thick tongue devoured her own as they danced in wet love.

Jon

The bough creaked with the weight of the man resting on it. Jon Snow looked down at the tall ShadowBender witch.

“Where are you, Jon Snow? You can’t run forever … you know we will find you.” the tall woman from Asshai spoke resolutely, looking to the right and left walking down the narrow trail between the trees and underbrush.

Jon could not understand how after six plus hours of his running and her chasing him, her dress still looked immaculate. It was in perfect place, and had no leaves or detritus clinging to the fabric. From his perspective, Jon Snow could look down her low cut bodice and imagine those beautiful orbs in
his hands. He had to stop thinking like that! He needed to focus on his attempted escape.

The witch seemed to have excellent tracking skills. Jon had acquired very sharp ranger skills and had learned how to hide his trail, but the ShadowBender always seemed to quickly find it anyways. He knew she was using her magic to pursue him.

He ground his teeth in frustration. He was trapped for now, as he saw the woman using her walking stick to lift up brush and stir the heavy leaf cover. She was making the mistake all novices make. She never thought to look up.

He waited patiently for the woman of Asshai to move on down the trail and out of sight. He waited another five minutes before he scurried back down the tree and landed lightly on his feet.

Damnit! That was the path that would take him back towards Castle Black. He looked around, considering, and pulled spruce needles out of his hair and examined his wrists where they had been scuffed climbing up the tree. He heard Melisandre calling out further down the trail, telling him to reveal himself.

He thought back to this morning when he had bolted out of the cabin that had imprisoned him the last four plus months. He was making his break for freedom. His captors had been fucking deep into the night of course as they almost always did. They had both been snoring when he left.

He had been a half hour into his escape when he was nearly caught by a hidden snare made by Ygritte. He felt the trip string stretch, and as it broke he dove to the side and the net only entangled his ankles. He quickly got his feet clear. The woman seemed to have planned for this event.

Then an hour later he heard Melisandre calling his name, coming closer. He heard Ygritte in the distance screaming out for Jon to just give up and give into his destiny. He gritted his teeth and ran harder and deeper into the woods.

Six hours later, he was tired and thirsty. He had had to hide deep in a blackberry bramble, getting pricked the first time Melisandre had almost came upon him. How could a woman so large move so silently? She poked her staff into the briar and it stopped just six inches in front of Jon’s face. That had been close! He was thankful the weather was mid-autumn, and the ticks and chiggers had been killed off for the season.

He had slowly wormed his way out of the briar patch, covered in scratches, and his hair a mad riot. He moved off in the opposite direction of the tall redhead moving down the path.

He felt very confident until an hour later he heard her coming down the path ahead of him. That wasn’t possible! The woman was using her witchcraft to somehow move like a mirage through the forest. He had found a crevice in a confusion of boulders to hide in that time. She had rapped the boulders, calling out for him to surrender. “I can feel you Jon Snow! You belong to us now. Stop fighting your destiny, Crow!”

He had ground his teeth at the jab.

She finally moved on, and Jon scooted out from his hiding place. Damnit! How could he fight magic? He had moved deeper into the forest then, but the witch seemed to have an unerring ability to sense his movements.

Once he heard Ygritte calling out, mocking his ability to stay hidden. “I will get you Jon Snow! Enough of these betrayals! You know nothing!” He moved in her direction off to the left, deep through the underbrush scaring a poor fox and her two kits as they bolted, yipping in fear. He
avoided his former lover. He grew tired and flummoxed. He could not shake the tall redhead. She must have been frustrated from the events of last night, and was hot in pursuit. He stopped and leaned back against an old oak tree. He heard her coming down the path yet again! She stopped near his hiding place as he glimpsed at her from around the tree. She paused, looking around, and continued down the path.

He picked up a rock and threw it against a tree far off to the left, and moved quick to the right. He walked an aimless path through the trees, avoiding any animal trails. It was mid-afternoon, and he was hot and sweaty, the sun putting a mottled pattern down on the forest floor.

He stopped and smirked. He had spotted another of Ygritte’s snares. He went to it and traced it out. It was a net that would grab its victim and lift them high in the air.

Again he heard Melisandre in the distance but moving his way “I grow tired of this chase Jon Snow. Give up!” She must have known somehow where all the traps were. He tripped this one, and smirked seeing the net whoosh up into the air, empty. He did not want to be running down a path and in his haste forget a known trap.

Proud of himself he walked down the path ten more steps. “Wwhhaaaaaaaaaaaatt!” Jon exclaimed as a snare closed on his left ankle, and jerked tight before his body was pulled off balance. His leg came out from underneath him, and suddenly his head was eight feet above the ground, his arms dangling down.

He swung around on the end of the thick rope holding the snare. He kept his mouth shut and took several deep breaths, calming himself. He then lifted his torso and reached up his body, then pulled the long dagger out of his boot. He rested a few moments, fighting the blood rush to his head to catch his breath. Jon prepared himself to lift up and cut the snare, while trying to keep his head from cracking on the ground when he fell.

He was about to contort up when he felt his right wrist gripped as if in a vice. He gasped, looking down straight into Melisandre’s red eyes boring hotly into his eyes. He tried to jerk his hand free, but her strength was too much. She was much stronger than she looked! He watched her thumb move up his hand to his wrist. She pressed in hard, and he cried out in pain, his hand opening and dropping his dagger.

The witch calmly bent over picking up the blade. She held it, tapping her chin with it while looking at a sullen Jon Snow. They were at a standoff.

A few minutes later he heard a crashing through the brush, and suddenly his ex-lover burst out from the undergrowth up the path. Her hair was in total disarray and filled with leaves and twigs. Ygritte ran up to the tall witch and hugged her, squealing and jumping up and down as the tall woman looked at her affectionately.

Ygritte ran over to get underneath Jon. “Yessss! Yes! I’m Awesome!” the diminutive wildling crowed. She looked up at Jon. “I claim you by right of the hunt! I first captured my wife, and now I have captured my husband!” the woman shouted.

She ran back up to Melisandre and shook her arms, looking so full of life and happiness. The tall woman broke out into a big smile. “I told you it would be worth it. Jon is ours now. We have made him ours by right of the hunt!”

“I’m getting a blood rush headache here!” Jon called out.
She ran over to the where the line for the snare was tied to a tree. Melisandre went to her and slowly they let Jon Snow back down to the ground.

Jon laid down on the ground, dizzy, letting the blood run back down his body. He watched the two women kissing deeply as the tall woman groped the smaller one, making the Wildling squeal in pleasure. As the made out he removed the snare from around his ankle.

Jon waited patiently. Finally, they stopped their snogging session and moved over to Jon. He put his arms and legs out, and crossed his wrists and ankles. He sighed as Ygritte lashed his wrists and ankles together. She was babbling the whole time about how great a hunter she was and how she was going to fuck him so good when they got back to the cabin.

Melisandre merely smiled and licked her lips, staring down at Jon. Ygritte went and hacked a long sapling down, and removed all the little branches. Soon Jon was trussed up and being carried by the two women, swaying from side to side.

"Yes, I will be remembered by my kin for trapping not one, but two mates! A woman and a man. I'm awesome!" Jon sighed listening to Ygritte go on and on about how great she was.

He looked up at Melisandre, who was holding the pole on her shoulder with his wrists trussed up to it. She was sighing, listening to her wife crow interminably. She caught Jon’s gaze and she smiled a brilliant smile. Jon’s cock was suddenly rock hard in anticipation.

The night before, Melisandre had his shirt off and her hands working the laces to his breeches with her on her knees between his legs, ready to pull his cock out and give him hot head.

Suddenly Ygritte came into the room. “Oh heellllll no!” Ygritte called out. She then hotly told him that after making her and Melisandre wait so long, that he would be taken by the hunt on the morrow.

Jon and Melisandre had been very horny and frustrated, but quickly understood this was important to Ygritte and with much huffing had agreed to hold off their lovemaking till after the “hunt”.

Ygritte

Ygritte felt like she was walking on air. She felt the pole on her shoulder with Jon Snow trussed to it hanging like a sacrificial offering. She had bound Melisandre to her with the ritualistic hunt and now she was claiming her husband the same way too.

Her wife was using a spell to keep the weight of Jon from being onerous as they walked down the path back to their cabin.

When she had come back to the cabin and had seen Jon and Melisandre about to make love, she had felt such elation but she had been planning this hunt for several weeks. She had remembered the joy she felt claiming Melisandre. They had not been happy, but when she whined and batted her eyelashes, of course they both had given in quickly. She knew she had them both pussy whipped.

She knew they were anxious to consummate their new love. She was anxious too. She thanked the old gods for giving her the two loves of her life. She was both Ygritte and Tygreti and wanted her loves from both lives - and had gotten both. It paid to be ambitious!

She whistled a wildling tune as she went down the trail. She looked back at Jon Snow swinging to and fro, looking calm and collected. Melisandre had her studied cool face on, but she knew that was
a sham. The woman was a hussy just like herself. She was addicted to her pretty pussy, and would be addicted to Jon’s cock. Ygritte shivered in anticipation.

She finally saw the glade with their cabin coming into view. She licked her lips. Soon she would feel Melisandre’s cunt in her mouth and Jon’s cock in her pussy fucking her so good.

They walked through the small glade and she kicked open the door and took Jon in through the door and then through to the bedroom. They laid him down on the bed. She cut his wrists and ankles free. He slowly stood up, shaking his limbs to get the circulation back.

Ygritte looked at Melisandre. She was not sure how Melisandre looked so good. She did not know how she kept herself so free of the forest. It was not magic, or she would have felt it. Melisandre’s hair was lustrous and untrammeled with the detritus of the trees that covered Jon and herself. They started to take their clothes off excitedly.

They both moaned when Melisandre dropped her dress, stepping out of it naked, her nipples long and thick and her pussy a soupy mess. Her inner lips bloomed out her slit all slimy wet and dark pink. When they had stripped Melisandre sat them down on the bed and methodically cleaned their hair of leaves, brambles and twigs and combed their hair out with her fingers. The clear affection inflamed all three with rabid lust.

Melisandre then glided between Jon’s legs, going down to her knees and swallowed Jon’s cock hungrily. Ygritte watched her wife give Jon wet sloppy head, bobbing and sucking feverishly. Jon moaned gutturally as he leaned back on his hands watching Melisandre suck him off. Ygritte diddled her twat, all swollen and wet. She tweaked her clit and circled it gasping. Melisandre made wet obscene slurping noises for the next five minutes. Then she surged her head down. She did hot deep throat Jon’s massive cock.

She bobbed slow taking his dick down her throat. Old skills from a lifetime ago coming back to the tall ShadowBender witch. Ygritte moaned seeing Melisandre’s throat bulge out under her ears swallowing Jon’s long cock down her throat. She fucked his cock with her throat and came up to suck on his dickhead with her swirling head and swiping tongue and then taking him back down her throat. Ygritte watched Jon body start to jolt and then violently shake. He screamed feeling Melisandre’s throat on his cock as it spewed hot ribbons of semen down her throat.

He fell back and lazily watched his wives fuck for the next hour. Jon obviously enjoyed being able to watch two beautiful redheads suck each other off several times to screaming orgasms and then roll into sixty-nine sucking each other off to simultaneous orgasms. Jon enjoying being right beside to see, hear and smell their hot fucking up close.

Jon then did Ygritte doggy-style which she loved. She was down on her elbows and forearms as she sucked off Melisandre, who ground her pussy hard into Ygritte’s face. Ygritte had screamed so hard into her wife’s pussy feeling Jon slam fuck her swollen cunt and then his cock firing hot arrows of cum into her womb. How she had missed that!

They had rested and drank plenty of fluids and ate some blackberries. Then Ygritte was on her knees sucking off Jon and taking his dick deep into her throat as he screamed gripping her hair and jamming her head down to his crotch his hips leaping up as his dick spurted hot semen to the greedy stomach of the wildling. Ygritte then moved over and put Melisandre’s legs on her shoulders and lapped and sucked her sweet pussy off twice filling her mouth with hot sweet pussy cum and soaking her face in her sweet love juice.

Jon was hard again and he took Melisandre down on the bed septa style-face-to-face. He had first sucked on Melisandre’s nipples in turn making her pant. Then he slide his dick deep into her wet
tight pussy. He first fucked her on his hands but slowly settled down onto her voluptuous body his body mashing her tits flat. Their bellies slapping and groins jacking into each other. Ygritte was stroking his body and cooing how hot his sweaty body looked so hot fucking their wife. How his dimpling ass was so fucking hot. Ygritte murmured they were perfection fucking.

"Slam that big dick in her tight cunt Jon. Fuck her with that big cock. Make her cum hard on your dick Jon! Fill her womb with your hot cum!" Ygritte encouraged her man.

His hips swirled back and slammed forward and down impaling Melisandre on his dick. Her arms were looped over Jon's bod and her thighs gripping his ass her ankles kicking the air over his ass. Their bodies locked tight as Jon snarled and fucked Melisandre so hard her body jerking up that fraction of an inch on the bed.

Then Melisandre was screaming so hard her body bucking and convulsing as her orgasm ripped her belly to shreds. Her spasming cunt milking and squeezing Jon's cock plundering her pussy so deep and hard. Her cunt clenching on Jon's cock sent him over the precipice of ecstasy. He screamed as his hips slammed forward his cock spurting hot semen into Melisandre's womb flooding it.

Ygritte had kissed and stroked their sweet soaked bodies. When Jon rolled onto his back Ygritte was between them. She first sucked his still hard cock clean of semen and Melisandre's cum. Then she was between Melisandre's legs licking up her cum and Jon's sweet semen drooling out her stretched temporarily satiated pussy.

She then laid back and let her husband and wife take turns sucking her off while the other swallowed her small titties and rammed their tongues down her cawing throat. Her spouses devouring her sweet tight body. Ygritte threw her head back and screamed as Melisandre sucked her cunt deep into her mouth and was pulling on it stretching out her wife’s pussy hard as the clit deep in her hot sucking mouth exploded. Jon was beside her using both hand to push up a small tit and was trying to suck her nipple down his throat while his tongue lashed the turgid nipple. Ygritte legs thrashed and then clamped in with harsh spasms of pure fucking bliss. Her thighs tried to crush Melisandre’s head between them which only made Melisandre suck harder.

Jon

They slept and snuggled, cooing and stroking sweat and cum soaked bodies. Then late in the night Ygritte and Melisandre rode Jon cowgirl in turn cumming so hard as they rode his cock with their tight pussies. Jon finally cummed hard deep in Melisandre’s pussy driving her over the edge one last time.

They then snuggled down on each side of Jon Snow. Ygritte was complete now. She had her wife and husband she lazily told her spouses satiated. Once Jon became Azor Ahai reborn they could defeat the Ice King and then be free to live their lives as they saw fit in sweet solitude. They would not have much use for the outside world then.

Jon was sitting on the couch totally at peace with the world. He knew it couldn’t last, because he and his wives had responsibility in the world that they would have to fulfill, but he was going to enjoy this “honeymoon”. He was cooling down after another session of intense sex, this time in front of the raging fireplace. He had slammed his dick up Ygritte’s ass and pumped it full of cum as he screamed in ecstasy and her wails joined his. Jon’s semen jetting up her asshole sent Ygritte over the edge.

He had staggered back to the sofa as he watched Melisandre lick Ygritte’s red swollen asshole,
lapping it soothing and licking up the escaping semen and tongued her asshole as Ygritte revived and now they were on their sides doing sixty-nine slurping and snuffling.

Jon had never thought he could love two women at one time but here he was equally in love with two women who loved him equally and then each other equally. It was a beautiful triad of perfect love. The last three weeks had been nothing but sex and talking about their future. He loved how they sucked his cock so lovingly and sucked so hard as his dick convulsed in their mouths and they shared his semen back and forth obscenely. Wet kisses moving his semen from mouth to mouth. He loved slamming his dick into their hot tight pussies and pinching assholes but he loved maybe more going down on the women or having one riding his cock as the other rode his face hard. For him it was giving and taking in raw passionate sex.

Jon smiled. It was easy to love two hot always randy redheads that wanted to bone him and each other all the time. They loved fucking in front of Jon. They would fuck themselves relentlessly into exhaustion. Gods he loved watching them fuck each other! He was always amazed how quickly they recovered and hungered both for each other and him. This was indeed his personal heaven.

The other part was a little more unsettling. He believed in duty and giving his life for the realm. He had been raised a Stark by the greatest man in the realm. He knew Eddard Stark would never turn aside from his duty.

Jon did not fear any fight against a foe sword to sword. He would fight and die if necessary to save the realm.

That was the problem. What his wives told him was not about a fight but a process. A process that seemed to be him going into a fire and burning and becoming this ‘Azor Ahai’. He was to be burn down and be raised back up as something more. The two women seemed to agree that it would involve his death or near death. That was the part that Jon Snow did not like at all. The women would debate about how to get him into this state. Would it happen in some fight? Would they have to pick a fight with Crows or Wildlings to get Jon on death’s door?

None of them liked that. It was too full of possibilities where he would be killed and not be able to be put into the fire that would transform him. Plus, his wives would have to be present to have their spirits guiding his transformation. What if his wives were hurt, or even killed? He would not allow that. He was sure that none of them could really predict the outcome of a battlefield. Gods knew the fights he had been in had been wild and chaotic.

He had never seen his assassination coming, and he would have died then and there if not for his wives appearing like divine angels of mercy and retribution. He may well get killed in some fight, but it would not be a fight he went into seeking to die and then be resurrected. If he died in battle with the random hands of fate plucking his life strings he would have to rely on his wives doing their duty. He could only hope that they would survive to do their duties and he could arise and then protect them or take his vengeance if they died.

He would work for that not to occur. The women had another hypothesis that they chewed over: they could kill Jon.

*He really did not like that idea!*

The two women were absolutely sure that Jon had to be on death’s door to be transformed. For the spirit or whatever it was that needed to inhibit his body could only do what was necessary with Jon on or past the doorway of life. The forces that were required could only operate with his body in that state, and then fire would be the active agent to do the transformation.
Melisandre leaned towards poison. She had learned the secret arts of poison from her time in Braavos, and learning from the House of Black and White. She had helped them in performing several contracts that needed her special talents, and they had in turn helped her refine her skills with the various forms of poisons. She had learned how to administer just enough to bring you to the door of death.

Melisandre intoned this followed by her admonition that with poison and each person’s chemistry being different that there was always variability. She could make a mistake and take Jon too far to the other side of death.

Jon had thought this had some merit. It was controlled and at least some what precise. He could not say the same for Ygritte’s idea. She had pressed that she could shoot Jon full of arrows and take him to the edge of death. She would only nearly mortally wound him.

Both he and Melisandre had looked at her with big eyes at that. “That’s fucking crazy!” Melisandre had shouted at her wife. Ygritte got hot and they started to argue. “I’m a excellent shot godsdammit!” Ygritte stormed back.

Jon had just sat on the sofa listening. Melisandre turned to him “What do you think, Jon?”

“That’s fucking crazy, Ygritte.” he told his smaller wife.

She had not liked that and stomped her foot and flapped her arms. They were belittling her archery skills. Finally, Melisandre had told her, “Please give it a rest, Ygritte.”

The fiery redhead had not.

Next thing Jon knew was that Ygritte had been snatched by her arm and whirled down over Melisandre’s knees on the sofa. They had been talking and arguing in the nude. The three spouses spent all their time in the cabin with no clothes on now.

*Smack*Smack*Slap*Smack*Slap*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack*

Melisandre proceeded to give their wife a vicious spanking. The small wildling cursed, wailed and threatened them both but Jon observed never once did Ygritte try to move off her wife’s legs. The wildling humped her ass up to the blistering palm strikes.

Jon almost immediately smelled Ygritte’s cunt flooding the room with her thick, pungent scent. He leaned over and helped Melisandre spank their wife’s ass cheeks, now burning a bright cherry red. Jon smiled, remembering. She was nutting on Melisandre’s thick muscled thighs and orgasm hard from that and the pain. They had fucked all night after that.

Jon did not like the idea of having to die by someone’s hand to become Azor Ahai. He knew of another way. The reports he read as Lord Commander had showed him another way. His wives were confusing the fire with the legends of Azor. That was the past. This was a new age that needed a new answer.

He had read all the reports that came across his desk. Most had been focused on his immediate problems of being Lord Commander, but some reports were of the realm. A Commander had to know the status of the realm that he was protecting. A Lord Commander needed to know all threats no matter their location. They may in time come to the Wall.

There was another force that would in time come to bear on the realm, and therefore the Wall. A force that had appeared and become mighty, and was only growing stronger.
Daenerys Targaryen.

She was smashing her way across Slaver’s Bay. Slave city after slave city had fallen to her. She had smashed Khalasars. She ranged far inland, destroying all vestiges of the slave trade. She either destroyed mercenary companies completely, or brought them into her fold. She was moving west. All in Westeros knew her destination.

He had focused on the exploits of this Targaryen on the battlefield. She had been no general behind the lines directing her forces. No. This woman had lead from the front lines and used her sword to devastating effect. If this kept up, she would be a walking legend by the time she reached Westeros.

But that was not what Jon was thinking about now. His thoughts were interrupted by Ygritte wailing. After Melisandre had blistered her ass Ygritte had been in fucking heat. Ygritte had fallen on Melisandre sucking her off like her life depended on it. They then rolled into a hot sixty-nine. They snuffled and devoured sweet sopping red cunt meat. Melisandre orgasm hard first her body bucking wildly.

The tall auburn haired woman broke out of the sixty-nine and spread Ygritte legs and absolutely dove in devouring her wife’s cunt. Melisandre’s mouth lapping and sucking Ygritte’s clitoral hood up into a sweet glistening tent of succulent cunt meat. Soon Ygritte’s cunt was exploding in Melisandre’s hot sucking mouth. Ygritte’s body bucked and jackknifed violently as more shrieks filled the cabin.

Jon’s thoughts went back to what he spent little time reflecting on when he read the reports initially. Daenerys Targaryen too had been transformed by fire. A fire that she had chosen to walk into without hesitation, if the reports were to be believed. She had walked in an unremarkable young girl, and walked out with dragons. Jon contemplated that. The girl, for that was all she was then, had had some insight.

He wondered if he could now take that insight and use it here. Free choice. How had she known she would survive? He came to the decision that she had not been assured. It had been a belief in herself that allowed her to walk into those flames. She had a destiny and meant to follow and fulfill it.

Just like Jon. He had a destiny and he would choose to walk that path. He would not rely on chance or providence. He would walk forward to his destiny. He would meet it with a back straight and shoulders squared - as his father’s son.

His wives were temporarily satiated. He helped them up and guided them to the bedroom and their bed. He started kissing them and stroking their bodies already soaked with sweat and cum and feeling fuck hunger surging again into their veins.

Several hours later Jon was resting his head on a pillow soaked in sweat and his wives cum. His own body soaked in sweat. His wives leaning into his sides and tracing patterns in the sweat on his chest.

“I know what needs to be done to become Azor.” he announced calmly.

Melisandre lifted her head and he heard Ygritte pause in her breathing and then resume tracing patterns in the sweat on his chest.

“I think you are both wrong about me having to die to become Azor Ahai. That was for a different time. I will walk into the flames whole and hale. I choose to walk into the fire and will seek my destiny in those flames.” He had their undivided attentions with both of them sitting up to watch
Jon told them of what he knew of a Daenerys Targaryen and her transformation. She had walked into the fires and been untouched.

“I’m not sure about this, Jon.” Melisandre told him solemnly. “She is from old Valyria. She has the old blood of Dragon Lords running in her veins. House Targaryen was the weakest of the Dragon Lords, but she is one nevertheless. She has it in her blood, Jon. You are a Stark and not Targaryen. Your looks show us that. I fear if you walk into the fire unprepared by being at death’s door or just past, you will die.” She reached out and gripped his arm. “I can’t risk that, Jon.”

“Melisandre—Ygritte, you have convinced me this is my destiny. I must embrace it. I can feel it. That this is the way to go. I need to walk into the flames with free will. I may not be of old Valyria, but the Starks are a powerful house. I will either live or die, but I will do so as a Stark.”

Ygritte moved to get between her wife and husband, sitting between them. She held their hands.

“Melisandre … I think Jon has the right of it.” She took a deep breath. “Anything else seems so unsure and forced … I like this, now that I think about it. To choose to do something is a powerful magic all in its own.”

Melisandre sat with a soft look at her husband and wife. She took a deep breath. “I can’t see a better option myself. Trying to fashion a reality is too unsure. We would probably fuck it up.”

“Jon, are you ready to do this? Ygritte and I are priestesses of fire, but even we can’t walk in the fire and live. Are you sure?”

“Yes I am sure. I just feel this is the right way to go. I will not sit and wait, constantly looking over my shoulder wondering if I am doing the right thing. Is this time of my transformation? I have made my decision and will see it through. I will rely on that the fates have led me to this place and this time. My wives have prepared me.”

He had lowered his hands to their pussies and began stroking their twats that were rapidly swelling and getting wet again. His own cock now rock hard and jerking above his belly. He moaned feeling Ygritte swallowing his cock and bobbing hard while she fiercely sucked. He watched Melisandre straddle his face and her beautiful pussy came down and swallowed his mouth as she ground down. Jon speared his tongue deep into her honey hole lapping out sweet cum.

He could meet any challenge with his wives at his side.

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Three days later Jon found himself in front of a large bonfire burning hotly in the glade in front of their cabin. The fire was burning in the bright midday sun. His wives had used magic to bring down a dead tree and then have it explode into shards the perfect size to be burned. They had spent three days gathering the wood and piling it in the glade.

They had gathered dead limbs and lots of dry pine needles that were used to start the blaze.

This was an act for just the three of them. No one else was to be involved. Thus, the decision to do the fire walk in the middle of a bright day. The fire was bright and intense with almost no smoke. It would be unseen. The flames were leaping twenty feet into the air.

Jon smiled at the flames. It just felt that something like this should be done at night where the light would feel and look more magical and ethereal. Jon sighed. Expediency demanded that this act be
done when it would not be noticed.

He stood near the flames with his wives. They were nude, the sweat dried off their skin. They had fucked all night and into the morning. The sun bright in their bedroom Jon had been so wrought up he had shot his load deep up into Ygritte’s womb and then still hard fucked Melisandre hard pounding her down into the bed. She had wrapped her legs and arms around his body and they both screamed and screamed when his cock fired off hot ribbons of pearly semen flooding her pussy and womb.

Jon and his wives stood before a raging bonfire. He had their hands in his. In Ygritte's free hand she held Longclaw. He looked at the flames. He was discovering that knowing what one had to do and then doing it was two different things. He was about to piss himself he was so afraid. He was shaking in fear. He knew he was in trouble. He knew he had to have control of his emotions for this to work. This fear would be his undoing. He had read the reports. Daenerys Targaryen had walked calmly into the fire.

She had known her destiny and accepted it without fear. How?! He was sure he was right but the idea of walking into a roaring bonfire was terrifying. He was just a small man with no great destiny about him. He was just trying to do his best.

He needed a sign. His faith in himself and his destiny was not great enough. He needed something to give support to his thoughts. To make his belief come to fruition.

He heard Melisandre gasp. Ygritte squeezed his hand hard and started to back up. Jon turned his gaze from the fire to look at his wives. They were staring off to the right. He turned his gaze to follow their gaze.

Jon gasped and suddenly all his fears were gone.

“Ghost!” Jon screamed. He released his wives hands and was running his way across the glade towards his snow white Direwolf. The mighty wolf standing at the edge of the tree line looking at Jon. The wolf broke into a run. Man and beast met near the tree line. Jon was shouting and the wolf silently rose up on its hind feet and placed its feet on Jon’s shoulders and was licking his face.

Jon cried. He was sure Ghost had died beyond the Wall. By the old gods Ghost must have walked all the way to the end of the Wall and swam around it and come back to Castle Back and somehow traced Jon to his hidden liar.

“Oh Ghost! Ghost! It is so good to see you boy!” Jon petted and scratched his direwolf’s ears and flanks. The wolf kept licking his face. True to his nature Ghost made no whimpers of joy but Jon could feel it in the wolf’s vibrating body.

His wives had come up hesitantly to the scene playing out. Jon turned to his wives and told them about how he had found Ghost at the body of his dead mother. How he had almost been missed but Jon had found him hidden under his dead mother’s body.

He urged his wives to come up to him. They trusted Jon and came up. Ghost went to them and sniffed them and began to brush into their bodies and lick their hands and tilted his face up. The women lowered their heads and the great wolf lifted his head and licked their faces. They laughed.

Jon was ready now. He had received his requested confirmation. There was no more reason to delay. As a group they walked back to the fire. He gripped their hands again and walked towards the fire. His wives squeezed his hands and slowly walked him to the very edge of the fire. The fire would have cooked anyone other than the witches standing right up against the flames.
Jon staring at the flames hard did not see his wives looking at each other. Jon was not harmed by the flames. He was right!

Ygritte handed Jon Longclaw with her free hand, and now gave it to Jon Snow. He took a deep breath and walked into the flames with a straight back and willingness to meet his destiny as a Stark.

The world inside the fire was as a strange thing. The flames leapt up and around him. The logs were glowing hot red and white, consuming themselves for him. His toes worked through the clinkers, glowing red hot. He was turned to look out as his wives who were staring into the flames at him. Their faces were distorted and appeared ghoulish, twisted by the heat and leaping colors of the fire he was in.

Jon suddenly realized he was in the middle of raging bonfire. What was doing in here? The fire was not touching him. How was this possible? Doubt entered his mind.

“AAARRGGGUUNNGG! AAAIEEEEEEEE! AAAIIIIEEEEE!” Jon Snow screamed as the flames were wrapping around his limbs and body. His breaths brought fire deep into his lungs and boiled his blood. He was in pure agony, feeling his skin blister and start to peel. His eyes felt like they might burst from the inside. His toes and fingers clawed, and he dropped Longclaw as his body began to convulse his brain on fire. He fell to his knees in agony, his blood bubbling and his muscles cooking inside his peeling skin.

He was on his hands and knees, dying. He remembered his father and his steely resolve, and how he met any challenge with straight back and steely focus. Jon gritted his teeth and focused. He was a Stark! They met every challenge and did not give into their fate without the greatest of fights. He surged to his feet and screamed but not now in pain but in challenge.

He was Jon Snow, son of Eddard Stark. He would not surrender to his fears. He was going to meet the challenge of his time. The pain fled from his body and he could see clearly again. He looked down at his hands and body. Where he had felt his skin peeling his skin was unmarred by any blister. His mind was clear and he felt his strength return. He spied Longclaw buried in fiery coals, and saw that it was glowing hot red and yellow. Flames were leaping off the blade. He bent over and picked it up. It felt hot in his grip.

Jon looked around, and the flames no longer touched him. He breathed deep and the flames did not enter his body. He was immune to the fire now.

He stepped out the fire and felt a rush of cool air flooding over his body, cooling him. He felt alive and full of his strength. He looked down at Longclaw. It was shimmering and radiating out fiery heat. Jon felt the burning sword in his palm but he felt no pain. The sword was heat and magic now. He turned the sword over looking at the heat radiating out from the blade making mirages. Hot tongues of flames radiated out the core of the blade rising several feet before slowly fading away only to be replaced by new flames.

Ygritte ran up to him “Jon … You truly are Jon Snow now!” she was then hugging him and kissing his chest all over. “Oh Jon—I know who you mother was now . . . who your father was!” She softly said, hugging her husband close.

Jon looked out at Melisandre. She was crying hard, which upset him greatly. He watched aghast seeing his other wife fall to her knees and throw her head back and pushing her breast out. “Jon Snow, my husband, take your sword reborn and run it through my heart and become all you were meant to become. Kill you wife and become Azor Ahai completely!”
Melisandre

She had wailed out her entreaty. She had prepared herself for this moment. She loved Ygritte and Jon, but she needed to make this sacrifice. They would understand and do what was necessary.

When she had seen Jon Snow come out of the flames with white hair and violet eyes, she knew his true heritage. It was now crystal clear that Jon had been right. His old Valyrian blood and the spirit of Azor would make him the true foe of the Ice King. All he had to do was run his fiery sword through her heart to complete the transformation.

Jon would have his other wife to love and care for him. She was tainted. She still harbored great guilt for coming to Westeros to kill Ygritte on Jon’s sword. She had been prepared to do that. She had not thought of falling in love with Ygritte. That she was her lost love reborn. She deserved to die for such treachery.

She threw her head back further. “Kill me Jon! Grasp you destiny. Love Ygritte—she’s is worthy of your love! … run me through, my love!” Melisandre lips trembled waiting to feel the killing stroke. Her face grimaced waiting for the killing sword thrust to her heart.

The wait was killing her. What was taking so long!

From a distance she heard Ygritte shout out at her “O Melisandre you know nothing! Get that big pretty ass up and get over here!”

Melisandre cracked open one eye and looked around. She was alone facing the fire that was finally beginning to burn out. She turned around and she spied Jon and Ygritte walking back to the cabin, naked and arm in arm, Jon squeezing Ygritte’s ass as her wife squealed.

Ghost was standing near her to the side. The wolf motioned his head towards Jon Snow and Ygritte. The wolf started to gamble towards the cabin. The wolf turned its head when she did not rise and follow. Ghost motioned with his head again and started to walk towards the cabin.

Shocked, Melisandre got up from her knees and hurried across the glade chasing her spouses. Her bosom was flopping up and down in her haste. She reached them just as they reached the front porch.

“I have to be sacrificed! You know this Ygritte!”

“You know nothing wife. No one is being sacrificed around her today woman. All we are going to do is fuck!” Ygritte exclaimed, her nipples hard and pussy getting swollen and wet looking at Melisandre with fuck hungry eyes.

“Baby, I was going to sacrifice you when I first came to you. I was going to kill you!” Melisandre cried out in shame and disgust with herself.

“I already knew that.”

“WHAT!” Melisandre screeched.

“I say that in the flames the first night I got my vision back.”

“But … but wh-wh-whatttt?” Melisandre stammered confused.

“What I saw,” Ygritte said holding up her little finger “was me wrapping you around my little finger and making you mine! So stop your bleating, woman. Let’s go in and fuck … we have our husband
back, and we need to fuck and consummate our love anew.”

Melisandre could only stare at her wife and husband.

“I also saw this moment and you being a silly goose … forget this sacrifice shit! Jon has shown us his way is the right way, and forget what we had assumed was the path.”

“But I was going to kill you, Ygritte,” Melisandre hiccupped. “Azor Ahai got his power by sacrificing his wife on his sword.”

“Woman. My vision is clear on this. Azor and his wife did not understand the prophecy they were given. It was not their fault really. Infelice, Regent of the Elohim, came to them and tried to prophesize to them, but, as is the norm with the Elohim she had to speak out both sides of her mouth. The end result was that Azor committed murder where none was needed.”

“Who is this Infelice?”

“Don’t really know. That is all I can see. I can see the who of it but not the why of it. Stop bleating about the past and let’s live in the present woman! Get your ass in this house and fuck me and your husband.”

Melisandre stood their gnawing her lip in guilt.

She saw did but not register Jon stepping up to her and whisking her up off the ground, holding her in a bridal pose against his strong chest. “No, no, I’m not worthy!” Jon effortlessly carried Melisandre into the cabin and over to the fireplace. He stood before the stone hearth. He raised his right hand and slammed Longclaw into the stone the blade burying halfway with flames still bleeding out the blade.

The wolf came in and laid down in front of the hearth and enjoyed the heat radiating off Longclaw.

Jon then walked over to the sofa still carrying Melisandre like a blushing bride. Jon sat down on the sofa and suddenly Melisandre was turned over on his strong legs, her ass up in the air.

“Wh—What are you doing!” Melisandre gasped.

*Slap*Slap*Smack*Smack*Slap*Slap*Smack*Slap*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack*

Melisandre squealed and squalled in pain. Her ass on fire. The throbs pulsing out her blistered ass cheeks. She gasped as the pain suddenly started to pulse in her quickly hardening clit and her wet cunt sliming her husband’s thighs.

Jon hands smacked down hard as he continued to blister Melisander’s full jiggling ass cheeks. Pain and pleasure flooded out her cherry red ass cheeks. Her pussy was so wet and swollen now. It gushed out hot steamy, slimy fuck nectars. Jon massaged her ass. He bent his head down and bite it lightly. He massaged the cherry red ass cheeks. His right hand rose high in the hair. Then the hand was descending in fast arcs as he again blistered Melisandre’s ass cheeks again.

*Smack*Smack*Smack*Slap*Smack*Slap*Smack*Slap*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack*

“Aaaieeee! Mmngghhiii! Eeeiiiiiiii … oohhh ohhh yeess yess—oohh gods I love you Ygritte—Jon so much Aaaiieee Aaiieee!”

*Slap*Slap*Slap*Smack*Smack*Smack*Slap*Smack*Slap*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack*
“Oh Jon! Unnggg hhnnngg hhnnnggg shit! Oh yessssss! Blister my fucking ass! Unnggg hhnnngg hhnnngg unnggg!” Melisandre groaned her pussy on fire. The pain going straight to her rigid hot throbbing clit.

*Slap*Smack*Slap*Smack*Smack*Slap*Smack*Slap*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack*

Now each slap on her ass cheeks was going straight to her clit in raw searing pleasure. Her head was drunk on pleasure and pain.

Melisandre wailed in pain that was pleasure. Then Ygritte was before her. Ygritte was on her knees kissing her deeply and pulling on her nipples. The former Wildling pulled, stretched Melisandre’s nipples sending hot flashes of raw throbbing pleasure to her clit. Ygritte had pulled back to look at her hands pleasuring her wife’s tits. She then bent in and kissed Melisandre sweetly on the lips.

“Stop this stupid guilt Melisandre—we love you so—so much!” Ygritte said her face just in front of Melisandre’s face. Melisandre cupped the back of Ygritte’s head and pulled her head back to hers and kissed her wife hotly. Ygritte parted her lips and Melisandre surged her tongue deep into Ygritte’s mouth and kissed her wife deeply.

Yes. She would let go of her doubts and self-loathing. She was loved and loved back. Melisandre saw the truth of their special love.

Jon put her on the sofa and Ygritte got up on the sofa and pulled Melisandre’s face to her aching cunt and Melisandre buried her face deep in her wife’s muff and devoured the slimy swollen cunt meat and rigid clit. Her cheeks hollowed out with her feverish love sucks on her wife’s sweet oh so sweet pussy drinking down the sweet nectar burbling from Ygritte's hot juicy twat.

She felt Jon lifting her ass and getting one foot on the sofa. He pulled her ass cheek back with one strong hand. Her asshole now exposed to his hungry gaze. Melisandre cried out when Jon pressed his cock into her throbbing asshole. His big cockhead pressed into and pierced her tight anus. Jon drooled long ribbons of spit onto his hard dick and pooled it on his wife’s pulsing anus.

Jon pulled back his dickhead rubbing over her asshole rimming it. Jon then pulled back and used both hands to pull Melisandre's ass open and he leaned in rimming her sphincter with his wet probing his tongue. He circled her asshole with soothing soft and yet hard tongue. Then he was probing her anus making it quiver and spasm in raw need. Melisandre gasped into Ygritte’s pussy feeling her asshole pulsing in aching pleasure.

Jon tossed her salad for several minutes swirling his tongue on her rosebud and then sliding his tongue into her anus and sliding it in all the way. The pleasure jerked Melisandre's face from Ygritte's clam shell. “Aaaauugggg unnggg unnggg ohhh shit! Gods that feels so fucking good Jon! Oh sweet R’hllor give me your dick up my ass Jon” Melisandre begged for it.

“Ppppluuuzzeee!” Ygritte cupped the back of her head and jammed her face back into her swollen muff. Melisandre moaned siphoning Ygritte's clit back into her mouth and hard sucking it while polishing it with her tongue.

Jon rose back up. He guided his bulbous dickhead to her wet quivering asshole. He pressed in with his dickhead into his wife tight sphincter and roped more spittle onto his cockhead and her spasming starfish. He slowly added more pressure probing her asshole. She gagged feeling it start to surrender to invasion. He pulled back and then pushed in harder and half his cockhead penetrated her asshole.

“Oh Gods that is so beautiful Melisandre” Ygritte breathed. She looked forward at Ygritte whose eyes glittered seeing her wife give Jon her hot asshole yet again. Ygritte was addicted to anal sex and now Melisandre was too. “His dick looks so beautiful penetrating your sweet tight asshole
“Baby!” Ygritte groaned. “Oh gods it is going to be so hot watching him fuck you up the ass!”

Melisandre gagged in pain and pleasure feeling her asshole being pried open. The dirty words inspired by Ygritte always telling her to let go and be a complete slut. Jon’s cock pried open her asshole and his dickhead and upper shaft slipped into her rectum. The intense sensations made Melisandre gag and moan gutturally into her wife’s quim. Her breath hissed out at the pain but also pleasure that anal sex always gave her. Her body quivered feeling his ass filled with Jon's dick. Jon paused letting her sphincter stretch out. Then he slowly started to pump his hips softly. Melisandre dined on Ygritte's pussy filling her mouth. Her cheeks hollowing out with her short harsh sucks on sweet cunt meat.

A hard spasm of ecstasy hit Melisandre. Gods anal sex was so intense. Her head rocked up from Ygritte's pussy. "Unnggmmmm . . . oh! Ahhhhhnnn!” Melisandre whimpered feeling her asshole stretched out tight on Jon’s thick cock. She felt her sphincter gripping his cock in a tight vise grip. Her asshole radiated pain but already pleasure was pulsing out her squired asshole in shocking waves of rolling bliss. The pain fading and only pure pleasure radiating out her squired asshole. Jon flexed his hips pumping his dick into her asshole. Melisandre's asshole gripped tight on his shaft. Her asshole not letting his dick sink deeper up her ass and her asshole bowing out as Jon worked his hips to start fucking her spasmig butthole. "Mmmmnggg oh yes oh oh! Ohhh fuck yeah Jon! Godsdammnn that’s right baby! Fuck my tight ass!” moaned in pleasure urging her husband on in taking her asshole yet again. Gods she loved Jon fucking her in the ass.

Melisandre bent her head back down dining on succulent sweet sopping wet cunt meat. Ygritte's guttural groans of pleasure only adding to Melisandre's pleasure. Her tight asshole at first bowaed out with his out strokes but Jon drooled more spit onto his shaft and her starfish. He slowly stretched out her anus his cock now starting to slide a little in and out Melisandre’s hot tight asshole. He paused gripping her ass cheeks. With a loud snarl Jon then slammed his manhood all the way up her asshole and fucked her balls deep.

Melisandre cried out in helpless pleasure and pain that only added to the pleasure. "Mmmppfffff! Pphhfffff! Muummmmfff! Muummmfff!" Melisandre cried out into the pussy she was devouring. The pleasure and now only slight pain making her forget her mental distress. All that mattered was that her wife and husband truly, completely loved her. Jon slide the full the length of his thick long shaft in out her asshole pounding her booty so fucking good. His shaft stretching her wide open. He pulled his cock several times out her clenching butthole. His dickhead spasming her sphincter rings being pulled out her tight asshole. Jon then rammed iron shaft dick back up her ass so hard and deep. The pleasure intense and throbbing out her squired asshole heavenly.

Soon they were all cumming together screaming and sharing life and such pure love. Melisandre’s snuffles as she dined on sweet pussy muffled. She swallowed sweet rich creamy cum flowing heavily out her wife’s spasmig pussy.

They were so hot for it and filled with magic they kept fucking hard. Melisandre slipped three fingers into her wife’s cunt stretching it out and fucking Ygritte’s tight pussy hard and fast. Melisandre moaned feeling her wife’s cunt stretching it out and fucking Ygritte’s tight pussy hard and fast. Melisandre moaned feeling her wife’s hot cunt as it convulsed on her three fingers she was slam fucking Ygritte with. Melisandre’s mouth filled with her wife’s upper cunt sucked deep in her mouth. Melisandre sucked and tongued lashed the rigid clit spasming hard in her voracious sucking mouth. Ygritte’s screams sweet music to her ears.

Jon gripped her hips hard his fingers sinking deep into her hips to anchor himself. She lifted her mouth from Ygritte’s sweet gash and looked back at Jon. His face grimaced in raw pleasure his back arcing to slam his dick balls deep up Melisandre’s tight pinching asshole. Sweat poured down his torso and face. She smiled at him. He did not see as he snarled jamming her back into his cock slam
fucking her hot asshole. Melisandre loved how her body lurched forward her tits wallowing on the bed with each hammer thrust up her asshole. She turned her head and buried it in sweet sloppy wet pussy and happily sucked on juicy cunt meat.

Then she heard Jon scream and he slammed his manhood balls deep up her ass and held his thick long cock buried up her ass and she now screamed into Ygritte’s snatch feeling more hot ribbons of cum spurting deep up her ass as arrows of hot cum flooded her colon so deep. All were now screaming in the ecstasy of sweet hammering orgasms.

Later that night exhausted Melisandre was playing with Jon’s pure white hair and kissing his shoulder. Ygritte was purring and rubbing all over her back with her small breast. Ygritte’s leg was thrown over Melisandre’s hip possessively and her hand gripping Melisandre’s full tit.

Melisandre was in heaven on Earth. In a way, all of them had been given second chances.

She heard Jon yawn. He glanced down at his wives with his violet eyes “Tomorrow we go back to claim what is mine.” He paused. “We are one now. We go to take back what is ours. Tomorrow we take back the Nights Watch.”
Chapter Notes

AN #1: The chapter is bookend with graphic F-F-F-F sex.

Chapter 31

Danger Among The Dunes

Myrcella / Arianne / Sand Snakes / Myrcella / Arianne / Myrcella

Myrcella

Myrcella was lying on her back near the head of the bed. Dorea Sand her wife was between her legs on her stomach. The teenager had her face mashed deep in Myrcella’s swollen quim devouring her wife’s sweet cunt meat. Myrcella loved how aggressive the sand snakes were when they ate her out. Dorea’s hands had gripped her legs behind the knees and jerked her legs back and then out opening her pussy up to Dorea. The sand snake was sucking with loving sucks on Myrcella’s clit sucking it deeper into her mouth snuffling and moaning. Myrcella’s worn out muff was on fire.

She and her three wives had been fucking for hours devouring each other like the lionesses they were. The women worked alone or in concert with their other pride mates to attack and consume a fellow pride mate. The pride mate or mates would fuck their wife until her body convulsed with harrowing orgasms. Devoured couchie’s gushing hot sweet cum into gulping mouths.

They had taken several short breaks to gulp water and iced tea and consume blood oranges and strawberries to replenish fluids. Then back to more hot sweet fucking.

Just before Dorea claimed Myrcella for another love kill they had taken Arianne down for a sweet love kill. The heir of Dorne had been staggered with her last orgasm that Loreza had given her aunt. They had tribbed in classic scissor but with Arianne on her back on the floor and her body pulled up on the low divan they had in one corner of the room.

There Loreza had pulled Arianne’s voluptuous ass up on the slopped down thick velvet covered stuffed cushion. Loreza grunting positioning her aunt’s groin on the divan. The Sand Snake’s body jerking as she lifted up Arianne’s voluptuous ass to slide it further up the divan. Arianne’s cunt swollen and her slit pink and her mons of love dark brown all swollen with blood. Myrcella had eyed that juicy snatch all splayed open ready to be ridden hard.

Arianne eyed her niece with pure love and slut eyes. Her heavy full tits sloshed back on her chest her nipples rigid, thick and long. She looked so hot with her full breast riding back on her chest and pressed into her lower throat.

Loreza got up on the swale of the divan and parted her legs. She balanced on one hand and used her other hand to push her aunt’s legs out and moved her groin in and mated their swollen and sloppy wet cunts into each other. Loreza shivered hard feeling their pussies mate and she used her hand behind her to push her body forward her ass sliding on the fabric.
Loreza locked their groins tight with their legs interlocked. Loreza’s legs riding down Arianne’s body where it slide over her tits and past the Martell heir’s head. Arianne did the same with the leg riding up her body. Arianne gripped leg to her chest anchoring her body as she jammed her pussy up in ragged humps of love and need. The two women flexed their hips settling in place to lock sloppy wet cunts tight.

“Aaaugggg … hhnnggg hhnnnnn … ooohhhh shit—aaawwooogggg mmmnnggg!” Arianne groaned like the pure slut she was wallowing and then sweeping her wet cunt up and down her niece’s grinding camel toe that jammed down from the superior angle. Their pussies sliding up and down over each other their groins jamming hard into the V of the other’s groin. Loreza’s face twisting in raw pleasure feeling her snatch ground sweetly into her aunt’s wet drooling cunt. Their cunts jamming love juice into its mate. Myrella moaned hard seeing the pussies kiss and drool hot cum into the other sloppy wet cunt.

Their feet jerked and ankles slammed the divan as they fucked sweet cunt to cunt. Their heels jacking into cushion or ribs. They humped hard with the flexing of their hips jamming their drooling camel toes into each other. Loreza snarled pure love using her hand behind her to jam down hard with swirling sweeps of her pussy into her aunt’s fat wet cunny. Loreza’s sweaty ass sliding up and down the slick fabric. Her face slashed with hot slashes of primal pleasure.

Loreza had the advantage of height on the divan to really grind down hard into her aunt’s sweet quim. Their cunts drooling and mashing love juice into the other’s wet seam. Cum was tricking down the Martell’s flexing flat belly. It looked like a river flooding with a tidal wave of hot cum weeping up the flat flexing belly of the heir of Dorne. Several cum trickles now reaching her tits that sloshed right and left with her humping body.

Arianne’s groin and inner thighs glistening with thick slimy cum. Arianne cried out feeling her pussy mashed and rode hard. Her face slashed and she jerked her head side to side her face grimacing with primal fuck bliss.

Her head would lull after each jerk from side to side as she worked her hips and jammed her shoulders into the thick carpet to hump into her wife. She had gripped the sand snakes left leg with both arms holding tight to her ample bosom as an anchor to help in her hard humps up into the snatch grinding down into her soaked swollen snatch.

Arianne’s legs were flexing and her ankles jerking wildly. Loreza had grabbed Arianne’s left leg and pulled her wife’s foot to her mouth and had shoved the first three toes into her mouth where she sucked and nibbled on her sweet wife’s pedicure toes. Arianne groaned hard feeling Loreza lips sucking her toes and her long tongue slithering between each toe and working her lips so she could work each toe in turn.

Myrcella and Dorea had finger fucked each other face to face lying on their sides so they could stare into each other’s eyes. Gods Myrcella’s womb had felt like it was clawing its way out of her belly when she cummed for Dorea.

Myrcella’s eyes had rolled back in her skull and she bucked wildly as hard spams tore her belly open with ecstasy. Her screams had been exultant and repeated. Her body soaked in sweat and hot cum all over her groin, cunt, belly and ass.

When her orgasm hit Myrcella she had lost control of her hand and slammed it spastically and wildly into Dorea’s cunt ramming all four fingers in hard and deep fast and furious as her own body jackknifed violently.

Her hand filling and stretching out her wife’s twat with each hard thrust of her hand wedge fucking
her sweetling. Wild screams from Dorea now filled the air as her body flipped wildly and jammed her exploding couchie into the wedge harpoon fucking her exploding twat. Dorea screamed like the hounds of hell were on her trail. Myrcella forced her eyes open hearing her sweet wife’s wails of ecstasy. She was so happy she did.

She loved seeing Dorea’s head juddering jacked forward on her spasming neck as her eyes rolled back in her head. Her eyelids bulging showing her eyes rolling violently in her skull as her body flipped and more sweet screams filled their royal bedchamber.

After they had recovered they had watched Loreza maneuvering Arianne up on the divan and start tribbing her aunt and wife. She was whimpering grinding her twat down into Arianne’s plump swollen muff. Their labia lips rolled and stretched. Locked groins humped hard into each other.

"Oh gods . . . Loreza! Unh! Unh! Please! Oh . . . Loreza!" Arianne chuffed in sweet need her belly flexing and her face slashing with primal bliss as their cunts swept and jammed hard into each other. More cum trickled up her flexing stomach. Her tits sloshing and jiggling with her hot humping motions. Her tits now glistening with slimy cum slicking her rolling tits.

In her position, Arianne’s body was slightly tilted back so her big full tits were spread out on her chest angled back so their fullness and weight was on the twenty-five year olds upper chest and sloshing back and forth against the pit of her throat. Gods this is so hot Myrcella thought. She was intoxicated with her former teacher’s voluptuous body. Myrcella looked over at a cum and sweat soaked Dorea staring at her aunt’s tits hungrily.

Together they crawled off the bed to join Arianne and Loreza. They moved down off the bed onto the floor using hands and knees like the lioness they were. They moved in on either side of Arianne’s body as it quacked and spasmed in ecstasy her tits whiplashing slightly in their firmness as Arianne’s body rocked and jerked in ecstasy. The two teenagers looked like lioness’s approaching a poached kill as they advanced on all fours towards Arianne.

The teens settled down onto their forearm and other hand reaching and gripping the jiggling breast and stuffed the thick nipple deep into their mouths and locked their lips on brown steeple areola. The girls sucked voraciously filling Arianne’s nipples with scorching heat that rocked down to her jangling clit being humped and mashed by her niece. The teen’s cheeks hollowing out with the force of their voracious sucks on thick teats. Their tongues stabbing and lathing the rock hard nipples.

"Ohhh!" Arianne gasped involuntarily. She lifted her head to watch her wives that had joined the hot fuck. She looked at her niece and Myrcella watching their cheeks hollowing out with their fierce love sucks. "Unnhh! Oh . . . yes!" Arianne gasped, her head falling back. Loreza was using her elbows jammed into the divan to leverage her camel toe down hard into her aunt’s swollen sloppy wet trim and rocked their locked hips grinding and sweeping their cunts up and down over each other. Arianne instinctively humped up into her niece’s tribbing with desperate wallowing jerks of her hips. “Loreza . . . unnnhh . . . oh Loreza!” Arianne gagged flexing her hips meeting Loreza’s jamming thrusts in rhythmic time gagging in helpless pleasure.

Arianne was being devoured by her pride mates. Myrcella and Dorea took turns kissing and nipping up Arianne’s breast to her upper chest pushing the sloped breast aside with their chins to kiss and lick up Arianne’s throat and up to her mouth. Mouths locked tight and tongues dueled in the submissive woman’s mouth and down her throat.

Myrcella was up on her knees folded over gripping a full tit with both hands to jam the long thick nipple deep in her mouth sucking with long ragged deep throat love sucks stretching out nipple and areola stuffed deep in her mouth. Dorea was kissing hotly Arianne’s throat. Then the older woman was wailing. “Awwwwwooggggg! Hhnnnggggggg hhngggggggg Oowwwgggggg!” her former
teacher turned wife screamed as Dorea viciously sucked on her throat giving her a vicious loving hickey bruising her aunt as their slut.

Arianne body went rigid for a few heartbeats and then exploded feeling her throat sucked through vicious see-sawing teeth. The hickey fueling pure ecstasy to the Martell’s cunt being pulped by Loreza’s grinding twat.

“Arrunnggggggg! Unngghhh! Ohhmmnggiieeee!” Arianne squealed, flipping and squirming, her eyes watery and stunned as she opened them briefly to again look at Loreza still jamming their cunts hard into each other with short jerks of her hips ramming and sweeping their locked couchies over each other. Loreza had risen up on her palms to angle her pussy down even harder into her aunt’s trim. She jerked and slammed their locked groins almost violently over and into each other. Camel toes pulped in grinding pure love.

Arianne’s breath whooshed out her lungs and her face twisted up in the agony of a second shocking orgasm. She gagged in breath “Ohhh unng uunnhhh” her face shocked in ecstasy. “OOWWWGGGGGGG! AAWWOOGGGGGG!” Arianne’s screams of rapturous music to her wives ears as gut wrenching spasms tore through her sweat drenched flesh.

Aunt and niece kept grinding their wet pussies tightly locked together. Arianne’s orgasms ripped through her with soul shattering seizures of fucking bliss. She humped hard as killing spasms of crushing searing bliss tore through her voluptuous body. Her head rocked back "Hhhhnnggggggg! Hhhnnngggggggg! … Ohhnnggg! Oh! Oh . . . sweet gods! Ungghh! Oh fucking Jinns! Auunngg!” she cried out her body convulsing in fucking bliss. Her orgasm finally subsiding.

Arianne had risen up on her elbows as Myrcella and Dorea continued to suck voraciously on her long stiff thick nipples. The loving sucks filling her tits with hot aching pleasure as aftershocks now gripped and shook the Martell hard. She then half-swooned again her head thudding on the floor and succumbed to another series of powerful aftershocks. "Ohhnnnnnn! Oh gods . . . ohhnnnnn . . . oh Lorena! Unhhhhhh!"

They were now back on the royal bed Doran had had constructed for them. The dimensions were wider and longer to give the four wives plenty of room for their lovemaking. Dorea jammed her head down harder siphoning Myrcella’s clit deeper into her mouth where her tongue gigged the juicy nubbin. “Augggg unnggg hhnnnnn hhnggg . . . oh gods Doreaaaa you eat my pussy sooooo fuckkiinggg goooodddd!”

Arianne was beside Myrcella a little lower on the bed. She was on her knees with her body leaned down on her forearms her elbows spread out. Her cheek was on the mattress her face looking at Myrcella but unseeing. Arianne’s mind overwhelmed with raw pleasure. Her face slashed and primal grunts and caws escaped her throat.

Loreza was behind her on her knees. She had detoured to their goodie drawer in the dresser to get two dildos. One was glass with purple swirls in it (her favorite color) and ribbed. The shaft six inches long with a tear drop handle. The other dildo had a thick eight inch shaft and a large realistic cockhead.

Myrcella watched the sand snake work the dildos in turn into her mouth and swirled the shafts around in her mouth wetting them liberally with her spit. Then Loreza got behind Arianna and gripped her ass cheeks with clawed fingers and pulled Arianna’s ass cleft open wide. Loreza eyed the brown sphincter as it clenched in wanton need. Then Loreza moaned as she lowered her head and lapped the starfish furiously her tongue rasping the clutching sphincter. Loreza loved the texture of the wrinkled starfish against her rasping tongue.
Then Loreza lifted her face six inches and drooled out long ribbons of bubbly spit that roped down to land and pool on Arainna’s asshole. Then the sand snake took her anal dildo with its tapered head and slowly spun it up into her wife’s hot tight anus and started to slowly pump the purple colored glass shaft deep up her wife’s asshole. The ridged shaft rippling the tight sphincter rings making Arianne gag in helpless pleasure. Gradually the Sand Snake increased the force of her pumping thrusts up Arianne’s tight butt hole.

Arianne started to chuff and jam her ass back into the dildo fucking it. Arianne groaned deep in her chest feeling her sphincter rings juddering on the ripples sizzling in and out her tight asshole. Arianne’s face slashing with raw pleasure. Her cheek jamming down on the mattress her eyes squeezed shut tight her face almost anguished looking in the fierce ecstasy rocking the Martell as hot pleasure poured out her fucked asshole.

Then Loreza brought up her other dildo and slowly sunk it into her wife’s greasy cum filled cunt and slide the long thick shaft deep into her belly till her fist clenching the handle grip of the shaft was jammed into the Martell’s drooling clamshell. Loreza started to see-saw the shafts in and out Arianne’s tight cunt and asshole. The young voluptuous woman’s body quaking and juddering as the thick phallic shafts were now slammed hard and deep up into her belly with powerful thrusts.

Arianna rose up on her palms and jammed back into the shafts plundering her fuck holes. Her voluptuous ass and hips rippling with the power of Loreza’s thrusts of her hands slamming her dildos home burying them completely up her wife’s ass and snatch. Arianne’s heavy hooters whipping and flipping underneath her sweat dripping body. The Martell slamming back to fully bury the shafts up her spasming asshole and clenching cunt.

The sand snake alternated between using her toys on her aunt and her mouth. Loreza’s hands piston hard to drive shafts hard into spasming pussy and asshole. She would then ripe both shafts out her aunt’s fuck holes and went back to mashing her mouth to wet pussy and gaped asshole her tongue lashing and drilling the sweet fuck holes. Loreza gripping her aunt’s ass cheeks pulling the cheeks back to open Arianne’s ass cleft and the dark seam of her upper ass crack and gaped asshole. Loreza mashed her face in deep and tongued fucked the sweet open clenching orifice. She tongue fucked the sweet rectum of her aunt.

Locking her lips on the gaped asshole and circling her tongue in Arianne’s rectum moaning at the sweet taste. Pulling her tongue out and down her aunt’s perineum and shoved it deep into her pussy and tongue fucked her aunt hard. Loreza’s head punching in and out. Her sweaty lank hair jerking with her hot hard head motions. She would lock lips on Arianne’s cunny and slurp in sweet cunt meat and munch on happily. Then back to tongue fucking sweet asshole.

Then Loreza found her dildos with her searching hands still licking her aunt’s butthole. The shafts brought up and first shoved into Loreza's mouth to suck her aunt's sweet pussy and ass off the shafts and then she slide the shafts back deep into Arianne's hot clenching cunt and asshole.

"Unngggggg-shhhiitttt! Hhnnggg uunggg arruunggg uunnggg!" Arianne moaned in wanton slut pleasure.

Myrcella now watched Loreza intently. She saw her wife seesawing her dildos in and out her other wife’s butt and pussy. The ribbed shaft rippling Arianne’s sphincter rings with ecstasy. The other shaft slammed home burying the thick head deep into Arianne’s tight twat. Loreza ripped the shaft out of Arianne’s ass and gripping Arianne’s voluptuous ass cheeks with her clawed fingers mashed her face into her aunt’s ass cleft. She left the dildo buried Arianne’s tight pussy and tongue fucked the gaped asshole moaning as she slide her tongue in deep.

Loreza had a tight lip lock on her wife’s starfish tongue fucking it hot and hard. She pulled back and
shoved the ribbed dildo into her mouth and sucked hard on it cleaning her wife’s sweet ass off the cool ass juice soaked glass shaft. Loreza moaned tasting her wife’s ass on the dildo. Arianna looked back as they both moaned hard and loud at the obscene show of total love.

Loreza slammed her anal dildo back home up Arianna’s ass. Loreza rammed her glass anal cock home again and again. Her other hand in a slow piston motion slamming her other dick deep into her wife’s belly. Arianne’s cunt stretched out tight around the thick shaft. Her inner lips pulled into an O ring all wet and red around the thick shaft torpedo fucking her dripping snatch.

Dorea had a loose lip lock on Myrcella’s clit. She siphon sucked the hard nubbin the vibrations and frictions making Myrcella crazy with ecstasy. The eighteen year old sand snake slipped two fingers into Myrcella’s twat and pumped them hard in and out her wife’s slurping love box. She sucked on Myrcella’s clit with hard sucks slipping in a third finger stretching out Myrcella tight cunt around her pumping fingers.

Dorea was slamming her hand into her wife’s stretched out couchie. Dorea’s bent thumb slamming into Myrcella’s clit with each savage stroke burying her fingers in her wife’s twat. Dorea’s left hand was above Myrcella’s mound and the heel jammed into her wife’s lower belly and pressing in hard with short jerks. The pressure on her wife’s womb a major erogenous zone for the former Lannister.

Dorea lifted her head from her love suck on Myrcella’s clit. “I am going to make you cum so fucking hard for me Myrcella. Your my slut! Our slut! You holes belong to us! We may share you with our sisters or Ellaria but you belong to us!”

“Yes yes yes” Myrcella moaned her cunt pounded so hard and deep like she needed. “I’m your whore and slut. Defile me like the fucking slut I am! Aauugggg unngg hhhnngg hhnnnn hhnnng ooohhhh ffuuuccckkkkk!” the Lioness whimpered as her belly melted in pleasure.

Myrcella felt the tension rising in her belly. Loreza had pulled out the two dildos she had been fucking Arianne with. She fed them one at a time to Arianna.

“Clean your cunt off my cock bitch!” Arianne moaned as Loreza slipped the thick shaft into her aunt’s mouth and slowly pumped it in and out the clenched lips of her aunt. Arianne moaned loudly sucking her pussy off the shaft. Loreza pulled it out and then brought up the other shaft soaked in her Aunt’s ass juice up to Arianne’s mouth.

“Suck your fucking hot sweet asshole off my other dick Auntie!” Arianne locked eyes with her niece and parted her lips as her head came forward to swallow the ass juice soaked dildo. The heir of Drone locked her lips on the ribbed glass shaft. She pumped her head sensually up down the shaft sliding up and down her tongue. All the time Arianne moaned as she cleaned her sweet ass off Loreza anal dildo shaft. Myrcella saw Loreza’s eyes roll back into her skull at the obscene display of sluttiness. Gods it was so fucking hot!

Dorea was wolf sucking on Myrcella’s clit her head rocking as she lashed the rigid clit in her lips as her head pulled in and out. Dorea stretched and pulled on Myrcella’s upper cunt sucked deep into her mouth. The young woman’s cunt stretched out. The cunt meat not sucked into Dorea’s mouth all red and shiny with slimy cum. Dorea snuffled as she ate her wife out and looked up Myrcella’s hard flat belly. Myrcella hands were cupped over her titties grinding in circles on the sweaty flesh. Myrcella’s palms mashing and pulping her own small full A cup titties.

Loreza was pouting both of Arianne’s love holes again with her dildos. Her clenched hands around her dildos hammered into the Mrytell’s ass and mound. Both shafts were milky with cum effluent. Arianne’s asshole spasmed on the shaft slamming it with hard strokes and her cunt was slurping and making such hot wet sounds. “Cum for me auntie cum for your hot niece!”
Dorea had risen up hunched over and her left hand wiped back and forth over Myrcella’s clit in a blur. She stared down at the twat she was fucking. Her right hand slamming her fingers in all way piercing the hot cauldron of Myrcella’s inner core. The left hand was a blur jacking hard into her wife’s clitoral hood with each swipe. Myrcella lifted her head up and felt it jerk hard forward on her neck cawing helplessly.

She looked over at Arianne. Loreza was slamming her dildos furiously into her slut’s fuck holes. Arianne’s voluptuous ass cheeks and hips rippling with the furious fucking they were receiving. Arianne’s face twisted with primal bliss. “Cum you gods damned slut!” Myrcella watched Loreza slam her dildos home savagely again and again into Arianne’s fuck holes. Arianne’s face was slashed hard with intense ecstasy.

Suddenly Arianne body surged up onto her palms her head snapped back her eyes looking at the canopy over the bed unseeing. Loreza continued slamming her dildos home with a hard loving fuck rhythm. "Oh! Oh fuck—OOOWWWGUGGUGGG! AWWWONNNNGGGG!" Arianne suddenly cried out, her voluptuous body jackknifing and flipping in front of Loreza as the first paroxysm of a sharp climax ripped through her. The adult woman wailed and her hands tore at the sheets.

Arianne’s body bucked and jackknifed violently her heavy tits whiplashing and slapping into each other beneath the voluptuous woman. Her face tore apart with searing almost agonizing pleasure. "Arruuunngggg! Anngghhh! Oh Loreza! Ummnnngghhiieeeeee!" she cried out, flipping and hips her surging up and down as her spine nearly shattered with crippling seizures of fucking with bliss. Her flesh quivering and flexing with each snap of her back.

Seeing her wife cum triggered Myrcella’s own orgasm. “Aawwwwnnoooghhhhnnnn! Unngghhiieeeeee! Unngghhiieeeeee!” Myrcella wailed as her hips bucked up into the hands fucking her so gloriously. Her upper body jerked up off the bed and slammed back repeatedly her firm tits whiplashing around on her chest. Her elbows helplessly hammered the bed as her body spasm steady out of her control. Her cunt splattered and slurped on the fingers fucking them. “Unngghhiieeeeee! Mnnngghhiieeeeee! Nnggghhnnniieeeeee!” she screamed in pure love to her sand snake.

The sisters took their wives and enfolded them in strong sinewy arms and cooed and stroked their trembling and now weeping wives. The love they felt for the sisters overwhelming them as tears of pure joy and happiness flowed down their cheeks.

The sisters stroked sweaty bodies and looked at each other. Then they slowly pulled their wives hands to their lips and kissed the hands slowly folding them into fists and kissed the balled hands all over murmuring and making hot eye contact with their wives.

Soon Arianne and Myrcella had their sand snakes laid out on the bed their pelvises up tilted with pillows. They bent down and sucked lovingly on wet quims further exciting and inflaming their eighteen year old wives. The two wives slurping and sucking in sweet cunt meat to munch on. Then they would tongue rigid clits with quick tongue flicks with interspersed hard sucks.

They moved to tongue fucking sloppy wet cunt holes their heads hammering up and down in unison as the sand snakes liked to be fucked in total lock step when side by side on the bed and being serviced by their wives. Myrcella glanced over at Arianne whose sweaty lank hair jerked with her head’s hammering motion driving her tongue deep up Loreza’s sweet pussy.

They had their wives soon panting and pleading. Arianna unstopped the liquid silk bottle and poured the extremely slick, water-soluble lube over her and Myrcella’s right hands and then over their slut’s swollen cunts. The slimy concoction slavered hands and fuck holes with a slimy erotic
coating. Both women got down on knees and hunched over their trembling wives pelvises. The women quickly worked four fingers into the loosened with orgasms pussies. They used their free hands to pour more of the magical lube onto their hands they had worked deeper into their wives couchies. They then ran the liquid over their lovers pussies to further lubricate their cunts for their fists.

The taste was not unpleasant and Myrcella and Arianne bent in randomly to suck hard on bulging clits making their sand snakes cry out in ecstasy. The sisters liked to be fucked in unison and looked at each other with lust added eyes and leaned toward each other and gripped the back of each other’s heads and kissed deeply. Their tongues working deep in each other’s mouths. The twins deep kissing with coiled wrestling tongues.

Arianne and Myrcella slowly bent their thumbs in and wormed them up into the tight twats they were fucking. Soon Myrcella had her hand in up to her knuckles inside her slut’s tight quim. Dorea’s pussy stretched out tight on her hand buried in it. Myrcella turned her head slightly to watch Arianne’s progress. Myrcella was folded down her head slightly cocked over so she could watch Arianne as she tongue lashed Dorea’s clit and fast sucked on it making Dorea shriek in ecstasy.

Arianne had a bigger hand. She patiently worked her wife’s pussy open for her love fist. She pumped and rotated her hand loosening Loreza’s twat her hand now in up to her third knuckles rippling along the edges of her wife’s vaginal hole. The Martell then worked her thumb into the third knuckle up her niece’s tight quim.

Myrcella slowly stroked in and out not quite burying her hand into Dorea. Dorea looked over at her twin and then leaned in again kissing deeply as Loreza chuffed. Arianne slowly wormed her hand back and forth in a half circle stretching out Loreza’s pussy. Myrcella knew it was worth the patience. Three nights ago Arianne had fisted her so good and deep her fist twisting in and out her puss until she had simply exploded.

Now Arianne had her knuckles sweeping into the vaginal opening of her niece. Loreza’s soaked labia lips slathered over her wife’s knuckles and upper hand. Her vaginal juices slimed her wife’s hands. They got the liquid silk bottle and poured more lubricant over their hands and stretched out twats.

Arianne and Myrcella now had their fists poised to sink deep up into teenage bellies. They nodded to each other and pushed into the hot cauldrons of pink cunt holes of their wives in unison.

“Huunnggggggggg!” Loreza chuffed out her head rising up a stricken look of ecstasy on her face. She stared at her aunt’s hand slowly sinking deep into her snatch her wet labia lips riding down the back of Arianne’s hand.

“Hhunn hunnggg oowwwggggg!” Dorea cried out feeling Myrcella’s knuckles stretch out her vaginal ring and then into her vagina. Dorea’s pussy locking tight on the hand now in it. Myrcella groaned feeling Dorea’s wet heat sliding down the back of her hand her wet pussy slithering down and soaking her hand in wet heat. Dorea’s eyes rolled back in her head “Uunngggg oohhh Myrcellaaaa babyyyy!” Dorea gagged in raw pleasure. Both Myrcella and Arianne leaned in and suckled on shiny nubbins as the sand snakes chuffed and kissed each other deeply.

Myrcella and Arianne paused letting their wives muffs stretch out and fully accommodate the hands buried into the sisters’ tight pussies. They then began to slowly rock their hands to further stretch out their wives cunts. The sisters moaned pushing into the hands rocking in their couchies stretching their vaginas out on the hands buried in them. Then Arianne and Myrcella slowly began to push and pull their hands in the tight cunts gripping their folded hands in a hot tight velvet fist of wet slippery heat.
Myrcella slowly brought her fingers together and formed her fist stretching out her lover. She saw by the look of concentration on Arianne’s face that she too was forming her love fist. They slowly began to rock their hands and then pump softly stretching out their loves creamy cum filled cunts. Arianne rose up and drooling out long ribbons of spit into her lover’s hot frothing box and pushed her fist deeper into Loreza. "Oh gods! Unhhhhhh!" the sand snake gibbered. Myrcella had worked her fist slowly into Dorea’s pussy twisting her knuckles churning inner hot slimy petals and rubbing on her vaginal walls "Yes . . . yes . . . oh my sweet Myrcella—fuck meeeeee—fuck my cunt good with your fist baby" the sand snake croaked. Her eyes pleaded for her wife to fuck her hard. She locked eyes with Myrcella with throbbing love.

Myrcella rose up slightly. Arianne followed suite. They both pulled their fists back to the vaginal openings of the sister’s and then surged their fists in deep jamming into their sand snakes cervixes with a wet thump. Their lover’s pussies tightly clenched on their wives wrists pulsing hotly in wet heat. Myrcella pulled her fist back and then surged forward again her fist thumping her lover’s cervix. Dorea was gagging in helpless pleasure. Loreza was twisting as Arianne rammed her fist home over and over.

The Sand Snakes body jerked up the mattress slightly with each loving twisting fist thrust up their tight drooling couchies. Their faces stricken with primal bliss of being fisted hard and deep.

Soon Myrcella and Arianne had cum rings smeared around their wrists all creamy and milky. They picked up the pace and force rammed their twisting fists home again and again. Arianne had bent down and was sucking hard on Loreza clit while Myrcella was using her left hand to fork her love’s clit and rub her thumb over it.

The sisters were kissing desperately their hands gripping shoulders and ribs in tight grips. Their faces were filled with snarls and grimaces of shocking pleasure.

For the next several minutes four women fucked beautifully. Love was freely given and love taken. Myrcella slammed her twisting fist home over and over making Dorea whoop and her hips leap forward to take all of Myrcella’s fist. Each forward thrust by Dorea rammed her cunt forward impaling her pussy on Myrcella’s love fist. Her pussy lips far down on Myrcella’s wrist on the in stroke.

Now both women were sucking fiercely on rock hard clits. Suddenly Dorea arched her back hard and deep lifting pelvis up to the fist slamming home the knuckles sliding over her g-spot. “AAARRRWWWONNNGGGPPP!” Dorea roared her pelvis leaping up and her body convulsing wildly. “AAAAAWOOGGGGGGGG! AARRRUUUUNNNNGGGGPPP!” Dorea screamed in almost agonizing pleasure. Myrcella jammed her free arm over the sand snake’s belly to press her down onto the mattress as she rammed her fist fiercely into her wife’s exploding twat “Unngghhiiiieeeeeee! Auunnggghhiiieeeeeee!” Dorea screamed in shattering bliss. Her body convulsed and thrashed.

Myrcella moaned feeling her wife’s trim spasm hard on her rotating pumping fist. Each spasm locking down on her pumping fist in a wet slippery hot grip that her turning knuckles churned through.

Beside Myrcella, Loreza body jacked up off the bed in a snap convulsion of womb rending ecstasy. Loreza body had jerked up at nearly a forty-five degree angle. Her body jerked in a rigid grip of searing bliss. As Arianne looked up at her niece Loreza’s eyes rolled back into her skull and her body started to convulse violently. "Oh godddddss!! Ummmngghhiiieee! Uunngghhiiieeeeee!!" Loreza cried out, her body up in the air flipping forward and jerking back only to jack forward again and again. Her body up high off the bed as violent seizures of cumming


ripped through her body. Her small tits whiplashed on her chest with her throes of bliss. Then a horrible spasm tore her body and sent her crashing to the bed convulsing. "Oh! Fffuuucckkkk! Annnggghmmnnieeee! Oooowwggggggggg!"

Myrcella was in heaven feeling her wife’s cunt convulse on her fist over and over with her stupendous orgasm. Oh so slowly did the sand snakes come down from their orgasmic bliss.

For a minute she and Arianne left their fists in their wives belly knowing how they relished the feeling of being full. They loved the feeling of being connected to their wife so intimately. Then the hands were unfolded and relaxed to let slip out of distended and very happy pussies. The groggy sand snakes watched their wives move up and take them lovingly into their arms and pulled them tight and enfolded in arm and legs. Their right hands going up to thread into midnight black locks. Hair now streaked and soaked in the sisters’ own cum. Arianne and Myrcella pulled their lover’s mouths tight and kissed them in languid love with slippery wet tongues.

They had snuggled and cooed in post coital bliss. Now Myrcella smiled. Her other wives were asleep. Arianne was on her back with Loreza spread out on her with her cheek on a full bosom snoring and drooling. She had Dorea pressed against her from the other side. Her right cum soaked hand intertwined with Dorea’s fingers and pressed to her heart.

Yes indeed, Myrcella was one happy slut. She moved to press against Dorea’s body pulling the sheets over their bodies. She wiggled in mashing her tits and pussy into Dorea’s hard sweaty body. She quickly feel asleep.

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Myrcella was at the table she and Arianne used to work on their reports and work out the details of their projects. They worked side by side, as they always had. Myrcella always smiled thinking back to their times as teacher and student. It had been during lessons from Arianne that Myrcella had first started falling in love with her teacher.

She fingered the choker around her throat, and looked at the choker around Arianne’s throat. It had been her passion that had formed their pride, but now she considered just what that all meant. Arianne was the heir to Dorne. Someday, they would have to explore that future. She had tried several times to broach the subject of her succession, but Arianne did not want to speak of it, so Myrcella backed off. She too wanted Doran to live forever.

They had gone over the crop reports from their initial harvest of their ‘drip irrigation’ project. The numbers had been most pleasing. They had the farmers take detailed measurements of the water levels each day in the morning, high noon, and late afternoon. It had been Arianne who had suggested putting poles in the middle of the canals, and running white fabric tented over the waterways to reduce evaporation. It worked for the Bedouins to reduce their perspiration, why not something inanimate?

The water loss had been reduced, and the amount of water necessary to make each plant grow and thrive along with it. For the next phase, they were going to quadruple the acreage to make sure the method could be scaled up. The bamboo used for the pipes was already being planted and harvested. That, along with working out the binding of the joints was proving to be the most difficult part of the project.

They had discovered a compound made from the rubber trees of Sothoryos. It would seal the joints quite well they had proved after several various compounds were developed. The climate of the coastal Piedmont of the lands south of Wyl were most conducive to bamboo. The mists coming up from the ocean feeding the bamboo with ample moisture. The plants growing up to eighteen inches
They had all the items they needed to scale up their project.

Once that was settled, they moved to improving trade to the newly freed cities and establishments rimmed around Slaver’s Bay. New merchants were rising from the dust of the old, and they needed goods to trade. The old economy was based on slavery; the grooming and selling of slaves had been the main form of wealth creation. Now that was gone.

Many slaves had been trained to produce the goods that the slave owners craved in their domiciles, or in public displays of their wealth. Therefore, carpenters, masons, metal workers and jewelers who were already skilled were ready to make goods for clients. The former slaves would now receive compensation for their work. They would make goods that were desired by the new, rising working classes, and the new rich. The now truly free cities, and the privileged of Westeros clamored for their exquisite workmanship.

House Martell was poised to do very well in trade with the new artisans of Volantis and other cities of the east. Where other houses had either waited for the dust to settle, or had just been slow to consider the possibilities Daenerys’ changes had brought about, Arianne Martell had not been.

She had lazily whispered plans to her wife soon after the Queen landed. Arianne had traced patterns in the sweat soaking Myrcella’s body, and spoke her thoughts on trade with liberated Slaver’s Bay. After, they had fucked hard and were satiated Arianne often broke her new ideas to her partner in Game of Thrones, Myrcella. The twins were busy rolling around on the floor furs devouring each other in sixty-nine. Their snuffles and caws were sweet background music. The Sand Snakes were not interested in such mundane things such as trade.

Arianne thought it was time to move. While other Houses and lordships waited and fretted, now was the time to act. She had found two Summer Islander captains ready to sail east with holds full of goods. She wanted to send emissaries to all of the cities proposing trade, seeking the signing of contracts.

Myrcella remembered her studies as a star struck student to Arianne, going over the economies of the cities around Slaver’s Bay and to the west in Volantis. These cities did not grow their own food, but instead imported it. They would soon starve without the grains from the inland communities of Essos.

Dorne had some basic trade with the slave cities, but had never sought out anything further due to their distaste of the slavers. Now, they was gone. Arianne was anxious to strike while the iron was hot. Dorne, with its citrus fruits, special wines, lemons, olives, pomegranates, colored peppers, spices, mustard nigella seed, would put the spice and verve in their diets over in Essos.

They would make a fortune and help establish merchants, warehouses and shop owners in the newly freed cities at the same time. Myrcella had thought her wife’s ideas were splendid. Her wife’s intellect and passion always turned her on. What made the idea even more wonderful were her fingers pumping slowly in and out of Arianne’s hot wet twat, and her sensual lips sucking on Arianne’s turgid throbbing nipple as Arianne explained her thoughts. Soon all talking about trade ceased. They had more important matters to attend too.

They had finally received their first responses from their overtures to the continent of Essos. The Summer Islander had immediately inked deals with Dorne to carry produce, and offer warehouses in their homelands to allow time for the infrastructure to be developed in the freed cities. They had developed means to dry store fruit, vegetables, and grains for long voyages.
The bold and the progressive of new Essos were now responding to Arianne’s overtures. These would be the persons that Dorne would build its new trade empire on.

The free cities on the Eastern coast of Essos were still slow in taking any imitative. They all feared the instability of their situations, a few cities by and large had been destroyed. The noble families had been thrown into disarray, and they were reluctant to seek out new contacts.

Into the void, crime families were moving in, but if Dorne acted quickly they should be able to set up their contracts before others filled the vacuum. They would become established and able to fend off competitors, and resist the crime lords and their demands.

As Arianne and Myrcella continued poring over the initial proposals, Myrcella felt a surge of pride for her wife. Her courage and quick thinking shamed the men and women of other Houses.

Myrcella reviewed the legal documentation accompanying the initial contracts again. Their lawyers had stricken some clauses. A few bold entrepreneurs from the east had come to Dorne to meet them in person regarding their new partnership and to discuss terms.

Of course they had to deal with perceptions and sexist pigs. When the initial emissaries arrived, Myrcella had smirked when the odious men expected to be met by other men. They had quickly learned in negotiations that these women were in fact their betters. She had so enjoyed seeing their smirks of condescension slowly disappear. How their satisfaction had turned to concern, then to outright distress as she and Arianne played the merchants against each other. Before long the Pride of Dorne had most favorable contracts indeed.

One trader had worked with them as equals from the start, and he left with, by far, the best deal. They gave this man a long term contract, where the others were given only six month deals. This man had also received advantageous contract terms.

It had been a productive week.

The success of those meetings still had her very horny as she awakened in the predawn gloom with a full bladder. She and Arianne were very sound sleepers; they would never make good lookouts. As her senses returned to her, she smiled with what she was hearing.

She looked down to the floor beside the bed. There Dorea was on her knees beside the bed going down on Loreza with her sister’s legs resting on her shoulders. Loreza was biting the inside of her arm. Her whole body was shaking violently and at that moment harsh convulsions started to tear at her body. Her head jerked up and pounded down slamming the bed as her arm swallowed her strangled screams. Loreza’s hips grinding up into her twin’s mouth. Myrcella got up to use the newly installed commode. Daenerys had shared designs for her water tower, plumbing and commode from Volantis. Tradesmen had installed the setup for the royal household to use. It worked like a charm.

As she returned, she watched with the canopy screen pushed back as Dorea got up on the bed and rode her sister’s face with her swollen clamshell. She soon had both hands locked behind her sister’s head, pulling it up hard into the pussy she was grinding down hard into the gobbling, sucking mouth.

Her body exploded in wild flips and jackknifes as spittle sprayed out clenched teeth swallowing screams of ravaged ecstasy. Slowly her body sagged down and then the twins moved fully on the bed and embraced tenderly.
Myrcella did not try to join. She and Arianne understood that the twins needed plenty of time to fuck one on one. Their love was hot and intense, and needed to express itself often with just the two of them fucking often with her and Arianne watching getting hot and bothered. As Myrcella went back to sleep the twins were on their sides with faces buried in between thighs gobbling sweet gash, the bed jerking and shaking as muffled screams swallowed by wet camel toes filled her ears with sweet music.

She had awakened three hours later, and Arianne was already up and half dressed. She told her wife they had a busy day. She refused Myrcella’s overtures of lovemaking. In a huff Myrcella got dressed. Myrcella had been horny all morning, and now early afternoon with no satisfaction. The sand snakes had gone to the academy to train.

Arianne was not helping her frustration. Her bodice left three quarters of her full tits exposed. The delightful globes were constantly compressing and shifting with her wife’s movements; the creamy brown flesh making her tummy ache and mouth water.

Arianne brought up the idea of establishing a breeding center in Volantis to breed Sand Steeds. The new merchants and nobility would appreciate the mounts.

They discussed this for a few minutes. Both she and Arianne were working hard day in and day out to impress the new Queen. They wanted to be very necessary to her - they wanted Dorne to be first in her thoughts. She had no desire for the throne, but she wanted to be close to the Queen. She wanted to make her mark before Arianne was called to the throne of Dorne. They knew they were making inroads to that.

“We will crush these fucking Dune Raiders.” Arianne barked out suddenly.

“I know we will baby . . . I hate that they are taking advantage of Dorne mobilizing to heed the Queen’s call. They have become emboldened. Their reach has grown, and they are causing much harm to our subjects . . . they are disrupting trade that the Bedouins need, and playing havoc with the wells of the central and eastern Dorne deserts. We will crush them!”

She was suddenly pulled into a tight squeeze, her face in Arianne’s throat and her small tits smothered by her wife’s full bosom. “I love how you say ‘my people’. You are truly a Martell now. Gods I love you Myrcella.” Myrcella’s body had been infused with heat, feeling her wife’s full bosom pressed into her body.

“We will be leaving in a week to seek out and destroy these fuckers!” Arianne told Myrcella fiercely. She and Arianne had been analyzing the attacks and their patterns. They had studied the maps of Dorne closely. Everyone knew they were using the trackless wades and their dry waterways and hidden gullies to move about.

The raiders had been attacking across the heartland of central Dorne. The attacks moving from region to region.

Arianne was sure she had located their main camp. The heir to Dorne had analyzed the attacks and saw an underlying pattern. Though the attacks were spread out they seemed to cross over a central pivot point. That had to be where the base camp was. She had been questioning some visiting Bedouins from the region. Two had agreed to be their guides. In four days they would leave to seek out and destroy these raiders, and the cancer would be removed. Their sister wives were anxious to begin the campaign.

Oberyn was fully supportive of his youngest daughters in their marshal designs. Their father was anxious for his youngest sand snakes to prove themselves in combat. He himself was too busy to
deal with the bandits, with the mobilization of Dorne for the possible march north. What no one knew was that she and Arianne themselves would be going on the expedition. By the seven hells, they were not going to be left behind with their wives riding into danger. They could provide analysis and strategy to their wives and their cavalry.

Myrcella again glanced at her wife’s sweet breast. The brown globes so full and her nipples poking out the sheer material. Her body shivered and she had to gulp again as her mouth watered with fuck hunger for her wife. She looked away her mind’s eye still caressing those succulent brown creamy tits begging to be devoured.

“You know you have been staring at my tits and swallowing loudly all morning and afternoon, Myrcella?”

A sudden shame flooded the young woman. They had work to do and all she really wanted to do was fuck her beautiful wife. They had made so much progress today! She hung her head at her lack of control, and her lower lip started to tremble. She needed to be more disciplined.

“Myrcella.” she heard her name.

She looked up and her breath left her body.

Arianne was reaching behind her neck unhooking the sty and now worked more loose the laces to her bodice. Her heavy tits spilled out. The twenty-five year old woman cupped and massaged roughly her tits before a hypnotized Myrcella.

“Oooohhh Myrcella what you do to meee . . . my cunt is so wet for your baby . . . I’ve wanted you to throw these papers on the floor and throw me down on this table all morning and take me!” she said in a soft breathy voice.

Myrcella cupped the closest full breast squeezing in hard just like Arianne liked it. “Hunnggggg oh gods yessss baby!” Arianne gurgled out, feeling her tit fill with heat and need. She watched with lidded eyes as Myrcella lifted the full tit to her mouth and swallowed the brown globe feverishly. Myrcella started to rhythmically suck on the turgid teat. Myrcella leaned in and worked her lips further onto the breast swallowing most of the large steeple areola wolf sucking. Arianne’s eyelids fluttered shut. Now both of their eyes rolled back into their skulls. One giving pleasure and the other taking pleasure in the prefect wheel of life.

Myrcella moaned in pure happiness. She was going to fuck Arianne so good.

**Arianne**

Tomorrow they would be riding out to confront the dune raiders. She knew that they had this one opportunity to ride out with their beloved sand snakes. The Queen and her father would shit their undergarments when they discovered that she and Myrcella had ridden into the deserts with their wives. Hopefully, if they proved themselves in combat, they would be allowed out again in the future. She knew there would be resistance, but they were crafty and cunning and they will have proven themselves by then.

She was walking the market area of Shadow City that sprawled to the west and south of Sunspear. It had slowly grown over the centuries, beneath the comforting shadows of the ancient castle. The people were safe and prosperous, knowing the Spear of Dorne was in those very walls ready to defend them. The three massive Winding Walls, tall and impenetrable, encircled one another,
containing miles of narrow alleys, hidden courts, and noisy bazaars.

The town began life started under the shadow of the castle's massive Winding Walls. Mud-brick shops and windowless hovels were closest, then west of those were stables, inns, winesinks, and pillow houses - some which had walls of their own. Hovels and homesteads then spread beyond. The city had slowly grown with time.

The outskirts of the city were now only three miles from the Battleborne Academy of Dorne. She paused in front of the entrance to the main food bazaar. She looked in the direction of the Academy, where her two Sand Snake wives were. She knew they were training one last time, making sure their swords, javelins, bullwhips and throwing axes were ready for battle.

They would be getting their precious traditional Bedouin Mughal bows ready for combat. The bows measured about four feet. She had always found the geometry of their double curves appealing. The bows were small, but powerful with grips covered in velvet. Several strings of thick catgut lined the Mughal bow on its concave side, to give it elasticity and force. The belly was made of finely polished wild goat’s horn in jet black. Glued to this was a thin slip of hard, tough wood. The ends were fashioned to represent snakes’ heads with the horn left plain, while the wooden back was decorated with rich intermingled arabesques of gilded birds, flowers and fruit.

The bows were heirlooms of House Martell, granted to the House by Nymeria herself as a wedding gift to Mors Martell, the man she wed upon her arrival in Westeros. They had been passed down from generation to generation. Like the sword of House Dayne, the bows were not always taken up by every generation. Their father had not been a man of the bow. The older sand snakes had eschewed the bows too, seeking mastery of other weapons.

Arianne entered a large, low walled compound with red bricks plastered over with stucco. The area was spacious, filled with small tents and loosely constructed wood that formed stalls and displays to store wares, and nooks for the merchants to sit and eat and drink in comradery of sellers everywhere. They would often talk of how only they could be trusted, and how their competitors were thieves and of no account, but towards evening the same merchants were often sitting together laughing as they exchanged tales of gullible women and the art of the sell.

She and Myrcella had no skill with haggling. They were way too eager to buy at the first price hawked to them, driving the twins to distraction. They had fumed that she and Myrcella were pampered and spoiled the first time they brought them here. This was a totally different Game of Thrones that operated on a completely different set of rules. She and Myrcella had started to cry at the sand snakes rebuke. Then Sand Snakes had broken down themselves, begging for forgiveness. They would have laughed at any man who scorned them, but it had hurt when it came from Loreza and Dorea.

It had been agreed that they would do the haggling from then on, after the first time out shopping.

Arianne walked into the bazaar. She looked to her left and saw a booth that had high wood crossbars, from which hung a multitude of ceremonial and religious beads to guard against non-existent Jinns. The beads were the colors of the rainbow, and of all sizes. Behind that was a booth filled with bolts of cloth that had ends displayed, ready to be cut off for sewing. The colors, material and textures were pleasing to the eyes.

Arianne saw a red silk scarf that would flatter her hair. The man was offering her an “unbelievable price”. She refused him; she would wait till she could bring her nieces. She moved over to the right across the main aisle. There, a merchant of spices was hawking her wares along with a young son and daughter. In front of them were four rows of medium sized circular pails filled near to the top with spices, the colors a riot to the eye - purple and white predominantly, interspersed with a few
containers of green, red, blue and orange. To the sides were large square bins with wooden slats that had large tubers of brown, black, white and purple colors. Behind the circular pails were large storage containers with open tops, large leafy plants freshly plucked inside the pails.

She had dealt with this vendor before, with Dorea. She made it clear that Dorea would inspect her purchase later and the prices charged. The woman had smiled as she picked out basil, black cut pepper, salt and saffron. She gave the Martell a bag of leafy spinach as well. Arianne smiled, and left with her purchase.

She passed a stall with a man surrounded by bleating goats. A cow was mooing, along with an ibex, and a yak. The man had pails of food in front of the animals, which they ate from contentedly. The animals were sleepy as they were milked to fill orders. She watched a man haggle a price for a small bottle of fresh yak milk; Loreza’s favorite. She looked over the bottles as another woman bartered for a bottle of goat’s milk. Then a man came up asking for yak and cow milk. Arianne then moved in, asking for the same sized bottles for her purchase of each type of milk.

The man was leering at her low cut bodice and wide hips. He of course quoted thrice of what she had just clandestinely heard. She arched her eyebrow, and told the man she would only pay the prices she had heard. He had wailed and moaned that his children would starve at those prices. Her heart would have caved once, before her education. She held firm and soon had her milk at the price she demanded.

She walked on with her items; things her wives rarely considered. They simply could not cook worth a shit. She enjoyed cooking for them, though, when time permitted. Tonight she would make them their favorite dishes before they all headed out into danger tomorrow.

As she strode to the sector with stalls for fresh meat, she passed a vendor hawking pecans. The price was exorbitant, due to being so water intensive. Arianne had been doing research. Most places only had a few trees, due to their greedy thirst.

She remembered a childhood journey to Yardenwood that housed cousins on her mother’s side of the family. It was a small holding on the main peninsula that reached out into the sea, The Broken Arm. She remembered it now as the one land in Dorne on its eastern side that had ample rainfall from the currents colliding in the ocean off the coast of The Broken Arm. Warm water from the Sea of Dorne hitting the current of Hurmoz was cold and dark.

The colliding water made for many weather fronts that kept that area well-watered and green. She had recently contacted her cousins there. They were anxious to try out her hypothesis that the land would be most hospitable to pecan trees.

As part of her research, she had selected the breeds of Cape Fear, Brandeth, Chickasaw, Creek and Golden Groove for their precocious growth. She would try other species that were slower growing later, but she hoped that with grafting and good husbandry within eight years they would have their first harvests.

If successful, the demand would be great, and the income coming into that poor area of Dorne would greatly boost their economy. It would be one more item to trade with Essos one day. Her sweet wife Myrcella had thrown herself into the study of pecans and other nuts when Arianne had mentioned her idea. She wanted to make sure they did not deplete the natural resources with what they grew. She had set up a book of tables and graphs that the farmers would fill out to catalog their efforts, to see what worked best.

Arianne arrived at the booth of a meat merchant. He had just killed a kid, and had a long line of sausage hanging off a wood slat between two beams. She smelled the hickory used to cook the
sausage with, and knew Myrcella would be most pleased. The Sand Snakes loved fresh kid cooked in her herbs and broth stew.

They would eat, and then fuck deep in the night. She felt her nipples getting hard at the thought. She saw the man eyeing her nipples poking out the sheer silk. She didn’t care. Let him think he was something hot. She was tired of this haggling. He quoted a price and she halved it. She batted her eyelashes and bent low to let him see plenty of cleavage, and pressed into his arm when looking at a choice cut of veal for herself. She got all for sixty percent off. She knew one way to haggle unique to herself.

She had all of her ingredients, and strolled down the side of the main walkway, looking into the stalls as she passed. One had fresh vegetables in large wicker baskets, filled to the brim. She had the basic staples, but spied a small tub with sweet purple onions. An old woman was manning this stall. The woman recognized her as the heir to Dorne, and wanted to give her the onion for free. She had given the woman a big tip for the onion.

Only when she was two stalls down did she start to wonder if the woman had played her.

It didn’t matter; she had done well today. The next two stalls had regular produce of tomatoes, peppers, cucumbers, onions and beans. The vegetables were of all colors, shapes and sizes showing the various breeds and sub-species, displayed in delicate arrangements to attract the eye and loosen the purse strings.

Near the entrance of the bazaar she saw a large stand that displayed many statutes and representations of the wheel of life that were of the Bedouin goddess of life and death, her eight arms supporting the circle. Each of the arms spread out on each side of the goddess’s body with her hands gripping the wheel. Each hand had a different weapon that it held, the weapon’s edge or tip projected out past the wheel circumference. Each arm represented the types of emotional states that the Jinns use to wrong a person: anger, greed, jealousy, fear, indifference, infidelity, apostasy and betrayal.

The figures were carved with cunning to make the woman both beautiful and frightful at the same time. The figures were on a stepped display case. The one on the right had nine levels and the one to the left was five levels; both numbers good luck in Bedouin culture. The highest rows had the various forms Jinns took when they possessed a man or woman. The most eye catching painted shapes were of various hideous monsters that the makers had created from their fertile imagination.

On the next shelf down the carved figures were of the more traditional devils, demons, demented fairies along with vampires, half human half animal hybrids like minotaurs, harpies, satyrs and werewolves. Then, the base level was full of brilliantly painted egg shapes used to represent Jinns in their native, harmless state as they drifted on the winds - spirits full of potential, but nothing more.

She fingered her choker, wondering if they could stylize the design and sell it. She loved the design that Myrcella had created to show the love the Pride of Dorne had for each other.

Two days earlier, while looking through some of Myrcella’s research papers she had come across some drawings where a fierce Hydra-like Sand Snake was ascendant with a lioness and two other sand snakes clearly subordinate. She had thought hard then, about the future.

She had been raised to take the leadership of Dorne. But then Myrcella came into her life. She was willing to give her entire claim up for her wife. They could become a force in the kingdom, and not just Dorne itself.

But in Dorne, they could fully implement their visions.
It was all confusing. In some ways she wanted both, but could not have it. As the Pride of Dorne they would be free to solve problems realm wide, and be free of the mundane. But as the rulers of Dorne they could fully implement their visions and help their House reach higher and become ever more prosperous. They were already well on their way.

She loved her father dearly, but sometimes Doran was too slow to react. He would never have formed the new alliances with Essos so quickly. Maybe not at all. She was willing to explore new avenues of thought and production. She could lead Dorne to true, peaceful, greatness.

She turned to the right and gasped.

Two booths down was her niece Obara, and Cersei Lannister. They were looking over food items. They were talking and acting like friends, and by the gods Cersei was looking hot! She had put on about fifteen pounds of sinewy muscle, while retaining all her femininity. Cersei was squeezing some cantaloupe in front of her small breasts suggestively.

Obara just stared at the globes. She was actually nonplussed at Cersei’s sauciness. When had the woman developed a sense of humor? Cersei laughed and turned around, putting the fruit down. Obara stared hungrily at the Lannister’s ass flexing with the woman’s movements. Obara asked her if she wanted some garlic in their meal tonight. Obara was the one sand snake that could actually cook. Cersei thought about it, then said yes. “You won’t want to be kissing me tonight,” she laughed.

Obara had mumbled and kicked the dirt. Cersei reached up to get at the bundle of garlic bulbs up high on a peg. The vendor did not want the fragrance to fend off clients. Her ass clenched as she rose up to reach the garlic. Poor Obara was drooling at the sight. She had it bad. She was definitely pussy whipped.

Arianne started to move off, not wanting a confrontation with Cersei. Before she could escape though, she heard her niece calling out to her. She sighed and turned around. She was not ready to confront Cersei again. She sighed again. She had no choice. She slowly walked over to the two women.

“Hello, niece.” Arianne spoke embracing Obara. Cersei looked at her and tilted her head neutrally. The drop dead gorgeous blond woman looked around, unsure, and examined some tomatoes very closely.

After a minute Cersei started to move off. Arianne’s niece reached out and gripped the Lannister’s elbow gently restraining her flight. Obara tried to bring Cersei several times into the conversation, which was awkward for her and the Lannister both. Geez, her niece had it bad. Cersei just mumbled and looked down.

It was time to go. She had moved off several steps when she heard Cersei call out her name, and she turned around. She looked at the Lannister as if expecting an attack. Obara was off to her side, looking at Cersei. Both the women from Dorne waited.

“I’m sorry for the way I spoke to you before. It was out of hand. I can be a mean, vile cunt.”

“Stop that right now, Cersei. You are not that woman anymore!” Obara cried out to her, trying to get Cersei to stop castigating herself.

Cersei just looked back at the tomatoes, and refused to look back up.

Obara and Arianne shared a look. Cersei was definitely not the woman she had been.
Arianne left the bazaar. She had a meal to cook, and an adventure to ride out on tomorrow morning. She felt her breath flutter a little at the thought of actually riding off with the sand snakes. She and Myrcella would not be left behind. Doran and Oberyn could shove it up where the sun didn’t shine.

Sand Snakes

For three days they had ridden hard out from Sunspear, one hundred and ten strong. They had four horses for each rider. They were riding in light cavalry style, their goal was pure speed pushing into the interior of Dorne. They rode hard for Vaith. That would be the last castle and established human habitation before they entered the restless sand dunes that gave Dorne its name and character.

They had changed the horses constantly during their hard ride. They carried just enough food and drink to sustain themselves, and fodder for their horses in their saddle bags. The horses would drink at the rills and wells, which were well mapped and maintained. The wells had grass for the horses to crop.

Small outputs and sand farmers greeted them warmly. Dorne had established forts roughly every fifty miles on the main trade routes and tracks. This allowed for a presence to be maintained. If attacked, ravens would be sent to the nearest fort for support and reinforcement. They had ridden out to the fort that paralleled the Greenblood River one hundred miles from Sunspear. There, they were granted shelter and fodder for the horses. Mounts that had tired out or showed signs of leg stress were switched out. This light cavalry attack had been planned for nearly a month. Provisions and horses had been prepositioned for them.

The second night they had slept out in the open with heavy guard. It was best to be prudent, even though they were still heavily in the sphere of Dorne’s protection.

Late afternoon of the third day, they had reached Vaith and the entryway to the Dune Seas and the low ranging Iron Mountains - the convoluted home of Bedouins and small homesteaders who lived off the land.

The master of Vaith greeted them warmly. A man in his late forties, he had risen to colonel in the military. He was the one who had petitioned for this force. The raiders in the dunes had proven to be too much for him.

Most of the hold’s forces were moving to marshalling areas while preparing for a possible march north. The raiders were taking advantage of the lessened forces and focus of the current situation. They were raiding and attacking homesteads, Bedouin camps and caravans travelling from east to west between the coasts and up into Highgarden.

While always a problem, the raiders had grown suddenly more aggressive and potent in the last eight months. They were clan-based and had often fought each other, but they seemed to have put aside their differences and banded together. Now they were a force to be reckoned with.

Loreza and Dorea planned on putting an end to the problem.

They had been given quarters in the tall, pale castle in the foothills of the Iron Mountains. Tomorrow they would move into the dune sea, and begin seeking out the base of the raiders and, hopefully, annihilate them. At the very least they wanted to bloody the noses of the raiders and teach them great caution. When the forces of Dorne were no longer mobilized on behalf of the Queen, the problem would be entirely eradicated.
They had made love in the fort, in the small quarters provided for the commanders of the expedition. Underneath the stars, they had only cuddled.

Now in their small royal quarters, they had fucked long and hard repeatedly with their wives, and each other. They had total confidence in their abilities, but combat always had chance and luck involved. They had drank deeply from their wives’ wellsprings again and again, savoring their sweet taste.

They continued into the dunes and wadis of Central Dorne. The low mountains added defiles and dead end canyons to the mix. They had moved with speed before, but now moved with stealth. They had brought their Bedouin guides and had some of the best trackers with them. Those skills would not be needed in the landscape of northern Westeros. Everyone knew where the enemy was.

They had joined the scouts having left three hours before dawn to range out ahead of the cavalry. They and the other scouts looked for evidence of passage and spoor of the raiders. They had moved into the high passes and did not follow the main tracks. They looked down on the defiles below looking for raiders or their tracks.

Two days later they had still seen no evidence of the raiders. The few locals they had come across had told them that the raiders had not been in that area for several weeks. They had destroyed homesteads, ran off with young girls, and either killed livestock or stole outright. The raiders were always on the move, roaming from area to area to shake off any pursuers.

That night they made camp on high escarpments to limit the points of attack. Dorea and Loreza had eaten with their wives, and then cuddled while not on watch. They had both been so impressed with their civilian wives. So far they had ridden well. In Dorne, all royals learned how to ride horses, and Myrcella under Arianne’s tutelage had learned the skill as well.

It was Arianne’s insight that was leading them generally north by east to the hoped for enemy camp. They were only moving forward at fifteen to twenty miles per day now as they wound ever deeper into the dune sea.

They found the first tracks on the third day. It was difficult to follow the trail in the hard rocks and scree that often was the floor of the wadis. The raiders were keeping their horses to the stone, but a few partial hoof prints and some dung gave them away. It could have been from a Bedouin, but Loreza’s instinct said otherwise.

On the fourth day, the tracks were more plentiful. Arianne had a hypothesis as to where the raider’s camp was located. She was sure it was in the depths of the painted deserts, where canyons would often lead to dead ends and the small defiles leading on for miles. The scouts had been ranging out far and wide initially, but the focus narrowed as more evidence of the raiders was found. They had found the remains of a skinned and butchered mountain goat just that morning.

They slowly constricted the noose of their search. Near dusk of the fourth day Dorea and Loreza had met up from their separate scouting parties. They were high up in the hills looking down at the twisted paths of the dried river below them. They had several scouts on the floor of the dried up waterway.

Arianne had guided them well to this point. They were positive Arianne was right, and the enemy’s camp lay before them up the dried riverbed. Somewhere up in the low mountains ahead they would find the raiders. They, along with their scouts, had explored miles into the dunes and wadis to the left and right and found no evidence of a camp.

A rider appeared at the throat of the wadi and the twins ducked down. They quickly notched their
reverse compound bows. The man was looking around, moving slowly. He was likely a scout for the raiders, checking the route to their camp for enemies. He moved slowly, looking down for evidence of possible enemies.

Seeing none, he rode up the defile past the two scouts hiding among the boulders. The scouts quietly came out the boulders, put their bows down and drew their swords. They stood in the path with their swords drawn. They knew they had support on high. They called out to the brigand.

The man immediately turned his horse around and charged, with a small battle axe drawn out. He gave a war cry meaning to ride down the two scouts. Two bows thrummed as one, and arrows hit the horse in the ribs and above the shoulder deep into the withers. The horse screamed in pain, stumbling forward. The first scout chopped the horse’s right leg clean in two, sending both horse and rider crashing to the ground.

The sisters bounded down the boulders, finding a small path to reach the fallen rider. The scouts had already moved out to the fallen horse and enemy lookout. When they made it out into the defiles, they ran to the horse and pinned rider. Both were already dead.

Loreza had stormed at the men for killing the enemy scout. They claimed they had only defended themselves. They had laid no blow upon the man himself. She went with her sister to look at the dead. The horse’s head had been cleaved in with several sword strikes on its skull to put the beast out of its misery.

The man’s mouth was covered in white froth. He had taken poison. They removed him and searched his clothing, finding nothing of import. His body was dragged away and stuffed into a hole for the jackals and flies to feast on.

A few hours later, the second in command came up with twenty troops. They discussed their plan of action. The sand snakes would lead the scouts and wait for the rest of the troop to come forward. They would watch and try and map out attack vectors and the layout of the camp. Dorea and Loreza were excited to be leading their first command into battle. They kissed each other for luck, and moved off into high desert tracks.

By three in the morning they had located the camp. The wadi had broadened out in a wide, oblong bulge where water poured out of the canyons behind it during thunderstorms. In the early morning light the rest of the troops started to filter into the hills around the enemy camp. The Bedouins remained at the area where the horses were hobbled. The Sand Snakes had gotten their military force to the enemy. Now their job was to finish what they had started.

Soon their wives were beside them. The sand snakes had toyed with the idea of leaving their wives behind with the horses, but they felt better having their wives closer to them. It would place them in combat but they would have nearly a hundred of the best of Dorne protecting them. Also, they knew it would have caused a major fight and if they had enforced their will their wives would have been neutered in a way that might permanently damage their marriage. They would not take that risk.

Along the back of the defile, the raiders had set six large oxen carts they had pilfered from homesteads they had attacked and slaughtered into a loose half arc for defense. The large carts had poles hammered into the earth in front of the carts, with cloth run back to the carts creating large lean-to. Underneath were furs on the ground and some accruements of making food and coffee, and several large fire pits with spits over them to roast meat on. Trash was randomly scattered about. The Sand Snakes sneered at the slovenly camp and evident lack of discipline.

Along the back of the wall on the right was the hobble line with roughly one hundred horses. The animals were eating piles of hay and oats on the ground, with the horses of the commanders eating
They looked over the ledge, and watched the raiders celebrating down below them. They had killed a fatted ox they had stolen. The passed some captured women among themselves, raping the women repeatedly. The women were battered and stumbling from fur to fur as the raiders shoved them, barking with laughter. The women sobbed brokenly as their bodies were defiled. The Pride of Dorne gnashed their teeth and all mentally made promises of retribution to those men if they should survive the battle. The thought of the women being abused repeatedly filled the whole troop of Dorne with silent rage.

The women’s blood boiled, but they knew they could not rush down. They decided to leave the best archers on high. They left the cavalry in command of the archers among the boulders along the defiles. There was not enough room for maneuvering to make use of horses - a deciding factor in the upcoming battle. They would wave a small red flag to start the attack. They hoped to shock the enemy with a hail of arrows and then rush into the confusion to finish off the survivors.

The horses were back at their last camp with a handful of Bedouin camp followers and a handful of Dorne guards. The guards to protect the horses and their rear. The Dorne guard ten in number. They would not allow the path of any retreat to be blocked.

The sand snakes gave final orders, telling the archers to be ready to loose their first volleys. They set the disposition of their forces on the floor of the canyon. Loreza and Dorea had spent the last hours getting a feel for the general layout of the camp and how best to attack it.

They would let the archers thin the ranks of the enemy before they made any assault. They would evaluate the attack, and then decide if a frontal assault was warranted or simply use attrition over the day to reduce their numbers for an easier finishing kill. Also, while they knew the general disposition of the enemy camp, they could still not be sure if there were pockets of unseen enemy deployed, and if they had a picket line strung out for early warning.

Arianne

As they climbed down the rocks and found the path to the floor of the defile, Arianne was worrying her lips. They had seen roughly a hundred to a hundred and ten raiders by the light of fires and the three-quarter moon. Their sand snakes had trained their whole lives to make such estimates of forces accurately with the spying they had done. Still, Arianne was concerned. For all the mischief and outright mayhem the raiders had been causing, the numbers did not seem right. There should have been more.

Also, they seemed relaxed. Too relaxed. Their scout had not returned. True, maybe the man had a longer lasting mission. A mission of spying or dangerous infiltration and thus the poison pill. Could he have been a spy? She relayed her concerns, but her wives thought that they had merely caught the raiders in the mood to celebrate their successes. From what she had seen Arianne could not argue with that assessment. They were definitely celebrating.

She felt the hackles on her neck stand on end. Arianne looked around. Something evil was near. Something not human. She did not know what, or how, but she was sure of her instinct in this. She did not believe in the supernatural, or the gods, but something more than human was near. Her body was warning her of something she did not believe in. Arianne shook her head to shake these childish fears from her head.

Still, she was sure she had felt eyes watching them for the last two days and night. She had
constantly looked around, but saw nothing. She was not surprised at that, not being militarily trained. She had asked Myrcella if she had the feeling of being watched. Had she felt an unease of the supernatural? She had not. She did not bother her Sand Snakes with her childish fears. None of the scouts had seen anything either. Arianne wrote off her uneasy feelings to being on her first military campaign.

Arianne watched Dorea take three men with her, and start to move to the right and up onto the escarpment to see the battlefield and shoot down at their enemies. The time for battle was fast approaching. Arianne felt adrenalin starting to flow into her blood making her jangly.

It was then they all heard the unnatural, high-pitched barking. Arianne looked around, desperately trying to locate the almost laughing bark. The sound echoing off the canyon walls. The barking laughter inhuman. The barking continued as the Dorne looked around in rising concern. Suddenly, on a large boulder on the escapement ahead of Dorea, appeared a monstrous animal. It had front legs much longer than its hind legs, and a shaggy mane running from its head to its front shoulders. It had spots on its sides, and Arianne saw a grin on its face.

Its head tilted back, and a loud, barking laugh sounded and echoed off the stone walls. All had paused to turn and witness the monstrosity on the boulder. The beast was huge. It was a hyena, grown monstrously large but more human dimensions to its torso and appendages. Its head was at least a foot above Arianne’s own when standing on all fours. The men in the raiders’ camp were suddenly running around gripping weapons, with some pulling up rough-hewn trousers. They did not seem shocked. They were prepared for this, and moving into action!

Still shocked, Arianne saw the animal rise up on its hind limbs and put a ram horn to its lips. The beast at least eleven feet tall on its hind legs! The beast blew the horn hard and long.

AAARRROOOOOOOOOO! AAARRRROOOOOOOO! AAAARRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOO!

It was a were-hyena. It was a human invaded by a Jinn, and this was the form it had taken. It mimicked a cave hyena from the depths of the Red mountains.

From within the defiles the sound of many horses and braying of camels could be heard. No! That was the reason the numbers did not seem right to Arianne. They had hidden much of their numbers in the defiles. The raiders had chosen this site just for this. They had planned on hiding much of their force to lure their enemy in for a savage counterattack. This had all been planned. Now the echo of hooves slamming hard earth filled the air.

All of the Dorne troops were shocked at both the monster and turn of events. They began to collect themselves. The raiders had only been feigning their guard being down. Bows were being pulled up and notched.

Arianne turned to look at the were-hyena as it laughed its hideous laugh. The beast looking down at the troops of Dorne with intelligent evil eyes. It surveyed the tableau below it. It was the leader of the raiders Arianne knew. This beast from some pit of hell was leading the raiders.

The spell was broken. A whoosh of over fifty arrows being loosed went shooting down from the heights. Seventeen raiders fell down with feathers in their throats or bellies, a few others with arrows in limbs. The raiders released their own small cloud of arrows. Two fatally pierced fighters of Dorne and two more with arrows in thigh or bicep. Arrows were firing up into the heights and down at the defiles at the Dorne troop who were now righting themselves, firing off arrows or throwing javelins. The raiders had succeeded in ambushing their enemy. But they would find that this company had fangs. The fangs of Sand Snakes!
Suddenly a large stream of horses and some twenty camels with riders came boiling out of the defiles. They had been pressed into the sides, and kept quiet to avoid being seen or heard. The raiders had set their own trap. The horses kept pouring out and charging forward. Arianne was shocked at the numbers boiling out the defile. She was starting to panic but she heard her two Sand Snake wives shouting out their commands encouraging and organizing their troops.

Arianne turned to Myrcella to look at her wife. She saw the same shock she was sure was mirrored on her own face. She was terrified but would never consider leaving the side of her Sand Snakes in battle.

The hyena laughed its vile, inhuman laugh and threw down its horn, leaping forward almost thirty feet through the air before landing on the first man who was with Dorea. The horrendous beast ripped his throat out as the beast took him down. Her three wives watched, horrified, as the beast rose up and its left hand swiped out, disemboweling the next man. Dorea feathered the beast in its upper chest, but it did not feel the impact. It surged forward, its mouth wide open.

“NNNNOOOOOOO!” Arianne screamed, her wife about to die before her. Its large, impossibly large jaws were about to snap shut on Dorea’s beautiful face, and take her from her pride.

Arianne could not look away from the grisly tableau as a loud, unearthly wolf’s howl split the air. A flash of dark brown slammed into the side of the were-hyena, and knocked the beast to the side. What?! Arianne had not seen the second beast join the battle until it was upon the were-hyena. It was as huge as the first beast. The beast was attacking the first beast?! Could it be? Yes! The two beasts wrestled wildly jaws snapping at each other with huge canines.

The two beasts contended with each other. Their forelimbs locked and grappling with each other. Arianne and Myrcella gaped at the battle that had saved Dorea’s life. Arianne had yet to see what manner of beast this second monster was. The two monsters tumbled down the rocks, slamming hard and bouncing to the ground.

Dorea, with her reprieve, ran up the boulders, finding a firing position and beginning to shoot her arrows at the surging raiders. She instinctively knew that the were-animals fight was their own affair. The mighty beasts clawed and bit at each other as they rolled on the ground with loud snarls and animalistic barks filling the canyon.

Loreza had moved forward and gotten behind a boulder to fire her own bow. The mass charge of the mounted raiders were getting their bearings and surging forward. Arianne glanced their way. My gods! There had to be at least four and fifty hundred horses with the twenty camels. They were firing arrows at the Dorne troops. The air seemed alive with arrows. Arianne clenched her fists in anger seeing men and women of Dorne feathered with raider arrows.

Arrows whistled into the rolling pack of raiders, some arrows finding their mark in the large rising cloud of fine dust bellowing in the air. The dust and screams of the animals made for a cacophony of swirling confusion. The dust obscured the aim of the Dorne troops. Again and again Arianne saw a Raider go down off their mount with an arrow jutting out their chests or throat. Each man hit was a jolt of victory to Arianne.

Arianne had heard of the confusion of the battle. It was true! She heard screaming all around. Men and women screaming in agony from received wounds. Animals screaming and barking or trumpeting in fear, pain and anger. The dust was everywhere now obscuring the battlefield. Arianne looked at the battle trying to gauge the ebb and flow of combat. To see how the battle progressed.

How had the tribal clans formed such an alliance was Arianne primary thought? The families were at war with each other as much with their common foes. Current generations fought and took
revenge for slights that occurred generations ago against past family members. This had limited them severely in the past. What had changed?

An arrow whizzed past her face, and she dove back down behind her screen. She saw the two beasts separate. She could finally see what had come to Dorea’s aid.

The other beast was also a Jinn-infested human, an impossibly large were-Direwolf that stood on its hind feet. The new beast was nearly nine and half feet tall. The wolf was dark brown with gold highlights. Thick fur bunched up on its shoulder girdle, and a long, bushy tail whipped from side to side for balance. The beast had golden globes for eyes, where the were-hyena’s eyes were jet black.

They grappled with their fore clawed hand-paws that had long nails, trying to grip the other beast’s forelimbs to control their opponent. A hand would jerk free and slash with its claws before the limb was again gripped and their locked forearms jerked wildly, seeking freedom. Their snouts snapped at each other, trying to bite each other’s faces off. Slaver flung in all directions in long streams. The were-direwolf then suddenly kicked with one of its hind legs, its claw raking the tough fur of the were-hyena.

The were-hyena’s thick fur absorbed most of the raking blow. The were-direwolf had opened itself to attack and it howled feeling long forelimb claws rake over its ribs. The beast had seen the blow coming and half twisted its body away the claws not sinking deep only causing superficial wounds.

The two animal spirits broke apart and went down on all fours, circling each other and making sudden lunges as their bodies twisted to avoid snapping teeth. Slaver flung in all directions, and the sound of jaws snapping shut on empty air was loud in the confusion. Arianne watched the beasts attack and counterattack with speed and reflexes that no human could hope to match. The beasts seemed equally matched.

One beast or the other would support itself with one forelimb, and slash at the sides of its foe. Thick fur protected flanks from deep rakes of long claws. The beasts glared hot at each other, seeking advantage. The were-hyena’s size may have given it superior strength, but the were-direwolf had speed and agility as its advantage. The were-direwolf’s long tail let it keep its balance as it spun around and snapped at the were-hyena.

Arianne looked around at what was now a melee. The numbers were not that much greater in a military sense, but the mass of the mounted animals were a force multiplier. The raiders were wheeling around, firing their arrows in all directions. The raiders in their camp were behind barriers themselves now and firing out at their tormentors. The dust and the screams of feathered animals made for a malaise of confusion.

The enemy had superior numbers and the advantage of initial surprise. They were firing arrows out of the dust storm at clearly seen enemies. The rocks protected the forces from Dorne but arrows did find targets as the Dorne forces rose to shoot at the raiders. Arianne watched a camel go down. It had taken five arrows but javelin through the neck took it down.

An arrow with purple fletching thudded into the ground in front Arianne. She started and gulped reflectively. Her eyes going wide. The fucking bastards were using poison! The raiders sometimes used arrows tipped with venom from the Deathstalker scorpion of the scrub brush in the highlands. The venom was hard to extract and collect, and thus used sparingly in combat. The purple fletching was a traditional marking to instill fear in the enemy.

Thankfully, the Dorne military had within the last two years developed an antidote for the venom. They had collected scorpions from Bedouins, paying them small fees for each collected deadly scorpion. With their more scientific methods, their extraction of venom was much higher than
possible by raiders and the Bedouins themselves.

From the extract of the venom the scientists of the Dorne military had studied the venom and its effects. They used minute traces of the venom in double blind tests on animals and had developed an antidote. Each person in the cavalry had the precious elixir in their bandolier they cinched around their waist, with a leather cartridge stuffed with cotton to keep the vial safe for possible use.

Loreza was directing her troops from behind the outcrop. The raiders were milling around firing arrows, and some of them had pulled out their long scimitars. They would charge toward Dorne soldiers on the floor of the defile. Each charge resulting in a rider or two going down shot dead with Dorne arrows. The raiders swiped and slashed at the dismounted Dorne troops as their horses wheeled around in circles. Dorne arrows whistled in and found their targets wounding and killing raiders. They slashed at troops hidden behind boulders, and some that had come out to fight in close quarters, using the melee to dive and juke round slashing blades.

Horses and camel legs were slashed off, making animals and riders topple down. Some of the dismounted Dorne cavalry fell with arrows in them. Fallen raiders were cut down or feathered. Not all were killed before they scurried back into the defile to regroup for further attacks on the Dorne forces. A few of the Dorne fighters had been slashed with raider scimitars that bleed heavily as the person or his fellow fighters staunched the wounds with bindings. She saw a Dorne woman’s head cleaved in two. Then a man went down his ribs cut in two his lungs and liver cleaved in halves. The man died instantly. Arianne screamed in rage.

Arianne saw two Dorne dismounted combatants go down trampled by horse and camels with their skulls pulped by stomping hooves. Arianne felt her guts roil at the sight of brains and gore spread out on the sand. She refused to vomit. She had chosen to be here! She screamed "Yes!" when three riders who had severely injured a Dorne trooper were feathered with arrows and the second one had a throwing axe in his temple for good measure.

A camel had slammed into a woman and was rearing up its front leg to stomp her to death when a javelin pierced its side, making it bray in pain and an arrow went up its throat and out the back of its head, piercing its brain. The woman killed the pinned raider with a slash across his throat.

A force of raiders rode their horsed down the defiles. The leaned down close to their horses bodies firing their bows just over the horses back at their enemies. She would have been impressed with the horsemanship and skill with a bow if she did not want to slay them all for attacking her subjects! Four of the horses went down and the riders hopped off and hid behind a boulder firing his bow. A man in the boulders spun with an arrow hitting his shoulder. Troops from Dorne quickly dispatched them with their superior marksmanship.

Arianne heard Myrcella cursing beside her. Myrcella was infuriated she could not attack back. The Lioness in her wife was coming out. Arianne glanced over at her fuming wife and smiled at her sweetling being so upset. She was really was of Dorne now. She was too busy trying to track the events to get upset.

The two were-beasts were slashing and biting in an intimate embrace now. They were rolling on the ground over and over as legs kicked and raked nails along flanks and jammed into stomachs. The beast’s thick, matted fur blunted the slashing claws. Slaver flung out of the jowls of the beasts as their heads lunged and bit at each other. The sounds of their animal barks and snarls loud even over the din of combat. The animals had no care about the battle around. Their fight was between them and them alone.

Arianne saw that the first wounds along their flanks had already healed. The beasts were definitely Jinns. The Were-hyena’s head rose back, and its massive jaws snapped shut on the were-direwolf’s
shoulder. The massive jaws sunk in deep, the bone crushing force seeking to snap the wolf’s shoulder girdle. The were-direwolf howled in agony, its head thrashing in pain and raging anger. The were-hyena shook its head trying to sink its fangs deeper into its opponent. Its forelimbs clung to the were-direwolf to anchor itself as it sought to rip its fangs deeper into its foe.

The were-direwolf’s limbs began to kick furiously, all four limbs kicking nails into flesh and ripping down again and again. The animal desperate in its attack to break the bite of its assailant. The were-direwolf body attempted to arch away from the mouth savaging it. The dire-wolf four limbs were a blur of raking limbs. Fur, skin, muscle and quickly viscera started to fly out form the were-hyena’s belly and ribs.

The beasts broke apart, both severely wounded now. They circled each other, snarling. Blood was dripping out of the were-hyena’s mouth. Blood of its opponent. The were-direwolf limped, barely able to move. The were-hyena’s belly dripped blood, and shredded viscera dropped onto the ground as the beast gasped in air through punctured lungs. The were-hyena was still strong though. It rose up with its laughing bark and prepared to jump down on the weakened were-direwolf.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!” the were-hyena screamed in pain. Dorea had feathered an arrow into its right eye, ruining the orb. The beast toppled back onto its back, and its body flipped around in fast, quick jerks. The beast howled mournful wails of agony. More flips propelled the beast around on the rocks. The beast suddenly surged back up onto its hind legs.

The were-hyena swiped furiously, gripping the arrow in its talon paw and ripped it out its eye socket, blood spraying out the ruined eye socket. The ruined eye itself on the arrow point. Arianne was shocked that an arrow to the eye did not kill the beast. It must have penetrated the vile beast’s brain but it was very much alive. It was definitely severely wounded now though. It tilted its head back to howl and howl its anguish to the sky.

Dorea and another archer feathered several more arrows into the beast before it went on all fours again. The were-direwolf, seeing an opening, circled to the blinded side of the were-hyena and lunged in. The blinded were-hyena could not defend itself from that side. The were-direwolf started to bite savagely along its enemy’s ribs and shoulder.

The were-hyena moved to the side, trying to get the were-direwolf on its left to see it, but the healing were-Direwolf was able to keep to the right of the beast, reaching out and slashing open ribs and exposing the beast’s lung on that side. A tipping point in their fight was reached.

With a barking laugh of pain, the were-hyena started to bound off, going up the escarpment with inhuman speed. Even injured, the were-beast was fast. The were-hyena barked high pitched whines of pain with three more arrows hitting its sides and sinking in deep. The were-direwolf yelped, taking several raider arrows as it bounded in hot pursuit. They were soon out of sight.

Arianne stared wild eyed at the disappearing beasts. She had two answers. One, was that she fervently believed in the magical now. The Jinn were-beasts could not be denied. Two, it must have been the were-hyena that had bound the dune raiders together. She gaped still in the direction of the beasts. Then she spied them much further and higher along the escapement the were-direwolf nipping at the heels of the fleeing were-hyena. They again disappeared from view.

Arianne turned back to the fight at hand. She saw many dead horses and six—no seven- dead camels. The losses of the dune raiders had been grievous, but the losses on the smaller forces of Dorne were equally grievous.

She saw that the number of archers in among the boulders had been reduced. Some had moved down to help support the forces on the ground. Many of the unhorsed raiders were behind dead
horses and camels, using them as shields and firing arrows back at the Dorne fighters. An arrow would occasionally find its mark, but the superior marksmanship of the Dorne archers slowly whittled down the numbers of the raiders.

Twenty horsemen formed up a phalanx and charged the Dorne troops in the defile. Five were shot down, but the rest kept on coming. They charged down two Dornish warriors and stomped one to death, the other cut down with a scimitar. Two horses were feathered and bucked as more arrows flew into them, killing them. A raiders gripped his throat an arrow jutting out it. Quickly four more were feathered and fell off their mounts mortally wounded. More horsemen charged into the melee.

Loreza gathered four fighters with her, and charged the wildly wheeling horses. She brandished her whip and snagged a man by the elbow, jerking him from his horse. The four fighters flung their javelins from close range into horses’ sides, puncturing lungs and internal organs. One javelin thrower had her head cut off with a mighty swipe of a battle ax. Another was trampled by one horse, and another stomped a steel shod hoof into a man’s back, shattering his spine.

Arrows whistled down killing the unhorsed raiders and more horses were feathered angering the beasts that were no killed or maimed. Several more riders were thrown down and killed.

Dorea was firing arrows into the milling throng and staggered back into hiding when an arrow skidded on the boulder in front of her, and ricocheted off her leather armor.

Loreza was in the middle of the churning animals, her bullwhip snagging men off of mounts, the tip slashing over their faces or arms leaving red, deep, angry welts. The men’s screams were sweet to Arianne’s ears. Another woman had joined the surviving fighters out in the melee as they chopped animals down, and cleaved skulls, and disemboweled their enemies.

A tall man at the oxen cart was stomping around, shouting and gesticulating, giving commands and guiding the forces in that area. Arianne hated the man, having remembered him actively raping a teenager earlier. Out of the corner of her eye she saw a huge man with a double-ended Thief sword. He swiped down on Loreza as she was occupied, unseating another raider from his horse. She started to scream, but Loreza sensed the danger and leaped to the side.

The blade just missed the sand snake, with the slightly curved blade slicing through her bandolier. The belt flung off. Loreza rolled to her feet with her long dagger drawn. She blocked the man’s downward chop and staggered back. She dove through and beneath his guard. He spun around and then staggered when Dorea hit him in the shoulder with an arrow. He righted himself, but Loreza was on him and she buried her long dagger deep into his belly, and ripped up and surged back. The man screamed, his intestines spilling out as he dropped his Thief sword and tried to put his guts back into his abdomen.

Arianne looked back at the oxen carts. Then her vision was pulled away by Myrcella’s scream. Arianne whipped her head around, expecting to see an arrow in her. She was unharmed, but her eyes were wild, staring out. She turned to look where Myrcella was fixated. Her hand flew to her mouth. Loreza was dragging herself behind a dead camel with an arrow in her lower leg.

The arrow had purple fletching. It was poisoned, and Loreza had lost her belt with the antidote!

“Nooooooooo” Arianne screamed, seeing Myrcella jump out of her culvert and running crouched down into the melee. Arianne heard Dorea scream. She charged out after her wife, pulling out the long dagger she and Myrcella had been given by their sand snakes. She watched Myrcella slide down on her hip, picking up the fallen bandolier and scooting on hands and knees to a sweaty Loreza. The sand snake was cursing Myrcella for her stupidity.
Arianne crashed into the camel beside her two wives as an arrow whizzed through her flowing hair, and jerked her off balance. She gasped for breath.

She watched Myrcella fumbling, retrieving the antidote.

“That was stupid Myrcella!” she turned and saw Arianne. “Gods damn it Arianne!”

“SHUT THE FUCK UP!” Myrcella screamed at Loreza, who promptly obeyed.

Myrcella pulled the plug from the vial and put it to her wife’s lips. Loreza drank it in two gulps. They had five minutes to get the antidote to Loreza - they had gotten it to her in time. Arianne gasped in relief, gripping her dagger in both hands. She heard grunts and looked up, then screamed. A raider had crawled over the camel and was aiming his arrow at her wives!

“Aaaarrruuunngggghhh!” Arianne lunged up, her dagger slipping up into the man’s body just underneath his sternum and up into his heart. His body jerked in convulsions, and he dropped his bow. Arianne ripped her dagger out and was splashed with blood, then lunged up again, her blade sinking up into the man’s belly. The man fell down onto her, mortally wounded.

She wildly kicked. Myrcella, grunting, pulled the dead man off Arianne. Myrcella had her dagger out now. Another man’s head appeared as he started to climb over the dead camel to get at them. He had two small axes hanging off his wrists from their straps as he gripped camel hair to pull himself forward.

“Eeeeiiniiiiiiiiiiii!” Myrcella screamed, lunging up and forward. Again providence smiled on the untried wives of the sand snakes. Her dagger found the man’s throat and sunk into the hilt, slicing the right side of the man’s neck wide open. Myrcella jerked wildly, ripping the man’s throat wide open even further. Blood spurted all over the woman as she screamed in battle shock and lust.

She fell back behind the camel as the man fell down onto the camel, his blood soaking the hide red beneath his throat. Myrcella and Loreza were kissing feverishly and hugging each other.

“My gods . . . you two are fucking awesome.” The sand snake told them.

After a minute, Arianne got her bearings again. She looked out over the camel. The battle was not as wild and vicious any longer. The raiders had retreated back to their camp, using the camp and dead animals to make a defensive ring. Both sides had lost many of their numbers to death and injury. Two men Arianne had noted earlier seemed to be leading the dune raiders. The big man among the oxen carts roared and gesticulated at his forces, screaming commands.

Behind him, Arianne saw the teenager he had been raping crawling forward. She suddenly rose up on her knees with a dagger in both hands, and lunged forward and down awkwardly. Her dagger found the bearded man’s Achilles’ tendon, severing it. The man screamed. His body toppled forward, ripping the dagger from the girl’s hands.

The large bearded raider fell down in a heap, twisting around and sitting up to backhand the girl, sending blood flying from her mouth. None of his men saw the tableau behind them. Another girl, maybe eighteen, was slashing at the man now with her own dagger. He blocked the slashes, but his hands and forearms took slices as he defended himself. He grabbed the girl’s wrist when she overextended, and punched her viciously in the forehead. The girl stumbled over and fell to her side, clearly stunned.

He did not see a woman in her late twenties come up on him from the side. She had tightly clenched in her two hands a double headed ax that she was barely able to lift up over her head, but with a loud
grunt she got it up above her head. The blade was precariously balanced, trying to topple the girl back over. She cried out, jerking her arms forward and down with the huge ax following her arms’ lead. The blade whistled as it sliced down in its deadly arc.

The woman’s grunts of effort had alerted the man. The man jerked to the side, throwing up his arms instinctively. The blade sliced into his left arm and into his ulna and radius bones lodging there. The man howled, but gripped the ax handle and pulled his arm off the blade, then pulled the woman forward. She sprawled onto his legs. He threw the ax down, and pulled out a dagger, prepared to stab the woman to death as blood poured out his ruined left arm.

Two arrows hit him simultaneously. One hit a rib that stopped the arrow forming his body cavity, but breaking the bone. The other arrow slammed into his back, staggering him. He did not drop the dagger, but he was gasping for breath, disoriented. The young girl had gripped her dagger again and slammed it home in the bearded man’s thigh. He cried out in renewed pain. The older teenager had gotten her dagger again and lunged into the man’s shoulder, burying the dagger to the hilt and talking him down to the ground. Arianne watched the three women stabbing his body viciously, again and again.

Arianne looked out around the battlefield. The number of raiders had been reduced yet again. Dorea had leaped down to the defile floor and ran into the melee, and up to the other commander. She buried a dagger into the man who lunged at her as she spun past.

The man roared his pain and anger. He looked down at the blade buried in his side and laughed, turning to face Dorea.

The man had a broad sword and Dorea had her shorter bastard sword and a long blocking dagger. They slashed and parried, back and forth, Dorea stepping in as their swords locked up. She slid her blade down the man’s sword as he leaned back and twisted, gaining leverage advantage. Then he slid his blade back down Dorea’s own blade. She tilted back and pivoted away to the side.

Dorea spun on her foot and did a pivot back into the man. Dorea’s arm slashing her sword at him. The man yelped and dove back. Dorea thought to come in on her nemesis, but was almost gutted in return as she blocked the strike at the last moment with her crossed blades.

Blows slammed against blades, sending out sparks. Dorea caught the man’s blade and jerked down, sending the man stumbling forward. Her fist smashed the man in the face. She tried to stab him with her blocking blade, but a slash nicked her ribs.

They spun apart again. Their bodies circling as they slashed and parried. The man came down with a chop of his sword and Dorea caught his blade on her small blocking dagger, and got the blade hooked into her dagger cross guard. She whipped her arm down while pivoting to the left. The man was pulled forward and down off balance.

Her other sword came arching down in a straight arc. Her blade slammed into the man’s back, and ran through his body, her wrist pounding into his back. Her protruding blade thickly coated in blood. Dorea ripped her left hand back, twisting her wrist to position her long dagger. She ripped that hand up and back further. She savagely slammed down with her long dagger. She buried the blade into the man’s upper back, fully penetrating his body yet again. The raider fell to his knees. She ripped her blades back and out of his body, and stabbed down viciously squiring the man with her blades penetrating all the way to her cross guards yet again.

The man sagged down dead. Dorea ripped her blades out.

The remaining men were fleeing, mounting horses and camels with some running down the defile
course, arrows chased after them.

They let them flee. They had been demolished as a raiding force. Victory had been achieved. The remaining men and women of Dorne needed to tend to their wounded. Arianne slide down to her ass.

She was exhausted.

Myrcella

It had been three days since the fight. The forces of Dorne had gathered the raider dead and burned them in a large heap along with their animals. They had killed over three hundred and ninety of the raiders. Down one of the defiles they had found plenty of dead wood that was trapped in several switchbacks during the flash floods from thunderstorms.

The raiders and animals burned together as a show of disrespect for the fallen scum. Their spirits intermingled, and defiled in their flight to the afterlife.

Myrcella had enjoyed that thought. Her wife Loreza was doing well. They had removed the arrow and cleaned it, and it showed no signs of infection. The poison antidote had done its job, and maybe the poison had killed any local infection as a side benefit.

Their own dead, forty-two, had been grievous and made her blood boil. She now considered these men and women to be her people. She was truly no longer a Lannister.

Twenty-two more had been wounded to various degrees with eight of the injuries serious. The medics and Bedouin shamans worked hard, saving their lives whenever possible. The Bedouins had come to them to offer succor. The remaining raiders were being chased and harassed. Their reduced numbers and loss of leadership had now made them the prey.

The worse wounded were now in large Bedouin tents, being cared for with local homespun remedies as the surviving medic with the Dorne contingent added the more modern medicinal methods to save life and limbs where possible.

The less injured were taken back to the main Bedouin camp to the South, one day’s journey by camel. Several riders were on the way to Vaith to let them know of the victory and cost. They had requested for a small contingent be sent to increase their depleted numbers for the ride back once the injured who could travel were ready.

They had buried their dead in individual graves. They honored the dead with the preferred rituals of their beliefs.

Myrcella and Arianne had talked about the were-beasts to the Bedouins. They had been equally shocked. Legend said that when a Jinn took a human host they took on a spirit familiar to the person. The Direwolf was not natural to this area, so they wondered whom this person could be. Jinns were spirits that floated on the very air. Maybe the Jinns thought to be known only to Dorne had a broader range than believed, and were called other names by the locals in those areas.

Arianne had agreed with her that if the were-direwolf had not come to their aid they would have been butchered. They would have been torn apart while the were-hyena healed itself from any wounds they could have delivered to the beast. The shot to the eye had been more luck. In a melee it was very difficult to hit such a target especially if the target was on the constant move.
They asked the Bedouin’s about any weapons to be used against such were-animals. They were told that only silver was known to work without question. Silver was expensive and rare among the Bedouin. Jinns rarely inhabited humans, so the need was not absolute enough to take the expense to keep such weapons.

Come evening, the Bedouin had put up their best tent and given it to the Pride of Dorn for their victory and bravery in battle.

They had been extremely exhausted after combat, and the last two days cleaning up the battlefield and burying their dead had taken their time. Arianne and Myrcella helped in the burial of the dead. The brave souls deserved the honor. A picket line had been established with supplements from the Bedouins to make up for the reduced numbers. A silver dagger had been produced and was kept by the person on watch close to the camp.

Myrcella doubted the were-hyena would bother anyone soon. She was sure the eye would eventually heal, but the brute was probably still running with a pissed off were-direwolf slavering on its heels.

With hyenas, the females also had a penis and were larger than the males. Actually an extremely enlarged clitoris but it made it difficult to know the difference of the sexes, with the female being larger than the male. The size of the beast meant it must have been a female. Right? The were-direwolf’s sex was unsure also. The fighting had been too confusing and no one had the time to check for the sex of the fighting were-animals.

The sun had set an hour ago. Myrcella and Arianne were extremely horny! They were sure they were feeling battle lust! What a fucking turn-on! Now they understood why Dorea and Loreza were so horny after physical contests. They were anxious to make love to their wives. They were shaking in lust, holding off on their lovemaking with each other. They needed to make love to their heroic sand snakes first. They were both naked and oh so wet.

They heard their sand snakes approaching as they conversed. They had met with their command and the Bedouins to make sure the defense was sure and that the Bedouins were in sync with the Sand Snakes desire for the treatment of the injured and making sure to have scouts to meet the troop from Vaith when they approached.

Dorea parted the tent opening letting in a limping Loreza.

Myrcella sprang on Loreza pulling her into her arms and gently pivoting the squealing sand snake down to the thickly furred tent floor. She had her hands in the woman’s hair and had already latched her lips onto the sand snake and aggressively parted Loreza’s lips and shoved her tongue aggressively into wife’s mouth.

Her hand clutched and pulled on laces and hooks pulling her wife’s clothes off in a hot rush.

They parted for a short minute to pull off clothes making sure to not jostle Loreza’s bandaged leg too much.

Myrcella looked over as she pulled Loreza’s pants off. Arianne had her wife’s pants off and was already on her stomach between Dorea’s legs her head lapping as she raked her tongue aggressively over Dorea’s hard nubbin and giving it quick fierce sucks and then more flat tongue licks of her hot tongue.

Dorea’s head thrashed form side to side. She lifted her torso and finished removing her blouse top and threw it against the tent side with a thump. Dorea cupped and mashed her palms into her small
tits and ground them into her ribs and then plucked her nipples hard before again rolling her tits into her ribs with her rotating palms.

Myrcella focused back on her task. She had Loreza on her palms and knees while she was in doggy too. She had her face mashed deep into her wife’s sweet juicy slit licking up and down with slow tongue licks. Myrcella groaned deep in her throat savoring her wife’s sweet twat juice. The pungent nectar ambrosia on her taste buds. Her sweet sand snake gurgled and cried out when she bent down and sucked viciously on her wife’s clit with long deep throat love sucks.

She sucked and rolled the nodule around between her lips while she swiped the rigid clit with her tongue. "Ungghh! Awwonngg! Oh fuck yes!" Loreza gasped. "Ummmm . . . ummmm . . . ummmm . . . oh . . . it's . . . ohhhhh fuck!" Myrcella licked and swiped her tongue up the slimy groove of her wife’s slit and slipped her tongue deep into her wife’s love box. She punched her head in hard forward and back to punch her tongue in again and again burying her tongue into her wife’s cunny hole.

Myrcella was in heaven tongue fucking her wife. She felt Loreza reach back with one hand and frigged her clit with hard jerks of her hand over her bulging clitoral hood and slimy wet clit nubbin. Loreza chuffed and Myrcella groaned into her wife’s slimy wet cunt hole. She sucked in a mouthful of sweet slimy cunt meat and munched on with muffled slurps swallowed by Loreza drooling pussy that had cunt juice dripping off Myrcella’s jaw and chin.

Myrcella sucked with cheek hollowing sucks her tongue drilling the cunt meat in her mouth. She felt her wife’s thighs trembling wildly. Her wife chuffed and now screamed in fucking bliss as her body convulsed and bucked wildly jamming her twat back into Myrcella’s mouth.

"Anngghh! Anngghhh! OHHNGGG! OOOOWWAAGGGGGGGG! AHHNNGGGNNNNIIIEEE!" Loreza screamed out, her body flipping, jackknifing and bucking back into Myrcella’s hot sucking mouth. "Oh shit! AUUNGGGHHHHH!" Loreza roared again as a second shattering orgasm ripped out her womb and tore her gushing quim inside out.

Myrcella gulped down the hot gushes of sweet creamy steamy cum. She had both hands gripping her wife’s hips hard to keep her face in the exploding twat she was gobbling. Cum dripped liberally off her chin and ran down her throat now.

Loreza’s strength was sapped and she slowly twisted down onto her back her body now soaked in sweat and her legs spread akimbo obscenely. Myrcella had followed her wife down and gently ran her tongue up and down the swollen muff that trembled and clenched underneath her tongue.

She rose up on her elbows and gently rubbed her wife’s vulva letting her clit stop jangling for more wolf sucking. Her battle lust had only begun to be assuaged.

Arianne was up on her elbow her body up on her side and pressed into her wife. She had her head bent down and had sucked half of her sand snake’s boob into her mouth. She was sucking with cheek hollowing sucks the nipple swiped with hard swipes of her tongue that showed through her sucked in cheeks.

Her right hand was pounding her wife’s sloppy wet cunt. Her hand on edge all four fingers buried deep into Dorea’s pussy on the in stroke. Arianne pulled her hand back enough to get her fingertips almost out her wife’s clamshell and then slammed in hard fully burying them. Her hand was like a piston hammering Dorea’s twat. Arianne’s hand pounded Dorea’s vulva and clit the shocks rocking Dorea to her core.

"Unngghhh! Hnnnggg hhnnnn hhnnggg Uunggggg!" Dorea groaned hard feeling her quim expertly
and deeply wedge fucked. “Anngghh! Oh shit . . . darling . . . your pounding my cunt so fucking hard and good!” Her pussy was slurping obscenely now.

Dorea rotated her groin up in time with Arianne’s strokes jamming her pussy forward to take all her lover’s hand into her drooling cunt that leaked hot cum down her ass crack and soaked her anus for later invasion.

Dorea’s hands now clenched the furs and lifted her shoulders off the furs. Her face was slashed with constant anguished ecstasy. Dorea’s mouth worked with small grunts.

Arianne tried to suck Dorea’s tit down her throat and hammered her wife’s cunt with all her strength and pure love.

Dorea’s body went rigid her mouth falling open and her throat locked up. Her head twisted her eyes shocked wide open.

Then the initial shock fled and her exploding womb ripped her belly open scalding her with pure ecstasy. "AWOONNNNGGGHHHHH! MNNNGGHHHHIIIIIIIEEEE! AWWONNGGGG!" Dorea roared, her whole pelvis shaking and quaking in wild jolts as a scalding ecstasy gripped her flesh. "Oooohhhhh . . . uuuooonnnnhhh!" she moaned more softly in the troughs of her orgasm, but then geared up for another round of earsplitting screams. "HHHAAAUNNGGHHH! OH SHIT! OH FUUUUUCK! MMNNNGGHHHHIIIIIE!"

Cum splattered out in shiny droplets of sweet cum showers. Dorea’s entire body was spasmng and her cunt was so watery as Arianne hammered her wedge to prolong her slut’s ecstasy.

Yes Myrcella thought smugly. She and Arianne had just started to reward their sand snakes for their heroism on the battlefield as only a wife can.
AN #1: There is graphic Lesbian Sex in this chapter. It is not Dany and Arya. That is later.

AN #2: I saw like the Cliff Notes of Season 7 of Game of Thrones on HBO. Season 6 Cliff Notes were spot on so I am assuming this season is as accurate. The only reason i saw this is that it has a twist with Dany's dragons.

I scripted Reclamation out in July of 2015. i have pretty much finished writing it. Now it is tones of editing and writing other stuff. I saw this because i am doing something similar to HBO. Different but the basic idea is the same. From i read, again i think HBO is going overboard but they have been doing that since season 2 and i stopped watching it then. Been tracking though.

I do like the actors portraying many of the characters and use their appearances in my stories. Plus, i do poach cool things. i hated Melisandre being a hag without her gem at first but i love it now.

So i did this Author's Note to say i had the idea first about the dragons!!!! HBO cool but overdone. Of course i like mine better.

I have been dropping hints about this in the Ice King viewpoints for a while.

Chapter 32

Aftermath and New Beginnings

Daenerys / Tyrion / Arya / Solaja / Ice King / Olenna

Daenerys

The Queen brought up her fingers and gently touched her right cheek, then around her eye. It was definitely swelling shut. She hissed with pain from the contusions she felt on her skin. She moved her fingertips to her lips. Her bottom lip was swollen, and her upper lip was split on the right side.

She was sure both eyes had shiners already, and would only get darker. She would be the proverbial raccoon for the next day or two. She thanked the gods again for her fast healing constitution, as she worked her jaw back and forth, and felt the hinges ache. Her left ear was ringing.

Her poor pussy was aching from the vicious knee it took. She would have to see later if a pussy could actually bruise.

She moved her hands to her ribs and hissed. Both sides were very sore to the touch. She had never had her ribs busted up so badly. Her right thigh was also stiffening up from several hard kicks from the Stark girl. Her left ankle was tender, and she was sure it was swelling up too.

She looked toward the door that Arya was led out of, licking her lips. The girl had totally beaten the
shit out of her, and she couldn’t wait to see her again. *Gods the fire in that girl! Those eyes!*

She looked around, and felt herself grimace. Tyrion now had a large pouch with a drawstring, moving around and humming, his eyes alight with greed. The dwarf had many slips of paper with IOUs stuffed in his pockets, with gold dragons visible like little flakes of spice. The abundance of paper made his pockets look like they were blooming white carnations.

He had finished making his rounds, and hugged the stuffed pouch to this chest. He waddled, chuffing, with his heavy haul. Several coins fell from his pockets. With the background murmurs of so many people talking about the fight, he did not hear them hit and roll away and walked on.

“Hey Tyrion!” the Queen called out in a peeved voice.

The dwarf turned around, and smiled beatifically at this Queen. “Yes my Queen . . . my my—your eye is swelling shut Daenerys, and your lip looks like a harpy got aho—”

“You dropped some of your fucking gold, dwarf!” the Queen grated out through clenched teeth that made her jaws ache.

His eyes widened in alarm, and he quickly tracked down the coins scooping them up. Then he quickly waddled out, mumbling about needing protection from Cersei.

Missandei came up to her. She looked at her face with concern. “I am not sure that Eddard Stark will be pleased with you beating the shit out of his daughter. Is that how you treat royal hostages, my Queen?” the interpreter asked Dany solemnly.

“She? What about *me*?! *She beat the shit out of me!*”

Missandei just smiled. Her Queen was nothing if not feisty. Finally, a woman who could match her fire and passion had come into her life. The Stark girl was definitely full of fire that was for sure. Missandei admired the audacity of the girl to both fire arrows at the Queen and sucker punch her. That it happened at their first meeting only made the events more grand!

Missandei handed Daenerys the scroll that the Stark girl had given her, which the Queen had thrown behind the Iron Throne in anger. Missandei looked intently at her, anxious to know what was written.

Daenerys looked down at the scroll, and the royal seal of House Stark. Missandei watched the Queen take a deep breath. They both knew this scroll would set the course of events. Would there be war?

Dany used her eyes to have her most trusted friend follow her. So often the Queen had only to look at her most trusted advisor for the young scribe to know her thoughts. The Queen needed to see what Eddard Stark had to say in private, away from prying eyes. She felt her heart, formerly beating hard with adrenaline from the fight, was now beating fast with trepidation.

Was she about to go to war? A war she had maneuvered hard to avoid. Would the one man she had thought would never rise up in sedition, in fact prove to be a traitor?

She and Missandei walked down the hall. She looked up at the tapestry they were passing, and saw Aegon taking the King of the North’s allegiance. She felt a shiver. Was that tapestry a portent of ill? Was Eddard about to attempt to take his ancestral throne back?

Missandei kept her head bowed. They both knew that this was a moment of grave gravitas. Would there be war with the North, or peace? It all depended on this one scroll that Daenerys carried,
almost reverently. Would Eddard Stark betray her, and the realm?

Aggo walked behind them, along with Grey Worm and five Unsullied. They too sensed this was a moment of destiny.

They stopped in front of a door that led into a small meeting room, containing a table with room for only six people. It would do.

“Aggo—Grey Worm, no one enters this room!” Daenerys told them in a tone that brokered no argument.

She and Missandei entered into the room. Daenerys made sure the thick door was firmly shut behind them, then they both sat down at the thick cherry oak table. They rested in high-backed chairs and stared at the scroll.

The Queen locked eyes with Missandei, and nodded her head at the scroll. Together they would read their destiny.

Missandei broke the seal, and spread out the parchment. She took a deep breath as Daenerys stared off into space, waiting.

“Eddard Stark has the most beautiful hand writing, my Queen.” Missandei spoke softly.

“The message, Missandei.” Daenerys softly intoned.

Daenerys Targaryen, Rightful Queen of all of Westeros,

I, Eddard Stark, am and will always be your loyal subject. I know you must think me a traitor, and I understand why, but consider I have given you my precious daughter to be your royal hostage to balance out for Margaery Tyrell, who came to me willingly.

I go to the Wall to fight the Ice King. You wounded him near to death, but he still lives. There is nothing more dangerous than a wounded wild animal. My son Jon assures me his army is prepared to march South. I go to stop him at the Wall.

Without your full support, I will die in defense of the realm. Come to me Daenerys, and together we will defeat the Ice King.

You will ask why I have not told you this before now. I only ask what Tyrion and Barristan say of the Wall and beyond. No one will believe the threat is real. Now you have a tangible reason to come North. I have given you the enemy you need to unite Westeros.

I have devised ways to combat your dragons, and told you my secretes. The armies near our cities and navies in our ports are mirages. I have left myself defenseless to the rear, as have the Vale and the Riverlands.

I remember your initial letter. I thought to myself, finally, a person worthy of the realm. I pray I have read you rightly.

Join with me Daenerys Targaryen, first of your name. Let us meet the ancient foe and put him back into his icy grave.

Your loyal subject,

Eddard Stark
After Missandei read the words softly, a silence hung in the room.

“I knew he was loyal.” the small scribe said.

Daenerys sat forward with her elbows on the table, looking at her most trusted advisor. “So you believe him?”

“Yes.”

“So do I. And I have always trusted your judgment and insight. Do not say a word to anyone. Call a meeting of the Klatch for tonight. We need to discuss this with our fellow ‘confidantes’.”

They left the room, and Missandei went off to her duties. Daenerys walked slowly, her head downcast as she contemplated her response to her realm’s need. She did indeed trust Eddard Stark completely, and had to admire how he had crafted events to give her what she needed to bring a united Westeros behind her to defend against a foe none believed in. She had much to consider. The Game of Thrones had just gotten more intense and complicated.

But she was equal to the challenge.

She trusted Eddard, but was also angry at him. She could try the man for treason, just for trying her patience. If he had confided in her from the start, she would have worked out a plan to make all that had to happen—*happen*. Of course, she reasoned with herself, he didn’t know that. He had taken the path he thought would achieve his ends, no matter what. And because of that, she would not have to spend political capital convincing a recalcitrant South to move north. They were, instead, *anxious* to move North and take down the arrogant wolf.

She gingerly walked to up to her quarters in the royal wing of King’s Landing. She had asked for attendants to run hot water into a tub to be brought into her room. She would use the hot water to take a quick sponge bath. She did not want to feel like the pampered royals she had seen in both Essos and Westeros. She would take care of her own bathing needs. No matter if she was thoroughly beat up she snickered to herself. She did not have time to take a full bath; she had other duties to perform.

When she entered royal suite, she spied the hot water and slowly pulled her clothes off, putting them on the back of a chair for the maid to pick up for washing. She carefully walked to the full length mirror she had in the corner, and took stock of herself.

Her right eye was nearly swelled shut, and she did indeed have two shiners, nice and black. Her nose was red and swollen - fortunately, it had not been broken. Her face was covered in contusions, and the right side of her neck was bruising too. She could not even remember which blow caused that. Her ribs were motley on the right side, with rising bruises. Yes indeed, Arya Stark was left handed, and she’d done enough damage on Dany’s right to show it.

She catalogued the bruises and aches over the rest of her body. She soaked the wash cloth in the still steaming water, removing the dried blood from her face, and gingerly washed off the sweat and grime from the fight.

She had a sudden thought. She spread her legs, and examined her pussy. It was a fiery pink, swollen, and very sensitive when she touched it. No masturbation for a night or two, for sure. That she did not like at all! To look at her puss, you would think she was sexually excited. At that realization, she felt her pussy burn and nipples ache with thoughts of how she wanted to *retaliate* against the Stark girl. She wanted the wolf to make her pussy pink and swollen for an entirely different reason.
She sighed, and stopped that train of thought. Arya was a royal hostage that Eddard Stark had placed in her care. She would never betray that trust. She would not defile the girl. She doubted the girl had any attraction to her anyways. After all, she had tried to rearrange her face! For some strange reason, this thought made her smile. The Stark definitely had fire in her belly. Daenerys instinctively squeezed her thighs together, then hissed, quickly opening her legs to relieve pressure from her pussy. Damn it! No masturbation indeed!

Daenerys slowly changed into loose fitting trousers, and a loose blouse top. She only lightly tied them up, as her body was indeed tender. She had trouble getting a sandal on her left foot, her ankle swelling. Then the Queen left her quarters.

Rakharo fell in beside her. She felt him looking at her injuries. “It is not as bad as it looks. You know I heal fast.”

Rahkaro walked in silence for a moment. Then: “The wolf girl is indeed fierce . . . has the dragon finally met her match?” he asked as they spoke in Dothraki.

The Queen looked up at him. “I won the match, I remind you.”

He merely smiled. He seemed to know where she wanted to go with her desires.

Arya was in the Maester’s quarters. She slept in a bed covered in furs. Her face was battered and swollen. Both of her eyes were nearly swelled shut, and she had a big knot on her forehead. Her lips were split.

Daenerys ached to know she had done this level of damage to the teenage girl. She was over four years younger than herself, she remembered. She stood, looking down at the girl as Rahkaro and Maester Pate remained silent. She sat on the edge of the bed and gripped her right hand, stroking it and looking at Arya tenderly.

A few strands of Arya’s hair had fallen over her face and cheek. Dany gently pulled the strands behind the girl’s ear, then gently touched her face and lips. She took a deep breath, seeing the girl grimace slightly.

“Have you given her anything for the pain?” Daenerys asked.

“I have given her a diluted mixture of the Milk of the Poppy. She is young and strong. She will recover fairly quickly.” Maester Lape told the queen.

“How badly did I hurt her?”

“She attacked you, my Queen” Lape said defensively. “Her bruises and contusions will be completely healed in several weeks. Two ribs are fractured, and four more severely bruised. Those should be healed in about six weeks. She will have trouble breathing for the next ten days, I should say, and then the pain will gradually lessen.

It is her shoulder I am most concerned about. She has a grade three sprain. There has definitely been ligament damage, and separation of the collar bone. Thank the gods you did not totally shatter the joint. She should be pain free in probably a month. With four months of rehabilitation, she should have most of the range of motion back. She will be able to use her arm for normal functions.”

Maester Lape paused, then said in a soft voice: “I hear she is quite the shot with the bow . . . she may be able to continue that, but her days with the sword are over . . . I’m sorry to say.”

Daenerys felt devastated. She closed her eyes at the pain she felt. She felt deep down she had
robbed something precious from the girl. There would be no practice on the grounds. She stopped
stroking Arya’s cheek.

“I see.” She rose up. “Please, make sure she is comfortable. I want no effort spared in her
rehabilitation, Maester.

The Maester must have heard the guilt in the Queen’s voice. He sighed and nodded. She left his
quarters, pale and unsteady. Her pain was not all physical.

Daenerys walked down the hall, silent and ghostly. She had felt a strong attraction to the girl, but
now all she felt was guilt and shame. She had to win at any cost, like always, and had ruined Arya
Stark’s life. She felt ill to her stomach.

She only prayed that Eddard Stark could forgive her.

She turned down the hall towards her quarters, feeling old and worn. Rakharo remained silent
beside her. Grey Worm approached her. He was still taciturn and stoic, but Daenerys could sense
he had something on his mind.

Daenerys sighed. After all these years he still waited to be called to speak. He too was more than a
guard to her now; he was a friend.

“What is it, Grey Worm?”

“You are needed at the gates, my Queen.”

“Oh—why is that, faithful captain of my personal guard?”

“The emissary’s companions need you to come out and speak to them.”

“What? . . . Why the hell haven’t they been brought into the Red Keep? They are honored guests!”
Dany exclaimed, growing anxious. She had enough bad news for one day.

“They refuse to enter.”

“Why?” The Queen went to pinch her nose and hissed in pain when her fingers squeezed her
swollen septum.

“It is difficult to explain my Queen . . . please come and see. The girl’s pet is—well, you need to
see.”

Daenerys sighed again. What the fuck was the issue about the girl’s cat or dog?

“Okay . . . take me to them, and this pet.”

She briefly wondered if Grey Worm was losing his nerve in his not so old age.

She walked down the passages, and finally came out into the courtyard. A fine mist hit her face, and
collected it in her hair with small sparkles. If only it could wash away her physical and mental pain.
She headed to the main gate and walked out the arch.

She saw a large oxen cart being repaired, with a brace holding it up and a wheel laying on its side,
being prepared to be hammered onto the axle. The locking pegs were also on the ground beside it.

She spotted the four men of House Stark standing off to the side, talking and laughing. Their cloaks
clearly displayed the heraldry of their lord’s house. She felt like howling, just like their proverbial
Direwolf, for the damage she had done to their princess. They finally saw her, and immediately went to one knee and bowed their heads.

The Queen could not help but feel touched by their obeisance. House Stark simply exuded honor. She only wished she was still worthy of it.

“What is the issue with Arya Stark’s pet? Why are you all out here in the mist, when you could be inside, warm and dry?” Daenerys asked, exasperated.

“It would seem that your guards don’t want Nymeria in the keep. Nymeria is always at her master’s side.”

“Is this Nymeria a dog, or cat?”

“She is a Direwolf, my Queen?”

“Oh, you mean a large dog.” She remembered seeing large dogs through her dragons’ eyes before.

She heard a deep, rumbling growl. Amusement crossed the Stark men’s faces. She started to turn around, and Rahkaro drew his Arakh, preparing for combat.

**What the…?**

On the empty bed of the ox cart, something from out of myth stood before Daenerys. Staring at her with intelligent golden eyes, was a monstrous wolf. She could sense the wolf’s confidence and regal bearing as it stood tall and proud, looking down at her, as large as a pony. She knew instinctively the wolf was appraising her.

Nymeria had a wolf’s form for the most part, but her legs in proportion to her body were longer than a wolf’s would be. Her head was larger as well, and her muzzle was also longer and more pronounced. A bottom fang on each side partially protruded from her lips nearly three inches. Her shoulder girdle was slightly more pronounced, making her shoulders bulge somewhat. Her fur was like a spiky mane over her shoulders. Her toe claws were slightly curved. Her large ears were cocked and focused on the queen, just like her intense eyes.

The beast watched her for a minute, as Direwolf and Queen measured each other. Dany was unarmed, but felt no fear. She had an affinity for animals, and she felt no anger or rancor in Arya’s beast of a wolf.

She wondered how the wolf would react when she saw what she had done to her master.

The Direwolf moved to the end of the cart and lazily hopped down to the ground.

Daenerys took an involuntary step back. The beast was enormous! With an air of supreme confidence, Nymeria cantered up to the Queen. The direwolf was actually taller than her! Her head came up to the underside of the Direwolf’s head, her face at the bottom of the wolf’s jaw.

Rakharo started to move forward.

“Put your arakh away, Rakharo. Nymeria means me no harm. Right, Nymeria?” She had not had an accurate gauge to see the true dimensions of the animal before. She knew they were large from her dragons’ visit to Winterfell, but she had failed to grasp their true size. She was surprised, but still felt no fear. When Rakharo hesitated, she told him again to put his weapon away. He finally complied.
The wolf lowered its head, and looked her in the eye. Then the Direwolf head bunted into her face softly, and licked her face with its long tongue. Daenerys’ eye squinted shut on that side. Thankfully, the beast’s tongue was not slimy. The pressure of the licking tongue not enough to make her bruised face bark in pain. She grimaced at her choice of words. Nymeria licked her face several more times, and then turned to stand by her side, its shoulder pressed against her. The beast had accepted her, without condition.

Daenerys felt a little better. Nymeria had accepted her; maybe things could be repaired with the master of the mighty Direwolf as well. The Queen had a suspicion that Arya had bonded with her wolf much like she had with her own dragons.

“Grey Worm. Please take Nymeria to the Maester’s quarters. I am sure that Arya will feel much better with her companion. We will have no problem hosting Nymeria in the Red Keep.”

She saw the men from House Stark smirking as they glanced at her. She wondered at their strange behavior.

As she walked off, she heard one ask the other: “How long do you give her?”

What a strange question.

Nymeria walked beside the Queen. This was the woman her master had chosen as her mate. She had seen and felt their mating ritual in the room with the strange seat made of the metal weapons that humans used in their hands. The wolf liked the ideas of the hated weapons melted like that.

She herself made her potential rutting mates know their place when they went to mount her. They were only wolves and could not conceive cubs but the she enjoyed the coupling.

She would snap and growl at the males as they came forward to mate with her. Though male they came with lowered heads and tails. Those she accepted when she was in heat Nymeria had them to bow to her and feel her fangs on their neck and her claws on their belly so show her dominance.

The white haired woman had shown she was the alpha. Nymeria knew that in time Arya would show her dominance when she was in the rut. Nymeria smelled the white haired woman and saw her prime physical attributes. She smelled the woman’s arousal for her master. The smell of her master and this white haired woman were a perfect match. They would raise strong pups.

Her master had chosen well.

Tyrion

Tyrion was one happy little lion. He sat at his personal table that the Queen had constructed for him, in his personal alcove. The table was rectangular and made of dark teak. The sides had male lions carved into them. The corners had been carved into stylized hands, based on the sigil he wore on his vests when in the Small Council or with the Queen in the Throne Room. He was sitting comfortably in the chair proportioned for him. He had all five oil lamps glowing bright to give him plenty of illumination.

He had sent Bronn and Shae out earlier to collect IOUs. They had brought him more gold dragons, silver stags and copper penny coins. He was having extreme fun stacking up his coins, creating towers on his desk. He had multiple stacks, some close to seventy-five coins thick. He loved having to balance each new coin as the stacks swayed and leaned.
He had smacked Shae’s hand when she tried to swipe coins when she thought he was not looking. Her yelp of pain had been most pleasing to his ears.

The mercenaries groused at what a ‘miserly heart’ he had, and Bronn mentioned something to the effect of hoping his stunted legs rotted off. He had shooed them away as they eyed his stacks of ill-gotten booty.

He did not tell them they would be getting a nice surprise in the morning, when he had small clinking pouches delivered to them.

He actually liked them, though he would never admit it.

He looked at his Yu Jiangu's candle clock. He had found it while in Oldtown, doing research on the Ice King and environs north of the Wall. He had been walking the streets of that old city when he saw a bulk apothecary. It was divided in half, with the right side specializing in medicinal herbs and poultices. Various items were located in bins, tubes and sealed jars. He looked inside the bins, and lifted up jars. Some were darkened to preserve items sensitive to light. There were strings of herbs hanging from the rafters, and on shelves lining the side wall, he saw medical implements.

He looked at the scalpels, and saw they had two types. The first type was a thicker, sharper blade to cut and splay apart. The other type had hook ends to tease apart, and lift up vessels and nerves. He also saw bone drills and cringed. The idea of that drilling into his head made him gnash his teeth, though he admired the craftsmanship of the tooled bronze. He looked at the leather tong that was attached to the drills, to spin the drilling auger. On the very top shelf, he saw the forceps used to grasp bone fragments from wounds.

He perused catheters and bladder sounds. He looked over cupping vessels for bloodletting, and tubes to prevent contractions and adhesions. The rectal speculum and vaginal speculum had his sphincter clenching, and thighs clamping together.

The other half of the establishment had supplies of essential oils, soap making materials, candle making supplies and specialty ingredients. Tyrion looked into the various tubs, urns and vessels holding the ingredients to make soap, candles and lotions for the body. The colors and smells were pleasant, with a few scents downright intoxicating.

He had looked over at a table, and found his interest piqued. He moved over to the table to look closer at a Yu Jiangu candle clock. It consisted of six candles made from seventy-two pennyweights of wax, each being twelve inches high, of uniform thickness, and divided into twelve sections each of one inch thickness. Each candle burned away completely in four hours, making each marking twenty minutes. The candles were placed for protection inside cases made of a wooden frame, with transparent horn panels in the sides.

Tyrion had to have it. He had placed it on Drogon’s saddle for the trip back to King’s Landing. He now gazed at it. Another section had melted away. It was time to get dressed and go to Dany’s Klatch of Confidantes meeting. He ruminated over the day’s events. He was sure it would be a fascinating meeting.

He walked down the hall to Dany’s residence. He snorted, replaying the fight again in his mind. He still remembered a much younger Arya in his visits to Winterfell. He had been impressed with her verve for training even then, despite the disapproval of her mother and older brother. He had never really understood why Eddard Stark allowed the girl to continue with what seemed was pure fantasy, though. But now the girl was at King’s Landing and had turned into a hellcat. She had actually given Daenerys a real fight. Arya Stark had indeed become a warrior.
He was saddened by the damage done the girl in the fight. Dany held back, but even so she still ruined the girl’s shoulder. She would never use the sword again.

Aggo opened the door for him with a respectful nod, and he entered the room. The others were already there waiting.

Daenerys turned to look at him, and Tyrion felt a rush run through him. Even with her face covered in bruises, her lip split, and an eye almost swelled shut she was still beautiful. Her traditional Dothraki garb of open vest exposed her flat stomach, and the sides of her swaying, delectable breasts.

He made sure to not let her see his bubbling lust show. She had given him permission to look, but not touch. He still had vivid memories of ‘the beach incident’, as he thought of it. That always put a stop to his leering.

She came over to him and squeezed his shoulder. “It is good to have you here, my dear friend.”

Tyrion felt the rush he always did when the woman acknowledged him directly.

The first thing she asked him about was his report on Arya Stark. She had requested that he stop in that afternoon to check on her. She wanted constant reports on her progress.

He had stopped when he entered the Maester’s room. At the foot of the large bed that held a sleeping Arya, lay a Direwolf of immense dimensions. Nymeria, like Arya, had grown up. The Direwolf had woken upon his arrival. The wolf had always disliked him, and she slowly rose up on her feet.

The Maester had been reading at his desk, and turned his chair around. The man just watched quietly and did not move as the massive wolf stalked slowly over to Tyrion.

Tyrion had been shaking with terror. The Direwolf towered over him!

“Nice wolf. Nice wolf. Dwarves are very tough, and full of gristle. I don’t taste good at all, Nymeria.”

The wolf rumbled deep in its chest. She stopped in front of him, and lowered her head so they were staring eye to eye. A low growl filled the room.

Tyrion was sure he was going to piss himself. Then the wolf jerked her head forward, and bunted him with her nose on his forehead, sending him falling back on his ass with a loud whump. Nymeria turned around, and her tail slapped him in the face several times with stinging whisks.

Tyrion watched the Direwolf return to Arya’s bed. The wolf turned around several times, stomping her feet softly, and then settled down looking at Tyrion with her golden eyes before closing them.

That had been interesting.

The Maester reported that Arya was resting well. He had bound her arm to her chest with a body wrap, after placing her collarbone back in place. Now it was only a matter of time for it to heal. With months of focused rehabilitation, she would have her basic mobility back, but Grand Maester Harsch Lape doubted Arya would again have the strength she had shown in the throne room.

He also pointed out that her facial contusions, bruises and swellings were much less than he would have thought, though. He was sure it had been worse that morning, but he must have been mistaken.
To Tyrion, her face looked like a horse had stomped on it. He shivered thinking of what Daenerys
would have done to his person if she ever truly decided to punish him for his errant cock.

He reported to Dany that Arya’s warrior days were most likely behind her, he noted the great pain
that slashed across his Queen’s face.

He sighed. It was obvious the two women were smitten with each other. It had been love at first
fist. This fiery wolf girl was perfect for the Queen. He could only hope that Dany’s guilt over her
pummeling the girl would not interfere with their attraction for each other. The girl had asked for it,
after all. First firing arrows at the Queen and then sucker punching her. Gods the girl had fire!

Tyrion saw the rolled up scroll on the table. Dany passed around a pitcher of tea that they poured for
themselves. In the center of the table was a large, circular, silver platter with dragons adorning the
edges. From the center radiated circles of ham, roast, and goat pulled into small rolls. The outermost
circle was composed of various cubed cheese chunks. In the middle of it all was a gold cup filled
with a dipping sauce, creamy white with a mayonnaise base and mustard.

Tyrion put some ham and cheese on a small dish with a painted, stylized pagoda in blue with banzai
trees on hills surrounding it. He bit the succulent meat, and chased it with cheese chunks.

Daenerys unrolled the scroll, and read the words of Eddard Stark to the gathering.

She told them in a tone that brokered no uncertainty that these words were to be kept in this room.
She would be the only one to share any further.

She asked them what they thought of it all.

Tyrion shared a look at Barristan. Barristan cleared his throat.

“I think these words are true. He would never outright lie. He has proven adept at this Game of
Thrones - to my great surprise - but he has never lied in doing it. He believes in his cause. You
fought something of great power, Daenerys. If this “Ice King” survived, then he must be fought and
defeated.”

Tyrion spoke up to say the obvious. “Of course the South will refuse to believe this. I have heard the
reports from the North, and your thoughts Dany, and I still have a hard time believing it all. After
eight thousand years this Ice King appears. It seems fantastical. I am on the inside, and I am still
hesitant to believe in legends come to life.”

“Unimaginative Mace won’t believe, stick-up-his-ass Stannis can’t see anything except what is right
in front of his eyes, Tywin can only calculate what he sees as an advantage, and Doran will analyze
the facts until the land is covered in ice and will still ask for more time.

“Eddard has given you the perfect reason to march North.” Tyrion smiled. “All the Great Houses
cherish the chance to bring a peer low. I think Eddard needs to be brought low, now.” He said with
a smile.

They discussed the issue further. Missandei and Syrio had no issue accepting Eddard’s beliefs. Both
had said they had seen magic in Essos.

Even Strong Belwas had something to say. He had walked over to the table unseen.

All turned to look at him.

“This Eddard Stark is a great man. You all say so. Great man knows his Wall. I say we go to this
Wall, and fight, and kill this Ice King. We will cut his balls off, and stuff up his ass. But first I must *eat more locusts!*” The eunuch announced. He walked back to his chair in front of the fire, and stuffed some locusts into his mouth, munching happily while two *accidently* fell to the floor for a happy, purring Shadowclaw. The eunuch leaned over from time to time, to dip locusts in his favorite goat cheese dip that the Queen had prepared for him for each Klatch meeting.

“What will we tell them Daenerys?” Barristan asked softly, looking at his Queen.

Tyrion and everyone else in this room knew they were marching to the wall. The question was only the how of it.

“We will tell the small council tomorrow morning that Eddard has declared that the North, The Riverlands, and The Vale have formed a confederacy. Not a monarchy. He is not declaring himself as King. The North and his compatriots do not feel that their needs are being met, and need more autonomy. They fear my liberal views and want to hold on to their more conservative heritage.

“They want to set up a court that will apply their standards of law. They want to have the right to mint money, and collect taxes. They will still tithe their assigned portion in taxes, but want to have the first say in resources that money will be used for.”

“They wish to negotiate for more power. They want to be held first among the Houses of Westeros, and have a seat of council on the throne at my audiences to make sure their views and needs are met. They feel their distance is preventing their concerns from being properly heard and judged.”

“That will make sure the Houses of Dorne, Tyrell, Baratheon, and Lannister hunger to put the great Eddard Stark in his place. How dare he? And yet, his lack of declaring an outright break or crowning himself King will allow me to hold back, in my benevolence. I will reserve the right for further vengeance if he is indeed seeking more. I will put him in his place, but his actions listed thusly do not require my full weight of authority be used for.”

“The leaders of the Houses may want to fight, but I can guarantee you the foot soldiers know how it can be avoided, and I know that the leaders who have seen and fought in wars already will dearly wish to avoid that now if they can.”

Tyrion was impressed. Damn, Dany was good.

“I do not trust Tywin, though.” She continued, wisely. “I do not want the full might of House Lannister on our march North. I want to have Tywin in Casterly Rock. He will keep his fleet, and the fleet of Highgarden on high alert. I have already seen the resistive nature of the Iron Islands. We need a strong navy and land force to keep them in check during this time.”

“This is logical and sound, and will ensure Tywin will not cause any problems. I want half of their knights to move to the border of Highgarden during the duration of this campaign. This will divide his forces. We will leave enough behind for a shock troop, in case of any Kraken incursion that may arise. He will stay behind to ensure the peace in the West. I want Highgarden to send half of their navy out as we leave for our march North, and intimidate the Iron Islands with a strong showing of force. They will be aggressive in their show of force to the Iron Islands. That should put pause in their heart. I will send a raven to Tywin indicating that he needs to give Highgarden his full support in case of a Kraken landing in their territory.”

She paused, looking around at them. She took a drink from her glass.

The Queen continued. “I will now call in my full Navy. The Summer Islanders will tighten their
blockade off the shores of the far North. I want them to come to the beachheads we have established in the North. Now it is time to move our troops there. We have been stocking up supplies for our armies in case it came down to this. I want to surge supplies into the beachheads. I want to increase the production of dragon glass tipped weapons. If Eddard is right, we will be needing them.”

“I want the Summer Islanders to load up on dragon glass arrow points, and javelins. Hopefully, we can lure the enemy to come to them, and attempt to storm their ships just offshore again. They probably won’t… but who knows. We’ll see if our enemy has a cunning intellect.”

“I want no incursions by the Summer Islanders. They are too brave, sometimes. I want Master of Ships Hugh Elicero to emphasize this to Soloja. Do not be foolish. If we can tempt the walking dead to expose themselves by trying to board the ships, then let them – otherwise, I want no inland incursions above the Wall till we have our forces sufficiently built up.

“Syrio. Have the houses surge on their training of their tithed troops. Can we lead them into battle and have them fight as a cohesive force? Will they survive on the battlefield, and kill the other sons of bitches?”

“Yes, my Queen. Their leaders are effective, and know how to instill loyalty and willingness to fight for the realm. Their training is essentially complete, and we only have to hone to a razor’s edge. We will be ready to embark to the ports when the ships arrive. Our army is ready to move north my Queen.”

“Good. I want you and Barristan to send out word to the Houses to set up schedules for forming up their foot soldiers. I want an orderly march to the ports we have designated. I will convoy most of them up north to our beachheads. It will take three cycles of transport to get all the troops and their gear to the North.”

“The rest will march with the cavalry. I want the march fast, but do not overstress them. I want them at one hundred percent when we go to battle.”

“I will send Viserion to Pentos with Barristan. I don’t want to wait for raven to fly there. I will have my navies mobilized. I want the troop ships to sail immediately. I want them in King’s Landing, Oldtown, Highgarden, Sunspear, Dragonstone and the lesser ports designated. I want those ships fully stocked, and prepped to sail when the troops arrive.”

“We have discussed these plans over the last months. Now we put them into action. We will crush our enemies.”

The Queen took another long sip of tea. Tyrion knew she was reinforcing their plans to make sure absolutely all were on the same page. Good planning solved many problems before they started.

“The Calvary I will have form up here.” She pointed to a spot on the map. “I have had the sites surveyed and set up for our march along the King’s Road. I want the tents raised and stocked. I want support personnel to start moving to these sites. I want farriers, quartermasters and their support personnel in place. I want medics and Maesters specializing in medicine put in the camps in every third day’s march. I want fast horses at their disposal, to ride where needed.”

“I want the more perishable supplies now sent to the camps and prepared. I want food and drink ready to feed our troops. I have stocked the warehouses with the supplies we need for our march. I want the wagon trains formed and get those supplies to these camps up to the Riverlands.”

“I want these camps prepared. I believe Eddard. I want scouting parties sent out tomorrow to go to the border of the Riverlands. I want them to scout out the King’s Road, and find good locations for
camps, so after each day of hard none forced march they will have rest.”

“We will find no resistance. I want his kept quiet. I don’t want any backbiting, or questioning my decisions. I will have my Dothraki as the lead scouts, and they are good at setting up camps. They do this all the time on the Grass Sea. Syrio, send your most trusted support personnel to make this happen.”

“Yes, my Queen!” the Braavosi spoke. Tyrion could see the zeal in the man’s eyes. He was sure it was in all of their eyes just then.

“We will ride North as fast as possible, without abusing ourselves. I will not move at breakneck pace only to arrive exhausted. Too many battles have been lost before they are even fought that way. An army that is rested, well fed, and given shelter from the elements has already won half the battle. We will be an effective fighting force when we arrive at the Wall.

“That is our true destination. To everyone else, we go to Winterfell to put this dog Eddard Stark in his rightful place. I want you all to keep your ears tuned to any rabble rousing, or excessive calls for force. I am sure Varys already knows all we speak of, and he will also be keeping his sparrows and spiders listening intently. In the south they have free range, and hear many songs.

“We will march and join forces with Eddard Stark and defeat the enemies of my Realm! Do you stand with me?” the Queen shouted, standing up and slamming her palms on the table top. She looked at them in turn with her violet eyes. Tyrion felt his soul on fire when the fire of her gaze met his.

He jumped up along with his fellow Confidantes as they shouted their total allegiance.

**Arya**

It had been one week since the fight. Arya was feeling great, all things considered. She had healed fast like she always did, thank the gods.

She had missed the next day’s practice, though. Her battered body, with the help of the Milk of the Poppy, had slept through the night and deep into the night of the second day.

She was told by the Maester that the Queen had visited while she slept, and held her hand. She had felt a flush run through her at that, but knew it was nothing more than genuine concern for a royal hostage and nothing more.

The third day, she had awoken early in the morning. Her ribs no longer hurt, and her shoulder no longer cried out in pain, only thudding as a dull ache.

Grand Maester Lape had clucked over her, and been amazed at how much she had healed. Her face was no longer swollen like she had fallen into a beehive. When he probed her ribs, she only felt mild discomfort on the third rib. He was even more amazed when he probed her collar bone, and told her in an amazed voice that it seemed to have already knit back into proper position. He removed the bandages strapping her arm to her chest, and she was able to move her arm twenty degrees upward without pain.

He told her that she healed with the same speed as their Queen. That made a rush flow through her body. To be compared to her Queen made her feel tingly.

She wanted to walk, but the Maester insisted that she be wheeled down to the practice grounds. She
should not push her body beyond its limits. She didn’t want to argue. She did not word getting back to Daenerys she was arguing with her Grand Maester. Plus, she did feel tired. She still needed to rest.

Her first vision of her Queen saddened her to her core. The Queen’s face was battered and covered in bruises. Her right eye and bottom lip were still swollen, though it looked much better than what she remembered from right after the fight.

She sighed. She had come to have this woman fall in love with her, and instead had tried to beat the shit out of her. She had ruined any chance she had, now. She could not believe that she had let her childish anger and need for verification ruin her chance to have the Queen love her. She felt her lip start to quiver, but quickly controlled it.

She would not have Daenerys see her as weak. She had heard that too much already from her, and she could tell that she hated weakness.

On the practice field, she had been shocked by what she had seen. The speed and power of Daenerys Targaryen was amazing. She suddenly realized the Queen had not used her full power, strength or speed against her. She had been holding back, and because of that restraint she had harmed the woman she secretly loved.

The way Daenerys moved, and the way her hair flowed around her body made Arya tingle. The woman laughed as she parried blows. She used her flaming blue sword against Barristan’s own Valyrian steel blade. Sparks flew, and the sounds of ringing steel echoed off the walls of the keep. Daenerys was exhilarated by martial exercise and combat.

Arya could not wait to enjoy that with the Queen. The sheer exhilaration of physical prowess, and the testing of skills and mettle was intoxicating.

When Daenerys had finished her sword practice, she sheathed her sword and came over to Arya. She had even knelt down to talk to Arya. She had been so solicitous and polite. She seemed to genuinely care for her comfort and healing.

After speaking with her, Arya watched Daenerys switch to a wood sword and her Bloodriders to wooden arakhs. She had fought them all at once. She had used speed and supreme skill to hold them off, and one by one deliver fatal blows had steel been used in place of wood. Her strength was incredible. The Bloodriders were staggering back from hard, connected shots of their blades. They had to growl loudly just to barely hold their ground. Daenerys used her smaller size to get up underneath their guard and use leverage to displace their balanced stances. Once off balance she would attack with a slashing blade Arya could barely follow. They knew what she would do, and still they could not stop her.

The following day, Arya walked to the practice field. The Maester said she could also move to her own quarters. He had removed the binding holding her arm to her torso. It was no longer needed. He had moved her arm, and she could now bring it up parallel to the ground. The man had looked dazed when he slowly pushed up on her arm, and saw she could lift it up to seventy degrees.

He kept muttering “unnatural.” She kept telling him she had always healed fast. She did have to admit that her healing seemed to have reached another level over the last two years, though.

Daenerys came over to her again after her practice session, and talked to her like they were actually friends despite how badly she had acted in the throne room.

“Arya, what is the problem? Why so pensive?”
She had gushed how sorry she was for her actions in the throne room. She knew she deserved to be put in shackles.

The Queen had laughed, and told Arya she deserved her thrashing. She had belittled her when she had arrived. She had not shown Arya the respect that she deserved. She apologized profusely for the whole “fire” statement as well - she did not know at the time about her father’s crimes against House Stark.

She had been shocked when the Queen bowed down before her on one knee, and took her hand and asked for forgiveness.

The heat of Daenerys’ hand holding her own sent a surge of elation through Arya. Arya would have forgiven anything the Queen asked at that moment.

That afternoon she was moved to her new quarters, one level down from the Queen in the royal suites of the Red Keep. She was relieved - she had feared she would be kept away from the Queen.

The Queen was constantly busy in meetings. She had healed enough to start to wonder what her true status was, and what all the commotion was about. That evening she visited the Maester, and he put her shoulder through a full range of motion. Arya had cried out, but told the man to keep pushing her arm through its full range. It burned like hell at first, but felt so good afterwards.

Her ribs had healed. Her face swelling had gone way down, and instead of black and blue her bruises had turned green and yellow and were starting to be absorbed by her body. Just like the Queen’s bruises were, thank the gods. She still couldn’t believe she had pummeled the woman she loved.

She had wondered over the last two nights, and decided that yes, she truly was in love with the Queen, and it was only deepening. She had put the woman on a high pedestal. True, it was too high with her only being five foot and not six foot six inches, but the woman was living up to everything she dreamed of. She was furious in combat, and so skilled. She was so passionate and fiery, and yet fair and gentle at the same time.

And by the gods was she beautiful. Her face was that of a goddess that was only enhanced with the thin scar on the right side, and the larger scar on her throat. She longed to kiss those scars, and the scars on her forearms. She would love to see the rest of her scars, too! Her mind running rampant with speculation to what she would find on that hot body.

The way people listened to Daenerys, and looked at her when given commands made it clear they worshipped the ground she walked on. Daenerys Targaryen was the Sisters of Aegon reborn, and so much more.

The next day she took her sword, and gently slashed and did her combat steps and parries carefully, feeling her shoulder stretch and burn. She was definitely healing. The Queen had to leave early; activity in the Red Keep was building. She wished she knew what was happening.

That evening there was a knock on her door. When she opened the door, she was shocked to see the Queen herself. She spluttered when the Queen asked if she could come in. Of course she could. Then, she saw her father’s scroll.

“How do you know what is in this scroll?” The Queen asked Arya.

“No, I do not.”

“I thought as much.” She led Arya to the small table in the corner. They sat down, and Dany handed
her the scroll.

Arya read the letter. She was not sure what she felt, reading the scroll. Her father had used her as pawn in his Game of Thrones. Worse, she was sure that Sansa had known it too, even if she had not been part of the direct planning.

What she was feeling must have shown on her face. Suddenly, she felt her trembling right hand clasped by the Queen.

“Arya! Look at me.”

She did, woodenly.

“Your father is a crafty, wily, wise man. I want to think he read me correctly.” Arya just looked at her. Daenerys then told Arya her reasons for believing her father, and how his actions had indeed ensured that she could march North with the full force of Westeros behind her to fight their common foe. If he had not done so, she would have Tywin Lannister spreading his cancer with whispers and backstabbing for her foolishly following the Wolf. Stannis would have told her she was a foolish, young, untried woman - even though she conquered Essos! The stubborn man may have even balked. Mace and Oberyn would have come North, but their faith and belief in her would have been eroded.

“Your father has not declared himself a king. That is so very wise. It diffuses the situation. By both of us having royal hostages, that puts a damper on the passions of hotheads like Oberyn, and makes Mace even more cautious than he normally is.”

“But why didn’t tell me his plans?” Arya wondered, still wounded.

“Because you are his daughter. He wanted you to come to me as an innocent. I can’t help but trust you, because you are an innocent. Also, if you had been captured and you told them what you knew, it would have upset all his plans.”

“If the forces of House Lannister had this news, the trouble they could cause would be not be good. Tywin is too calculating, and has a cruel streak I can see from what he did to his children. No, your father could not risk you knowing the full truth of his plans. It may seem cruel, but it was necessary. Now I am free to continue the deception to bring my forces North, and meet the threat at the Wall . . . or should I say we will meet the threat at the wall.”

“We?” Arya asked in a small voice.

“Yes we!” the Queen exclaimed. “You near kicked my ass! I need an arm like that at my side when I go to war!” the Queen told her, violet eyes boring into hers.

“Your father is a brilliant man, Arya. He is everything my father and brother were not, I must say. You are so lucky to have him as a father.”

Arya felt a flush through her body. Yes! Her father was a great man! And the Queen wanted her sword at her side! She was near to bursting with happiness. After her rash actions at their first meeting, Arya was sure the Queen would never want her as her consort and wife, but at least she would be by her side in battle.

“My Queen, you will never regret having me at your side!” Arya said, squeezing the Queen’s hand in return.

As they looked each other, the Queen seemed a little flushed herself.
“I am curious about the line about Margaery coming to Eddard, though.” Dany said. “Why would she do that? I thought Olenna had sent her to Eddard for some reason but I considered it some inner negotiation between the two of them.”

Arya considered telling the Queen that Margaery had come to Winterfell to be back with her soon-to-be-wife, Sansa Stark, but decided against it. She would be gossiping if she did that. Westeros was conservative, as was Daenerys most likely when it came to relations between the sexes. She would probably be offended at worst, or shocked at best to know the two princesses of mighty houses were in love with each other.

Arya gave no answer, and thankfully the question had been rhetorical. She did not expect Arya to have an answer since she had been kept out of the loop.

The next day she began training with Syrio and Barristan. The water dancer had a totally foreign style of fighting with a sword, but the basics of block, parry slash, attack, counterattack were still the same. She immediately started to get a feel for the new style of fighting.

Barristan, even with his more advanced years, was strong and lightning fast. He kept his strokes easy as her shoulder, knowing it needed to be treated tenderly until fully healed.

That night, she felt both relaxed and happy. Several hours later her wrists were very tired, and she had one happy pussy, and aching burning nipples. She might not be able to have Dany in real life, but she could in her dreams and fantasies.

The next day she did calisthenics and wind sprints with the Queen. Dany then took Arya outside and ran a long, winding path around the closest fields. It was misting again, but that did not stop the Queen and she refused to be left behind. They ran around through the many camps that were forming up around the Keep as more and more troops moved in. Arya was thankful when the run was over; her side had a painful stich.

The Queen believed in hard cardio to give her endurance in combat. Now Arya did too.

Arya was given intense step-by-step walkthroughs and instructions by Syrio and Barristan. Tomorrow she would be cleared for full contact training by Maester Lape, and they would start hard, full contact training in the morning. The Queen wanted her tested, and her skills honed as quickly as possible.

Arya was ready. She would prove to the Queen she was worthy to be by her side.

The Queen talked to her after their training, and asked her if she was happy with the instruction with a raised eyebrow.

“Hell yeah!” Arya had told her, making the Queen laugh.

“Arya, after dinner tonight, please be ready to meet me three hours later.”

That command made Arya anxious. The queen had provided a full wardrobe of dresses, blouse tops, slacks and trousers for her. She had sets of boots, sandals and slip over shoe as well. She had covered all the bases.

Nymeria watched her mistress fret with what garments to wear. Again the wolf was glad she had her fur to clothe her body.
Arya felt too much like Sansa at that moment. She did not even touch the dresses, shivering. She selected a pair of black slacks and a tight blouse top and a dark brown vest. She put on a pair of knee high boots. She looked at the mirror in the corner, and decided she looked hot.

She pulled her hair back, and put in a comb to keep it locked in place and let the hair come down over her ears and down on her shoulders. It highlighted the angles of her face, and brought out her eyes. She might not have the Queen, but she wanted the woman to at least see her at her best.

She heard a knock on the door.

She opened the door, and gasped. The Queen was dressed in traditional Dothraki garb. She had on only a multi colored vest that exposed her chest, and the sides of her swaying breasts. The Queen wore low slung trousers that barely, but tightly, hugged her hips, and came down to her knees in a tight grip. She had sandals strapped up her calves.

The Queen had her hair pulled back with braids, the rest flowing down her back. She had several curls of blond hair framing her face. She was a goddess come down to Earth.

The Queen smiled, seeing Arya gape at her.

Arya started to walk out, and Nymeria whined in her room.

“Bring Nymeria.” Dany said. “Missandei has a caracal in my room as well. Her name is Shadowclaw.”

Daenerys led the Stark quietly to her quarters.

“Inside are my closest friends and confidantes. I meet with them to discuss first the most pressing matters of the realm. Your father is currently pressing problem number one.” The Queen told her with a smile. “You deserve to be in there. So long as I can trust you to keep what you hear in there to yourself?” The Queen asked softly, a question in her voice.

“I would never betray your trust, my Queen.” Arya told her earnestly.

The smile Daenerys gave her in response was brilliant. If possible, Arya fell even more in love with her Queen in that moment.

She entered the room, with Nymeria close by her side. She was greeted with smiles and comradery, immediately made to feel at home.

The wolf looked around curiously, Syrio and Barristan greeted her as a prized pupil. Missandei was kind and sweet. Tyrion shook her hand.

“I really like you, my good wolf. I alone of all in this Red Keep bet on your winning the day of your fight with the Queen!”

“That is only because you are a greedy fucking bastard, Tyrion.” Dany grated out, but Arya could hear the love behind the words. The tone said it all.

“Someone has to keep the Queen on her toes.” Tyrion said.

Arya watched Nymeria closely. She had seen the small caracal by the big, rotund eunuch she had found out was called ‘Strong Belwas’. Nymeria padded over and looked at the big pail of locusts that Strong Belwas was holding away. Nymeria growled softly.
She saw the caracal get up on its hind feet, and bat her paws at the wolf’s nose. The cat stayed up on its hind feet, batting wildly at the great Direwolf that sat, looking at the cat as if to eat her with one gulp. Nymeria’s head jerked with the pats her nose was taking.

Nymeria eventually woofed and bumped her nose into the cat, knocking it down on its back. The wolf laid down, trapping the wiggling cat beneath its long forelegs. The cat wiggled and whined.

Nymeria licked the cat and rubbed her cheek along the caracal’s head. Shadowclaw started to purr.

Belwas threw down some locusts, and the two animals shared.

Arya was going to like it here.

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**Solaja**

Solaja sat at her desk, working over the lists of available ships at sea and in the various ports in the Free Cities, along with her homeland.

The Queen had decided to start mobilizing against Eddard Stark. She had been wondering why the Queen was so reticent to put this man down - he alone had not accepted her rule. Something did not ring right with the whole situation, but she backed Daenerys Targaryen no matter her personal feelings.

She was still hurt that the woman had rejected her, but she would never let her personal feelings keep her from loyally serving the woman. She had crushed Slaver’s Bay and was working feverishly to build something new and better.

Then she had taken back her throne without firing one arrow. Hell, she even disposed of the old dissipated despotic rule without bloodshed.

She paused to listen to the four pairs of lovebirds she had in her small bamboo grove by the window. She had put in nests for the birds, and they were settling down having eaten the seeds and sliced fruit she had set for them. They were warbling and chirping. Her favorite pair, Dusk and Lovey-Dovey, had flown down and snuggled with her after they ate. Lovey-Dovey had landed on her shoulder and had preened her long locks. The lovebird worked the strands of hair through her beak, ‘cleaning’ her hair of parasites that did not exist. She found the affection endearing.

Solaja thought more on the only thorn that had been in her Queen’s paw: Eddard Stark. He had resisted her from the start. She found it strange how he was not setting up a monarchy, but instead a confederacy. Such organization had never lasted long in Essos. They were too decentralized to meet the needs of those they governed. She also found it strange that a man with his sterling reputation would risk the ire of the Queen for such a less than satisfactory goal.

He had to know he would fail. He could not long last against the forces of the Queen, Essos and her dragons. Something did not add up, but it was her duty to serve her Queen faithfully and that is what she would do.

She had requested that the Queen send Rhaegal to the Summer Islands and the capital of Tall Tree Towns. This had saved a least a month to six weeks in travel to get word out to send out the reserve fleet that they had kept just for this situation. The Queen had foreseen this need. They would be escorting the troop ships across the narrow sea between Westeros and Essos. The mercenary companies were ready and fit. The mercenaries ready to earn their keep.
She heard a knock on her door. It was the dusk, and she wanted to be left alone to work her tide charts and study the records for the weather in the Narrow Sea and off the upper coast of Westeros at this time of year.

The knock was repeated. She sighed, and got up to answer the door.

When she opened the door and saw who was outside, she immediately shut the door in their faces and leaned back against the wood.

“Solaja Xo—open the door. We would speak with you.”

“Go away! I don’t want to talk to you. You have nothing to say that I want to hear.”

“We want to talk to you. This rancor is foolish and destructive. There is no competition between us.”

“Huummmppppfff!” Solaja huffed to herself. “Of course not. You won.”

“There was no competition, Solaja. The Queen made her decisions. This is between us.”

“Go away I say!”

“Open the door, Solaja. We are not leaving.”

Solaja knew it was true. She may as well open the door and get this over with.

Outside stood Chataya and Alayaya. They stared at each other.

“Can we come in?” Chataya asked softly.

Solaja saw again just how lovely they were. She could see why the Queen had chosen them over her.

She stood aside to let them enter the room. She could not but help look at the sheer dresses that clung to their bodies, like translucent clouds. They appeared like the river nymphs that inhabited their homeland islands. They were indeed lovely to the eye.

Chataya’s sheer dress was green with green and yellow ruffles around the shoulders. Her large, firm, gourd-like breasts pushed the fabric out, showing their beautiful shape sloped out on her ribs. Her large nipples pointing at the floor at an angle. The nipples poking out the sheer material. Her daughter was wearing a golden hued dress that clung to her high, firm, full C cup breasts. Alayaya’s nipples poking straight out her thin gauzy top her full breast slightly jiggling with her movements.

Their nipples were fully erect, and she could smell their pussies. They were aroused. Maybe they were on their way to go to Daenerys, she thought spitefully, eyeing the slits that went up to their hips, exposing lovely legs. They may be rivals, but she still always admired a woman with a beautiful body. Their skin was so sleek and gleaming. They were midnight dark like herself. She could not stop herself from eyeing the prostitutes. She loved either the hues of the dark bodies of her homeland or the fair bodies of those from Northern descent.

Solaja led them to the table by the bamboo grove. She had bowls of nuts and some oranges, pears, and peaches. She offered them a seat and her light fair, and poured them some white wine she had been sipping on.

The women put some nuts and fruit on the small plates that Solaja had set out for them. They ate
daintily, and with exquisite manners.

Alayaya started to speak, but Solaja held up her hand.

“Before we start, I did not mean anything when I called you whores to the Queen. I honor your profession. I was in pain.”

“We know.” Chataya replied.

“Why didn’t she chose me? I am just as beautiful as you and your daughter! It isn’t fair.” Solaja fumed and sniffled.

“We can’t speak for the Queen.” Alayaya spoke to Solaja. “We never spoke to her about you. We can’t speak to her choices. I will say that we were only for the Queen’s pleasure. A release of tension and anxiety is what we gave the Queen. The Queen is under a lot of pressure, and we provided pleasure to reduce the burden for a night with our visits to her bed. We gave her a diversion to relax her mind and body. Only women can truly give such pleasure to another woman. We relished giving her that pleasure. But we were only that to the Queen.”

“I would have freely given her that!” Solaja cried out in hurt.

“True, you could have. But I see two reasons why she did not allow it.” Chataya answered. “One. You are part of her Small Council, and she did not need the entanglement of having a lover on the Small Council. Second. You are a very aggressive woman. She is not attracted to that.”

“She is attracted to weakness, then.” Solaja sneered and then paused. She knew that sounded like an insult. “Damn! I apologize . . . I am off my balance when it comes to Daenerys Targaryen. I can’t help but be what I am. Most women find my aggressive nature an aphrodisiac.”

Solaja saw the two women staring at her with glittering eyes.

“Why have you come here? You won. Have you come to gloat?” Solaja asked. The women stared at her, with fire still in their eyes. Solaja was suddenly nervous, and her heart rate was accelerating.

“We have come to fuck you, Solaja Xo.” Alayaya told her in a smoky voice.

“Oh heelllllll noooooo! Why the hell would you want to do that . . . you won.”

The two women got up from the chairs and walked to stand on either side of Solaja, who looked up at them seeing their large, firm breasts up close. Solaja felt the familiar ache building in her pussy. The ache she felt when she desired beautiful women. Though she felt these women were rivals Solaja felt the need building in her now wet cunt. The need to fuck Chataya and Alayaya long hard and deep. To fuck the women to utter exhaustion. To dine on their succulent cunts and beautiful breast. She licked her lips thinking of sinking her long tongue deep into their wanton and waiting tight hot shitholes. Solaja shivered in rising lust for these to two beautiful prostitutes.

Alayaya sighed. “Solaja, there is no competition between us.” She started to massage Solaja’s shoulders with strong fingers.

Solaja’s body clenched hard and then relaxed into the massaging fingers. She now knew she desired them greatly. She did want to fuck these two women the night through. The ache in her cunt and now throbbing in her hardening nipples built as she got so sopping wet. “But why… unngggg! Why do you desire me?” she moaned, feeling the fingers stroking her body with expert skill.

Chataya answered. “You spoke the words yourself: ‘most women find my aggressive nature an
aphrodisiac’—we do. We want to fuck you, and share the pleasures that only women can give each
other. We want to feel your mouth on us and your tongue in our pussies and assholes. We long to
feel your fingers and fist in our bellies. We want you so bad Solaja. You are a legend among our
people. Let us love you and love us in return.”

They pulled her up and led her to her bed. She was breathing hard. “Is it true you two are lovers?”
she asked, in a daze of rising lust.

The two whores pulled on strings on the shoulders of their beautiful dresses. The strings pulled taunt
and then the knots pulled loose. Chataya and Alayaya translucent dresses fell to the floor. The
graceful women steeped out of the pooled dresses and pushed their sandals off. Solaja watched as
the incestuous mother and daughter eyed each other with hot throbbing eyes.

Solaja moaned seeing the prostitutes nipples rigid with incestuous desire of daughter for mother. The
two women stared in raw wanton fuck need at each other. Alayaya reached out and caressed her
mother's gourd tits and lightly cupped them hefting them to pinch the rigid throbbing nipples.

"Uunnggg oohhhh baby ... you know what mommy needs baby girl" Chataya whinnied softly
looking deep into her daughter's eyes. The eyes of her wife and lover. The woman she adored as
her soulmate.

"Yes i do mother. I will fuck you so good mother. I will make you scream mommy as i devour your
cunt so goooooooddddd!" Alayaya moaned to her mother.

Solaja was breathing harder watching this display of wanton desire. She knew instinctively this was
no act to make her hot and bothered. This mother and daughter were indeed lovers. They indeed
fucked each other every night they could as wife and wife. Solaja Xo was beyond turned on!

Mother and daughter stepped into each other arms. Arms enfolded and hands clenched backs tight
as bodies came together in a tight clench. Their other hands threaded into long flowing black locks
that had subtle bands of beads woven in. Solaja watched their bodies instinctively meld with thighs
slipping between legs and pressed into swollen pussies. The admiral watched those snatches start to
instinctively hump and wallow into firm thighs. Solaja moaned hard seeing those thighs start to
glisten as love aching cunts humped hard on firm muscled thighs. Mother and daughter's mouths
came together with lips first melding and nipping. Then mouths hungrily mated tight and sucked in
sensual lips sucking on the lips taking turns as mother and daughter mewled and jolted with rising
pleasure and lust.

Solaja loved watching the whores bodies coming together their full tits mashed into each other.
Mother and daughter were only an inch difference in height. Their tits compressed into their mates.
Their erect thick nipples poked and rolled over their mates tits. Solaja's eyes were glued to how
those full black orbs mashed and rolled with the incestuous mother and daughter bodies mashing
tight. Solaja watched their torsos jerk and squirt against each other as sweat filmed the tight pressed
bodies.

They kissed like this for a minute before the daughter’s tongue demanded entrance to her mother’s
mouth. They both groaned as the daughter slipped her tongue deep into her mother’s mouth were
they wrestled wetly. Alayaya pulled her head back to let Solaja see mother and daughter’s tongues
wrapped tightly together and wetly wrestling before pushing her lips back to her mother's lips and
speared her tongue down her mother’s throat. The mother cried out into her daughter’s mouth her
body shaking with pure love for her daughter and lover. Their bodies already slicked with love
sweat. The incestuous mother and daughter's backs arched and firm bellies wallowed and smacked
wetly as they humped sodden cunts up and down now cum slicked thighs and groins. Solaja was in
heaven smelling the thick rich aroma of the prostitutes cunts flooding her room. Cum had trickled to
the mother and daughter's knees and now down their shins.

The sight hit Solaja like a blacksmith’s mallet hammer. The mother daughter incest was so intoxicating to behold. She could feel the burning love between these two women. She burned to watch and then join them. She felt her heart flutter with lust and emotions. Emotions she had not felt in so long! Her pussy ached and her heart fluttered.

Solaja’s bed was traditional with a canopy frame above the bed with slates going from side to side and sheer lace fabric blew in the breeze that reached half way down to the mattress. Chataya and Alayaya slowly moved over with small steps arms clenched and wet pussies jammed into thighs their moans loud in Solaja’s room. The whores reached Solaja’s bed. Mother and daughter toppled to the bed falling through the multi colored fabric screens. They rolled around on the bed kissing ravenous. Their drooling couchies still wallowing on the others body.

As Solaja watched Alayaya got on top of her mother and quickly spun around with her knees by her mother’s head and lowered her body. Solaja was beyond turned on seeing Alayaya’s swollen wet muff smothering her mother’s mouth as she wiggled down and Chataya gripped her daughter’s ass cheeks and lifted her head off the mattress and inhaled her daughter’s pussy swelling her upper cunt. Alayaya buried her face in her mother’s twat and sucked Chataya’s clit deep into her mouth and hard sucked while tongue lashing the rock hard soaking wet nubbin.

Solaja felt her pussy get so fucking wet. The whores’ breast were compressed into their incestous lovers’ bellies. The mother had her head up and angled forward her mouth opened wide. The mother inhaled her daughter’s cunt meat into her mouth. Chataya rolled the sweet succulent trim in her mouth. Her head pumped in and out stretching out her daughter's cunt in her mouth. The tension Chataya filled her daughter's cunt had her daughter's face twisted with almost painful pleasure. Chataya savored again as she had for years the sweet taste of her daughter’s twat. She then raised her head higher and shoved her tongue deep into the cauldron of her daughter’s snatch and slow tongue fucked her daughter. Alayaya cried out into her mother’s honey hole. “Mmmffff Oommpff! Ummppf! Uummmff!” Alayaya chuffed as she sucked feverishly on her mother’s pussy and tongue lashed her clit.

Solaja ripped off her slacks and blouse and joined the lovers on the bed. She stroked Alayaya’s back feeling perspiration already starting to film on her dark black body. Alayaya’s head was pumping pulling on the juicy slimy succulent pussy meat in her mouth. Chataya was hammering her head up and down driving her tongue deep into her daughter's hot drooling steamy love box. She then moved her head down and sucked hard on Alayaya’s rigid clit. The mother’s cheeks hollowing out and showed her tongue slashing her daughter’s rigid shiny clit.

Solaja wasted no time getting behind Alayaya’s firm rump and her mother’s head working her clit. Solaja bent her head down and gripped the daughter’s hips and pulled her firm rump cheeks apart and buried her face in the hot ass crack that felt and smelled like steamy paradise. Alayaya’s musk and womanly scent was intoxicating. Solaja tongue first licked the teenager’s ass crack. Up and down Solaja ran her tongue the length of Alayaya’s ass cleft. She loved feeling the teenager’s firm ass cheeks on her face as she licked her ass cleft. Then her tongue circled the girl’s anus tossing her salad as she snuffled and moaned. Chataya was making obscene noises slurping on her daughter’s clit.

Solaja worked her tongue over the teenager's starfish. She loved feeling the wrinkled orifice and soaking it with with her spit. Solaja raked the flat of her tongue over the runnels of the teen's shithole. Solaja cawed feeling the girl’s anus clenching underneath her lapping tongue. The naval commander heard Chataya snuffling wolf sucking on her daughter's clit. Then the mother released her daughter's clit from her drooling mouth and stabbed the hard nubbin with her incestuous tongue.
Solaja loved hearing the teen's squeals of pleasure into her mother's cunt glued to her mouth. Solaja felt the bed rocking slightly with the force of Chataya working her head to pleasure her daughter's cunt. Solaja circled the teen's spasming shithole and then lapped it again savoring the delicious taste.

Solaja stiffened her tongue and slowly pushed her tongue deep into the teen’s tight asshole. Solaja loved the feel of the smooth sphincter rings sliding down her silky tongue as she slow rammed its full length into the shaking teen's butt hole. Solaja smiled. This asshole was no virgin. She had dreams of slamming her strap-on up this tight shithole. She knew Chataya would be no anal virgin. She began to stroke her tongue deep in and out the tight sphincter enjoying it pinching her tongue with the teens body jerks of ecstasy. Solaja was in heaven pulling the girls ass open and driving her tongue deep into the girl’s rectum wiggling her tongue licking wildly.

Looking up the girl’s now sweaty back she saw her head rise up and heard her mother take a deep breath and suck her daughter’s clit down her throat. The girl’s anus clenched tight on her tongue as the girl’s orgasm shattered her.

"AAWWOOGGGG! HUUNNGGGGG! Ungghh!" Alayaya screamed her head snapping back and her body shaking violently. The girl’s body bucked in a stunning orgasm. Her body rent with hard fucking convulsions of sheer bliss. "Aungghiiieee! Ohnggghiiieee!" the teenager wailed her body convulsing again and again. Solaja was in heaven feeling the girl’s sphincter locked down on the tongue as she rammed it deep into the girl’s anus. Solaja kept her head buried in Alayaya’s ass cleft to keep her tongue buried deep in the spamsing asshole.

She felt Chataya pumping her head in and out stretching the clot meat deep in her mouth. She pulled back and the wet clitoral hood snapped out her lips with a wet plop. Solaja continued tongue fucking the sweet asshole of the teenager. “Hhhrrrssllllppppp!” Solaja heard as the mother sucked her daughter’s clitoral hood deep in her mouth and pumped her head hard pulling and suctioning the clot deep in her mouth as the mother’s tongue slapped the shiny nubbin.

The sweet loving mother gave her daughter another shattering womb rending orgasm. "FFFFuuuuucckkkkk—mmmoommyyyyy! AARRUUUNGNGGGGG!! AWWOOOGGGG! Awwoooooogggggg!! Arrrrrrruungghhh!!" Alayaya cried out, her back bowed, taut body quivering as one overpowering spasm after another wrenched her flesh. Again Solaja felt the teen’s shithole spasming and gripping tight her long tongue she slow stroked in and out the hot the teen’s gripping anus. Her long tongue loving the feel of the teen’s asshole milking her tongue with rhythmic squeezes. "Nnnunnggmmmm! Oh! Oh . . . sweet gods of the forest, unnggmmmmmngghhhiiieeee!" The teens body flipped hard up and down.

Solaja pulled back slipping her tongue out the still spasming asshole. She gently rolled the mewling daughter off her mother. She leapt over the fallen teen and was between her mother’s legs settling down in a flash. She spied the splayed out inner labia lips all wet and glistening dark black. The pink slit all wet and gooey with sweet cum. Solaja inhaled deeply savoring the rich ripe heady scent of Chataya’s hot cunt. Solaja lowered her head and mashed her face into the sloppy wet quim.

Chataya’s body jolted hard feeling her vulva bulge out with Solaja’s strong tongue beginning to lick up and down her slit and then start to lash her clit. “Hunggg hhnnngg … oh fuckkkkkk yeahhh! Unnnhhh uunngggg!” the whore moaned feeling her clit now short sucked and her clit polished with Solaja’s swiping tongue.

"Auugnnoownngg! Ungh! Unghh!" Chataya grunted, writhing crazily under Solaja’s passionate attack on her already frothing pussy. Solaja lapped her head raking her tongue over the hard pebble of the mother’s clit. She sucked viciously on the clit making the madam writhe before she started to lick up and down her slit and then slide her tongue deep into her hot tight pussy tongue fucking her
Solaja loved Chataya with all her skills desperate to prove to mother and her daughter what a great fuck she was. Her daughter had primed her mother's body.

Solaja lifted her head slightly and lapped her tongue furiously over Chataya's rigid shiny clit. Her tongue loving the feel of the hard nubbin underneath her tongue. She would dip her head down and hot suck hard on the shiny clit wiggling her tongue to lash the diamond hard clit polishing it. Then her head lifted to again furiously lap on the bulging clit jutted out its sheath. Back and forth Solaja licked and sucked viciously on her new lover's clit.

She kept looking up Chataya's body. It had stiffened her belly muscles rippling and straining. Her head had rocked back on her neck her Adam's apple jutted out her neck her neck tendons threatening to snap in two. The madam's belly breathing in raged gasps sweat pouring off her body. Her heavy gourd tits sloshing on her ribs as the prostitute's body jolted and half rolled from shoulder blade to shoulder blade.

Chataya's breath caught for a second. Her body went tense as a board. Suddenly, horrendous spasms exploded out Chataya's womb and rent Chataya's cunt simply tearing it inside out. "AAARRUUUNGGGGGGG! OOOWWWWGGGGGGGGG! AAWWOOGGGGGGGGGG! Oh oh ffuuuccckkkkk!!!" Chataya's body convulsed with killing contractions of fucking bliss. "Ungghh! Ungghh!! Aarrggghuuuuuuuuaa! Unnunnggg hhhnggg hhhnnggg ... Unggghhiiieeeeeeeeee!!" she screamed her voice echoing off the bedroom walls and bamboo thicket. Her body flipped and jackknife making Chataya's tits flip and flop on her bucking chest. Her cunt grinding down into Solaja's hot sucking mouth. Solaja loved watching the whores tits flopped swirled madly on her chest as Chataya wiggled and bucked out of control. Chataya jammed her heels into the bed to anchor herself and lunge her cunt into Solaja's hot gobbling mouth. "Oh Gods Fuck ... Shit—Oowwwggghhhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaa! unh! Unh! Unh! Oh Solaja! Gods yes I ... oh I … auungghhhnnhiieeee! Unggh! Auungghhiiieeee!!"

Finally, Chataya's orgasm fled her body and left her limp. Solaja now drank deeply from the well spring of Chataya drinking sweet hot cum that liberally pulsed out the whore's honey pit. The taste like ambrosia from the gods. She gently lathed the trembling twat. She loved seeing the strong aftershocks throttling Chataya's body. Her body freezing up and then shaking hard again. Chataya moaned guttural deep in her chest. Her face still slashing with her hard aftershocks. Solaja Dorne kissed Chataya slack open fuck hole to get more sweet warm buttery cum. Solaja moaned as she wormed her tongue into the sweet honey hole and gently lapped out the sweet buttery cum her questing tongue found.

Solaja greedily drank down all the cum she found in Chataya's hot cunt hole. The prostitute's body slowly calming down from her hard long orgasm. Solaja tested the woman's clit. Chataya moaned hard but instinctively pushed her pussy into Solaja's mouth. The fucking slut hungered for more oral loving. Solaja smiled. Time to feast again. She ran her tongue slowly up and down the gooey trench burying her face in deep. Solaja loved feeling the whore's vulva swallow her mouth.

Alayaya had recovered now and was on her knees beside her mother and cupping her tits sliding them up off her ribs and centering them and now wolfed sucked on the long thick nipples with noisy slurps. The teen’s cheeks hollowing out with the force of her love sucks. The teen daughter latched her mouth to an engorged teat and pumped her head up and down stretching out her mother’s nipple and areola nursing fiercely. Alayaya moved from breast to breast inhaling her mother’s tit meat deep into her mouth and wolfed sucked on hard nipples stuffed deep into her mouth.

Chataya's face slashed as she grunted and moaned in extreme pleasure. Her daughter's sucks on her nipples arched straight to her clit making it jangle adding to the pleasure Solaja was giving her pussy. The madam's head jerked up off the mattress in helpless jerks of ecstasy. Her voice cawing
and her belly flexing tight as hammer pulses throbbed out her sucked nipples. Chataya's hands playing with her daughter's hair. Mother and daughter locked eyes and Alayaya sucked even harder on the teat in her mouth. "Auuuggg hunnnggg hhnnn hhnnn ... oh suck it you goddsssdammnnn slut ... unng uunn oh gods i love you Alayaya ... hunnnggg shit! suck baby girl suck on your mommy's nipples" her head had been up looking down on her daughter but now it thudded back to the bed her mouth open in a helpless O of shocked pleasure her face slashed with primal pleasure of an expertly sucked cunt and nipples.

Alayaya would move up and kiss her mother hard and deep before kissing back down her mother’s throat. She would nibble and nip before she moved down the rest of the way to Chataya’s heavy tits and sucking long and deep on her mother’s teats. She did this several times. Then on one trip back to her mother’s tit Alayaya licked her mother’s throat. “AAWWWOOGGGGG!" Chataya screamed feeling her daughter see-saw her sweet black throat flesh in and out her teeth as daughter marked her mother as her love slut yet again.

Alayaya smiled down at Solaja who had slipped two fingers into Chataya’s twat and slow fucked her quivering quim while long sucking on the clit she worked in and out her lips. Chataya was chuffing and rolling from shoulder to shoulder. “Oh Gods Solaja you are so beautiful sucking off my mother and my wife off. Suck her clit hard and pump your head up and down. It makes her come so hard.” Solaja looked up at Alayaya and did just that making Alayaya’s mother cry out in ecstasy.

Chataya moaned “Aauuggg fuck! shit! unnggg oohhh fuck … gods Alayaya—Solaja eats puussyyyyy so fucking good babyyyyyy!” One hand came up to grip her daughter’s hair to pull her mouth down into her tit and drive her nipple deeper into her daughter’s mouth. Alayaya gripped her mother’s tit with both hands and pumped it hard throttling the heavy tit as she wolfed sucked looking up at her mother’s twisting face grimacing in rising ecstasy. Alayaya’s mother’s other hand threaded into Solaja’s hair and drove her head deeper into her swollen drooling quim.

Solaja had inserted a third finger into Chataya’s trim stretching out the cum slimy fuck hole. Her finger sliding easily in and out the buttery pussy she hammer fucked. Her knuckles hammering the swollen muff.

“Suck suck suckkkkkkk . . . oh sweet air gods suckkkkkkk—both of you suck! … oh oh hhnnngggg —oohhh . . . Solaja saw Chataya’s face seem to crumple in agony that was only ecstasy. Her eyes squeezed tight shut and her body exploded. "OOOWWGGGGEEE! HHHHHNGGGGGGGGGGG! Oh oh hhngg-AAAAWOOOGGGGGGGG!" Chataya screamed feeling her cunt tear itself inside out. Solaja felt Chataya's fingers claw hard into her scalp with each hammering pulse of the whore's orgasm. She saw Chataya's other hand smashing her daughter's head into her bosom with each spasms of her orgasm. Alayaya sucking so hard her cheeks deeply dimpled with her long ragged deep throat love sucks on her mother's turgid teat. "Hhhunngggggggg! Hhn hhnnn Awwwoogggggg! Oooowwwgggggggg! Ohhngggg! Ungghhh! Oh . . . oh Solaja . . . oh shit unngghhmmnggiieee!" she squealed, her body shaking and trembling as shockwaves ripped through her voluptuous body and hot cum gushed out her cunt slaming over Solaja’s slow pumping fingers. Solaja pulled her fingers out the hot hole and locked her lips on the spasming hole and drank the creamy cum gushing out in hard clenching spasms.

Gods damned this woman tasted so fucking good to Solaja as she slurped down ambrosia from the gods.

As the madam jerked and cried out in aftershocks Solaja felt herself rolled over and watched Alayaya slip between her legs and started to tongue slash her clit and then swallowed and rocked her head tongue lashing her clit and lowered her head and worked her slimy slit. She rose up on her elbows and looked at her vulva bulge out with the daughter prostitute’s tongue raking up and down her
drooling slit. Then the teen was lashing her cltit with flat tongue licks and then her tongue fluttered all over her cltit with lightning fast tongue bats.

Solaja grunted deep in her chest when the teen slipped her tongue deep into her fuck hole and slide it in and out her hot tight pussy. Alayaya curled her tongue to scoop out Solaja’s hot creamy cum flowing out her fuck hole. The teen’s nose plowing over her cltit as the prostitute tongue fucked her pussy so sweetly. Solaja watched Alayaya move her head up and again tongue stroke her shiny nubbin jutting out its sheath. The whore spread her pussy out fully exposing her cltit and wolfed sucked it making Solaja scream in pleasure.

Solaja’s head lulled form side to side as Alayaya was transporting her to the heavens with that talented tongue that was again rolling over and slapping her cltit with quick love sucks between. The teen then sucked her cltit deep into her mouth and pumped her head as she deep throat sucked her clitoral hood stretching it taunt. The sweet wet sucks putting intense friction on her cltit that filled Solaja’s belly with fire.

The tension rose higher. Chataya had recovered and moved in from the side. Her mouth chased a tit rolling on Solaja’s sweaty chest till her mouth latched onto and engorged teat. The madam sucked with feverish love sucks that filled Solaja’s breast with hot whirling fire. She moved over and sucked the other breast the same. Then her hands came into play as she hunched over Solaja’s body and throttled the full gourd tits while her mouth moved back and forth had sucking long thick nipples. Her tongue lathing rubbery nipples.

Solaja felt the pressure rising deep in her belly. Her face slashed horribly and her legs were tense and juddering. Her toes curled painfully and then her womb shattered. "Unngmnnmhnnnggiiiaaieeeeee! Awwwoggggggggggg! Ooowwgggggennnnn!" she wailed, surging off the bed, her body bucking and flipping so violently that Alayaya and Chataya had backed off watching their lover jackknife violently. Solaja’s toes curled hard as her heels hammered the bed in helpless pleasure. “Auungghh! Ungghhh! Oh . . . oh oh . . . annnggghhiiiieeeeee!"

Her body calmed down and the teen licked her trembling pussy and inner thighs. Solaja felt the bed sag on each side of her head. She looked up at paradise. Chataya’s swollen puss was six inches over her face. “See something you want Solaja” Chataya husked down to her with a smirk on her face. A smirk that turned into a shocked slash on her face when Solaja looped her arms in flash over the firm strong voluptuous thighs above her head and jerked the woman down on the extended tongue that stabbed deep into Chataya’s honey pit.

"Ohhhhhhh . . . ohhhhhhhhh!" Chataya moaned, her body twisting. Chataya hefted up her heavy tits rolling them in her hands and pulling on the engorged teats. The woman’s body dripped sweet sweat now. Her shiny black nipples flaring as the madam pulled hard on them stretching them out tenting her areolas. “Unnhhhhh . . . unhhhh!” she grunted, “oohhhhh . . . oh Solaja . . .” she cawed feeling the admiral punch her tongue deep in and out her tight pussy.

Solaja cried out into Chataya’ pussy when Alayaya slide her tongue deep back into her cum filled cunt and started to tongue fuck her before moving up and sucking rhythmically on her cltit and adding first two and then three fingers stretching out her quim and fucking her in a sensual in and out rhythm.

Solaja was in heaven. She was receiving so much pleasure and giving it back to her other lover. She would raise her face and slurp on the shiny cltit before licking back down the slimy slit and suck on slimy labia lips rolling and stretching them in her mouth. She loved how Chataya’ body quaked from her loving ministrations her hips quivering and full tits jiggling.

The madam gripped her tits form underneath half way up the divine gourds and folded up the heavy
breast with her nipples at her lips now. Chataya sucked on her long thick nipples in turn moving her head right and left to suck on the engorged nipples in turn with cheek hollowing deep throat sucks. The whore’s eyes throbbed and burned as she looked down at her sweet lover.

Solaja was hammering her head up pounding her tongue deep into the steamy fuck hole smothering her mouth. Her nose probed the mother’s cunt relentlessly with each up surge of her head to drive her tongue into the steamy cauldron of Chataya’s hot love box. Solaja moved her head up and sucked in all of Chataya’s upper cunt deep into her mouth. "Unnnhh . . . oohmmm!" She moaned. "Yes! Unngghhh! Gods . . . yes, suck it hard! Unngghhh!" Chataya jammed down hard grinding her cunt into Solaja’s mouth. Chataya jammed her own engorged nipples back into her mouth in turn sucking with cheek hollowing hedonistic love sucks on her own nipples.

Alayaya was slurping on Solaja’s cltit and now adding butterfly strokes of her tongue flicking Solaja's cltit like her cltit was in a hurricane. She raised her head and flat tongue licked the shiny cltit jutted out its hood. She gripped Solaja’s hip to keep her anchored down as the naval woman swirled her cunt hard up into her mouth. Alayaya was in heaven feeling Solaja’s cltit she had sucked back in between her lips and she tongue lashed. Her fingers pumping into a fiery cauldron of hot cunt meat.

The teenager turned her hand up her fingertip pads up onto Solaja’s frontal vaginal wall. The girl worked her fingers in short jerks having already mapped out Solaja’s pronounced spongy hillock of a g-spot. The girl harpooned the hillock with fast bobbing jerks. Alayaya smiled into the pussy she was gobbling loving that rough raspy feel of Solaja’s g-spot underneath her jerking fingertips.

Solaja’s head surged up into Chataya’s cunt. "Ummgghhhf mmppffffff! Onngg! Ongmmgghhhhh! Unngggmmphhfffff!" Solaja screamed into the cunt swallowing her mouth. Her hips shuddered and pumped into the fingers fucking her exploding couchie the fingertips furiously working her g-spot prolonging Solaja’s orgasm. Solaja’s orgasm wrenched her body with killing convulsions of shattering bliss. More orgasmic thrilling shocks wrenched her body. “Aunngghhmmpphhh! Ohhhggmnmmphgff! Unghhhuuфф! Ohhngghmmphhfff!" Solaja wailed into the cunt grinding down into her mouth.

Suddenly Solaja was gulping down hot gushes of sweet hot slimy cum as her screams into Chataya’ cunt sent the madam over the precipice into shattering ecstasy. Chataya’s head ripped back as she dropped her heavy tits that slapped onto her sweaty chest. Chataya’s screams were sweet music to Solaja’s ears. "AUUNNGGHHIIIIEE!! ONNGGGHH! UNGGGHH! AUUNNGGGHIIEEEE!!" Chataya cried out, her body succumbing to the fierce convulsions of orgasm her body flipping and her heavy tits whiplashed flipping up and slapped down on her body as it convulsed hard. Her continued cries loud in Solaja’s room as a sharp paroxysm of shattering pleasure ripped through the madam’s body.

Solaja drank deep. Then she felt Chataya pulled off her mouth and a smiling Solaja watched as daughter laid a still convulsing mother on the bed and she quickly got on her knees over Solaja’s head and jammed her pussy down. Gods this teenager was a fucking slut just like her sweet mother.

The teenager rode Solaja's face hard and fast with quick sweeps of her hips back and forth over the admiral’s mouth. Solaja stuck her tongue up and let the teenager fuck her face with her swollen muff that totally engulfed her mouth. Then the teen snaked her hands underneath Solaja’s head and pulled the woman’s head up off the bed and circled her pussy in a tight swirl down into Solaja’s hot gobbling mouth. Solaja’s nose buried in the girl’s clitoral hood and slimy wet slit as she sucked in a mouthful of sweet cunt meat and siphoned sucked deep into her mouth.

Alayaya’s screams echoed off the walls as her pussy squirted again and again filling and overflowing Solaja’s mouth the excess splashing out her mouth and soaking her face. Solaja was in heaven as Alayays screamed and screamed as multiple orgasms tore her sweet young tight body apart. Solaja
loved the hot gushes of clear cum making her choke on the sweet effluent overfilling her mouth. The admiral half choking on the hot cum squirting into her mouth and down her throat. Her choking half spitting out sweet cum Solaja longed to drink down into her starving gullet.

After that it was long, intense lovemaking long into the night. Deep into the night, Solaja was dreamy and near asleep when she felt Chataya and Alayaya start to pull away from her body.

She rose up on one elbow. Her heart that had been contented began to beat in trepidation.

“Why ... why are you leaving?” she asked in a tremulous voice.

Alayaya gave her a sad smile. “A whore always knows when it is time to leave.”

“It has been a most wonderful night Solaja . . . you are indeed a magical lover.” Chataya told her in a soft, sad voice.

Solaja rose up to a sitting position. “I say when it is time to leave and it is not now.” She said in a commanding voice. She smiled, seeing the two whores shiver and moan aloud at her commanding tone. “Fuck me and make me scream, sluts!” She saw another hard shiver grip the whores’ bodies. She laid back in the moonlight, and opened her shaved mound with her fingers exposing her wet seam and wet cunt hole that clutched and pulsed to mother and daughter.

“So you see something you like sluts!” she soft cooed barked at her lovers seeing how they loved her commanding tone. She would remember this.

With a loud moan they fell on Solaja like famished wolves kissing her deeply before moving down in tandem to suck her heavy tits and then spreading her legs out wide and devouring her together kissing each other as they sucked Solaja off again and again.

Solaja then fisted mother and daughter together. She had gotten her lube and soaked her hands as the liquid dripped off her hands. More lube was slavered over big fat pussies. Solaja moaned working her fingers into mother and daughter’s cunts. The incestuous lovers rolled onto hips to kiss each other. The groaned feeling their pussies stretched out on Solaja’s hands working into their twats.

Solaja had her knuckles and thumb run along the undersides of her fingers worked into mother and daughter’s trims. They were on their elbows looking down taunt bellies. Their heads rocked back in unison eyes looking at the ceiling crying groans of ecstasy cawing out stricken throats. Their necks jerking up and down on corded tendons.

Solaja pushed her hands fully into their hot buttery cunts. Their hot wet pussies slowly inching down the back of her hands till their twats were clenched on her wrist. Solaja paused to let the whores pussies stretch out. The women gibbering in raw pleasure. She began to softly pump her hands in and out loving the feel of their cunts running up and down her lower wrists. Their love juice dripping off her wrists.

The whores started to tap and fork their clits and pulled on nipples. Solaja so enjoyed watching her new lovers roll their torsos toward each other to kiss ravenously with deep plunging tongues in their mated tight mouths. Alayaya bent her head down using her hand to left her mother’s guard tit and long suck on the long thick nipple.

Solaja formed her fists and began to pump them deeper and deeper into hot tight pussies. Her knuckles churning and plowing hot inner folds and whorls. Solaja looked up at mother and daughter who groaned and their faces slashed with primal ecstasy. Solaja began to now ram fuck her lovers.
Her fists pounding up tight pussies and jamming into cervixes. She would pump her fists back to the opening of their vaginas and then slam her fists forward with twisting motions. The whores were screaming in pleasure.

Chataya eyes were blasted looking at Solaja. Her face torn apart with pleasure. She was gripped by hard convulsions just like her daughter who was rotating her groin into Solaja’s lunging thrusts burying Solaja’s fist deep into her belly. Chataya was repeating her daughter’s groin swirl to take Solaja’s love fist hard into her belly. Solaja slow pulled her fists back to the entrance of her lover’s cunts and paused. Then she surged her twisting fists forward hard filling the prostitutes with her fists. Again and again she hard stroked her fists deep up into the incestuous mother and daughter lovers belly.

Chataya was lost in a world of pleasure. “Oh Solaja … I love you … I love you with all my heart!” She was so lost in love and pleasure she did not know she spoke the words aloud. Solaja’s own heart echoed those words.

She made them cum twice on her fists. Their screams were ear splitting and their bodies twisted so beautifully on her fists buried deep in their bellies. Solaja had relished feeling their cunts explode and spasm on her fists again and again through their orgasms. She felt her fists clenched in wet tight velvet fists as the women wailed and jackknifed violently and Alayaya screaming out she loved Solaja not realizing what she said being so lost in pleasure. Mother and daughter were near comatose when Solaja settled between them. They worked their mouths onto her nipples on her slo ped out breast on her ribs and suckled gently as they went to sleep.

At dawn, Solaja quietly got up out of bed and put a note outside her door. Daenerys had cancelled the Small Council meeting for the day. She would meet the Queen in the middle afternoon to help the Master of Ships Hugh Elicero plan for the upcoming campaign. She had the whole morning and early afternoon to herself. She snuck back bed and snuggled in. Two hours later she got up again, and got the tray that had been left at the door.

She took the three bowls and filled them with bran cereal from the urn. Solaja then took the bowls of cut up strawberries, bananas and blueberries and scooped them into the bowls of cereal. She put them on the table after clearing off her papers. Her heart was thundering in her chest with what she meant to do. She did not question herself. Last night had been magical, and she felt a connection she had not felt in so long. She would not let this magic slip from her fingers.

She poured out the milk into the bowls. She looked over at her bed. She had fucked her sweet whores to utter exhaustion. They were sprawled out on her bed. As she watched, the daughter instinctively scooted over to nestle into her mother’s body her head nestled underneath her mother’s armpit. Their legs spread out showing happy swollen muffs that had been well fucked. Both women were so fucking beautiful in the early morning light leaking into her room through the windows.

Per custom both whores should have been gone by the rising of the sun. Whores were for the night. Solaja smirked. She had fucked them so good and long they she had simply worn them out. They were so beautiful sleeping in her bed. No. Their now shared bed.

Solaja then went to the whores, and gently kissed them awake as they blinked and smiled. Solaja relished how they lifted their beautiful faces into her feathery kisses, and seeing their soft smiles beaming up at her. Then Chataya looked around, and saw by the light in the room that the sun had risen high into the morning sky. She frowned and started to apologize, saying she and her daughter had overstayed their welcome.

Alayaya fully woke up and smiled, stretching, and then she remembered. A whore is always gone
before breakfast. It was an old tradition. A whore was to be out of the house before the morning fast was broken. That time was reserved for true lovers.

Chatya got up and saw the table, and then looked at Solaja and started to cry. Alayaya saw the table was filled with traditional morning cereal and fruit. A meal that lovers shared. The meal she shared each morning with her mother in their home.

She looked at the hopeful look on Solaja’s face, and started to cry too. Solaja took them to her table, with a loving grip on their elbows. She lovingly sat them down, and got between them on her knees.

Solemnly, Solaja took the spoon first from Chataya’s bowel and scooped out a mouthful of cereal and fruit and offered it to the crying whore. She slowly brought the spoon to the whore’s lips, keeping hard, direct eye contact. Chataya took it, more tears running down her cheeks.

Solaja turned to Alyaya and repeated it - the ritual of binding. Her hand trembled at what she was doing, and Alayaya’s lips trembled too. The teenage whore was shaking hard now, opening her mouth with love radiating out her dark intoxicating orbs. Alayaya took the offered spoon heaped with cereal and fruit. Tears of joy running down her cheeks.

Alayaya and her mother had never thought that the great Solaja Xo - the greatest admiral in three hundred years - could ever love them as a true love. This was what lovers did. Women who loved each other’s souls.

Solaja fed them until the bowls were empty, and then together mother and daughter fed their new mate. Both whores cooed and stroked their Solaja’s lovely body. They were naked, and shining with lust. Nipples engorged and pussies sopping wet. The women pressed into Solaja’s body rubbing their tits into her sides. Letting Solaja feel their hard nipples aching with desire for her hot tight body again.

Hot musk filled the air with the scent of arousal. They had wanted her for so long. They had only hoped to share her body, thinking her love was out of reach. No more did they think this. They looked at Solaja, and her long engorged teats, and her swollen cunt wet and labia lips knotted and slimy wet with love juice begging for their tongues. Solaja belonged to them now, as they fed her spoon by spoon the ritual breakfast of binding.

They would work out later how they would build their new family as they went back to bed, to renew and deepen their love.

The Ice King

The monarch stood tall and proud, surveying his kingdom. This had been his home since his rebirth, but soon it would be time to leave. This world of tundra and stunted trees bent by the constant wind would soon be left behind. Soon the whole world be his to reshape into this paradise.

He would freeze the world into cold and dark. He would rid the world of the hated humans that were not worthy of the world. They were like rats that bred beyond all control. They killed beyond what they needed. They were a canker on the Earth, and he would remove them. He hated a species that would kill their own. It did not matter that once he was one of them with their same weaknesses. He had been transformed into something more pure. Something truly great.

He looked over his realm of perpetual night. He left his throne and walked among his many sons. He was a cautious sovereign by nature. He had delayed, but the time for action was fast.
approaching. His last sons were fast approaching maturity.

His captains, his eldest and most capable sons, were busy around the cycle of the sun forging new swords for their youngest brethren. They took the iron ingots that they mined from the edge of the great sea to the east by north. He would breathe onto the iron, and his sons would start to hammer the raw metal. They had the strength now to bend and mold the metal with their granite mallets.

The iron slowly lengthened and started to shimmer as the metal morphed to a half liquid state, and flowed out into the shape of the blades their newest sons would use. They had learned from their father the secrets of the craft; from their father’s vomit and love. They chanted under the breath that they did not need to take. They again and again spoke the words and wards that enchanted the iron with icy, cold strength. Once complete, the blades glowed light blue with a bright penumbra surrounding them.

When finished, the captain would turn and give it to a new brother in their father’s army. Then the sons would turn back to their tasks. They were totally focused on their father’s will. The work continued around the cycles of the sun that only barely touched the horizon. They had to give each brother a weapon to fight the hot bloods.

The Ice King had learned from his battle with this vile Dragon Queen. He had some of his sons fashioning blocks of ice that would be strung together with thin ribbons of ice to from chainmail armor. His sons and himself were fast and he did not want to limit to many with this armor. A big advantage was their speed in combat. The ice was heavy and would sap energy when worn in combat. Still some of his sons and some of the giants he would outfit with this ice armor. The needed that armor to take on the dragons of the Queen and fight the humans that had these Valyrian swords. They were few he had learned. His initial assault forces would have sons and giants outfitted with ice armor to let them survive long enough to cut down their enemies.

The ice could not stop the attack but should blunt them enough to kill their tormentors. Yes, he had learned lessons from his fight with the dragon queen.

The fight with the black skin people on their towering ships showed that the crows had been teaching their own lessons. He would take casualties. His losses may be grievous, but he would be victorious. Then he would have a continent of young, hot blood male children to convert to be his new sons. He would have an ocean protecting him. He would kill any invaders on the shores as he husbanded his strength. He would have to time to forge a mighty army to shake the heavens in their course.

Essos had no knowledge of him. He would reave deep into the continent before they began to learn of his weaknesses. He would carve out his initial kingdom, and then would inevitably march across the continent. His victory was assured. Some people had magic still, true, but by the time he reached the land of Asshai he would be unstoppable.

He would have all the time he needed to discover how to attack this place called the Land. He would avenge his true son for the loss of his brothers.

But first things first. He needed, and would, conquer Westeros.

Ice Fang was anxious to attack the hot bloods. He longed to consume their flesh. He would annihilate his distant cousins. Ice Fang would show his father his love by killing his enemies.

The Ice King would move south slowly. He had a plan that required some level of stealth. He had devised a means to take his enemies unawares. He would move through the forests as much as possible. This would slow down their forward march as his army had to shamble among the thick
tree trunks in the depths of the great forests of North.

He had time. His plans would succeed. He was nearly ready to start the process.

It felt good to have finally made the decision to implement his plans. When his final sons were mature, trained, and fitted with their ice swords, he would begin his march.

The only thing that had given him pause was his true son, the Croyel, who rested on his back with his fangs in his throat. The Croyel had, strangely, become fearful of the Horn of Winter. The Croyel had studied it intently from over his shoulder. His father kindly rolled the Horn over, again and again, to let his son look closer.

He could not prove it to his Father, but the Croyel was now convinced this Horn had been fashioned by one of the Insequent.

The name meant nothing to the Ice King. His fearful son told him they were a strange and fey people far to the west of the Land. They were a people who each chose a unique vision, and pursued all knowledge in that one focused pursuit.

They were a powerful people, but always worked alone, and never interfered with the work of their fellow Insequents upon penalty of insanity and death. Within their own field of endeavor, they were a great force to be reckoned with. They adopted a name upon ascending to their power. Their true names always remained a mystery to those outside their race.

His kind had thought them a trifle. Until they had lost a brother to one long ago, called the Warbler. The woman had sung a cruel song that robbed the Croyel of his life force, and that of his host, and then their brothers had felt the ignobility of having their throats slit as the Croyel shared his death, gasping their last breaths filled with terror and crying out for succor.

The Insequent always had their own agendas. The Croyel was sure the Wall would come down, but he feared what else the Horn would unbind. He sought to convince his father to not use the Horn of Winter. The Ice King had become very wroth with his son at this, and cowed him with his righteous anger.

He was equal to anything now. He would not sacrifice sons because of some half formed fear of the Croyel. Son or no son, it was his will that would lead them to the greatest victories this world had ever known. The Wall would come down in a time and manner of his choosing.

The Ice King sat back down on his icy throne. He again contemplated the near future.

He would march south, and into the woods. He had a plan of deception that would allow him to fall upon his enemies unawares. He would take from the white haired bitch her dragons, and then she would be nothing to him. Without her dragons, she would be helpless.

Without any wildings or crow patrols, he was free to move as he wished. He again let his mind dream. First Westeros, Essos, and then this ‘Land’. His son started to whimper and writhe when he thought of his final prize. Last, he would march into Elemesnedene and defeat these ‘Elohim’. None could stand against him. The Croyel on his back cried out in terror.

**Olenna**

Olenna lifted her reports from the Iron Throne. She had pulled them again, having just spoken to the Queen.
The reports confirmed her intuitions of the Queen and her personal preferences in a mate. She had truly held out some hope that she could work the Queen into marrying both Margaery and Sansa. She had hoped that the Queen would not be given any other choice of viable women to wed. She had quickly determined that the Queen would never marry a man unless it was a shame marriage, like one to Loras as they both pursued their true inclinations behind closed doors.

The Queen could sleep with Loras to conceive children, that Margaery and Sansa along with her would have happily helped raise as their own shared children with Daenerys.

Olenna sighed. Daenerys Targaryen with Margaery Tyrell and Sansa Stark on her arms would have been an unstoppable force. House Targaryen had formerly shown no problem with incest and marrying multiple partners.

That had all gone out the window, as the saying went, with one left cross to the Queen’s chin. Arya Stark had stormed into the throne room and unknowingly claimed the Queen with her fire and passion.

Arya had beat the living shit out of the Queen, and all Daenerys wanted to do since then was hold the girl’s hand and coo over her. Yes, the game was up.

Margaery and Sansa were beautiful and intelligent. But the one thing neither of these women had, was the martial spirit. They were born and raised to be masters of the Game of Thrones, and masters in the bedroom.

Even Sansa had learned those lessons well now. Margaery was not wearing her Dragon Glass amulet as much without Olenna to prompt her, but the one time she had worn it, she had been shocked and most pleased to see Sansa and Margaery at Eddard’s war council. What was more shocking was the fact that they were speaking up, and everyone was listening and were obviously anxious to hear what they had to say.

Damn that Eddard was a great man. He had women at his war council!

Olenna shook her head at the greatness of Eddard Stark. The man was ahead of his time.

What she heard at the war council made her pay rapt attention. When she had met Eddard on his journey south during Robert’s rebellion, she had been smitten. He was handsome in that rugged way - his face attractive, but not perfect. It was the sense of honor and prowess he exuded that had made her wet for the man.

She still had some of her youth then. It would have been a May/December relationship, but it could have worked. She would have left Mace if she could have had Eddard, but she knew it was impossible. Eddard could not even conceive of not fulfilling his duties as his brother’s stand in for Catelyn Tully.

Catelyn Tully was not worthy of the man, in Olenna’s opinion. She could have supported Eddard so much better than that sanctimonious harpy from the Riverlands. She could have helped Eddard to take the Iron Throne, and then brought the realm willingly under their reign.

She would have played the Game of Thrones in King’s Landing for her lover and husband. She had seen clearly that he was not made for the intrigue of the Iron Throne - the man was just too honest, and full of honor. Those around the Iron Throne would have eaten him up alive. His honor would have made him a lamb among wolves, ironically.

The man did not know of greed and avarice, and thus was blind to it. That is where Olenna would
have come in. She had those emotions in spades, but controlled them. She would have crushed any vermin that dared to threaten her husband!

They could have ruled as equals. Each would bring unique strengths to the Iron Throne.

That is where she would have come in with her unique talents. She would have annihilated his enemies within three months, and none would have known it was happening until it was too late to act to save themselves. Varys was already in place. He would have gladly bound his cart to hers. He wanted a just peace for the people. That is what she and Eddard could have given them all. He would have been very loyal, under those circumstances.

Now through her Dragon Glass Eye she saw that the man had grown. He had become a master of Game of Thrones. She still had her doubts about how long he could survive in King’s Landing without herself or Margaery (and now Sansa) at his side to take on the political enemies that he was ill-equipped to fight. He needed to fight his enemies on the battlefield. He needed to fight his foes face-to-face. Eddard Stark needed a strong woman to do his knife fighting for him. A woman that would protect his back from the slithering rats and vipers that the Iron Throne would always attract.

But alas, it was not meant to be.

The one place that Olenna was still able to observe Margaery and keep tabs on her, at least, was in Sansa’s bedroom where her Dragon Glass Eye spent time on the bust that the girls put their necklaces on.

Sansa had become an absolute slut in Olenna’s absence. They were fucking every night. They would fuck and sleep and then wake in the middle of the night to fuck again and then wake up to make love again early in the morning. Olenna would be working late on papers and making plans deep into the night, and occasionally looking into the scrying dish. Often her granddaughter and Sansa were going at it like bunnies again.

They were definitely making up for lost time.

Her thoughts went back to Daenerys and Arya. How different. She wondered if she would have to go to King’s Landing and remove the scales from their eyes herself. It seemed they were mooning over each other behind each other’s back.

Tyrion, the little slimy dwarf, had started up a pool. The man was indeed desperate. The gold dragons his sister was costing him was making him desperate to win big on his bets about when the Queen and Arya would consummate their love.

Olenna did not truly worry. Both women were fiery and passionate. They would find each other.

Olenna read over word of Arya’s amazing healing properties. She tapped her fingers on the desk. Both the Queen and Arya apparently had supernatural healing powers. They were magical. She had consulted with her own Grand Maester, and he had confirmed that the human body could not heal at the rates the Queen and Arya displayed.

Now she was hearing strange reports of Cersei suddenly displaying amazing strength and rapid healing after all the fights she was getting in. What was happening with her? Why were these women being filled with this power? Why now?

That was just another reason for the Queen and Arya to become Queen and Consort. They were both blessed with unique gifts. They must be destined for each other. Damn if Eddard Stark had not divined that also. The man was definitely a crafty wolf.
Olenna wished that one of the two women had Margaery’s drive and fire when it came to claiming her mate. She wanted that settled to make her own plans easier. She knew that Daenerys and Arya were destined, but until it happened there would be risk until the matter was satisfied satisfactorily.

If something were to happen to Arya, she feared what Daenerys might become. She had controlled her anger and wrath thus far, but it was still in her bosom, locked up tight. The world did not need that beast unleashed again.

Daenerys Targaryen was Nymeria reborn and then more. She was a great tactician, and a great swordsman herself. She fought on the frontlines. The reports of what she had done to Qarth, Astropo, Meereen and Volantis were staggering.

Finally, a woman who had both strength and cunning.

*Dammit! Olenna thought again.*

She had been born a generation too early! One generation later Eddard Stark had come into the world, and now one generation later again another great physical ruler had been born and risen to power. Either were capable of leading Westeros to greatness and peace.

Olenna was a confident woman. She could have found the key to Eddard’s heart if she had been of his age. She would have made sure Eddard had been promised to her. They would have been so great together.

Now Daenerys Targaryen had come upon Westeros. Margaery had opened her eyes to the possibilities of loving a woman. She had truly never considered it before she discovered her granddaughter and her incestuous hens fucking like weasels.

As a rule, she wanted power in her lovers. Luthor had been very handsome and virile in the sack. It was his intellect that had been lacking.

Daenerys has the power that made Olenna wet. She was wise enough not to limit her choices now that her eyes had been opened. She now was sure she could actually love a woman or even women, if necessary.

Olenna got up, and walked slowly around the room. Her arthritis had been acting up. What I could do in these time if I was young again! Olenna sighed. She stopped such silly thoughts. She would help her granddaughter and lover achieve greatness, and work the levers she could to help Eddard and Daenerys achieve their aims. Great people inspired Olenna.

Olenna’s mind went back to the Queen’s visit earlier in the day. She had coming winging in from the east on her black dread. She had not bothered to come out and see the mighty black dragon, with her damn arthritis flaring up. The castle had been atwitter enough as it was. The Queen had flown her dragon low over the roofs and had the fucking balls to fly her dragon sideways between the two east towers, that only had thirty feet of separation between them. There was no fucking margin for error, and still Daenerys had done it. Just for the thrill of the doing. She could hear the screams of adulation all the way from her room.

The woman had no fucking fear!

The Queen had come to her and bowed the knee to her! Gods she could love this woman. She exuded the power of command and yet had all the charms of a Lysene courtesan.

The Queen had then given her scroll from Eddard Stark. She had been amazed at what this man had become. Then the Queen told her of her plans and her Game of Thrones with the all Great Houses.
of Westeros under her sphere of influence.

Olenna had been wet with the double blows of greatness from both Eddard Stark and Daenerys Targaryen. She wanted them both!

She calmed down. She pledged to the Queen her total support. She was too old to do otherwise.

Daenerys had left shortly after talking to Olenna, and then went to meet her son in his audience room. Olenna smiled. The Queen had come to her first. The woman knew the true power in Highgarden. She knew Daenerys had discussed her façade of facts to her son. She would never betray the Queen. She saw the right of things way better than her husband or son ever had or could. She would further the Queen’s deception.

She sat back down.

She had other things to consider.

Olenna was sure that combined Eddard Stark and Daenerys Targaryen would defeat the Ice King she was now sure existed.

She had talked to the Grand Maester of Magic, Marwyn. The Ice King was indeed the immediate threat. But other threats were still waiting in the wings.

Magic was fading, and would in time die. That would upset the balance of the world. The Maester had convinced her that his fellow Maesters were enamored and blinded by their love of Science.

Marwyn had told Olenna that there was older magic that had gone into slumber but if the ‘high’ magic died, these old dark magic would awaken and loose ancient banes and monsters. He had told her of worse things.

He had mastered the Dragon Glass and had been shocked by vision of the world without magic. He had seen a world that was out of control and out of balance. His visions showed a world that would finally careen into death.

A world poisoned by science and heated to the point the world’s atmosphere and oceans would rebel. Whole species would die out in generations. Disease and blight would run rampant.

The worst were visions were ones of man taking science to the extremes in making weapons. Weapons that could destroy cities with one blow and send out poisoned death into the air and water. Fires would rage and the ash would blacken the sky and blight the sun. The sky would rain acid. Most if not all live would be destroyed.

Olenna had believed the man.

The Maesters would have to be opposed and brought down.

If old magic were loosed, then they would have to be opposed by a people who did not believe in them.

Yes, indeed the times were getting very interesting. She felt alive with possibilities and challenges. To navigate all the threats and pitfalls Olenna would have to be on her toes.

She grimaced feeling her feet ache. She sighed.

If only she wasn’t so old.
Intercession

Chapter 33

Intercession

Melisandre / Daenerys / Sansa / Olenna / Oberyn / Arya / Cowled Woman

Less Than Two Years Ago

Melisandre

Melisandre was studying Castle Black, her red eyes taking in every detail. She burned with an inner rage over what these men had done to her husband. Their betrayal of Jon had been traitorous. She was angry that Jon had forbidden her and Ygritte from extracting maximum revenge.

They had debated how best to take back what was Jon’s. Ygritte had half-joked about leaving Westeros and journeying to Essos, finding a nice quiet place to live there. She and Jon knew that was not possible, and deep down Ygritte knew it too.

The threat of the Ice King needed to be confronted and defeated at the Wall. It was the way of things. If he was not defeated at the locus of the Wall, he would never be defeated. The flames of R’hllor made that clear.

They had discussed what to do. Ygritte wanted to go to the Wildlings and conspire with them to annihilate the Crows. Jon and Melisandre knew that Ygritte was letting her Wildling heritage cloud her judgment. She had pouted cutely when she was outvoted. They had found ways to remove her pout. Melisandre smiled at the thought. Ygritte kept presenting the same argument, and then she would pout and act pissed off - until she and Jon would take her over their knees and blister her ass, then flip her over and slap her tits and face all nice and red, as she moaned and whimpered in raw need. Then, they fucked her blind. Afterwards, she would dreamily tell them she fully supported their viewpoint, until the next night and they had to correct her yet again.

Melisandre smiled as she looked through their magical glamour. They were only two hundred yards in front of Castle Black. The glamour totally hid them. Ygritte and Jon had spent the night two nights ago scouting the land before the castle looking for a place to lay low and cast their magical spell of concealment. They had found a small depression that was roughly circular. It was roughly three deep and eight feet across. They would be able to view the castle easily from this location.

They wanted to see the crows’ level of alertness, and then sneak into the castle after dark.

The previous night, just after midnight, they had snuck in from the woods a mile away to this location. Jon had walked slowly as Melisandre walked before him, and Ygritte behind. Both were chanting and moving their hands in complicated patterns, invoking their magical glamour. Having it hide them and Jon was difficult. They moved slowly. Anyone who looked at them would not see them at all. All light was bent around their spell, rendering them invisible. All sounds from within their bubble of magic were held in. They did not exist to the outside world.

Jon commented on how pretty the world appeared through their spell. Yellow spangles flashed on the edges of their enchantment, and the world outside seemed more sharp to Jon’s eyes. The light-
bending properties of the spell enhanced their vision. Jon also commented on how he felt like ants were crawling on his skin as the magic morphed and flowed about them.

Once they had gone to ground in the scouted depression, Melisandre and her beloved wife settled the spell down into a sphere over their nest for the next twenty-four hours. They had brought furs to soften the ground. They also brought food and water for their husband.

They settled down looking at the castle, observing the coming and goings. They got a feel for the pulse of life there. All seemed normal to Melisandre, but not to Ygritte and Jon.

There was little movement on the grounds of Castle Black. They both noticed an edginess to the movements of the crows, and that the wildlings were only moving in large groups. Ygritte and Jon scanned the Wall, and were disturbed that no one seemed to be patrolling the top of the Wall. They both felt that an uneasy standoff was in effect between crows and wildlings.

Betrayal had poisoned the waters of Castle Black, and no traffic approached. Jon was sure that the crows were hunkered down, attempting to keep everyone away. If word got out of their betrayal, they must have known that Eddard Stark would annihilate them.

Jon spent the night watching the castle and its environs. He looked off to the right, and observed Mole Town. It seemed calm. He had both of his wives flanking him as they watched silently with their husband. This was his prevue.

Jon was tired, and went to lie down as dawn approached. Ygritte looked at Melisandre, and she nodded towards Jon. She was too wound up to lie down. She watched her wife snuggle into the side of their husband. Soon they were both asleep. Neither she nor Ygritte needed to sleep, but it was a nice luxury now that she had warm bodies to snuggle into. She smiled at her husband, enfolding their little piece of ‘touched by the sun’ in his arms as she gently snored.

Melisandre took the time alone to continue observing the ‘castle’. She knew enough of Westeros to know that Castle Black was not a true castle, as it had no walls to defend it to the west, east, or south. Only the Wall stood to the north.

It had only several stone towers and timber keeps. Jon had drawn out maps of their target in less than twenty-four hours. Beneath the keeps and towers, there was a series of subterranean passages which Jon called wormwalks, that connected all of the buildings. They were rarely used during the summer, but in the winter it was the only way to travel to different parts of the castle.

Castle Black had only a small sept, and no godswood. The men who followed the old gods had to travel beyond the Wall, into the haunted forest, to a small grove of carven weirwoods left by the children of the forest in order to swear their vows.

Melisandre felt her old apostasy rise up. The thought of these heathens worshipping gods other than R’Hllor still made her see red. Her ruby flared, but she took several deep breaths. She had come to understand that R’hllor wore many faces.

She continued her study of Castle Black, now looking at the towers that Jon had drawn for them previously.

She looked at The Lord Commander's Tower, also called ‘Commander's Keep’, the location where the Lord Commander's quarters were located - though Jon had chosen to sleep in quarters in the warrens below the ground.

Next she looked over at the King’s Tower. It was rounded, and one hundred feet tall with merlons
atop it, overlooking the gate and the foot of the wooden stair leading up the Wall. The entry door was made of oak studded with iron. It was reserved for honored guests, and named for kings, but no king had visited the tower in over a century.

This alone told Melisandre all she needed to know of the neglect that Westeros had shown the men defending them from the evil of the Ice King. This neglect had led directly to Jon’s near assassination. Melisandre knew she should be angry at that, but she could not be. It had brought her to Ygritte, and then in turn to Jon, Azor reborn. She had more than most women could ever dream of.

She looked at the Hardin's Tower, with its broken battlement, from which stones had spilled into the yard below. It was not in service due to the severe lean making it dangerous. Again she saw the decay of the support for the Night’s Watch. She started to feel anger, until she remembered her own former people in Asshai. They too were turning their heads away from a danger they did not see.

Next her gaze turned to the Lance, which was the tallest tower at the castle, though it was only a third of the height of the Wall itself. It was slim and crumbling. Then there was the Tower of Guards, which was the strongest of the towers. It lay next to the Kingsroad and the Wall, and protected the wooden stair. It was from this tower that Ygritte was almost killed. Her heart clenched in her chest at the mere memory.

Melisandre turned her attention to the crows’ quarters. She spied the common hall, which was a great timbered keep where the brothers took their meals. Jon told them about how birds nested in the rafters.

Jon had informed them of the rookery, which was the nesting place of Castle Black's ravens. Consequently, the Maester's quarters were located in a stout wooden keep beneath it. The armory was off to the left, where the equipment for weapons practice was kept. Jon said Donal Noye forged their weapons and armor there. A gifted man, he produced miracles of metal with only one arm.

She looked at the old Flint Barracks where most of the brothers bunked. The Shieldhall near the barracks was a feast hall of dark stone. In years past, when the Night's Watch was much larger in number, its walls had been hung with rows of brightly colored wooden shields. When a knight took the black, his shield would adorn its wall after he took up the plain black shield of the brotherhood.

She could not see, so instead imagined the vaults, located underground. They contained food stores, and the library. The library held records and old books that even the Citadel did not have. Jon told them that Maesters told him that amongst other topics, the library had drawings of the faces in the weirwoods, the language of the children of the forest, and even scrolls from Valyria.

Before looking at the Wall, Melisandre looked closer at the lichyard beside the eastern road from Castle Black. In it were the graves of some members of the Night's Watch. Beside the lichyard were ancient tombs.

Melisandre looked at the old wall of ice. She could feel ancient magic buried deep inside of it. A magic potent and powerful, but fraying. It was still strong and vital, with the decay only starting. She saw the gate that guarded the tunnel through the Wall, which was long, twisting and narrow. Three iron gates blocked the inner passage. Each of these gates were locked, and had a murder hole above it. The outer door to the tunnel was solid oak, about nine inches thick.

The great switchback stair climbed its way up from Castle Black to the top of the Wall. It was made of wooden stairs, anchored by huge beams frozen right into the Wall itself. A winch elevator was used to take supplies and men up to the top of the Wall. It could hold ten men, or an equal amount of supplies.
Melisandre knew from Jon’s descriptions that the facilities on top of the Wall would include a small warming shed for the men on watch, located right next to the crane.

By the late afternoon, Jon and Ygritte had woken up. Melisandre had been keenly watching for anything amiss. There had been nothing unusual. She went to lie down on the furs, and looked up into the sky. She glanced over at Jon and her wife. He was fondling her ass as they watched castle black, and turning to look at Mole Town in the distance.

There was no danger.

Ygritte giggled cutely. Melisandre smiled, curling under the furs and looking up through the glamour. She smiled, seeing the bright blue azure sky with no clouds in sight. Soon two golden eagles circled into her view, riding the thermals.

Melisandre concentrated and focused on the larger female eagle with her long sight, its primary feathers shifting subtly, adjusting the wing’s camber to give the eagle perfect wing foil shape. The eagle slowly wheeled around the sky, looking for prey. The eagles slowly circled away with no concern about the tableau playing out below them. Melisandre looked at the sun, seeing the halos of sunlight as she looked at the orb that gave all life and filled R’Hllor with power to fight the night, and soon, the Ice King.

For several hours, Melisandre drifted in her thoughts while she watched several more eagles, and a Red Tailed hawk, their mournful cries piercing the sky.

She glanced at Jon and Ygritte while she relaxed. They had been sharing quick kisses, and lots of groping. Melisandre had to admire Ygritte for drawing Jon out of his reserved shell. He was now insatiable in his hunger for their bodies. They would fuck him again and again as he sucked off the wife who was not riding his cock. He still gave them plenty of alone time to bond wife to wife.

She got back up and told them to take to the furs, and that they had time to ‘take the edge off’. All was quiet at the Castle Black. She felt no other magic near them, other than themselves. She could feel the far off canker of the Ice King but nothing else in the far north. They were unseen and unheard. They were safe. Jon and Ygritte smiled goofily at her. She shook her head.

Soon she smelled delicious pussy and the grunts of rutting. She looked back and smiled. Jon had Ygritte’s top above her breasts and their trousers around their ankles. They were in sixty-nine lost only to each other. Jon had his fingers clawed into Ygritte’s tight ass cheeks grinding her pussy down on his face. Ygritte was bobbing on Jon’s long thick cock sucking hard. She glanced up and saw her wife watching her. Ever the show-off she rose up slightly and took his cock down her throat as Jon roared into Ygritte’s cunt in pleasure.

Melisandre had to turn around. For the next hour Ygritte cummed four times and Jon twice. Melisandre had focused on the castle, looking for anything amiss and grinding her teeth. She had said her mantras and was in control. Jon slid in beside her as the sun set.

“Go to your wife. She needs you, honey.” He kissed her, and she tasted Ygritte’s pussy in his mouth. Her need exploded and her clothes came off in a flash, and she fell on Ygritte as they rolled into sixty-nine and devoured each other.

Three hours later all three were on the edge of the pit looking at their target. Ygritte and Melisandre glowed with the fire of passion and love. Jon was between them squeezing their shoulders and kissing them sweetly. They would wait till near midnight.
When the time arrived, they slowly stood up, with Jon still in the middle. The Shadow Binder witches reshaped their spell, and they walked unseen right into the compound of Castle Black. Melisandre was calm, but Ygritte was vibrating with excitement. Her animosity for the crows was banked by Jon’s strict orders to not harm anyone unless they were attacked. His tone brokered no argument. Melisandre and Ygritte just nodded, loving this new tone from him. Jon had reached his full maturity now.

As they moved carefully they looked around, ready to launch into attack. Ygritte had her bow notched and ready to fire. Jon had his scabbard on his hip, his right hand gripped tight around the pummel of Longclaw, ready to draw at a breath’s notice.

They soundlessly entered the common hall. They counted elven crows eating a late meal of turnip stew and hard tack bread. The conspirators were not there. The crows eating their meal in silence did not sense their presence in the room. They moved out. Jon led them around the compound and into the tunnels beneath the buildings.

Jon led them down passage after passage. Ygritte and Melisandre would bend their senses through the doors, and found most of the rooms empty or contained men conversing calmly. These men were not the ones they sought.

They came to a thick oak door banded with thick iron. The witches bent their senses through the wood, and listened. The aura that exuded from the room was that of scurrying rats hiding from the bright light of justice.

They heard muttered speech and anger. What to do? When will Eddard Stark come to punish us? Is our secret still safe? They felt anger, resentment, and from one person, great sorrow. They informed Jon that eleven men were in the room.

Jon nodded and looked to his wives. The women separated, and placed their hands on the door and started to murmur a dark chant. Their hands began to glow a bright yellow, and the wood around their hands took that same hue. Slowly the whole door took on the same glow, and began to ripple. Jon stepped back from the door, then his foot kicked out hard into the wood. The lock shattered within the door, and the bar in the doorframe exploded as the hinges groaned, the screws breaking in the wood. The door groaned, and fell back to slam on the floor.

Jon stepped in with his wives following behind. Ygritte had her bow up, and bowstring pulled back to her ear. Melisandre had her hands up, ready to cast spells. Jon still had his sword sheathed in its magical scabbard.

“I have returned. Surrender and live!” Jon shouted.

Melisandre enjoyed seeing the rats’ eyes enlarge with pure fright. One man fell to his knees sobbing. “Oh Jon, Jon, thank the gods Jon,” he said as he bent over and pressed his face in the floor.

Melisandre saw a man in the back pulling out a throwing dagger. Ygritte’s bow sung, and an arrow went into his mouth, piercing his brain with the point jamming partially through the back of his skull. The man was flipped back off of his feet and slammed to the floor. His body flipped and jerked in its death throes.

Two crows stood up and started to draw their swords. Jon pulled Longclaw from its scabbard, the blade alighting with flames licking off of it in a blaze of red, orange and white. Hot heat flowed into the room. Jon stepped forward, pulling his sword back and slashing down, hitting the nearest crow just below his armpit as the blade sliced nearly through his body. Muscle and bone easily parted and cleaved in two. He ripped the blade out of the dead body, blood splattered in all directions along
Jon pivoted to the left to meet the next attack. He easily blocked the sword chop coming down at him. He pushed back, unbalancing the man and steeped forward, his blade piercing the man’s chest above his heart and sliding clean into him. The flames of the blade licked up the body it was buried in, front and back. The magical flames were already searing flesh, filling the room with its stench. The sound of bodily fluids burbling emanated from the pierced corpse. Jon ripped the blade out again.

A crow had tried to slip to the side, and flee out the door. Melisandre turned and thrust her right hand out. An anvil of black magical ichor flowed out of her hand in a flash, and slammed the body into the wall of the room. The crow had nearly every bone in his chest and ribs shattered. When the anvil flowed back into the tall shadow binder, his body immediately collapsed.

The rest of the men put their hands down, shaking with raw fear.

Jon looked around from within the cowl of his hood. These men were his now. He walked over to Bowen Marsh, and jerked him up with his free hand. His flaming sword filled him with superhuman strength.

“Bowen Marsh … look at me, man!”

Bowen would not look at him.

“Bowen Marsh! Give me your allegiance!”

The man continued to sob.

Jon sheathed his sword in a fluid motion, the room seeming dark without its bright light.

He slapped Bowen hard. The shock made him stop sobbing, his eyes large.

“I forgive you, Bowen Marsh. You alone have a full pardon … if you give me your allegiance!”

Bowen looked at him with watery eyes, nodding his head.

“Say it, man!”

“I give my unswerving allegiance … forgive me!”

The man fell into Jon, sobbing brokenly again. Jon patted him on the back.

He looked at the other six conspirators. “I will not kill you for your treason. Do I have your allegiance, too?” Jon asked in a hard voice.

Melisandre watched the men closely, along with her wife. Their magical senses were tuned for the telltale scent of deceptions and lies.

They all shouted their allegiance to Jon. They tripped over themselves, pledging their swords and very life to the man they had tried to kill.

Jon looked at his wives. They silently confirmed that there was no open rebellion in these men. At this time, at least.

“I grant you conditional pardons. But I do not trust you. You will earn your pardons. Kavvin Estren and Jorran Hunt, you will be sent under guard to Stonedoor.” Jon named the next
conspirators, and sent them to Queensgate. The last two men were named and sent to Oakenshield. “You will be watched by the wildlings that man these forts. They will be instructed to execute you at the first hint of rebellion or treason. Do you understand?”

The men looked abashed with heads hung low. They mumbled that they understood.

Then Satin appeared in the doorway.

“Jon!” He yelled, and threw himself into Jon’s arms, sobbing.

Jon patted the young man on the back. He assured Satin that he was back and indeed alive. The young man clung to him and looked up into the cowl. He gasped and looked at Jon with wonder.

“Satin … please go and call your brothers and the wildlings to the main hall. I will meet them there in twenty minutes.”

The man looked at him and nodded with a smile on his face. “I knew you would return Jon Snow! I never doubted it!” He turned and was gone.

Jon went back to Bowen, who had sat down.

“What is my punishment? You should run me through with your sword for what I did. I am a traitor.”

Jon sighed and gripped both of his shoulders, pulling him up.

“Yes. But you did what you did out of misguided duty. You lost your way in prejudice, and senseless hate. Have your learned from your mistakes, my old friend?”

The man wailed again, and fell into Jon who patted him on the back.

Melisandre and Ygritte felt their souls stir at seeing the total commander that Jon had become. They moved to the doorway and each looked down the hall in opposite directions. They threw their senses down the halls. No enemies were coming. They looked back at Bowen as he pulled himself together.

Melisandre knew that Jon now had a second in command who would follow him into the depths of all the hells.

Jon comforted Bowen as they waited for the crows and wildling to congregate in the main hall. The witches stayed on alert. Jon almost had his command back. Melisandre smiled softly when her wife turned to her, and smiled with a big, bright smile that lit up the room and hall. Gods she loved her woman!

Finally, the time had come, and Jon took a composed Bowen Marsh up out of the room. They walked calmly down the tunnels till they came out of the warren near the Wall. They went outside where a large crowd of wildlings with many crows mixed in waited. Several giants were there, too. Melisandre could see that Jon was happy to see Wun Wun.

Jon patted the giant on the hip, and he rumbled and slapped Jon on the back, nearly knocking him to the ground.

Suddenly, from the dark, midnight sky, a large crow descended and circled with wildly flapping wings.
“Snow has come, Snow has come . . . come, come . . . justice, justice Snow has come!” The crow screamed, circling tightly over Jon. The sound of its wings flapping was loud and echoed off the walls.

“Fate has come, fate has come! . . . Fate, Fate … Snow has come!” the bird screamed before alighting on Jon’s right shoulder. The large crow looked right and left and cawed loudly. “Fate—Snow . . . has come, has come!”

Jon walked into the common hall, flanked by his red haired wives. The room was silent. All looked at Jon and the two women.

Jon marched to the front of the room.

“What was taken from me has been taken back. I have returned to take my command. But I am not the same man that left here. I am something more!”

Jon Snow slowly removed his hood and looked at the gathered throng of crows and wildlings. Loud gasps filled the room and murmurs of wonder. Jon had returned something more than just a man.

“I am no longer Jon Snow . . . I am Jon Targaryen Stark! And more than that….” Jon ripped his sword out of its scabbard, the blade filled with flames that leapt up two feet in the air. He slashed the blade several times, the flames leaving trails in the air. Heat flared into the room. Now loud speech filled the hall. Men gaped at wonder at Lightbringer reborn. The men stared at Jon with wonder. His splendor filled them with awe.

“I am Azor Ahai reborn, to fight the Ice King! Eight thousand years I came to this land to fight its mortal enemy. Azor Ahai has been reborn in my spirit. I have walked the fires and been reborn. I have come back from the dead to fight our mortal enemy. I have two shadow binders from the homeland of the avatar I am reborn as. They are mighty witches, come to stand by our side. They have journeyed half the world to cast their lot with us.”

The crow on his shoulder flapped his wings. “Fate is snow! Fate is snow! . . . destiny fate . . . Snow, Snow!” the bird quorked loudly.

The room was as silent as the grave as all the people hung on his words.

“I am a Crow. I am a Direwolf. I am a Dragon. I am Azor Ahai reborn. I was born to be in this place. In this time. To be your commander! I will lead us to victory!”

The crow screamed “Victory Snow! Snow Victory! Victory Snow, Snow! Corn, Corn, Snow Snow! Reclamation, fate reclamation!”

“How is with me?”

The hall echoed with the screams of men shouting their allegiance. Swords were pulled and slammed on shields as the shouts rose into a crescendo of support and shared purpose. Two peoples were becoming one in their common cause.

**Present**

**Daenerys**

Daenerys Targaryen was a busy person. She was flying from one corner of Westeros to her loyal
Houses to the other, determined to make sure they were all on the same page. She was meeting with the heads of the Houses to make sure that preparations were proceeding apace with training and the organizing of supplies to start on their journey overseas to ports, or down the road to King’s Landing.

The supplies were to be put on ships and sailed to the beachheads, or organized for the wagon trains that would start running up the King’s Road to set up the camps.

She had flown two days ago to speak with Stannis Baratheon at Dragonstone. She landed astride Drogon, and was greeted by the stiff and formal brother of Robert. She had come to think the man had a permanent rod up his ass, he walked so stiff and constantly grimaced, and ground his teeth so loud you could hear them. He was a large man like his brother, his height literally towered over the slight Targaryen. He was broad shouldered and sinewy. He looked bland compared to his two brothers, who even she had to concede were very handsome. He had dark blue eyes, with only a fringe of black hair on his head and a close-cropped beard across his large jaw. If he would but smile, his face might seem more appealing, but most women would not find a man who seemed to be perpetually constipated attractive.

Stannis offset his own good qualities of duty and justice with his serious, stubborn, rarely-forgiving attitude. He was a man who neither dissembled nor flattered. Varys had warned her that Stannis was obsessed with slights both real and imagined, which was what caused him to grind his teeth regularly. She did not believe it till she was in his presence.

He would never be loved if he became king, she concluded. He did not have the ‘common touch’ that she had.

She and the Baratheon exchanged unfelt salutations, and got down to business. Dragonstone would only offer a small company of knights and two hundred troops to the campaign, but that was not why she was here.

“How does the excavating and shaping of the dragon glass proceed, Stannis?” Daenerys asked the ward of her ancestral home. On cue, the man had scowled and ground this teeth.

“I don’t understand why my talents are wasted on this effort. I do not like having these strange people in this land. They speak with thick accents.”

Dany pinched her nose counting to ten. “Stannis the weapons may be need—”

“Hah!” the man had barked.

Dany felt her ire flare. “I will remind you that I am Queen!” Daenerys ground out herself. “You will do my will, or does the famed Stannis honor only go so far? Is it because I am a woman that you balk?” Daenerys asked with exasperation.

Stannis looked at her strangely “What the hell does your sex have to do with anything?” he asked, genuinely perplexed.

Daenerys felt her ire ratchet back a degree. The man was not a sexist, just a stubborn asshole.

“My fault, Stannis . . . I am just used to persons questioning my rule because of my sex.”

“Bah! You know my feelings about you usurping my brother from the throne, and that I believe I should be the ruler of Westeros in his place.” The man held up his hand, seeing Daenerys’ face going red. “But I accept the will of my fellow Houses. You are the Queen, and I will loyally support you. To my death if it is necessary. I just don’t understand why we make weapons for an enemy
that does not exist.”

“I can see it from you point of view Stannis, but it is my will that prevails. Let me ask you this—If my womanly intuition is right, and these weapons are needed, we will be prepared. If I were to listen to you, and not prepare these weapons, and they are needed, what say you then? Shouldn’t we prepare for all possibilities?”

Stannis looked at her for a long time, his cheeks bulging with his grinding teeth.

“What you are supervising here is not taking away from our preparations. They are only enhancing our efforts to achieve victory. Are you a bigot that is afraid of people that do not speak your tongue, Stannis?”

The man’s face turned even more red. “I am no bigot. I just don’t like people I do not know on the land I rule under your flag. And this effort seems a big waste, but, you are right. Your will prevails, and we should cover all possible outcomes.”

They then discussed the ramp up in production and the quality of the work. Daenerys had brought in the best weapons artisans in the craft of arrowheads and stone daggers. She had brought in spear and javelin makers from across Essos to quickly increase production. Already two ships had left, their holds filled with the obsidian-tipped weapons. She would be prepared in case Eddard Stark was right.

After dealing with Stannis, she prepared to fly south to Dorne. She had decided to bring Arya with her. She had been pained by the look on Arya’s face when she departed on her previous trips. The sixteen year old had looked so forlorn being left behind. She craved the excitement of adventure just like Daenerys. She had become used to having Arya around her as much as possible.

She and her sword masters had immediately started to work with the Stark girl when her shoulder had been cleared for full contact exercise. The Grand Maester had admonished everyone to start slow with the teenager. Her shoulder may have healed seemingly supernaturally fast but it was still just setting and would need time to gain its full strength back and to get the full range of motion back as well.

Arya had wanted to go full bore from the start. She had actually been slightly offended when she had not been allowed to fully participate and held back. That had amused Syrio and Barristan. They had loved it but found it humorous seeing the girl growl and yammer at them for coddling her.

Daenerys had also been humored by the teenager. But she had felt so much more. Arya’s fiery nature and desire to prove herself called to the Targaryen’s soul. She may have found physical pleasure with other women but there was something more with Arya Stark. Her very nature and essence called to the Queen. Daenerys had longed for a warrior who was not hard boiled and jaded from life.

She had thought such a woman did not exist. She had despaired of a life lived in the shadows always longing for a love she would never find or be allowed. Then the perfect woman for her had been sent to her by her supposed nemesis. Arya Stark was the Warrior Queen she had dreamed of since she was thirteen.

Everything about the young woman was perfect to Daenerys Targaryen. Her raw fighting ability that was beginning to be honed to a razor’s edge. Her raw strength that the Queen had learned the hard way matched hers. Again and again the girl’s fiery demeanor and good down to Earth honesty and humble nature called to the Queen.
More called to the Queen. The first two nights as the girl recovered from their brawl in the throne room Daenerys had seen Maester Harsch Lape changing the binding on the girl’s torso keeping her damaged shoulder joint in place. She had seen the bosom of the girl. The Queen had felt her bruised pussy spasm at the sight.

She had since come to determine that Arya was ashamed of her lack of boobs the Queen thought with a smirk. Not her! She loved Arya’s breast. The girl had no real breast but instead pulpy areolas that had a thick nipple half jutting out the pulpy areola. Dany knew from experience with a freed Myrish pleasure slave. Dany had loved fucking the dark skinned woman. The woman had thanked Dany many nights for her freedom willing coming to her bed.

She had nipples exactly like Arya’s. When Daenerys would suckle on the pulpy nipples they would engorge with blood and swell to near bursting plums. They were so sensitive that Daenerys had given Meleah Iranah orgasms just from sucking on her nipples and only lightly rubbing her clit. Gods the screams had been deafening as she sucked the girl before her Khalasar for all to see and hear.

She stared at the Stark girl desiring the same thing. She would make the girl wail from it. She knew the girl was embarrassed from her unusual breast but she longed to teach Arya just how beautiful her breast were. When the girl practiced in a thin top as she sweated heavily the fabric clung to her torso and her excitement would have her nipples so erect and tenting out her thin fabric.

Dany let her fantasies take flight. One day Dany longed to take Arya before her Khalasar and fuck her love in the open before the Dothraki. She would fuck her wife all the night before her people. She was The Mare Who Mounts the World. She would suck on Arya’s nipples as she finger fucked Arya to orgasms night after night. They would then move to oral and trib sex. All would see their Khaleesi mounting her filly making her scream in orgasm after orgasms.

Those nipples would be nearly bursting as she sucked Arya with her strap-on cock. She would pound Arya’s cunt and then her asshole to screaming orgasms. She could see those puffy nipples jerking on Arya’s chest as she sucked Dany cowgirl. The teenager slamming her body down on the cock Dany would be savagely fucking her hot tight cunt and clenching asshole with.

Barristan and Syrio did not seem to notice or had the good manners to not show any interest. They both knew the Queen’s hidden desires from others. Both men had long ago made it clear to Daenerys that that fully supported her in her desires of bed partners. She knew both men would gladly support her desires to marry Arya.

Deanery masturbated every night to thoughts of her loving Arya and making the girl realize just how fucking hot her body was to the Queen. She would have her wolf hot and panting for it. She could feel those oversized nipples bursting and hot in her mouth. Hooking her lips underneath the rim of the flared nipples resting on her barely there breast. The perfect anchor for her lips as her head lifted with her hot deep throat loves sucks on the nipples as her tongue stabbed and lathed the hot bulbs.

Gods she would make Arya scream from it and then she would slam her fingers deep into her now sloppy wet cunt and quickly finger fuck her splattering cunt to orgasm all the while dining on plum nipples.

She sighed. If only Westeros and more important Eddard Stark would feel the same. Gods when she thought about it would make Westeros so much stronger uniting two Great Houses. She and Arya Stark would make the union that Lyanna Stark and Rhaegar Targaryen should have been allowed to form.

The Queen shook her head. Enough of flights of fancy.
She would focus on the possible. She would train up the girl to be all she was meant to be. She hoped to have the girl as her First Sword. Syrio would just have to be number two she chuckled to herself.

She had started to spar with the girl still holding back but that was lessening lesson by lesson. Syrio and Barristan told her that she was every inch the daughter of Eddard Stark. She was meant to be a great swordsman. They both told her that with her natural ability and the same supernatural capabilities that the Queen possessed that soon Arya Stark would be their equal if not maybe something more.

She knew both men thought they were supreme but she liked and needed that in the men. All great swordsman like herself had to have a cock sure attitude to be great. She had always been attracted to physical prowess.

The Queen had been immediately attracted to the girl. She had told herself to control her infatuation with her, but it was a losing battle. Arya was so fierce but still so innocent in many ways that it just pulled at Daenerys’ heartstrings. She knew she was starting to fall well and truly in love with Arya, and she did not know what to do.

She knew the Houses would never accept her marrying a woman. Except for Olenna, all the lords were flooding her with marriage proposals to one man or boy or another. Even Mace had come in before and after Olenna’s parade of roses runway show with proposals for her to marry his sons, not his daughter. That told her all. That sly fox Olenna moved and did as she saw fit for the House of Highgarden.

She wished that Eddard Stark could be as liberal as Oberyn Martell, but that was like wishing for the moon.

She would take what she could. She had asked Arya to come out early to her scheduled departure. She wanted to surprise the girl. Arya had arrived, wide-eyed like she always did when she was near Daenerys’ dragons. Her dragons were equally smitten with the young wolf. Daenerys smiled, thinking it appropriate that her dragons should be enthralled with the girl just like she was becoming.

Nymeria her great Direwolf was with her of course. The wolf came up to Dany and licked her face affectionately, and then rolled onto her back and looked at the queen and her master with an expression that clearly said: “Well get to it—I’m waiting here!”

Daenerys laughed as she and Arya bent down and rubbed and scratched the wolf’s belly and flanks. The great wolf wiggled and pawed the air. The two women worked the shameless pleasure hound till Barristan walked up to them with chaps and gloves for Arya.

They got up, and Arya greeted the great knight. Drogon and Viserion had been up on the wide curtain wall, laying out in the morning sun, half dozing. Drogon had been lazily watching them, and then languidly rose up and pushed up into the air, then glided down to the large courtyard and stepped up to his small mother.

Nymeria walked over and licked the dragon’s snout. Drogon shivered with pleasure.

“Arya, I want you to ride with me on Drogon down to Dorne. I want you wear these—whaaa—NOOOOO!” the Queen screamed.

The instant that Arya had heard that she was flying to Dorne with Dany, she had sprinted in a blur over towards her biggest son.
Daenerys took after her lov—her royal hostage, but it was too late. Arya did not know that her dragon’s bodies radiated the heat that boiled in their core. Only she could endure the heat. Arya would blister her fingers and legs or worse!

“Arya, no!” The queen yelled, but the girl did not heed Daenerys in her excitement.

Then Daenerys stumbled to a halt and gaped.

The Stark lightly gripped Drogon’s scales and clambered up onto his back, and sat down on the magically-woven heat resistant saddle. She looked around, beaming. She reached down and patted Drogon.

Daenerys and Barristan looked at each other, stunned. Arya was immune to Drogon’s blistering heat, just like Daenerys. Dany was stunned at the revelation. She and Barristan were stunned again when Nymeria rose up on her hind legs, and put her front paws on the dragon, barking and whining at being left behind. The Direwolf too also immune to Drogon’s heat.

My gods! Daenerys thought to herself. The gods have crafted for me the perfect mate, and I can’t have her!

The Queen paused. Arya had not shown her any interest in that way. She calmed down after that. The Stark girl was obviously blessed with many of the same gifts as she was. Arya smiled down at her from on high, and the Queen felt her heart go pitter-patter.

Drogon craned his neck around to look at Arya. He regarded her for a long moment, and then moved his head down and rubbed his cheek along hers. Arya pressed into the dragon. Nymeria whined below, looking up at her master. The Direwolf started to run around, barking furiously.

Barristan came over and called to the Direwolf. Nymeria looked back at him, and then Arya who was ignoring her for the moment. The Direwolf then sprinted back twenty yards and came bounding forward, and at the last moment leapt up and made it high enough up onto Drogon’s back to scrabble furiously with her legs pumping hard, scratching until she gained his back. She thrust her head forward to put it beside Arya’s in a jealous pique.

The great black dragon rumbled looking at the young woman and Direwolf. It rumbled again and turned its head back around, and then turned it back and thrust it down and bunted into the Direwolf, knocking her down his back. Nymeria rolled a few times before righting herself, and came up his back barking furiously, very affronted. Drogon huffed and pressed his snout to the direwolf’s snout. They stared eye to eye as Dany and Arya looked on quietly.

Finally, an understanding was made, and the dragon turned around and relaxed.

Dany relaxed with the crisis past. She looked over to her right and saw that Viserion had flown down and was purring as Barristan rubbed his cheeks and horns like he loved, the dragons tail jerking in pleasure.

Dany shook her head and quickly climbed up on Drogon’s back. It looked like she would be having two riders with her on her way to Sunspear. She petted Drogon and showed him where they needed to go with her mind. The mighty black dread launched himself into the air and flapped his wings, coming up over the castle wall and gaining altitude. Soon off to the left Barristan with Viserion was at her side. They flew over the Kingswood for three hours before they finally left the mighty forest behind.

The Queen was happy that Arya was comfortable riding up in the air on Drogon. She looked out over the sides of Drogon, watching the country flying beneath them as they flew south at a fast pace. Soon Arya scooted closer, and pressed into Daenerys’ back and hooked her arms around her waist.
She fell asleep lulled by the motion of flight and Drogon’s heat. Daenerys relished the close contact of the young wolf sleeping against her back.

The dragons flew up higher and began to glide on the thermals. They flew over Felwood, and the low mountain range that came between Felwood and the coast of Westeros. Arya had woken up, and scooted back refreshed. Daenerys missed Arya’s body pressed into her intensely, but did not embarrass the girl with that knowledge. As the sun began to set, they touched down at Griffin’s Roost. They took lodging at a large inn. They had a filling meal, and then rested while the dragons flew to the wilderness to the west to find their dinner.

The next morning they were on wing an hour after dawn. In the late afternoon they came in low over the beach in front of Sunspear, and landed in the large green sward of the Battleborne Academy of Dorne. The cadets came running to see the magical beasts stretching out and rumbling as they looked around. The queen and her charges jumped down, while Barristan slid on the chaps he wore so he could slide down Viserion’s side. The dragons then cantered over to the practice yard, where siege weapons were constructed.

The students backing up in wonder at the sight of dragons in their midst. Legends had come back to life and they were enthralled. The Dragons watched the humans as they gathered their courage to approach. Soon they were being petted. Barristan had walked over to tell them to not touch their main bodies due to the heat. The dragons were pleasure hounds in their own right and luxuriated in the attention.

After ten minutes the students were called back to their study and projects with the construction of siege weapons.

The dragons moved over to the pile of construction material. The dragons found a large log each, and began to chew on the hard oak, cleaning their teeth as it splintered. Soon others from around the academy began to congregate around the dragons. The dragons surrounded by the curious. Dany and company walked over and warned the onlookers not to touch their flanks due to the extreme heat. She left only after she was sure they all understood.

She turned around and was greeted by a smiling Oberyn. He had Obara with him, and they smiled and clasped hands in warrior fashion. They asked who was with her, even though they knew exactly who Arya was. Arya shyly greeted them both respectfully. They were guided back across the sward, and along the walkway to Martell Hall.

Oberyn led them inside to the main corridor. Daenerys and Arya, followed by the general and Obara, were led into a large meeting hall. Daenerys saw many of the leaders she first met when she stepped off of Drogon onto Westeros for the first time, those long months ago.

Daenerys pulled out a chair for Arya, who blushed while accepting her seat. Daenerys took her own seat along with all the generals. She looked around at the walls with paintings of past great leaders of Dorne. She smiled, noticing that four of the paintings were of women. She really liked the land of Dorne.

The generals then gave her reports on the troop movements. Dorne was by far the most martial of all the Houses in Westeros. The mandatory military training of all youth, and then the high numbers serving in the reserves had them quickly ready to march and sail north.

She had ships already arriving in the ports of Wyl, in the North point of Dorne, and around the broken finger of the east coast, all the way to Salt Shore. Soon the ports would look like forests with all of the tall masts of the ships that were on their way.
Missandei was also forming a large convoy of troop ships from Essos that would sail around the South coast of Westeros to form up with the limited ships of Highgarden. The troop ships from Essos would take on the rest of the soldiers that sailed around the foot of Westeros, and up to the North. These vessels would be protected by ships from the Summer Islands and the land of Yi Ti. The military ships of Highgarden would provide a limited guard. Their main strength needed to be left behind to protect the citizens of Highgarden.

The cavalry of Dorne had already formed up and were moving north to the Castle of Wyl. They were to head up the rift valley that ran along the middle of the Dornish Marches. They would transition to the Red Mountains, and come out through Summerhall, then go through the pass of the Mountain of the Moon and onto the savannah below Grassy Vale. The cavalry would then ride up North to King’s Landing.

They discussed logistics and the supplies and grain stores that would be shipped north on a second wave of ships due to arrive in six weeks. Missandei and Tyrion had a rolling shift schedule of ships coming and going between the ports of Westeros, Essos, and the bridgeheads that would soon become makeshift cities with all the troops that would be pouring in.

It was early evening when the meeting finally broke. Oberyn asked that Dany and her guest come back to his office for a minute before they retired to the special rooms reserved for them in the commandant’s quarters.

“I want to discuss a prophecy with you, my Queen.”

Daenerys felt herself stiffen. She saw that Arya picked up on it.

“It concerns a lion that comes to Dorne.”

Daenerys held up her hand with her palm to Oberyn. “I’m a dragon, Oberyn. I don’t care about any prophecy about a lion. I have heard so many prophecies on my conquest it makes my head spin. I am my own prophecy.”

“Oberyn, I would like to speak to… you…” Cersei slowly came to a halt as she entered the room. She took in the man and his oldest daughter, which caused the ghost of a smile to cross her face. The smile disappeared when she registered her nemesis Daenerys Targaryen was present.

Tension was suddenly thick. Cersei slowly pressed forward into the room, looking at Arya, and clearly registering her as ‘the royal hostage’ everyone had been hearing about.

“My my, Daenerys—I hear that you are having difficulties on the throne. I hear you spend a lot of time squirming on Eddard Starks strings, and yelping while getting your ass pricked on the royal throne.” She paused. “Understandable, since you don’t have much of an ass.”

Daenerys slowly rose up from her seat as she saw Arya gnawing on her lip, not knowing what to make of the two women glaring at each other.

“I would challenge you,” Cersei continued, “but it seems someone denies me the training I deserve. The training I thought I was being sent to complete.”

“I have nothing to do with that, you bitter harpy.” Dany snarled.

“Sure you don’t.”

“Believe what you want!”
Oberyn spoke up. “I have told you, Cersei. Myrion Dwellen will determine when you can progress to weapons training.”

Cersei scowled. She glared at the queen. She fumed, looking at Obara and then Oberyn.

“It is not fair that I am denied my training,” the beautiful woman stomped her foot on the ground in a fit of immaturity. “I have done everything I have been asked to do!”

Daenerys was impressed by what she saw of the woman, but would never tell her that. Cersei had put on fifteen pounds of muscle that made her arms and legs full, and they rippled with her movements. Cersei wore a midriff top because of the heat. Her stomach was flat, and flexed with hard abdominals as she paced back and forth.

“Gods damnit, I was fucking Queen before your sawed-off legs stepped on this continent. It is not fair!” the fallen Lannister screeched.

“Maybe I will send you back to your father tomorrow on my dragon Cer—” Daenerys stopped her insult. Cersei had collapsed into a dead faint. She appeared white as a ghost.

Obara was at her side immediately, cradling her head in her lap and glaring up at Daenerys. Daenerys looked confused. “You bitch!” the sand snake screamed at the Queen, not caring who Daenerys might be.

“What the hell did I do?!”

“Don’t you dare send her away from me!” Obara cried out to Dany. Oberyn was bending over the passed out woman, gently shaking the Lannister.

“Why did you do that Daenerys?” Oberyn asked her in an accusing tone.

“What did I do? I was just jibbing her for crying out loud—geezzzzzz!” Daenerys groused. She had no idea that the mere threat of sending the woman back to her father would have such a devastating impact on the woman.

She and Arya went to kneel beside Cersei, who was moaning and looked pale as a sheet. Daenerys hated herself for feeling guilty for putting the former queen in such a state. My gods, she thought to herself. What kind of father must Tywin have been to make the mere threat of returning to him totally deflate and defeat her supposed nemesis?

It sort of removed the fun of sparring with the woman, if she was that vulnerable.

Daenerys shook the reviving former Queen. “Cersei look at me!”

Cersei did, with big, terrified eyes.

“I’m not sending you back. I was just jibbing you, woman.”

Cersei slowly got to her feet, but was unsteady.

“I’m sorry my Queen, I will never insult you again. Please forgive me for my impertinence. I was totally out of line. I’m just a stupid, worthless cunt.”

Daenerys saw Oberyn tense up, and Obara glare at her.

“Cersei, godsdamnit, get a grip woman. I pledge I will never send you back to your father, okay? I may kick the shit out of your condescending ass, but I am not sending you back to that motherfucker.
Alright?"

Cersei still looked wan, but nodded her head. Obara glared daggers at her.

*Geez, would that woman please fuck Cersei so she would stop glaring at me like that?*

Oberyn had mentioned in reports just how badly Cersei had been abused by her father, and how much she was changing now that she could finally pursue her long cherished dream. She actually admired how dedicated Cersei was in her training. She was constantly kicking male ass, and any woman who did that had to be at least partially okay. Right?

She and Arya went to the commandant’s quarters and to their separate chambers. She watched Arya enter her room and smiled. She wished she was in that room with Arya.

She was so fucking beautiful.

Daenerys shed all her clothes and got under the covers. Normally she masturbated to thoughts of her royal hostage, but today had been a long day.

She yawned. Today had been exhilarating. Gods she loved being challenged, and coming out victorious. It was what she lived for.

**Sansa**

Sansa stared across the meeting table at the late morning gathering that her father held every morning now. It was in the largest meeting room in Winterfell. Her father wanted to make sure his lords were fully informed of the latest troop training schedules, and their planned march north that were soon to commence. He was constantly asking his lords about the training of their conscripts.

Sansa knew her father was worried. Jon had related how so many rangers out on patrol did not come back. The few that did return came back with tales of fighting the undead, risen up through vile necromancy. How could they kill them, when they were already dead? Only fire and dragon glass killed the enemy. All were worried.

Obsidian was pouring into the ports from Summer Islander ships. They had a huge stockpile in their warehouses, and were in the process of buying stores wherever they could be found in Essos and shipped with all speed to the North.

Sansa had thought to plumb the merchants that the Queen was obviously allowing through her blockade. Sansa, Robb and her Father were thankful that the Queen was allowing through staples and basic material that the common person would need to survive the long winter that all felt was soon to fall.

Essos and the Summer Islanders were firmly in the Queen’s camp. They might have news that would be of use. Sansa had men and women plying the sailors and merchants for information. The whores were an especially good mine of information. What man or woman cooped up on a ship for weeks or months did not want to boast and gossip?

Most of the information was of little value, but some gossip with the Summer Islander merchants was intriguing. It was rumored the Queen was mining and crafting weapons of dragon glass herself at a furious pace. Sansa smiled at the thought of the Queen’s insights and resourcefulness.

She had heard a month ago of battles between the forces of the Queen beyond the Wall, when the
Queen sought to probe their defenses. The first set up a camp, and it was annihilated except for a few survivors who made it back to sea and were picked up by the blockade the next day. The survivors reported fighting strange beings, all white and cold, and the walking dead. Fortunately, the survivors relayed this and evidently the Queen had devised a plan to exact revenge. She had the Summer Islanders set a trap with three ships. She had evidently done her research. She baited the forces of the Ice King forward with one ship seemingly beached. When the forces of the Ice King had attacked, the Summer Islanders unleashed fire on the enemy, setting the dead alight and the Ice Wights seemed to melt when pierced with many arrows.

One had managed to get on board and had wreaked havoc until the captain with a Valyrian blade broke the Ice Wight’s blade, and then took his life. That had been most welcome news. Valyrian steel was added to the list of weapons that worked against the enemy.

She had to admire the Queen. She was indeed a crafty bastard. She had exacted revenge with a bait and switch. She looked at her father. What could those two do if they ever teamed up? No one could stand against them.

As the meeting wound down Sansa looked across the table. There she again looked at Roose Bolton. There was something about the man that put her on edge. Robb felt it too. There was something evil about him. Sansa could not pin down exactly what disturbed her so. He did not look evil. He was of average size, with a soft and hairless body. His was a plain face, beardless and ordinary. He had short, strong fingers, and his skin was pasty white, most likely due to the leeching’s which he regularly partook of. The only remarkable thing about him was his eyes. They were eerie. They were paler than moonstone, darker than milk. But many in the North had pale eyes of various hues. Her own father and sister had startling grey, intense eyes. Still, she knew he was off. He was evil. She and Robb both wondered why their father tolerated the man.

Roose was mild-mannered and soft spoken, so much so that you had to lean in to hear his words. She had learned that Roose was cold, patient, calculating, and capable of great cruelty. He possessed a cool cunning, a skill for strategy, and a calculating nature.

His cold demeanor was only enhanced by his black ringmail, and a spotted pink cloak. The battle armor he sometimes wore was also ghastly. It was a suit of dark grey plate armor over a quilted tunic of blood-red leather. Its rondels were shaped like human heads whose mouths were open in agony. Its helmet had streamers of red silk which fluttered in the wind. He also usually wore a pink woolen cloak, embroidered with droplets of blood. The surcoat of the flayed man finished making the man a caricature of something from the evil fairy kingdom that old Nan sometimes told Sansa stories about as a child.

Sansa knew he was a hateful man, and longed to have him removed from his hold and stripped of titles and power. All knew he still secretly practiced the right of ‘first night’ with the lowborn that infuriated both her and her brother.

It was the pronouncement he was now blandishing that made Sansa reach a boiling point. Bolton was making a case that after the war, the wildlings needed to be cast back across the Wall. The men, at least. The women were to be divided up among the houses as chattel to the victors. They were not of Westeros. They were foreigners that needed to be dealt with harshly.

All knew that the crows had let the wildlings through the wall. Most accepted for now at least, that on humanitarian grounds the move was justified. Her father said he would not turn his back on ANY in the north - wildling or not. Her father also made sure all understood that the Crows had limited numbers, and Jon was being very shrewd in using the wildlings to augment his limited forces.

It freed the South to use their troops in a more mobile and effective manner.
Her father just stared at Roose Bolton with cold eyes, his fingers slowly rapping the tabletop. He let the man finish the whispered words on his vile, loathsome plan.

“I will take that under consideration Roose, but—I can tell you it will be a cold day in hell before that is ever implemented while I live.”

“You are the Overlord, Eddard. While you live.”

The room went deathly still.

The meeting was soon adjourned. Sansa remained behind as her father stared off into space. Soon it was only the two of them.

“Why, father? You heard him. That was a threat, and everyone knew it. Dispose of him, father. He is a vile and evil man.”

Ned sighed. “It is not that simple Sansa, as much as I might wish it. He and Lord Manderly are the most powerful in the North after our House, and I give the edge military to House Bolton. Yes it was threat. But we are about to go to war, and I may not survive it.”

“Father!”

Sansa watched her father give her his half smile. “I plan on winning and surviving this war Sansa, but battle plays no favorites. Always remember that.”

Eddard sighed. “You must always factor in with your thinking - war is carnage. I will not wage war on Roose Bolton because I think he is reprehensible. Yes he is vile, and I detest his practice of ‘First Night’. He denies it of course, and I would have a hard time proving it, and it is not worth going to war for.”

“He inspires loyalty in his men and they would fight for him to the death. I cannot afford to oppose him in any way now, Sansa. We are going to war with the Ice King, and we need a totally united front. Maybe after the war we can revisit this, but, even then, I have little grounds to wage war with him. I am Warden of the North to promote peace, not rip it asunder. Can you understand, Sansa?”

“Yes I can, father. Sometimes it sucks to be leader.”

Eddard grimace-smiled “Yes indeed, Sansa. Yes indeed.”

Sansa hurried to her parents’ quarters. Margaery had missed today’s meeting to care for her mother. Cat was weak, and easily tired from her pregnancy. She was starting to show a lot with her stomach rounding out. Her ankles had swollen, and she found it hard to walk and she was having fainting spells. Maester Luwen had prescribed bed rest for Catelyn Stark to stay in bed and conserve her strength. She was not old, but she was getting old for giving birth.

Margaery had formed a close bond to her mother. Catelyn worshiped the ground the Tyrell walked on, and Sansa was still shocked, but happily so, because her mother was so happy planning her and Robb’s wedding in the Sacred Grove.

Margaery was gently dabbing her mother’s face while talking to her, and rubbing her mother’s stomach telling her that she could tell she would bear Eddard another mighty son. Sansa rolled her eyes affectionately at her future wife. Her mother ate up that kind of talk, and Margaery knew it.

“Yes. I feel it too Margaery. Another fine son to one day have his own hold. One day you and Sansa will have your own hold as well.”
Sansa could not get over her mother’s one-eighty turn on women and their place in the world.

“Sansa, there you are. Come feel you future brother kick. He is so strong.”

Sansa felt her mother’s stomach, and felt the baby kick repeatedly. She smiled, feeling like it was two babies in there kicking away. This one was going to be a handful, Sansa thought to herself.

She was worried about her mother’s weakness, though. She knew that she had not had any problems with her previous pregnancies.

She sat on the opposite side of the bed, and discussed house affairs with her mother, all the while Margaery continued to cluck over Cat constantly, primping her pillows and adjusting the blankets making sure that her mother was completely comfortable.

A half-hour later her father came and told her and Margaery that he would care for Catelyn for a while. He adjusted his wife’s pillows and went to the foot of the bed and massaged his wife’s feet gently, while talking to her about the day’s events.

Sansa smiled and looked at her love. She knew she had found the same kind of love with her Margaery. The total and complete bonding of two souls into one.

She and Margaery left hand-in-hand. Sansa smiled listening to her lover talk about her mother in such glowing terms. Margaery had totally let go of any rancor towards her mother once she had been accepted into the family. Margaery had such a forgiving heart, thank the gods. She had forgiven Sansa for her grievous wrongs that day two years ago when she given Margaery her virginity after Margaery had freely given Sansa her maidenhead.

Sansa filled Margaery in on all that had happened at the war council. Margaery had hissed and said, “gods I hate that fucker!” when she told him of Roose Bolton’s words.

The conversation then turned to Arya as they moved down to kitchen to have a light meal to tide them to dinner.

They sat at the small table the cooks kept for her and Margaery. The cooks loved how the two high princesses continued to eat with the common folk. Margaery had memorized all their names the first day in the kitchen, and soon knew all their backstories. She had the whole staff eating out of the palm of her hand. Sansa was thankful that the budding lesbians had Margaery to go to for love advice, and best techniques in cunninglus and analingus. Sansa still went beet red trying to give advice to the young maids, cooks, stable hands, visiting noble girls, and wives wanting to have adulteress affairs with other women.

Margaery never missed a beat, and happily gave seduction advice and how-to pointers on lesbian lovemaking. When Sansa asked her why she did so with such gusto, Margaery answered that she felt was it was their duty to present positive role models and help women to define their own destinies, and encouraged Sansa to become a more active role model as well. She had tried two days ago to help a teenage couple of maids on how to improve their techniques, but was soon so tongue-tied and blushing so hard that Margaery had to again step in.

She was trying. Really, she was.

They watched cooks knead fresh dough to put in the large ovens that were constantly stoked with cut oak logs. The heat from the ovens kept the kitchen area warm and comfortable. They had put down beeswax covered paper, and used scrapers to scrape the dough when it would start to build up on the paper. The two cooks continued preparing the dough, beating it with their fists and rolling it into
itself and then flattening again and again. Then they took the dough once it was leavened, worked it into a loaf shape, and placed it on large bread paddles that were stuffed onto the heated bricks that were glowing a dull orange.

The bread quickly rose. Sansa knew they would get the first pieces, all hot and slavered in butter. The cooks had poured them glasses of milk. They sipped from the glasses, waiting.

The conversation returned to Arya, and how she might be faring. The queen had been silent since the recent escalation in tensions from their camp. Fortunately, they had Olenna’s moths informing Eddard and Margaery herself that Arya was well. That had greatly relieved all the Starks, Ser Roderik, and Margery herself. All loved the wild wolf girl dearly.

Sansa was happy and Margaery smug when it quickly became clear that the Queen had taken their protégé under her wing, performing the duties of Royal Hostage Keeper quite literally. The two were becoming inseparable.

What they both found perplexing was that neither young woman was making any moves to seduce the other. Olenna’s moths were clear that they were mooning over each other, and constantly touching each other, but not taking their relationship to the next level.

Sansa was confused, and Margaery was miffed. “Why hasn’t she gone down on her? Once she uses her tongue on the Queen’s pussy with what I told her, the Queen will be wrapped around her little finger. Hmmm - I am sure the Queen has her own arsenal of skills in the bedchamber. Maybe they will be both wrapped around each other’s little fingers."

Margaery reached over and gripped Sansa’s hand, and stroked her fingers looking intently into Sansa’s eyes. Sansa felt her belly clench, and her cunt was getting wet as her nipples turned to pebbles.

Margaery murmured stroking Sansa’s hand. “Of course I am wrapped around your little finger, my future wife.” Margaery smiled wickedly. “I love to feel my pussy and asshole wrapped around your probing fingers or fist. To feel that tongue of yours tongue fucking my cunt or asshole and sucking my clit down your throat. Or how you make me howl when you make my twat and asshole explode on your strap-on my sweet savage wolf.”

Sansa flushed wildly bright red, and spluttered all embarrassed. What Margaery did not know was that Sansa was not really that nonplussed, but reacted strongly so her lover could sit there preening and looking smug. It filled Margaery with confidence and fire. Sansa knew that Margaery would fuck her all night tonight. Sansa licked her lips unconsciously, which Margaery saw, and made her smile beam even more.

Their reverie was broken by the younger cook. She gave them their bread, bending over constantly. Her large, firm tits were nearly spilling out her bodice. They both looked at the cook intently. She was quite comely, in her mid-twenties. She was married to a carpenter, but had several affairs with the female kitchen staff. The man was gay, and he pursued his own dalliances using their marriage as cover to keep their parents happy.

They both smirked at each other. The girl was giving them constant come-ons and innuendos. They ate their delicious meal of bread, butter, and slices of ham. The cook was very frustrated that her overtures were ignored.

Sansa knew Margaery had a much more adventurous past with her cousins. She felt her stomach knot when she thought of meeting them. Margaery had hinted that Sansa would love them. She couldn’t wait. It would be like a second family.
They left the kitchen, and a highly frustrated Riyana. The cook was simply not used to not getting her women.

Sansa loved how Margaery snuggled into her side, with her arm around Margaery’s waist pulling her in tight. They fit perfectly together. They heard Robb call out from behind them. They turned to see Robb with Alys. They looked so happy walking towards them, holding hands.

Robb asked them to join them in his quarters. They wanted to share an intimate dinner, and he wanted Margaery and Alys to get to know each better. He also wanted to get to know Margaery, since she would be marrying Sansa and “as her big brother, I need to make sure your are right for my sister and will treat her like she deserves.” He had said with a big smile on his handsome face.

Sansa felt her love for her big brother grow even more. His full acceptance, and openly embracing Margaery as his future sister-in-law had quelled any quite rumblings. When both the father and the heir to the throne fully supported her marriage to the princess of Highgarden, what could anyone say?

Even if anyone had any reservations, they were wise enough to keep their tongues quiet. With her mother in her corner now, there was no stopping her marriage to Margaery. She still felt her heart clutch thinking about when Margaery had told her that after their wedding she would take her last name. It had made Sansa cry like a baby.

Margaery was a proud woman, and for her to take Sansa’s last name made her love the woman even more madly. She had told Margaery she should keep her name, but Margaery hotly told Sansa she was a Stark now, and if she bore them any children they would be Stark and not Tyrell as well. That she, and especially Eddard, deserved to have their grandchildren have his name, since he had done all he could to let their love flourish and grow.

Sansa had nearly fucked Margaery into a coma with her strap-on that night.

They still had two hours till their meal with Robb and Alys.

They held each other tightly as they hurried back to Sansa’s room.

Olenna

Olenna had gotten out of bed excited. Today was going to be a special day. She could feel it in her bones. Olenna smiled at that - even her bones were cooperating for a change. Her arthritis had decided to take a holiday, and was only causing her mid discomfort. She looked down at her fingers that were once so long and graceful. Now they had swollen, red knuckles and three fingers were askew. Olenna sighed. Oh, to be young again.

The Queen was again visiting Highgarden, but today was special. Olenna preened when with each raven received from King’s Landing, there had been two messages. One addressed to Mace, and one to her. The one for Mace was for her the sake of her son’s ego, where Daenerys talked of troop movements and strategy. Her own message contained the same facts, but also asked for her opinion on matters of state. Two days ago, another raven from the Queen had arrived.

In her message she was exhorted in subtle language to make sure her son stayed on the proper course. Then the Queen would tell her the true course of events.

Olenna remembered being nearly poleaxed when she first realized the extent of Eddard Stark’s Game of Thrones, and then discovering at the same time that Daenerys had decided to play her
Queen alongside Eddard’s King, and was preparing to deceive the whole South into marching North against Eddard and Winterfell, when in reality she planned on marching all the way to the Wall following closely behind Eddard himself.

The Queen was clearly aligning herself with Eddard, but leaving enough options in her planning and troop movements to move against Eddard if he proved in the end to be a traitor.

He wouldn’t be.

The Queen was absolutely brilliant. Olenna was not sure now if given the choice which she would chose as a mate. Olenna was attracted to power and cunning above all else, and both of the two players at this game of thrones had both in spades. She wanted both of them, damn it!

She stopped her fantasies at that.

The Queen told her that she would be arriving at noon today, with all three dragons, and to get word out to the populace to be outside. The Queen said to be outside even if the weather was bad. It was not. The sun was out and the temperature brisk, but it would be pleasant by noon. The sky was a brilliant azure, without a cloud.

The old rose of Highgarden had her usual morning meal of two croissants made by her sweet Vorianna Baerranar, a five star chief from Braavos. She was the House’s bakery specialist, and her creations were the envy of Westeros. Vorianna’s creations were exquisite. They were buttery, flaky, Braavos-style pastries named for their well-known crescent shape. The layered yeast-leavened dough melted in Olenna’s mouth. She sweetened the fare with strawberry jam.

She drank down fresh squeezed orange juice. As was her want, Olenna read over reports that her scribes consolidated from overnight news. Olenna felt her blood running hotter in her veins with all the excitement in the air. During Robert’s rebellion, the armies had gone off in a rush with no organization to meet their foes. Maybe if Rhaeghar had taken his time, he could have prepared a more organized campaign and won the day. His sister was not about to make that same mistake.

Olenna ate her morning repast, and digested the latest news. Her moths were fluttering in with so many facts and juicy gossip. She had taken personal interest in Cersei down in Dorne. She had not been privy to Daenerys’ plan for disposing of the royals when she came to Westeros. She had been kept out the loop, her moths flitting around finding no news they could glean from the Dornish elite, or the jackals they passed information with.

Olenna had been stunned when the Queen kept her pledge of no violence if all would submit. Robert had not submitted, but she still granted him amenity. She would have enjoyed seeing Cersei’s head on the wall of the Red Keep soaked in tar to keep her crow pecked face there just that few extra days. Alas, it was not to be.

Now she was in Dorne, and had become the ‘Lioness of Dorne’. Men flocked to her to get their asses beat to hell. What was it with men? They now considered it an honor to be knocked out by her, and were vying to see who could last longer against her fist and feet, and from what she heard, a lethal head butt.

Obara had fallen hard for the woman, and though Cersei was trying to hide it she had fallen for the sand snake as well. Again Olenna wondered about the rampant lesbianism that seemed to be cropping up across Westeros. Was it the new world order? Something in the water? A new era of tolerance that allowed women to define their own destinies?

Olenna met with her son, and was satisfied with his preparations to leave with the cavalry to head
east to the meet up with the gathering troops before King’s Landing. Grand Maester Jarrad Lomys came in with a message from a raven from Margaery and Sansa. Olenna knew that they did everything in lockstep now. Olenna would have wished that she could fully rely on Margaery, but knew that her allegiance was now with House Stark. She had informed Olenna in her last raven that she would be taking Sansa’s surname even though she was the elder when they married.

To truly love someone must be a heady feeling, Olenna mused. She felt a tinge of sadness flow through her veins. She never found someone who was worth her total body, mind and soul. Margaery assured her that Eddard was fighting for the realm, but never divulged his plans which rankled Olenna. Margaery had boasted that she was on the war council. She kept her honor with Eddard, and never told Olenna any truly useful information. Damn Eddard’s eyes for inspiring such loyalty in all he met!

She read her notes, and then read a bodice ripper that was her guilty pleasure.

Soon enough it was time to begin the slow climb to the top tier of Highgarden. Olenna loved the home she’d spent most of her life at dearly. She cherished the castle’s role as regional capital of the Reach, and the heart of chivalry in the Seven Kingdoms. Its importance from the fact that the river Mander flowed by, and its location where the Ocean Road meets the Roseroad, making it an important crossroads.

Of all the castles, Highgarden was by far the most beautiful with its tiered-walled construction. As Olenna slowly journeyed to the top tier, she admired with deep affection the many groves and fountains, shady courtyards, and marble colonnades. Olenna made sure to keep the castle filled with singers, pipers, fiddlers and harpers.

Between the outer and middle walls was a famous briar labyrinth. The oldest towers were square and dated from the Age of Heroes, while the newer towers were taller and round. The stables were filled with war horses (which most would be soon gone), and the Appaloosa, Reach Walking Horse and Dorne Sand Steeds raised to give the nobility gentle rides in the countryside.

When Olenna finally reached the top of the castle cursing her old bones and lack of stamina, she stopped to look out over the resplendent fields surrounding the castle. As she reflected, she thought ruefully that she had once ran up the steps to the highest battlements and not even been winded. It galled her that age had brought her so low.

She had seen on her slow climb that the walls, towers, and even the trees were filled with men and women trying to get the best seat to witness the Queen’s arrival. The air was abuzz with their excitement.

Olenna chortled at the Queen. She held the populace in her hand.

Olenna focused her gaze back on the land she loved. The fields of golden roses that stretched as far as the eye could see. The orchards of pear, peach, apricot, cherry, and apple trees. The blooms were so beautiful in the spring, the morning air bejeweled with the perfume of countless blossoms of white, pink, red and orange. She spied fields of melons, fireplums, peppers, cucumbers, tomatoes and other staples used to feed the castle proper.

Olenna turned to look at the sept nestled in the second tier of Highgarden. She knew the Septs grandeur was only matched by the Great Sept of Baelor, and the Starry Sept. She admired the soaring spires made of crystal and razor sharp. The polished stone glinting wildly in the bright sunlight. The castle’s godswood contained three weirwoods, known as the Three Singers. She personally did not have any use for them, as she did not believe in those gods – but they did have a certain beauty and grace.
Oleena waited on the roof of the man audience hall, and looked to the east. A few minutes later, at precisely noon going by the sundial in the main courtyard, she and all the populace that had come to see dragons were rewarded. They all drew in their collective breath.

On the horizon, low to the ground, came three dots that quickly grew to dragons.

The speed of the immense dragons consumed the miles quickly, bringing them forth to the castle. A black diamond with subtle red lines, a creamy gem with gold markings and a green emerald with bronze frosting flew with dizzying speed. From on high Olenna could see their shadows chasing over the ground, seeming to ripple with the folds of the land.

At the last moment the dragons somehow angled their bodies, avoiding the castle walls and zooming up over the highest battlements. Only then did the immense beasts camber their wings and pivot over, creating a wild wind in their backlash. The dragons gracefully alighted on the hall roof, their wings blurring as their talons barely touched the calked wooden beams.

Barristan slid off Viserion and pulled off his chaps and gloves. From the green dragon a fat man that still moved with a surprising grace slid down, and stated to remove chaps and gloves as well.

Oleena was not surprised to see the Stark hostage atop Drogon with the Queen. They were indeed inseparable. Olenna saw that the teenager, like the Queen, wore no protective gear and that the dragon had no saddle. She doesn’t feel the heat? Olenna shook her head. Could a consort be any more perfect for the queen? Then Olenna finally registered one more occupant was also on the dragon.

Oleena, Mace, his sons and the rest of the royals backed up as the direwolf Nymeria jumped lightly to the ground. The great wolf looked at them with golden, very intelligent eyes. Olenna could feel the wolf inspecting all to see if her master was in any danger. Evidently they all passed the test, as the wolf seemed to relax.

Daenerys acknowledged the royals, but guided herself and Arya away to a section of the safety wall at the top of the building. The crowds immediately parted for the Queen and her guest. They all wanted to see what happened next.

With the last of their passengers safely on the ground, the dragons launched themselves back into the air, bugling loudly again and again. The dragons picked up speed, rising to several hundred feet above the highest flapping pinions before turning over and diving back down.

For the next half hour, the citizens were treated to an acrobatic aerial show that none had seen before. Three dragons buzzed around the castle, at times circling the walls around and around. Then, one dragon or the other would rise up to only dive right back down.

Next the dragons were buzzing between the towers, their wings sometimes folded tightly to their bodies to make it through the narrow slots between. The beasts roared, and would pull away from the walls to breathe long gouts of fire.

The adults oohed and awed, and the children squealed. The lowborn were thick around the grounds by the lowest wall. The dragons flew several thousand feet up into the air, and then did wild, acrobatic tricks rolling and diving straight down like a boulder, only to pull up at the last moment to buzz the ground and fly back up high.

The white and green dragons took turns flying graceful tandem patterns with Drogon sometimes brushing their cheeks as they flew side by side. It made Olenna think of mating rituals, and Olenna remembered that dragons could change their sex.
The aerial show went on for at least a half hour before the dragons returned to the ground before the wall by the main gate. They beat their wings mightily, the citizens understanding the message to back away. Then the dragons landed and folded their wings down to the ground, shielding their heated bodies.

The Queen had put on a special show just for her, Olenna knew. For some reason the Queen was elevating the stature of Highgarden. Olenna knew it was for her own benefit as well. This show would elevate Olenna’s prestige, since the Queen always spent as much time with her as she did with Mace her son. She was anxious to find out what the Queen had in mind. While the dragons had flown around, Daenerys and Arya had stood so close as Arya watched in awe, and Dany looked at her lovingly when the girl was not looking.

How strange that Daenerys was so differential with this girl, and did not simply take what was already hers.

Olenna needed to get in on some of the pools betting on when the two would consummate their love. Olenna was thinking it would take a little while, but that it would happen.

With the show over, Arya was led by the Queen to meet the royals of Highgarden. Olenna had read of Arya’s wild ways in Winterfell, but today she played the perfect consort of high royal breeding and training. She said all the right courtesies, and bowed and curtsied when decorum stated she should. So the girl has some polish after all.

Dany talked to her son and wife at length, and her grandson. The Queen was polite and differential when she did not have to be. She pulled all deeper into her spell with her differential politeness. The Queen assured in a stern voice that she would make sure Eddard Stark returned their daughter unharmed, when in fact Olenna knew Margaery was never coming home. Her home was now with Sansa Stark.

Daenerys was very polite, and a made easy conversation as Arya stayed at her side. She stared at Daenerys with such love when Dany was focused on her son and wife, that Olenna was struck by it. The Stark girl quickly looked around to make sure no one was watching her moon over the Queen. Olenna knew how to put a Game of Thrones mask over her features when the girl glanced at her. Arya felt safe to let her love for the queen show on her face. All were focused on the object of her desires. The Queen was like a lodestone attracting everyone’s attention.

Olenna again wondered what it must feel like to marry when you are totally in love and giving your body to a woman or man out of nothing but that love. No calculation, or doing it only because of duty. It must be a heady concoction Olenna determined, watching the two clueless love birds.

Daenerys then asked to give her respects to Olenna, and asked for Mace and his wife’s pardon, ever the gracious Queen.

Dany and Arya came to her then, and kissed her hand in respect. Olenna saw that Arya kept her eyes respectfully down. Olenna was impressed again with the girl’s upbringing. With all the reports of Eddard crying that Arya was filled with the wolf, she was surprisingly charming and courtly. Perhaps she had reigned herself in to impress the queen.

She started the slow descent to her quarters on the first tier. She tried to stay as close to the ground as possible, to reduce her walks when she needed to leave the castle.

She was nervous when the massive direwolf loped over to stand beside her and Arya, who was on her left. Daenerys was on her right, and called to her softly. “Don’t worry Olenna. Nymeria is a pussycat, as long as neither of us are endangered.”
Olenna noticed the plural that slipped off the Queen’s lips. Geez, those two needed to get down and do the nasty and get it over with, as her granddaughter would say.

“Nymeria likes you. She finds you honest and direct” Arya told her.

“How do you know this?”

“I have my ways,” the Stark said from the other side of the wolf. All Olenna could see were her legs underneath the wolf’s belly as Arya walked. Her beast was simply huge. Olenna’s eyes were just barely level with Nymeria’s lower jaw.

A sudden pain in her left hip made Olenna cry out, and she stumbled. She started to scream in raw terror – a fall at her age could be catastrophic. She felt the scream die when the direwolf was suddenly pressed into her side, unmoving. Olenna’s fall stopped, she gripped her fur with her right hand. The queen was there now, and Arya ducked underneath the wolf and they helped Olenna right herself.

Olenna gasped and slowly calmed herself. They had saved her! With a shaky breath, Olenna thanked them profusely which caused them both to blush. The wolf turned its massive head and woofed.

She took a moment to collect her thoughts. She let her gaze wonder for a few moments. Her head stopped seeing something most strange. Up on the tallest spire of the Septa was a little girl. The girl had long green hair and only wore a simple tunic. How had she gotten up on that spire when it was razor sharp and so slick none could grip it. The wind up high must have been fast since her tunic and hair were whipping in the air almost violently and yet the strange girl seemed to easily hold onto the spire. Her body not moving with the buffeting wind.

She felt a hot surge of jealousy. She again wished mightily that she was young again. That she had a chance to be a true player of the Game of Thrones in this exciting time. It was not fair!

Olenna gasped feeling a burning surge run through her body. She sagged into Nymeria’s side.

“Olenna!” Daenerys called out.

“I am alright” Olenna called out. The strange sensation was gone. How strange. She looked back up at the spire. The strange girl was gone.

She slowly walked back down her quarters, with three females hovering near her. Normally, she would have been angry at needing their support, but she felt safe with them. She knew instinctively that they would never divulge her moment of weakness. She also knew they did not see her stumble as a weakness. She could feel only concern for her radiating from them, and relief that they had been able to save her.

Olenna felt a strange sensation. She knew what it felt like to be loved for simply being herself in that moment. She schooled her features. She had been deeply touched, and had much to think on.

They arrived at her chamber. The room was large, and had many windows that opened to the south and west to let in the afternoon sun. The day was warm. Winter was still roiling far to the north, awaiting its command to come snarling south.

Olenna watched Arya move to a vase filled with yellow roses, sniffing them as if she had discovered nirvana. The girl had a look of pure pleasure cross her face. She traced the rose petals and leaves with reverence. The Queen was staring at the girl’s ability to be pleased so deeply by such a simple thing. Love radiated off Daenerys’ face. Olenna was envious, but not in a rancorous way. She was
happy so late in life to finally see true love. Olenna sighed.

The queen sat down at the table across from her. Arya was idly scratching Nymeria’s ear as the wolf shook her head slightly and woofed in pleasure. The Stark was looking at the intrinsically painted vases along the wall underneath the largest opened window. On the vases were scenes of the orchid and flower fields that dotted the landscape beneath the horizon around the great castle. Crouching down but not touching, Arya took a closer look at the exquisite details captured on the porcelain by the great artisans of the Reach.

No wonder the girl had the Queen wrapped her little finger. It was a shame she did not realize it. She thought of telling Arya, but decided it would be best to let nature guide them to each other.

“Olenna.” Daenerys called for her attention. She turned to look at the Queen.

The Queen began without preamble. “I am sure you know of my inner council that I call my ‘Klutch of Confidantes’”. Olenna saw no need to deny it, and titled her head forward.

“I have no problem with you having your moths in the Red Keep. I need something to counterbalance all the sparrows, jackals, spiders, weasels and other spies. We all do it, and I am comfortable with that.”

“I trust you explicitly.”

Olenna felt her chest and pride swell.

“I will be leaving for war soon. I am taking my entire inner council with me, except for Tyrion. I will need the swords and strength of Barristan, Syrio and Strong Belwas at my side in the coming fight. I will need Missandei for her language skills, abilities in logistics and her mental support.”

Olenna shook her head in acknowledgement. She had not known but assumed that the Queen would take her most trusted advisors with her to war. Tyrion being a dwarf was just not suitable for the hard march north, or the fighting.

She wondered why the Queen was telling her this.

“I will be sending my Master of Ships and Summer Islander representative to sea to help lead the navy. He is from your land as you know, and quite capable. I trust my Small Council, but I feel that Tyrion will be lacking support. My Clatch of Confidantes has the cunning, instincts and raw intelligence to be able to stay one step ahead of the elements and forces that will buffet the kingdom while I go to fight war.”

Olenna still did not know where this conversation was leading, but schooled her features.

“Tyrion will need support.” The Queen emphasized again.

“Who will you call in then? I am wracking my brain to think of someone to help you in this time of need.”

“I want you, Olenna.”

Again Olenna felt poleaxed as she gaped at the Queen.

“You have shown me over and over again that outside of the Pride of Dorne, who still need seasoning, that you alone have the intelligence, experience in the Game of Thrones, verve, honesty, and loyalty to the throne that I need.”
Olenna continued to gape at the Queen.

“I know you think that your loyalties lie first with Highgarden. No more. I want you on my Small Council as a permanent member. Tyrion is the Hand, but he has agreed that when he is not available you will step in.”

Olenna’s lower lip began trembling.

“Not only that; I would dearly love for you to join my Klatch of Confidantes as well. I need your services to help me run my realm. I have two continents to govern, and I need all the help I can get.”

The Queen was looking at her with those intense eyes. She saw Arya smiling at her, and the great Direwolf came up to her and licked her face and woofed.

She started to cry.

Daenerys went to her and got on her knee, and took Olenna’s small, trembling hand.

“I am hoping these are tears of happiness.”

All Olenna could do was nod her head ‘yes’.

She was finally being recognized for her skills and greatness. The Queen was so confident she was readily bringing her into her inner circle, and was making it clear that she would be given the respect and power she had always deserved.

She would never betray her queen.

Oberyn

Oberyn came out of his office in Martell Hall. He was writing a report detailing the status of the troops now marching to the boats that the Queen had waiting to ferry them to the beachheads that had been established by her mercenary companies. He looked at the maps again, and saw that the beachheads had been expertly selected. The initial mercenary companies had expanded the beachheads ten leagues inland, without opposition. The locals were sticking to their small cities and hamlets. The mercenary troops were showing the populace the utmost respect.

Dorne’s troops reinforced and expanded those incursions into the far north. No resistance had been given. It was almost as if Eddard wanted the invasion. It made no sense!

He was finishing up his report when he looked out the window. It was almost two o’clock, he could tell by the angle of the sun. The show was about to begin. He looked out the door of his office, and saw other commanders and teachers streaming out of their offices and into the practice yard in the rear southwest quadrant of Battleborne Academy.

It was there that a certain Lannister was toiling away at her unique training. He pulled out his five dragons, and ran out the door and down the steps. He looked to both sides down the brick thoroughfare. There.

He ran up to Jaron Lightfoot, the head accountant of the Academy. He had to wait through a line of men and women already gathered to place their bets. Oberyn tapped his foot. Dammit, he was late. The three senior cadets had agreed to approach Cersei at twenty minutes past two. Oberyn bit his tongue, and huffed, refusing to pull rank to get ahead. Finally, he placed his bet.
Cersei had kicked each of the men individually. Each man was over six feet six inches tall, and made up of solid, brutish muscle. Each man had quickly fallen to the slender woman. With the last vanquishing of her opponent, Cersei had cried out she would kick anyone’s ass no matter how many of them there were.

Three men had decided to take Cersei up on the offer.

Oberyn ran across the large, immaculately cut practice yard. He ran up and saw his paramour fretting near the front line of spectators. Cersei had seen the crowd growing, and paused in the drudgery of her tasks to flip them off with a double birds, and then pulled her right hand into a fist and threw it up, her left hand hitting the top of her right arm at the elbow. The universal sign for ‘Fuck you’. Oberyn loved that fire from his former nemesis.

Ellaria looked at Oberyn “I don’t like Cersei, Oberyn but you have to stop this now. She will get herself beaten to a pulp! She is still a highborn princess.”

“Fear not, my sweet dear. Cersei will prevail. I have total faith in her.”

Ellaria continued to fret, and bit her lower lip.

He saw Obara and the rest of her sisters along with Cersei’s daughter fidgeting. Arianne was cool at the proceedings. She alone looked like she truly wanted to see Cersei get the shit beat out of her.

Cersei sat down at the top of the platform. She looked out over the yard at the three great brutes stalking towards her. The largest still had yellowish bruises around his right eye, a souvenir from his last fight with the fallen Lannister.

Oberyn almost felt sorry for them.

Morsh Rane, Tavion, and Juran Yronwood spread out around the base of the edifice that Cersei was sitting on, looking only mildly interested. She looked from face to face with a sneer.

Juran stepped forward and in a formal stance called up to Cersei. “We wish to fight you, you old hag!”

“I grow tired of whipping your asses. Be gone.”

“You said you could defeat us in any number. We are here to accept that challenge.”

“How can you be so tall and still have such a small cock? Between the three of you, you barely measure a foot of dick.”

Oberyn saw Tavion getting red in the face.

“Are you going to let her get away with that?!?” he cried out to his brother. His protest made Oberyn wonder if Cersei had hit close to home with the man.

“Will you calm down for the Jinn’s sake? We’re talking smack, you idiot.” Juran turned back to Cersei. “You are awful brave up there, bitch. Your tits are so saggy I bet they are like pancakes - all limp and wrinkly.”

Cersei stood up so fast everyone was shocked at her speed. All three of the oafish brutes backed up a step, startled. Oberyn had barely registered the movement. “That is something coming from a man with peanuts for balls, and a cock that is never hard. That is what I am going to call you – ‘Neverhard’. Your brother is ‘Quartermast’, because he can’t get it up, and you Morsh, I think I will
call you ‘Limpwood’. Your cock couldn’t break a hymen made of tissue paper if your life depended on it.”

All the men were steaming now along with Cersei.

“That’s pretty good, coming from a woman who is so frigid that she won’t go down on any of the women in her barracks even when they all have their legs spread wide open in your face, practically begging for it. Oh, that’s right, the last two nights you have been masturbating, screaming out ‘Obara, Obara!’.”

Cersei’s eyes suddenly bulged out as she looked at Obara. The sand snake’s look was intensely hopeful.

“You lie!” Cersei screamed.

Oberyn knew better, and he knew Obara knew too. They both had their spies. Oberyn always made sure to sample the new cadets. They were always anxious to fuck him. His prowess in the bedroom was legendary.

Keynna Ryger had been in his and Elleria’s bed just this morning. She was a star student, and was allowed to skip this morning’s drills in formation marching and a long ten mile run. She already excelled in both. She had cum so hard on his cock with her face buried in Elleria’s sweet pussy as his dick exploded deep in her cunt. Then he got to watch intense lesbo sex for an hour before he and Elleria, now strapped in with her cock dp’ed the slut over and over giving her devastating orgasms as they did hard DP, ATM and A2P on the girl who craved it.

She had told them as they got dressed about Cersei. Two nights ago she had masturbating in a frenzy, and the third time she cummed she was up on her spread feet on the bed her groin high up in the air. Cersei’s head rolled back so far back her hairline was jammed into the mattress and her back arched up high like an overwrought bow. The pulled taunt string about to break. The Lannister humping her groin up into the air as her right hand’s fingers punched deep and hard into her splattering cunt. Her first three fingers soaked in cum as she harpooned her steamy twat hard and deep.

Keynna had a dreamy look on her face. “Her fingers were soaked to the third knuckle in her sweet creamy cum. Cum running down her wrist and dripping off. Gods I wanted to like up that sweet snail sauce.” The girl continued on to describe Cersei’s throes of passion. “Gods her screams were deafening her cunt splattering cum everywhere. She added her left hand to her clit rubbing that juicy nubbin furiously. Gods she cummed so hard again.” Keynna seemed to be a dream now. “Gods she cums so fucking hard!” She told them about how Cersei’s cunt was so high in the air and jacking up with violent up jerks as almost spine snapping spasms ripped through her body. Her eyes rolled back in her head and screamed: ‘Obaraaaaaa Obaraaaa babbbyyyyy!’

“Gods I wish Obara would fuck her already! Then she will share Cersei with us! I want her!” the star cadet whined in frustration.

Then there had been last night. Keynna told them of how Cersei was rubbing her muff with both of her hands cupped over each other for maximum pressure rubbing her quim as it squished obscenely like the bitch in heat she was. She cummed so hard screaming Oberyn’s daughter’s name out. Cersei rolled from shoulder to shoulder screaming like she was being boiled in oil. She bucked so hard she rolled right off the bed. She had done it before. She had been mortified the first few times but last night she kept rubbing her gushing cunt soaking the floor as she cried out “fuck meeeeee with you dick Obaraaaaaaaa fuck me!”
Yes, Oberyn thought, Cersei was pussy whipped. She just had to accept it.

“Are you all words, has been?” Juran called up to the fallen Lannister. “You’re a fucking washed up, beaten, whipped, cast aside Queen. The lion has been spaded by the dragon.”

Cersei stood shaking, and glaring down at the young men.

“Well cunt?”

“You die!” Cersei cried out and flew down the steps.

Oberyn was not worried. Cersei talked trash but never really hurt her opponents. That bad.

She was on them in a flash. She was at least a foot shorter than all the men, and each outweighed her by at least a hundred pounds.

Oberyn still felt sorry for them.

Cersei easily ducked underneath Juran’s punch and came up on Tavion. He lashed out with a chop, but she blocked it with her forearm and used her left hand to grab his forearm and jerked down with shocking strength, folding the large man down.

Cersei immediately surged forward and cupped the back of his neck with her interlocked fingers and jerked forward hard with her arms, and locked her forearms underneath his jaw and jammed her elbows together. She started to jerk down hard, bending Tavion down further and slammed her knee up into his stomach and chest as he cried out in pain. Her locked forearms jerked in on the man’s thick neck with vicious force.

His brother and Morsh tried to get at Cersei, but the lioness jerked the trapped man about using him as a shield. His brother and friend had to try and punch Cersei over Tavion’s body, their punches weak with distance while trying not to hit Tavion. Cersei jerked the boy around with her forearms, squeezing his windpipe and carotid arteries choking off air and blood. She launched vicious knees when the Yronwood tried to free himself. Cersei’s forearms blocked all his weakening attempts to kick and grab at her body with his hands. Cersei kept viciously jacking his body down.

She ducked and slipped the few punches that came near her head. She suddenly stepped back and pivoted, flexing her hips down as she moved and then came up as she jerked the man after her. When his body whipped past her, she pivoted into the move and used his momentum to slam her knee up into the Yronwood’s chest.

He was staggered, and started to go limp. Cersei threw the collapsing body into his brother’s body as he again tried to move in. Juran stumbled after the collision with his unconscious brother.

Cersei had followed in and got down on one foot and both hands. The unbalanced instant that Juran freed his body of his brother, Cersei swept her leg out and through Juran’s left leg knocking it back. Juran roared and fought to stay upright, but Cersei kicked out, hitting the side of Juran’s right knee with great force.

Oberyn knew Cersei could have shattered the joint, but only used enough force to make him scream out and topple over. Juran’s head hit the ground hard, stunning him. Cersei spun over, still crouched down. She straddled him and gripped the sides of his head with her hands and ripped his head up as she snapped her head down. The head butt was brutal. Juran fell limp.

Cersei grunted hard when a kick landed in her ribs from Morsh. She rolled away and rose up, but
Morsh was on her in an instant. His hands locked around her throat and squeezed to choke her out. He was enraged. Cersei’s hands came up to grip the hands that dwarfed her own. Morsh shook Cersei hard.

Oberyn was concerned for Cersei, now prepared to jump in and break up the fight along with Myrion and Obara.

Then Cersei gripped Morsh’s hands, and was able to pull them loose. She couldn’t break the hold, but she was able to breathe. Suddenly, her arms snapped down and started to slam up into his arms from underneath. The blows were fast and furious. The young noble struggled to keep his grip, pulling down to counteract the strength of the blows.

Cersei kept slamming blows up into the massive arms gripping her throat loosely, but refused to let go. Then in a blink of the eye, Cersei’s arms went up past Morsh’s arms and high up. Her arms now slammed down on the arms of Morsh that were still pressing down to counterbalance the blows from beneath.

The impact of Cersei’s downward slashing arms broke Morsh’s grip on her throat and brought his body down. Her head surged forward and up. The head butt stunned the man. She had been working on her flexibility with Obara, and it showed. Her leg kicked almost straight up, and her foot smashed into the chin of the large brute. His head snapped back.

Morsh was wobbling now. He was leaned over and stumbling. Cersei rained straight right and left jabs into Morsh’s face, the impacts loud and violent.

Cersei stopped and looked at the bloodied and swollen face of the fallen man. Cersei put her index finger out. She placed the tip on Morch’s forehead, and pushed back easily. The man toppled, defeated, his eyes open and unseeing as he gasped for breath.

Cersei stood proud and defiant. “I am the Lioness of Battleborne Academy. ALL fall before me!” she roared, putting a foot on Morsh’s chest like the triumphant conqueror she was.

Oberyn had won his bet. She had done it under three minutes. He looked at Obara and her shallow breathing and blown pupils told him she was indeed very wet. His own cock was hard, seeing such power in the woman. He doubted Cersei would ever touch another man, but gods she was so beautiful and hot with power now.

Oberyn walked off as Cersei continued to crow and shout her defiance. The whole damn academy was starting to worship the woman. Even Ellaria was starting to look at Cersei with raw hunger when she forgot to hate her.

Myrion and he both knew that Cersei Lannister was something more than human now. No person should have her speed and reflexes with less than a year of training. She was so fast and powerful she would defeat him if he was without a weapon. Her strength was truly frightening.

Myrion had told him last week that Cersei was already a master of the sword, and any other weapon she would choose to use. Obeyrn had stared at him like he had lost his mind.

“That’s not possible.”

“Nevertheless I have felt it. She has knowledge buried deep in her. When she is ready, it will come to her. She and the sword will become one as it was for Arthur. She is greater than he. You know she is the one, don’t you?”

“Yes I do. I can’t believe that my formal mortal enemy is the one prophesied. With that sword she
could bring Dorne down if she chose to. She could cut us all down.”

“Then kill her now, before she becomes that threat.”

Oberyn smiled. “Where is the fun in that? I love taking chances. You know that.”

“You are reckless, Oberyn.”

“Yeah I am.” he smirked. “But I am not worried. I have seen the way she looks at Obara when she 

thinks no one is looking. She’s pussy whipped. Plus, she is not the woman who arrived here. She 

would lay her life down for Dorne. She would lay it down for Obara. I know it. Soon enough my 

daughter will have Cersei in her bed, screaming from it. She has a very talented mouth. I should 

know. I have felt it often enough sucking my cock and my sweet Ellaria off.”

Mayrion sighed. “Oberyn … not everything revolves around sex.”

Oberyn looked at Myrion shocked. “No—butttt … gods I love sex, and so does Cersei. Mark my 

words. She is changing in more ways than one.”

Oberyn squirmed inside, knowing in another reality he would have raped the woman and gladly run 

her through after with his sword. Hadn’t that been the way Westeros deposed of fallen sovereigns? 

He shivered at the thought now. More than just Cersei had changed under the Queen’s tutelage and 

subtle guidance.

Oberyn looked at Myrion with a smirk. “When I get home tonight I am taking home some young 

buck or two. Together me and my sweet Ellaria are going to fuck them blind, Myrion.”

The man shook his head, smiling and sighing.

Cersei had really gotten him worked up.

Oberyn had to admit it. He was actually coming to like the woman. She was actually softening and 

becoming respectful, but she still had that fire that ignited his passion. Ellaria was coming around too, 

though she tried to deny it most of the time.

He would never have given Cersei the chance if it had not been for Daenerys. He had no idea at the 

time that Cersei was the one. He thanked the gods he did not believe in for their guidance and their 

serendipity. He mused, forming a picture in his mind of him stabbing Ellaria in the ass with his cock 

as she sucked off Cersei. Hhhmmmm - that was quite hot, actually.

**Arya**

The sound of wood slamming wood filled the courtyard that the royals practiced in. It was a small 

world, only fifty by fifty feet in size. It was enclosed by high walls that made sounds echo. The 

walls were thick and red, like the name of the name of the castle they were in.

Two of the walls had two doors that allowed ingress and egress. This was a private place where the 

Queen, and now Arya, practiced hard out of sight of the rest of the Red Keep. At times Gendry and 

Mya also practiced there. At most only two sets of combatants could fight there. Or sometimes one 

would be assailed by multiple fighters.
Barristan and Syrio made sure their charges were constantly working on their skills and endurance. Each man brought their different talents and skills to the training. Barristan’s style emphasized strength and shock, while Syrio was poetry in motion. They were both as unique as they were deadly.

Arya had been shocked when she first fought Barristan Selmy. Her father had told her before she left on her journey south that the man was his better. Arya did not believe her father then, but he was every inch her father’s equal.

Like her father when he started his assaults, it was like being in a tornado that struck you with relentless power. The strength of his blows would have numbed her arms if they had not been strengthened by her sparring with Dany. Her training with her father was months in the past now, but it had prepared her for his onslaught of savage fury.

Her first matches with Barristan had ended badly. He would train her for an hour in intense drills and memorizing complicated cut, block, parry and attack steps. She learned them the first time, and for some reason this surprised him. Why should it take more than one time after you have seen it?

She had thought that had prepared her for the man. He had started out their first sparring session following the patterns he had shown Arya. She had done well and was feeling confident. It must have shown in her eyes.

Barristan had called out ‘on guard!’, and then Arya was back in the practice yard with her father. The force of Barristan’s blows were like strikes against an anvil. The man was first in front of her, and then behind her. She had her sword taken from her hands again and again by sudden flicks of Barristan’s sword. Blows hammered all over Arya’s body with stunning force.

She merely gritted her teeth and plowed on. She was determined to improve, and show Daenerys Targaryen she was worthy of being considered her equal. She wanted desperately to impress Dany with her skills and prowess. She still harbored her childish dreams of seducing the all powerful woman into loving her, even though she knew it was hopeless with all the beautiful men and women that were constantly paraded before the Queen.

The men were offered as potential husbands that would strengthen her grip on the realm. These angered her to her core. Why the fuck would a man make her realm more stable and prosperous than it already was? She wanted to break their noses and ram their teeth down their throats.

The women incensed her. None were offered to her as wives, thank the old gods. The court of the Red Keep was filled with the courtesans from all the houses of the South. Many of the sluts were practically throwing themselves at the Queen’s feet, showing off their perfumed tits and shapely hips. It made Arya feel downright inferior looking with her flat chest and her slender hips. It wasn’t fair! Thank the gods the Queen was so busy with her father’s Game of Thrones that she did not seem to notice the hussies. She wanted to rip their hair out and kick them in the ass with her boot!

Her sparring sessions with Syrio had not started so well either.

She had enjoyed the strange tasks that he had her perform. Balancing on the ball of one foot at first had been taxing, but she got used to it by the end of the first several days. She could stand like that for hours if she wanted. Syrio had her jumping from foot to foot, nearly rising up on her toes.

He had her chasing feral cats. That was fun. She had been frustrated the first time. The old Tom was just too fast and cunning. She warged into the cat, and stopped its limbs from working. She had presented it to Syrio shortly after he had her set after it. The cat had been watching the proceedings since Arya had arrived.
The next day she asked Syrio to let her after the cat again. This time she did not return till four hours later covered in dirt, grime and scratches, but this time she had captured the cat on her own! She had gotten so much better. She could now almost feel the cat making his decisions on which way to twist and turn just by the way his tail would lean, or the scruff on his neck would bristle.

She was at the point now where she did not consider the hunt a success if she had a scratch from the little beasts. *Man, those cats could run fast.* The only time they got away was when they went down a crack or hole she could not reach far enough to reach. She had gotten very good with plaster and trowel. She found it funny when the cats would run to find a hole that was no longer there, and just stare at space and run around in circles in confusion. She would always let the cats run away then, since their confusion was not fair to take advantage of.

Her first battles with Syrio had lessons in humility for the proud Stark girl. He too stepped her through the steps and parries of his style of sword fighting. He called it ‘fencing’. She had snorted when it came time to spar. Barristan had tried to warn of her overconfidence. “Outside of your father and maybe Breienne of Tarth, Syrio is the only man I fear.”

“But his sword is just a stick. My sword will knock it aside and I will take him down.”

That was not how it had transpired. He had jammed the point of his wooden rapier so many times into her body she felt like a pin cushion that first day. She had been humiliated.

Barristan had pulled her aside. “Arya, do not feel bad.” She had started to scoff. Barristan had gripped her shoulders and shook her hard. “Listen to me. You are already a very, very skilled swordsman, and soon you will be our equal. But you must learn to fight, and more importantly respect *all* styles of fighting. Syrio is captured lighting. He is speed and skill given human form. Raw power is to his advantage. Temper your attack, and use what he is teaching you to *fight him*.”

She had learned her lesson. She tried to blend her styles. Barristan called it a type of asymmetrical fighting. Knights of Westeros were not used to fighting a water dancer. “We all looked alike to Syrio, but he is unique to us.” He had the advantage in the fights. Arya saw that he used sheer speed and skill with his precise movements to counterbalance the sheer power a broadsword generated.

She learned to temper her attacks and parry and watch. She learned to be passive and use her sword’s weight to easily block and push aside his rapier thrusts. She quickly got used to his speed, and was able to hold him off, though the instant she attacked she was again at his mercy.

She kept practicing. She gritted her teeth and learned.

All the while, Dany had been watching her. She never once made her feel inferior, or used her superior skill to make Arya feel like she was in over her head. She gave insights on how to use various counter-attack styles, and gave her new blends of attack and defense. She practiced relentlessly with Arya when they were alone in the court, when she had no meetings.

Dany laughed at her sometimes when she pouted and stomped her foot when she was disarmed, but it was a pure laugh with no rancor. She was not laughing at Arya being disarmed or hit, but at Arya’s reactions. Arya loved the tinkling quality of Dany’s laugh. She could not help hamming it up sometimes, just to hear Dany laugh. Her eyes twinkled when she was amused.

Dany’s laughter and shining eyes made her stomach flip, and her nipples throb. She did not let the Queen see her reactions. She did not want Dany to feel awkward. She did not want her to know that her royal hostage lusted after every perfect hair on her head, or longed to feel that heavenly body pressing her down into the bed.
She found herself laughing at Dany sometimes too. Dany was able to hold her own with her sword masters, but sometimes they would send her sword flying. Her curses, foot stomping and arm flapping were hilarious. She would glare at Arya at first, and then break out laughing, joining in Arya’s clean, innocent mirth. How Arya longed to take the Queen in her arms and love her. Arya had learned her lessons well and fast.

The two sword masters had her blindfolded for twenty minutes in the morning now. At first she could not hear anything in the echoes of the courtyard. Then she had been able to pickup Barristan’s movements, and then Dany’s. Their clinking chainmail and heavy boots were easy to pick up. Syrio, without armor, and his soft sole shoes, had been at first impossible for her to discern. But as the days passed, she started to hear the slightest rubbing of leather on the soil, and the catching of cloth in a slight gust. Arya heard the softest hint of a breath.

Soon she could defend herself and even attack a little, but that was so much harder when blindfolded.

Then they had given her a wooden representation of Needle. Barristan told her that Syrio and he saw that she was ambidextrous. They wanted her to start to use the second blade to help her block and parry and to lash out when the opportunity presented itself. The main caveat was to know when to drop the second blade if two hands were needed to hold the blade against a truly powerful, skilled foe.

She had loved using both hands. She was sometimes able now to put Syrio on the defense. Barristan had increased the savagery of his attacks. Arya quickly found she needed to drop Needle to use two hands to hold the strong warrior at bay.

She was starting to attack the men like Dany was able to. On the defense, Arya was untouchable. It was when she went on the attack that bad things sometime happened to her. That was when she received her sword whacks, or jabs of the wooden rapier tip. She would growl and get pissed off, but she kept practicing. She was improving.

Arya had another incentive to practice so hard on the training ground with Dany.

They would sit after their intense practice of training and sparring. Arya cherished those times. Their sword masters would quickly impart any instructions for the morrow, or go over any pertinent points from the day’s training. They would then depart to prepare for their other duties in the Keep and at the Small Council, which was held in the mid-morning.

Dany and Ayra would talk of their training to begin with, but often the discussions would be far ranging after that. Dany would regale her with tales of her time as the Khaleesi of Khal Drogo’s Khalasar. She would tell her bit and pieces of her conquests of the slave cities, and how she cowed the “Free Cities” into giving up slavery. She had told Arya she was sure some still had to be rooted out, and she would do that when the “Wright War” was over.

She told Ayra how it felt to fly over the Dothraki Sea, or fly over the broad oceans between the parts of her realm. She told Ayra she would love to share these things with her. For some reason, to Arya, she had seemed to almost be shyly asking. She had gushed out “hell yeah!” in response. She wanted to experience those things with her. The queen’s eyes had burned with emotion. Arya almost fooled herself to thinking she saw the same love in Dany’s eyes she felt in her own soul, then the look was gone. The thought saddened Arya, but she accepted that the Queen was meant for another.

The Queen asked her questions again and again about her time in Wintefell. Arya thought them boring, but Dany seemed to eat up her tales of a loving family. To have a mother and father that
loved her, even if that mother was a hard ass sometimes.

Dany had really paid attention to Arya describing her love for Jon, Robb, Bran and Rickon. She also told her how she and her older sister had feuded, but now had made peace. She did not tell the Queen the fact that both sisters were lesbians, and that Eddard’s royal hostages was gay also. How her father had helped his daughter and Margaery to come together. Arya did not want to freak the Queen out with her ‘unnatural’ and ‘male’ desires. She would not do anything to jeopardize their budding friendship. She felt such a closeness to Dany already.

How she longed to take it further.

They would usually finish their discussions on how to improve against Barristan’s power and Syrio’s quickness. Dany told her recently that she could see that Arya would soon be her equal, and then better. Arya had protested vociferously, but the Queen had persisted. She told Arya she needed all the swords she could get in defense of her realm.

Last week Arya had been rotating her left shoulder after training. Barristan had whacked it good with this practice sword. Dany had fretted about it. Arya tried to get the woman to understand it was not because of the arm bar she had used in subduing Arya during their initial meeting, that Arya humorous called to herself ‘Love at First Fist’.

Dany had told her to wait, and went running off like the furies of hell were after her. She came back five minutes later. She had reappeared, coming out the doorway she had disappeared into in such a hurry. She was carrying a dark colored bottle.

Dany told her it was liniment. Arya had not heard of it. Dany told Arya that a liniment was typically formulated from alcohol, acetone, or similar quickly evaporating solvents and contained counterirritant aromatic chemical compounds such as methyl salicilate, benzoin resin, or capsaicin.

Arya had turned to look at Dany with a blank, confused expression. The Queen looked sheepish and told her that she was not sure what they were either. The horse tenders for the Khalasars swore by them for the treatment of horse aches, and it had been discovered they worked well for human aches and pains as well.

She offered to rub some into Arya’s shoulders. Arya nearly swooned at the thought of Dany’s hands on her body. The queen had her undo her laces enough to pull her shirt down to fully expose her shoulders, but keep her chest covered. Arya waited while the queen poured some liniment onto her hands, and rubbed back and forth to warm it up.

Arya had to fight hard to suppress her moans when the Queen’s calloused hands started to rub the oil into her shoulder. She had felt Daenerys’ strong fingers digging into her muscles and rubbing over her skin. Her shoulder indeed felt better. She relished the feel of those strong fingers on her body.

She felt her nipples getting puffy and so hard. She bit her teeth so as not to allow her moans of hedonistic pleasure escape her lips. The Queen rotated her fingers first over one shoulder, and then told Arya she should do the other shoulder to make sure both muscles were given the same treatment to ‘keep them in balance’. Arya had thought that was a splendid idea.

Her pussy was so fucking wet. It was heaven.

It had become a routine for the Queen to rub in liniment into Arya’s shoulders and sometimes her lower legs, stating that her calves were tight. She had nearly cummed on the spot the first time feeling those strong fingers rubbing and loosening her calves. Gods it felt heavenly.
Then just this morning the Queen had asked her if she could trouble Arya to rub liniment into her shoulders, complaining of a tightness. The Queen had dropped her blouse top to her waist. Arya nearly died of happiness right then. She used every ounce of willpower to not throw the Queen on the reed mat and ravish her on the spot.

Dany was so comfortable with her body she did not even know the affect it had on Arya. She supposed her time with the Dothraki had totally removed Dany’s inhibitions. She did not even consider how it would affect Arya - the Queen likely just assumed that they were both girls, and they had seen other naked women. **Arya hadn’t.** She would never admit that fact. Only through Nymeria’s eyes had she seen naked women, not her own. She and Sansa had not been close enough to share such intimacies about their desires.

It would have freaked them both out.

Dany’s breasts were perfect mounds on her chest, like plump oranges riding high on the Queen’s chest so firmly. With just a little jiggle, Dany shifted her weight and then stretched to ‘work the kinks out her spine’, she’d told Arya. Arya could hear the pop of her spine joints snapping. Dany arched her back, making her breasts thrust upward and Arya assumed that Dany must have been chilled slightly, with her nipples so hard and her areolas crinkled. Arya’s breath caught seeing the light brown color of the Queen’s areolas and nipples. **Gods she wanted to suckle them sooooo bad!**

Arya had to rub her hands together while counting to ten to control her trembling. Not only did Dany have Arya rub and massage her shoulders, but her back as well. Arya’s next ten minutes were divine as her fingers worked the queen’s shoulders and back. Her pussy was soaked, especially when the Queen pressed back into her hands. The sudden push into her fingers while she worked the down queen’s ribs had nearly caused Arya’s hands to touch Dany’s breast. **The Queen would never forgive her!**

For some reason the queen huffed then when Arya made sure to keep her fingers only on her back. She must have done something wrong.

All too soon, she could not excuse her continued massaging of the Queen’s back. “All done, my Queen.” Arya had announced with a flourish.

For some reason the queen huffed again and then told Arya she had to hurry to a meeting. She seemed slightly agitated as she jerked her blouse back on. Daenerys stood up and remained still a moment, and sighed heavily before turning around to thank her for her excellent ‘medicinal fingers’ she’d said, wiggling her fingers wagging her eyebrows. They had both laughed. Dany seemed alright after that, thankfully. She assumed the queen had a lot on her mind.

Arya could not think of anything she had done wrong.

She continued to practice her steps and with her two real weapons, improving her sword work. Her two masters observed her as they passed by the courtyard on their way to the small council.

Arya continued to practice for another hour before taking a quick meal in the common kitchen. She loved being with the ‘common’ folk. They seemed so real to her.

She went back to the practice yard, and retrieved her bow. She headed to the greensward in the middle of King’s Landing to practice archery with Mya. Mya was improving greatly with her archery skills, and she was also improving with her swordsmanship.

Arya liked Mya’s down to earth nature. Neither her or Gendry had changed, from what Dany told her. They were honest and direct.
Mya hugged her like a long lost sister whenever she greeted Arya. Arya found she liked it. She missed a lot with Sansa with their senseless feuding. Thank the gods that was behind them now.

They shot arrows at the dummy butts. They laughed and joked. Arya contemplated asking Mya for advice about her feelings about Dany, but didn’t dare risk the girl being straight and freaking out with her unnatural desires for the Queen.

Arya grimaced at her predicament. She would just have to make do with the Queen’s platonic affections though she desperately wanted more.

Cowled Woman

The rain fell softly down from an angry sky. The water fell onto the boughs above the woman paralleling the party traveling down the Wayfarer Road, that connected White Harbor to the King’s Highway. The cold rain did not affect her. She did not feel it.

The road had even more traffic than normal. The unsettled nature of current events had armed soldiers and knights riding up and down the roads of Westeros. The Wayfarer Road was no different. In the last six hours, banners depicting various houses went up and down lane as marshalling forces went to their staging areas.

The woman walking off to the side of the road silently noted all this as she trailed a large party of knights. They had an emissary in their midst. The rain fell down on the diminutive woman, completely soaking her cloak that was cinched tight around her waist. The sleeves of her cloak were large, and barely showed the tips of her small fingertips. Her face was covered by a deep cowl, hid in a well of inky darkness in the grey light. The woman to all appearances no more than a child in late adolescence.

The woman lifted her head up, and let the cold rain fall on her face enjoying the feel of the cold droplets. The water beading on her face and then running down her delicate throat. She lowered her head again, and turned to look at the party she was pacing a mile away. Her sharp eyesight spotted the emissary easily.

He leaned from side to side, and would reach up and grip his forehead in agony. The pressure of the wet weather caused the man intense pain, she observed. She watched the breath steam from his mouth. All of them were chilled. The horses’ flanks shivering from the cold she did not feel. No breath steamed from her mouth.

The woman was walking in and out of little copses of willows and maples. The grass was waist high and above on the small woman. She moved through the tall grass; plucking brambles without a sound. The clutching thorns seemed to slide off her tunic. The blades pushed aside like silk and closed behind the woman with no fanfare. She passed a fox, unnoticed by the small canine, as it ambled down a small side trail right in front of her.

Small streams flowed aimlessly beneath her bare feet. The woman did not feel the cold on her bare feet. The mud sucked on her feet the muck embracing each toe in a lover’s embrace. The woman effortlessly pulled each foot from the muck that grasped the appendage like a spurned lover. Her body was untouched by the hypothermia that would have long ago sapped a normal person of warmth and even consciousness.

Wet leaves clung to her small feet as she worked herself between and sometimes through the tall underbrush. She easily slipped the branches that tried to catch her tunic. Her body when possible
dodged and almost sensually danced through the rough, tall, dead weeds. Thorns and seeds tried to catch her lower legs, but she easily moved around their clasp- ing grip.

When not possible she easily passed through the brambles pushing aside with her hands and steady step. Her body bulling through effortlessly. No scratch on skin or rent of fabric was left by the violent lover embraces of the twisted briars.

The woman cared little for the men she followed. It was what the emissary was carrying that interested her. She came to a twelve foot deep creek that was eight feet across. Winter dead willows wilted over onto the surface of the rank water. The woman flexed her knees into a half crouch. She effortlessly jumped the creek, keeping her balance perfectly on the soft bank on the other side. Her feet sank deep into the mud. A strong knight would struggle to remove their feet from the sucking mud. The cowled woman effortlessly pulled her bare feet free. She continued to walk on, paralleling the force of men and horses on the road.

Just then, six soldiers on horseback rode past with the heraldry of a crown above crossed long handled battle axes, with a background of yellow. She liked the color yellow. Earlier in the day she had seen other heraldry. She had seen an eagle's head between crossed tridents, red on white on two traveling knights. After that, she had seen a group of troop of soldiers trudging down the road soaked with their heraldry of a black sword upright between four black horseshoes on gold, a grey-green border. Just an hour ago she had liked the heraldry of a pine tree covered with snow in a pale green pile, on white. This accompanied a troop of four knights, and twenty foot soldiers.

She did not like the heraldry of the party of twenty-eight men surrounding the man with the throbbing headache. Their heraldry was of a red flayed man on pink de sang. The image and what it implied made her grind her teeth. The image bespoke of cruelty, and a lust for brutality. The woman looked inside the men, and saw that the area of the brain that controlled aggression was more developed in these men. She saw also that their frontal lobe that contained the premotor cortex which helped exercise self-restraint was less pronounced than most humans.

These men had been raised on violence, and their neuron wiring had developed along those lines. The woman took a calming breath that she did not need. No steam bellowed from her nostrils. She needed no oxygen. She hated men with a deep-seeded passion. She knew not all men were evil, but her imprisonment by A-Jeroth in the abyss beneath Mount Thunder had driven her insane. She had been trapped for countless millennium gnawing on her anguish and hatred for the man who had imprisoned her.

She had in time come to slaughter any man that came into her grasp, and took into herself any woman and filled them with the self-hate, loathing, insanity and fierce anger that consumed her. She had been filled with self-hate because it had been A-Jeroth’s sweet lies and her own lust for power and control that led to her downfall. For so long she had screamed in rage.

It had been Linden Avery surrendering herself willing into her evil grasp, and then reasoning with her as she tried to drive the woman insane that saved her. The Ringthane had reached her. She still was not sure how. Her hate and self-loathing had been total and complete. The woman had allowed her to totally swallow Linden Avery. With white gold, Linden Avery resisted her attempts to destroy her body. She had flung enough power to crush mountains to powder and rip the oceans from their basins and send them boiling into space, and still the White Gold Wielder resisted her.

She felt Linden Avery healing the women within her, and throwing them out of her being and into the surviving ur-viles. Linden Avery had ripped her prized women from her, hurling them into the demondim spawn.

Linda Avery had told her how to slip the bounds of the Land, and the unknown land of Westeros.
As the Worm at the World’s end drank from the Blood of the Earth at its southern font under Melenkurion Skyweir, the world began to founder and crumble. As the laws of magic and physics frayed, She Who Must Not Be Named slipped her prison to escape into the wide universe.

She had slapped Lord Foul as he called himself now, down with one backhand as she slipped her shackles.

Gods that had felt good, to so easily strike down her tormentor. She no longer cared about him as she fled the dying world and went out into the universe.

Only the world had *not* died. Linden Avery, her son Jeremey, with the new Staff of Law and her husband Thomas Covenant had forged a new world on the template of the old, dying world. The humans in Westeros, Essos and Southern Islands of the northern hemisphere never even knew they had blinked out of existence for a few brief heartbeats before the three had created a new world on the template of the dead old world.

She had roamed the galaxy for the last forty thousand plus years since her freedom. She had slipped into the alternative reality that had birthed Thomas Covenant, his wife and adopted son, and walked among the humans of that reality.

In her travels among the stars and various realities, she had learned to control her anger and self-loathing. It was still difficult at times, though. Her thoughts would return to the prison of the abyss, and she could feel her old madness yammering for revenge and need to hurt others as she was hurt.

Six months ago she had decided to return to the world of her birth. She had slipped from between realities on a wave of anti-graviton particles, slipping through the wormhole anomaly she had created by phase shifting her molecular vibratory spin of her very sub-atomic particles.

She had been surprised not to translate upon the renewed Melenkurion Skyweir. She had instead wound up on a high jutting rock along a beach. She looked up at the sky, and saw the stars that no human eyes could see.

She was in the Northern hemisphere. How was this possible? Her will was absolute. She Who Must Not Be Named looked down at the beach. In the distance she saw a group of men and four women. Much nearer to her was a silver haired woman who was three inches taller than her, and a dwarf walking side-by-side. She was proud of herself. She did not desire to kill and torment either of them.

She watched the silver haired woman pause. She felt consternation and rising rage flowing off the woman, and hope from the handsome dwarf. Then the woman stood before the little man. He did not feel the absolute rage boiling hidden beneath the woman’s false façade. Then the little man felt terror as the woman nearly garroted him.

Some things never changed, it seemed.

She Who Must Not Be Named looked again at the silver haired woman with beautiful violet eyes. She was Earthpowerful. She was not magical, but suffused with the essence of mystery that was Earthpower. She was like the Haruchai or Ranyhyn. The woman was in fact filled to *overflowing* with Earthpower. She looked around, and opened her senses to the world.

As the woman and dwarf walked down the beach, the returned woman who was like unto a god tuned herself to the world of her birth. After a few minutes, she closed her senses back to more human levels.
The font of the Blood of the Earth in this hemisphere had been shattered over four hundred years ago. A fool human with white hair and violet eyes had allowed a Raver to lie to him. He had drunk the Blood of the Earth, and invoked the Power of Command. An instant later, the land called Valeryia had been destroyed.

Not even she would dare drink the Blood of the Earth and attempt to give a command. Only Linden Avery had drunk from the Ichor of the Earth and given a command and not brought calamity. Her tortured purity of heart and love guided her to the proper command.

From that moment, magic had been decaying in the North. In time it weakened the bond the cold Earth had gripped the Ice King with. He was now free and planning to come South and destroy all human life. He had formed an unholy union with a Croyel. She felt her anger suddenly boil and flood her with the desire to translate her essence to the far north and confront this Ice King.

It would only take her several hours to unbind his entire army of dead. She would shatter his ice children, and then shatter his crystalline body with her crushing hands, and then rip the Croyel apart.

The next instant she discarded the idea.

Her rage would be too much, she feared. She would lose control of her restraint, and once more become incorporeal. Instead of ice cold death coming out of the North, it would be a green roiling cloud of death and insanity that would come flowing out of the frozen north. She would kill all men and consume all women at a pace that the Ice King could never achieve. She would then devour the land of Essos.

She would be compelled to cross over the guardians of the Soul Bitter and Soul Crusher to attack the Southern hemisphere. Maybe the Lords and the Ring Wielders could defeat her, but she doubted it. She would consume all life and attack the now hated Elohim who never came to her defense and freed her from her prison.

She had calmed herself then. She sensed this white haired woman was the locus of the Earthpower’s dying defense. She and two other women were being filled with its essence to attempt to restore the Blood of the Earth, but first the white haired woman would have to defeat the Ice King.

She Who Must Not Be Named could not dare expose herself to the Ice King. Her desire for revenge against his vile maleness might overcome her control. The Ice King with his power was the avatar of A-Jeroth, the man who imprisoned her and instilled her native hatred of men.

She had learned in her roaming not all were evil.

This was not the case with the men she was now tracking. These men were filled with the desire for violence. They were set to betray the white haired Queen. She had determined that like the ur-viles, she would aid the Queen one time. She hated these men and their willingness to betray their own kind for the promise of power and avarice.

She marked her quarry as they trudged down the road. She Who Must Not Be Named moved silently through the tangled underbrush. Her body slipping around and between all the twigs and brambles grasping for her when possible or used the smallest fraction of her strength to force passage through.

Her green tunic was untorn. When a rent was made she instantly mended the tear in the fabric. The fabric was soaked in mud with her travels, but her flesh was untouched by cut or mire. In the far distance she saw the inn the group of vile men were slowly moving towards. The building slowly grew closer with the tired gait of the horses slowly eating up the remaining distance to the inn.
Finally, the men arrived at their destination.

She followed from a distance as the men went to the stables and put their horses in for the night before heading to the large tavern that was well situated for all the traffic. The four story building was long and rectangular shaped. The outside of the structure was done in a stucco and wooden beam pattern.

She Who Must Not Be Named waited patiently outside in the rain that had started to pour down with the clouds lowering and the cooling temperatures precipitating the moisture out of the clouds. The rain now struck the woman hard, but she ignored the downpour. It did not affect her. Her feet sunk in a dank, boggy mush. She stood off to side of the road. She again turned her lidless eyes up to the sky and let the rain cool the heat of her thoughts.

The man, named Merrett Frey she’d learned by touching his mind, had again drank himself into unconsciousness. What she wanted was on the table beside his head, lying there as he snored loudly. It was time to act.

The woman walked resolutely to the road, and then crossed the mud and offal with sure steps. She walked up to the porch. She took the two steps to get to the main doors of the establishment. With no effort, the small woman pushed open the heavy oaken door. It swung back on well-oiled hinges.

The silent woman walked into the establishment. She looked around in the smoky air that filled the common room. She looked to the right and left on the end walls at the large hearths filled with logs that burned hotly. Her deep cowl completely hid her features. The hearth filled with red hot cankers and pine wood popped loudly as sap boiled in the flames.

She looked around the room mapping the location of the men from the House of Bolton. They were eating and drinking noisily. The men were busy ordering refills to their plates, and more ale for their mugs. The small woman moved to the backside of the room, and found a seat along the bench that lined the wall. She was small, and found a spot to the side of a large man and a woman who was laughing and jesting with him.

She felt the love between them, and turned her gaze scowling. How could a woman love a man? They were all traitors! She took a deep breath, calming her ire. She clenched her fist. Her anger was never far from the surface.

There were twenty large, rough-hewn circular tables that could seat at least ten people each. Three of the tables were filled with her quarry, and the rest of the seats were taken by other travelers on the road. The tables were messy, with spilt beer and water. Pieces of broken loaves of bread and mashed potatoes and detritus of various vegetables covered the areas around the plates and mugs. These human were messy eaters, she thought with distaste.

The patrons were noisy as they ate. She would wait for alcohol to further dull the senses of her quarry. She did not want trouble. She strived for ease of spirit and lack of conflict now. All she had to do was touch the satchel that carried what she sought. She needed to touch it to do what she must.

She looked at the main bar. It ran the length of back wall with a door leading to the cooking area, the wooden slat door swinging to and fro as serving women brought out food. The two bartenders dipped out ale from big barrels and freshly opened casks. On the back wall lined the more potent distilled spirits.

The woman looked around and waited. She observed some women come in and start to ply the room. She listened as the whores made their bargains for the pleasures of the flesh. She idly thought such actions were a waste of time. She had never consummated her betrothal with A-Jeroth. She
had hoped for sweet pleasures with A-Jeroth. She wished such pleasures no more. She had learned to control her desires.

She hoped that some of these Boltons would partake of the prostitutes, but they did not. They laughed and jested and some were clearly intoxicated. The Frey had not moved. She looked around at the men guarding him. None were paying any attention to the man.

It was time.

The small woman rose from her seat, her cloak mostly dry now. Her bare feet were crusted in mud that flaked off as she walked between the tables to her quarry. One touch was all she needed. She went to the bar beside the drunken, passed out man, and looked at her prize up close.

Her left hand moved across the counter and touched the satchel.

“What the hell are you doing, you fucking twat?” A man’s voice snarled.

The small woman continued to look forward.

“I saw you watching us, and the man at the counter. You some fucking spy, twat? Sending a fucking midget to do a man’s job,” the man snorted derisively. “You are going to be sorry you were ever born, slut.”

The woman ground her teeth, her left hand balling into a fist on the countertop. She counted to ten as she had learned on the world of Thomas Covenant.

The man laughed as several others joined him, standing behind their leader. All had their swords out. The woman could feel their avarice. They would use this incident as a reason to rape her.

“Our lord told us to be on the lookout for any spies of the Queen. Should have known the cunt would send a female dwarf to do her bidding.” His men laughed again.

“Turn around and take that hood down. I want to see who we will be raping tonight. I like some meat on my women, but hell, I’ll fuck a twig to get my cock wet. There won’t be much left of you woman, when our lord is finished flaying the skin off your face and tits.”

The room had gone silent as the dance macabre played out.

“I said turn your fucking self around! I will not tell you again, girl!”

“I would advise you all to leave now.” The small framed woman responded, still looking forward. The room quieted. The woman’s voice echoed in the room as if speaking from a tomb. The sound cold and unnatural.

The men gaped for a second but brushed off the strange voice. “Hahaha! Neat trick there with the voice girl. You got to be fucking joking me! You’re telling me what to do? Turn your fucking chicken leg ass around.” The man looked down “What the hell? No shoes! What kind of nimwit are you, cunt?”

The woman took a depth breath. “This is your last warning. I will not show or give any quarter if I turn around. Go back to your master. Leave me be.” She woman continued to stare straight ahead, her body absolutely still. The men again heard the echoing voice as did the whole room now. The room had become as silent as temple mouse. Everyone felt unease. The men of Bolton looked at each other. Together they screwed up their courage to confront this strange woman who displayed no fear. This angered them.
“This is fucking insane. Turn your godsdamned skinny ass around and face the men who will break you, little girl. Why the Queen sent a child to do her work I do not know. It won’t save you.”

The woman sighed a breath she did not need, and turned and looked at the man who towered over her and had a broadsword six inches from her throat. He looked down at her evilly. He was unnerved that the woman showed no fear that he could see.

“I’m not sure if you’re even worth the effort. That twat must be tiny and skanky, being out there in that weather. Probably has mold in it.” Some of his men behind him laughed at the jib. “Maybe your asshole will be a better fit for my giant cock.”

The woman calmly looked up at him, her cowl hiding all her features.

The loud man moved his sword forward and hooked it underneath the forward apex of the silent woman’s cowl and pushed it back off her head.

The hood slid down to her shoulders, and all in the room who saw her gasped in shock. The man holding the sword gaped at her. His eyes were large as he took in her face. The woman had the eyes of a demon. They were completely circular, and completely green, with no whites or irises visible. The otherworldly calm woman had no eyelids. Her eyes were the size of gold dragons. The eyes of the woman unnaturally bright in their bright green color. The woman’s eyebrows started near the bridge of her nose, but rose up at a forty-five degree angle to near her hairline. Both her eyebrows and hair were a bright green.

The man saw her ears through the hair that went down to her shoulders. They swept back to two points near the top. Her ears were normal size except for the long tips. The points were long and sharp.

Her face would have been beautiful, if it was not so unearthly. The face regarded the man without any fear apparent. This frightened the man. This small child was not a third his size. She was outnumbered over twenty to one and she exuded no fear. The small child like woman stood still and regarded him coolly with her unnatural unblinking eyes. The woman had the breast and hips of a girl not yet flowered. He sensed his woman was no maid fair waiting to flower. This woman was ancient he somehow knew.

The man made a snap decision. He knew he was dealing with something not natural. His shoulders bunched to drive his sword through the throat of this strange woman. He would figure out what he was dealing with when he examined her corpse.

“No.” the woman spoke softly. Though softly spoken the command echoed in the room.

The man’s wrists jumped up with the sudden reduction of weight of his sword. His sword had turned to mist, and the smell of burnt metal filled the area around the pair.

Quicker than anyone could register, the small woman stepped up to the man and her left hand whipped up in a blur, and slammed into his chainmail. Her fingertips easily sliced through the mail, and her hand ripped up into the man’s thoracic cavity, her hand closing around his heart and ripping it out with a savage back jerk of her hand.

The man stared down, his eyes seeing with horror his heart still beating. The enzymes between nerve synapses still allowing electrical impulses to fire down the neural pathways.

The woman looked up at him and squeezed his heart, making it explode in her fist. The woman’s hand went forward to thump the dead man who toppled back. The woman dropped the pulped
The Bolton men were stunned for a few heartbeats. Then a man to the left recovered and charged the woman, swinging down with his broadsword aiming to cleave her head in two.

The woman’s hands rose up in a blur and struck his sword eighteen inches apart from opposite sides. The blade snapped into thirds. The metal flung past the woman. The man stumbled and started to pass to the right of the silent woman. She pivoted and turned slightly. Her right hand went up and chopped down.

The blow decapitated the man, sending his headless body slamming into the bar, his neck gushing blood everywhere, soaking the woman’s feet and the hem of her robe.

People were getting up, cursing and shouting in fear. Women were beginning to scream as they attempted to back away from the carnage erupting unlooked for in their midst.

She Who Must Not Be Name turned calmly to face her foes. The rest of the Bolton men looked uncertainty at each other, but rage at the loss of two of their own quickly shook their stupor off. They started to move forward.

The woman made a clawing motion, and a man two tables back had his face ripped apart. The front of his skull fell off, his brains unraveling and spilling down. Now the eating area was filled with screams and panic.

She turned and clenched her fists, and two men screamed as their hearts burst in their chests. The men fell to the ground kicking wildly. Blood gushed from their mouths. Now men and women were running around in the large room nearly trampling each other. They screamed in panic seeking exit.

A man with a giant war axe had closed in to chop her head off. She ducked underneath the mighty, furious swipe of the axe, and gripped the handle with her left hand as the stroke whistled by. She Who Must Not Be Named ripped the weapon easily from his grip, and buried it in his back as he stumbled past the small woman, the ax buried to the hilt.

A man rushed her and she ducked his sword strike. She jumped up and her left fist whipped out. Her fist impacted on the man’s nose and drove clean through his head. The fist busted out the back of the man’s skull her wrist out his head. The man's skull and brains exploded out the back of the man's head.

The woman was covered in gore as she calmly shook the corpse off her arm. She looked at a man getting ready to throw a javelin at her. She made a raking motion of her right hand, her fingers clawed. The man’s head was sliced into quarters and fell the ground the cuts angled as blood and brain gushed out over men and women beside him.

Men and women were screaming and running into each other in their panic, the rising carnage soaking many in the gore of her kills.

Two men attempted to rush with their swords whistling down on her where she stood calmly looking at them. She ducked slightly to the right to miss the first strike and moved forward faster than the eye could follow between the two men. The diminutive woman spun around and jumped up and gripped the back of the men’s heads by their hair. The men of House Bolton had still not registered she was no longer in front of them.

The woman slammed their heads down into the hard white oak countertop. The heads exploded into skull shards and brain pulp, the wood of the countertop splintering. Two big depressions were left
where the ruined heads had impacted.

She spun around and ducked down with a sword missing over her and she surged forward driving her arms clear through the thick chainmail clad man before her. Her short arms not able to fully puncture his thick body. The woman ripped her arms out to the sides. The man’s ribs explode out as lungs, liver and intestines flung around and onto the milling people.

The screams in the establishment were rising to a crescendo of ragged panic.

A man was aiming his bow at her now. She made a hissing sound, and the man screamed as blood gushed out his nose, eyes, mouth and ears as the blood boiled in his veins.

The woman staggered back. A man had gotten in and slammed his double bladed battleax into her skull. The blade exploded into thousands of shards.

The woman caught her balance. The man was double over his fingers broken from the wild vibrations of the exploding blade of forged steel.

The woman’s left hand with clawed fingers snapped forward. Her fingers and thumb punctured the man’s skull and sunk into the man’s skull to the third knuckle. His body flipped wildly in a death dance that did not make the woman move an inch. She pushed her arm forward and then snapped it back. The man’s dead body whipped up off the floor and arched through the air his body a ragdoll to the woman. The woman’s arm snapped in an arc behind her. The man’s body flew off her fingers and slammed into the wall of cubes and liquor bottles. The impact shattering all that was underneath or near the corpse where it shattered into the wall.

The small woman was soaked in blood and gore from her green hair to her feet, her hair mostly red now with white highlights of brain and bone fragments. She was unperturbed with being soaked in gore.

The fight had gone out of the rest of the Bolton men and they fled into the night nearly knocking the outer door off its hinges in there panic.

The small woman looked around calmly. The panicked humans screaming and trampling each other did not even register with She Who Mush Not Be Named still being in their midst. They had only one thought. Flee into the night outside or up the stairs to hope for sanctuary. Satisfied that any threat was gone she calmly turned to the still passed out Merrett Frey.

She reached out and picked up the exact copy of the satchel and its contents she had created before she was interrupted. She put the satchel over her shoulder and calmly walked through the main room where those still in the room looked at her with shock. Their breathing shallow and their eyes dilated.

The petite woman walked out onto the front walkway in front of the establishment. She smirked at Heisenberg and his precious principle. Of course you could make duplicates. The equations always balance on the subatomic level. The valance shells always balanced in their equilibrium.

She had the satchel with the treasonous correspondence between House Frey and Bolton. She would help the pale Queen in this one way. Her scribe could decipher the code. The fool had left the cipher key in a side pocket. If they could not decipher then she was meant to fail. If all life ceased in this reality she would once again flee into the stars.

She How Must Not Be Named did not concern herself with the blood and gore matting her hair and running down her limbs.
She walked out into the rain still falling in a downpour. She moved to the middle of the road. The cold rain slowly cleansing her body of the gore that soaked her small frame. She was proud of herself. She had killed those who attacked her but she had not felt the need to attack and slay any others. In times past she would have killed all in the establishment. Her control was indeed improving. She tilted her head back and let the cold rain fall on her face.

The woman concentrated and created a quantum singularity. She flooded it with anti-gravitons and then shifted her vibratory phase of her very molecules down to her quantum particles. A white light flashed and pulsed several times like a bright twinkling star in the middle of the road. Then in the center of the white flashing white light a black hole appeared and space seemed to fold in on itself. From the side, the apparition had no depth.

In front of She Who Must Not Be Named a long tunnel formed. From the black singularity green bands of dark and light green flowed out in a right hand twist. Always moving out to the edge fading away just in front of the green eyed woman. She stepped into the singularity and slipped into sub-space and was gone. The singularity flared and disappeared.
Chapter 34

Of Anvils and Stables

Gendry / Mya / Barristan / Edric / Daenerys / Aurola Glovelyn / Mya / Epilogue

Gendry

Patrons, apprentices and vendors catering to the businesses located on the Street of Steel walked up and down the thoroughfare. They heard the sounds of heavy sledgehammers and straight-peen hammers hitting heated steel ingots, shaping the metal into the desired form.

Heat from the forges bellowed out of the shops, warming onlookers and those just passing by. Apprentices, and sometimes even master smiths themselves, worked the bellows, sending concentrated air out the tuyere into the coals to keep the coke white hot. Entry level apprentices would poke the coals periodically, to keep the fire at the proper level. Sometimes the apprentice would take up a steel rake to remove slag, or use a slice for collecting coal over the fire until the metal, held by tongs buried in the choke, began to glow first red, and then white hot.

There were many smithies lining the lane. The Street of Steel began its life near the flood plane of the River Gate, often called the Mud Gate. The lane started up the rise in elevation to the west, across from Fishmonger Square, where the catch of the day came into King’s Landing to be processed for consummation.

The smiths on the end of Street of Steel that came up from Fishmonger Square were not of the high level of skill that brought about the nobility and knights; those businesses were for the general masses and for the businesses that existed to serve the populace of the city. They made the items that the everyday man, and especially the fishermen needed. Eating utensils, nails, hinges, knobs, pots and skillets were produced on a utilitarian, easy-to-make design. They forged small parts for other craftsmen who produced lamps, parts for wagon smiths, pipes and fittings for the rudimentary plumbing needs of King’s Landing. Those closest to Fishmonger Square produced hooks, sinkers, net claps, pulleys, gutting and boning knives, bone scrapers, fillet knives, cleavers, hooks, bone saws, and even the cable needed to run their pots and nets in and out of the boats.

From the start of the Street of Steel at the Fishmonger Square, the laneway made a lazy half turn to the west, and north around Visenya’s Hill. The elevation gradually rose as the lane worked up to the Great Sept of Baelor. The smithies themselves gradually became more upscale along with the elevation. The higher the incline; the higher the level of craftsmanship. Near the top, the smiths produced knives, forks and spoons - but they were not made cheaply or coarsely. The utensils were made of high grade steel, and just as often silver, copper, and bronze. And for the very wealthy, the eating implements were actually made of pure gold. Pots and pans were finely crafted as well, with a polished shine that blinded one if the sun struck them. The stems were often customized with ornate designs representing one House or another.
The smiths also made exquisite works of art for mundane items like chamber pots, sputum, bookends, storage boxes, and bins. Fanciful scroll work were created to tack to the facades of buildings, and on the sides of walls inside homes.

Further up the lane, by the base of Visenya’s hill, worked the artisans of Street of Steel. There the smiths made statues from the minuscule in size, up to the huge mammoths that adorned public squares and the forays of lavish homes, or even the innate gardens behind high privacy walls. Many of these shops housed workers that specialized in the crafting of precious stone, along with painters and masons.

Some smiths worked on the scale of the grandiose, where other smiths only worked on the fine scale of personal jewelry. They specialized in necklaces, bracelets, earrings, and rings for fingers, toes and noses, piercing studs and caps, anklets and belts for all sort of attire. The works they created were exquisite works of art. The craftsmanship sought after throughout the known world.

Where the Street of Steel made a lazy half turn around the base of Visenya’s Hill to the Great Sept of Baelor, the smiths of craft gave way to the implements of war. The hook in the road nicknamed the Arakh. The exotic name caught the ear of the knights, nobles, hedge knights and sellswords walking up the road. It got them in the frame of mind to spend money for finely crafted weapons.

The first shops in that section of Street of Steel worked to make the weapons for Hedge Knights, and the conscripts called into service when the Houses went to war. These smiths made the common weapons of basic swords, pikes and arrowheads for the common soldiers that came to meet the call of their Lords. The weapons while not exquisitely created; they were functional and served the user well. The Stormlands and the Crownlands received many of the weapons for their foot soldiers from the forges of the lower ranking smiths of the armory section on the Street of Steel.

As one moved up the lane as it curved back towards the Temple of Baelor, the quality of the workmanship as well as the quality of the steel used in the weapon making improved markedly. The steel became better tempered, with more of the impurities hammered out of the iron, and more secret ingredients added to strengthen the steel. This is where the nobles and the knights of renowned went for their weapons. These were the patrons with the money to pay for such fine workmanship.

Here weapons were created that would stand there owners well. The blade were hone to a razors edge and the blade would keep their edge with minimal maintenance. The blades tempered so not to break in battle. The blades and scabbards were crafted to be pleasing to the eye. The blades crafted to uplift the spirit and confidence of the owner and sow doubt in the hearts of the owner’s foes.

As the end of the Street of Steel was reached, the best and most skilled of the smiths for armor and weapons could be found. The most highly regarded of those masters was a smithy by the name of Tobho Mott. He was the most highly regarded master armorer in King’s Landing, and, in reality, all of Westeros. His shop resided at the very top of the Street of Steel.

His establishment, Qohor Sorcerers Anvil, was a structure of three stories. His shop, made of timber and plaster, was larger than all the other buildings on the Street of Steel. Its upper stories towered over the street. The double doors had an ebony and weirwood carving of a hunting scene depicted on it. Two stone knights, clad in red suits of armor in the shapes of a griffin and a unicorn, stood guard at the entrance to the smithy. The west end on the first floor was open, and housed the actual smithy itself, with five forges and their supporting bellows. The second floor housed prized artisans that added adornments to the weapons they made, such as jewels on highly crafted pommels, or scarabs of the highest quality and ornamentation. The third floor was the residential floor, where the owner and his journeymen and apprentices dwelt. Tobho Mott treated his acolytes as family.

Not only was Tobho Mott regarded for the sheer excellence of his work, and the subtle and sublime...
design of his craft, he was a smith who had learned his trade in Qohor. He was one of the few armorers who could work Valyrian steel. Of all the armorers in King’s Landing, he claimed to be the only one who could add tint to the metals in a suit of armor, or a blade itself, without using dye.

This day Tobho Mott was out making calls to patrons, checking on their recent purchases and making sure the clients were satisfied with the work. He was also taking more orders. Each commission generated more business, and the word of mouth from satisfied customers traveled fast.

Word of Tobho Mott’s work had crossed the narrow seas to the Ports of the Free Cities. Patrons coming to his shop speaking broken Westerosi to ask for the creation of swords, battle axes, pikes and war hammers.

Gendry Mott was at work at his father’s station. He heated up the end of the sword he had been working on, and pulled out the new ingot of heated steel that he had begun to work at the end of the previous day. His heavy lump hammer began the process of drawing the metal ingot out to reduce its thickness. He worked the new ingot to match it to what he already forged. He drew out the length and width of the metal he intended to forge into the base of the shaft of the sword he was creating.

His heavy hammer slammed again and again into the metal until he had it near the thickness he required. He then picked up both pieces, and took them to the forge. Two apprentices worked the bellows, blowing air out over the coke that a journeyman raked, and then added more coke to keep the fire at just the right heat and height.

Gendry smiled, recalling the days when he was a lowly apprentice. He looked back affectingly to those years. Even back then his master had treated him with respect, and, even fatherly love. When the Queen had removed the stigma of his birth, he had thought long and hard about what name he would take.

Robert Baratheon had never been his father. He knew who had been. He had gone to Tobho, and asked his master if he could take his last name. The man had been a confirmed bachelor all of Gendry’s life. He had some great burden of the heart in his youth, and eschewed the love of a woman. Instead, the man had devoted all his efforts and affections into his trade and craft. His apprentices and journeymen were the sons he never had.

Gendry had been embarrassed when the old man had started to cry and hug him profusely. Tobho told Gendry that he would take over his business when he retired. He told Gendry that he had hoped to do this for years, and though he dreamed of this, he had always believed that the boy whom he had come to think of as his son would leave, like all journeymen eventually did. Tobho started referring to Gendry as his son from that very day. He had Gendry move into his personal quarters on the third floor, into a spacious bedroom.

Gendry had never known that it had always been bittersweet for Tobho when his journeymen achieved their goals and became their own masters. Once they passed their exams, they were given diplomas that read: “Smithy Master Guild Hammer and Tong”. Most couldn’t even read the commemorative words themselves. They were also given the Copper Hammer and Silver Tong engraved with their own names on them. With these symbols of his craft, the graduated master could leave his training to join any other master seeking a partner, or set up shop for himself.

Gendry had not thought any of it that big of a deal. Tobho had only ever treated him with honor and respect. He never mistreated Gendry in his youth, and had only helped him achieve his goals of becoming a Master. He had even gone so far as to start to show him the mysteries of working with Valyrian steel.
Gendry encouraged the bellow apprentices to pump harder as he looked at the steel glowing cherry red, and then hot white. He took out two open bit tongs to grip the two pieces of metal, and brought them to the anvil, placing the blade shaped metal shafts end to end with the molten tips over each other. Then he picked up his heaviest double-faced sledgehammer. Gendry pounded the two metal lengths into each other, making two into one.

His mighty sledgehammer stuck the two pieces one over the other, again and again, as the metal shafts began to meld into the other with each savage pounding strikes of his hammer. Under his might, they were starting to fuse. He gripped the new length at each end, and brought the now merged shaft up to eye level. He carefully eyed the newly formed sword shaft, and was pleased by what he saw.

He put the length of the metal into the forge, and quickly reheated it. Then he pulled the metal back out, and took it back to the anvil and finished fusing the metal until he had the length that he needed. He gripped the new, unfinished blade and slapped it into a large tub of water. The water hissed and bubbled, cooling the metal. After a moment he pulled it out, and inspected it for cracks or any undue warping. Satisfied, he found none.

He put it aside on a metal table that he had crafted himself.

His head brushed against a set of amour plates he had been smithing for a knight’s horse. He pulled down the sections that would cover the rear haunches. He inspected the metal, satisfied with the work he’d done so far. He took out his punch and set hammer, and began to to notch holes in the bottom edge of the armour piece, to run leather thongs through that would hold the armor in place on the mount.

As he took a file to smooth out the metal that had flared out around the new holes, Gendry reflected on his current situation. He smiled, looking up and seeing the helm he had made so many years ago, in the shape of a bull’s head. Even back then he proudly told himself his skill had been great. He had thought of making a new one a few years back, with a stag motif, but in the end he decided to keep the original. He had no real desire to take the stag as his standard.

He would one day take over his father’s business, and continue on the tradition of quality work that was the envy of all.

He had other reasons to smile as well. Lately, Mya had been coming to sup with him and Tabho. She had gotten on well with Tabho, and the man already thought of her as his daughter in turn. The old smith only smiled and waved them good cheer when they’d retire to Gendry’s bedroom.

The sex with Mya was mind blowing. She was strong and hungry in their bed. She wanted all of Gendry’s strength and stamina in bed when they fucked. She was as insatiable as he was. Gendry was happy that Mya had not only inherited their father’s height and strength, but his sex drive as well. They were most compatible.

Mya was starting to make decisions about their future, and fully supported Gendry taking Tabho’s last name. For her part, she had kept her bastard last name. She was proud of it now, and practically dared anyone to say anything derogatory to her. She knew she had the Queen’s full backing and blessing. Mya was also taking to the weapons training that they shared during the noon time, the hours most smiths closed down to avoid the extreme, damaging heat.

This gave Gendry and Mya time to train, and then go back to his room or her stables in the hayloft and fuck. When they fucked in the royal haylofts, they had to share space with several girls that were going at it hot and heavy in the hay loft with them. They would hear them fucking like weasels, with loud wails of ecstasy. It got them hot hearing it as they sneaked over to the part of the
loft in the back they preferred. The girls had to know they were there, but they did not care as they buried their faces in each other’s pussies, eating steamy wet gash.

One girl was obviously a highborn noble, and the other a poor urchin from Fishmonger’s Square. One girl had the glow of a life of ease. Her clothes laid out were of the highest quality, and the best made. The other girl had plain, homespun clothes and hands that had calluses on them as she fingerblasted her writhing lover. She had a plain, girl next door kind of beauty. Their heated rutting always inspired them to fuck harder in the hay.

They sometimes could hear the highborn girl weep after making love to her partner, saying she would leave everything for her lover - but the lowborn would not hear of it.

Their plight tugged at Gendry’s heart.

There was a noise, and Gendry looked up, startled. The Queen was entering his establishment. He straightened his back, and ran his fingers through his sweaty black locks, pushing a few strands behind his ears.

The Queen of course had her royal hostage Arya Stark with her. He greeted the Queen, wiping his hands clean (or at least trying to). The Queen laughed and took his dirty hand without any hesitation. He was always surprised how calloused her hand was. He shook the shy Stark girl’s hand after, and was not surprised to feel it covered with callouses as well.

All in King’s Landing had heard the story of their initial meeting. It had become the matter of lore by now – ‘Love at First Fist’. The two women were perfectly respectable to each other though, with no hint of impropriety between them. They even maintained a perfect distance.

That facade quickly fell when they thought no one was watching them. That’s when their eyes revealed all that needed to be said. There were pools all around in King’s Landing among the working class betting on when the two women would become lovers. Gendry could see Arya mooning over the Queen while Daenerys’ violet eyes burned with raw lust. Gendry knew this look because he saw the same look in Mya’s eyes when she looked at him.

As he watched, the Queen and Arya moved deeper into his smithy. He looked at the front of his father’s shop. He gasped aloud. They turned to look at him, and then noticed what had caused his reaction. They turned back around, unconcerned.

Behind them loped a large Direwolf, the size of some of the fucking horses in the stalls of Mya’s royal stables. He was stunned at the sheer size of the beast, and how it gambled into his establishment as if it belonged there. It came up between the two women, who both reached up absently to scratch the massive snout of the beast affectionately. The top of the beast’s head was six inches over Arya’s head. The women were totally unconcerned having the massive beast beside them.

The Direwolf, with its dark grey pelt with white highlights, moved forward into the smithy and slowly came up to Gendry. The beast may have been larger than her mistresses, but the wolf still only came up to his upper chest. The beast lifted its snout, and looked up at him with golden eyes. Gendry could see the intelligence in the wolf’s eyes. The wolf looked around, and then back at him. Then the wolf looked back at its masters, and then back at Gendry one last time, bumping him with its body.

Gendry understood. The two women were under her protection, and Gendry was to not try and come between them, or her with them. Gendry nodded, indicating that he understood. The wolf woofed at him softly. Then, without warning, the wolf rose up on its hind legs and put its forearms
on his shoulders. She stood over him now, and the Direwolf looked down at him with its burning eyes.

Worried, he looked over at Daenerys, but she did not seemed concerned. He looked back up at the Direwolf who turned her head, looking at him. She licked his face once, and jumped back down, returning to Arya who scratched her side while the Queen moved over and rubbed her cheek. The wolf’s tail thumped loudly on a cabinet.

After looking around at his work, the Queen and Arya moved over to him smiling softly. They asked about his work and inquired as to the health of Tabho Mott. Gendry was always mightily impressed with the Queen’s genuine interest in the subjects of her kingdom. Arya was obviously impressed with the weapons on display.

Gendry idly thought that he had no desire to fight either woman. His male ego felt no threat or need to try and prove himself against his Queen; he would lose. He was wise enough to accept that plain fact. The Queen had smashed her way across Essos, and Gendry had heard the rumors that the Stark girl was also a terror with her blades. She liked to fight with broadsword, and a small, crudely crafted rapier-type blade. Word was that her strength and agility was matched only by the Queen. She even had Barristan and Syrio respecting her physical prowess.

Her ability to master new techniques and fighting styles was the talk of the Red Keep. The Queen had found her match, it seemed. The Stark girl had the same preternatural abilities that the Queen had. If she kept improving at the rate she was, it would be truly frightening how skilled this small teenager could become.

Gendry had to shake his head. Mya was beautiful to look upon. Arya did not have the beautiful caste that the queen did, but she had an allure all her own. Arya had the girl next door beauty. Arya had a more handsome caste to her features, with her angular face and the way her curled locks ran in front of her ears while the rest of her shoulder length hair was pulled behind them.

It was those steel grey eyes, though, that gripped you. They were focused and bright, and always on the Queen. He smiled, watching Daenerys showing Arya things, always touching her to get her attention. Yes, it would only be a matter of time. The Queen spent all the time she could legitimately allocate with the girl.

Gendry had a sudden idea, thinking of love.

He stammered, asking the Queen for a moment of her time. The Queen had laughed, that pure, beautiful laugh that she had. He hesitated, but the Queen said she wanted anything he had to say be shared with the Stark girl also.

He told her of the plight of the two girls in the royal stables. How the difference in births was so unfair and cruel. He noticed how aptly Arya Stark hung on the Queen’s response.

Daenerys considered carefully. She said that she would definitely contemplate the situation. She had to consider the fact of the difference of their births, and that the priests of the Baelor did not accept same-sex relations. She would have to respect the mores of the major religion of her Southern Kingdom. She would not cause them more trouble by further stirring up the conservative elements of her realm.

Still, she had a soft heart, and would consider it.

Gendry saw Arya deflate a little at her pronouncement. Gendry himself was surprised that the Breaker of Chains would show such regard to the bigotry and misogyny evident in the sept of
Baelor. He would love to see that institution brought low.

Maybe another day, he mused, as he watched the two women leave his establishment laughing and talking animatedly.

Mya

Mya walked up to the roan named Willow. The horse nickered, seeing his favorite human approach him. She calmed the stallion. She was always so gentle with him. She had her hand in her right pocket, and the horse nickered again, then hoofed the hay-strewn dirt floor in anticipation. He was not disappointed when she brought out a small handful of sugar cubes.

She held out her hand and giggled, feeling the horse’s lips rubbing over her palm as Willow nibbled the delicious treat up off her hand. The horse’s ears twitched, and his eyes shined after eating the treat. Next, she pulled out an apple that the horse took greedily.

Willow chomped on the apple as Mya reached into her back pocket and pulled out her hook pick. Mya ran her hand down Willow’s leg, and gently squeezed his tendon. The stallion lifted his foot up off the ground. Mya gripped the proffered foot, bending down and pulling the foot up to place it on her knee.

Mya took her pick, and starting at the heel of the hoof, picking forward to the toe. She carefully removed all rocks, dirt and other foreign objects she found in the grooves of his hoof, and lodged underneath the edges of the horseshoe. She made sure to clean the grooves on either side of the frog, but as it was more sensitive, she avoided using the hoof pick there and instead pulled out a fine tooth brush, and patiently worked the frog clean.

Mya continued working her way around the horse, cleaning all four hooves.

As she worked, Mya moved a little gingerly. The sex with Gendry the night before had been explosive, as always. She loved how he had the stamina to fuck her hard and deep, again and again. They made love hard when they went to bed, and would wake up several times during the night to make love again. The last time he had pounded her hard in the ass. Mya loved the intensity of anal orgasms, and Gendry did not shy from fucking Mya the way she liked it.

Mya pulled her curry comb off the hook on her belt. She used it to remove loose hair from the Willow. The whale baleen curry comb was designed to loosen up dirt, mud, and bits of things caught in a horse's coat. She worked it against the grain on the horse’s coat, moving it in vigorous, small, circular motions over the horse's muscles, avoiding bony areas like the face, spine and legs. Mya worked one side to the other, starting from the neck, then easing to the barrel, and then all the way to the rump and back around again.

Then Mya retrieved her dandy brush. The hard-bristled brush was used to take off the dirt and hair brought out by the curry comb. She worked the brush in short, straight-flicking motions to allow the bristles to get all the way through the coat to whisk the dirt out. She started at Willow’s neck, and worked back towards the tail of the stallion. She did not use the hard brush on the horse's legs, as they were much more sensitive than the rest of body. It became uncomfortable for the horse if brushed too hard with the dandy brush.

Once completed, she pulled out a soft cloth and used it on the more sensitive parts of the horse that she could not groom with the dandy.
She pulled out the body brush to finish Willow’s grooming. The brush was quite soft and could be used on all areas of the horse as a result of its texture. She was very careful around the face as the soft brush removed all remaining surface dust and hair. Then she moved to clean the horse’s face with a wet sponge. She wiped Willow’s eyes, and cleaned out his nose. She got a new sponge to wipe the dock area under Willow’s tail. Because these areas were constantly moist, it was easy for dirt and mucus to build up and they needed to be cleaned up regularly.

Then she started to brush out Willow’s mane and tail. Before she started with the comb, she used her fingers to separate the hairs caught in large tangles. Then she used a wide-bristled mane comb to get tangles out of the thick hair. She gripped the whole tail, but worked the mane one large section at a time in one hand to avoid tugging, while brushing it out with the other.

She made sure to talk to the horse, and kept her hand on Willow so that he did not get spooked.

She rubbed a talcum powder into the main and tail, and then worked it in with her fingers. This would help keep the tail from tangling. Once that was done, she put in a moisturizer to make the hair look shiny.

Finally, she pulled out the medicinal powder and put it on the horse in a light coating. The powder would discourage flies from alighting and biting the stallion. Fly bites annoyed the steed, and horse flies could actually cause sores. The flies annoyed Mya too, but she did have a powder for herself.

Done, Mya gave the stallion some carrots and another apple for his patient behavior. She pet his rippling coat, enjoying the power she felt just beneath. It reminded her of the power of her man. Gendry was so strong and virile.

She chuckled thinking about him. He sometimes got confused and a little belligerent, but she easily calmed him down and helped him to figure out was best for them and their future. Just like with the horses.

She had had a little difficulty in getting him to accept her love for him, though. He had been so hung up with the ‘sin’ of incest. She told him to shove it. They were no more brother and sister than the sun and the moon. They had led totally different lives, and did not know each other until the Queen brought her to King’s Landing less than a year ago.

They were not all that related anyways as Mya saw it, with each of them having different mothers. The Targaryen’s had been marrying brother to sister for generations. She had heard it was normal in Valyrian society for such marriages. She liked that. She had been informed of Cersei and her children as well. Hell, everyone with a pair of eyes could have seen that Jamie and Cersei Lannister were fucking each other, with the Queen crapping out his babies on a regular basis.

She recalled her seduction of her big bull of a lover. She had told him she needed help moving some hay bales in the upper loft over the royal stables. She had not needed any help, of course. She had kissed him a few times, but the silly oaf had pushed her away.

She had been terribly hurt until he started bloviating about it being wrong and a sin against the great sept. He did not really believe in the silly beliefs and yet he let them cow him. That had angered her greatly. Everyone knew the damn Septons and their female counterparts Septas were busy fucking each other. Hell the Septas as a rule preferred fucking their own sex. They loved seducing the young maidens sent to them. Instead of working to save their souls they worked to bust their cherries. She had heard their monasteries were dens of hot lesbian debauchery.

You simply could not suppress human sexuality. It always came out when you attempted to suppress it. It was humanly impossible. Mya snorted thinking of the Silent sisters or by the name
She liked to call them: the Stranger’s wives. They did offer solace to the living and care for the dead. She had seen them in the Vale. She had come across the six silent sisters that had come for a young noble taken by the fever. She had gone to check on them in the hunting cabin they had been provided.

She had looked in the window after the sun had set. The sisters were not very silent. They were drinking wine and laughing and joking. Then as she watched the women nearly ripped their cloaks getting them off and fell on the furs in front of the fireplace and its hot burning fire. Mya preferred cock but seeing those six women for the next two hours simply fuck each other out had sent Mya to her current lover with an ache between her legs. He had been most exhausted by the next morning.

Her thoughts came back to her current lover. Gendry who she had decided would be her mate. She could still see his eyes nearly bulging out his sockets when she stripped before him. Then he stood shock still as she fell to her knees, and quickly fished out his raging hard boner out his trousers and went down on him. He had moaned so good for her as she sucked his massive cock.

Soon she was on her back as he rammed his manhood deep into her, pounding her balls deep. He had roared so sweetly when his cock exploded deep in her belly, shooting off hot bolts of hot cum into her womb so hard and hot. She felt each hard hot spurt deep in her belly and it felt so delicious.

He had been lacking in some skills, but she had quickly corrected that lack of experience. He fucked her far better than any of the lovers she’d had in the vale. He was so attentive, and tried to give her all the pleasure he could. She was quite besotted with the man. He was especially good at sucking her off. Gods that boy loved pussy!

She knew they could not officially wed, but she already considered herself the life mate of Gendry Mott. She had a suspicion that their Queen would eventually be making many things possible. Daenerys would likely open many doors for the oppressed and marginalized in her kingdom that stretched clear half way around the world.

She was hearing gossip that supported this. It seemed the Queen had found herself a paramour. Mya liked to have her ass slapped and haired pulled, but the Queen and this ‘Arya Stark’ took courtship to a whole other level. She had heard many versions of the fight in the throne room. That they had fired arrows at each other, running around the Iron Throne. Another story had the Queen leaping off the throne to land on the Stark girl. Another had them picking each other up and slamming into the steps of the Iron Throne, and then up to the actual throne before throwing each other off.

Whatever the truth, it had undoubtedly been most violent. All accounts had them looking like a side of beef in the butcher shop covered in bruises and contusions by the end. They had been limping, and Arya was in a wheelchair the next time she was seen.

By the end of a week, they had both miraculously recovered from their injuries. Their fight and miraculous recovery was on the way to making them legends among the common folk. That also started rumors of witchcraft, and consorting with demons, or talk that they were goddesses come to Earth. The more reasonable just assumed they had freakish healing abilities.

Mya tended to think the latter.

It was funny how things happened. Just as she was thinking about the Queen and her ‘royal hostage’, the objects of her reflecting just so happened to enter the royal stables. They were both dirty and sweaty, and it was obvious that they had been in the practice yard working with the two sword masters of the Red Keep. It amazed her still that the Queen, and now Arya Stark, were able to actually fight these men without them holding back.
It was cute how the two were already so attached at the hip. They had nearly knocked each others teeth out, and beat the shit out of each other, and now they were inseparable. It really was cute, in a kinky way. Evidently the way to the Queen’s heart was through a left cross to her jaw.

They walked into the stables, and strode over to the Queen’s warhorse she had selected when she arrived in King’s Landing. It was a mean-tempered black and white stallion destrier. The beast was named Ironshod Mephistopheles. The horse was a defiant, ill-tempered beast. He was known for biting and kicking one at the must unsuspecting of times. He would lull you into a stupor of trust, and then strike most painfully.

The Queen walked up to the vile beast, and, as he always did, he stomped his hoof and shivered with happiness to see her. Then the horse lowered his head and whickered, as the Queen scratched its ears and lips. Arya approached with apples, and the horse eyed her, and then took the apples gently. The Queen was obviously trying to have the horse to take to the Stark as well as herself. Mya laughed quietly, as the horse acted like a wimp with them. What magic touch did the Queen have?

Gendry had told her of their visit to his smithy the week before. She did not see the Direwolf, so this visit must have been pre-planned. That beast would have sent the horses into a panic. The women moved around together after they had made the destrier happy with more apples, carrots and sugar cubes. The Queen really had the horse wrapped around her little finger.

It seemed Daenerys had someone else wrapped around her little finger as well. The Stark girl hung on every word the Queen said, and would sometimes just nod at the Queen when she asked Arya something with her big steel grey eyes all agog. The Targaryen somehow did not seem to recognize the love struck gaze, and would patiently repeat her question, with the younger girl shaking off the Queen’s spell and hiding her feelings beneath a mask of noble decorum.

It was only when the Stark was looking at or touching something, with her eyes entirely off of the Queen that Daenerys let her visor drop, and stared at the girl with aching longing.

So the Queen was indeed gay. Mya smiled. She may not be attracted to women that way herself, but she was happy for any woman who found love with her own sex. She had to admit they were both fine to look at. The Queen was radiant, with her tight fitting blouse showing off her beautiful little titties. Arya was flat chested, as much as Mya could tell. Not that it mattered though, Mya had a small bosom too. Gendry said the cutest thing about it, once - “anything more than a mouthful is a waste anyways.” as he sucked her entire boob deep into his mouth, and sucked like a starving babe. It had made her sensitive nipples scream in pleasure.

She bet Arya’s nipples were equally sensitive. Nature took and gave back.

They came up to Mya, and she observed fresh cuts and welts on their forearms. They had obviously been practicing recently. Mya smiled at that. She and Gendry were practicing too. He practiced with his war hammer, and she with a broadsword. Her height and weight made her big enough to easily allow her to use the sword.

Gendry had actually crafted a sword just for her. He had fitted it precisely for her hand. She had fucked him blind that night, after he had given it to her. She loved the feel and balance of the sword. She had named it Vale Shade.

Two weeks ago, Barristan had come to them. He told them that he had been told that they were practicing with their weapons of choice. He would be honored to train with them, when time and schedules permitted. They had discussed their schedules and agreed to go to him on Sunday mornings, and three times during the week during the noonday break. The old knight had smiled and agreed.
Mya had been most pleased when the man had treated her as an equal. He gently corrected her again and again, as she began the rudimentary foot work and sword movements the master was teaching her. Barristan would move to Gendry and help her boyfriend work on his footwork and maintaining his balance while using his war hammer. It was a weapon that was easy to overextend with. He trained Gendry on using the long handle as a blocking force to keep swords at bay, until an opening for his hammer appeared.

They would work at their lessons deep into the night after dinner in the little courtyard behind Mott’s. The many oil lamps cast an almost ethereal glow around them as they fought. Her future father in law applauded them as the journeymen and apprentices whooped. They too wanted to learn. Tobho Mott would allow it, so long as their work did not suffer.

Mya knew her skills were improving. Not like what she heard about Arya Stark, though. She was already accomplished when she arrived at King’s Landing, and now she was being polished to a fine, keen-edged weapon of death.

Just like her Queen.

The Queen and her royal hostage easily conversed with Mya. They both seemed to really care about her work, and how she felt about her current station. The Queen especially wanted to make sure that Mya was still happy working directly for her. Did Mya need something more? Did she want to pursue another field? Did she require a larger residence? Mya knew the woman was trying to make up for her bad treatment as a bastard in the Vale.

Mya showed the pair around, introducing them to some of the other horses currently in the stable and not out running in the paddocks. The Queen was as gentle with all the other horses as she was with her own warhorse. They all seemed to be at peace in the Queen’s presence.

When they finally left, Mya saw them walking just that little bit closer than decorum dictated. Yes. Those two would undoubtedly soon be Queen and Queen. Mya could not wait.

Daenerys was obviously trying to hide her gay nature. She had probably been contemplating a royal marriage of political convenience. That would soon fall by the wayside. Soon those two women would consummate the love that was radiating off of them like the sun at midday.

She needed to get in one of those betting pools. She gave it two months, or maybe two and half months, tops. They were already spending all of their time together, and the Queen was lusty from the rumors she’d heard. The Stark girl, on the other hand, radiated a suppressed sexual dynamic.

It would be explosive, she was sure, when they did finally consummate their love. They would have a lot of making up to do for lost time.

**Barristan**

Barristan took a moment to catch his breath. It was Sunday morning, and he had finished his training with Daenerys and Arya. He pushed them to their limits, and they in turn pushed the master of Westeros. He had been training Daenerys Targaryen for almost six years now, and he was so proud of the young woman.

She had been a slip of a girl when he began her training at fourteen years old. She had long ago mastered all he and Syrio had to teach her. She had learned both the broadsword and the rapier, but it always made Barristan feel smug to think that Daenerys had gravitated to the broadsword.
Daenerys was not the kind of woman to lunge forward with the tip of a thin blade when she could slash and hack her way to victory.

Arya had certainly been a surprise to him. She had seemed so unsure of herself and hesitant when she had first come into the throne room that fateful day. He had seen the bastard sword on her hip, and another strange sword on her other hip. She had clutched her bow like she had never used one before. He had been shocked that Eddard Stark would allow his daughter to humiliate herself like that in front of the Queen. He thought that Ned had indulged the child, and let her think she was something that she clearly was not.

That thinking had quickly changed. He still blanched at how she had completely fooled him. Once she had been ignited with the fire of humiliation, the girl turned from a meek lamb to the Direwolf of her House’s banner. It was all done within a moment so fast, that Barristan still replayed it time and again in his mind. Since the ‘incident’, as he called it, in the throne had occurred, he could not truly wrap around in his mind how fast the girl moved.

The young woman was indeed one with her bow as well. Before he was able to react and pull his sword halfway out of its scabbard, Arya had pulled her bow up and notched two arrows at once on the bowstring and let loose. It had literally only taken her the blink of an eye to notch and fire. He had watched, horrified, as the arrows launched from the same pull seemed to magically separate in flight, and land into the Iron Throne one inch from each of The Queen’s ears.

He had seen many archers in his day, and never had he seen that kind of skill. The only ones he had ever heard with that kind of ability were those who followed the way of Bushido and Kyudo, in the land of Yi Ti.

After that, the enraged Queen had fought the girl with practice swords. Daenerys had been holding herself back, but was pushed all the same. The girl had been as fast as Daenerys, and had a strength on par with the Queen. They had landed blows on each on each other that would have crumpled the normal conscripts that made up most armies of Westeros.

He himself had received such blows from the Queen over the years of their intense training. He felt free to throw his own savage blows back at the diminutive woman, who was able to block and roll with most of his blows. Rarely did either land a solid strike on the other.

Now he and Syrio were doing the same with the Queen’s new protégée Arya Stark. She had lived up to the great promise on the floor of the throne room. She was cat-like quick. Her being left handed also gave her a natural advantage. Almost all other warriors fought right-handed, and this gave Arya the advantage of fighting against the same predictable form. For Arya, every opponent fought in the same style. Eddard Stark had been wise to let his daughter fight with her natural strong hand. He had seen masters force left-handed squires switch to the right hand. Again, Barristan had to admire Eddard Stark letting his children become what they were meant to be.

Arya had mastered the concepts and steps and counters that he and Syrio had taught her already. She had to be shown only once, and then she had it memorized. What he and Syrio were doing now was teaching the girl with the same exercises again and again, and then training her hard with full contact sparring. She was learning at a frighteningly fast pace. Eddard had given her the foundation that Syrio and he were building into something memorable. She had a natural gift that came from her father. Eddard Stark was the only sword fighter still alive Barristan would fear on the battlefield. Like Barristan, he was as natural with sword. They had been born from the womb destined to become the most feared swordsmen of their time.

Daenerys reminded Barristan of Rhaegar Targaryen. He was very, very good at everything he did. Even when it came to the martial arts - thus, his defeat on the battlefield to Robert Baratheon, who
was indeed a master of his war hammer. Daenerys had much more speed than her brother ever did. Surprisingly, the small woman had the same strength as Rhaegar. She had come back from the dead with magical traits, or maybe her death had unleashed something within her small frame that had always been there. Her death like a caterpillar’s metamorphosis into a beautiful butterfly.

Barristan and Syrio both agreed that Arya had inherited her father’s natural ability. While Syrio had never seen Eddard use his sword, Barristan had. Barristan had only met two men who were his equal with a blade. They had been Sir Arthur Dayne, and Eddard Stark. He now added Syrio Forel to that list. If all water dancers were like him, then he hoped he would never have to fight one. His armor would give him a big advantage, true, but all armors had joints to allow for mobility. He now knew a water dancer could find those points with unerring accuracy.

He looked out at the practice yard. Syrio was fighting with Mya as she used her broadsword. She was swiping and blocking the water dancer’s lunges. She stayed light on her feet, and knocked his sword up or brushed it to the side while attempting to stab. Syrio was simply too fast for her to do that, but she was still improving quickly. He was only moving at half speed, but had started at quarter speed when he had begun training the young woman.

Gendry was sparring with some knights in full armor. He was using a hammer with blunted spikes, one on the one end of his Warhammer, and one on the top of its head. His shaft on the end also had a spike.

Barristan had attempted to get the young man to change his weapon of choice, but Gendry insisted stubbornly that he would use the weapon that his father had used. He may not want his father’s last name but for some reason he was enamored with using the weapon of Robert Baratheon. He kept telling Barristan that it had worked well enough against Rhaegar Targaryen. Barristan had given up trying to impress upon Gendry that his father was a freak of nature with the Warhammer. The chances that Gendry would have the same skills were highly doubtful.

Barristan sighed. He would teach the young man regardless of his choice of weapon. He instructed the stubborn Baratheon in the basics on the use of the war hammer. The weapon was, in a way, an all or nothing weapon. You needed to make your first blow very effective, else you were immediately on the defensive.

Gendry initially made the mistake that all made with the war hammer and mace. If the first strike was not successful, almost all wanted to pull their war hammer back, and cock it over their shoulder, and then lunge forward again. This left the user of the war hammer totally open to a counterattack. Barristan instructed Gendry to never pull back unless his opponent had been totally knocked off balance, and could not strike back. Then Gendry could afford the effort to pull back for another massive strike. Also, Barristan constantly kept telling the bull headed man that though he was strong as an ox, making full arm strikes again and again with his war hammer would still tire him.

The young man did not believe him of course. That was until Barristan wore the young man out continually blocking and shunting aside his blows. Gendry swinging wildly till his arms felt like lead. Syrio merely water danced his way out of harm’s way till the boy had exhausted himself with his wild swings. Only then did Gendry start to realize that maybe his masters knew what they were talking about. Then he was ready to truly learn.

Barristan showed Gendry how to drop the hammerhead and make a full, short loop with it pulled near the body. Then, how to bring the head of the hammer back up near his ear, and strike forward again and again to keep his foe off-balance and let the blows stun the enemy if struck on the head, or damage joints with repeated fast blows. The knight showed the young man how to use the hook to grip the back of a head or a limb, and pull forward and down to unbalance his opponent. Then he
could deliver vicious, short strikes until his opponent was on the ground, helpless.

He constantly reminded the youth that when he missed a stroke, to slide his dominant hand up the shaft of his weapon to grip the war hammer just below the head, and with his weak hand on the other end of the shaft use it to block any blows coming his way. Barristan then showed Gendry how he must move forward in a surge to unsettle his opponent’s balance, allowing him to flip his weapon over and start hammering at the opponent again.

The lessons were hard to ingrain, but Gendry was quickly learning them. When he needed to, Barristan would swat the man with the flat of his practice sword hard on his ass, thigh or back to make his point.

Once he was done, he had the lovebirds go at each other for an hour or so. He considered it a form of marital counseling. They seemed to love being very physical with each other.

As Barristan watched the bastards of Robert spar and contest hotly against each other, he mused over the wisdom of the Queen. He had spent his most of his life in Westeros and never once considered trying to end the hateful practice of harming the children born out of wedlock. Robert had been allowed to produce offspring across the realm without consequence, and it was those innocent children that suffered with the stigma.

The Queen had seen the injustice of the slave trade and had destroyed it completely. Her methods had been brutal, but in three and half years she had totally wiped the slave trade off the map. Now in her homeland she was beginning to take on the sin of punishing the children rather than the men siring them. Barristan knew that as soon as the Eddard Stark issue was resolved, she would end the practice completely.

He knew she planned on allowing the first born, regardless of gender, assume the throne or become heirs of their Houses by law. He also knew in his heart that soon same sex marriage would be allowed. He couldn’t wait to see how the conservative church and nobles would handle Renly and Loras, and then have the ante upped with their Queen and Arya married.

He loved seeing injustice brought low. He couldn’t wait.

He saw Gendry and Mya laughing and hugging each other briefly when their weapons locked up, and gave each other quick kisses. After, they broke apart with silly grins on their faces.

Barristan smiled. All the bastards of Robert Baratheon were thriving. Barristan had done nothing shamefully, and, yet, neither did he move to end the shameful practice. It had taken an exile to come home and right the wrong of bastardy.

The two youths took a break to snog hotly in front of Barristan and Syrio. The sword masters just looked at each other and shrugged.

Targaryen married brother to sister frequently. Barristan was sure that would be another law to fall. It took generations of inbreeding for any traits to be teased to the surface anyways. A half brother and sister marrying was really no big deal.

As the two lovers continued kissing and groping, the old knight thought of the knights and lords pouring into the Red Keep. They were but the first of many to arrive for the journey north. The Queen had already laid out camps, and had positioned the raw materials that were being used to make more camps to house the troops that would start to flow North within a month’s time.

Already merchant ships were dropping off tons of dry goods and lentils to feed the troops, soon to be
on their way to the prepared beachheads. The smiths that had been producing dragon glass weapons at a breakneck pace had done well, and were still doing their job in an exemplary fashion. The first boats had already arrived at the beachheads with the arrows and spears tipped with dragon glass. Javelins and daggers were also being produced in great numbers.

Huge quantities of pitch and tar were being sent to create fire, to fight the dead of the Ice Wights. He fervently hoped that the Queen and Eddard were wrong. If they were right, then they were making all the preparations that they could.

One way or another, the truth of the matter would be discovered. In a way, Barristan hoped that the Ice King did exist. He longed to strike blows against such an enemy. How sweet it would be, to fight a foe that was purely evil.

He was thankful that the Queen and Eddard Stark had proved to be so adept at the game of thrones. He had no stomach for it.

Together, the two were bringing the united South up north under the guise of opposing and putting down the North’s aspiration for their confederacy. He just hoped that the dragon and wolf could avoid a senseless war.

**Edric**

Edric sat his desk in the royal quarters in the Red Keep. He had loved it at Storm’s End, but he had made the right decision to remain with the Queen. He was being groomed to be an integral part of her world government. She had conquered both Westeros and Essos, west of the Jade Sea.

She needed valued and trusted diplomats and ambassadors to make sure her rule was appropriately applied across her vast empire. He knew the queen hated that old world order, and was starting to bring into existence a new order. It was apropos. It was her will and drive that would hold it together.

His desk was piled with books on the history of the Free Cities. He had asked for them, along with the history of Valyria in particular. Its technology and the road works they had built were still viable nearly five hundred years after its doom, and that completely fascinated him.

The Queen had him studying philosophy and theorems on governance. He was being tutored each day for two hours in both the High Valyrian and Dothraki languages. The Queen wanted to be able to communicate with Edric in her native tongues.

After being given the choice by the Queen, he had decided to use the name of his father. He was sorely afraid the Queen would balk at his decision. The Queen had offered all the bastards this choice, but he was the only one so far to take up the offer to take his father’s name. Most kept their bastard names, some took the name of their lovers and one had taken the name of his Master. Two had adopted the last name of Targaryen. Again, to Edric’s surprise, the Queen allowed this.

He alone chose to use the name of his disgraced father. He wanted his father’s name because he thought it would have some cache in Essos. They would know of his exile and dissipation, but it would be second-hand and distant. His father had been King for close to twenty years. He knew it would at least make some people stop and take notice of him. He would use any advantage he could find. He would use his competence to keep their attention once he had it.

In another few months, he would be fully fluent in High Valyrian, Dothraki and Braavosi - a
corrupted version of Valyrian. Mastering the former made using the latter much easier.

He was learning his lessons on governance. He read the philosophical works of Bracheqor Hartel, Garraro Essah and Irraquo Eranerris. These men espoused the rights of the common man, believing they had certain inalienable rights. He was inspired by the words he read. He could not wait to help the Queen institute and implement her plans, which they both hoped would lead to a better life for many in Essos and Westeros.

The Queen would visit him, and they would talk about the future and their hopes to bring a better world into existence. She would laugh gently at his jests, and her smile made his heart beat harder in his chest. He had heard the rumors about the Queen and her personal tastes. He never tried to test the waters with her. He had to admit he had his father's weakness for the ladies, but did not in any way want to leave a trail of illegitimate children across the continents the way he had. He was fine finding his pleasures in the high end brothels. These women knew their trade, and were quick to take the moon tea when with issue.

The last few times the Queen had visited Edric, she had Arya Stark with her. And that is when he truly gave up any desire for her. It was obvious these two were meant for each other. He mused that maybe he should have punched her lights out when he first met her - of course if he'd tried, she would have gutted him.

Edric Baratheon was a diplomat, and not a warrior. He was lover of the good life, and having more of it. He did not want to lose teeth and have his nose rearranged all over his face. He would leave the good dragon to the good direwolf and remain whole. It was actually quite cute the way they were hiding their true affections from one another, but no one else. The Queen practically swooned whenever she made Arya giggle.

He had talked to his half brother and sister, Gendry and Mya, about the Queen's strange reluctance to impose her will on Westeros. It was almost as if she had become afraid of her capacity to wreak havoc on a scale unimaginable. Daenerys had accomplished more than any of her forbears of her lineage. From what Edric read in the histories, Daenerys Targaryen with only three dragons had done more than old Valyria had with the sky filled with them.

The Queen seemed to have the ability to think outside of the book, and her focus on achieving her goals was unmatched. The old dragon lords had easily let themselves get sidetracked with gluttony and cruelty. Daenerys Targaryen never lost sight of her goals. She set her goals, and developed well thought and meticulously planned campaigns to achieve them.

She was something new. She was something superior. He was just happy to serve her.

When he was ready, he was to sail to Pentos and meet up with Illyrio. Once established he would be taken to Braavos and the First Sealord Lysicho Marrus. He was to establish contacts with both. The Queen wanted to have an emissary who could work with both the sovereign power of Braavos, and the unofficial power behind the curtain that operated many of the levers in Pentos and Braavos. Both had sworn allegiance to her, but she was wise enough to know that the Free Cities would have their own objectives. She had not conquered them as she had Slaver’s Bay. The ‘free’ cities had seen her might, and had capitulated without any fight.

Of all the “free” cities, only Braavos had truly been free. The Sealords ruled for all; the great and the small. But, despite this, the Queen had as much distrust for the bastion of Braavos as she had for her defeated colonies. She had an uneasy disquiet with the Iron Bank, and they held too great a sway. Daenerys found it distasteful that the Iron Bank could at any time call in the debts of Westeros to force financial calamity and insolvency on the continent. She would never allow that.
She planned to co-opt them from the inside.

Edric was to establish her direct presence in Braavos, and get the pulse of the city and its leaders. He planned on making his Queen proud of his efforts.

**Daenerys**

She sound of the whetstone sliding up her blade filled Daenerys Targaryen with a sense of well being. She watched the stone slide up the impossible sharp edge of Foe Hammer, one of the ancestral blades of her progenitors. She had come to feel an extreme distaste for Aegon, for removing his younger sister’s exploits from the annals of history, just because she had the audacity to love her sister more than *him*.

To Daenerys, it made perfect sense. What woman would not have chosen their sister in such a situation? A woman should always choose a woman for her mate, as she saw it. She ran the whetstone up the blade again and again. She loved the feel of her hand moving up the blade of her rune sword, without any imperfections to make her hand flex or clench. Her sword’s keen edge was perfect, as always. She heard the sounds of wood striking wood.

Syrio and Barristan were standing together to watch Arya Stark take on her blood riders. Off to the left, Gendry and Mya were trying to split each other’s heads open with their weapons. Mya was getting the best of Gendry, when he forgot his lessons on how to use the war hammer. The young man would roar his agitation at Mya, who was blocking and slipping his wild attacks. He would snatch his war hammer back, and then Mya would move in for a ‘killing’ stroke. They both wore chain mail, and pulled their blows at the last moment as they fought on and on.

Mya would kiss Gendry, and he would huff and puff and then smile. All the time as they fought he had a big smile on his face. The boy was a lout, but a loveable one.

Arya was pivoting and slashing out with deadly purpose. She was using a wood practice broadsword, and a wooden facsimile that Syrio had carved personally for her, so she could use her beloved Needle in her right hand. She attacked with her left hand, her sword a blur, and her right hand blocking and deflecting arakhs. Syrio told the Queen that Arya was definitely left handed, but her ability to use her right hand now that she was putting her mind to it was proving she was a latent ambidextrous.

As Daenerys watched, she saw Arya hook the inside crescent of Jhogo’s arakh and whip her hand down and behind her, throwing him off balance and causing him to sprawl forward. Before Arya could slash with her practice sword, Aggo and Rakharo roared, charging the Stark girl. Dany sat up on her seat, but relaxed when Arya sidestepped Rakharo, sticking out her foot and tripping the roaring Blood Rider. Arya swatted him on his ass after he passed her body, making him squeal.

Aggo charged her, but she used her broadsword to block the vicious downward swipe of his arakh, and while blocking she brought Needle up and hooked it on the inside crescent of the arakh, and twisting the blades in opposite directions she torqued the weapon out of his hands. She wheeled around low and swiped her broadsword in a vicious arc, making Jhogo stumble back to keep his shins from being whacked hard. Arya dove forward into a roll, and came up with both blades in a windmill fashion driving the blood rider back. She dove to the side, sensing the other two blood riders charging at her. They bowled over the Queen’s first blood rider.

Daenerys laughed hard, watching the Bloodriders throw their arakhs down and chase the Stark girl as she threw down her own weapons and took off laughing, hurling insults back over her shoulder at
the laughing Blood Riders. They had taken an instant liking to the girl.

Daenerys thought she saw something out of the corner of her eye then, but – no, it must have been her imagination. She could have sworn that the ghost runes on Foe Hammer had been flickering and moving, and that the ouroboros were dancing, twisting around themselves.

Dany shook her head and looked again, but the runes and ouroboros were locked deep in the metal, unmoving. *That is what happens when you let your thoughts drift. You start to see things.*

Dany was so pleased to see how well the ‘bastard’ children of Robert Baratheon were doing. She had hated the fact that Robert Baratheon had fathered so many children, and not taken responsibility for any of them. Worse, society was punishing them by forcing them to live with names associated with bastardy. She was expunging this particular crime and sin. She had vowed to institute equal primogeniture in all of Westeros, so a female child could inherit the throne as it was done in Dorne. This was instituting simple decency. She did not see much blowback from the conservative forces against Westeros on these issues. Her regency would prove that a woman could rule every bit as well as a man.

She only wished she would not have to fight all of society to institute the right for a man or woman to marry whom they would. She deserved the right to marry Arya anyone she wanted. Renly and Loras deserved the right as well, without having to hide their love in the shadows and take false wives to hide their true natures.

Daenerys sighed, watching Arya dodging Aggo and Rakharo, making them run into and rebound off each other. Didn’t she deserve the right to follow her heart after all the good she had already done, and what she still planned to accomplish? Daenerys sighed again, looking at Gendry and Mya affectionately practicing their war arts.

She had been following all the former bastards, and visiting them in turn when she had time. She had been most pleased with what she found. All the children were thriving, as well as the mothers that were burdened with the label of having a child out of wedlock. The woman suffered with the stigma, but the man did not. The child’s bastard surname was a millstone around both of their necks. With that yoke removed, the women and children were advancing in their lives. She felt a warm spot in her heart, thinking about giving these children the future they could have had with their royal heritage.

This was why she wanted to become Queen. To accomplish good. Not to be served herself, but to serve others.

All the children were tall and hale for their ages. It was obvious that the seed was strong with Robert Baratheon. They all seemed to be spitting images of him as well. She wondered how the man could never have questioned that all his ‘bastards’ were dark of hair and blue eyes, while his ‘own’ children were pale, blonde, and green eyed.

Daenerys wondered what would have happened had anyone ever discovered the incestuous secret of Cersei and Jamie Lannister. They seemed to have redeemed themselves, regardless. Judging by the reports from Dorne, it was only a matter of time before Obara and Cersei consummated the love they obviously shared for each other. Jamie had been redeemed by the love he had for Brienne.

She wondered how Cersei could be so blind to her attraction to the sand snake. Everyone else could see the attraction she felt for the daughter of Oberyn. Daenerys knew *she would never* miss any signs of Arya’s attraction to her. Sadly, there was none beyond friendship, and a hero worship complex she did not deserve.
Daenerys was most pleased with the three eldest of Robert’s children - Mya, Gendry and Edric were doing very well. She would be able to make good use of all of their skills. Of the three, Edric was going to be her most valuable in the end. His intelligence, dedication, and ability to process information and work the Game of Thrones would make him very valuable indeed. Gendry and Mya would give her excellence in immediate services, in making the weapons that her own household and guard would use, and the care of their horses.

Daenerys again focused on the pair fighting. Gendry was finally starting to remember the lessons that Barristan had been patiently teaching him, over and over. She smiled smugly, knowing that her Arya only needed to be shown something once before she internalized the lesson, and never forgot it. Indeed, her Arya was the perfect pupil. Daenerys squeezed her thighs together, thinking of another lesson she would like to instruct Arya in.

Arya and her three blood riders were walking back together. They had taken to calling her the grey-eyed wolf in Dothraki, which she was still having a hard time understanding. At night she was giving Arya lessons in both Valerian and Dothraki. Arya was picking up the Valyrian very well now. Her learning of Dothraki was proving to be more difficult for the girl but recently it started to improve. She had noticed that her Blood Riders appreciated Arya’s cool, collected demeanor. She never got overly excited or emotional. They also enjoyed her sense of honor, and wry sense of humor.

Another thing she had noticed immediately was Arya’s egalitarian attitude. She moved as easily among the common man as she did with the highborn. Daenerys had read that Eddard Stark had taken his meals while freely mingling with the vassals under his rule. She had not really believed it at first, but seeing how Arya did not have one pretentious hair on her body had made a believer out of Daenerys.

Arya had what Daenerys had heard called the ‘common touch’. Arya’s non-pretentious ways made people like her, and want to bond with and follow her. Daenerys knew that if the teenager chose to, she could turn on her innate charm to have those of regal birth equally enthralled. From what Daenerys had seen so far, Arya did not have the same desire to rule as she did. Arya had shown no interest in leading vast armies or navies, or playing the Game of Thrones.

The girl was a warrior.

She had been debriefed by Colton about how well and bravely Arya had fought to defend the river frigate of House Tully when it had been attacked by river bandits. Arya had been in the thick of the fight, and had not shied away from her first conflict. Now that she had been bloodied, she would be like the animal on her House’s banner in combat.

Daenerys was mooning over Arya again, and shook her head to snap out of it. The girl was her royal hostage, who Eddard Stark had placed in her care. Stop being a horn dog, woman.

Daenerys ached to see Arya look at her, like she looked at the Stark girl when she wasn’t looking. She would be willing to fight heaven and earth to have her as consort! She smirked sadly, and shook her head. Down there, tiger, Daenerys thought to herself. She had to be careful when her emotions were aroused.

She remembered how good Arya had been with the younger children of Robert Baratheon. She had played with and teased with the children, making them blush and laugh as they fell in love with the Wolf girl. The children had crawled all over Arya, who laughed and mockingly complained, all the while wrestling with the children and chasing them, making sure to let them win.

Daenerys’ heart clutched in her chest as she thought of Arya and her lost Kiserri playing together.
Her little blood rider would have Arya Stark wrapped around her little finger, and Arya would have the little girl calling her mommy within a day. She knew it.

*Gods we could have been the perfect family*, Daenerys thought sadly.

**Aurola Glovelyn**

Aurola held her magnifying glass over the pearl necklace she was making for her client Cathelyne Tarlor. Not long ago, Aurola had worked in a mid-tier brothel that brought in clients from all the economic strata of King’s Landing. She had been one of the most requested whores. She had been proud of her reputation in the brothel, as a whore who *always* left the client satisfied.

The brothel made sure the women were allowed to practice the types of sex that they enjoyed, but had the policy that both sexes were to be catered to. She was thankful she did not have to do the more kinky sex. There were plenty of women who liked it rough, doing gangbangs or getting it on with dogs and other animals. The thing *she* had not liked was sleeping with men.

Most of the time she had to fake her orgasms with them, but a few had known how to bone and she had relished fucking those men. She never said no to an orgasm, but it was a woman’s touch that she craved.

The Queen had allowed her to put her past behind her - or so she had thought. Aurola shivered, remembering the late morning and early afternoon. Aurola slowly put her small drill bit to the pearl in its stone holder, which she had put underneath clasps to hold the pearl rigid and still. She had used a punch to make a pilot hole for the drill bit. Aurola slowly turned the handle of the drill, until the drill bit dug into the pearl. Once stable, she turned more forcefully, and slowly drilled the hole through it for the guide wire of the necklace.

Cathelyne Tarlor had come with her four year old daughter, who worshiped her Jadith. The woman had a babysitter that was going to take the children to a children’s play palace that the rich took their children to for entertainment, giving their parents time to peruse their own tastes. The girls were so excited, babbling as they left. Aurola shivered, seeing the want in Cathelyne’s eyes.

The instant the girls were out the door, they were on each other kissing hungrily and stumbling to Aurola’s large bed. Soon they were naked, and Aurola used all her talents to make Cathelyne scream in orgasmic bliss. The woman had then fallen on Aurola, sucking her off again and again. She moaned and wept how much she loved and needed Aurola. The woman had clung to her desperately as she fell asleep in post coital bliss. Aurola extremely moved by the woman’s love for her.

Yesterday it had been sweet, young Airis Parsin in her bed, as Aurola’s five year old daughter was off with her grandmother in the brothel. Airis was on her back as Aurola fucked her hard to orgasm with her strap-on and then did the woman doggy in the pussy and ass. Then the woman had taken the strap-on and fucked Aurola blind. The nineteen year old was gay to the bone like Aurola and instinctively knew how to please her woman, Aurola, in bed.

Aurola drilled out four more pearls, and then pulled out her rose-gold filled wire, stringing pearls on it. The pearls hung sweetly on the wire, their sides barely touching and perfectly aligned.

Aurola had the best of both words. She had been making jewelry for the whores at her brothel, and now the Tangerine Palace too. She was making a comfortable profit. Whores needed to look nice for their higher-end clients, and especially when they went out as escorts to social events before
taken to bed.

She looked at the design she had made for a flower that would rest on the right shoulder. Cathelyn would supply the diamonds that would be set in the design. Aurola was using a smith to create the clasp, and she would set the stones in the settings she would fashion out of silver wire. She would cut, shape and weld them to the basic pattern.

After her initial shock over finding Cathelyn at her doorstep and realizing the true reasons for her being there Aurola had been delightfully surprised when first one and then her second favorite client had appeared at her door. She had not thought to see the women again since she left the brothel. She assumed they would find another whore to take her place. She had been touched that they sought her out, and they had given her commissions, but it was quickly obvious they wanted to fuck and offered her huge sums of gold dragons.

She had initially been offended when her favorite two clients had showed up at her door. That had been her initial shock realizing they still wanted her sexually. She was not a whore anymore. She did not feel ashamed of her former profession – in fact, she had been proud of it. It had supported her and her daughter, and she had many, many dear friends from the brothel that still visited her, and spent the night with Aurola fucking sweetly. Aurola always enjoyed fucking the whores she had worked with. They shared an intimate bond.

With her two former clients, she had wondered why they would they want to fuck her in her new profession, when there many whores who would love to take them as their new clients? Many, many women in the brothels preferred their own sex for intimate lovers, and men merely paid the bills as the saying went.

When she had initially refused, they had simply broken down weeping and looked so broken and sad to the core of the souls. Cathelyn had said that only her love had made life tolerable. Airis had brokenly sobbed, saying that she would slit her wrists thinking of having to fuck her hateful man if she could not have her love. That was when it hit Aurola. Her two most cherished clients were in love with her. The love she had secretly felt for them had been reciprocated. A whole new world of possibilities opened up for Aurola.

Aurola had her daughter going to a tutor four days a week, six hours a day in the morning. The Queen had made it clear she wanted the children of Robert Baratheon taught by the best tutors. They would be very well educated. Her daughter would know how to read, write and do sums. Her daughter Jadith would be taught about the world, and have all the options. If she wanted to be a whore, so be it. If her daughter wanted to be a jeweler, that would be nice. If she wanted to be a diplomat for Daenerys, she would make her mother happy. Her daughter would have the options she did not, when she was kicked out of her home for being an unnatural deviant.

Aurola’s mornings were free. She shivered as she made her appointments with each woman. Then she took both to her bed. The sex had been so good. The women were so starved for her touch that it was intoxicating. They nearly swooned at her touch. Gods they had cummed so hard in her mouth. She moaned remembering their sweet taste in her mouth. Aurola secretly loved both of the women too. Gods their lovemaking was so intense. They exhausted themselves in gut wrenching orgasms her bedroom thick with the musk of happy worn out pussies.

Aurola started on a ring she was resizing for a new client. The man wanted to give his future wife his mother’s wedding band. She had given him a set of ring gauges, and he came back with the size needed. She pulled out her ring stretcher that the Queen had gifted her with when she set up Aurola with her business. One gift of many she had been given, to make her a success in her chosen field.

Aurola matched the appropriate roller to the ring band size, and put it in the device. She twisted the
control handle. She smiled, watching the ring increase in size while still retaining its original round shape, all without damaging the stone.

Cathelyn had left her only half an hour ago, and her body was still shivering from all the sweet orgasms they had shared. Her lover’s husband was in Oldtown on some business trip, and fucking his two mistresses. Her bedroom was so hot and thick with sweet pussy musk. She moaned, thinking of the sweet smell of Cathelyn’s cunt grinding down on her face as her lover rode her face. Cathelyn’s heavy tits swirling on her sweat soaked chest. Aurola so loved to look up and see that sweat drip and fling off Cathelyn’s swirling and flopping tits and the way the sweat ran down her belly in rivulets as she fucked Aurola. Cathelyn’s exploding twat had filled Aurola’s mouth to overflowing again and again with sweet hot cum.

They had ended their lovemaking with a wild tribbing that wrecked her bed and put another huge wet spot on the mattress as their cunts had exploded simultaneously gushing hot cum that soaked pussies, thighs, bellies, asses and her bed with hot glistening cum that quickly soaked into the mattress. Aurola had rubbed her face in the mattress savoring the essence of her lover before she put on loose breeches and a blouse to work further on her creations.

Aurola used her magnify glass to examine the ring stone setting. One leg was loose, and she used a blunt edge punch and a pick to tease the leg back snugly against the large diamond.

Airis’ husband had just recently embarked on a trip to Pentos, to secure a contract for his father. Aurola smiled wickedly. Both of the women were free for at least three weeks.

Her sweet daughter would be spending the entire weekend with their grandmother.

Tomorrow night both women would be in her bed and fucking exuberantly. The women knew nothing of each other, but Aurola would finesse the situation. They loved her so deeply, and were so sweet and caring. She had plans that involved all three of them, and Cathelyn’s daughter. Soon they would be a family raising their children they would raise as one.

She knew the times were changing.

Two days ago the Queen and her ‘hostage’ had visited her again. The wolf girl had been with the Queen the last two times Daenerys had visited her establishment to check on her and Jadith. It warmed her heart, how the Queen was so interested in her daughter’s tutoring sessions.

The Queen was so deferential to the Stark girl, and the Stark obviously worshiped the ground the Queen walked on. Their first visit, the whore turned jewel smith had wondered if their feelings were strictly platonic for the first half of the visit. They were so formal and genteel with each other. Then the Queen had bent over to look through her magnifying glass, marveling at how it made the ruby she was looking at sparkle.

Arya Stark was practically drooling, looking at the Queen’s tight ass jutting out as she looked at the stone.

With the Queen’s second visit with Arya, she was constantly touching Arya to make points and the wolf girl was ‘accidently’ brushing and pressing into the Queen whenever Dany showed her something.

They both had it bad.

Yesterday when they were visiting and standing just that little bit too close, her daughter had just arrived home from the tutor. When she had seen Daenerys, Jadith had squealed and jumped up into
the Queen’s waiting arms. “Aunt Dany!”

Then she noticed Arya Stark. Jadith had been hesitant and unsure, until Arya started making funny faces and gesticulating, making strange sounds. Soon her daughter was begging to be held by the girl.

Aurola smiled. They would both make great mommies to their children. Then her daughter had upped the ante further. She looked at Dany from Arya’s arms and announced: “Horsey! I want to ride Horsey!”

The Queen had looked mortified. She did not mind getting on her hands and knees with just her to see, but now she had Arya there and was unsure.

Arya had immediately saved the day. The Stark girl had put her daughter down on the floor, and then followed her down. Arya got on her hands and knees, and neighed and stomped the floor with her palm. Jadith had squealed and climbed on Arya’s back, as the hostage horsed around on the floor with Aurola’s daughter. Her daughter had whooped and laughed so loud.

When Aurola looked at the Queen watching, she saw tears running down her cheeks. That was when the whore-turned-jeweler knew the Queen had once had a daughter herself. She felt a lump in her throat. She reverently hoped that the Queen and her future wife would have a daughter of their own someday.

The Queen wiped her eyes, and got on her hands and knees and bumped into Arya, and Jadith crawled from back to back as the two women laughed with her and smiled goofily. Both women, happily and without any pretense, let her daughter ride on their backs for ten minutes as they neighed and pretended to try and buck her off.

Aurola knew the kingdom was in good hands with those two.

Aurola looked at the clasp she would use for her pearl necklace. Soon she would start making her own. Her last experiment had almost been perfect.

Once the Queen took Arya as her woman and married her, things would change for the better. The Queen would proclaim that right that all should have - the right to marry whomever they chose. Daenerys would never hide her love in the shadows. Aurola would talk to the Queen on her next visit, after her inevitable marriage.

She would remind the Queen of her heritage. She was the breaker of chains. She had shattered and removed the chains of Essos. She had put an end to the chains that one could see. But there was yet a more insidious form of slavery - the slavery of tradition, and the betrothal of young girls against their will, to men they did not know, and often were twice their age and cruel. These high, noble women were treated no better than cattle.

Aurola only had to look at her two loves. Daenerys Targaryen needed to break the invisible chains that bound those women, and robbed them of their free will. Women needed the right to control their own bodies. They needed to be free to seek their destinies as they saw fit, not sold off to the highest bidder or given away to a man they may hate to further their House’s dreams of bettering itself. Daenerys needed to free all women from that heinous tradition.

The Breaker of Chains had more chains to burst asunder.

When she did, she would ask the Queen to grant women the same right men had. The right to divorce. She would have her two wives then. She licked her lips in anticipation.
Mya

The party had left the Red Keep early in the morning. The Queen had decided that there would be no meetings or audience with supplicants this day. She declared that all needed to take a break from the preparations to move north.

Troops were arriving daily from the local lords. The inns were full of troops. These were troops with money that could afford not to bivouac in the tents sprouting up around the King’s Landing. Troop ships were beginning to pull into port from Essos. The city states constantly warring on each other had required them to build fleets of troop transport. With the peace the Queen had imposed, these ships were for her use now. Sailors with coin to spend were flooding the establishments in King’s Landing, and the City was flush with money.

The Queen had made sure to spare the navies of the cities she conquered. Most of the foot soldiers would sail North to reduce time, and keep long trains from having to follow the troops to provide food, water and shelter.

The first wagon trains had started to move north to congregate on the border of the Riverlands. The Queen could have sent them further North on the word of Eddard Stark. She held back out of caution, but also to keep the façade that the Riverlands would be hostile to the Queen’s advance north intact.

The group moved up the King’s Road that led from the Red Keep, to the Gate of the Gods and the beginning of the King’s Road proper.

As they had ridden the road within the curtain wall, Gendry had told her about some of the landmarks they passed moving toward the gate. He pointed out the Central Square, a green space reserved to give the citizens a greensward to play and relax in. To the left he had pointed out the Guildhall of the Alchemists. He wondered why it still stood, since they had nothing to offer in these times.

He had shown her Visenya’s Hill, and told her about Visenya being one of Aegon’s wives. How he had married his older sister out of duty, when he had actually only loved Rhaenys, his younger sister. He told Mya that the sisters had not even liked each other, and that Visenya was happy when her younger sister had perished in Dorne. It allowed Visenya to have her brother’s full love.

Mya had noticed the Queen’s knuckles turning white as they balled up into fists. It seemed that the Queen did not agree Gendry’s narration. She wondered what the Queen felt the true story was.

They saw in the distance to the left, on a small hillock, the Great Sept of Balor. They both snorted at the structure. They had no use for their old trite strictures. They did not believe in their seven faced god.

They passed through Cobbler’s square, where many artisans practiced their craft. They passed shops of various garment makers, experts in leather, small tool and dye vendors, jewelry makers and other craftsmen and women.

They then passed through the open gates that had a heavy guard. Mya looked out over the grassland surrounding the keep. They moved at a faster gait to an open area that had been reserved for the Queen’s party, about a hundred yards from the gate.

Arya’s Direwolf ran off in a wild run, her tongue hanging out. The great beast stretched out her legs
as she ran down the King’s Highway, dodging around the traffic out on the road. Word had filtered out about the Direwolf, and most paid it no heed. It was still funny to watch horses buck and men jerk, holding their weapons close when the wolf went running past.

Mya moved her horse to the hobble line, and tied her horse to it. She waited for Gendry to join her. Along with them, the queen and Arya dismounted in unison. Mya smirked. The Queen and Arya were in sync, most of the time. They were not even aware at how they moved in harmony so often now.

Barristan and Syrio were with them to train and spar. The Queen’s bloodriders had ridden out with them as well. Currently they were giving their mounts their heads and letting them gallop, enjoying the air running through their long hair, making their bells tinkle.

The Queen had put her bells in for this day. Mya understood she was aiming to impress all the mustering troops and commanders who would see her. This was the woman who was a Dothraki Khal.

Mya was sure that the Queen had over fifty bells in her hair. Mya had heard Daenerys had many more such bells she could wear if she so chose. The bells chimed so beautifully, and the sun made her white hair glow. The silver bells glinted, adding beautiful highlights to the Queen’s hair in the bright sun. The woman truly was lovely. If she and the Queen were not already spoken for, she might be tempted to make a play for her. Living in King’s Landing had opened her eyes to so many new ideas.

Soon she and Gendry were sparring with Barristan, as he continued to hammer into her stubborn partner the basics on how to use the war hammer. Barristan was constantly swatting her love in his ass with the side of his sword. They were both wearing chainmail, and working with real weapons as they moved at three quarters speed.

Arya and Dany were fighting each other with practice swords, and moving with a speed that was truly frightening to watch. Their swords cut through the air in a constant blur. Syrio would move in to attack one or the other suddenly. They seemed to have cat-like reflexes, and a sixth sense. They would whir to meet the sudden attack, and then fight off the two attackers for a minute before Syrio would step back away from their sparring. He would wait and then attack again suddenly.

The three Bloodriders returned, and Mya sparred with them. They were gentle with her. Their arakhs were a totally foreign weapon to her. They would correct her stance, and the way she should attack them. They showed her how to deflect their curved blades and to hook them which took precise timing.

After an hour, Mya moved to archery. Practice dummies had been set up and she strung her yew wood longbow. She started to fire arrows at the dummies. There was a strong breeze coming from the west.

Mya gnashed her teeth with many shots barely hitting inside the rings. She refused to let the wind stop her from practicing. She had to learn to compensate for the wind to become truly proficient with the bow, and only practice would help her improve.

After ten minutes Arya joined her. Arya praised her for her archery in the wind.

She asked if she could shoot Mya’s longbow. Mya had seen that Arya used a traditional bow from the north. It was only four feet long, with about sixty pounds of pull. Her own bow was over six feet long, and had one hundred and twenty pounds of pull.
Mya started to say something when Arya took the bow and one of her longer arrows. She was going to tell the small woman that the heavy pull was extremely hard to draw back. The remark died in her mouth when the small woman easily pulled the string back to her ear, and let the arrow loose. It hit dead center on her target.

Arya smirked at her discomfiture. Arya then started to give her lessons on how to calm her breath, and let her heart rate slow before she fired. Mya found she liked the strong, small girl. She was muscular, where the Queen was like a whip.

She felt comfortable with the Stark girl. She wanted to ask the girl if she was in love with the Queen, but decided to not embarrass her. It would happen soon enough, she supposed. She hoped one or the other of them would take matters into their hands. If she had waited for Gendry, she would have died an old maid.

The Queen looked happy. Especially when she stared at Arya when she thought no one was looking. She had the softest, sweetest smile.

Mya looked back at the keep and started. Standing on a merion on the left most outer guard tower was a woman. She was small, and wore only a green tunic. She had green hair that whipped in the air. The woman was clearly looking down at them.

She looked harder, and felt her body start again. The woman’s eyes were not natural. They were large, and entirely green - she had no whites to her eyes! Her eyebrows canted up at an unnatural angle towards her hairline. The eyebrows also green. The blowing wind exposed her ears, and they had points. Each ear flared back to two points!

The woman did not move at all, even with the strong gusts of wind that buffeted her body and made her hair and tunic whip around.

Mya turned to Arya, and gripped her arm.

“Arya! Look at the gate and the left most tower! There is a strange woman on it!”

They both turned to look but no woman was there.

But she had been there! Mya was sure of it. Arya laughed, turning back to shoot her bow at the targets, landing them all in the center ring. Arya told her that she needed to do better than that to distract her.

She knew there had been a woman there. She looked again, seeing nothing. Oh well.

Epilogue

Laina Baerley finished cleaning up the guts, scales and heads of the days catch that she had gutted and cleaned. She and her mother would go to the fish market with Grahar Whitehill. He was a simple man in his early thirties that worked in their restaurant. He had a simple mind, and always had a smile on his face. He would carry some of the items back to their establishment to be prepared for the first meals.

She and her mother haggled and bickered with the fishermen to make sure they received a fair price. Satisfied with the various items they ordered, they would all be delivered to their establishment on the first run into town the local runners made.
She and her mother gutted the mackerel and shelled oysters, clams and snails.

Her wife already had the fires going, and had her skillets and woks prepared for the first meals. Kelia Gower had proven to be an excellent cook. Her mother had nothing but praise for how fast her wife learned the recipes, and her use of spices and herbs was already masterful.

Kelia had glowed under her mother’s praise. Kelia and her mother cooked all day, preparing food for the locals and the constant stream of traffic from Evenfall Hall that came to the port for business, or just to have a fresh seafood meal.

They had only been in business for six weeks, but their establishment had already gained a reputation for the excellence of their food and their fair prices. Word of the excellent new restaurant spread among the locals and had started to spread across Tarth.

They had ten tables inside the restaurant, and six more under the canopy in front of the building. Kelia hummed and smiled at her wife as she cooked. Laina moved into the back to clean the vegetables they prepared for the daily fare.

She would kiss her wife sweetly. Those kisses often turned passionate until her mother reminded them that they had a business to run. Kelia would then grope her ass when she turned to get back to her workstation out front. She attracted customers easily as she conversed with them, and took their orders. Grahar and a new employee hired the week before took the fare from the kitchen to the tables. Grahar always happy when he was working. The smile on his face infectious. The increase in traffic had her wife and mother cooking all day. Laina was so pleased with their business.

They closed the business with the late afternoon meal. As they became more established they would hire employees to have meals for the night. They were making quite a profit with the money they were making currently.

After they cleaned up and ate a light dinner, the mother went to her quarters at the back of the first floor. Kelia and Laina went upstairs to their suite of rooms.

Laina wanted to make love now immediately but Kelia insisted that she let her give Laina her nightly one hour lessons in reading and writing. Initially she had balked. Why did a penniless girl from Fishmonger Square need to learn to read and write? It was important to Kelia that she learned and she had started to cry at her balking. Laina had folded fast. She could not stand to see her sweet wife cry. Her wife had given up everything for her. It touched Laina that Kelia cared for her so much. That Kelia wanted her to learn her letters.

They had been making love six weeks ago in the royal haylofts as they always did as often as they could. Laina liked fucking in the stables of the royals when she had found a blind path up to the haylofts that were not guarded. It made her feel powerful to fuck in the realm of royalty. For the poor girl it was a way to thumb the royalty in the eye. It was intoxicating to fuck in a royal establishment.

She had been on her back with Kelia riding her face hard and screaming with orgasm when Laina nearly bit her sweetie’s clit when she saw the Queen standing over them. Kelia took a minute to register her presence. Her mind lost on her orgasmic high as her body flipped and jackknifed so hard. Even with her shook Laina continued sucking on her lover’s clit hard. She might as well as enjoy her last taste of the wife of her heart. They were doomed. Her desires to live dangerously had risen to bite her in the ass.

Kelia finally noticed the Queen standing right in front of her. Her sweet Kelia mashed her pussy hard into her mouth to keep her quiet. Kelia’s first words to their Queen were “It is my fault my
Queen! I seduced Laina and told her if she did not submit to my unnatural advances I would ruin her business!” Laina could not speak with her mouth full of wet pussy.

The Queen’s eyebrow cocked and then her lips began to quiver. The Queen then started to laugh and held up her hand for Kelia to stop her lies to protect her love. The Queen told them she had come to help them. She had an offer for them. She would give them a new life in Tarth. She had prepared a business for them that Laina and her mother could fall into and start to run immediately. The Queen had set it all up.

All they had to do was leave tonight. The Queen told them to come to the Red keep two hours after sundown. The Queen told them to bring Laina’s mother as well. Laina felt like she was in a dream. A sweet magical dream.

She left them as silently as she had appeared. Laina and Kelia had been left stunned in the Queen’s wake. It was Kelia that started to jump up and down saying “yes, yes, yes, yes!” and shaking Laina with happiness. Laina’s stupor dissipated seeing the radiant joy beaming off her love’s face. She was ecstatic for their suddenly new future together. She had a hard time believing it but the Queen had indeed been before them just now promising them a better new life. She stared at her sweet Kelia. This high noble woman wanted to give it all up for a lowly fishmonger urchin.

Laina had started to protest that Kelia could not sacrifice her life for her. Kelia got hot at that and made it clear in no uncertain terms that Laina belonged to her. The fishmonger had been so touched. Laina had taken her precious sweet love into her arms kissing her deeply with all the love in her heart. They had fucked for another hour with soul crushing orgasms of pure fucking bliss.

Her mother had jumped at the unexpected offer. She had nothing to lose. Her mother was as anxious for a better life too. She murmured that she loved Kelia already and wanted to teach her all her culinary skills. She was positive the lass would make an excellent cook. Her wife had instantly taken to her new mother. She murmured that Laina’s mother was much nicer than her own mother. She wanted a new life desperately.

The queen had greeted them at the main gate and guided them into the courtyard at the appointed hour. Laina nearly shit her breeches. There in the courtyard was Drogon the queen’s great black dragon along with her white dragon. The queen had put gloves and chaps on them with an older stately man’s assistance. The older man had helped them mount up the black dragon. He climbed up after them and helped them settle down onto the large saddle. He pointed out the grip rings for them to hold onto if necessary.

He dismounted and the Queen easily mounted her dragon without heat protection as she gathered their heat resistant garb and handed it down to a steward. They watched the virile older man get up on the white dragon.

The dragons had launched into the air with a mighty push off with their legs and beating of their wings. Soon the queen had them leaning down as they soared over the water and the dragons flew at a dizzying pace out to sea.

As they traveled for the next eight hours they flew back over land and then water again. About twenty minutes later they flew over land again.

The queen announced they had arrived at Tarth. Ten minutes later they sat down on the beach and the walked to the small town of Hardengate and she took them to a beautiful freshly painted store front. She took them inside and announced this was their new business and home. The queen showed them the kitchen, dining area and monger station and the living quarters. The kitchen and monger station fully implemented with new ovens, friars and all the cooking utensils they would
The Queen told them she knew of their employee with the simple mind. He was on a ship on the way to Tarth to join them. Laina gaped at her Queen. The woman was a goddess!

The Queen hugged them and ordered them to be happy with a big smile. Then the majestic woman surprised Laina by hugging them all and wishing them well. Then then Queen and her knight were gone.

Now six weeks later Laina had finished her tutoring lesson for the night. Kelia was effusive in her praise as she always was with Laina’s progress in learning her letters and she was now able to read simple words. Her handwriting was shaky but she had learned how to write all her letters and numbers now.

Kelia purred “Now it is time for my reward!” with hot heat in her eyes.

Laina found hands pawing her and quickly divesting her of her clothing. Kelia stood up and reached behind her neck and undid the clasps and let her dress drop exposing herself to Laina’s hot hungry gaze. Kelia ran her hands up and down her voluptuous and tight body. The slut squeezed her large breast and rubbed her dripping snatch through her light blue undergarment like a wanton whore. A dark wet stain darkened the fabric over her camel toe slit. Kelia’s large beast swayed as Kelia looked down at her with fuck hungry eyes. Kelia then bent down slightly to remove her undergarment dropping them to the floor. Her pussy was sopping wet. Kelia ran her fingers up and down her wet groove and smiled coyly.

Kelia’s musk hit Laina like a sledgehammer and growled smelling her wife’s arousal for her. Laina could never get over how this drop dead beautiful porcelain doll who was so genteel and proper in public became a wanton whore in their bed. Kelia was on Laina in a flash jamming Laina down on the mattress as she crawled up on top of her lover. She pressed their full D cup tits together squishing them flat as arms and legs hooked and clasped pulling bodies tight.

Kelia’s tongue did not ask but demanded entrance to Laina’s mouth. Laina whimpered in need and parted her teeth. Kelia’s tongue surged into Laina’s mouth the instant the former urchin from fishmonger square parted her teeth. Like an adder Kelia’s tongue wrapped around Laina’s tongue in fuck hunger. Kelia gripped Laina’s hair with both hands and slammed her tongue down her wife’s throat making Laina cry out into Kelia’s hot wet devouring mouth.

They rolled around on their queen sized bed. Now Kelia moved down and devoured Laina’s fat stubby nipples and hard sucked on them with cheek hollowing sucks and her left hand snaked down Laina’s flat bell and two fingers slowly sunk deep into Laina’s twat and pumped sensually in and out her dripping snatch. Laina groaned gutturally deep in her chest in helpless pleasure.

Kelia nursed fiercely back and forth on flushed tits her tongue rasping turgid nipples. Her fingers worked harder and faster in and out the soupy mess of her woman’s swollen muff.

Laina was lost in pleasure. She wondered yet again as her face slashed and eyes squeezed shut tight. **Why had the queen come to them and saved them from a life of misery and loss? Why them?**

Liana’s belly was tightening and her cunt spasming hard on the three fingers now plunging in and out her sloppy wet cunt as it splattered out cum droplets. Kelia was a total slut in bed as Laina gagged in helpless pleasure. Kelia, the Lord’s proper and pristine daughter slammed her fingers hard in deep into her lover’s couchie. The noble teenager moaned as she banged her wife’s cunt hard and steadily with her hand. Her hand slamming into Laina’s swollen vulva the shocks going straight to the shiny nubbin jacked into by Kelia’s slamming bent thumb. Kelia’s fingers piston hard in and out
the soaked core of Laina’s fount.

Liana was on the edge now. Her belly tightened as she dug her heels into the mattress and lifted her cunt up into the fingers hammering her swollen muff. Laina’s trim sucked and spasmed on the fingers that slammed home deep and hard into Laina’s spasming sopping wet cunt. Her wife’s hand hammered her vulva and clit continuous with her hand a blur with her hard fucking of her sweet beautiful to her eyes wife. The friction and jerking vibrations of impact made Laina’s clit scream in ecstasy.

**Why had the Queen intervened in their lives?**

Liana’s hips were jerking out of control now. Her ass clenched jerking her snatch up into the air as Kelia hammered her cunt hard and deep just like she needed.

**Of thank you gods for giving us this. Thank you Daenerys Targaryen!**

“Cum for me Laina! Cum on my hand slut! Cum for your Kelia! Show me your love for me my beautiful fishmonger . . . MY fishmonger!”

**Oh gods Daenerys! Thank you for giving us a future; giving us life full of love and promise!**

With eyes squeezed tight shut Laina’s cunt exploded and scalded her with killing pulses of ecstasy again and again. “FFFFUCCCCCKKKKKKK! AAARRRUUNGGGGHHHHHHH! UUUNNGGGGHHNNNGGGGGGG!” Laina screamed with pure love as her voice scaled up like she was being skinned alive. Her hips jerked up violently jamming her splattering muff up into Kelia’s hammering thrusts fully burying her fingers deep into her lover’s spasming twat gripping tight on the fingers plundering her gushing cunt soaking Kelia’s hand and Laina’s groin, pussy, ass crack, belly and inner thighs. “Aaaagghhhiieeeeeee! Uunnnngghhiiieeeeeeeeee!” Laina wailed in helpless pleasure and pure love.

**Thank you Daenerys Targaryen for all this! Thank youuuuuuuu!**
AN # 1: Graphic F-solo masturbation

AN # 2: This chapter and one other coming up soon will not fit the pattern of my other chapters. I started this story in July of 2015. in early August of 2015 i had written the second chapter. i then stopped and wrote 4 things i wanted to have in story. sort of way points. i doubt i will do that again.

one was Clash of Beasts a pivotal moment of Dany / Arya. i wrote another that will be a big pivot point for Arya / Dany. So these two i was easily able to incorporate into the story when it came time.

The two masturbation chapters i could not fit in that seemed right to the main flow of the chapters that all have multiple view points. the chapters before and after them are big and the View Points just did not allow for them to be grafted in.

Thus the two stand alone masturbation chapters. As i have shown i love to masturbate. Soooooo, though i know they disrupt the flow of how i write now i still want to use them. i created them and want to use them. Both masturbation chapters further the development of Dany / Arya relationship and both had a little humor with the second chapter more so.

The way i write changed a lot between when i wrote the stuff in August of 2015 and when i wrote where they got fitted in. Also my plans had changed. i worked them to try and make them graft in. Hopefully, succeeded.

There is tons of story coming. The March north is about to commence and much will happen on that March and at Winterfell. For anyone who knows the "Land" hopefully you will like what is about to happen. Purest will pull their hair out maybe but 44,000 years have passed and Stave led the Haruchai to reevaluate themselves.

Donaldson was always saying the Haruchai and Ramen were a passionate people. We will get to see that side when they "let their hair down". Oberyn will be both happy and pissed.

Since only Dany and Arya are in the masturbation chapters they are smaller. Won't have to invest as much time reading them. Rest of chapters will generally be much bigger with some split into two parts. Trying to not put out chapters larger than 30,000 words.

Chapter 35

Mirror Mirror

Daenerys

Daenerys was excited to be putting her plan into effect today. She had been frustrated by Arya’s
modesty and Stark reserve. She had tried flirting that sometimes seemed to register but often the girl gave her slightly offended looks or seemed very uncomfortable. Other times she was sure that Arya was responding to her overtures but then the next moment that hope was dashed.

This had been highlighted when she had pulled off her top to have Arya rub lineament into her supposedly sore shoulders. Her nipples had been so erect they were painful. Daenerys had adjusted the angle of her body to try and get her ‘royal hostage’ fingers on her breast. The girl had absolutely refused to let her fingers roam. Damnit!

Daenerys had been hurt and pissed at the seeming rebuff of her blatant and then almost desperate attempt to get the teenager to take ‘advantage’ of her. It was not till later that the Queen started to realize that maybe, just maybe, the girl’s sheer inexperience and bashful reserve had prevented her from registering the Queen’s advances. She had come to learn of the Stark reserve.

Just when Daenerys felt like she had a grip on the Stark, grip (she wished!), the girl slipped through her fingers. Dany was very aware of Arya’s right to her body and to not have herself coerced. Daenerys had learned that lesson all too well in Essos. She had had no control over her own body and would never subject another woman to that. She wanted her women to want and desire her.

She wanted the girl to come to her. She was still scarred after all these years from being handed to Drogo like a piece of meat to be fucked and thrown away. Fortunately, she had been able to bend the man to her will slowly and surely. She had become the master without him even realizing it. She had had to use her body with men to try and capture her throne. She had hated it. Daenerys had come to the place where she would never give herself to another unless she wanted and truly desired that person. Like she desired one Arya Stark.

She did owe something to Khal Drogo though. There was the one gift he had given the young thirteen year old. He had given her the insight to dream of greatness. In time she came to understand her true greatness and destiny. She was the Mare that had mounted half the known world.

Daenerys would never force herself on any woman no matter how much she wanted the woman. Daenerys knew she was in love with the Stark girl and hoped to get the girl to love her in return. Her lonely nights galling to her. To have her dream lover so close and yet so far away was frustrating to say the least.

The Queen was in a horny state. It was a state that seemed perpetual now. She was a woman who needed physical satisfaction to keep her equilibrium. While she had been waring with the slave states and bringing the Dothraki to heal her time and energy were focused on conquering her enemies and starting to institute the reforms necessary to transform Essos. She also had hopes to reform the codes and ethics of Westeros. A big advantage she had in her homeland was that she did not have to fight slavery as she had in Essos. It allowed for her to take a more genteel approach.

She had had to put all that on hold because of the vexation of Eddard Stark. He had made the young Queen feel like pulling her hair out at times. Since the arrival of his daughter and her hand delivered message her initial concerns had been much allayed. Now she had to worry with forming up the South of Westeros to meet the call of confronting a foe she had been sure she had disposed.

She smiled to herself. She was well on her way to achieving that goal. She felt proud of her ability to finesse the situation and work the various Houses to do her will and not realize that their goal was in all reality her goal.

So, on the political and governance front all was well. That was the side of Daenerys Targaryen that all saw. She had another side. The personal side of the Queen. The side that desired and craved affection and love. The side of her that needed a woman’s touch. A touch she had suppressed and
denied as she ran up against the bigotry and culture of Essos and she knew existed in Westeros. Her need to conquer her foes and end slavery had been ascendant. That need had suppressed her personal desires.

She had suppressed her desires for a woman to love. She had denied herself the pleasure of having a woman making passionate love to her. All rulers wanted that special someone to share the burden with. Many rulers like herself craved the release that only great sex could give a person. For Daenerys that touch could only come from a woman.

She had tried to fake it in Meereen. She had tried to suppress it since. No more. Tyrion had ignited her primal needs with his first overtures on that beach in Dorne. He planted a seed that had taken root and fully bloomed. Her desires for a woman’s touch could no longer be suppressed.

She had finally taken Tyrion up on his offer to provide nightly entertainment to reduce her stress levels and give her mind, body and soul the release that it had to long suppress. She was so thankful she had finally taken him up on his offer.

He had provided willing prostitutes from the best brothels that catered to the rich and powerful wives of Lords, Sers and powerful business elites. These whores constantly fucking women who were either desperate for the female touch or who needed to scratch their bi itch from time to time. Daenerys and these women wanted to fuck women who themselves loved to partake of the fairer sex. Daenerys wanted lesbian or bisexual sluts in her bed.

Daenerys Targaryen was definitely of the former group. She had fallen on each whore who graced her bed with a rabid fuck hunger. She was making up for lost time. Gods she was in the heavens once more dining on succulent sloppy wet cunt meat and shoving her tongue deep up spasming assholes.

She had sucked off each whore who in turn was sucking her off so hard and long. She tribbed and finger fucked the willing whores to wailing and wild flipping orgasms. She again was in heaven tribbing pussy to pussy or on a woman’s thigh, belly or ass were her favorites.

She loved to use toys and a strap-on. She had fucked her begging whores bowlegged. She generally liked to fuck her women one on one but she had often fucked the incestuous mother-daughter couple of Chayaya and Alayaya. She cherished fucking the couple who were married to each other. They had taken their strap-ons and fucked the Queen nearly to a comatose blissful state.

Daenerys shivered thinking of both of their cocks slamming up her fuck holes and feeling their bulbous dickheads jerking over each other deep in her belly as hey seesawed their cocks so hard and deep in and out her ass and cunny. She had cum so hard screaming like the proverbial banshees. She loved it nasty with strap-ons and the whores gladly slapped and pulled her hair raking clipped nails down her body marking her that way and with vicious hickies that had her screaming in pain and bliss.

They ‘made’ her do ATM and did A2P when she made it clear she wanted to be fucked that way without beforehand asking of permission. She knew she could trust them as the choked her; half gasping her. She was a switch and needed dominate women to be switches too so she could return the gift of rough sex with willing partners that craved it like she did. And the mother-daughter whores, Chayaya and Alayaya, craved a hard savage love fuck. She would team up with the mother or other to fuck them DP and do all the nasty shit she loved.

Dany was so happy that the whores had found Solaja Xo and vice versa. They were so much in love and fucked the way that Dany loved to fuck. With total abandon and going for the brass ring again and again.
The Queen had heard all the reports from Varys and Tyrion’s snickers of how the Admiral was being boarded and thrown over the edge of her desk and fucked hard up her ass or being DPed like the willing wanton whore she was. Having two madams as her wives had also given the Summer Islander admiral access to willing and wanton whores who craved to join the festivities. Daenerys was happy for her loyal admiral.

The Queen always loved to fuck and fucked the night away with her extreme endurance and insatiable appetite for pussy and asshole. To be fucked with strap-ons and to be fisted in her pussy and ass. She was a total fuck fiend in bed and not ashamed one iota for it. Daenerys reveled in her total sexual liberation and freedom.

The Queen had worn all her women out. She would suck them off again and again. She cherished feeling a pussy exploding in her mouth and flooding it with sweet hot creamy cum. She never tired of it. Even Chataya and Alayaya were exhausted as they did the Queen and teamed up with the sovereign to fuck the mother or daughter DP with all the nasty sex that the Queen longed and needed to do now that her appetites were again giving free reign again. Dany never tired of eating women out. She loved pussy! She tribbed like her life depended on it.

What Daenerys had not fully realized till after the fact was that she had seen less and less prostitutes for the last two and half months. She had started to fantasize and use her fingers and toys more and more to bring herself off. She had fantasized about a particular girl she had seen through the eyes of Viserion. A girl who had then come into her life. A certain girl whose exuberance and wild antics had unknowingly captured her heart that day in her throne room. Only now had the Queen come to fully understand that.

She had seen less and less of the prostitutes in a slow progression she had not realized at first. She smiled reflecting on Chataya bemoaning the fact that her and her daughter no longer graced her bed. She told the Queen that the whores who had graced her bed were almost begging to again to fuck the Queen. Chataya and Alayaya had paid the whores extra for pleasing the Queen but they chuckled telling the Queen that the women would do it for free and then made it clear they would pay the madams to fuck the wild dragon in her quarters.

To once more feel her mouth sucking them off and tongue fucking them so sweetly in the pussy and up the ass. To feel the Queen finger blasting them to screaming orgasms in the pussy. To feel her fist in their pussies and up their assholes. To trib wildly and wrecking her bed. To use toys and strap-ons to pound pussy and asshole to oblivion. They wanted the Queen to pound their cunts and pulverize their exploding assholes to nirvana.

The Queen never tired of hearing how great in the sack she was. Daenerys preened when she was told what a great fuck she was. It made her feel so sexy and desirable to hear that. She had, since Arya arrived, stopped completely fucking any of the willing whores. She wanted to fuck only one girl. She wanted Arya Stark in her bed. Every night.

Daenerys Targaryen sensed that the shy reserved girl was hiding a ravenous lesbian slut within her core and soul. She just knew! Well she was sure she knew it. She had to be. She simply had to be! Her gaydar sometimes pinged so loudly with the girl she was worried she would get a migraine and the next time she was with Arya she became sure the girl was as straight as an arrow. She was merely young and innocent waiting for the right man to come and grab her affections. Those thoughts caused either a feeling of being ill or outright hostility towards any man Arya may find attractive. She wanted her!

Such thoughts of Arya finding another attractive enraged the petite Queen. Her rage notched up another level with the thought of Arya finding some man desirable over her. Arya had to be gay!
She just had to be! She wanted Arya all for herself. It was obvious the Wolf girl was a virgin. With her active life and warrior training she might not have a hymen for the Queen to take but she still wanted to be the first and only one to touch the girl. Only she would fuck the sweet wolf of House Stark. It would be Daenerys that would take her cherry and awaken the insatiable slut she knew resided in that sweet girl. She would make Arya into a woman true.

Arya would belong only to her and vice versa. They would only love each other.

The object of her love and suppressed rampant lust was right beside her at the moment. Daenerys was controlling her hormones making sure to not overwhelm and or scare the girl away. She was being extremely careful and diffident with the girl. She had been sold off like a heifer cow and made to feel it by her brother. That was how Khal Drogo treated Daenerys until she had learned how to bend the man to her will with first the help of Doreah and then her other sweet Dothraki handmaidens.

She had learned well how to please a man but even more so how to please women. It was only women she longed to love and fuck. Now that focus was only on Arya Stark. They would only love each other.

Arya was telling her about how she was so excited by today’s sword lesson. The new feints were so complicated and challenging. Daenerys always loved the inflections in Arya’s voice when excited. Passion for her sword lessons ringing true like a pealing bell. The Queen longed to teach Arya another kind of sword lesson!

The young pale Targaryen Queen turned to look at her young ‘hostage’. Gods she was so beautiful. She was so animated talking with her arms waving and her nipples semi erect jutting out her top. Daenerys nipples were rigid too with her sweat cooling her heated skin and more so with the lust she felt for the young princess.

The two practiced hard in the morning and worked up to the late morning and then went to Dany’s royal suite to bathe and prepare for the rest of the day. Dany had to go to a quick small council meeting on finances for the war effort this afternoon. There had been little requests for an audience with the Queen so she had put off till tomorrow having a hearing of grievances in the great throne room. The Small Council meeting she had pushed back till the late afternoon. It would be quick.

She had other plans. She smirked to herself at her ingenuity. She would finally get to see what the shy Stark girl had denied her. For too long!

Arya would spend the afternoon studying with various tutors. Missandei was teaching her High Valyrian. If Dany’s dreams came true she wanted her wife to be able to communicate to her in her own tongue. She had no problem speaking the common tongue but her mother language was so beautiful.

Arya was picking the language up quick like she did in all things. Dany masturbated to thoughts of the Stark howling her orgasm in high Valyrian. “Jevys qrinuntys jemo paktot issa qrinuntys jemo paktot issaëksia yno bē jemi Daenyers se!” or “Doriar udra pōnto syt eman! Lo Mērī jemi!” Dany shivered thinking her nasty thoughts. Yes, to hear Arya growling “I’m going to devour your wet sweet cunt and make you scream Daenerys!” or “ram your fingers in deep! Make me scream!”

The Stark girl seemed to be picking up the Queen’s language well. She also had the girl learning Dothraki but that was slower. The sentence structure and subjective verbs were proving difficult for the young princess but Daenerys had several Dothraki handmaidens teaching Arya. Recently, the campfire had seemed to flare stronger and now Arya was beginning to pick up the second language
that Daenerys had come to think of as her second mother tongue.

Daenerys had seen how easily Arya put her Dothraki handmaidens under her spell without even realizing it. The girl was so innocent. The young Queen had made sure that Helli, Meziqqi and Tahigi understood that Arya was not to be touched or seduced. They had smiled slyly understanding exactly who the girl was for. They had happily acquiesced. There was plenty of pussy with all the young lord wives about and horny wives of merchants and commerce agents for them to ply and easily seduce to their traditional bed pallets.

Yes, Daenerys wanted Arya to know more than her native tongue and only the history of Westeros. Arya took other lessons on Valyrian history she always seemed happy to take. She was well educated on Westeros history but Dany also had her taking lessons in math, algebra, geometry because this developed the mind. She was getting lessons in finance and commerce from their Master of Coin Vedad Softic. She wanted Arya to be capable and knowledgeable to be her Queen if her dreams were ever to be realized.

Arya took courses in the history of Esso since it was now ruled from Kings Landing too. She learned the Oral history of the Dothraki from her language instructors in that tongue. Arya was learning fast in all things.

Daenerys sighed. She knew the girl would voraciously learn the lessons of lesbian lovemaking. She couldn’t wait to start teaching her!

Many days Arya went back down to Seryio Foral for additional one on one training learning the subtly of becoming a water dancer. The master told Dany that the girl was advancing fast. She needed to only do a new routine once before she had it memorized to muscle memory. It had taken Daenerys months to master what Arya mastered in a day. She had learned from Syrio and Barristan that they too took months to commit those lessons to muscle memory. Dany could sense something was troubling Syrio recently but she had as yet to ask him. He was not greatly troubled she could tell but something was rankling him about his lessons with Arya.

The Queen had been bringing Arya to her quarters for a week and half now after their morning workouts and sword training. Arya had mentioned having to have her bath drawn in her quarters and it struck Daenerys that was not right for a High Princess. Arya Stark, as her royal hostage, deserved the right to have access to the bathing facilities that the Queen enjoyed. It was really the least the Queen could do for Arya. Arya deserved to be pampered as the High Princess she was. It was really just royal protocol the Queen was trying to follow. The fact that the Princess would be near her in a more erotic environment was beside point.

Daenerys had also secretly hoped to see the princess naked body and then maybe nature could take its natural course and they could be wildly boning! That was Daenerys fantasies. That had not been the reality damnit! The girl was so bashful about her body she was almost prudish. Arya made sure she had her body covered when Daenerys eyes would ‘accidentally’ drift her way.

It was highly frustrating to the Queen. At first she had wondered if she should be offended with the Stark girl not allowing her ‘charms’ to be seen. That thinking had slowly changed. Daenerys was just starting to realize that for some strange reason Arya did not think her body was supper hot and desirable. The girl did not look at herself as being highly desirable. The Valyrian had noticed and drooled over Arya’s unusual breast that were all nipples that engorged to ripe overripe plums when she was excited like she was often when she was exercising and sword practicing with their sword masters or against each other. She would be all flushed from exercise in the sheer tops they wore to not overheat. Then when their sweat cooled off their bodies Arya’s nipples would be so sweetly engorged with blood.
The sight had Daenerys mouth nearly salivating with the lust to utterly consume those sweet plum-like nipples and make the girl writhe and whimper in pleasure. To see Arya’s mouth falling open in a helpless O of pleasure and to hear her throat cawing in sweet love cooings and choked groans of ecstasy.

Dany wanted to think that a lot of the reason for Arya’s nipples were so erect was the sight of her body. She looked for signs of this but she only would catch maddeningly brief glimpses. When she would see that look and then look again Arya had on a look of seeming innocence and not being interested in her as anything other than as a mentor and a subject of the Queen. Daenerys was finding it quite maddening actually.

She needed to see Arya’s body. Today she would! Even if it was with subterfuge.

They entered her suite. Arya breathed deep and smiled. “What is that I smell Daenerys? Flowers?” She looked around and spotted five vases filled to overflowing with sweet smelling Roses, Lilacs and Orchids. The smell so pleasing.

Dany watched her sweetheart move over to the closest vase and bend over breathing in deep. The girl looked so virginal breathing in deep the intoxicating perform with a soft smile on her face. Her ass was jutting out. Daenerys noticed yet again that Arya had a small rump but it was so tight and firm. The Queen had visions of first kissing those ass cheeks and then licking them as she made Arya gasp with wanton pleasure. Then the Queen would spread her ass crack open and sensually lick up and down that crack. She would tongue it and drool all along that sweet crease and up those firm ass cheeks. Then her tongue would lap and circle the sixteen year old’s spasming starfish and then focus on that sweet anus. Soft slow tongue licks with increased pressure letting her sweet wolf know where her tongue would soon reside. Then stiffening her tongue, Daenerys would slowly sink her tongue deep up Arya’s tight asshole. She shivered at the thought. Oh how Daenerys wished that the girl was her sweetheart in deed and not just thought.

Dany shook her lewd thoughts from her mind pushing them back for now. Still her desires were burbling and begging to be let loose. Dany smiled seeing Arya’s soft smile smelling the flower sweet scent deep into her lungs.

“Do you like them?”

“Yes!”

“Then I will have them in here from now on. They are in season but there are vendors who import them from Highgarden. You deserve the best Arya.” She smiled seeing the girl blush mightily. The girl instinctively bent her head down and batted her long eyelashes at Dany. Gods what this girl did to Dany without even trying!

“Thank you Daenerys. You are always so good to this little princess from the North”

“Anything for my sweet wolf” Daenerys had locked eyes with the girl but Arya turned away blushing. Arghhh! The girl was frustrating. She was sure that it was innocence but was so worried about abusing her power and seeing what she wanted to see Dany hesitated. *If the girl would just give her one sure sign!*

Arya went to sit on the long wide bench in front of the dresser and the large mirror that was four five feet high and ran the length of the dresser. The bench was padded with thick comfortable cushion with a velvet top that was so comfortable to sit on. The top could be lifted and items stored in it. Dany had it locked since she had certain toys in it that she picked up during her conquests of Essos and she had acquired from Chataya and Alayaya. Dany longed to use her dildos, butt plugs, double
headed dildos and strap-ons on Arya. She would fuck her so good with them.

Arya was definitely not ready to any of those yet!

Daenerys was disappointed that Arya never once yet looked up to look at her as she stripped and went into the bath suite. Damn that Stark resolve and iron will to implement it. Arya should have been ogling her body and then coming to Dany and fucking her! Dany took a calming breath. She had come to understand the girl was shy and bashful. She was also intelligent and crafty. Dany shivered with thoughts that the shy girl was somehow stealing looks at her Queen’s hot body when Daenerys had not been able to catch her. A girl could hope!

The girl had left a book on geometry on the dresser top. The Queen had used geometry and trigonometry in some of her sieges on designing siege weapons and distances for tunnel digging and such siege craft. She thought it strengthened the mind and wanted Arya to know the same knowledge and learn to think analytically.

Dany gulped. But the girl did not see her new adornment or thought nothing of it.

Daenerys stripped constantly looking up but the legendary Stark reserve was in full effect. Damn Eddard Stark for drilling too much honor into his children! Did they all exhibit this restraint when it came to sex? Honor was nice but it was definitely crimping her libido and her desires for a certain wolf girl. She longed to strip the young teenager of her control and make her into a raging slut who couldn’t get enough pussy! Dany smirked to herself with her wayward thoughts.

She was putting the cart before the horse. She had yet to really see Arya’s body. A body she longed to see and lust after today. She was sure today that would change with her addition to her dresser.

It was agreed with Arya’s insistence that the Queen go first. Dany had not fought it too much. Getting clean and relaxed from the hot water always put the Queen in a horny state that had her hyper tuned to ogle and fantasize about taking and ravishing her sweet young wolf girl.

She took her bath. When alone she would often masturbate but she was never a quiet person when it came to sex. She wanted to scream and thrash spilling water out of the deep tub all over the floor as her limbs thrashed and she often jammed her feet on the tub bottom and lifted her cunt up out of the water still hammering her fingers or dildo into her exploding pussy as she humped desperately as shockwaves pulsed through her body and she screamed and screamed.

She really went crazy when she fucked her asshole with a ribbed dildo or took her special ‘rubber’ double headed dildo from the southern island of Sothoryos. The material flexible. Alayaya had shown her how to bend it back on itself and snake both bulbous cockheads into her tight pussy and pinched shut anus. Gods the orgasms from that double penetration had made her lose her mind in shocking ecstasy as she had an anal and vaginal orgasm at the same time. Gods Dany loved anal sex.

Daenerys finished her bath luxuriating in the heated water. A large heated storage tank dropping in heated water and letting out cold dirty water with a turn of a few knobs. She had brought the design in from Volantis. Tyrion and her Maester had fined tuned the original design to make the valves easier to operate and have the water drain out in a fast or slow manner and fresh water added when needed to heat up the bath. Daenerys liked mechanical contraptions and knowing how they were constructed and their inner workings.

Dany came out with a towel wrapped around her slender small frame. Another towel wrapped around her long platinum blond hair. She went over to see where Arya was in the book and they talked about the latest news from Casterly Rock. The girl easily mastered the mathematics and asked
probing questions that showed she knew how to analyze her environment and apply mathematics to solve real world problems.

Again Dany marveled at how perfect Arya was for her. She would be the Queen that she needed at her elbow. The Stark teenager would help her rule during the day and grace her bed at night. They would fuck each other blind every night relaxing bodies and minds so the next day they could govern fully and efficiently.

Dany was making sure that Arya was fully versed on current politics and policies she was proposing or busy implanting. Daenerys was so happy that Arya was so excited to see how the mechanisms of government worked. Arya was even more excited with Daenerys ideas for reform.

Arya was excited for change in the world and felt that Dany should charge forward but Dany was patiently teaching Arya patience. She had a lifetime full of Slaver’s Bay. She had crushed the vile slave trade but she was still so haunted by dreams of all she had killed.

Only as a last resort she promised herself. She had developed the power necessary to take other paths now. She acquired the power she had for more than purely conquest.

Arya got up from the bench and slowly walked to the end of the large canopied royal bed. The bed the Queen desperately wanted to fuck the Stark girl in.

The routine had been set where the maids laid out the towels for Arya and her change of clothes she would dress into for the afternoon.

Dany noticed her new acquisition was exactly where she had placed it on the dresser. She smirked. Yes she loved it when a plan came together. Her new mirror was perfectly positioned to allow her to watch Arya strip nude. The girl’s modesty had thwarted her for long enough!

She smiled as the girl kept looking up to make sure that Dany was following her strict orders to not “peek”. Dany had laughed when Arya used that word. She had come to understand that the word choice itself spoke volumes. The girl was so innocent that she was not aware of the raging lust simmering only a few feet away from her. She could understand the girl’s reticence about letting Dany see her body in that context. It was frustrating to the young Queen but she could understand it. She was used to women throwing themselves at her. That she liked a lot.

She was sure the girl was attracted to her but she simply refused to follow the Targaryen cues. Dany hesitated greatly to advance on the young girl without any overtures from the teenager. She would not do to Arya what had been done to her. The whores and women she had gladly fucked in Essos had been all about pleasure. The same with the prostitutes that Tyrion arranged to have in her bed in Westeros. With Arya there was so much more than just concerns about raw exploding pleasure. This was about something so much more. Something precious. Something she would not let pure lust ruin, thus, her slow approach.

Dany was very comfortable with her body and had assumed at first that Arya, a Princess of a high noble house would have a proud self-confident opinion of her body. She had come to understand that she did not. What Daenerys had to come to slowly understand was that Arya had very low self-esteem. In gently probing the young princess she had come to sense that Arya felt like the ugly duckling when she was compared to the radiant beauty of her sister Sansa.

The tall girl with long auburn hair and the deep blue eyes had the beauty that the bards sang about. Sansa had sensual curves to Arya’s almost nonexistence ass or breast. Dany had started to wonder if the young girl felt that compared to Daenerys Targaryen herself she was not hot compared to the Queen. The Queen suspected that Arya felt her puffy nipples an embarrassment. That Arya thought
her cute little rump was not turn a on to the extreme. Arya’s ass was plenty big and sensual to the Valyrian.

Dany looked over at Arya and smiled at her. The girl blushed so cutely. Dany could see her nipples poking out her top now. Gods they were so fucking big. She wanted to suck them down her throat! They were unusual for sure but their uniqueness had the Queen hypnotized with lust to suck those bulbs into her mouth and devour. Anyone would long to suck on those juicy nipples for hours. To work those engorged bulbs with one’s hot sucking mouth while her fingers fucked the girl to screaming orgasms.

Dany turned back around to give the girl her supposed privacy. Dany watched Arya check one more time and thought her need for modesty had been satisfied. The Queen smirked. Dany had the small mirror positioned such that as Dany started to dry her hair and run her fingers through her lightly wet tresses she looked off to the side slightly like she had for the last week to get the girl used to the position of her body. This position allowed the Queen to see her bed in its totality. And since Arya was by it—her too!

Dany felt her breath catch as the girl began to undo the laces of her top. Dany had to force herself to keep drying her hair. She felt her breath hitching. She watched the teenager grip the hem of her top and start to lift her shirt up off her body. The Queen pursed her lips stifling a moan of desire seeing Arya’s soft creamy pale skin exposed. Her back and ribs came into view and the Queen felt her cunt spasm and flush with desire. The Stark girl’s skin was so smooth and pale. She longed to stroke and kiss Arya’s pale white body being exposed to her ravenous eyes.

The Queen watched the interplay of muscles that flexed and relaxed as the girl worked the top up her body. The girl’s luxurious brown hair was caught up in the folds of the rising shirt. The girl’s arms now rising to pull the shirt off her body and up her head. More of the teenager’s skin was exposed and Dany’s couche was now wet and her breathing was a little ragged. Her skin was flushed but her recent bath and drying could explain that.

Arya’s body was so muscled with lean long ropey muscles. Seeing Arya’s back muscles play and work had Dany seeing in her mind her behind the girl her hips. Dany’s mind drifted to a sweet day in the not too distant future. She had a grip of the teenager’s hips her fingers clenched into the young girl’s hips and the swale down to her ribs. Dany would be slamming into the girl’s firm round ass with her strong thighs. The smacks of sweaty bodies loud in the room. The sounds of women moaning and cawing in the throes of the rut. The Queen slamming her cock in and out the girl’s swollen drooling pussy and then pulling out her camel toe as Arya whimpered. Dany would pull her cum slicked cock up over Arya’s cum slicked perineum. Guiding her cockhead to Arya’s spasming anus. Then Dany would slam home her thick long cock into Arya’s hungry wanton asshole that she had long ago deflowered with savage hard anal poundings. Gods the screams Dany would make Arya howl. Daenerys would teach Arya the awesome beauty of exploding asshole ripping anal ‘gasms.

Arya pulled her shirt up and over her head. Dany gasped at the girl’s beauty. She had slightly twisted her body in getting her top off. It had exposed her front in side relief. Dany had to really clamp her lips now to stifle her moans. The girl had only the slightest swelling of breast. Just the smallest of hillocks that had the Queen’s mouth salivating. She thought of swallowing the girl’s breast entire.

And the girl’s nipples. Gods they looked so plump and how they formed a cone on the top of the girl’s breast like a half bursting plume. Even with her nipples not fully erect they were so spongy with her nipple jutting up from pulpy areolas. Dany knew those nipples would engorge with blood when she aroused the girl. Those nipples would swell to bursting oversized small plums. All stiff
but still pulpy for her to suck on. She could already feel her lips hooking on the small overhang of the girl’s nipple over the smallest of their breast. Gods Dany wanted to have Arya!

Oh gods, to sink her teeth lightly into those bursting nipples and saw her teeth back and forth gently as she finger fucked the girl and looking up to see her wolf’s face shattering with ecstasy as she slammed her finger in out her sloppy wet cunt. She would suck so hard her cheeks hollowing out as she speared the hard swollen engorged nipples. The girl’s heated greasy inner folds spasming and clenching hard on her fingers as Arya’s orgasm rocked her body.

Currently, the girl’s body stretched as she arched her back jutting out her plump nipples. Arya was performing so like an ingénue not even realizing the affect she was having on her Queen. Arya twisted her back to work her spin which had the effect of showing off her beautiful nipples. Nipples now full erect! They were swelled up jutting over the small hillock of her breast. All light brown and begging to be devoured! Dany nearly dropped the comb she had started to brush through her hair. Her lightning fast reflexes grabbed the spinning tumbling comb before she embarrassed herself.

Arya checked again to make sure Dany was not looking in the big mirror. She was not but she was staring hard at the small one. Dany was very pleased with herself. She had to suppress another moan. The girl feeling safe brazenly moved her hands up to her nipples and rasped them with her palms circling them and grinding in. Dany was still pretending to dry and comb her hair. She was drooling seeing Arya’s body jolt with hedonistic pleasure and now the girl’s nipples were so swollen they looked like they may truly burst they were so engorged and pulpy.

Arya whimpered. She jerked and stopped. She looked back quickly but Dany had tilted her head down to dry her hair further seemingly. In reality she was making sure Arya did not know she was being spied on. Bent over Dany glanced at Arya. Arya had proceeded on with her disrobing.

Dany felt her breath catch as Arya undid the laces of her birches and then let them fall. Dany felt her cunt that had been moistening with her labia lips engorging and nipples erect. Now her cunt flooded and throbbed as did her now fully erect nipples. She felt that tingling flush of arousal flood her now aching body. Seeing Arya’s pussy with the closely cropped hair let Dany see her slit and the bugle of her clitoral hood. This had the Dragon princess instantly sloppy wet. Her shaved twat soaked and inner thighs quickly getting in that state.

The Stark girl looked down at her pussy looking at her thatch and then ran her finger up and down her slit shivering. She did this several times her Pussy lips engorging. She looked up suddenly looking sheepish.

Dany was again seeming to dry her hair and work out the tangles her focus not on her royal hostage. Dany was fighting to keep from passing out. The girl was fucking perfect. Her slender hips on top of thick thighs that had nearly snapped her in two during their fight in the throne room. The girl had well developed shoulders and lats giving her the briefest of V shape to her upper body that made Dany wet for the girl.

Arya picked up her towels and went into the bath suite. Soon Dany heard Arya get in the bath and begin washing. Dany knew she usually took nearly a half an hour to wash and shampoo her hair. Arya loved to soak and enjoy the hot water.

More than enough time Dany thought with a happy spasm. She had told herself beforehand that she shouldn’t do it but she now told herself “Fuck that!” She was noisy when she fucked or masturbated but she would just have to show some of that will power that had allowed her to conquer Essos where no one had ever even conquered a third of the continent.
Dany knew she should feel guilty for spying on the Stark girl but the only thought that occurred to the Targaryen was how she wanted to make Arya howl. Dany was conflicted but she wouldn’t let guilt ruin this moment. She knew she should feel guilt for wanting the girl for herself. She did not. She would debate with herself later about not feeling any guilt over her voyeurism. She wanted the girl. She was rapidly deciding she would indeed do what was necessary to take this girl as her Queen.

She just wish the girl would show her some adore and that she desired her Queen as much as her Queen desired her royal hostage. She did not realize she was hiding her new love and raw lust to well as the young royal hostage was doing in return to the Queen.

Daenerys knew she should release her lust and love and let the Stark girl follow her destiny and letting the Stark girl have the freedom to follow her heart, but, Dany’s heart screamed at her to take the Stark Princess and make her hers.

Dany let the towel wrapped around her body fall to the floor exposing her nude body. She turned to look at herself in the full mirror. Her light brown nipples were rock hard and her acerosas steeple. Her pale face and neck flushed. Her violet eyes were almost ablaze with her inner burning lust. Her damp hair so luxurious and hanging off her shoulders and down her back.

Daenerys was hot. She knew it and was not embarrassed to admit that truth. She suspected her royal hostage felt the same but she refused to show it to the Queen. Which was maddening!

Dany looked at the windows. It was a warm day with a strong breeze. Yes, the strong breeze blowing the drapes would help mask her scent. The sweet flowers perfume would hide her pungent musk. Of course she wanted the object of her desires to be surrounded by pretty flowers and their sweet scent to make her happy. But they served another purpose. To hide the smell of her aroused swollen cunny.

Dany put her comb down. She stared at her reflection. This was going to be so delicious. Her hands came up to massage and roll her breasts. Dany loved the feel of her firm grapefruit sized breast rolling underneath her palms. Her palms rasping her nipples making them throb with aching pleasure. Her hands worked her breast rolling them then she cupped her breast squeezing them. She started to moan softly in wheezing gasps. Her fingers now sinking deep into her pale breast.

"Unngggg hhhnngggg mmmmgggg hhnnhnn hhnnhn hhnnngggg! ” the Queen softly mewled as squeezed and mauled her tits with moderate hard squeezes. Her fingers found her nipples and rolled the sensitive nubs squeezing them. The rock hard nubbins felt like rubber slightly crinkled as pulled on them. She gasped hit hard with pleasure.

She felt hot pulses filling her breasts. Her clit was so hard and aching to be touched. Her pussy already sloppy wet. Dany looked down at her dark pink labia lips engorged and bloomed out her slit all knotted up and wet with fuck juice. She gasped at the sight. She squeezed her thighs to add friction and pressure to her puss. Her body jolted with arching pleasure.

She loved to work her tits. Her hands squeezed in hard as she half circled her tits and pulped them. Her hands worked her breast rolling them then she cupped her breast squeezing them. She started to moan softly in wheezing gasps. Her fingers now sinking deep into her pale breast.

She felt hot pulses filling her breasts. Her clit was so hard and aching to be touched. Her pussy already sloppy wet. Dany looked down at her dark pink labia lips engorged and bloomed out her slit all knotted up and wet with fuck juice. She gasped at the sight. She squeezed her thighs to add friction and pressure to her puss. Her body jolted with arching pleasure.

Her left hand continued to work her aching breast. Her right hand snaked down her hard muscled body. She sensually circular stroked her flat stomach loving the feathery spasms she felt deep in her womb that nearly staggered her with cunt spasming pleasure. Dany slowly circled down her clenching belly down to her swollen wet camel toe. She now rubbed up and down her slit as she gasped in pleasure. She first rubbed over her clamshell loving the slimly wet feel. Her body was spasming now with hedonistic pleasure. She leaned forward and drooled out ribbons of spit that roped down and landed onto her cunt. Her fingers rubbing the spittle into her cunt. The combined
lubrication allowing her fingers to easily slide up and down her greasy slit.

Dany splayed out her labia lips and ran her fingertips up and down her slit as they were quickly greased with her wet juices and more bubbly spit she drooled out her mouth. The long ropey strands of spit swaying on her lips before breaking off to fling down onto her wet cunt. Dany’s head rocked back in pleasure when her fingers ghosted over her clit and the shock of pleasure ran through her body. Dany loved to watch herself masturbate and fuck. She began to rub around her clit in a delicious circular dance her fingers now jacking into her clit at angles as she circled it.

"Unh! Unh! Mngee! Unh! Mngee! Oh! Mngee! Unggh!" she half-panted, half whimpered. Dany felt the tension beginning its first tightening in her belly and deep in her creamy now cum filled cunt.

She watched her eyes droop with lust. Pictures of Arya’s naked body flooded her mind’s eye. She pulled on her nipple before moving over to her other swelled breast and rolled it before she played with her sensitive nubbin pulling and squeezing it.

She swallowed as best she could her moans of pleasure. The bath suite was far enough away to mask her soft whimpers with Arya busy washing herself.

Daenerys felt her body on fire for her sweet wolf. Gods how she wanted to bury her face in Arya’s muffin and suck her off until the girl was screaming in orgasm.

Daenerys started to circle her clit pressing into its hood. She gigged her clit and now brushed over it with her fingertips jacking her clit. Dany gagged in raw pleasure. She started to brush over the tip of her clit she exposed by taking her left hand and pressing in on her belly just behind her clitoral hood. This pulled it back and down exposing her clit sheath. She buzzed her clit with her fast rubbing fingers filling her belly with soul gagging pleasure. Her cum slicking her fingers letting her rub furiously over her clit.

The Queen felt her face slashed with hard pulses of bliss. Her breathing now ragged. Hard jerks filled the Queen’s body as searing bolts of pleasure flashed through her body. Each jolt of pleasure making the Queen’s face twist with primordial pleasure. She strangled cries of raw aching pleasure.

Her hips instinctively humped up into her circling fingers. Her palm started to roll over her left breast rubbing her callused palm over the rock hard nipple rubbing over it sensually. She was close. She went for the love kill. She took her left hand and pushed in on her clitoral hard from the side putting intense pressure on her nubbin and the pressure jutting it fully out its sheath. With her right hand she rubbed hard and furiously back and forth over her shiny clit.

Her eyes were squeezed tight shut when they suddenly shocked wide open. Her womb shattered and exploded in her belly. Using every ounce of her willpower she half strangled her cries of ecstasy. "Ohhnggg! Arrrunngggg! Hhnmm hnnn hhnnggg … Unngghmmngnggeeeeee! Mmmghhhiieeggggggg! Nnnhhhiieeeeee! Mmmnnnhhgggiieeee!" she cried out, feeling a horrific climax rend her quivering flesh, raking her nerves with fierce pleasure, pummeling her body with excruciating spasms of fucking bliss. Her head snapped forward and down and then jacked back as her face slashed with almost agonizing pleasure.

Dany felt her body convulse with shattering womb rending spasms of fucking bliss. Her body lurched forward and snapped back repeatedly as her now filmed with sweat body convulsed in the throes of sweet orgasm. The orgasm finally waned and she was left partially stunned. She was groggy but already her body was thrumming for more. Masturbating to her sweet wolf with her so near was making her so fucking horny! She needed more.

Daenerys pivoted around to lean back on the long wide plush bench putting a bent arm behind her
head to prop herself up and stretched out her right leg out the left folded out on the bench opening her vagina up for her hungry fingers. Her cunny was so swollen and drooling out cum that soaked her mound, ass crack, pelvis and down her thighs.

She needed more!

She first massaged her breast some more tracing and pinching her nipples as she gasped in hedonistic pleasure. Her eyes slit and her throat parched with need.

Her right hand flowed back down her stomach and rubbed her cunt with her first two fingers. She worked them up and down her snatch whimpering in pleasure. Her whimpers turned to deep chested gurgles of ecstasy when she slowly slipped two fingers deep into her hot tight quim. She pumped them in and out her fuck hole gagging at the pleasure. She slow stroked them in and out her pussy. Her eyelids fluttered in wanton pleasure. On the out stroke Dany could see her fingers soaked with her fuck slime. Her fingers glistening in the light but also covered in creamy smears of hot cum.

Dany, after a minute pulled her fingers out her drooling muffin and rotated them in her swollen pussy slit bulging out her vulva first one side and then the other as her fingers rotated in her dripping snatch. Her head rocking back her long hair flagged behind her head as her fingers pressed harder into her pussy. Then she plunged her fingers back into her pussy and finger banged her twat hard and deep. Her bent fingers of her fourth and little finger slamming her mons.

Her pussy was burbling and slurping on the long digits fucking her honey hole hard and deep. Dany loved the sound of a wet cunt getting fucked hard. Gods she loved fucking herself as her belly spasm with the first distant pulse of her next orgasm.

Her left hand snaked up from her bent arm and massaged her left breast rolling and squeezing. Her fingers finding and rolling her engorged teat and pinching before again cupping and rolling her breast. She was getting close too fast! She pulled her fingers back out her snatch. She now had her right hand rotating on her pussy and then rubbing up and down slit before again rotating on her so wet pussy. The pleasure so delicious and throbbing. Her pussy was on fire with need! Need inspired by Arya Stark!

Her head rotated from side to side in helpless pleasure with small jerks shaking her head as the pleasure ratcheted up. Squeaks and moans of pleasure now escaping half-loud again from her lips. The pleasure was so fucking intense. She felt so alive masturbating with her love not twenty-five feet away. She pressed harder into her slit gagging in helpless pleasure her eyes lightly lidded and fluttering.

“Oh Arya! How I want your hands on my body … stroking my body … make my head throw back, my back arched … my body on fire with your touch …” the Valeryian whimpered.

More whimpers of want and need escaped her lips. “Ummmgggg mmmmmggggg … oooohh Arya!” She brought her fingers up to her mouth enjoying her taste. She loved the taste of her own pussy and mewled sucking her fingers clean running them up and down her tongue as she sucked on them sensually.

Then her fingers were back at her pussy. She adjusted so she could lay out on the bench her legs bent out at the knees opening her cunny up. Her camel toe swirled and bulged out underneath her now hard rubbing fingers pushing in hard into her vulva and rubbing over her throbbing clit. “Ummgggg hhnnggg hnnnggg … oohhhhhh yes yeeessssss!” she whimpered softly.

Dany rubbed her fingers up and down her cunt form her perineum to up and over her clit. Up and
down she rubbed sitting her body on fire. Her head lulled from side to side on the bench soft
whimpers flowing from her mouth.

She now went hard and fast with her fingers rubbing up and down her snatch. She did this maybe
ten times back and forth when her back arched and her eyes squeezed shut tight. Her cunt erupted
sending geysers of shocking bliss roaring through every cell of her body. "Auunghhhhh!" she
cried out. "Ohnnggg! Ungghhmnnggg! Oh god . . . Arya! Ungghhh! Auunngghhnnggiieeee!" Dany
groaned, her body flipping and squirming out of control as a sharp orgasm ripped her. Suppressing
her screams of bliss made her orgasm even more intense. Fighting her need to wail intensified her
pleasure.

The Queen nearly slipped off the bench but somehow flipped her body back onto the bench centered
with her next jackknife of fucking searing bliss. "Ohhh! Oh! Nngggmmnnnggiieeee!" Daenerys
squealed, climaxing in a sharp spasms of ecstasy, her face torn with agony and bliss. Dany clamped
down on her cries she wanted to scream in full throttled ecstasy. "Nggghhhhh! Oh!
Anngghhhoooonggg!" she half-moaned, half- sighed as her body began to come down from the
wrenching climax.

Dany’s belly was so warm and fuzzy with post coital bliss. Her head was lulled to the left her eyes
slit. Her fingers traced her nipples and she felt her cunt spasm with aftershocks of gut wrenching
pleasure. Her groans soft and guttural.

She brought her fingers to her mouth again feasting on her juices wishing they were Arya’s. Slowly
in and out Dany slide her fingers up and down her tongue and pursed lips. For next several minutes
the Queen luxuriated sucking her fingers like a pacifier. Her body at first filled with sweet lassitude.
She heard Arya chirping as she washed. Her belly tightened again in raw aching need.

Her fingers went south again and rubbed a few circles in her sloppy wet vulva and then her first two
fingers were pushed into her cunt deep. Dany’s body stiffened in raw pleasure and then relaxed as
the Queen pumped her fingers slowly in out her greasy cunt sinking them in deep and slowly pulling
out before thrusting in hard and fast to only pull out slowly. She kept this rhythm up to start her
pussy singing again. She was so fucking wet.

Daenerys was insatiable wearing out her lovers and making sure they fucked her bowlegged but
dreaming of fucking Arya had her body on fire. She brought the same insatiable appetite she had in
fucking to her masturbation. Dany loved to fuck herself as much as she loved fucking other woman.
She knew exactly how to stroke and work her body to orgasm after orgasm.

Dany always loved the heat and wetness of her own pussy. How tight she was. The feel of her
lubricated inner folds gripping her pumping fingers like a velvet fist. She loved how her inner folds
wetly sucked on her deep sliding fingers. Her pussy was wet and slurpy sounding as she worked her
cunt with expert skills. Her thumb bent over the two fingers now slamming fucking her fuck hole.
This let Dany pound her clit making the Queen’s face twist with almost agonizing pleasure.

Daenerys mound and inner thighs were slicked with her love juice. She felt her cum leaking down
her perineum soaking her anus and ass crack. She moaned thinking of Arya’s tongue deep up her
ass and then her strap-on fucking her asshole so hard and deep. She had visions of Arya’s fist
sinking deep up her ass and love fucking her to an epic anal ‘gasm. Her eyelids closed feeling her
sphincter rings gripping Arya’s wrist tight as she slammed her fist deep up her asshole.

Her mind’s eyes could see it so clearly. She moaned louder not able to control her desires for the
Wolf girl to totally ravish and dominate her when she was in heat. Gods knew she would mount and
take her Wolf when the Dragon was raging and in heat.
The Queen’s throat cawed in raw aching pleasure. Her mind filed with thoughts of Arya’s naked body and what it would be like to feast on those plump nipples. She could feel those bursting plums on her tongue. Her lips hooked underneath the rim of the engorged areolas. Her head lifting with the force of her impassioned deep throat love sucks.

Then her mind was filled with visions of her face buried in the girl’s cunt lapping furiously on her slit and clit. She would suck the sweet cunt meat deep into her mouth and pump her head. Her head pumps tenting the wet trim all wet and dark pink. Then pressing her face in hard. Sucking in the girl’s clit and tongue lashing and tongue lapping furiously with lots of hot short sucks. Her loving ministrations taking the girl to orgasm.

She would make the girl scream like the furies of hell were on her tail.

She had her rhythm pumping her fingers in and out her now singing pussy it was so wet. She used her upper fingers and palm to mash into her rigid clit as her right hand pumped fingers deep up into her buttery cunt. Her left hand pulled and twisted her nipples making her back arch in raw hedonistic pleasure. Her rhythm hard now slam fucking her swollen dripping wet snatch.

She lifted her head to watch her right hand masturbate her pussy. Her mound now so swollen and dark pink with rushing blood and so fucking wet her cunt squishing with each thrust. Her pervious orgasms had her pussy so engorged and sloppy wet. Her greasy cum filled cunt was letting her fingers slam effortless in and out her buttery cunt. Her knuckles slamming into her wet engorged vulva. She felt sweet spasms ripping her belly now.

She looked down her body. She had toweled herself dry but her body was now soaked with dripping sweat. She did not care. Her body was on fire! Her fingers were a blur slam fucking her swollen quim. Her fingers pounding deep up into her hot tight cunt. She saw cum splattering out her pussy. Her pussy making wet obscene noises of self-pleasure. Dany looked at her fingers all soaking wet glistening with creamy cum that soaked her digits to the webbing of her fingers. Her cum now milky as felt she the rising tension deep in her belly and the beginning tightening in her inner thighs she often felt before orgasm.

In only another minute she was getting close again. She always cummed fast and hard when she started fucking but thinking of fucking Arya always made her cum hot and even faster. Her left hand came down and started rotate her fingertips over her diamond hard shiny clit rubbing faster and faster mashing in rolling and jacking her clit. Her right hand slamming her fingers in and out her slicked so wet cunt.

Her pussy pulsed and gripped the fingers plunging in deep the fingertips working in so deep sluicing through her wet folds and whorls. Her head was up again and she watched herself Jill herself off. Her breathing was ragged with need now. Her belly heaving as she gasped and chuffed getting oxygen as her body tensed and she harpooned fucked her slurping cunt.

She slammed her cunt with her right hand and she rose back up with her left hand and massaged roughly her left breast. Her breast had swelled and her nipples so engorged the tips had whitened. Her skin had flushed her throat and down her upper chest. She felt her body dripping with perspiration. She was chuffing hard her body desperate for oxygen as she fucked herself hard and fast. Her throat cawed with strangled moans of searing pleasure that rocked her to the depths of her now spasming cunt.

She was so close she grunted and whinnied softly looking at the door to the bath suite. Arya had not heard. She slammed her fingers into her twat pounding her palm into her clit. So close so close … “oh yes—just a little more … Ffffucckkkkkk!” her mind screamed.
Her left arm had splayed out behind her as she lifted her hips up off the bench and her fingers slammed into her cunt. She looked up her belly angled up in the air with her ankles pressed into the bench lifting her groin up in the air. Her hips instinctively flexing lifting her snatch up into her pounding fingers. Her left hand gripped the side of the bench as the Queen moved to get her feet on the bench to press them down on the bench. She raised her body up onto her shoulders.

The new position filled her belly with rigid tension her muscled stomach now accordion tight showing off her abs. Her shoulders were jammed into the bench her cunt jammed up high off the bench now. Dany groaned seeing her hips flexing and her cunt rising and falling into the fingers fucking herself. She looked up her sweat soaked belly as her right hand harpoon fucked her swollen muff. Her fingers a blur as they slammed fucked her splattering sloshing fuck hole.

Her pussy exploded gushing out pulses of sweet hot cum that slurped as she continued pounding her pussy prolonging her orgasm. Her knees flexed lowering her torso and surging up again and again as shattering spasms of fucking bliss tried to tear her belly open and her cunt inside out.

Dany fought hard to suppress her cries of ecstasy "Unngghuunngghhh!" she groaned through her gritted teeth. "Unngghhh! Oh shit shit unngghhhaauunngghhh!" Her clenched ass cheeks and thrusting hips kept throwing her exploding snatch high in the air as her fingers kept slam fucking her cunt to prolong her searing womb rending pleasure. Her very veins alive with fucking bliss her toes curling painfully in shocking pleasure.

Her body suddenly collapsed back on the bench as convulsions of ecstasy tore through her young tight body. Her eyes squeezed tight shut. Her eyes seeing stars as she swallowed as best she could her screams of pleasure. Her head lifting again and again slamming the thickly cushioned bench with the back of her head as pulses of ecstasy hammered her body.

“Dany are you alright?” Arya asked from the bath suite.

Dany’s eyes shot wide open as her body quaked in strong aftershocks. ‘Y-Y-Yes! Fine! Just fine! No problems in here” she almost shouted.

“You sure … you sound strange”

Dany’s body still shaking with aftershocks now had control of her faculties. She had sat up. “I just dropped my comb … no problem—finish your bath”

“Ohay”

Dany sucked her fingers clean sucking hard. She so loved the taste of pussy. She sat up. Sweat was pouring off her body in rivulets. She shook hard with strong aftershocks. She groggily reached down for one of her towels and began the process of drying her body and hair for a second time. After a minute she had her hair kind of dried. Dany pushed her hair back from her face. Her face still dripping sweat. She loved the feel of her satiated body feeling well and truly fucked.

She got up and sniffed. The flower had masked her musk. Almost. She had not known ahead that she would jill off three times. Her body shivered with remembered pleasure and thoughts of taking Arya as her lover. She would have her. She simply had to.

She got a towel and folded it in half. She needed more flowers. She started to wave her towel up and down toward the window.

“Gods … what that girl does to me”
Myrion

The master of arms and head trainer at the Battleborne Academy of Dorne sat behind his desk doing his paper work. He worked at the prime military institute in all of Dorne; it was there that bodies were hardened and trained for warfare and the best minds were honed in military tactics.

Myrion was proud of his institute. It was the envy of all of Westeros.

It had been the training of body and mind at Battleborne academy that had produced the soldiers and military leaders that had repulsed all invaders for centuries. Even the Targaryens with their dragons had been unable to conquer Dorne with the men and women that had graduated from this academy to oppose them.

Battleborne Academy was located midway between Sunspear and Planky town. It rested on five thousand acres of land of land that Nymeria herself had set aside when she first landed. She had understood the importance of a strong military; Dorne had never forgotten that need. The best and brightest were sent through its academy, and this kept Dorne strong and independent. Many joined the civilian workforce after six years of military service, but remained in the reserves for an additional fifteen years as well.

Myrion had been born in the maw of the Prince’s Pass in the high desert between the Mountains of Sky that separated Highgarden and Dorne on one side, and the Cedar Mountains to the east. The mountainsides covered in towering cedar trees were prized by shipbuilders. The trees were cut down and floated down the Charmed River, all the way to the Chafferly River that ran down to the Holt, where they were stopped and before floating all the way into the Summer Sea.

He could still remember his father logging up in the high glens, with the rich smell that was unique to cedars.

His uncles still lived the Bedouin lifestyle, and he had fallen in love with their traditional sword. It had blades on each end of a long, carved central pole. The right hand blade was heavier, and had a curved back with a scallop to reduce weight. The left blade was thinner and straight. Both blades had circular guards. Had he not felt the pull of the military so strongly, he would still be with them now.

Only the best came into the academy. This was why he had been most displeased during the Queen’s visit several months after her arrival in Westeros.

She had been polite and formal enough when she met him. Myrion had even marveled at how she dressed plainly, refusing to wear a crown or tiara. She had requested that he spar with her in full contact mode. She wore her dragon mail armor, and he wore the chainmail his master had given him as a gift when he made colonel. When she had pulled her sword from its scabbard and it sprang to life, glowing bright blue, he had nearly dropped his own Thief sword, the traditional weapon of the Bedouins in the heart of the Dorne Desert - land of his birth.
Despite his later years, he was still robust and full of vigor. He gripped his blade, twirling it over his head and then worked the thief sword in a windmill pattern back and forth. The queen easily parried, and slid her blade down to his guard then jerked his blade down. She then attempted to leap her blade up and forward, but his upward-thrusting weapon knocked her blade to the left instead.

They had fought back and forth on the main parade ground as Oberyn and this two oldest sand snakes, along with about four hundred others, watched the Queen keep their master on the defensive. He would attack, and have his attacks blunted or turned, and then he was having to parry and turn aside her very intricate sword strokes.

He had finished the duel to a draw after ten minutes. He was breathing heavily while she displayed no sign of being winded at all. He had fallen for the woman in a martial way at that moment. She was truly Nymeria reborn!

After their match, the Queen went to his office and told him that she had a plan for Cersei Lannister. Myrion had perked up, thinking the Queen was going to part the beautiful woman with her head. He had been shocked when she told him to expect her arrival to his academy when she took King’s Landing. He had argued over it with her, inevitably being overruled.

Oberyn had come into his office during their discussion, and when he heard the idea the Queen had for the Lannister he had nearly gone apoplectic. Myrion’s most prized graduate had argued with the Queen further where he dared not. In the end, it had been all for naught. Over time he learned that the Queen was going to give Cersei three choices. He fervently hoped she would not choose to come to Dorne, and if she did, he would break her quickly and be done with woman.

The only problem was she never broke. In fact, he had come to greatly admire the lioness. A high royal with no physical training except maybe fucking (she was beautiful) should have broken immediately. She had not.

When Cersei first arrived at his academy, she had come into Myrion’s sphere of influence like a hellcat. She was vile, unfocused, and fiery, with a supreme air of entitlement. She stormed into his office with Oberyn pulling her by her elbow. She was cursing the Prince the whole way in from the parade ground and into his office on the right edge of the grounds.

She jerked her elbow free from Oberyn and literally hissed at him. “I swear by the gods Oberyn, I will have my revenge on you for this.”

“You said you wanted to be a warrior. How you were born to be one, but because you have a cunt you were denied. Well in Dorne, having a cunt means nothing to this academy. Here you will fail because you are weak and pathetic.” He shot back spitefully.

“Fuck you!”

“In your dreams Cersei. You’re all dried up anyways.”

“Aaaaaaaiiiiiieeeee!” Cersei cried out, her arms flailing, her fingers clawed, trying to rip Oberyn’s face off. The man easily blocked her strikes and pushed her back, and she fell onto her ass with a loud ‘oomph’. She glared up at Oberyn, tears running down her cheeks.

Myrion seeing those tears sneered at the windbag. She was weak.

He had sent her off to the barracks. He chuckled when reports came in of her demands for a royal suite while only getting a cot.

She was crying the next morning in the mess hall, and then on the track around the campus. Myrion
ran her until she broke down. She would try to lever herself up, and fall flat on her face. For an hour he watched her crawl around the track under the brutal sun. He made her get up and start running, again and again. Eventually, she finally threw up, pale. He ran her some more, and had her doing calisthenics. She threw up again as he chuckled. He had barked at her gleefully, shouting at the fallen queen to ‘show some grit for gods’ sake.’

She looked at her vomit on the grass, clear and sparse. Cersei staggered around the track once more, and then threw up again. Myrion had been so enjoying the show he had failed to monitor the new recruit properly as his post as master trainer required of him.

Myrion went to sneer at her when she fell down again, crawling forward on the grass still trying to move forward. Her fingers clawing into the turf to try and drag her body forward in her desire to fulfill her wish to become a warrior. Myrion sneered at her until he realized she was going into heat stroke. She had pushed herself beyond all endurance. Cold fear pricked his heart. He picked Cersei up, and ran over to the infirmary. He knew Cersei Lannister’s was near death. Her life hung in the balance.

It was touch and go for a day. Myrion felt miserable. He had been so happy punishing the fallen Lannister, he had completely lost track of her physical condition. He assumed she would just quit. Instead, she was willing to push herself so hard she nearly died. Her body was fevered her body red with sunburn and blood rush trying to cool her overheated core. The medical staff stripped Cersei down and put her in an ice bath to cool her core temperature.

Myrion could not help but notice she was still a lovely woman even after she had given birth three times. Her stretch marks and slightly slumping breasts only highlighted her beauty in his eyes.

Obara and Oberyn came in to visit the fallen Lannister once they’d heard what happened. Oberyn was most unhappy. ‘You were to train her, not kill her!’ he stormed.

Myrion offered his resignation on the spot. He had abused his post. Oberyn calmed down after that, and asked what had happened.

The man was miserable at his abuse of power. A top tenant of the Academy was never abuse one’s rank and privilege. To never knowingly harm a cadet. The master trainer told his most prized student how he had misjudged the woman’s will and willingness to push herself forward, even as her body was shutting down. As they discussed the situation, they watched Obara running water over Cersei’s body and toweling her off. She folded the towel after and made a fan, cooling the woman.

Myrion changed his opinion about Cersei that night. She was weak as a kitten the next morning, but able to drink water and a medical porridge. The next day she seemed back to be back to normal, and was crying in righteous anger that she would flay him alive for her mistreatment. He was secretly stunned as well as all the medical staff at the sudden completely revived Cersei Lannister. She should have needed weeks to recover. Not a day.

After that the master trainer made sure to not let his ire get the better of his judgment. He had been shocked at how quickly the woman’s body seemed to grow stronger, and her reflexes and instincts only increased by the day.

He insisted only on physical training. Cersei stormed and ranted she had waited her whole life to train, and “godsmanit I want to train!” She only equated sword work as training. She totally did not understand that the body and mind needed to be prepared for the sword first. So Myrion ground his teeth, letting Cersei Lannister rant and rail at him. He owed her that much after nearly killing her the first day he had her under his tutelage.
With time, she had learned to control her most extreme behavior and managed to be civil and show respect to her teachers and trainers. She still muttered and gave any people who aggrieved her the stinkeye, but she was not losing control like she had been when she first arrived.

He finally moved her on to the second level of her physical training. Oberyn had told him that when Obara told Cersei that she had finished her basic training, the woman had been actually dancing in happiness.

It was obvious that Obara had fallen in love with the spitfire, but that was not Myrion’s concern. He was letting Obara train her in the martial arts. Oberyn was even helping out with the training every so often, teaching Cersei the use of the battle staff. Myrion had given the command that no metal weapons training would commence until she was ready, and he would decide just when that was.

Her second phase of training consisted of something he had read years ago in the tomes of the early history of Dorne. He had thought it was perfect for the Lannister.

Again the new level of training had crushed the woman at first, but she gritted her teeth and soon was doing her new tasks during most of the day. It was repetitive, but it was also teaching her mental command and toughness. Obara would watch Cersei when she had free time, and encourage the woman and talk to Cersei as she trudged through her tasks.

At first the Lannister ignored Obara, but eventually they started to chat. With time they even laughed together as Cersei toiled. Myrion found it strange that the two taciturn women could find humor in the mundane but they did.

Myrion had come to form a grudging regard for the woman. He was starting to feel like he had when around the Queen – like something more than human was involved with her unnatural pace of improvement.

As with all of his students, Cersei found herself in brawls as her skills improved. Fights were common on the campus, as the pecking orders were established like a pack of wolves. All fighters wanted to know their place in the pack; and all wanted to be the alpha, or at least the alpha’s beta. Cersei never backed down.

Many a cadet had come into the infirmary with busted noses, bruised ribs, or in need of smelling salts after a fight with Cersei. Strangely, the woman was not trying to assert any rank with her bouts; she merely defended herself by beating the shit out of her attackers. Some of her antagonists seemed to need several ass whippings to learn to not mess with the lioness as she was starting to be called. With each victory her stock increased, with first the cadets, and now the trainers and teachers.

Myrion rose up from his desk and went outside. Cersei and Obara were sitting at a picnic table, enjoying the cool breeze blowing in from the ocean. They were eating lunch and talking in easy comradery. He found himself happy to see it. He had come to want Cersei to succeed - she had made a believer of him. The woman was so focused on becoming a warrior that it was actually inspiring. She was showing that it was never too late to start one’s training.

As he watched, Myrion saw a group of Dothraki gather around the two women. The new Queen was wanting to teach the Dothraki tactics, and how to fight in a more controlled manner against static encampments. She was also hoping to teach them discipline, to start the breaking of their more base tendencies towards sacking and defilements.

Myrion had determined that was going to be a long term project.

The plainsmen gathered around the table, moving in.
“This is the fallen lion of Lannister. What happened to your mane? Is that grey in your mane failed Queen. You are pathetic. The Dragon chopped your balls off, and left only a woman. You were no match for our great Khaleesi!” The leader sneered down at the two women. Obara was already clearly fuming while Cersei was completely ignoring the Dothraki which only fueled their insults. Cersei calmly ate her salad.

“She conquered both the King and Queen without a fight. You are pathetic, fallen Queen. Our Khaleesi is a warrior, while you are only a deposed queen who ruled with her dried up, shriveled cunt!” The Dothraki chortled amongst themselves at their perceived great humor and wit. “You are most pathetic indeed, Cersei Cunt!”

Obara started to get up, but Cersei gripped her arm and squeezed it. “Let it slide, Obara”

“Did you hear what he said about you? What he called you?!”

“Yes I did, Obara. Considering the source, I am not overly concerned. They are obviously in the later stages of venereal disease. That is what happens when riders fuck their horses in the ass. The horses probably thought a mosquito was biting them in the ass, their cocks are so small.” Cersei spoke in a bland, droll manner.

Obara chortled.

The smiles left the Dothraki’s faces. They looked at each other. Their Westerosi was not perfect but they knew that Cersei had just insulted their manhood. That could not be allowed to stand! Their leader had a look of concentration cross his face. Then his face lit up. He began his next assault.

“Why is this old hag in here with true warriors? She is nothing but an old broken down nag. Look at her old haggard body” the leader shouted for all to hear, as cadets started to gather around. Cersei was restraining an increasingly upset Obara telling her to calm down. “Let them bray Obara. Even jackasses have their day.” The Dothraki fumed at the insult. A stallion was not a donkey godsdamnit! The Dothraki were getting agitated themselves at Cersei’s biting tongue. Myrion smiled as the caustic Lioness verbally counterpunched her adversaries with seeming ease.

Sensing what was coming cadets and instructors were quickly gathering around the table at a distance to let the fight play out. Bets started being taken. Cersei always gave a good show! The Dothraki did not know all the money was on Cersei, and the wagers were on how long they, the Dothraki, would last. The Lioness’ prowess had grown large indeed. “Look at those skinny arms and legs! Look at those sagging harpy’s tits. The only muscle you have is your cunt, and that must be all stretched out with your incestuous spawn you crapped out.”

Cersei looked down at her plate, her body tense, but refusing to be baited.

Obara tried to surge up again, but Cersei easily restrained the woman with her hand on her elbow. “I’ve heard worse, Obara. With my past I deserve it. I’ll live. Let it pass.” Obara sat but fumed. “No you don’t Cersei. You have changed totally!”

The sand snake was left shaking with ire.

“I hear you like your cock close to home. Where is your brother? He is the father of your children isn’t he? Oh that is right … he left you for that ugly heifer that is really a man … your pussy must be so slack an elephant could fuck it.”

Cersei shook her head and started to fork her salad into her mouth. Myrion was impressed. The woman was seeing the humor in their horrible jibs rather than getting angry.
The Dothraki spokesman continued to insult Cersei, but she continued to ignore them. Apparently that could not be allowed to stand. He looked at his number two, and he shrugged back. What more could they say to the woman to get her fucking crazy mad and fight them?

Sensing he was making no headway with Cersei, the Dothraki turned to Obara. “And this cow? She is enamored with you, for some reason. She is old herself. Look at the lines on her face. I bet her tits are all deflated and flabby. She is an ugly beast of bur—” A feminine inhuman scream split the air as Cersei’s face went from calm to murderous in a split second.

Myrion barely registered Cersei’s movement as she stood up while pivoting around, her fist coming up to hit the Dothraki underneath his chin and sending him a foot into the air, knocked unconscious. The large man flung back like a raging bull had just impacted his body.

The Dothraki were momentarily stunned at the sudden violence. Cersei jumped onto the table, and the spell was broken. The horse riders roared and charged. Obara rose up and blocked several blows, and threw punches back staggering her two immediate attackers. Cersei kicked out with a half circle heel kick, hitting a man climbing up the table in the face, knocking him down.

Another charged, jumping up at Cersei. She pivoted to the left and gripped his jerkin, then pulled him forward with her left hand, a mighty chop landing on his neck before pushing him violently forward, sending him sprawling onto the ground beyond the table. Another man charged up and onto the table top. Cersei used a hip block to stagger him and throw him off balance. She then gripped his body, flipping him over her hip to send him flying beyond the table, smashing his face on the ground as his broken teeth dribbled out his mouth.

Obara was punching in a basic boxing style, dodging and parrying most blows, while her blows staggered the Dothraki. Obara kept the Dothraki from storming the table in mass. Another rider made it to the table top and went for Cersei, who simply sidestepped, grabbing his wrist and twisting up while her left hand chopped down on his elbow. She jammed downward, driving the man to his knees while she pushed back on the arm twisting it. The man growled in pain as her knee came up, smashing his face and knocking him out. She shoved the unconscious man off the table.

Another horse rider gained the tabletop and charged her. Cersei crouched down and came up when he was on her, and gripped his body, driving her head up into his chin. The large Dothraki was staggered. She then gripped his hand and twisted it, pulling him forward as she pivoted, tossing him over her hip and off the table into the next two men who were trying to get to her. The flung body knocked all three men to the ground.

With Cersei’s advantage of the high ground, she was able to drive and punch off her assailants. Obara was being overwhelmed though, with a man on her back as others moved in and started to land blows into her face and body.

Cersei let out a blood curdling scream, and launched herself off the table onto the man who was holding Obara. She used her left hand to press down on his shoulder to lift her body up. Once high over him, Cersei cocked her right elbow and slammed down, driving her elbow down into the man’s head, knocking him senseless. As he slumped down, Cersei jumped free to land lightly on her feet. Obara, now free, attacked the men in front of her, knocking two out with powerful punches and a spinning half circle kick. Cersei moved in close to use the men’s strength and blows against them as she blocked and gripped arms, knocking them off-balance and counteracting with kicks and near-crippling blows.

After that, it became a free-for-all. More Dothraki came running to the fight to aid their brothers. Cersei and Obara were back-to-back, swinging vicious punches and kicks. Cersei blocked blows, but several vicious hits still rocked her, sending her staggering back. She and Obara’s bodies were
separated as Dothraki surged in to keep them apart, having figured out it was much easier to attack them that way.

Cersei righted herself, and when the next assailant came at her she sidestepped and gripped his wrist with her left hand as it whistled by her face, and twisted the hand over so the Dothraki’s palm faced the sky. Cersei jerked up on the man’s arm. The pressure made the man rise up on his toes in pain. Then she delivered vicious short punches to the man’s ribs and armpit, hitting a nerve ganglia and collapsing him. She spun to the left, ducking low and used a leg swipe to knock down her next opponent, stomping his face and chest with her foot.

Obara and Cersei were fighting like wildcats, defending themselves with kicks and punches. The numbers against them were becoming too great, with more and more blows from the Dothraki being landed, until Oberyn came running in from across the campus with his battle staff to join the fray.

Oberyn, with his staff was a whirlwind of slashing blows, Oberyn hit men on the side of their head or ribs, sending them back reeling. He would wield the staff around his body to hit with stunning force, and then jab with the end of the staff on joints and pressure points to knock the Dothraki to the ground.

Finally, a détente was soundlessly reached and the Dothraki had had enough. The man who had started it all with his taunts rose shakily to his feet. He looked at Cersei steadily. He then broke into a big smile, and stepped in, hugging Cersei, lifting the confused woman high off the ground. He put her down and thumped her hard on the back, staggering the Lannister. It had been obvious the slap was now affectionate.

“She is a mighty Lioness indeed! We have felt her claws! The Queen has chosen wisely!” the man announced as the Dothraki cheered and whooped, shambling off. Those that were conscious. The medical staff were running in to tend the injured and beaten senseless.

Myrion looked over at the confused Lannister. Her grit and rapidly increasing fighting prowess was quickly winning converts all around.

He had to secretly smile as Cersei clucked over Obara, until she was satisfied she was basically bruised but unhurt. Only then did she return to her taciturn ‘I could care less about you’ attitude towards Oberyn’s eldest.

**Cersei**

With the fight now ended, Myrion directed Cersei to go to the infirmary at the hospital. Cersei never really understood why - she felt great! Kicking Dothraki ass was _exhilarating_. She milled around a few moments, hoping Obara would join her, but she was busy talking to her father and head trainer.

*What is wrong with me?* Cersei wondered. *What do I care if Obara walks with me?* She looked out over the training grounds and surrounding concourse in front of the buildings of the main campus. She started to walk up the bricked lane that was the main walkway between the buildings, and to the other parts of the academy. She looked at the women training, eyeing their bodies as they exercised. The way their breasts moved, and their asses clenched. *What is wrong with me??* Cersei exclaimed to herself, shifting her focus to the men training and fooling herself into thinking she cared.

She looked at the bricks that made up the ceremonial walkway, interleaved into rows of multihued red and orange bricks with two diamond patterns running down the center. The bricks were loosely fitted with fine sand between them. A maintenance cart with two large wheels hauled by two oxen
went by, clinking with each groove the wagon hit, its contents of boxed supplies subtly rattling in the bed.

Cersei was approaching the main compound. To her right and left she saw new cadets cutting the grass with push mowers, the circle spindle of blades chopping and cropping the grass to an immaculate shortness. Other cadets on the concourse were working in flowerbeds, and mulching around the trees maintaining perfect circles around their bases.

Cersei looked beyond them to the three closest halls. The first two bore names she vaguely knew now, Jordaynes and Santagars, with classes on Dorne military history she was being forced to take. The last hall before the old annex was the Martell Hall. It housed the war college, and the department of engineering, and the sciences of chemistry and physics. Both were precious to any military. Cersei had secretly enjoyed reading the histories given to her, though she would never admit it. Oberyn just two weeks ago had given her a book on military strategy that she had just finished reading. My gods, she had thought to herself while she had been reading the book. *I knew a whole lot about nothing back in King’s Landing.*

She had realized she would have led any army to devastation if she had led them as Queen. That had a very humbling realization. She continued walking down the concourse.

Cersei came up to the next building on her right. It was the Administration building. This building was full of meeting rooms and a grand ball room for social gatherings. The building was four stories tall, in the shape of a large rectangle. Rough, grey hewn stones were fitted together with mortar, and the shape of the roofline was made to resemble a castle curtain wall with its embrasures, merinos and arrow loops. The building was imposing, in a quaint way.

Five other buildings done in the same style that were used for record maintenance and clerical work were lined up beyond the main admin building, with two on the right side of the lane and three to the left.

Cersei passed to the commandant’s quarters. It was a square building made of wood that was painted an immaculate white. This building had been the original Administration building, and was among the oldest structures on the academy grounds. The front roofline projected five feet beyond the front wall, and was supported by eight large columns done in the old Roynar style with flutes cut down the columns, and large capstones meeting the roof that were carved ornately to resemble blood orange trees in full bloom. This allowed for a large, covered terrace that had carved chairs and an old style swinging bench beneath the shade.

A large terrace was on the second floor, with a three foot high rail in place. Two red brick chimneys stood at the end of the main hall, projecting up four feet. Two large doors that opened from the middle in two leaves dominated the center of the building itself on each floor. Over the doors’ crosspiece, a transom window in the shape of a half-rising sun with light, tinted blue glass adorned the area over the entryways.

The front of the building was dominated by twin looping half-spiral staircases. They went up to the terrace on the second floor, the ends terminating to the left and right of the main doors. The staircases had elegantly-cast rails going up each side.

It was these staircases that caught her attention.

They were being stripped down to bare metal, with rasps and sandpaper. The right hand staircase was nearly stripped to the top, and a coat of under primer was being put on the smooth, clean metal. Cersei saw a heavy set girl sniffing up from the base of the stair roughly ten or twelve steps. One step above the young female cadet a much larger boy berated her for being fat and not any good,
flicking her ponytail and then jerking it.

Cersei felt her anger flare up.

She stormed across the grounds and up to the two cadets taking the steps three and then two at a time to stand before them. They turned to her, and their eyes bulged. The girl looked ashamed while the boy worked to mask shock and fear.

“What is going on here?!” Cersei barked out.

The girl lowered her eyes and sniffled. Cersei slowly turned to the boy, who was much larger and taller than her. “Leave her alone, cadet. You are supposed to be a fucking *team*.”

“I don’t have to listen to you, exile. I am a high prince of the house Blackmount! This girl is commoner trash!” the boy then kicked the girl in her ass, as she cried out in pain.

Faster than the eye could follow, Cersei’s hand whipped across the boy’s face, delivering a stunning backhand that sent him toppling out onto the immaculate grass. She was furious! The boy was on his back stunned.

Cersei rushed to the ground where the stunned boy looked up at her with fear-filled eyes. She bent down and gripped his work smock, and almost effortlessly jerked him up into a sitting position, and then up off the ground entirely, his feet a whole foot in the air as they kicked in fear. Cersei easily kept the large boy’s body up off the ground as his feet kicked desperately. Cersei jerked her arms, making the boy’s head snap back and forward as he cried out in pain.

“If I catch you hurting that girl again, I will gut you. Do I make myself clear?” the Lannister snarled.

The boy whimpered out a weak “yes”. She shoved him stumbling away. “Go up to that girl and apologize. You had better make me believe it.” She said in a deadly quiet tone.

The boy tripped up to the girl and apologized profusely. Then the girl looked at her with eyes full of worship.

Cersei walked back up to the girl. “What is your name, cadet?”

“Kiyara Taler.”

“Kiyara, if *anyone* bothers you in the future, get word to me. Understood?” Cersei spoke in a high-ringing, regal tone.

“Thank you, thank you, Cersei Lannister!” the girl exclaimed. “I would gladly serve you, my mistress!”

“Serve yourself, Kiyara. Give your service to someone worthy of it. Strive for excellence. I can see greatness within you. Seize it!”

Kiyara beamed up at her savior. “I will!” her shoulders squaring and big smile on her face.

With that, Cersei turned around and saw Oberyn and Obara looking at her intently from the walkway.

She moved to join them. “I guess you are going to berate me Oberyn, and tell me what a cunt I am for interfering with a high royal of Dorne.”

Oberyn sighed. “Actually, I was going to commend and thank you for putting that whelp in his
place. He has way too high a regard for his limited abilities. You did well, Cersei. He thinks you will rip his heart out if he crosses you. He’ll stay in line now.”

“Who says I won’t!” she snarled.

Oberyn laughed out loud his head tipping back. “I like that attitude Cersei. You did good.”

Cersei looked at Oberyn, nonplussed. Was that an actual compliment? Surely the world was coming to an end.

She followed behind the father and daughter duo as they talked, and she looked out over grounds and at the architecture. The three moved slowly down the walkway. It took Cersei a minute to realize she had started watching architecture of another kind when she caught herself staring at Obara’s beautiful, voluptuous ass. What is wrong with me? She asked herself for the umpteenth time.

She contemplated her actions with the cadets. Why had it angered her so, seeing that girl crying? She thought back to her children, and especially Tommen, and how she berated them for crying. Just like her father had done to her and Jamie. She frowned. Maybe if she had been a little, or even, a lot less harsh, perhaps Joffrey would not have been such a failure.

They reached the hospital. It was a long, three story wooden building painted a brilliant white. It had three wings jutting off the back of the building, one on each end, and one in the middle. The grassy area between the wards was used as a protected area for convalescing patients to get some sun and air in the afternoon.

They entered, and turned right down the main corridor, and then to the left into a medium-sized room that served as a triage center for patients. There were already three Dothraki on stretchers being processed.

Cersei felt a feral smile cross her face, knowing that she and Obara had put the men there.

The doctor who usually examined Cersei after her fights commented on how she never seemed to bruise heavily, or get contusions. ‘Most unusual,’ was how he phrased it, shaking his head.

Oberyn spoke to her. “You really kicked their asses today, Cersei. The judo training is really paying off. Master Vernan Harlaw says you are improving by the day.”

Cersei waited. Oberyn looked at her, confused after a moment. “Where is it?” Cersei asked her nemesis.

“Where’s what?”

“Where’s the insult? The part where you deride me, and call me a cunt?”

Oberyn’s confused expression remained. “Cersei, when was the last time I called you a cunt?”

Cersei had to stop and think. She had been there almost eight months, and she couldn’t really remember the last time he had used the term.

“Cersei, stop looking for insults where none are given.” He then turned to talk to the doctor and a general that had stepped in.

Cersei noticed Obara staring at her then, with those big, beautiful, dark almond eyes. The woman unconsciously licked her lips, with obvious desire and want.
Cersei felt her pussy getting really wet. *What is wrong with me?!* The Lannister hurried out of the infirmary, looking back once to see Obara still watching her with longing. Why was her heart clutching so hard in her chest? *I like Obara now. She is funny and nice when you get her to smile and loosen up but … but only as a friend. I’m STRAIGHT!* Cersei stormed. Cersei quickly retreated confused by all these strange compliments and desires coursing through her body.

Once alone, Cersei went back to her unique style of training. Before long she was grunting and cursing Myrion as she did her afternoon session. Sweating, she looked out across the grounds. Clear on the far side, towards a grove of trees off limits to most during the training hours, she watched the sappers build siege engines. She had been watching one team led by some young girl she heard had ‘so much potential.’ Twice her trebuchet had self-destructed when firing its missile. Now she was trying again. She pulled the pull-rope. The trebuchet started to fling its arm up, but something up where the two sets of support legs met broke, and the launch pole slid back down, parts flying everywhere. Cersei had to chuckle, seeing the girl hang her head in disappointment.

Soon enough, the girl had her team back at it.

The next morning Oberyn joined her at her table. Usually she ate alone in the morning, when Obara had to lead the new officer recruits.

Cersei looked at him suspiciously, noting the empty tables as she looked around her. The people of Dorne had stopped insulting her, but now many of them seemed genuinely afraid of her, as if she was going to rip them limb from limb.

“I want to teach you mediation, Cersei.” Oberyn began without preamble.

“Why?” Cersei asked, looking for a threat.

Oberyn sighed. “I want you to succeed, Cersei.”

Cersei snorted and started to retort, but she stopped when Oberyn raised his hand.

“I think you are ready to take the next step.”

“Then let me train with weapons.”

“That’s Master Myrion’s call. Completely.”

“But I have done all he has asked, dammit! I can’t become a warrior if all I do is haul—”

“Cersei, stop. Follow Myrion’s instructions to the letter, and I guarantee you, you will be happy you did. He tells me he thinks you are one in thousand; maybe in a generation.”

Cersei started to laugh. She laughed so hard she fell off the bench onto the floor.

“I don’t believe you,” Cersei breathed out as she finally got control of her laughing.

“With our past, I don’t blame you. But I want to teach you Cersei. Will you let me?”

*Oberyn*

Oberyn looked out his wide-open window in his office that was letting in the soft breeze that usually blew in from the ocean. He nearly dropped his quill, thinking about how life could be so strange.
He could remember meeting Cersei when she was in her early teens, and she was already conceited and vainglorious. He took an immediate disliking to the girl. That dislike had grown to an outright hate as she matured into the beautiful, vain and petty butterfly he had predicted she would. She was a seeming dullard, with illusions of grandeur, who constantly overreached.

He had listened to her half muttered deprecations about life being so unfair to her. She was being denied her destiny simply because she was a woman. Of course he had laughed at her then. She could never succeed at being a warrior; that was obvious.

Then the Queen had come in on her dragons, throwing the whole world order over on its head. He had gone nearly apoplectic when the Queen told her war council her plans for the Baratheons. Oberyn had wanted their heads! On a pike! She spared them all!

He had been overruled, and he had made snide comments that Daenerys Targaryen would be eating her words before long and rue the day she showed mercy.

It hadn’t turned out like that. He was the one eating his words. Robert was in exile deep in Essos, and had formed a mercenary company called ‘The Rutting Stags’ (gods how typical), and was fighting for the good of the peasants, or so the reports said.

Joffrey was gods knew where at sea, probably dying about now. The Queen had given strict orders to treat him fairly but somethings just had to work themselves out. The boy was a little shit. He cause his own demise to occur.

And that left only Cersei.

Their little talk going down to the ship that would take her to exile had been a total game changer for Oberyn, and his thinking about the Lannister princess. He suddenly started to see maybe she had reasons for being like she was.

She had faults, gods the woman had faults, but life had indeed pushed her forward in her vanities and stunted her real desires.

In Dorne, she was finally being allowed to achieve her stated dreams. Evidently, they had been real. She was reaching for the proverbial stars, and blast if she wasn’t grasping them.

He got up from behind the large oak desk and walked back to window, and looked out towards the ocean. He was on the second floor, and it seemed to shimmer on the far horizon - a distant chimera that guided lost souls in the desert to their doom.

His mate Ellaria had detested Cersei with a vengeance. She would have gladly held Cersei’s head still while the executioner’s ax parted it from her shoulders.

Now Ellaria was after him to get the fallen princess in their bed, and claim her as theirs before Obara could make the claim. Oberyn shook his head. Gods, women could be so competitive. He looked at Cersei in the public showers and officer saunas she was allowed to use, and he had to admit his cock got hard thinking about plowing the woman. But, she was still Cersei Lannister. It was a natural reaction.

It had been strange to feel both loathing and desire when thinking of the fallen Queen. Ellaria had felt the same conflict. Over time one emotion waned and the other grew stronger. This new Cersei emerging was quite intoxicating. She was morphing from one butterfly to another. This new butterfly was equaling as ravishing as the old. The markings on her wings were different. She had shed her hateful patterns. The new patterns she displayed was seducing his whole family. Himself
Oberyn smirked at that. He was indeed ensnared himself.

Life could indeed be strange.

He walked out of his office and down the main corridor of Hall Martell to the end stair case. As he walked, he looked at the portraits of past great Martell leaders that led back to the time of the Andals. He mused that one day, after he was dead and gone, he would have a portrait hung in this or another hall. He supposed he had accomplished enough to warrant one. Dorne had been a loyalist in Robert’s rebellion, but Oberyn seemed to always be in the wrong place at the wrong time to achieve the glory he truly craved.

Maybe the upcoming conflict, whatever it may be, would allow him to find glory on the battlefield.

He strode down the staircase to the first floor door leading outside, beside the stairwell. He stepped out into the bright sun, blinking as his eyes adjusted.

He went to the main walkway and down the road. There were fruit trees lining the sides of the path, with well-groomed canopies. The trees had been bred to bear fruit for at least nine months of the year. Cadets maintained the trees themselves, and picked the fruit that was used in the main cafeteria, and as snacks between meals and at night in the barracks. There were mini-orchards of orange, lemon, pears, peach and cherry, ensuring the academy had a constant state of variety of fruit to consume. One type of tree would bear fruit when several others might be briefly out of their season. When the trees were in bloom during the spring, it was a beautiful sight indeed. The trees would be full of white, blue and red blossoms in a riot of color, and the air thick with fragrances so pleasing to the nose.

He watched young cadets putting ladders on the trees, and climbing up to pick the fruit and look for any infestations of insects or blight. If present, it would be reported to the horticultural department for eradication.

The afternoon sun began to send shadows across the walkway, west to east. Oberyn enjoyed the momentary oasis they provided. He continued on until he was across from the hospital, then turned to the right towards the large, circular building that housed the War Museum of Dorne. The narrow walkway had small mosaic tiles inlaid in it, depicting key battles against Aegon’s conquest of Westeros, and Dorne’s mighty wars of independence. Dorne was still particularly proud that they alone were able to resist the dragons of House Targaryen.

Oberyn had walked to the concrete steps leading up to the museum. He paused to look up at the structure - it was dominated by a large solarium, built into the center of the roof that rose up in a dome. Glass, supported by iron beams, met in the center of the edifice. The Iron circular capstone was supported by a thick, fluted iron pillar in the center of the building. The clear glass let in plenty of natural light for the viewing of the historical artifacts stored within.

He saw the cantered slats at the top museum that allowed air to breathe in through the door left open during the day and several large paned windows of curved metal and glass blown in Pentos which was famous for the ability to make perfectly glass formed and cut to the asked for dimensions.

He looked to the right and left of the main circular building. Two long wings were attached through narrow hallways that then branched out to large rectangular buildings. The narrow hallways barely wide enough to let a person go in each direction simultaneously. The halls were built just tall enough to allow a tall man walk without stooping. The small halls to distract the least possible from the museum itself with its beautiful design. Each hall extended roughly thirty feet to the two annexes.

The annexes were a different matter altogether. Each building was about three hundred feet long by
seventy-five in width. The left wing housed the storage rooms for artifacts not on display. There were rooms for curators to rehabilitate new found artifacts and donations. They had many fine artisans and military personal with a gift for such work constantly at work preparing artifacts for display or doing preservation work to put them away until on display again.

Doran had ten years ago decreed that a selection of national treasures would circle the major centers of Dorne to let them see and touch their history. Oberyn had scoffed at the idea at first but had come to see how this had helped make the distant population centers feel more connected to Sunspear.

Crate for moving and display cabinets were now constructed for the traveling shows of relics of Dorne’s past to the provinces. This was a duty that cadets loved doing. To touch the past was a thrill for new recruits and he knew that the young warriors would play with the ancient weapons pretending they were masters of the powerful relics of the past.

The right wing was the administration wing. This held offices for the main Curators a husband and wife team. There were offices for the leads in the various antiquities. One for coins, weapons, pottery, architecture, household items and several others. There were offices for clerical staff as well. Each wing was two stories tall.

The Battleborn academy was not a colorful site except for the two museum wings. These were a riot of colors. Each wing done up in the ornamental tiles of the Bedouin and hill tribes of the inner mountains of Dorne.

Each wing had large windows but many false alcoves and doorways to let the artisans in tile work to create their wonders. Each alcove or doorway given to a different style and color pattern to highlight the various styles and tile work of the different tribes of the hinterlands of Dorne.

Oberyn paused again as he oft did to look at the riot of colors and styles of mosaic tiles put onto the buildings.

He looked at traditional bishop shape of the doorways and the scroll work to the right and left of the apex of the helmet. Then the tiles on either sides of the windows and the work up to the top of the second floor. The tiles worked around windows and visible supporting beams.

The first section had interlocking triangles at the top of bottom in black and white. Between was a pattern of three winged wave shapes that were in a free flowing interlocking pattern. Bands of diagonal orange ribbons from top to bottom. In between the orange ribbons were a riot of blue, brown and green waves all on a background of white base tiles.

Another section had a false door tiled with subtle green tiles in interlocking squares with subtle shade differences and the squares of all different sizes but there were patterns within patterns clearly seen yet they seemed to disappear if you moved your head.

Above the door was a stylized bishop helmet that had five pointed stars made of rectangular squares. Ribbons were in the design and then interspersed in were flowers with light blue petals and purple centers. Other smaller flowers of red and yellow filled out the quasicrystal geometric pattern.

He looked down the building and looked at another favorite pattern. It had starbursts of dark blue surrounded by sixteen blades to from star beams of mostly yellow with green shades in them. Then around those stars were sixteen blade paddles with white outlines. On the outside top of the paddles were five sided stars with one long leg to go between the black paddles. This pattern was repeated for the whole section. Between their “flowers” were many small stars and flower of orange, blue, purple and beige. The smaller patterns made larger flowers when looking at the bigger pattern of the interlocked patterns.
Oberyn never tired looking at the panels. He smiled. And entered the museum.

He stepped inside, and looked down at the mosaic that dominated the entry way. It depicted the bolt piercing the eye of the dragon Meraxes, and sending Rhaenys Targaryen to her death. He liked that she was not in the mural. They never had found her body.

He went up the three steps to the landing. The levered doors were folded back to the sides of the entryway, and from the inside of the lintel hung strands of fine, multicolored beads that brushed against each other in the soft breeze. The colors were hung in specific patterns to keep out Jinns and witches that his kinsmen still believed roamed the great desert and the mountains. He looked at the two hundred strands weave as it tinkled in the breeze. The number of strands was always two hundred, the number required to protect an entryway from spirits seeking entrance.

He lifted his hands and put them together palm-to-palm, and pushed them through the bead strands parting them to just past his head and then letting the strands rest on his shoulders as he stepped through to enter the sacred museum. The beads supposedly sloughed off any Jinns that may have been riding on his shoulders, whispering evil intent in his ears. Oberyn always thought while passing such entryways that men did not need spirits to whisper to them, to commit atrocities.

Once in the museum, his feet rested on the concrete that had been screed to a smooth, flat surface. Light orange pigment had been put in with volcanic ash to give the floor a soft, orange glow. His eyes took in the many displays, and the large panes of glass that radiated out from the center post column that supported the iron latticework of the solarium. He was drawn to the main showcase, the most prized possession held in the museum. Mounted on a display pole was the skull of the once mighty dragon Meraxes, and below it on a display stand was the bolt that had pierced her eye and brought the fell beast down. Oberyn was again impressed with the size of the beast. The dragon was nearly as large as Drogon. He involuntarily shuddered, wondering how large the Black Dread, Balerion, must have been. Dragons, it was said, never stopped growing.

Oberyn turned his head to look at the skull from all angles. The bones did not do justice to the beauty of dragons. He had been so impressed with the skull till he saw dragons in the flesh.

Oberyn left the centerpiece, moving around the museum respectfully while looking at various banners and swords of past great warriors. He especially liked looking at how the heraldry of his house had changed over the long centuries.

He finally came to stand before the second most prized object in the museum. He looked in the case housing the Sword of the Morning - Dawn. The title House Dayne bestowed on the knight who bore the ancestral great sword. Only a knight of House Dayne who was deemed worthy could carry it. Oberyn wondered at that. These times were so rife with the possibilities of new ways, new fulfillments of old obligations.

After the great Arthur Dayne’s death, and with no one deemed worthy to be his successor, the sword had been placed in the Academy’s care to prevent squabbling between the knights of that house.

A year later, a great sand witch had appeared before the museum beads. She could not enter because of the charms that Oberyn previously did not believe in. She had asked for him personally. When Oberyn arrived he could see the woman’s nervousness looking at the hanging beads. He parted the beads for her to enter, with guest right invoked. The beautiful thirty-something woman had made sure to not let the beads brush against her skin when she passed. She twisted her lithesome body to keep her body as far as possible from the beads.

She had come before the sword, and prophesied as many scoffed - Oberyn included. Only the oldest among those gathered gave any credence to the strange woman. She had forecast that the House of
Dayne was no longer worthy of the sword (that had set off General Mykal Dayne),

The sand witch prophesized that a mighty lion from the North would come, and take the sword, and reshape it to be their weapon. None would be able to stand before the lion in Dorne. The lion would save clans from the mists that were gathering. Mists given shape into horrible monsters. Vile creatures with no mother or father would fall before its blade. Mighty things would be done with this sword, along with its sister not yet forged. The lion would come unseen in their midst, and take what was theirs.

They had laughed at the woman. Once she had left the museum, and was clearly no longer near their presence. Sometimes discretion was the better part of valor.

For five years, young men in their first flush of testosterone had flooded in to claim the sword. It was then discovered that the sword had evidently been cursed by the witch. All who gripped the pommel had their hands seared in a fire that did not burn or blaze. It left hands crippled and maimed. After enough cripples had been created, the claims of the young wannabe warriors ceased.

The sword had rested in peace since.

Oberyn looked again at the sword. The lion had indeed come to Dorne unforeseen.

Obbara

It had been six weeks since the fight with the Dothraki. Obbara was not very happy, and terribly frustrated. Everything had been going so well with her seduction of Cersei Lannister, and then everything went to shit. It was like she hit a wall. Where Cersei had been falling under her spell she now seemed distant and unperturbed by her advances were before she was flustered and blushing.

She walked down the small brick walkway between the barracks. At Battleborne Academy, all the barracks were one story affairs. Each building was two hundred feet long, with high walls and large windows. With the hot, arid environment of Dorne, the high ceilings allowed heat to rise and the large windows could be opened to let the night breezes in.

Those windows were opening now in the darkening gloom of dusk. The sun had slipped beneath the horizon fifteen minutes prior, and sky was rapidly darkening. The dorms were segregated by sex, since all youth had to serve in the military of Dorne for one year. The youth around Sunspear came to the academy as part of learning their heritage; from the rest of Dorne came the best of the best seeking to make a career in the military, willing to commit for six years to get the financial benefit programs that allowed so many to become successful in the private sector. The discipline and connections made in the military directly translating into the private sector later on if they left.

All the barracks had their windows open. Mosquito nets had been dropped and secured by pegs put through the eyelets along the hem of the netting. In the falling light, she watched the mosquito nets bellow in and out like sails on a warship, flowing with the vagaries of the night breezes.

It was the middle of the week, and there were still two hours before curfew. In the Dorne military, fraternization was allowed except for direct chain-of-command officers. The dorms were segregated after curfew only. Why have the cadets, troops and officers sneaking here and there to have sexual relations?

The sexes freely moved between the barracks seeking out liaisons. From the windows she was passing, she heard a male screaming in ecstasy followed by a woman’s wails of hard orgasm. Obbara had to smile. Gods, she loved sex. The only problem was she only wanted one woman now. She wanted to make Cersei her wife and then together they would prowl Dorne seeking sweet women to
She wanted a woman who seemed to not understand that Obara was a woman worth lusting after. Cersei Lannister seemed to suddenly have lost her sex drive, and it was maddening! Obara had clearly been breaking down the woman’s preconceptions about her sexuality. She knew the woman was beginning to desire her. Obara shivered at those thoughts. Thoughts that drove her nightly masturbation marathons. Now Obara felt bereft. Cersei was now aloof and distant towards her. It made Obara’s heart clutch in heart with pain and want.

Obara walked down the path to the next set of barracks. The barracks on the left were for males, and the ones on the right for female recruits. The sky was near dark now with only a ribbon of light left in the far west. She heard more groans and cries of men and women fucking and celebrating life.

Obara again tried to figure out what had happened to Cersei. She had made friends with the Lieutenant in charge of Cersei’s barrack. Jasline Cassel had been keeping her abreast of Cersei’s time there.

It had been funny to hear of Cersei’s flummoxed, frustrated, and shocked reactions to the open sexuality that ran rampant in the barracks. Jasline related how the first night she had run out of the dorms scandalized and demanded a private room, away from the ‘deviants’. Cersei had been most unhappy when she was ordered to go back to her bunk. The beds were all double bunks, just big enough for two people to fuck with only a little imagination.

Jasline had chuckled at what a prude Cersei was her first nights, dressing and undressing underneath her sheets and clutching them around herself when she first got up. She had quickly stopped when she discovered just what a pain in the ass that behavior was. Expediency had won out.

The open sex without regard to anyone watching had been a shock to the Lannister too. She had stared, open mouthed the first nights with all the sex around her. She was especially startled by all the lesbian sex she was witnessing. At first none of her bunkmates made overtures towards her, since she was such a fucking bitch, but as she loosened up and started kicking serious ass around the Academy, the women had thawed towards Cersei. Obara had had to control her jealousy, hearing of women hitting on Cersei on a nightly basis. Obara thanked the gods that Cersei seemed to not be interested in their overtures.

Obara wanted to be Cersei’s first woman in Dorne. It was important to her, for some reason. She’d been captivated since seeing Cersei so sick and near death’s door with heat stroke on her first day of training.

Others might not like her fire and passion, but Obara found it intoxicating. Cersei was fire to Obara’s ice. They would balance each other.

When she asked Jasline about Cersei masturbating, she had been surprised to hear that the Lannister at first had not masturbated. Her dorm mates, after they thawed to her, were telling her that if she wouldn’t fuck them then the least she could do was masturbate for them. Again, the woman had been mortified. She seemed to be frigid. That was the popular consensus. It had to be the reason she was resisting so much prized pussy.

Then about three months ago, the girls spied Cersei’s hands working underneath her sheet as she desperately tried to control her limbs from jerking, and her swallowed moans were worth chuckling over. Her bunkmates had tired of her silly predilection for modesty - they had ripped the sheets from off her body when she was good and worked up.

Cersei had cried out in embarrassment and anger. She had fumed and threatened, but not once got
physical despite all her threats and foot stomping. The girls started to chant “Jill off” over and over, along with accompanying chants of: “Cum, cum, cum.” The Lannister had finally given up and flopped down on the bed, spread her legs and quickly jerked herself off to a loud, screaming, flipping orgasm.

She had been crazy after that, masturbating freely and often. She was jilling off sometimes as much as five and six times in a night. The young teenagers were so hot and horny for the mature beauty. They were displaying their wares, making hot love to each other beside her bunk, trying to seduce her to join in with their Sapphic lovemaking. Obara liked to think it was because of her that Cersei had rejected their charms.

Obara herself had been making sure to touch and press into Cersei every chance she had when talking to the woman about something, or when showing her something. Obara treasured the shivers and gulps she elicited from her.

Cersei had complained one day of her shoulders being tense. Obara, of course, immediately offered to massage out the kinks in Cersei’s shoulders. She had been in heaven, massaging and caressing Cersei’s shoulders and arms. She had invited Cersei back to her quarters to give her a full body massage.

At first Cersei had refused, but then two days later asked if the offer was still open. Obara had given Cersei her best smile. She had been in the highest heavens working her hands up and down the Lannister’s body, with only a towel covering Cersei’s ass while on her stomach. When Cersei rolled over onto her back, only a thin strip of towel covered her mound and breast. Cersei had small breasts, and Obara so wanted to devour and suck on her nipples like a newborn babe.

She respected the limits that Cersei was clearly marking as to the limits to take with her body. Obara so desperately wanted to seduce the woman. Despite her wanton fuck hunger for the woman she held herself back from a full frontal sensual attack. She was going slow and using subtle overtures to further her seduction of the lioness. When Cersei and she made love she wanted the desire and love to be mutual. She would not violate Cersei trust. She feared if she forced the issue she could harm what was clearly a possible magical union.

Obara had slowly over the next weeks made the massages more sensual. She did not want Cersei to feel like she had been violated. Her father told her of that vile Baratheon’s treatment of Cersei. If she ever met the man, she would run her spear through him like a wild boar. The last few massages she had just brushed the sides of Cersei’s pussy and breasts with her fingers, and felt her own pussy gush hearing Cersei gasp and whimper.

Her control was nearly about to break. Then… it happened. She was not sure what may have occurred, but Cersei suddenly seemed to be on another planet. Jasline reported it too. One night, Cersei was masturbating like a fiend making up for lost time, and then the next night she went to bed with a serene smile on her face and went straight to sleep. The girls, frustrated by this change in the woman, had made sure to be very vocal. Cersei never seemed to hear them.

The cadets in her barracks had been sure they would soon be burying their faces in her sweet camel toe, but now they were left high and dry. They discussed trying to do a rush on her, and show her what she was missing, but all were afraid she would kick all their asses around the barrack. The woman was a fucking Jinn when she got pissed. None would last long against her fists. That had been five weeks ago.

Obara kept walking. The moon was half full. She saw bats flying their erratic paths up in the sky, and she felt like them. She was adrift. Getting Cersei into her bed had nothing to do with winning, or conquest. She had fallen totally in love with the woman. Cersei had been fire and verve. Now,
She walked around like some silent sister with a serene smile on her face. Obara knew that a passionate woman was still in Cersei’s beautiful body somewhere. *It had to be!*

She saw a figure approaching her and immediately recognized who it was. As the figure came up to her, she quietly called out: “Hello father.”

“Beautiful night, isn’t it? Can I walk with you?”

“Of course, father.”

They walked in companionable silence for a while.

“Cersei is really advancing in her training,” Oberyn said. “Myrion will not say it, but I think in the not too distant future he will be allowing her to start training with the sword.” They walked on to the next set of barracks. “Our army will be heading to the ships soon. The cavalry left last week to begin their march North. I want you and your sisters to keep an eye on things while we are away. I am leaving two regiments stationed here. They are under you command. Your priority is Sunspear and its protection.”

“I don’t think you will face any organized danger. All the Great Houses are moving North to confront Winterfell. We are all bringing all of our lords with us, except for a small force for defense. You won’t have to worry about mischief from Highgarden or the Stormlands.”

“Why is Eddard Stark doing this, father?” Obara asked. “He knows he can’t win. With the South allied against him, and the forces of Essos and Daenerys Targaryen’s dragons he won’t long last.”

“I know. The man is playing us. I can feel it. He wants us to come to attack him. It makes no sense otherwise. He has not thrown up so much as one impediment to our advance.” They had reached the end of the barracks, and turned around to walk back down the path, their boots tapping on the stones with a rhythmic ticking of military strides. “I think he wants to take us to the Wall. When I ask the Queen, she acts confused by the situation and is not sure what the proper course of action should be. Bullshit! That woman never doubts herself, and never does anything by halves. I start to wonder if the Ice King does indeed exist.” Oberyn softly mused.

“Father.” Obara chastised.

“I know, I know. Stop seeing snarks in the dark.”

They walked on for several minutes.

“Cersei still being the silent sister?”

“Yes!” Obara barked in frustration.

“I fear that is my fault, Obara.”

“What do you mean?”

Oberyn then told his daughter how he had taught Cersei to clear her mind to help with her training and exercises and to focus on her studies. Like everything she was doing in Dorne, she had mastered the technique without any effort.

“I fear she has taken this, and centered herself - walling off all of her passions. I had not foreseen that. The woman is nothing but passion. I never would have thought she would use mediation to conquer her emotions and tamp them down.”
They had stopped walking as Oberyn related his teaching the Lannister the art of meditation. Obara was thankful to finally have a reason for Cersei’s sudden change. She could see the chagrin on her father’s face.

“Don’t blame yourself, father. You only gave her a tool, and she chose to use it to deaden herself. Maybe I chose poorly. I was sure she was the perfect mate. But … not this woman currently in her place. The one who walks around with a beatific smile on her face and just nods at everyone. It hasn’t affected her training though, so I know she is still focused on her goals.”

Obara looked up at the stars twinkling in the night sky. She saw a shooting star flash across the sky. She made her wish even though she knew it would not come true. She was not a little girl. Cersei Lannister had gone someplace far away inside herself. Obara was not sure the Cersei longed for and loved would be coming back.

**Cersei**

Cersei was lying on her lower bunk, in a dilemma. The bunk above her was squeaking loudly, the mattress jamming hard into the frame it was sitting in. The moans of ecstasy were rising in volume and desperation. The rhythmic squeaking of the springs was almost hypnotic as Lyara rotated her hips to jam her cunt up into Mariyanna hard sucking mouth that Cersei heard working the sodden pussy jamming into Mariyanna’s mouth. The girl sounded like she was devouring poor Lyara.

At first Cersei had been disgusted hearing the women rutting and eating each other out. The wet sounds of slurps and snuffles and the sodden sounds of a watery cunt being devoured. Now the sounds of lesbian sex above her was a symphony of sweet notes. It sounded beautiful the way female mouths made sweet love to wet swollen pussies. Now it sounded divine. Now she had visions she no longer suppressed of her face buried in Obara’s wet cunt. Her mouth wildly eating out Obara.

She had used Oberyn’s meditation techniques to suppress those raging desires. It had worked. Now she had stopped.

Cersei heard Lyara gasp hard, and then the bed squeaked hard as he woman threw her cunt up into the mouth now wolf sucking her exploding twat. ”Aaangghhhuummmgmn! Ungghhh! Oh! Ohhhnnngg! Auuunggghiiieeeeee!” Lyara cried out, her body shuddering jerking up and slamming down into the mattress making it rattle in its frame. She heard Mariyanna continue to tongue-caress her lover’s spasming pussy. ”Oh! Oh Mariyanna gods Myriyanna! Ungghmmmngghiiieeeeee!”

The tension was so twisted in Cersei’s belly and her pussy ached, sopping wet. She gritted her teeth, determined to not begin her mantras and fall into herself. She let the ache in her belly build.

She had been thankful when Oberyn had showed her how to meditate and center herself. He told her he did it before any major physical undertaking he partook of, and to calm himself before battle. It allowed the man to reach deep inside himself and pull out his best.

He had taught her to first find a mantra that worked for her. He told her the classical line “Oohhmmmm”, repeating it. Cersei immediately loved the sound and feel of the sound rumbling in her chest. Oberyn showed her how to use a low chant, and then to focus on it find thoughts that brought contentment and a deep sense of happiness.

That had nearly killed it. She thought and thought, and finally had to tell her erstwhile teacher that she couldn’t think of any.
Oberyn had a first scoffed at the idea, but when he saw Cersei struggling he understood that her adult life had indeed not been happy.

Cersei had had to look back deep into her past for snippets of happiness she had found. The time she found a mother cat with her newborn kittens in the garden underneath a hedge. They had been so beautiful, the mother cat licking her kittens. Her father had had them killed as vermin when Cersei had told him of them, wanting to share her find. She had cried all night until her father slapped her face hard and repeatedly, until she regained control.

She remembered seeing the swallows out at dusk eating mosquitos out of the sky. The sound of her mother’s laughter. The time she and Jamie laughed, as they stole cookies out of the kitchen.

When she focused on these memories, and got into the basic lotus position and began her chants, she almost immediately felt dreamy, and a sense of deep awareness and then she fell into herself. She felt as light as feather, and by the fourth day she could almost feel her spirit breaking the bonds of her body and soaring free.

It had been a godsend with her ragged emotions. The freedom these Dornish people felt when it came to sex was disturbing. Cersei had quickly discovered she was a prude. Like most in North Westeros, she was made to hide sex away from all but her immediate lover. Not here. The barracks, baths and saunas were filled with couples fucking.

Cersei had been disgusted at first, but had come to see the people were actually celebrating life. She cursed herself for not being able to let herself go and enjoy the pleasures of the flesh. She had always used her body to control and get her way - even with Jamie it had been that way after they reached their late teen years.

When Jamie had grown beyond that childish need (Cersei could see that was the case now), he had tried to tell Cersei he needed more than sex without connection and commitment. She had not heard, and lost him. She had been so angry and filled with hate for Jaime and Brienne both. How dare he betray her? Now though, she saw clearly that she had been lacking. In many ways, she drove her brother to the Maid of Tarth’s waiting arms. He indeed seemed very happy with the woman.

She had lost interest in sex by the time Daenerys had come to King’s Landing. No more. Before Oberyn had taught her to center and control herself she had been masturbating wildly every night, three and four times on average sometimes much more as the women cheered her on and kept moving in, trying to get her to join them in their bunks. She was like a wild animal in heat, her voice hoarse from her loud screams of self-love.

She only wanted one person - Obara. The problem was her stubborn pride, and her fear of not satisfying the woman. More, Cersei knew she was falling deeply in love with the woman and that if they consummated their rising attractions she would be hopelessly in love with the sand snake. That scared the holy shit out of Cersei. To want someone that bad. With her new insights this rising burning need to love Obara the woman felt to clean and pure for Cersei’s soiled love. Cersei was frightened of the new passions burning in her heart and in her loins.

She still held the secret close that in King’s Landing she’d had several dalliances with women. She had let them go down on her, and they moaned how good she tasted and simply worshiped her pussy until it exploded in their mouths.

The pleasure had been exquisite, but it never touched her soul. To her it was almost an experiment. She never went down on them, but fucked them hard with her fingers. Their convulsing bodies and screams of ecstasy told her she satisfied them. Again, it never touched her heart or soul. It was all about control, and showing herself she could make women totally lose themselves in her. It was all
about the power dynamic. How shallow she had been; such a self-centered harpy.

The feeling of passionate love that Obara was stirring in Cersei’s bosom was totally foreign. Cersei had enough wisdom now to know that she had never allowed her love for Jaime to grow and become the special love it could have been. It had always just been an act for her with her brother. When Jamie grew beyond that need for baseless sex while Cersei had not, he had left her.

Cersei could no longer blame him. She still wondered what it was that Brienne brought to their relationship, but it was obvious that they truly loved each other. The way she wanted to love Obara. That fact scared the shit out of Cersei. She was not ready for that commitment. She was not ready to let her body totally control her, and give herself completely to Obara. She knew the woman would want all of Cersei. The problem was that Cersei wanted more and more to give Obara every part of her body and soul. She wanted their bodies to become one which would unite their souls. Cersei was in a quandary between want and fear.

She had found that if she used her mantras whenever she felt the ache rising, she could tamp it down. She used her mantras more and more, and felt peace with the world. She found quickly she could expunge all unwanted desires and powerful emotions from her being. Her fears and insecurities faded away. She felt almost dreamy, with nothing touching her or even tempting her. She could feel the soft smile on her face that naturally wanted to grace her features when she was in her dreamy state of inner introspection. The outside world could not harm her here deep inside herself. Her frustrations faded away.

She did use the meditations as Oberyn had originally intended, to help her excel even more at her various trainings. She felt no elation at her successes. She made sure to not let her inner peace rob her of her deepest desire to prove the whole fucking world wrong. She was a warrior, though now she wondered about the passion that drove her towards that goal.

At first she had felt a smug satisfaction seeing the confidence fade from Obara’s face. The woman had known she was breaking down Cersei’s defenses, and reveled in it. Cersei had enjoyed seeing that, now she had the control back. She had the woman on the defensive. She had loved at first seeing how Obara acted confused, and then hurt.

The problem quickly morphed though. Now causing Obara pain caused Cersei heart wrenching pain, which led her back to her mantras to sooth her distress. She was becoming addicted to her mediation. She was talking to Oberyn three days ago. They were now able to talk and act civil around each other. He had started to try and tease her, but she was beyond his words with her mediation.

He smiled and shook his head. “Don’t let those mantras go to your head, Cersei.” He had said good naturedly. “When are going to start fucking my girl, woman? She is so entirely in love with you.” He left chuckling.

Yes, Obara was in love with her, and Cersei was causing her pain, and it was killing Cersei. Despite her pain, Obara still worked out with Cersei helping her with her exercises, and training in hand-to-hand combat and with the staff.

The sand snake still gave her massages as well, but they were totally professional now. She could feel that verve that Obara once had was fading. Cersei was robbing her of it.

She had stopped her mantras. She wanted to feel again. She had suddenly realized she was well on the way to becoming a fucking silent sister. Oberyn’s jest had hit home. She wanted to feel. She wanted to fuck. She wanted to love.
Three days later, she was a jangling mess of nerves. She so wanted to masturbate, but she held off. She knew what she would do.

The next day was routine. She had eaten early, took to her “training” tasks, and muttered and fumed, instead of using her mantras to do it with a beatific smile on her face.

She had sparred with Oberyn, followed by lunch with father and daughter. Obara was polite and formal towards Cersei now. Cersei smiled at Obara with a genuine smile. The sand snake gave her only a wane smile back. Again, Cersei’s heart clutched hard in her chest, aching to comfort and love Obara.

She did exercises with the new cadets before heading back to her unique task. Then, she had her late workout and jujitsu with her master.

Once she was done, Obara came to her asking if she wanted a massage. Cersei had long noted how the woman was always there the moment she finished her jujitsu training. Obara was always so attentive, in her support of Cersei - almost loyal to Cersei to a fault. The woman gave herself completely, while getting nothing in return. Cersei was going to change that. Now.

Cersei had to make up for wasted time.

“Yes, but I would like it in the officer’s sauna.” She said.

She saw the confusion in Obara’s eyes. Cersei had shown great reluctance to let her body be touched in front of others before.

“Come on, Obara ... my muscles need those talented fingers, woman!” Cersei gripped her hand and dragged Obara behind her. She felt the confusion in the sand snake.

The officer’s sauna was three times the size of the enlisted soldiers’ sauna, and had bigger rail seats and several large pools that were heated by fire pits beneath them.

Obara went to grab towels, but Cersei stopped her. “No need.”

Cersei quickly stripped out of her cadet shorts and top, gripping them as she kicked off her sandals. Cersei had lost her fear of immodesty and now loved the feel of being naked and on display. She wanted to be seen. Especially by one particular sand snake. Cersei balled her work out clothes up, and threw them across the pit. Obara watched the soiled clothes go flying, and slowly turned her head and gasped. Cersei stood proud and naked before her, looking into the sand snakes eyes with fiery heat in their jade green depths.

Cersei stretched, arching her back and tilting her head back to stretch hard. She knew this would thrust out her breasts and wet, shaved-smooth camel toe to Obara. Cersei loved the feel of her strong taunt muscles stretching. She could feel Obara’s eyes on her. Cersei felt her nipples stiffen into aching diamonds. Her pussy lips were already wet and swelling with hot pumping blood and desire. Slowly the lioness lowered her head. Cersei’s nipples pulsed even harder firing off hot arrows of pleasure to her throbbing clit when she saw Obara’s eyes avidly devouring her body in wonder and want. She felt her pussy flood, and cum starting to dribble down her thighs. Obara looked at her with obvious arousal, like she had been pole axed. Obara traced the cum trickling down already on Cersei’s thighs with her dark eyes. Obara licked her lips with glazed eyes of lust and love. Cersei chuckled inside. Yes. In a few moments Obara, I will rock your world!

Cersei smiled, watching Obara take her own clothes off with a stunned look. Cersei looked down the sauna, and saw a man on his knees sucking off his man, his throat down on the man’s cock.
Across the fire pits, a man and woman were fucking doggy style, the woman’s tits whiplashing with the hard fucking she was receiving as she rubbed her clit. The sights and loud moans of pleasure only made her hunger for Obara rise hotter inside her loins. Her knees were starting to tremble with her excitement.

Cersei gestured with her hands to get Obara to sit in the corner of the wall and bench. Obara did so staring up at Cersei with eyes filled with wonder and hope. Then Cersei tuned around and sat down on the bench and scooted back into her woman. Cersei snuggled back into Obara’s full rounded tits. She smirked feeling rock hard nipples poking her back and a wet pussy on her ass. *Her woman wanted her!*

“Well woman! My shoulders are so fucking tired. Massage them!” She felt Obara’s hands attentively come up and start to massage the clenched muscles. Cersei loved how they trembled so as the pressed into her hard toned muscles. Cersei always pushed herself hard. Obara’s fingers dug into her knotted muscles loosening them. It had been Cersei no longer responding to her caresses that had started to shatter Obara’s confidence.

“Ummnggggg unngggggg! oh Obara … you know how to work my body—your hands feel so fucking good on my body baby mmmggg nnngggg uummmmm!” Cersei softly husked.

She smiled hearing the woman behind her gasp softly and shiver against her. She continued to work Cersei’s shoulders and upper arms. Cersei heard the clotted whispers of rising need and want from her woman behind her. Obara’s sweet cunt pulsing out hot musk intoxicating and exciting Cersei. Her wet twat soaking Cersei’s lower back and ass cheeks with steamy slimy hot cum. Still Obara kept her gods damned hands chaste and proper massaging Cersei’s shoulders. Not good enough! Cersei had done too good a job cowing her sweet sand snake. She needed Obara to take her!

Cersei reached up with her hands and gripped Obara’s hands and slowly pulled them down from her shoulders. She snaked the hands underneath her arm pits and down her sweaty chest to her aching breast and cupped her sand snake’s palms over her little doves. She gagged in raw pleasure feeling Obara start to massage her breast. Obara rolled Cersei titties underneath her palms and then cupped Cersei’s breasts and moved her thumb and index finger of each hand up to Cersei’s rock hard medium brown nipples and squeezed them and pulled on them milking the teats. Cersei cawed in raw pleasure. Her pussy pulsing out hot flowing fuck nectars. Obara’s loud moan of need excited Cersei so much.

Cersei gasped feeling Obara nibble on her throat and lick her quivering pulse point as her fingers began to milk her breasts with hard squeezes and Obara’s fingers pulled on Cersei’s engorged teats as she pressed in with her pinching fingers filling Cersei’s breast with heat and bolts of pleasing arching south to her rigid pulsing clit. “AAAAWWOOOGGGGGG!” Cersei screamed in raw pained ecstasy feeling Obara suck her throat deep into her mouth and see-saw her tender throat in and out her lips over the gnashing teeth.

The pain and hot ecstasy flooding her brain and out her gushing twat hole filled Cersei with primal joy and pleasure. Her body convulsed her eyes rolling into her skull and rolling violently as her hand came up instinctively to cup the back of Obara’s head and jam her mouth harder into her throat encouraging her lover to mark Cersei as her total slut. Obara moved her mouth over and down “Unnngghhhiiiiiiiiiiieeeeee! Mnngghhiiiiiiiiiiiiii!” Cersei wailed as a second hickey marked her as Obara’s whore. Cersei surged back into the firm voluphtuous body convulsing and short jerking as her body was pummeled with hot pleasure. Her throat and her pinched nipples sending arrows of ecstasy to her throbbing and shrieking clit with hammer blows of ecstasy.

Never had Cersei felt such pleasure, even with Jaime. “Ooohhhhh unggg shittttt! … hhnnngg hunnnn

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“Uunngggg!” Cersei cawed in ecstasy. Obara shoved Cersei’s bruised throat flesh out her mouth all slobberly wet with her spit. Cersei’s head lulled back on Obara’s shoulder and she looked up at Obara letting her see into her soul. Obara gasped. Cersei cupped the back of Obara’s head and pulled her head down. Their lips mated and slide against each other melding and nipping before Cersei felt Obara’s tongue parting her lips and swiping her teeth demanding entrance into her mouth.

Cersei gave it freely and gagged feeling Obara’s long tongue slide deep into her mouth their tongues wetly entwined and flipping around in Cersei’s mouth. “Mmmffpphhhh mmppffiff uummmffffff!” Cersei chuffed into the mouth devouring her mouth. Her cunt was so swollen and dripping wet.

Obara broke the kiss and kissed Cersei’s face murmuring “yesss yes oh yesss finally yes!” Cersei pulled back enough to turn around and settle her body on Obara’s lap her legs folded along the outside of Obara’s big strong thighs. Cersei wiggled in mashing her wet quim into Obara’s hard stomach. Cersei gagged in pleasure nutting her cunt and jacking her clit on Obara’s hard stomach. Cersei circled her pussy into the woman’s lower belly and wrapped her arms around the strong woman.

“I have come to you Obara—just like you said I would” Cersei softly husked to her woman and lowered her mouth where they mated tight and tongues wetly dueled form mouth to mouth in wet tangled slippery love.

Obara

Obara was ecstatic. Her dreams had come true. She pulled Cersei tight to her body compressing her breast against her lover’s small doves. She whimpered feeling Cersei’s hard nipples jamming into her full tits. Their tongues were like serpents rolling around back and forth in their locked mouths. She needed Cersei now. She slide her hand down Cersei’s flat hard belly and slide two fingers up into the fiery cauldron that was Cersei. She felt Cersei’s body jerk hard and then rotate her groin down on the fingers pumping slow and deep up the hot tight fuck hole of the fallen Lannister. Obara pumped her long fingers in and out the slimy buttery sweet fuck hole of her woman. Cersei’s cunt was so hot and tight! The sopping wet folds slithered hotly over her pumping fingers. Cersei squealed into her mouth and subtly started to work her hips to drive the fingers deeper up into her dribbling quim. Cersei broke their kiss.

“Uunng ohhh Obara! You’re fucking me so goooooood baby! Ohhhhh gods your fingers feel so good in me baby!” Cersei gibbered. She kissed Obara’s face with soft kisses and then leaned back and hefted up Obara’s firm globes and lowered her mouth. Cersei had been watching women fuck for months now. Cersei had learned much from intense observations. She was ready to give her woman the pleasure she deserved. Looking up hotly into Obara’s eyes Cersei sucked on the dark brown nipples hard with long and then short sucks her fingers roughly massaging the hot globes. Her fingers sinking in deep as her cheeks hollowed out with her intense sucking. Cersei moved her head right and left to siphon in thick long dark brown nipples to fiercely nurse on with hollowing deep throat love sucks. Cersei’s soul sang to her seeing Obara’s face filled with hot slashes of ecstasy as she glanced up to see her lover’s pleasure from her oral ministration to her heavy udders.

Obara cried out in raw pleasure. Obara worked her fingers harder in and out her lover’s swollen puss
and jammed her bent thumb into Cersei hard nubbin in its knotted clitoral hood. Obara was already in love with Cersei’s hot tight pussy and the feel of it on her fingers and soon in her mouth.

Cersei was squirming and jamming down hard now. She had sucked fiercely on the sand snakes nipples but dropped Obara’s breasts and now kissed Obara hard and deep her tongue sliding down Obara’s throat and spearing in deep licking Obara’s tonsils. Cersei looped her arms around Obara pulling their bodies hard into each other. Now Obara chuffed into the mouth devouring it “Ummpfff mmpphhfff mmppfff ummfff!” The Lannister wallowed into Obara mashing and rolling their compressed tits against each other their nipples wired to throbbing clits. Cersei’s clit was hammering her with ecstasy.

Obara rammed her fingers hard and deep up into Cersei’s squishing snatch loving the spasms gripping and milking her hard plunging fingers. Her fingers soaked in creamy slimy cum. She could feel the spasms coming harder and faster. Cersei’s forehead thudded into her neck as the lioness whimpered and cawed in ecstasy. Her hand hammered Cersei’s snatch. She felt hot tendrils of cum trickling down her hand soaking it in hot slimy snail snot. Then Cersei’s head whipped back thirty seconds later a look of shock and almost crippling pleasure slashing her face.

Cersei’s cunt spasmed down hard on her fingers and Obara rammed them all the way in and jammed her palm into Cersei’s cum soaked camel toe. Obara wiggled her hand back and forth grinding her palm into Cersei’s mound and clit her fingers churning wildly in the now exploding twat. Cersei’s snatch made wet, sloppy, loud squishing sounds so hot and obscene.

"AARRUUNNGGGGGG! Hhnng hhnnn Ongghhiieee! … AAAWWWOOOGGGGGGGGGG!" Cersei screamed, her head snapped forward and back her body convulsing as searing waves of crushing pleasure ripped through her body. Obara groaned herself feeling Cersei’s folds grip her churning fingers in a velvet wet fist squeezing so hard rhythmically on Obara’s fingers as hot cum gushed out her woman’s ruptured womb. “Auungghhiieee! Mnnngghghieee! … Oh! Yes! Oh ... auuggghnnnieee!" Cersei wailed in almost agonizing ecstasy. Obara felt Cersei lift her body several inches in sudden spasms and slam down again again as she harpooned fucked her exploding couchie. The beautiful blond slam fucking her exploding quim on the fingers fucking her to the heavens. Cersei’s face was slashed with almost crippling pleasure. Obara loved feeling Cersei’s cum soaking her hand and running down her wrist.

Cerise slowly sagged forward into Obara whimpering and gagging with strong aftershocks. Obara still had her fingers buried in Cersei’s twat enjoying the wet heat and fading spasms of cumming. Obara cupped the back of Cersei’s head and guided their mouths together. She kissed Cersei sweetly as the woman mewled for a minute before demanding entrance to Cersei’s sweet mouth. Their tongues wetly wrestled deep in Cersei’s mouth. Obara loved how her tongue quickly conquered Cersei’s tongue squeezing it hard before lunging down Cersei throat making her lover’s eyes roll back into her skull and spasm hard her closed eyelids showing the rolling orbs. Cersei’s body jolted hard into hers with the strong aftershocks still gripping the lioness’s toned body.

After a minute Obara pulled her fingers out of Cersei’s loosening pussy and gripped the woman’s ass and lifted her as she got up and spun around to put the Lannister gently down on the bench in the corner. Cersei was looking at her with the lidded eyes of the well fucked. Obara looked into the jade pools and nearly wept seeing so much love there. Obara slowly sunk to her knees and leaned forward cupping the back of Cersei’s head bringing it forward to again kiss her lover with scorching kisses.

Obara had heard reports of Cersei’s marathon masturbation sessions when she allowed her body to sing to her. She had smiled hearing of Cersei working her pussy frantically over and over each night to screaming orgasms as her body actually flipped off her bed several times she flipped so hard.
Cersei may have been embarrassed but she only looked sheepish getting back onto her cot. Once recovered she wasted no time in jilling herself off again. She was insatiable.

The woman was a slut when she let herself. Obara would work tirelessly to make sure that Cersei’s learned to listen to her body’s need for pussy. Obara’s pussy! Later Obara would teach Cersei to grasp other pleasures of the flesh but to begin with Obara would teach her Cersei all the wonders of lesbian fucking.

Their hands were in each other’s sweaty hair pulling their mouths tight while their tongues slithered and wrestled wetly in Cersei’s mouth. Obara opened her eyes enough to see that Cersei’s eyes had rolled back into her skull making her eyelids jerk and bulge with their rolling in her skull. Her breathing becoming ragged again as her body jerked and convulsed with raw wanton pleasure with her body rising again in sweet tension.

Obara broke their kiss and smiled seeing Cersei chasing her lips with spittle roped between their bruised lips. She pulled Obara’s head back in and they kissed ravenously as Cersei surged her tongue deep into Obara’s mouth and now aggressively dueled with her tongue.

Obara broke their kiss with Cersei whining until Obara sucked her left breast deep into her mouth and sucked voraciously on the Lannister’s breast and nipple. Her head pumped in and out stretching the soft dove and her tongue slashed over the rigid medium brown nipple all crinkly from giving suck to her babes. She loved the look on Cersei’s face. The way her face slashed and her mouth stretched in a rictus smile of crushing pleasure.

“Unnggg oohhhh suck suck hhnnnggg hhnnn hhnnnn oh gods suck!” Cersei cawed her hands now gripping Obara’s head jamming her head down harder onto her breast. Obara moved her head over and wolfed in Cersei’s other small dove getting over half of her tit into her mouth and vacuumed sucked filling the former Queen’s tit with fire. “Hhhuuungggg oh shit yeessssss! Godsdamnnnn suck suck me baby!” Obara pulled her head back sucking hard until her slut’s tit popped out her mouth wetly. Cersei screamed in pleasure making Obara’s soul soar.

Obara worked her woman’s tits for the next five minutes her cheeks hollowing out with her deep throat love sucks. Her mouth and hands tried to stuff Cersei’s breast ever deeper into her hot sucking mouth. Obara was in heaven finally devouring these precious succulent peaches. She would then back off with her voracious love assault and suckling sweetly and licking her tongue over Cersei’s nipples with her rasping tongue. Obara kissed all over the soft globes licking and leaving little red love bites that had Cersei’s head whipping around her throat cawing in helpless pleasure. Cersei was near delirious now. Cersei’s hands roaming all over Obara’s body massaging and clutching as hard slashes marked Cersei’s face with ecstasy.

Cersei’s hands had been either in Obara’s hair pulling into her bosom or her hands fluttering around. Now they were in her hair again. Where before those strong hands had been jamming her face harder into Cersei’s bosom now they pushed down with force. The hands now urging Obara to move South down Cersei’s gasping body. Obara’s right hand reached down and massaged her woman’s slit. Cersei’s cunt was so fucking wet and her musk filled their corner of the sauna thickly. Obara breathed in deep savoring Cersei pungent scent.

Obara smiled. She kissed down Cersei’s belly looking up she saw Cersei’s face looking down at her. Cersei’s face slashing and a look of hard need in her throbbing beautiful jade eyes. She slithered her tongue into Cersei’s belly button and drilled in. She smiled at Cersei’s whoops and seeing Cersei’s six pack ripple up to hard steel.

She was starving. She sat quickly on her ass and mashed her face in her woman’s slit and licked up and down the sodden mound plying open Cersei’s labia lips and moaned tasting Cersei for the first
She tasted so fucking goooodddd! Obara moaned to herself. Her tongue licked the slippery trench and over the woman’s clıt over and over and gave it quick teasing sucks. "Unngghhh! Oh gods ... yessss!" Cersei whimpered starting to rotate her pussy up into the sand snake’s hot licking slurping mouth. "Yes Ahhnngg ... oohhhhh Obara!" Cersei whimpered both hands again in Obara’s hair encouraging the woman to eat her out.

Obara sucked Cersei’s clıt deep into her mouth hard sucking it with long sucks of pure love with her tongue slapping and spearing the hard nubbin. Cersei’s hips bucked up driving her cunt even deeper into Obara’s mouth her vulva swallowing Obara’s lips with slimy wet heat. Obara softly worked her head in and out pulling on the clitoral hood in her mouth. She would then lap her head gently snuffling as she slurped and tongue raked the rock hard nubbin in her mouth before delivering short hard sucks on the rigid clıt. She hummed and moaned eating out Cersei the vibrations directly on Cersei’s clıt. “Pppleaaaaassee baby suck me—I need to cum so bad Obara—aaawwwgggg uunngg uunnggg ooohhhhhhhhh fuck!” Cersei pleaded for release.

Obara was in heaven feasting on Cersei’s plump love chute her tongue lashing Cersei’s rigid clıt and her mouth sucking in Cersei’s labia lips. Obara pulled and sucked the rubbery lips pulling them taunt and then rolling them in her mouth. Cersei’s sweet cunt tasted heavenly in her mouth. Each swipe of Obara’s tongue in Cersei’s slippery trench or probing her wet love hole filled Obara’s mouth with the taste of Cersei. Obara was intoxicated already with the ambrosia flowing out Cersei’s honey hole.

Obara could feel the tension in Cersei’s body as she gripped the woman’s slender hips. The jerks in the lioness’s body was now rippling all over her body. Cersei’s head had lulled over drool coming out her mouth down her chin as she chuffed her face slashed with rising desperate pleasure.

Cersei exploded. The dam shattered. Cersei’s head jerked up on her neck now straining up; her face rigid with scalding bliss. Her muscular body began to flip and jackknife violently as dire spasms ripped out her exploding womb. "AARRRUUUUNNGGGGGGGGGG! OOO&WGGGGG! ... hhnn hhnnngg Aunnngghhhh!” she cried out. "Ohnnngg! Unghhhngghiiieeee! Oh gods unngghmmnniiieeeee! Aunnng! Unhg! Oh! Unh! Ungh!” Cersei’s raw screams of unadulterated bliss made Obara’s heart pound with love for Cersei. Cersei’s body surged and bucked hard for twenty seconds and then collapsed back to the wall. Cersei’s jackknifes had stopped but her body still convulsed against the wall with ecstasy. Obara had released her love suck on Cersei’s clıt and jammed her mouth to Cersei’s fuck hole. Obara sucked on cum soaked cunt meat her nose jamming Cersei’s hard pulsing clıt. Obara drank down the hot pulses of cum that pulsed out Cersei’s clenching cunt.

Obara slow stroked her tongue up and down her lover’s mound to slurp up thick creamy cum. She would move up and harsh suck on Cersei’s clıt sending scalding pleasure rushing through Cersei’s jerking body. Her sucks prolonging Cersei's orgasm. Then she moved down down her love’s cum soaked slit. Obara loved licking up the cum that slavered her lover’s mound. Cersei’s orgasm continued to consume her though changing tenor as Obara’s tongue and lips prolonged Cersei’s hard hitting waves of orgasm that had throttling spasms of bliss rocking her lean body. "Oooohnnngggg! Oooohnnngggg!” Cersei’s grunt moaned softly, her lovely face seized with rapture, her body undulating as shock wave after shock wave of her paralyzing orgasm continued to consume her. Obara knew how to draw her lover’s orgasms out.
Obara released Cersei’s clit from her mouth and moved up kissing slowly up the sweat dripping belly. Each drop of sweet cum and sweat was the pure essence of Cersei to Obara. Her hands came up to cup and squeeze Cersei’s nipples sending arrows of ecstasy to her still jangling clt. Obara kissed Cersei whose hands flew to Obara’s jet black hair threading into the locks and mated their mouths tight. Cersei was cawing into Obara’s mouth twining her tongue around Obara’s tongue. They kissed deeply for a minute as Obara pulled and plucked Cersei’s hard nipples prolonging the blonde’s aftershocks.

Obara pulled back and sat back down between Cersei’s spread legs. Obara was on a mission to show Cersei that no one could love Cersei like she could. “Oh godsssss” Cersei whimpered and then cried out feeling two fingers slide so deep up into her hot buttery cunt and begin to pump in and out her twat slowly. The cum filled cunt slurped obscenely on the pumping digits. Obara bent in and siphoned her loves clit back deep into her mouth and suckled it with her tongue rolling over the shiny hard nubbin. Obara pumped in her fingers hard and deep and began to lick over Cersei’s clt with the flat of her tongue. Obara reveled feeling Cersei’s cum running down her fingers and soaking her hand and dripping down her wrist.

For the next five minutes Obara ratcheted up Cersei’s body slowly. She had slipped in a third finger moaning feeling Cersei’s pussy so tight on her fingers and the way her core gripped and squeezed her fingers. Obara slurped and sucked fiercely on Cersei’s clt and then back to hard licks and loose lip sucks. Cersei was twisting and writhing now. Her ass cheeks clenching and driving her cunt hard up into Obara’s mouth and fingers humping hard. She cried out continuously in ecstasy.

Obara could feel the time had arrived. She had been rotating her fingers as she pumped Cersei’s sodden vaginal walls and had found the lionesses g-spot. She had felt Cersei jolt as she mapped the sweet hillock’s location on Cersei’s frontal vaginal wall. Obara had then finger fucked her lioness hard with her plunging fingers hammering in hot and hard straight in and out. Her knuckles slamming into Cersei’s cum drenched vulva. The spongy hill had felt so divine underneath her fast pumping fingertips when she traced out its location. Now Obara zeroed in on Cersei’s g-spot for the love kill. She flipped her hand over and angled her hand and harpooned her fingers into the spongy hillock. Obara focused on it with hard back and forth jerks her fingers angled to jam into the spongy hillock. Obara smiled. Cersei body locked up and then exploded.

Cersei’s head spasmed forward and slammed back hard into the wall behind her again and again. "Awwwonmgggguunngghhh! OOWWGGGGHHHGGGAAAAAAA! AAAWWOOGGGGGGGGG!!!” Cersei roared in shattering ecstasy. Cersei’s face twisted and slashed with wild slashes her eyes squeezed tight shut as more of Cersei’s screams filled the officer’s sauna. “Unnggunnggg Aaarrggghhhhhuuunnnnnnn awwwoogggg! ... Fffuuuuuucckkkk!” Obara sucked on the clit that was jammed deeper into her mouth by Cersei’s bucking hips. Her fingers were slimed with hot cum gushing out the contracting couchie spasming hard. Cum running down Obara’s arm as it pumped hard into the immolating pussy that contracted hard on the fingers harpooning the spongy g-spot. Cersei flipped and jackknifed violently through her long harrowing orgasm. Obara was in heaven giving Cersei such pleasure.

Obara drank deeply from the spring of Cersei’s being loving her sweet biting tang. Obara looked up and saw tears running down Cersei’s cheeks. She kissed up the flexing belly and sucked on her nipples thirstily for a long moment before reaching Cersei’s face and giving it feathery kisses. Cersei recovered and their lips came together and kissed sweetly before Cersei’s tongue demanded entrance to Obara’s mouth and surged with the parting of her teeth. Cersei kissed her deeply her tongue a serpent in Obara’s mouth.

Obara gasped when Cersei leaned forward and gripped Obara’s ass cheeks and effortlessly picked up Obara and slowly spinning her around still kissing her deeply her tongue now down Obara’s
Cersei effortlessly held the voluptuous woman up spearing her tongue again and again down Obara’s throat. Obara wrapped her legs around Cersei and ground her swollen muffin into the woman’s hard stomach nutting herself on the washboard muscles of Cersei’s stomach. The lioness fingers were roughly massaging Obara’s voluptuous ass cheeks her fingers roughly kneading the firm globes. Cersei then gently sat Obara down into their corner and settled down onto her knees between Obara’s legs as the sand snake spread her legs. All the while Cersei maintained their lip lock her tongue wetly wrestling her lover’s dueling tongue.

Cersei finally broke their kiss. She looked into Obara’s eyes. “I’ve dreamed of these” Cersei softly said hefting Obara’s full heavy tits and started to squeeze them filling Obara’s breast with fire. Obara watched with lidded eyes as Cersei lowered her head and siphoned in a long thick turgid dark brown nipple. She sucked and lathed the teat with fuck hunger her fingers roughly kneading the heavy firm breast. “Ooggggg hhnnn hhhnngg hhnnngg oh baby ... shit! unngg unnggg!” Obara whimpered feeling Cersei suck and tongue bat her engorged nipples back and forth.

Cersei bunched Obara’s ample mounds and buried her face between them pressing the heavy tits into her face. Cersei snuffled as she feverishly kissed and covered Obara’s breast with love bites. Obara whopped and cried out when Cersei kissed up her left tit and sucked her nipple back deep into her mouth and sucking so hard on her nipple pumping her heard. Cersei’s growls of devouring setting Obara’s pussy on fire and making it so sloppy wet.

Back and forth Cersei moved her head siphoning in the long thick nipples and sucking with cheek hollowing sucks as she looked up with lidded eyes watching Obara’s face slash with pleasure. Cersei’s pale fingers clenched in deep the dusky tits she was grasping as her mouth suckled and her tongue lathed rigid teats.

Cersei rocked her head tongue lashing the rigid nipples before sucking again. She bunched Obara’s tits together and ran her tongue around them in figure eights before wildly working her head right and left whipping her tongue over the rigid nipples like a flail. “Auaggg unngg uuunggg … oohhhhh baby Aawwwoggg!” Obara cried out in pleasure. Cersei sucked Obara’s tits in turn deep into her mouth and then sucked hard pulling her head back till Obara’s spit soaked tits popped out of Cersei’s mouth obscenely. Cersei repeated his again and again making Obara cry out in near crippling pleasure.

Cersei smiled evilly up at Obara. Obara was delirious now. Cersei was back to suckling on her nipples softly working her tongue around the thick stems. She slowly dragged her tongue over the creamy tit flesh of both globes to suck in the other nipple and sucked so godsdammed good!

Obara needed so much more. She pressed her hands onto the top of Cersei’s head and gently pressed down. Cersei was so much stronger than her now. “Oh Baby! Please please!”

“Please what?” Cersei asked her lips back half an inch from Obara’s right thick long nipple.

“Oooooooobabyyyyyyyy ppleaseeeeee!”

“Please what Obara?” Cersei teased.

“Ohhhhh Cersei suck my cunt baby. Make me cum in that hot godsdammed mouth! Suck meeeeee!”

Cersei smirked and then she slowly kissed down Obara’s belly. She luxuriated feeling the hard muscles clench underneath her lips. Cersei settled down now on her ass and stared at Obara’s pussy with lust addled eyes. With a long moan Cersei mashed her face deep into Obara’s camel toe wiggling her face in deep and started to lap aggressively up and down Obara’s slit. Obara gagged in
helpless pleasure feeling Cersei’s tongue lash over her clit. Cersei must have been watching all the
lesbian loving around her in the barracks. She knew what she was doing! Obara cried out in
pleasure when Cersei’s long tongue snaked deep in her pussy licking around scooping out hot cum
and swallowing with loud gulps.

Then that long tongue was hard tongue fucking Obara’s slimy drooling clam. Cersei mashed her
face into the sand snake’s swollen clamshell. First Cersei lapped her head tongue lashing Obara’s
clut and slit. Then Cersei worked down the sodden trench licking and tongue stabbing. She worked
down to Obara’s sweet fuck hole. Cersei licked around the drooling clutching cunt hole. Then
Cersei stiffened her long tongue.

Cersei’s tongue punched in deep, hard and fast into the festering couchie filled with sweet buttery
cum. The Lannister hammered her head back and forward to sink her tongue deep into the slimy
buttery cum filled twat hole. Cersei’s nose jammed Obara’s clit with each stroke of her pumping
head. Cersei snuffled and moaned when she pressed her mouth to Obara’s cunt hole and sucked in
sweet cunt meat and dined on them with lips and spearing tongue while snuffling obscenely.

Obara stared down in rapture. All her dreams of her and Cersei were coming true and they made her
fantasizes pale. Cersei was devouring her! Cersei backed her head an inch and then mashed down
hard totally engulfing her mouth with Obara’s vulva’s wet kiss. Cersei sucked Obara’s whole upper
pussy deep into her mouth and tongue lashed with feverish focus and love.

Out of nowhere Obara’s pussy cummed hard with womb rending spasms of fucking bliss. Obara’s
Obara felt hot gushes of cum pulsing out her exploding snatch. "Auungghhh! Oumnngennggg!
Ummngghiiieeeeeeeeee!" Obara wailed as she looked down at Cersei with slit eyes. Cersei gulped
obscenely moaning as she drank hot female cum for the first and instantly, totally becoming addicted
to the effluent pouring out Obara’s hot cunt. Each hot gush of creamy cum so sweet and
permanently addicting Cersei to sucking sweet cunt.

Cersei mashed her face to Obara’s quim and Dorne kissed sucking in a mouthful of hot cunt meat
and rolled it in her mouth her tongue slithering all through the slimy folds. Cersei’s right hand had
snaked around Obara’s hip. The fingertips of the hand brushed fast back and forth over the cum
soaked clit. Obara’s orgasm that had been waning exploded afresh harshly throttling Obara with
fucking bliss.

"Auungghhh! Ohmmnnnggg! Ummngghiiieeeeeeee! Oh ... oh gods oh shit ... ohmmngghiiieeeee!
Ummngghiiieeeee!" Obara screamed, her face slashed hard and body flipping and jackknifing
violently her heavy tits whiplashing around on her flipping body. Sweat poured down her body and
hot cum gushed into Cersei’s gulping mouth the excess running down her cheeks as she gulped
greedily. Finally, Obara’s orgasm waned and Cersei backed off and moved up to kiss Obara hotly
again. Cersei’s tongue was an Adder in her mouth wildly tangling with Obara’s tongue in her mouth
before sliding down her throat and then spearing in deep aggressive.

Cersei pulled back. Her green eyes on fire. “You’re mine now! All mine!”

“Yes, oh yes!” Obara whimpered. Normally Obara was the dom but not with Cersei on fire like
this. She willingly submitted to be Cersei’s total slut at this moment. She sensed that Cersei was a
switch and would relish both sides of the domination matrix. So did Obara. Gods Cersei was so
perfect for her!

Cersei was not finished with her pussy yet. She jammed her face back deep into Obara’s snatch and
wolfed sucked and tongue slashed the slimy cunt meat underneath her tongue. Her lips sucking
slimy labia lips and rolling before moving up and sucking in Obara’s clit and love sucking with harsh long and then short fast love sucks. Her tongue either gigging or butterfly stroking all over the shiny nubbin.

Obara felt her belly spasm hard and her thighs begin to clench and strain. Her body went stiff as Cersei looking up at her with her beautiful eyes now long hard sucked on Obara’s clit her cheeks dimpling in with the long ragged deep throat love sucks. The Lannister’s tongue harpooning the shiny nubbin. Cersei was noisily slurping down mouthfuls of creamy cum. The excess trickled down Cersei’s cheeks and down her throat.

The sight made Obara’s womb shatter and then explode. “FFFFFUUUCCKKKKK! AARRUUUNGGGNGGGGGG! OOOWWWGGGNGGGG!” the sand snake flipped and jackknifed in harrowing spasms so searing fucking bliss. “Aarrrrggggggggg … Oh … oh gods oh shit … ohnnnngggghhiieeee! Unnnmmmmngggghhieeee!” Obara screamed, her face slashed hard and body jerking forward and back violently her heavy tits whiplashing around on her flipping body. Sweat poured down her body and hot cum continued to gush into Cersei’s gulping mouth the excess running down her cheeks soaking them as she gulped greedily.

Finally, Obara’s new orgasm waned and Cersei backed off and moved up to kiss her hotly again. Cersei first licked and nibbled on Obara’s full lips. She sweetly pulled Obara’s lower lip out several times. Then her tongue demanded entrance to Obara’s mouth and their tongues wetly flipped and wrestled around in Obara’s mouth. The sand snake loving the taste of her cunt on Cersei’s tongue.

After several minutes of deep snogging Cersei kissed down Obara’s cawing throat. She kissed down to Obara’s hooters and kissed them all over reverently. Then Cersei worked Obara’s breast again now using two hands to pulp Obara’s tits in turn her fingers sinking deep into full bosom and then pulling Obara’s tits up one at a time and wolf sucking on engorged teats.

Cersei kissed around the undersides of Obara’s heavy breast. Her lips kissed the sweet flesh and with her tongue licking the sweet sweaty flesh. Cersei licked down to the crease where Obara’s full tits met her ribcage. Cersei kissed along those creases. Obara groaned and cawed her breath short and raspy.

Cersei kissed around the left full tit and kissed all around on the top of Obara’s full rounded tits. Her lips making wet smooching sounds. Cersei then kissed around the heavy tits she hefted up again slowly kissing up to the large circular areolas all steeple with rigid flesh. Cersei circled her tongue on the areolas as Obara whimpered. Then Cersei moved up and siphoned in a thick turgid nipple and wolfed suck with long ragged love sucks.

“Aawwooggg uuunngg hhnnggg … ohhhhh shit Cerseeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii—aawwggg shit yeesssssss!” Cersei smiled around the nipple in her mouth and moved over and sucked in the other rigid nipple and sucked voraciously with long deep throat love sucks her tongue spearing the rigid nipples as she worked back and forth.

Cersei worked Obara’s breast again now using two hands to pulp Obara’s tits in turn her fingers sinking deep into full bosom and then pulling Obara’s tits up one at a time and wolf sucking on engorged teats. Cersei loved making love to Obara’s tits but she needed more hot sweet gash. Cersei went boneless to sit back down before Obara’s spread out legs. The lioness again mashed her face deep in Obara’s pussy moaning working her lover’s pussy. She had her eyes lightly lidded eating out Obara with focus on her clit with hard licks and soft sucks. Cersei had a dreamy look on her face as it lapped up and down eating out hot sweet cunt.

Cersei did not see Oberyn and Ellaria come in. They spotted the rutting women. Big smiles spread on their faces at the sight of sand snake and the lioness rutting in wild passion. The two looked at
each other happy that Obara finally had her woman. They were both naked and Elleria came to sit
beside Obara. Ellaria spread her legs wide leaning back. Her head canted over to watch the two
women beside her making sweet love. Oberyn immediately fell to his folded legs and buried his face
depth in Ellaria’s pussy and went wild devouring his consort. Ellaria’s head jammed back into the
wooden panels as her sweet Oberyn ate her out like a man who absolutely loves pussy. He snuffled
and sucked her pussy deep into his mouth aggressively attacking it as Ellaria started to cry out in
ecstasy.

Obara knew her father and his consort had started to come around on Cersei and she smiled seeing
them come to fuck beside them. Cersei finally opened her eyes and looked over at the couple
fucking beside them. She gasped and pulled back as Obara whined in displeasure. Cersei had a look
of slight confusion on her face.

Obara watched her father reach over while still eating Ellaria out and put his hand on the back of
Cersei’s head. He paused letting Cersei accept his hand. She did looking at him out the side of her
eye. He then pressed the back of Cersei’s head back down slowly into Obara’s pussy. Cersei
moaned and the Lannister wigged her face deep into Obara’s vulva as it clamped tight around her
mouth enfolded it in a slimy kiss. Cersei sucked her woman’s clit deep into her mouth and started to
pump her head in time with Oberyn eating out his lover and they both devoured wet quim. The man
and woman glancing at each other smiling as they sucked in time making their women cry out in
wanton pleasure.

Ellaria leaned over but still looked down at Cersei for permission. Cersei was being given the right
of refusal. Obara looked between Ellaria and Cersei hoping. Cersei was being given the right of
refusal. They all watched the Lannister eye them for a long moment and then Cersei jerked her head
up and down never ceasing her fervid sucks on Obara's cunt. She smiled up at Obara making her
heart clutch and squeeze in pure love in her chest. Obara somehow fell even deeper in love with
Cersei.

Cersei paused for a second in her intense pussy gobbling keeping eye contact with Obara and Ellaria
back and forth. The three paused for a few rapid heartbeats gauging and accepting. With a happy
smile on her face, Cersei sucked even harder on Obara’s clt making her cry out in helpless pleasure.
Cersei loosened her lips lock on Obara’s cunt as she wetly sucked and now made copious obscene
slurps as she ate her woman out.

Permission granted Ellaria leaned in the rest of the way. She nipped Oberyn’s daughter’s lips and
then sucked in her lower lip suckling on it. Cersei had given permission and granted Ellaria the
right. Ellaria’s face beamed as she leaned in the rest of the way and kissed Obara. She cupped the
back of Obara’s head and at first sweetly kissed Oberyn’s daughter. Lips melded and sweetly
nibbled and glided over each other. The sand snake cried out in helpless pleasure now having two
mouths work her body expertly.

For a short while Ellaria and Oberyn’s daughter kissed sweetly nipping lips and pulling on them with
their teeth. Both women mewing in renewed love. Ellaria demanded entrance to Obara’s mouth her
tongue swiping pearly white teeth. Obara opened her mouth to Ellaria’s long tongue that surged in
and wetly wrestled with her tongue. Their rolling and flipping around in Obara’s chuffing mouth.
“Unnggfff mmmpppfff mmfff oooffff mmmpffff!” Obara cawed into the mouth devouring hers.

Ellaria’s tongue shoved deeply into Obara’s mouth and actively twined wetly with Obara’s hot
writhing tongue. Their tongues coiled and flipping hotly in Obara’s groaning mouth. Both woman
chuffed and their cheeks clearly showed the twined tongues first flipping around in Obara’s mouth
and then the love tryst was in Ellaria’s mouth. Ellaria’s body jolted her nostrils flaring when she felt
Obara spear her tongue down her love gagging throat.
Obara’s mind was on fire with her pussy being gobbled by her sweet lover and her father’s paramour again kissing her with such exquisite skill. Ellaria kissed Obara deeply as Cersei watched. Cersei’s eyes taking it all in with an intense stare. She signaled her approval by moaning hard and trying to suck Obara’s clit down her throat.

Obara had been nervous at Ellaria’s overture but Cersei’s acceptance and then encouragement had her pussy on fire. She and Ellaria had made love many times before. She enjoyed fucking her father’s lover. He had joined them many times banging both of their pussies and assholes to sweet gut wrenching orgasms. She loved eating out Ellaria with her father banging her own cunt.

Their tongues coiled in her mouth. She cried out into Ellaria’s mouth when Cersei tried to suck her clit down her throat again and tongued lashed her shiny nubbin wildly with her slapping tongue. Cersei was growling and pulling her head snapping Obara’s clit out through her pressed lips and diving down to hard suck in deep again. Cersei would waggle her head before pulling it back to snap out Obara’s clit through her lips.

Again and again Cersei did this. She sucked the rigid clit deep into her mouth and oh so slowly pulled her head back all the while sucking voraciously on the hard nubbin till it plopped wetly out form between her lips and snap back to Obara’s slippery wet cunt. Cersei enjoyed immensely how it made her slut scream into Ellaria’s mouth the sounds muffled and how Obara’s hips jumped up spastically in ecstasy from her oral ministrations.

Cersei watched for a minute as she ate out Obara before her head lifted an inch above Obara’s swollen sloppy wet cunt. Obara and Ellaria broke for air and looked down at Cersei’s face soaked in Obara’s snail snot. “Oh gods that looks sooooo fuckig hot! … suck on Obara’s nipples and then kiss her again” Cersei moaned and then mashed her face deep into Obara’s cunt as it wetly clung to her mouth and lips. Cersei sucked in mouthfuls of sweet slimy cunt meat and munched happily her tongue spearing deep up Obara’s hot tight fuck hole. Her lover’s cunt totally engulfed her mouth in wet heat and slimed in love snail snot. Cersei lifted herself slightly and rocked her head slashing her tongue over Obara’s clit. Obara shrieked in gut wrenching stabs of hot pleasure.

Obara had been nervous. She feared that Cersei would be jealous or hurt. Her acceptance of this opened so many doors for them in the future. Obara and Ellaria had made love many times before. She enjoyed fucking her father’s lover. He had joined them many a time banging both of their pussies and assholes to orgasms. She loved eating out Ellaria with her father banging her cunt. She had screamed so many times into Ellaria’s cunt as her father’s cock exploded deep in her cunt or wildly clenching asshole. To feel her father’s semen flooding her womb or colon always made her cum.

Many times Obara had feasted on the cum leaking out Ellaria’s slack well fucked pussy. Obara smiled remembering the times she would get behind Ellaria after she had collapsed from doggy or rolled over after a good savage ass fucking. Spreading out her voluptuous ass cheeks and licking Ellaria’s quivering starfish. Obara hooking her fingers in the runnels of father’s paramour asshole. She pulled her loosened asshole open and lapped out her father’s cum that would dribble out Ellaria’s tired happy shithole.

Obara now knew that someday in the future that Cersei and her would be fucking her father and his paramour. She longed to feel her father’s cock in her ass as Cersei ate her out or to have Ellaria on the bed with her legs spread out as Cersei ate her out and she slammed her cock up Cersei’s cunt and ass back and forth. Making Cersei cum so hard with vaginal and anal ‘gasms. Then having Ellaria and Cersei clean her cunt and ass off her cock.

So many scenarios ran through Obara’s head. Her and Ellaria dp’ing Cersei so hard and deep and
Cersei doing ATM and A2P hungrily over and over and cumming again and again and then it would be her and Cersei doing it to Ellaria as she wailed and cummed on their dicks. Gods Ellaria loved to do ATM and A2P over and over. She couldn’t wait till it would be her turn to be DP fucked to oblivion. She would feel so full and her body hammering her with such powerful sensations from all three fuck holes as she cleaned their cocks of her sweet ass juice and milky cunt cream. They would fuck the night away.

Obara knew Cersei and her father had actually formed a healthy relationship now. She hoped they could take it to the next level. She longed to see her father fuck the living shit out of Cersei making her scream in raw agonizing pleasure. She longed to suck her father’s hot tart cum out Cersei’s slack pussy and asshole. She would have to hope. Cersei looked up the tight flexing belly as she ate out Obara with hot gusto. Ellaria had moved down to do Cersei’s bidding. She cupped Obara’s hot full tits and lifted them up and siphoned sucked on the thick long nipples with long sweet hot sucks. Cersei could see Ellaria’s tongue working through her dimpled cheeks. The woman pumped her head pulled up tenting Obara’s nipples up with the voracious love sucks. Ellaria moved right and left mouth pleasing rubbery teats.

“Aauuggg hhnnngg hhnnnn uuommmggg … oooohhh fuckkkkkkkk … mmnnnggg shit! Yes! Yes! Shhitttttt!” Obara gurgled feeling her tits expertly loved.

Ellaria kissed up Obara’s sweaty chest now. She nipped and licked up to Obara’s throat. Ellaria licked and nipped the palpating column. She smiled into Obara’s throat and sucked in a mouthful of sweet flesh.

“AAAAAWWWOOGGGGG! FFFFFUUUCCKKKKKKKKKKK!” Obara screamed in agonizing pleasure feeling Ellaria suck her throat viciously through her seesawing teeth. In and out Ellaria sucked the sweet throat flesh through her gnawing teeth. She loved feeling Obara’s throat convulse against her lips. Then Ellaria quickly kissed up Obara’s throat, chin and then lips. Obara was gagging in helpless pleasure. Her mouth open for conquering. Ellaria speared her tongue deep into Obara’s mouth.

Their tongues coiled in Obara’s mouth. Obara cried out into Ellaria’s mouth when Cersei tried to suck her clit down her throat and tongued lashed wildly. Cersei was growling and pulling her head back snapping Obara’s clit out her pressed lips and diving down to hard suck in deep again. Cersei waggled her head before pulling back to snap Obara’s clit out her lips again and again.

Cersei pulled off Obara’s pussy and watched her lover and Ellaria kissing hotly. She felt no jealousy but only hot wanton pleasure. It was so hot. Dorne was liberating her. Obara was hers and she had the confidence to not be jealous. She knew soon they would all be fucking sweetly. “Suck Obara’s nipples Ellaria. Gods you two are so hot and slutty!” Cersei lowered her head siphoning in hot sweet cunt meat back into her mouth and happily munched.

Ellaria smiled at the tone. Not commanding but more like a heated rasp between lovers. Soon she would have Cersei’s cunt in her mouth Ellaria decided then; along with Obara’s. Ellaria released Obara’s moaning lips. She reached down and hefted up Obara’s heavy tits. She jammed the heavy tits together folding the heavy orbs into each other. The sweet nipples mashed side by side.

Ellaria drooled seeing those long engorged teats. She stuffed the long thick nipples deep into her mouth and long hard sucked with her locked lips. Her tongue swiping over and figure eights over the rubbery nipples. Obara was crying out and a hard orgasm exploded out of nowhere throttling her as two mouths sucked her off.

"OOOOWWWGGGHAAAAA! … Fuuuccckkkkkkk! Auunngggshhhhh! MMNNNGGHHIIIEEEEE! Oh!"
Oh! Nnngggeeee!" Obara sobbed, cumming fiercely as hammering blow after orgasmic blow scalded her with shrieking bliss. Her pussy gushed sweet sex fluid all over Cersei’s face. Her hips bucked wildly up and down driving her pubic bone into Cersei’s hot mouth as she gripped Obara’s hips manically to keep her love suck on my rupturing cunt.

Elleria had gripped Obara’s left tit with both hands to hold the breast still enough to continue deep throat sucks on the engorged screaming teat deep in her mouth. Only when Obara started to come down from her cum did Elleria drop the sweaty tit and move her head up to kiss the sand snake deeply as Cersei lathed and kissed the temporally spent pussy.

After a minute Ellaria broke her lip lock with Obara who leaned back with a dreamy look on her face. Ellaria leaned down further pressing her cheek into Obara’s hard belly and looked at Cersei with hot pulsing eyes. Cersei stopped lathing her tongue over Obara’s still trembling clit as the sand snake mewled in post orgasmic pleasure.

Obara watched intently as Cersei slowly lifted her head up to where Ellaria had her face resting on her belly. Cersei paused and looked up at Obara. Obara smiled radiantly and weakly lifted a hand and pressed Cersei’s head down to Ellaria’s mouth. Then Obara’s eyes rolled back in her head when Ellaria and Cersei mouths came close together their tongues twining and wetly wiggling against each other between their lips before they mated their lips tight and their entwined tongues now wrestled hot and wet in their mouths.

While kissing Ellaria, Cersei snaked her first two fingers into Obara’s hot tight pussy. Cersei slowly pumped her fingers into the tight greasy sleeve relishing the heat and wetness. As she kissed Ellaria, Cersei slowly started to work her fingers harder and deeper into Obara’s slimy cum filled cunt. Cersei pumped her fingers sensually deep into Obara’s twat. Obara’s pussy sang a sodden wet sound of sloshing love. Cersei started to slowly rotate her hand as she banged her lover’s box.

Cersei slipped in a third finger and began to fuck Obara with deep plunging strokes. Her hand slamming into the sand snake’s vulva hard sending rippling shockwaves through the puffy mound. All the while the two women over Obara’s stomach kissed deeply cheeks dimpling as they took turns sucking on hot tongue. Obara watched how Cersei was letting her inner slut run free. Obara was in heaven watching Cersei and Ellaria snogg deeply as Cersei kept her concentration enough to continue fucking Obara hard and deep just like she needed it.

They finally broke their kiss and Ellaria rose back having signaled that all had been forgiven. Obara watched Cersei lean back down and she gently licked her lover’s fat happy pussy. Obara played with her sweat matted hair with one hand and her other lifted her right tit up to her lips and she sucked on her own nipple with hard sucks and swiping tongue.

Cersei looked up at her with glittering eyes and looked over at Ellaria being pleasured by Oberyn. She slowly lowered her head and sucked her woman’s clit back into her mouth and rolled the clit around in her mouth with her pushing and flicking tongue. Cersei’s cheeks hollowed out with her sucks and she could see her tongue working as it stabbed her clit. Her right hand a piston hammering her fingers in and out Obara’s tight snatch.

Cersei was now frenzied in her lovemaking. She could see that Ellaria was rising to orgasm. She saw Obara’s head lulled over to watch Ellaria rising to cum in her father’s mouth.

After a minute Ellaria body was beginning to jolt with hard pulses of searing bliss. Obara leaned back with a dreamy look on her face watching Ellaria rising to the pinnacle of ecstasy. Ellaria’s body was writhing now. Oberyn had backed off on his passionate assault on his paramours beautiful pussy letting her focus on her efforts with his daughter. But he had resumed his passionate oral assault on Ellaria’s wet cunt. He gurgled and growled waggling his head eating his paramour out.
He needed to prove to all three women what excellent oral skills he himself possessed.

Ellaria’s body started to quake and jolt her heavy tits jiggling all over. Her face locked up in what would seem was agony her face all twisted. Hard jolts now hit her body again and again. Oberyn sucked Ellaria’s clit down his throat his tongue gigging the hard nubbin jutting out its sheath.

Her head rocked back and her heels jammed the wooden floor. She cried out in an ear splitting shriek of such pure love fueled by mind shocking ecstasy. “AARRUUNNGGGGGG! OOWWWGGGGGGGGG! Hhnngg hhnngg hhnngg hhnngg UUNNGGGHHIIIIIIIIIEEEE!” Ellaria wailed as her torso convulsed. Shattering waves of bliss gripped and violently shook her whole body in full body spasms of killing bliss. Ellaria now had both hands behind Oberyn’s head with interlocked fingers and pulled his head deep into her exploding twat as it slicked his face in cunt slime.

Ellaria’s body flipped and jackknifed so violently her torso rocking up off the sauna wall and then slamming the eucalyptus wood several times making a wet slapping sound her tits whiplashing with her wild flips. Her body convulsing almost violently. “Uunnggg uunnggg Aawwwoogggggg! Uuunngggggrrrrrrrrrr!” Ellaria wailed as the final throes of her orgasm finished throttling her with fucking bliss.

All the times Oberyn had worked to increase Ellaria’s pleasure during her orgasm his mouth busy pleasing her.

Cersei and Obara had enjoyed watching Ellaria in her orgasm. Both women thought that nothing was as beautiful as a woman in hard orgasm

Seeing Ellaria cum had Obara on the edge herself. Cersei was furiously lapping her head raking her tongue over Obara’s rigid clit fast and hard. Cersei snuffled working feverishly to get Obara’s rocks off. She now deep throat love sucked as she slapped the clit sucked deep into her mouth. Obara had felt her womb spasm and coil deep in her belly as her thighs quivered and then locked up in a hard clench.

Obara’s body began to convulse violently as raw pleasure hammered her. She fell off the precipice of shocking pleasure. “OOOWWWGGGGGGGGG! FFFFUUCCCKKKKKKKKKK! HHHUUUNNGGGGGGGG!” Obara screamed. Her head snapped back violently in a hard convulsion. It was so violent how the orgasm throttled Obara. Obara’s head snapped back and now forward and back again with violent snap convulsions. Cersei feared Obara might shatter her spin. Cersei knew what she had to do. She sucked even harder on Obara’s rock hard clit. Cersei smiled into the cunt she was devouring as her ministrations had the desired effect. Obara’s body surged her hips rotating hard up into Cersei’s mouth as more full body convulsions tore the Sand Snake apart with womb rending ecstasy. "Mmmngggnggniieee! Mmmngggnggniieee! Mmmngggnggniieee!"” Obara wailed in soul searing agonizing pleasure. Her body convulsed hard her body jerking upright and shaking violently and then sagging back as the convulsion passed only to convulse with another bone rattling spasm of fucking bliss. "Ohhhnnmmmgggg!!" Obara cried out, her body jackknifing. Her cunt leaping into Cersei’s hard sucking mouth. Spittle spraying out her braying mouth as pure fucking ecstasy flailed her soul alive with searing fucking bliss. "Unggghhh! Unggghhh! Oh shit! Fuck! Ungggauugggunnnnnn Unnnmmngghhnnnnnn!!” Obara cried out as one last searing orgasmic spasm rocked her soul with crushing bliss.

Cersei was in heaven knowing she had given her woman such pleasure. She was so in love with Obara. Obara came down from her orgasmic high and stroked Cersei’s face with a loopy smile on her face. They turned to look Ellaria who had recovered from her orgasm.

They watched Ellaria eyes open. She played with Oberyn’s black hair. She looked over at them.
Ellaria slide her body down the wood. She moved her body so she could lean down further pressing her cheek into Obara’s hard sweat soaked belly and looked at Cersei with hot pulsing eyes. Cersei stopped lathing her tongue over Obara’s still trembling clit as the sand snake continued to mewl in post orgasmic pleasure.

Ellaria’s body juddered hard with Oberyn suddenly sucking in her entire upper cunt deep into his mouth and voraciously sucking the slimy wet cunt meat. His head pumping up and down tenting pink pussy folds and pulling Ellaria’s clit rigid in his mouth were his tongue polished the shiny nubbin. A second orgasm exploded out of nowhere with the sudden expert sucking off of her wet twat.

Not to be outdone Cersei mashed her face deep into Obara’s cunt and wildly sucked her lover off. She was more than happy to bury her face in Obara’s fat pussy and eat her out again. She lapped furiously up and down the slimy trench licking clit and sucking slit.

Cersei went for the love kill sucking Obara’s clit deep into her mouth and long deep throat sucked on the engorged nubbin while her tongue polished the tip. Her fingers slam fucking Obara’s sloshing cunt with hard harpoon strokes her knuckles pounding the swollen dark brown mons of her lover. Cersei’s fingers soaked to the third knuckles creamy cum soaking the webbing between her pumping fingers.

Ellaria screamed like she was being garroted as Oberyn sucked her off. Cersei sucked in Obara’s whole upper pussy deep into her mouth and deep throat love sucked as her right hand slammed her three fingers in and out the stretched out cunt. Cersei’s forearm soaked in drooling cunt slime dripping off.

Obara felt her body suddenly fall off the precipice “Oh! Yes yes yes AUUNNGGHHH! AAAWWWOOGGSSSS! MMNNGGHHIIIIEEE! Oh! Oh!” Oberyn let forth an earsplitting roar and shook violently her body convulsing with full body spasms that tried to rip her flesh off the bone. Her breast flipped up off her chest and slapped down hard with her shattering flips and jackknifes. She pitched forward and then snapped back her body flipping and surging as a fierce orgasm rocked her. "Anngghhhhh! Oowwggghhhhaaaa! Aaarrrgggguunnnggggg!" she groaned. "Oh ... sweet motherfucking seven gods! Oh ... shit! Unngghhh! Oh Godsdamnit!” Her body bucked up and down as Cersei finger fucked her exploding fuck hole. Obara’s strong body convulsed repeatedly with killing spasms of ecstasy for at least forty-five seconds before she suddenly went weak and slumped down.

Obara blearily watched Cersei keep her mouth glued to her cunt hole drinking down her love juice still weakly dribbling out her pussy. Cersei vocals loud and obscene with her snuffles and caws wallowing her face in to get every drop of sweet cum. Then Cersei softly tongued her reviving pussy, belly and inner thighs clean of cum.

In that time Ellaria had gotten up on the wide wooden slat sitting bench and was up on all fours as her father plowed Ellaria from behind his thick long cock slamming balls deep in her tight trim. Her heavy tits whiplashed forward and back. Obara smiled seeing Cersei eye Ellaria’s tits whiplashing. Then Cersei got up and effortless moved Obara to lie on the bench her head near Ellaria.

Cersei got up over Obara between her legs and settled down mating their pussies together and began to hump forward and back riding their cunts into each other in beautiful trib. Soon their love juice slicked couchies were sliding and grinding hard against each other as Cersei ground her cunt down into Obara’s swollen muff. Their labia lips stretched and dragged around and clits jacking over the other’s mate. They kissed ravenously.

Obara loved feeling Cersei’s small soft titties flattened and wallowing over her spread out firm
Obara watched Ellaria lower her face to hers. Now they were kissing deeply their tongues locked around each other. Ellaria’s face jammed into hers by her father’s thrusts up Ellaria’s hot tight pussy. Then as they broke for air Cersei’s face was there and now Obara cried out and gagged having two tongues hotly slithering and dueling in her mouth as three tongues wetly wrestled in her mouth.

They all broke the kiss as Ellaria’s head started to thrash and her body bucked wildly as she cummed hard on her father’s cock ripping hard into her belly. Ellaria’s screams echoing off the walls of the sauna. Then his father yelled and his body shook hard as he spurted deep in his lover’s womb.

Cersei was slam fucking her hard her small tits whiplashing on her chest as she clutched her fingers on the bench and her ass cheeks dimpled slamming her cunt into Obara’s snatch. Obara had her thighs loosely gripping Cersei’s hips squeezing to pull her lover even harder down into her body. Obara’s body rocked forward that small fraction form Cersei’s body slamming down into hers. Obara swirled her pussy up to meet Cersei’s thrusts. Obara had gripped Cersei’s biceps now and held on hard. Her body on fire. She cried out feeling her clit jacked again and again by Cersei’s rigid clit. They looked deep into each other’s lust glazed eyes. Obara’s head rocked up of the bench as she felt her womb explode.

"Onngghmnnngggieee! Onngghhhngggieee! Ohhhhnggg! Unghhh! Cersei ... yes unghhhhh! Aunngghhiieee! Onngggmnnngg圭iee!" Obara screamed, twisting and clenching under Laura’s hammering cunt and groin slam fucking her exploding box. Cersei hunched down and sucked Obara’s left nipple deep into her mouth Obara whimpered, whinnied, then unleashing another cascade of shrieks" Onngghhnggg圭ieee! Aunngghhiieee! Onngggmnnng圭iee!" Obara was driven nearly insane with ecstasy. “I love you Cerseeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii
She turned her head frightened too afraid to look at Cersei who slowed and then stopped her tribbing. Obara had not meant to declare her love so soon! “Look at me Obara” she softly called down to Obara. Obara whimpered and shook her head ‘no’. “I said look at me Obara” Cersei repeated softly in a gentle cooing tone. Now crying Obara shook her head ‘no’. She moaned feeling Cersei press her body down on hers and moaned at the divine feeling of delicious sweat soaked skin to skin contact.

Cersei’s hands slide into her hair and easily righted her head even though Obara tried to keep her head tilted over. Then Obara whimpered feeling Cersei kiss all over her face softly and blowing on her face with a whispery breath. “Look at me Obara” Cersei again commanded softly.

She did and Obara’s breath caught seeing hot burning throbbing passion in Cersei Lannister’s eyes. “I love you too you silly sand snake.” Cersei bent her head down slowly and kissed Obara deeply her tongue wrapping around Obara’s tongue and squeezing. They snooged for a long minute. ”I love you with all my heart and all my soul Obara. Never doubt that my love. Cersei looked over at Ellaria and Oberyn rutting. Cersei called out “Oberyn”.

Obara looked back behind her. Her father was going down on Ellaria again eating her out in sloppy seconds. He lifted his head wet with Ellaria pussy. From above her Cersei told her father “From this day forward I am Cersei Sand ... like my brother I renounce my heritage. I am now a sand snake bonded to Obara.”

Oberyn looked at Cersei “Are you sure?”

“Yes” was the answer without hesitation. Obara started crying again.

“So be it” Oberyn answered and mashed his face back into Ellaria’s pussy slurping away totally enjoying himself.

Cersei continued to press into Obara kissing her. Obara wrapped her legs and arms around Cersei and pulled her down into her voluptuous body and they snooged and kissed deeply in new love.

Cersei then pulled back and quickly sat up and got one foot on the floor lifting Obara’s right leg and titling it up and back to rest the calf on her shoulder. She moved in and locked their pussies tight and mashed her leg down into the bench behind Obara’s ass. Cersei began to sweep her aching trim back and forth over Obara’s pussy in hard back and forth sweeps of her swollen muff.

Obara gagged in spent pleasure feeling their labia lips and clits rubbing and jack ing hard into each other. Cersei’s face was snarling and slashing with primal pleasure. Obara felt Cersei’s juices flowing out her pussy and basting her own quim with hot love juice. Their slicked folds had their pussies humping wildly. Obara felt the tension suddenly form again deep in her belly. She gripped Cersei’s ass and humped back wildly now her strength returned.

For the next four or five minutes Cersei humped down into Obara’s pussy jamming and grinding. She would do hard sweeps and then jam down and wallow in tight circles and have their pussies kiss and clits rub as shocking pleasure filled their bodies. Cersei pushed out Obara’s leg forward that had been resting against her body stretching out Obara’s cunt and rubbed down harder.

Obara saw Cersei’s face slashing horribly and her grunts primal. Obara’s own body was racing up to the stars again when both of their cunts exploded against each other. Hot cum gushed out rupturing couchies and soaked pussies, asses and groins in hot slimy milky cum. Their screams of passion and love echoed off the walls of the sauna. Wild convulsions ripped their bodies that bucked and flipped into each other pulping their camel toe’s into each other. Their cum slicked folds let their pussies slip and grind easily into each other.
“OOWWWGGGGGGG! HHNGGGGGGG! AAWWWOOGGGGG!” the golden haired beauty roared as her body convulsed and flipped wildly. Cersei’s little soft titties whipped up and down on her chest. Cersei’s body jackknifed forward and back violently in soul crushing ecstasy. Cersei screamed out “I Looovveee youuuuu Obbaarrraaa! Unngghhiieeee! Mmnngghhiieeee! Mmnnggghhiieeee!” the declaration and wails echoed off the walls.

Obara exploded with her sweet Cersei in hard orgasm. “GGOODDDSSDDAAAMMNNNNN! HHHUUUNNGGGGGGG! HHHNNNGGGGGGG! … fuck godsdamnnnnnn aawwwoooogggggg! Mmmgghhiieeee! Nnnhhheeeiiiiiiiiii! ... huunngg huunnnn ohhhh ... I love you so much Cerseiiiiiiiii!” Obara screamed feeling her cunt gush hot cum all over Cersei’s erupting cunt. Cersei’s cunt gushing cum that soaked both of their groins in slimy hot cum. Their convulsions locked their pussies even tighter in sync. Their wombs continued to convulse and pour out hot gushes of cum. Their locked twats, clenching ass cheeks and ass cracks were now dripping in slimy twat slime.

They collapsed whimpering with Cersei again lying out on Obara and kissing her deeply. Cersei pulled back to look at Obara with addled eyes but also pure love in her eyes that made the Sand Snake whimper in reflected pure love. Obara was in heaven feeling her Cersei’s body convulsing still with womb rending aftershocks that had Cersei mewling and her glazed eyes rolling back into her skull with each hard seizure of her aftershocks. Obara looped her arms and legs around the lithesome body of Cersei Sand and kissed her with every ounce of her love ramming her tongue down Cersei’s throat with spearing thrusts over and over. She relished how Cersei’s body was convulsing on top of her body still. Cersei’s body wiggled down into her woman’s sweat soaked skin to skin contact as Obara continued to spear her tongue down Cersei’s groaning cawing throat.

They broke for air. Cersei looked down at her.

“Let’s go home Obara.”

Obara’s heart soared. They got up quickly putting their clothes on half-way and walked out hand in hand. They were soon at Obara’s apartment. Cersei picked up Obara effortlessly opening the door with her hand. “I am going to fuck you so good baby! I love you sooooo much Obara.” Cersei told her locking their lips for another kiss as she took her mate into their new home kicking the door closed behind them.

Oberyn

The couple sat at the small circular table with the red granite-flecked top. Their two chairs were ornately carved in blooming flowers and vines up the backs. The breeze blew in through the open windows, over the kitchen countertop covered with a wax sheet of paper, displaying the cut rinds of cantaloupe and seeds scooped out of watermelon.

The collected melons were in a fire-baked clay bowl, painted and glazed with bands of complex, interlocking rows of geometric shapes in bands. The fresh fruit within had been mixed all together. Fingers reached into the bowl to pull out cubes that were succulent on the tongue. The fragrance of the fruit was thick in the room.

Ellaria was sitting on Oberyn’s lap, feeding him chunks of the fruit and shivering when he licked the fruity juice off her fingers. She was luxuriating in afterglow of a great night of sex. She and Oberyn were nude as their name days as they ate, and he kissed her neck.
“I was surprised by Cersei declaring herself a sand snake. She seems to have totally taken to the warrior way.” Oberyn told his life mate.

Ellaria chuckled “I know. I hated the ground the woman walked on, and hated breathing the air that she had polluted. Now, I want to fuck her and protect her.” She snorted. “Not like she needs any protecting anymore ... do you really think she is the one? ... have you told anyone?”

“No. On one would believe me anyways. Besides, she is still training. Myrion is still waiting for her to pass some test.”

“What is it?”

“He doesn’t know it either. He only says he will know when the time is come. He tells me she already has all the knowledge she needs within her.”

“That sounds scary, Oberyn.”

“Hhhmmm ... no, her loving Obara shows me she now has the temperament; and I could be wrong.”

Ellaria wiggled into Oberyn. “I want her, you know. The kisses I shared with Cersei and Obara in the sauna has only whet my appetite to have her, and it has been too long since I have had Obara in our bed.”

Oberyn kissed his mate. “Yes, I know you do. Leave them be, Ellaria. If down the road it happens, it happens.”

“You’re just pissed that Cersei only has eyes for Obara and me!” the woman chuckled.

Oberyn chuckled himself. It was probably true.

After the things Cersei had slowly told him over time about her treatment by her father and husband, he doubted she would ever crave another man’s touch. He was okay with that. If his daughter and his paramour found happiness with the harpy, he would be happy as well.

He laughed out loud.

“What is so funny, my love?”

“I just called Cersei a harpy in my mind, but it was more affectionate than anything else. I can’t believe how much I have come to like that woman. She is still fiery and has that biting tongue, but I like battling wits with that woman. You had better be careful with her sweetling ... her mouth is most dangerous.”

Oberyn smiled, seeing a dreamy look on Ellerai’s face “I know.” What a spell these women of Lannister and Baratheon had over the women of his House.

Ellaria began nibbling on his neck. He sighed. He would be late going to his office this morning.

Later, he sat at his desk. He was rolling two gold dragons between his fingers. He rolled the coins over each second knuckle, catching the coin as it rolled over his little finger and gripping the edge of the coin and sliding it underneath his fingers with his thumb, and up the outside of his index, then pushing the coin onto the top of the finger and start it rolling over between his knuckles again. His fingers and thumb constantly worked the coins.

Oberyn thought again of the new woman in his life. Cersei, like Myrcella, had joined into his family
and the House Martell was only stronger for it. He could still remember how he had wanted to hurt Cersei when she was disposed in King’s Landing. Given the excuse, he knew he would have gladly raped her to break her spirit.

He shivered at the thought. Putting a name to the face to a rape and now actually caring for the woman totally changed his perspective on using rape as a weapon in war. He would never again allow troops under his command to partake in such a vile heinous crime. He had seen the light on that matter.

He wondered if Cersei was the fulfillment of the prophecy. She was not from Dorne, and not a man but Daenerys seemed to have opened up new doors. What most people did not know was that there was more to the prophecy. What everyone remembered was the sand witch prophecy about the great sword of house Dayne.

Most had long forgotten the prophecy of the grey wolf that walked the high plain deserts of Dorne. How the wolf would come prowling down from the heights. The wolf would rend the throats of its enemies with its teeth.

Oberyn wondered. He remembered a beautiful wolf from long ago. A body never found.

Tyrion

Tyrion was walking back and forth in his apartment of the Hand. He stormed from one wall to the other wall muttering and looking about vilely. His foot kicked at unseen dust bunnies. He knew he was being watched and mocked and didn’t give a flip!

“Give it up, Imp.” Bronn barked at the dwarf. “You can start paying, starting with me.”

Tyrion made a small detour in his march of anger and kicked out at the bodyguard. Bronn easily hoped back out of range of the dwarf’s diminutive leg that shot out at him. “Ha! Missed you sawed off runt! I have seen weasels with greater reach!”

“And me, Tyrion ... never bet against a woman!” Shae crowed at the agitated Lannister. Tyrion turned his head slightly to glance at the beautiful whore. He did not like the shit eating grin on her face one bit! “You stupid idiot ... letting me triple the bet yesterday! I’m fucking rich, Bronn!” Shae smiled sweetly down at the dwarf who glared up at her.

Tyrion stopped and put his fists on his hips. “You know I could fire you both and kick you, destitute, to the curb ... I could put out word and you would never be hired again, Bronn. You ever think about that, hhmmmm?”

Bonn laughed so hard he nearly fell over. “And what about you, dwarf?! Who else will put up with your vile temper and having to take such small steps … plus, you won’t be able to ogle Shae’s delectable breasts.”

Tyrion’s head could not stop itself from turning to look at the whore. She was smiling evilly. She bent forward slightly so her delectable, small, high, firm breasts swished against the sheer fabric of her tight blouse. The friction of the fabric and being watched had her nipples rock hard, and poking out at Tyrion.

Tyrion cursed his cock for betraying him yet again as it stiffened.

He snarled at his weakness. He puffed out his chest and stood regally. He glared with royal ire.
“My gods Shae look at him puff out that birdcage!” Bronn pointed at Tyrion’s chest. “I have seen canary’s with bigger chests!”

Shae looked at Tyrion critically with an appraising look. “Believe me Bronn … that chest has no muscle on it” she pointed at Tyrion’s puffed out chest. A chest that promptly deflated.

“Fine, fine!” He stormed walking over to his chair in front of the fireplace and the raging fire and stepping up the step and plopped down on the chair. He sulked and fumed like the big baby he was.

He crossed his arms over his chest and pouted.

It was no fair! All his sister had to do was last two more days and he would have won the pool! The fucking bitch had been frigid practically since Jaime left. Sure, she had some one night stands, but they seemed to leave her even more cold and jaded. Her few trysts with women were loveless, and she had refused go down on them.

He had to admit from Varys’ reports, she sure knew how to use her fingers. That was beside the point!

His sister had cost him a fucking fortune! He had taken side bets, saying Obara would be the aggressor, that Cersei would never go down on Obara (Varys sparrows reported his sweet sister had pressed her face so hard and deep into Obara’s cunt they thought his sister was mining for diamonds in some deep mountain cave), he had doubled down that Cersei would never say I love you the first time they had sex. She could have least let him win that one bet!

Tyrion’s legs lifted up and slammed down on the chair cushion again and again fast and furious as he threw yet another temper tantrum. His body bounced on the cushions from his folded jerking arms.

Bronn spoke up “Look at him go Shae! He looks like some grotesque jack-in-the-box. Don’t you dwarf?!"

Tyrion lifted his right hand over the back of the chair giving them the bird.

Now Shae spoke up “Be happy for your sister Tyrion. It is the brotherly thing to do. Think of all the pussy she is getting … and not you!”

Tyrion lifted his other hand up now and flipped them off with both hands. His hands jerking up and down over the chair back with the motion of his kicking legs. He finally ran out of strength and stopped kicking his legs.

A thought crossed Tyrion’s mind. If his sister had turned lesbo and she was getting plenty of pussy … then maybe she would not be so quick to gut and kill him. Her strength and speed had reached almost supernatural dimensions. So had her appetites. She was fucking Obara all over the Dorne military academy. The woman was a fucking prude for god’s sake not some exhibitionist!

His scrotum started to shrink again remembering all of threats from his sister towards his person. He could see so clearly in his mind the savage hate on her face. Tyrion looked over his shoulder around the chair at his body guard. They were beside the table of the Hand. Bronn was nibbling Shae’s neck and trying to squeeze the whore’s breast. As Tyrion watched a sharp elbow from Shae hit Bronn in his false rib making him howl and fall to the ground clutching his ribs writhing in pain.

He was paying good wages for this?! Tyrion groused to himself. Bronn sucked as a bodyguard, and, not in a good way!

Tyrion turned to look back into the roaring flames. I’m doomed he thought. He stared into the
flames for a few minutes counting all gold dragons he had lost because of his sister. *Damn her!*

He heard cards being shuffled.

“Tyrion—get your sulking ass over here and let’s play some poker, dwarf. You can lose still more money this day!”

Bronn and Shae were horrible poker players Tyrion snorted to himself. Then he smiled. Of course they were. They all knew it. Bronn was an ass, but a sweet one.

When he wanted to be.
Chapter Notes

AN #1: I wrote this back in 08/15. It is like Mirror Mirror in that I could not really graft it onto a main story chapter and have it fit in well, thus, the stand alone.

AN #2: Lots of masturbation.

AN #3: The rest of the story is almost exclusively the march North and eventual confrontation with the Ice King. There will be one more Pride of Dorne chapter near the end. Also, two books of Preludes. A lot of the second book will be Arya's adventures in Braavos and maybe other Free Cities. Westeros will have its half as well. The Preludes set up characters that will be in the second book.

Chapter 37

Night of the Naughty Warg

Dany / Arya / Dany / Arya

Dany

Dany was in her suite sitting on her bench seat in front of her large dresser mirror. She was looking in the mirror as she rubbed in body lotion from Lyse. The liquid made her skin glow and as the reddish tinted liquid soaked into her pours her skin heated up and she felt a slight throbbing in her pussy as the aphrodisiac started to flow in her blood.

It was not strong. This was not a concoction that was meant to seduce but to enhance. Her libido was working just fine as her long slender pale fingers rubbed up and down her arms. She had on her new sheer silk night gown that barely went down over her ass cheeks. As she sat on her bench the short gown left her pussy exposed to the cool air on her heated couchie. Her shaved pussy quivered in anticipation. A wicked smile crossed her beautiful face.

Her semi-erect nipples poking out the sheer material tenting the silk felt so good on her mildly throbbing nipples. They knew what this night would entail.

Dany hummed as she finished with her arms and now ran her hands up and down her upper legs and then lower as she looked into the mirror. Her eyes lidded with simmering lust.

Tonight she was going to take her relationship to a new level with Arya. Well, on a more personal level the Queen smirked to herself. She had yet to figure out the puzzle that was Arya. She was frustrated as hell with the girl. The Queen was fighting her rising lust and passion for the girl. Her body sometimes shook with love for the girl.

She knew she had to take it slow with the girl. She was so innocent and pure. Daenerys wanted her something fierce but knew that with Arya Stark she had something precious in her cupped hands. She needed to go slow. The Queen knew that with Arya she had a chance at real love. A love that
could stand a life time of commitment. To have that possibility the Queen was willing to move slow and make sure that she had the girl fall well and truly in love with her.

Daenerys knew she was falling in love with the girl. She knew what society expected of her. To find a man to make her king and produce male heirs to continue her kingdom. Those thoughts made her angry. Very angry. She had not conquered half the known world to have to live a lie. She did not and would not ruin her kingdom like Robert Baratheon had for the supposed love of Lyanna Stark.

The woman had not loved Robert and ran away with the man she did love, Rheagar Targaryen. The result had been a war that brought ruin to many houses and left fields of dead. That was something that she would never do her homeland. She would just have to figure out how to proceed. If she could get Eddard Stark to give his daughter’s hand to her in marriage then that would put a quell on the agitators.

If the two greatest leaders were united then she could have her Queen. They could not be stood against with two such mighty warriors and leaders. Daenerys smiled to herself. With her sword masters and Eddard Stark in her camp she would have literally all the greatest swords on two continents. When you added Brienne, Arya and herself to the mix no one with half a brain would dare challenge her marriage. Still that was putting the cart before the horse. She had a war to win and then she could ask Eddard for his daughter’s hand in marriage. He seemed to love his children to a fault. Hopefully, the man was not a phob. Hopefully, the man could handle the idea of the same sex finding love with their own sex.

She knew it would be a shock to the man but hopefully he could handle it without losing his mind.

Daenerys was still trying to control her emotions. She knew that if she fell hopelessly in love with the girl and was rejected that a part of her would die. The Queen looked at herself in the mirror. She smirked again. She was contemplating the true love that bards penned long ballads about. Tonight was about something else. Something more primal. This was about taking pleasure. The Queen loved to masturbate. A lot. Tonight she was going to take that in a new direction and it would be so delicious.

It was naughty. She liked it.

Her hands trembling slightly when she rubbed the liniment into the tight muscles of her belly. Daenerys gagged feeling those delicious spasms deep in her core. Her pussy was getting wet and her womb quivered deep in her belly. She was falling in love. She was still trying to half way fight it. She knew what her duties were to the realm. She was afraid that Arya would one day realize that she wanted to settle down with some odious knight or Lord. That galled her!

She was still halfway fighting her feelings of deep abiding love but she was not fighting her lust. She thought of a saying she heard in Lys. “Lust to Love.” If she got Arya into her bed she would rock the girl’s world. Sex could led to true love if both women were primed. Gods knew that Daenerys felt she was. She freely admitted that to herself now.

Finally, seeing Arya’s wonderful hot body had the Queen’s body pumped and quivering with raw aching need. Those moments of seeing the girl’s nude body was rocking Daenerys. She would masturbate while her Princess was near bathing and luxuriating in the royal bath. Daenerys imagined the hot lovemaking that she and Arya would partake of. Those thoughts led to the fantasy of Arya being the woman she wanted her to be. She wanted Arya to be her consort and queen.

If only she could she could have the girl! Her needs and the needs of her Kingdom collided and were opposed to each other. Daenerys was still coming to terms with that. She wanted more each
day to have Arya on her elbow openly as her Queen. She was brilliant and crafty. Surely she could make it come to pass.

Her arms and legs now massaged with the sensual lotion Dany spread her legs. The short gown had worked up over her groin to expose her freshly shaved vulva. The skin all baby smooth and sensitive. She loved the smoothness of her shaved pussy. It made each touch and rub that much more powerful without anything in the way. She loved being able to see her pussy all swollen and wet.

She had loved the fact that Chataya and Alayaya had a policy that all their whores stay shaved. Their pussies and assholes baby smooth. It drove the Queen wild. Arya she saw with her briefest of glimpses kept her hair closely cropped but she would try and persuade her princess to go bald as well. She drooled thinking of helping her love to shave her puss and her sweet asshole.

The Queen had started to shave her pussy in her time with the Khalasar. She had loved the feel of it. Doreah was a big proponent of it. She had told the young girl it made everything more intense. At first Dany had not kept her mons shaved all the time. She would let her hair grow but keep it closely cropped. Then when the mood struck her she would go baby smooth again. But as time went by and she had more time and the camp accruals she shaved more often till she now shaved her pussy smooth as soon as she felt any stubble. She shaved every other night if she could. If she shaved every night her pussy would sometimes get red and little bumps rise up. But tonight she shaved again and her pussy was baby smooth. Her break in routine had not irritated her mons. She just liked how it felt. Her shaved pussy rubbing her silk short clothes always sensual. Tonight she had shaved her pussy with extra attention to detail to make sure she was absolutely baby smooth. She wanted to be totally bald for what she had in mind for tonight. She wanted herself fully exposed.

She poured a small portion of the lotion into the palm of her hand and rubbed the potion into her pussy soothing it with a slow sensual swirl of her hands. Her hands slowly stroked up and down her slit and rubbed over her clit.

“Ummnngggg … ohhhh ohhh uummngggg!” the Queen softly moaned as she felt her labia lips swelling and her wetness increasing. She backed off her hedonistic pursuits. She shivered thinking of what tonight should bring.

She had more than one reason for shaving her pussy this night.

Unwarranted her hands drifted back down her quivering body. She moaned. Her body had other thoughts on what her hands should be doing. Dany knew she was such a wicked girl.

Dany rubbed her cunt up and down her body shivering at the delicious slick friction. Her wetness allowed her fingers to easily slide up and down her slit. Her fingers rubbing up and down her pink slit and playing with her swelling inner lips. Lips her fingers rolled and pressed into stretching them out. Her slicked lips slowly teased open showing her wet drooling slit and red clutching love hole. The sensations sweet and intoxicating. Up and down she rubbed herself. Her eyes now heavily lidded with lust. Dany then took the sides of her slick hands and ran them up and down her groin between her thighs and mound pressing into her vulva making it mash in blooming out her inner labia lips and putting pressure on her swelling clit.

The change in method had her gagging in soul searing pleasure. Her belly tightening and spasming sweetly. Hard pulses hitting her clit making her mewl in excitement. She longed to plunge her fingers deep into her drooling fuck hole and work her clit.

STOP! … stop she ordered herself. With an effort of will she jerked her hands up and away from
her swollen puss. Not yet … I have a plan … She willed her body to relax and resumed contemplating the source of her current dilemma. She felt her excitement lessen and her nipples and pussy went from pounding to a dull peal of repressed need. She had something else to contemplate. How to grapple with the enigma that was Arya Stark.

She would not force herself on the Stark girl. It was just she was just so fucking frustrating! She would think she was receiving signals of interest and to proceed with seducing and taking what she had come to think of as hers. Then the next moment that stiff necked Stark reserve had Daenerys confounded and doubting all her assumptions.

She had come up with the mirror idea to see her wanted lover naked and had been shocked by the power of her lust that hammered through her body. Just the idea of seeing the teenager naked had Dany shaking with lust. To finally see the sixteen year olds body had the Queen near drooling. She needed to see Arya’s sweet pussy and those plum nipples that had tempted her for months now. Those sweet succulent bulbs that would swell up in Arya’s excitement of sword fighting or when her skin dried in the breezes of the courtyard. Dany sometimes felt her eyeballs would pop out of her head she stared so hard at those beautiful plum nipples. She had to fight herself and not leer at the girl. Dany did not want to scare Arya off.

Dany had been shocked at first the affect the girl had on her. Then when she thought more on it why shouldn’t she feel that affect. The girl was definitely putting Dany under her spell. It was amazing how without incantation or runes the girl was putting Dany under her spell. Dany was finding that innocence itself was a spell; a sweet aphrodisiac. Dany loved everything about the girl and Dany’s body only lusted after the girl more as time moved by.

The girl had as usual gone to great pains to make sure (she thought) Dany was not observing her body. The girl should be shamelessly displaying her body to Dany the Targaryen peevishly thought to herself. She flexed her body drawing her hips up and slamming her ass back down on the bench in frustration. Daenerys had a wild impetuous side that she worked to control. *She hated to lose!*

Dany took a deep breath. The Queen and Arya were doing a dance of dragon and wolf. Unfortunately, the steps were awkward and mistimed. She longed to dance with Arya. A dance of wolves. Tonight she was going to take her Dance with Wolves higher with a new dance step. This one not awkward. A new minuet with a more sensual rhythm.

Dany picked up her brush and started to brush out her long platinum tresses so that they were silky and radiant. She wanted her body to be perfect tonight. She smiled wickedly licking her sensual lips with the tip of her tongue. She thought of putting in some of her Dothraki bells but decided against it. She wanted her body completely shorn of any adornments.

Plus, she did not want Arya to sense that what Dany had planned had been mapped out for a week now. Dany shivered again thinking of what was to occur soon.

Her masturbation to relieve her lust with the bathing Arya each day had in time given her a new idea. Lately, Arya’s Direwolf had started to visit her quarters. She had seen the mighty wolf gambling down the hall before her quarters. Her Bloodriders and Unsullied had become almost blasé around the great beast. They would scratch her ears and nose when she stopped to woof at them before moving down the halls.

Ten days ago she had been out at a late meeting and found Arya’s wolf cantering by her doorway. She loved the wolf and invited the wolf into her domicile. The Direwolf had woofed excitedly and pressed her nose into the Queen’s door. Dany had laughed. Invitation accepted. She had a plate of rolled ham and roast beef in her room. Nymeria instantly spied the treats and whined wagging her tail. Daenerys smiling happily feed the beast the plate. The wolf ate the treats in greedy gulps. Then
the wolf flopped on her back and wiggled looking at the Queen. The meaning clear.

Scratch me. The Queen had laughed getting on the floor to do the wolf’s bidding. She did not mind in the least. She had kept the wolf in her quarters for several hours. She had more cut broiled meats brought in that the wolf wolfed down. Dany snickered at her own pun. Only with a fat belly and lots of scratches did the Queen release the wolf to go back to her master.

She knew that Arya was warged in Nymeria when the direwolf visited her room almost nightly now. At first she had not sensed the girl in the wolf. Then the fourth night while she scratched the wolf’s ears Arya was there.

She had known of the traditional North mythology of the Warg. At first she thought it was myth but she had seen enough since arriving in Westeros that when Arya displayed this ability she was not been nonplussed. Arya only warged into her Direwolf when she wanted to see what Nymeria was doing or to take on her wolf’s senses to fully scope out an area to make sure it was safe with the Queen. Arya would go stiff and her eyes glazed while in her wolf.

Arya explained to her Queen that one had to be careful warging into your familiar. The histories were filled with sad stories of people losing themselves inside the animals they warged into. Arya did not want to make that mistake. Arya made it sound like it was a rare thing to loose oneself inside your familiar. Arya was making sure to not be a sad tale. Arya made it seem she rarely warged into Nymeria.

She now knew that was not so. Dany with her connection to her dragons had developed a fine sense of the animals around her. She got to “know” the animals. She had with her dragons. Then she had with Missandei’s Shadowclaw and now she had with Nymeria. She was not sure how but some subtle difference in the wolf alerted the Queen that Arya was inside of her wolf. The girl hidden beneath the fur and sinew. The Stark teenager hidden as she watched, listened, smelled and felt what her wolf sensed.

So the Queen knew of Arya’s little secret. A secret that the girl did know she knew. That made for such delicious possibilities. So now Dany smiled harder as she scratched the wolf harder. Nymeria worming her head into the fingers of the Queen woofing softly. The Queen formed a plan to use the Stark girl’s surreptitious spying to her advantage.

Dany came back to the present. She smirked at the reflection looking back at her with mischievous eyes. They both had their secrets. It was so good though when one knew the other’s secrets and not vice versa. She was going to have a grand time tonight. Dany shivered feeling her baby smooth puss clench which made her belly knot up. The pleasure intense had her gagging in need. Dany relaxed with a force of will. Soon!

Dany was going to make a positive out of what was nearly a negative. Her orgasms thinking of having Arya when she bathed in the next room had been explosive. It felt like her womb was ripping itself inside out deep in her belly as she orgasmed thinking of her sweet wolf in the bath. Most times she imagined her walking into the royal bathing suite and stepping into the tub and sinking into the water to join her longed for lover. In her mind’s eye they would be making mad passionate love.

Dany had perfected the half strangled screams as she plunged her fingers into her slurpy cunt finger banging her twat to gut wrenching orgasms each day as Arya bathed. She had more flowers in her room and a big peacock fan she used to air out her room after her masturbation sessions. It was so wicked with Arya in the tub washing away innocently as her Queen jilled off in the next room thinking of taking her wolf and making her howl.
With what she had in mind tonight she did not have to worry about violating Arya’s sanctity. The girl would be free to do as she choose. She would not have to fear of violating the girl’s integrity or body. The idea had cummed to her three nights ago she chuckled with the pun in her mind. If Arya stayed warged into Nymeria then that was her choice. She dearly hoped the girl would not leave her wolf with what she had in mind.

Arya was about to get a night she would never forget and Dany would be able to get closer to the object of her dreams and passion.

Dany’s body ached for the young Stark princess.

Dany had rubbed the lotion into her body and she felt elated. Her body was so ready to proceed.

She heard the door being scratched and smiled. It was time to put her plan in motion.

Dany walked to the door and opened it. Her Bloodrider smirked at her attire. She had told him her plan and he had laughed. “You are most devious Khaleesi” Aggo said approvingly. The Unsullied of course were unmoved. The direwolf loped into the room sniffing as she usually did and walked the circuit it always did making sure the Queen was safe. Dany smiled at the wolf being so possessive of her safety. The wolf poked its nose into all the corners and searched the alcoves and closets. Dany felt so safe knowing that Arya’s wolf was so protective of her.

Finished with her protective duty the Direwolf eyed the large table in the corner that had a large plate heaped up with cuts of freshly cooked meats. Dany put the plate on the floor not wanting to get her fingers soaked in the grease and blood of the meal for Nymeria. Those fingers had another task tonight. The wolf woofed happily and quickly consumed the mound of cut meat. Finished the Direwolf licked her chops and then rolled over onto her back and turned her head to look expectantly at the Queen.

Dany laughed getting on her knees beside the wolf and gave her the expected belly and throat rub. Dany didn’t mind in the least and proceeded to give Nymeria the thorough scratching and belly rubs she demanded. The wolf squirmed in pleasure and chuffed its pleasure. Her long tongue lulling out and her tail thrashing on the floor.

This had been the routine that they quickly established. Dany would feed the wolf. Then she then pet and scratch the pleasure hound. Then Dany would do some work or read while Nymeria laid down beside her and let the Queen rub and scratch her. For an hour the wolf would laze about before she would get up to put her nose in the door. The Queen would let the wolf out and Nymeria would give the Queen one good body rub marking the Queen as hers and then leave.

Dany could feel Arya moving in and out her wolf. The girl spying on the Queen. She probably enjoyed the sensations of being fed a meal she truly enjoyed through the wolf’s senses. Arya had told the Queen that she experienced all the senses her wolf did. Thus, Arya was probably luxuriating in the affection that Dany gave the wolf.

Innocent pleasure. Tonight that would change. So Dany went through her now normal nightly routine with the wolf. She fed and petted the wolf making her squirm and legs run in the air.

She could feel Arya in the wolf. She loved the fact that Arya was looking at her in her sheer negligee. She knew her charms were on full display to the woman she was falling in love with. No. Be honest. Had fallen in love with. The woman she desperately wanted to share her life, love and bed. The woman she feared she might never have. *If only the girl would give her a clear sign!*

Dany smirked again. She was about to post a big sign herself.
Dany went to sit on the edge of her high royal bed. The wolf came to sit in front of her. Its large head turning to look at her with intelligent eyes. Yes, Dany thought, perfect. The massive beast so large its head was right in front of her. The wolf’s eyes right in front of her nude body. The wolf looked up and down her body. Dany shivered hard. That had to be Arya’s doing! Arya thought she was hot! Arya may not desire her as a lover but she would definitely see Dany in a new light after tonight.

Dany wiggled on the bed. She sensed Arya most definitely in her Direwolf. The great beast was on her haunches staring at her with those golden intelligent eyes. Eyes that were backlight with steel grey eyes of her master Arya Stark. Dany smirked yet again. This was going to be so naughty and so delicious. Her tummy clenched in anticipation.

The Queen adjusted herself on bed. She moved her rump forward to sit on the edge of her large king size bed with canopy. Dany put her ass comfortably on the edge of the bed. This had her wet camel toe out jutting in front of the wolf’s eyes. She made sure to sit with her legs parted to fully expose her wet pussy to the wolf’s eyes and by proxy Arya’s eyes. Her ultra-short slip riding up fully exposing her exposed wet cunt. Dany always loved being nasty when it came to sex. She loved exposing her pussy to Arya. The essence of her womanhood. She leaned in and started to scratch the wolf’s ears and run her hands up the ears as the wolf’s eyes closed and woofed softly in pleasure.

She knew the beast’s pleasure at her tactile scratching of the wolf’s ears and head was being transmitted to Arya. While not sexual it had to be pleasurable. A mere prelude to what she had in mind.

She scratched the beast’s head and then the beast rolled onto the floor on its back. Dany understood that the wolf wanted its belly scratched yet again, but, she also understood the wolf trusted her completely. Nymeria had total trust in Dany letting her rub her exposed belly and sides. This made a warm feeling spread inside Daenerys. Arya’s wolf accepted her. Hopefully, one day Arya would accept her as more than just Queen to High princess. Hopefully, Arya would accept her as her lover. The Queen would let Arya see just how wild and wanton she could be.

Dany got back down on the floor to rub and scratch hard the belly of Nymeria. The wolf wiggled and grunted in hedonistic pleasure. She knew Arya was getting pleasure from this as well. The warg experienced all that its familiar felt. She knew that Arya had seen her pink pussy all open and inviting before her. Up close and waiting for her. Up close and waiting for her.

Dany wanted to get to masturbating but Nymeria had needs that she was happy to fulfill.

Dany laughed as the wolf got up and barked chasing its tail and then flopping down for another round of belly scratching. She spent fifteen minutes giving the pleasure that scratching gave the wolf. The wolf craved her fervid scratching. The wolf was a definite pleasure hound. Dany loved her dragons dearly but there was just something sweet about playing with the silly wolf of Arya.

Again, the Queen marveled at how well her dragons and the Direwolves of Winterfell got along.

Finished the wolf sat up and looked at her expectantly. Dany had an extra treat for the wolf tonight. Dany smiled walking over to the covered dish on the night stand beside the head of the bed on the right. Nymeria looked at her drooling as she made a show of looking at the dish and making a show of slowly reaching for the cover. Nymeria woofed in a nervous bark of expectation. Dany uncovered the dish. Nymeria’s tail started to swish excitedly.
Dany wanted Arya’s wolf in a very happy state for the festivities that were about to commence. Good feelings all around to set the environment. Dany took the time to put on a riding glove on her right hand. She wanted her hands clean. She started to throw tender chunks of roasted lamb to the wolf. Nymeria snatching the chunks out of the air and snapping her jaws as she wolfed down the tasty chunks. Dany cleaned off the large plate of treats laughing as she always did at the wolf’s zeal in snatching the night’s treats out off the air.

Dany removed her glove and then put her hands in a bowl of scented water to wash them. She then towed her hands dry. She was ready.

The routine that had been established, that she would now open the door and let the wolf bound out the room and back to her waiting master. She was sure that was what Arya expected as she lay hidden in her wolf. Dany smirked. As long as Arya stayed warged into Nymeria her body would be inert. It was perfect. She would rock Arya’s world.

Tonight it was time to start a new routine. To build a new pattern.

Dany stood up in front of her bed stretching her back and arching it hard groaning at the pleasure of stretching and popping her vertebra. She also knew this threw her medium sized but high setting firm breast out. Her firm titties on full display as they were outlined clearly in the thin sheer material. Her now fully erect nipples poking out the silk clearly on display. Nymeria was staring at her intently.

Just like the Queen had planned. Now the Queen not looking at the wolf innocently reached down to the short hem of her slip and pulled it slowly up her body. She moved slowly and slightly pivoted her body to fully show off her womanly charms. Only then did Dany pull it off her head. Her long hair trapped in the neck and slowly cascading down in ribbons to fall down onto her back with a few locks over her front and her firm swollen breast with now hard aching nipples. She again gripped her hands together above her head and stretched making hedonistic sounds of pleasure feeling her back stretch most pleasingly.

The Valyrian could sense her Arya in the wolf and she could feel her excitement. Her plan was working to perfection. Dany’s cunt swollen and wet. Dany was ready to blow the young Stark’s mind.

Still not making hot direct eye contact so as to scare away the young Stark. She hid her simmering lust for a few moments more. Dany sat on the edge of the bed and scooted back slowly until her back was against the broad and high backboard. Dany now kept eye contact with the wolf. She wanted Arya’s full attention now. Dany rested her head back against the headboard. The dark hard mahogany pressed along her spine. Dany closed her eyes and slowly spread her toned and limber legs out wide.

Her wet cunt now wide open to the teenager’s gaze. Dany looked down at her swollen pussy all dark pink with blood rush. Her cunt ached so bad and her womb throbbed deep in her belly. She could feel her pussy leaking juice out and running down her perineum. She felt her slimy pussy juice weep down over her clutching anus and then down her ass crack. She loved feeling her wet love juices basting her groin and ass. It made her feel so slutty and beautiful. She was hot and knew it. She had seen so many look at her with lust glazed eyes seeing her body on full display. She wanted so bad to see that same look in Arya’s eyes.

Dany had closed her eyes shivering in her simmering lust. Dany slowly opened her violet orbs to stare directly into the wolf’s orbs. A surrogate for her hoped for lover’s steel grey eyes. The wolf stared at her intently with its head tilted over. The wolf was naturally curious but the intense focus told the Queen that Arya was indeed inside her wolf. She could feel Arya.
Dany brought her hands up and slowly, lightly, began to sensually to rub them over face. She ran her hand slowly up and down her facial features hedonistically stroking her own body. Like her sweet lost Doreah had taught her so long ago when she was given to Dany to teach her the arts of lovemaking. One had to love and worship ones own body before you could worship another lover’s body. Dany luxuriated feeling the ghost caresses of her fingertips over her face and throat.

Dany extended her wet tongue to lick her fingers gliding over her bee stung lips. Gods Dany loved the feel of wet female tongues on her body.

Her touch ingnited the longing that always near the surface in the Valyrian’s body now. Desires for the Sapphic touch. She longed for the female touch and now the touch of one particular woman. She craved lovemaking that made repressed desires for the female form ignite and burn deep in belly and not the touch of men. She had accepted Drogo’s touch because she must but never truly craved. Others she had fucked only for political expediency.

Dany ran the fingers through her long silky tresses moaning at the touch. The touch of fingertips on her scalp made her breath hitch and the feel of her long tresses slowly slipping though her fingers had her pulse quivering and accelerating. Her fingertips giving her body sweet promises of pleasure to come. Dany loved touching herself and hoped the Stark loved touching herself.

Dany wanted her woman in touch with her own body. If her dreams ever bore fruition she planned on watching the Stark girl fucking herself to self-pleasured orgasms. She would want to watch this over and over. Dany never tired of watching a woman jill herself off and cum screaming in orgasm. A woman who masturbated freely without guilt always cummed hard. What woman did not know her own sweet spots and how to stroke them?

Dany wanted and ached to share this with the Arya. A woman should never feel ashamed of touching and loving her own body. She longed to masturbate over and over for Arya. She would fuck herself freely and as many times as Arya would want to witness her lover explode as her wife worked her own cunt and asshole to shrieking orgasms. Dany wanted to watch her wolf savor each hard masturbatory orgasm Dany stroked out her exploding twat as she screamed Arya’s name.

She had been fucking the whores that Tyrion supplied to her. These women were fully in touch with their own bodies. Dany had watched vividly as these women stroked their own bodies with expert skills. Dany always felt her belly on fire watching other women masturbate. She would start with the idea to only watch many times but often she had opened herself up to her whore’s eyes. Her need to masturbate with the whores too great to ignore. She would let her fingers and toys join in as she pleasured herself as the whores jilled off to screaming cunt ripping orgasms. Her wails soon joining her bedmates. Gods she loved to masturbate. A lot! The Queen would never tire of plucking her own body to orgasm and watching other women do so.

She realized Arya might need some coaxing on that front. She was a shy girl and would probably deny she even jilled off. But when they became lovers (she dearly hoped) she would coax her sweet wolf to masturbate openly, freely and often for her dragon as she would for her wolf.

Dany’s head tilted back as she moaned lightly rubbing her throat and then upper chest with one hand while her other continued stroking her face and running over her full bottom lip stretching it and her tongue came out to lightly trace her fingers. She loved stroking herself sensually her fingers till running through her hair and over her face with the merest ghost tracings. The slight touch hitting her like a mallet hitting an anvil. Her pussy throbbing and her nipples jangling with pulses now of aching pleasure.

“Uunnggggg” whimpered when first one hand and then other found her aching breast. She first cupped and then massaged her grapefruit sized breast rolling her breast in her fingers milking them
filling them with sweet sensual fire. Her mouth fell open as she started to pant and perspiration started to film her forehead and upper lip. Again and again she rotated her hands over her grapefruit sized breast. Her calloused palm rasping her nipples gagging the Queen with raw pleasure. Her breast filled with sensual pleasure that started to arch to her clt making her mewl in pleasure.

“Ummnnggg … oh ohhh oh yeesss hhnnnnggg hhnnnn hhnnnn huunnggg!” the Queen cawed her body now beginning to burn with rising pleasure.

Her clit was pulsing in time to the hands pleasuring her breasts.

Dany’s hands cupped her beast and ground her calloused palms into her stiff nipples. Where before she had lightly glided over her nipples the Valyrian now ground her palms into her tits. Her fingers coming down now to squeeze and pulp her tits hard like she loved it. She hard rasped her sensitive nubbins. She clenched her fingers rhythmically into her breast the digits sinking deep into her tits and mauled them like she liked. She gripped her tits with her fingers and the webbing near her thumbs and pulped squeezed. The pressure and force had her gagging in raw wanton pleasure.

The friction sent lightning bolts to her now hard nubbin jutting out its hood. The nubbin was shiny and wet with her lubrication. Her hands mashed in roughly rolling her tits and then they were cupped again before she massaged and pulled on her small engorged teats. She pulled on them squeezing as intense bolts shot straight to her clt. Her head lulled over and her face slashed with pleasure. Her breathing getting a little ragged as her body filmed with perspiration. Perspiration that was now starting to bead in her warm room. She was on fire. Her love of masturbation and knowing she was sharing this most intimate of acts with the woman she was falling deeply in love with had her body primed for a configuration.

Dany’s head lulled over to the other side. “Ohhhh . . . nnnnggg! Oh! Oh gods, yessssss unngg uunngg!” the Queen moaned as her groin started to instinctively hump up in raw wanton need. She gripped her nipples pinching hard her face twisting up in ecstasy as she tented her beast pulling up before releasing her nipples only to again to massage and milk. Back and forth the Queen pinched her nipples hard and pulled up tenting her areolas and nipples her face twisted with shocking pleasure.

Dany’s breath was beginning to deepen and become more ragged. The film of perspiration now making her body glow as her heated skin flushed with hot pumping blood marking her desire. Sweat had begun to run down her body. “Hunngg hhnnngg hhnggg!” Dany gasped as she ran one hand up to her face and rubbed it all over with a feathery touch while her other hand began to run slow lazy circles up and down her muscled stomach and traced the valley between her ribs.

The Targaryen had always believed in pleasuring all of her body that she could reach. She loved to work her ribs and the line of her ribcage with her hands circling up to work her breast and down to rube her belly before again working her ribs. She alternated in the pressure she used to stroke her torso. First with moderate force and then the slightest ghost tracing. The difference in tactile sensations made her cunt so wet.

All this foreplay had her cunt clenching and pulsing so hard with the need to be fucked.

While she worked her whole body Dany’s hands painted a masterpiece with her breast rolling, pinching her nipples and then massaging her breast and at times her hands mashed in on her bosom grinding her tits into her ribcage gagging her with hard pulses of ecstasy. She moved her hands down to work her torso to let her body simmer and baste in the sweet sensations her tits had filled her belly with before going back for more.

Then one hand or both ran up and down her body from her lower stomach up to her face stroking
her face and fanning her hair out between her long slender delicate fingers.

Dany’s core was on fire. She had waited long enough. She had delayed to give Arya a hot show. She looked directly into the direwolf’s eyes and slowly ran her fingers down to her wet cunt. She ran her fingers into her slit and worked her fingers into her trench with her right hand and rubbed up and down slowly working her labia lips out spaying them on her wet vulva her womanhood of full display. She lazily traced her engorged inner lips and ghosted around her clitoral hood making he whinny in raw pleasure. Her left hand gripped her right nipple and squeezed at she pulled on it making her whimper in need.

Then she slowly spread those fingers out along her fuck hole. This was why she had shaved extra close tonight. True she loved the feel but she wanted nothing left to the imagination with her sweet innocent Arya. One day made no difference but she wanted to make an extra effort for her sweet wolf. She wanted Arya to see every delicate fold and ridge of vulva and her engorged clitoral hood and her throbbing clit jutting out its sheath all wet and whitish pink. She wanted Arya to see and feel raw lust for Dany. Dany wanted to plant the seeds of lust so they could take root and lead to her and Arya consummating their love in the near hoped for future.

Eyes locked with the wolf and Arya through Nymeria, Dany ran her left hand down her stomach that was palpating harder. She slowly worked her left hand fingers into her slit and she very slowly worked her fingertips along the edge of her wet hole. With both hands the white haired nymph pulled back on her vulva opening her cunt hole up. Her wet fuck hole fully exposed for Arya. Her inner folds and whorls clutched with the Targaryen’s breathing. Her hole dark, deep red and so fucking wet as her inner folds pulsed up and down so enticingly to the Stark girl.

Dany’s mound was slavered with glistening fuck nectars. “Oohhhhh yessss … ungggg … yes! Unnggg hnggg!” Dany moaned humping her pussy up to the wolf showing her and Arya her womanhood all wet and swollen all for Arya and only for her.

The back of Dany’s head mashed hard into the headboard her eyelids fluttering as she ran her fingertips along perimeter her hot hungry wet fuck hole. “Ooohhh yessss take it … take it … take it—it’s only yours baby!” the dragon mewled her head lulled over her pelvis humping up in a lewd dance of pure love. The Queen’s fingers working her mound with expert skills. Dany’s body now catching and jolting hard with hard pulses of ecstatic pleasure.

Arya

Arya was thrumming as Nymeria scratched at Dany’s door. She was so happy she had discovered her direwolf had been visiting the Targaryen Queen behind her back. When she had warged into Nymeria and felt Dany’s hands scratching the wolf’s belly as the Queen laughed and made cooing sounds running her fingertips over the wolf’s belly and along her ribs, Arya had been so happy. She did not feel direct erotic pleasure since her wolf felt none but the pleasure her wolf felt was an elixir to the Stark teenager. Arya soul squirmed at the pleasure her wolf felt since her body could not.

The wolf wiggled its back on the floor like a fish out of water. The wolf was in heaven being scratched and loved by the Queen.

After that the wolf was snapping cuts of tender steak out of the air gulping down as Arya enjoyed the sweet taste along with her wolf.

This had been going on for almost two weeks. Arya going into the room through Nymeria. Each night the Queen laughed while petting and scratching the wolf. Then after playtime each night a
plate of delectable succulent chunked meat awaited the wolf and Arya. Arya felt the pleasure her Direwolf felt wolfing down the choice cuts of cooked meat. Her wolf was definitely in wolf heaven between the food and scratches.

Arya relished this time with the Queen. Arya kept her secret close. She was terrified that the Queen would know she was in love with her. Then the Queen would give her a speech to grow up and that Dany was not that way. Or worse, the Queen could send her back North because of the unnatural desires that colored Arya’s affections. This way she could get Dany’s direct affection and felt her hands on her body. Even if it was not truly her body that had the Queen’s hands on.

This night Arya felt Nymeria woof when she entered into the Queens’ suite. The routine was the same as the previous nights. Arya prepared to enjoy her stolen caresses and being able to gaze at the Queen freely like she was not allowed to in reality. It pained her that Dany was destined for someone else and only looked on her as a friend and growing confidant.

Arya wanted to much more! She wanted all of the Queen. She wanted all of Daenerys Targaryen for herself.

The wolf did not sense anything strange but Arya’s motionless body was in shock. To the wolf a human’s attire or lack of it was not of that much concern. Nymeria had long ago gotten used to her master stripping naked and masturbating half the night away while screaming and flopping all over bed like a fish out of water. Even when she flipped to the floor and jolted the wolf took it in stride.

Dany’s attire tonight was totally different! The queen had on a sheer short slip that was so sheer she could clearly see the full outlines of the Queen’s high firm breast, the subtle swell of Dany’s hip and … oh by the old gods! The slip only half covered the Queen’s pussy! She could see hints of her mound and, and … and oh my gods the Queen had a used a razor and her pussy was shaved bald. Arya was gods smacked. If her body would have allowed it Arya would have been drooling a river.

The Queen sat on the edge of the bed to scratch the wolf’s ears. Arya’s eyes nearly bulged out their sockets. The Queen’s legs were parted wide and her short slip had ridden up her legs and her pussy was fully exposed to Arya’s starving gaze. She could smell the Queens cunt through Nymeria’s nostrils and it was intoxicating. She longed to bury her face in the woman’s pussy and feast and never stop! Arya was stunned now. Her body wanted to react but dammit it her body couldn’t!

Nymeria wanted more affection. The queen then played and scratched the wolf like she always did when Nymeria needed more scratching. Normally, Arya would revel in the attention. She loved to feel Dany’s fingers pleasuring her wolf and, thus, her. The innocent pleasure had been thrilling. The pleasure she felt now was not innocent! All she could see in her mind’s eye was Dany’s shaved cunt and how pink it was and how hot it was to see Dany’s womanhood on full display. She wanted to bury her face in Dany’s womanhood and suck her off! And by the gods the smell of her musk inflamed the Stark teenager.

Then the registered that Nymeria was wolfing down more treats. The Queen was putting her wolf under her spell. She was spoiling Nymeria rotten and the wolf was literally lapping it up! Arya wanted to lap up Dany’s wet twat! Arya’s time with the Queen was almost over. The Queen would open the door and Nymeria would gamble out into the Red Keep and walk the halls for a while before she returned to her master to bed down.

Arya would leave the wolf’s body the instant she left Dany’s room and the Arya could take care of her needs! Her body had been stunned at first but was now on fire, but, she couldn’t move to satisfy her carnal needs! She was not about to Warg out of Nymeria till the wolf had left Dany’s quarters though. She would not miss a second of seeing Dany’s near nude body!
Normally, she would be sad leaving Dany. She loved the pleasure of feeling Dany spoiling Nymeria. Not tonight. She was anxious for Nymeria to leave … except she didn’t.

Dany instead of opening the door stood up and slowly removed her slip as if it was the most natural thing to do in front of the wolf. A distant part of the girl’s mind was surprised at how comfortable the Queen was in Nymeria’s presence.

Dany’s hair looked like spun white gold cascading out her slip top falling out the neck and down on the Queens’ shoulders and back.

Then the queen sat on the edge of the bed her camel toe so wet and glistening and then the small woman slide back to the headboard.

Arya would never forget what she was seeing. The way her sweet Queen ran her hand on her face and then down her body. The way the tiny blond played with her breasts stroking and making love to them. Then her hands went South! Oh gods! Dany was going to masturbate in front of her. The Queen had no idea that Arya was in her wolf. She should feel guilt Arya knew. That feeling was sadly lacking and far distant. All the teenager felt was happy elation!

Arya was in heaven and hell at the same time. Heaven because she was able to watch the Queen pleasure her belly and then oh gods she was playing with her pussy and rubbing it, loving it. She watched the Queens fingers instantly glaze with flowing cunt juice. She watched the queen open her clam shell and splayed out her light brown labia lips. Her pussy was so red with wet passion.

Then, Oh. My. Gods.! The Queen pulled her womanhood open playing with her vaginal hole her fingers rubbing and pulling lightly. Arya could see deep into Dany’s wet core. Her pussy clutching rolling her wet inner folds and whorls for the famished girl.

This was hell. She was in hell! Her body was on fire and she couldn’t do a god’s dammed thing. She could leave her Direwolf’s body but there was no chance in hell that she was going to do that with what she was witnessing.

**Daenerys**

Dany slipped her middle finger into her pussy and began to slowly work the digit in and out her wet hole her inner lips sucking on the finger. Dany worked her finger with her mind shocked by how wet she was and how pleasurable her finger felt while her pussy sucked on the pumping finger. She pumped her finger slowly harder and deeper into her drooling wet twat luxuriating in the pulses of pleasure spasming deep in her belly and making her pussy quiver and clutch on the finger pumping it.

Dany sagged back into the headboard. She slowly brought her left hand down her body rubbing her belly sending arcs of pleasure indirectly to her pussy and nipples. Hard spasms and grimaces gripped the Queen’s face as pleasure filled her body. Her left hand circled down to her slicked mound and began to rub her clit with a circular motions rubbing into the hood rolling and squirting her clit in its hood. Dany looked down her belly and watched her hands pleasure herself. Both sets of fingers slimed with fuck juice as she masturbated happily.

She looked at the wolf still eyeing her intently. Nymeria turned her head slowly right and left her tongue lulling out. The wolf was not excited by her actions but its intense stare told the Queen that a certain Stark teenager inside the great Direwolf was avidly watching her Queen Jill off.
Dany moaned in heated pleasure her pussy rotating up into her hands instinctively. Dany flexed her hips and worked her ass to lift her drooling cunt up into the fingers expertly pleasuring herself. Her pussy was flooding the room with her fuck musk and she breathed in deep. She loved the smell of her own cunt. Gods she so needed to smell Arya’s pussy and memorize her own unique sweet musk. She knew that wolf’s had extraordinary sense of smell and she smirked through a grimace of pleasure imaging Arya being pummeled by her sweet fuck musk.

Dany worked her pussy quickly rising to orgasm. She needed to slow down. She wanted to prolong her show for her sweet wolf. The Targaryen pulled her middle finger out her tight twat and brought her right hand up towards her face. Dany brought the cum soaked finger to her mouth to first suck clean. Dany brought the cum soaked finger to her mouth to first suck clean. Dany moaned pumping her finger sensually up and down her tongue savoring her sweet twat juice.

Only then did the remove the finger from her sucking lips. She slowly moved the hand to her swollen breast that she began roll and squeeze again. Her other hand rose up to work her other sweat soaked breast. Her face froze and the slashed with raw pleasure as she cawed like a wanton Lysian whore in heat. Dany worked her breasts with her thumb and index fingers sliding up the slope of her breasts in turn to squeeze and pull on her hard little nips the pressure making her breast fill with heated pleasure and shocks running down to her clit and to her brain.

Dany’s hand moved south again. She slipped the middle finger back into her hot pussy and pumped the digit in and out her cunt feeling her inner folds grip tight on the invading digit. She could feel the heat of her inner core on her finger. She loved they heated cauldron of her sweet cunt. Her inner fuck folds and whores all greasy with cum felt so delicious sliding over her pumping digit.

"Oh! Ungghh!" Dany cried out as she slipped a second finger into her pussy stretching it out. She had a moderate rhythm now that had her belly clenching. Her other hand continued to pleasure her swollen tits. She upped the pace and force of her masturbating digits that she now pumped hard into her so wet pussy. She pleased herself with exquisite skills built up over years of hot intense masturbation. Dany’s hips worked harder driving her pussy into her pumping fingers her wet cunt now starting to slosh as she felt the first delicious pulses in her core that told her that her orgasm was beginning to build deep in her belly.

“Unngghh! Oh! Ungghh! … oh Fuck!” Dany gasped working her fingers more desperately into her cunt pumping hard now her palm slamming into her vulva. "Anngghh! … Hunggg hhnnnn hhnnngg hhnnngg!” Dany groaned gutturally. The shocks of impact of her palm made her clit shriek with pleasure and her belly tensed and her inner thighs tremble with ripples and spasms.

Dany rammed her fingers in deep and mashed her knuckles into her pussy flexing her fingers jerking them up and down inside her so wet cunt. Her two small fingers jerking showing the motion of the two fingers buried in her twat. Dany gagged as she whirled her inner fuck folds so greasy with fuck slimy snail snot. Then the Queen was slamming her first two fingers in and out her pussy again pounding her box. Dany altering the tempo and technique to give her body sweet pleasure that had her whole body filmed with dripping sweat now. Her breathing getting ragged and shallow with fuck need.

Her free hand was fiercely mauling her tits rolling them and then sinking her fingers in hard into her soft firm bosom. Her hand moved right and left working her swollen breast. Her nipples were now as hard as diamonds. She felt her face all flushed with heat. She knew her pale skin was flushed deep pink down to her tits that she could see. Her nipples so hard they had whitish tips and were rock hard.

She slammed fucked her cunt with powerful thrusts of her muscular arm. Each thrust into her mound
made wet smacking sounds. "Unh! Unh!" Danny gasped softly, her fingers ramrodding into her sloshing cunt that made splattering sounds. "Aunngghhh! Oh shit! Aunngghhh!" Each shock of impact had her clit shrieking in shocking pleasure. Her head twisted on a neck gone stiff. Her mouth worked making cawing noises face contorted and slashed with gut wrenching pleasure.

Sweat poured down Daenerys face and rolled down her body in rivulets. Her right hand slammed into her cunt. She paused her stroke to strongly flex her fingers deep in her pussy. Dany’s palm ground into her mound mashing and rolling her clit in its hood. The pleasure near unbearable now as she flexed her fingers manically in her pussy and heel of her hand ground her clit in a tight mashing circle. Her cum allowing her palm to easily squirt around on her clit grinding it hard.

Her eyes slowly widen out to a shocked wide state. Her back was ramrod straight pressed against the backboard of the bed that was shaking with her writhing body. Her legs had gone ramrod stiff and juddered on the bed. Her breathing coming in ragged gasps. Her face slashed with almost crippling need and agonizing pleasure. Dany went back to a slam harpoon thrusting of her fingers in and out her now wildly spasming cunt.

The pressure built and built deep in her pussy and then exploded. Dany’s body jerked forward partially forward and then slammed back into the headboard. “OOOWWGHHHHHHH! HHHUNNGGGGGGGG! HHHHUUNNGGGGGGG!” the beautiful pale woman screamed as it felt like her cunt was tearing itself inside out. Hot gushes of cum sloshed out her spasming cunt hole and seared her flexing fingers working deep inside her pussy as her inner folds gripped the fingers tight with each searing wave of her orgasm. Her hand and wrist was coated in her gushing fuck nectars.

Her body bucked and flipped against the headboard as sweet pummeling waves of ecstasy tore at her lithesome frame. Her face seemed filled with agony that was only sweet shocking ecstasy. “Auunggh hhnnn hhnggg … oh oh FFFUUUUUUCCKKKKKKK! AAAARRUUNNNNGGGGGG! AAAGHHIIIIEEEEEEEE!” Dany screamed as a second orgasm exploded over the top of the first sweet hard hitting orgasm. Her cunt spasmed wildly milking her fingers she churned in her inner pussy folds and petals. Her body flipped and jackknifed so hard knowing that Arya was watching her fuck herself. The headboard hammered the wall and the bed squeaked continuously as her body gyrated and flipped in the throes of a harrowing orgasm.

Her rich pungent fuck musk thick in the room. Dany luxuriated in the smell of excited pussy. Gods she needed it to be Arya’s pussy she smelled so ripe in her suite.

Dany’s body convulsed and jackknifed slamming repeatedly into the headboard making the bed bark in its frame. Gradually the Queens spent body folded to the side and slide down the headboard her body temporarily spent.

The Queens body heaved for breath as hot cum dribbled out her love hole around the fingers still buried in her pussy. Dany slowly pulled the fingers out her pussy and hissed at the intense sensations. Her body jerking as strong aftershocks gripped and shook her slight frame.

The Queen’s violet eyes barely able to see the direwolf staring at her in her addled state. She shoved her cum soaked fingers into her mouth and moaned sucking them clean with sensual strokes up and down her tongue.

Arya

The North girl was in hell. That was it. She was in hell. She was on fire and in heat and she couldn’t do a damn thing about it! She had watched transfixed as her Queen pleasured herself with
an exquisite skill that had seemed unimaginable.

Though she was in hell there was no fucking way she was fleeing. If this was hell then she could accept this as her purgatory throughout eternity. To be turned on to the highest heavens and not able to wanker off was driving the Stark teenager insane with aching desire and need.

Arya had watched the Queens hands work her own breast and pussy with expert skills. The way Dany massaged, rolled and sunk her fingers at times deep into her own bosom was intoxicating. Then Dany had slide her finger and then fingers deep into her pussy and pumped them in and out the fingers almost instantly wet with the woman’s hot love juice.

The sounds of Dany’s wet pussy being worked had the Stark girl in a frenzy. How she wished that was her hand pleasuring the Queen’s pussy. How it was her mouth and hands pumping and rolling the Queen’s nipples and then taking as much of the Queen’s bosom as possible into her mouth where she would suck fiercely feasting on the Queen’s succulent grapefruit sized tits.

She watched transfixed as the body she had been denied clearly approached orgasm. Arya through Nymeria took in every sight, sound and smell of Daenerys Targaryen jilling herself off to orgasm.

After Arya’s famine of depravation seeing Dany’s body like this was like feasting on succulent pheasant sautéed in sweet butter. Arya was a glutton taking in every detail of the Queen’s masturbation.

Then Dany’s screams of orgasm was like the ambrosia of the gods. The way the Queen convulsed and shook violently as each wave of her orgasms throttled the slender body intoxicated Arya.

She was beyond caring about her body’s needs. Her hell had become sweet heaven. Seeing Dany’s harrowing orgasms was heaven. Plain and simple.

**Daenerys**

Dany slowly felt her body coming down from its orgasmic high. She rolled over onto her stomach and then over onto her back gasping for breath. Her body was languid but also still on fire. She needed more and wanted to take it even higher.

The pale woman scooted around so that her groin was on the edge of the bed and she pulled her legs up and put her feet on the edge of the bed. She splayed out her knees opening up her distended pussy. The queen put several plush pillows underneath her upper shoulders and head and then folded up a big pillow putting it underneath her head.

Dany took her hands to slowly, sensually rub and press down into her sweat slicked belly pushing in. She could feel the pressure in her still trembling womb. This was a major erogenous zone for the young queen. The sense of pressure intoxicating. She looked at the wolf knowing that Arya was staring back at her. Arya would just assume the Queen loved fucking herself in front of an audience. She would not know that Dany knew she was in her wolf.

Dany was ready to lay out her last card on the card table. She licked her lips feeling her pussy throbbing again as her clit lost its jangly sensitivity. Dany felt like her body was leaden with besotted pleasure but she wanted more. She was always quick to recover when she first started to masturbate or fuck.

She spoke softly to the wolf “Oh Nymeria how I wish my lover was here with me … touching and loving me” she softly moaned. Her hands again stroked her body. Dany’s body was dripping wet
with sweat. It rolled down her ribs. Dany so sensitive to her own body could feel each drop of sweat rolling off her body to drip off onto her bed. She had to run her fingers over her eyelids to get the sweat off them. She mewled feeling her pussy coming alive again with want and need.

Dany first clenched her fingers into her bosom and roughly massaged her breast her palms riding over her nipples and grinding down into them the friction so sweet and intense.

The blond woman began to pull and roll her nipples that had her head jerking up off the pillow her face slashed with the pleasure pulsing in her breasts and arched straight down to her clít. The woman’s knees up in the air jerked in and out in pulses of hot pleasure. Dany watched her upraised legs jerk hard in wanton pleasure. It was so slutty looking and the Queen loved the hot visual.

Slowly, the Queen snaked her right hand down her sweat slicked body and the fingers started to again rub her slit and circle around her again hard clít. “Uunnggg uuggg … yess I can feel my lover’s fingers working my pussy so sweetly teasing and pleasuring me Nymeria—huunggg hhnggg hhnnnggg!” the Queen gasped as her clit jangled. Up and down her slit Daenerys worked her fingers in her drooling slit. Her fingers brushing over her clít making her gag in helpless pleasure. Her body jolting as if hit by a hot poker.

“Oh Gods yes yeessss I can feel her fingers circling my clít pressing and rubbing over it Aauggg uuuuugg unnggg oohhh shitttt!” The Queen gagged in hot pleasure. Her pussy was instinctively rotating up into the fingers working her twat so expertly. “Oh yeessssss—fuck yeahhhhh!” she gurgled feeling her fingers working harder into her slimy slit. Her fingers rubbed and mashed into her rubbery slippery labia lips the pleasure so hot. Her fingers working up her slit to brush and jack her clít making her whimper in ecstasy.

“Put your fingers in me baby” she gagged groaned. "Give me your long graceful fingers my lover … oh God I need your fingers deep inside me!” Dany gurgled and slide two fingers deep into her wet distended cunt and pumped the cum slicked digits hard in and out her slurping cunt. Dany started with a slow sensual rhythm that plowed her hot tight snatch. The fingers sliding in so deep and churning her aching love hole. The Queen slowly increased the force and rhythm of her pumping fingers working her pussy. Her greasy fingers sliding in and out her tight hot cunt.

Soon the Queen had her fingers working hard into her twat. Her fingers ramming home hard, deep again and again into her tight pussy. Her left hand cupped and slammed down with short jerks into her firm breast slamming them into her ribcage grinding her nipples sending shockwaves to her brain and arching to the Queen’s clít. The Queen loved to be roughed up in sex and her working her tits hard mashing them into her ribs with her striking palm had her gagging in raw helpless pleasure. Her head thrashed back and forth with her face twisted with the slashes of ecstasy.

Dany’s head lulled right and left on the pillow as she masturbated looking at the wolf and through her to the other half of her soul. She slowed for a minute pulling out slow and harpoon stroking her fingers back hard and deep into her spasming greasy cunt. Again and again Dany slow harpoon fucked her clenching snatch. Her knuckles slamming into her swollen drooling muffin. Her wetness drooling our her core had her pussy making obscene wet slurping noises of a well fucked pussy.

“Oh gods … hunngg hhnggg—keep slamming your fingers so hard—so deep into my cunt … drive them in deep baby.” The Queen’s body jerked her pussy now humping up into the fingers slamming into her twat milkly cum dribbled out her hole and ran down her ass crack. “Ungg ohh yesss Nymeria … she is fucking me ssoooooo good!”

Dany pulled the fingers out her pussy and shoved them into her mouth greedily sucked them clean her head pumping up off the pillow as she sucked greedily on the digits that she slide up and down her tongue. Her left hand was on her pussy rubbing her clít.
“Mmmppffff uummppff mmpphfff!” the queen moaned around the digits she was greedily sucking on.

She pulled them out and inserted first two fingers into her pussy pounding them deep into her cunt with sharp quick motions and then stilled her hand motion and inserted a third finger stretching her twat out filling her pussy with her first three fingers.

Dany felt so full. Her pussy stretched out so deliciously. She loved feeling stuffed. She rammed her fingers in first fast and furious and then slow and sensually. Her body was inflamed with liquid fire pouring out her groin flooding her body with raw wanton pleasure.

“Oh god honey suck on my nipples … oh I need to feel you fucking me hard! Aauugg uunhhh nnngg ffffucckkkk I need your fingers in me, fucking me, taking meeeee!” the queen cried out.

The Queen’s free hand worked her breast or hedonistically rubbed up and down her body especially along the edges of her vulva putting extra delicious pressure on her clit. Dany loved looking down at her groin and seeing her pressing hand bulging her vulva up with the side pressure. Dany’s bent thumb of her right hand hammered her clit again and again she shocks going straight to her womb. Dany’s nipples on fire her breast filled with fire and pleasure.

Dany’s pussy was beginning to slurp loudly again and was actually splattering cum droplets as her pussy lubricated liberally. Her left had been roaming her body focusing on her swelled flushed breast but also stroking other sweet spots on her body.

Now her left hand had formed a wedge and she jammed its fingertips into her clitoral hood just behind her jutting clit. Her left hand jerked right and left like a fulcrum the fingertips jammed hard into her knotted clitoral hood. Her fingertips rocking and pressing hard into her clitoral hood and mashing into her clit squeezing it mercilessly. Her hands worked her pussy like a master carpenter. Her body was soaring to the clouds of pure ecstasy.

“Oh God! I’m going to cum so hard for you my sweet lover! Oh gods I need to feel her fingers slam fucking my aching cunt so hard and deep! Oh so close so fucking closeeee!” Dany sobbed in need. Her body began to quake with short hard jerks her breathing ragged and deep in short gasps.

Her head came up off the pillow jerking up as spams rocking her soul thinking that it was Arya that was fucking her pussy and not her own fingers. She was using the feminine pronouns to let Arya see her true leanings. Her plan was working perfectly. It was just so hard to think now! Dany’s eyes suddenly flared wide open and her head jerked forward on a stiff shuddering neck.

Her cunt ruptured. Her body felt like it was exploding thinking of Arya fucking her “FFFUUCCKKKKKKK! AARRUUNNGGGGGG! AAAUUGGGGGMGGG!” the small framed woman wailed as her body heaved and bucked wildly. Her feet jammed down on the edge of the bed and her hips jerked up off the bed as her pussy felt like it was tearing itself inside out. Dany pounded her exploding cunt with her three slam fucking fingers and her left hand trying to pulp her clit. Her cunt spasming and jerking up several inches off the bed in short, sharp up jerks. "Annggghhh! AnnggggghiiimmmnnnEEEEEEEEE! Oh! Unghh! Oh! Anngghhimmnnnee!’’ Dany cried out, surging and twisting, pumping, groaning, until finally the fierce jolts began to recede.

Dany body floated on a cloud of pure ecstasy and building lassitude. Her body slowly settled back down on the bed. Her body was soaked in sweat. Her body exhausted. She slowly pulled her fingers out her pussy and her hands flopped down on the bed in nerveless heaps.

The Queen mewled and her body lurched with the strong aftershocks that gripped and shook her body hard. The queen’s mouth open and drooling slightly as she stared at nothing with her violet
orbs looking at the wolf. Her body had simply been pounded nearly senseless with exhausting ecstasy.

Dany was used to having hard orgasms but with Arya involved her orgasms moved the mountains and boiled the oceans dry. Her body was filled with sweet lassitude. She felt punch drunk with Arya watching her.

My gods Dany thought. If sex is this good just thinking about Arya she feared what would happen if the sweet girl ever did grace her bed.

Dany had heard lovers talk of this power of sex married with love. She had always wondered it was true. Now she knew. She needed more and feared she would never have it.

Dany knew she could stroke her body for much more but decided tonight she had had been enough. She did not want to overwhelm Arya. She sensed the girl was still a virgin and unskilled in the arts of lesbian love. She knew the girl masturbated. All teenage girls did. She was just not sure if Arya masturbated in marathon sessions like Dany did. Dany did not want to scare Arya with her carnal needs and wants. Dany wanted to gods smack her sweet wolf but not totally overwhelm her. The Queen knew she had planted seeds in hopefully fertile soil. She now just had to wait and see if they took root and blossomed.

She tiredly got up off the bed and walked with wobbly legs over to the door. Nymeria had her nose in the door. Dany smirked. She hoped her Arya was in desperate straits. That her body was burning up for her Queen. She would not know but she could but hope.

She opened the door and the wolf whipped out the door and down the hall.

Arya

“AARRGGGGG!” The girl ripped up to sit upright in her bed. Her body was on fucking fire. Nymeria was beating feet to the nearest window low enough to leap out. She was on fire herself and running out to the Kings Wood where she sensed other wolves. As Arya fled the wolf’s body she felt her master’s wild sexual frenzy. The conduit between the two suddenly arching both ways. Nymeria felt the jolt of Arya’s wild sexual need. Now Nymeria had needs too! So much pheromones and Arya’s aroused state had affected even the Direwolf.

Arya had needs that needed to satisfied! The girl stood up on her bed and savagely tore at the laces of her top and britches. She jerked and fumbled all the while cursing. Her pussy was beyond soaked and her nipples engorged to overripe plums ready to burst. “Gods dammit” Arya cried out as she jumped up on down on one leg with the britches stuck on her foot as she desperately jerked and finally it came off knocking her off balance.

“Wummpfff!” Arya grunted landing on her now naked ass. The girl ripped the laces as she ripped the top off over her head. Her hair too tented up in her top and falling out in waves that Arya was sure was not poetic.

Her body was now naked thank the gods! Her body was soaked in sweat and she had not been able to do a gods damn thing about it.

That had now changed!

Arya was beyond technique.
The girl cupped her hands one over the other and slapped down hard on her cunt and rubbed furiously up and down. Her pussy was so wet that her palm grinding her soaked twat was instantly slicked with her cum. She rubbed and down in short furious jerks.

Her hands a blur as her pussy burbled and bubbled and soon it was singing a sodden song. All Arya could see in her eyes was Dany’s body writing in orgasm and jackknifing so hard again and again.

Arya was both elated and sadden. The queen was like her! She was gay! She had not used the feminine pronouns much but she had! But it had not been her name she called out! Some fucking bitch had her Queen’s heart and she hated the gods damned cunt.

But! Maybe she had a chance! *Dany was gay!*

Arya rubbed her cunt furiously for fifteen more seconds. Then her body fell off the precipice into shattering ecstasy. "Unnggghmmnnngghhiieeeee! Hhngg nnggg Mmmnggghhhiieeeeee! Nnnhhhiiieeeeeeeeee!" Arya cried out as convulsions of shattering pleasure ripped through her young tight body again and again with hard hammering pulses. "Ohhnnggg god! Ummngghh! Auunnngghhh! FFFFUUUUCCKKKKKK! Aarrruuunnggggg! Mmmnngghhhiieeeeeeel!" Arya screamed and screamed in orgasmic bliss. Finally, Arya whimpered as her body started to calm and her immediate desperation departed.

Over the next hour and half Arya masturbated six more times to mind shocking and womb rending orgasms as her body flipped and flopped across the bed like a fish out of water. Her voice was hoarse and scratchy now after all her repeated screams.

Arya’s body was spread out all akimbo on the bed. She knew she looked obscene soaked in sweat and cum but didn’t give a fuck. She knew she looked like some Lyscene whore but only smiled wantonly at the thought. She was on a cloud of pure happiness. Her belly so warm and fussy and her pussy tingling and itchy it had cummed so hard again and again.

She told herself she could never ever do that again. She must stop warging into Nymeria’s body on her nightly visits to her sweet hot luscious vivacious Targaryen Queen. She was violating the Queen’s personal life. She had no right to watch Dany fuck herself crying out for her faceless female lover. Yes. She would honor the Queens sanctity.

She knew she was lying to herself.
Arya

Arya was relaxing at the main table in Dany’s room. They had discussed the day’s events and went over the messages from the houses of Tyrell and Dorne. They were giving Dany updates on the troops moving towards their designated ports. The harbor were full of masts now.

Four days ago Arya had been like a little girl when they flew over King’s Landing, Duskendale and Blackstone at the mouth of the Wendwater river.

Dany had wanted to make sure that all her timetables for her ship arrivals were on schedule. She also spied the roads leading to the ports. Men were in companies of hundreds and sometimes thousands. Dany had asked her to look left while she looked right. Arya had felt her heart swell knowing she was helping Dany even if it was a small thing. Dany told her it was easier to concentrate if she did not have to constantly turn her head from side to side.

Drogon had taken off right after an abbreviated small council meeting. The citizens had reduced their claims on the Queen’s time. All sensed that great times were afoot. The ships in ports and the roads now clogged with troops and now cavalry told all what they needed to know. War was on the horizon. Also, the paid mercenaries and conscripts had gold dragons and silver stags in their pockets that needed spending. The shops, taverns and brothels of King’s Landing and surrounding cities and villages were flush with the money being spent by the troops mustering to move north.

Arya also saw that wherever they landed that the Queen was cheered and she could feel that it was genuine. The Queen inspired loyalty in all that she did. She was fair beyond measure and her realm was coming to realize it. Her beauty and pose bedazzled all that they met. It had definitely enthralled Arya. She had been enraptured with the queen from the first reports of her coming out of the Red Wastes to lay waste to the Slave Trade.

Her personal experience with the Queen had turned childish love into full blown adult love for the woman. Daenerys Targaryen was what any woman and unfortunately man would want. Arya saw the men that were paraded as potential matches to the Queen. These were matches that would strengthen her realm and make it more prosperous and peaceful. Varys was always giving the Queen new potential candidates to sit beside her on the Iron Throne.

What did a second princess from the furthest away House in the Realm have to offer? How could a marriage between House Targaryen and House Stark make the realm better? The sins of the past would seem to preclude a marriage between them.

Arya raged at the fates and the old gods at the unfairness of it all. She was so in love with the Queen and it seemed as if all of society were working against Arya in capturing her Queen’s love. Duty calling to Daenerys to marry some odious man. Alone in her room she cried into her pillow in impotent anger over her fate. Worse she knew the Queen’s secret now. The Queen was being
forced to live a lie. Life was unfair!

The Queen had first set off for Duskendale one hundred and sixty miles distant. She had Drogon fly fast since he had fed two days ago and was well rested. She flew high for while over the farm lands but when they came upon many holdfasts and businesses on the roads cross connecting this region to get goods from port into the midlands Dany had brought Drogon down from on high.

Then Drogon was flying just over the treetops and then down over the fields and over roads just over the heads of persons on wagons. Arya and Nymeria kept looking back and seeing the people stunned and then cheering at seeing a dragon up close. The winds of the backwash sending hats flying and hair whipping. They were like an arrow shot from a long bow. The common folk loved seeing the Queen’s dragons up close and being buzzed by the Queen knowing that she was their protector.

It brought the people ever closer to their Queen. She dearly hoped that Dany and her father could meet as friends. That the loyal Warden of the North and Queen would meet and find trust and friendship in the other. A person they saw as equals and that they could work together. They could take Westeros to greatness. Westeros could enter into a golden age.

Duskendale was filled to overflowing with ships. The first squadrons of the next convoy moving out to sea loaded with troops for the beachheads in the North of Arya’s homeland. Massive Summer Islander ships shepherding she ships on the flanks and out to sea. Arya was amazed at the colors of the sails of the ships.

Each Summer Islander ship had a massive figurehead on the bowsprit of each ship. Some of the figureheads were carvings of the gods of their native lands. Others were of the animals that were common in their homeland and of the other southern Islands like Sothoryos, Naath, Elephant Isle and the Islands of the Jade Sea.

Each figurehead was a work of art that made what they represented come alive. The beast, god or goddess painted in a bright colors that made them seem about to tear forth from the bowsprit and walk across the waves of the oceans the ships sailed.

As Drogon flew into port they flew low and slow. Arya saw many real and fantastical beasts on the prows of the tall Swan Ships. She saw a Manticore, Shrike, Peacock, Monitor, Basilisk and Griffin on the bowsprits. The colors so loud and shocking that they made the beasts seem alive. Arya was sure that the eyes followed Drogon as they flew past. When the teenager turned to look back she saw that, no, there were not following them.

She was shocked when she saw a Swan Ship that had docked at the piers of Duskendale. The sails on the mighty cross spars were furled tight to the wood. The ship had been damaged in a Gail she could see. Many wooden slats had been torn off and loose rigging hung swaying in the harbor breezes. She saw also that the bowsprit had been heavily damaged. The figurehead ripped off by a mighty passing sea wave.

That was not what shocked the young princess tough. Beside the mighty ship was a huge block of white oak that been carved to replace the figurehead that had been ripped off the ship. Arya felt her heart catch. It was a mighty Direwolf that was being carved. It was stylized in the traditional pose of snarling direwolf with its head thrown back but his one had one paw reaching forward as if to strike.

The Queen saw it too. She took and squeezed Arya’s hand. The Queen had Drogon circle the ship. On the fantail the old name had been painted over. On the fantail now was the name “Direwolf’s Howl”.
“It would appear that your father’s prowess had touched the Summer Islander’s. I am impressed” Dany told her softly and squeezed her hand again.

Arya felt a warm rush sprint through her body. She loved Dany for saying that. It fed her childish dreams of them somehow becoming lovers. Of having Arya at Dany’s side as her Queen. The young princess sighed with her pleasant thoughts.

They landed on the docks and was given a brief and concise report by the harbormaster and by the Pentos admiral leading this flotilla. Dany thanked them for their professionalism and made note that they would be remembered in the peace. Arya thought the men’s chests would explode they were puffed up so. Yes, the Queen had the whole realm around her little finger. Arya had chuckled at the consternation of the men seeing Nymeria gambling around on the dock marking her new territory and nearly looking men in the eye with her golden intelligent orbs.

They had taken to the air again. The Queen circled the harbor pointing out the various ship types. She showed Arya the backbone of the fleet: the Trireme. She told Arya the name denoted the number of banks of oars on each side of the ship. The fleet had a healthy proportion of Quinquereme which carried a total crew of 420, 300 of whom were rowers, and the rest marines. The heaviest vessel was a hexareme. This ship was fast going forward but not all that maneuverable. These ships were to be used as the fleet flagship. This class of ship could ram and sink any vessel.

There were lighter vessels such as the liburnians and the hemiolia, both swift types invented by pirates, were also adopted as scouts and light transport vessels. One of these would transport the admiral to the hexareme named the Devil’s Bride.

The Dany showed Arya the Cogs and other merchant ships that were carrying the troops and material for war to her North. The Queen pointed out carracks and caravels. The ships able to move from five hundred to fifteen hundred tons of supplies. The queen wanted plenty of stables to feed her armies. There would be no foraging off the land turning the populace against her.

The Queen had made a study of past campaigns in Westeros and Essos and found that the populace could turn quickly on even a friendly army if that army was stripping the land bare of staples, wood and raiding homesteads. If an army most consume the land they were fighting for, what did that accomplish the Queen asked Arya rhetorically? You could not destroy what you were fighting to preserve.

The Queen was also transporting all the combat gear and items for the construction of siege warfare. Dany had assured Arya she had no plan to use it on the cities. She may need it at the Wall for some reason that she could not currently foresee. Arya was so impressed with how Dany planned for all conceivable possibilities. In her studies that Dany was insisting she do, Arya had seen so many campaigns had been lost for not fully thinking through all the possible tactical scenarios. It reminded Arya of the saying of losing the kingdom for want of a nail for a horseshoe.

The other large truth the Stark Princess had learned in her studies was to arrive at a battlefield in prime condition. So many battles had been lost because forces arrived on the battlefield exhausted and were immediately thrown into combat. Combat they were too exhausted to fight and win. She could see that Dany would not make those mistakes.

The Queen constantly assured Arya she trusted Eddard but also made clear she had to plan for any contingency. Arya assured her she understood. The Queen had conquered Essos so fast with her exact thinking. Her father was great. She knew it from firsthand experience. Dany only knew from second hand accounts. When Dany met her father she would understand.

They had then flown over Blackwater Bay to Blackstone and then back to King’s Landing. Each
harbor was well organized and functioning to the highest level. The Queen’s foresight and planning was paying off.

Unfortunately, Arya had had her wings figuratively and in some ways literally clipped. Both Syrio and Barristan were waiting for the Queen when she returned. They immediately set into berating Dany in front of Arya. Arya did not like that. Not one bit.

Arya felt her blood run hot and her gaze go red. No one attacked her Queen. Arya may not be Dany’s lover but she felt like it in her heart. She longed for and would defend the woman she loved. Dany saw her getting agitated. The Queen smiled softly at Arya and motioned subtly for her to calm down. Arya immediately calmed. Her Dany as always was in total control of the situation.

Her two sword masters told Dany that Arya needed as much time with them still as possible. Arya needed to practice relentlessly and work on her conditioning even more to be ready to serve Daenerys as a sword in the upcoming campaign. A sword worthy of being part of her inner guard. Dany listened to them cocking an eyebrow at times. The Queen was nonplussed with their arguments. Arya was so pleased inside that Dany was willing to endure their wrath to have Arya with her. It was obvious Dany enjoyed and sought out her company as friends. Arya longed for so much more.

Arya knew her sword masters were right. Six days ago it was like something had come together inside of Arya. All the training she had been doing, all the relentless practicing and intense sword work with her sword masters and Dany had paid off. Her sweat and toil was rewarded. Her teachers saw it too and redoubled their efforts further teaching their charge.

It was like everyone else started to slow down. Arya felt like she was moving with a speed and grace that others could only dream of achieving. She was starting to feel like she was born for the sword. She had done her early morning exercises and stretches feeling invigorated and full of power and strength. She worked to control her growing awareness of her rapidly increasing prowess.

Arya’s father would have admonished her to not get too “cocky and overconfident”. Still Arya smirked remembering her new prowess.

When she had gone up against Barristan that morning she had suddenly been able to move to the attack. She registered the surprise in Barristan. His face went to a grim resolve and Arya felt his full strength and prowess for the first time. Before Barristan had seemed like jerky lightening moving so fast she had trouble even tracking. Not now. Now she could easily follow his steps and complicated sword strokes.

She held her own. She blocked and parried and then went on the attack and had Barristan actually backing up and pivoting to the sides disengaging to come at her again as she followed. He would suddenly put her on the defensive but now she was able to again gain the advantage and put Barristan back on defense. Her sword strokes and mastery of her body balance and engrained muscle memory allowed her to attack and defend easily now.

Barristan used sheer savagery of his broadsword to keep Arya to one sword. With Barristan, Arya saw she would always need two hands on her broadsword. Her father would be the same. Their sheer skill and power would demand it. She had come to wonder how many others had such prowess. Dany was her equal for sure. She had heard there was a tall woman named Brienne of Tarth that may be in her class. She was the wife of Jamie Lannister. She wanted to see for herself!

With Syrio she was able to use both swords since his technique did not involve sheer power. Arya was able to attack with her left hand her wooden bastard sword slashing and jabbing forward in less than the blink of an eye. With her needle wooden sword she blocked and parried Syrio’s sword
keeping it at bay and attacking with her main sword. He was on the defensive constantly but he would suddenly do a new move or step that was unexpected and put Arya on the defensive for a minute until she again used her two swords to keep Syrio parrying and side stepping and back in defensive position.

With Dany she felt she was her equal almost. Several times Arya had Dany off balance. She immediately pulled back to let Dany recover. The Targaryen woman immediately sensed this. The Queen had stormed at her to press the attack. The Queen needed Arya to always press the attack. Even if in practice, if Arya let up she might make that mistake in real life combat. Dany urged Arya to press forward. She needed to fight as hard as she could with the Queen. Dany explained to Arya that only by pressing Dany could Dany improve her own sword work and defense.

Arya just found it hard to fight the Queen!

She had reluctantly agreed. The Queen fought her like a whirlwind her sword coming from all angles. Arya pressed her attack and pushed Dany back and landed a few strikes. The Queen landed a few of her own. The smile on her face fighting Arya made Arya feel so good. Dany did not have an ego that prevented her from being truly tested. It only made Arya love her more.

So now she was practicing harder than ever it seemed. Barristan especially wanted to fight her constantly. She had gotten pissed yesterday as to why he felt the need to push her again and again. He then calmly told her that if she could fight against him to a standstill or defeat him then all others would be so much easier to fight. He wanted her to get used to his savagery so when she fought others they would seem like children to her. That made Arya feel guilty for feeling any anger to her sword master. He only had her best interest in mind.

Then she could use both her swords no matter the weapon she fought against. She would be able to fight any foe. That thought had made Arya want to practice more and more. She was becoming worthy to be at Daenerys side. Worthy of her Queen. She wanted Dany to see her as a great sword fighter and worthy to be by her side. In her dreams that respect would lead to so much more.

Her masturbatory dreams were filled of Dany coming to her as equal warriors and making long hot passionate love. Her seeing Dany masturbating before Nymeria had definitely ratcheted up her the details of her desires. She now knew the intimate details of the Queen’s luscious body. Gods Dany fucked herself so hard and deep. Her screams deafening. How she longed to be the one making Dany scream in harrowing orgasms.

She did miss Dany when she was away on her dragons meeting with the Lords doing her bidding. Her ability to meet them instead of only using Ravens gave her command much greater impact and interacting with the woman directly instilled even greater loyalty and desire to do her bidding. This war effort was truly uniting the continent behind the young Queen.

She missed Dany rubbing liniment into her shoulders too. When Dany was practicing with her she always made sure to rotate her left shoulder and grimace. Dany was quick to rub the liquid into her shoulder to help ease a pain that was not there but Arya would never tell her that. She soaked in each touch of the Queen. Arya knew she was being less than honest but she craved Dany’s touch too much to stop.

The Queen had not again asked for Arya to put liniment on her shoulders. Arya had wondered a few times about that whole incident. She had masturbated too many orgasms since then letting her hands wonder to the queen’s beautiful firm breast and slipping into her breeches and finger fucking Dany to screaming orgasms. She would have Dany’s body all oiled up and her hands roaming over her body. Her hands kneading her high firm breast. Her left hand sneaking down a gasping belly to sink two and then three fingers into Dany’s snatch and fucking her to screaming orgasms.
Arya now knew exactly who Dany’s body looked in orgasm. Gods it was so beautiful. Dany gave herself to totally to her orgasms just like Arya. There was no holding back as both woman pushed their bodies to get the maximum pleasure from their masturbation. Again, the Queen was so perfect for Arya. The Queen was a slut just like Arya. Arya got dreamy thinking of the two of them wrecking their bed every night

Playing it back in her mind, the Queen requesting Arya work her shoulder, she sometimes thought the Queen had wanted her hands to stray but Arya discounted that idea. She was the Queen. A strong vibrant ruler. If she desired Arya she would let her know. Dany was so forward with her commands and giving directives. She had not given Arya any queues so Arya knew that the Queen’s interest and desires lay elsewhere. The Queen would not be subtle with her would she? She was Queen. She would let Arya know she wanted her in her bed. Wouldn’t she?

No. There had been no overtures. The Queen only saw her as a royal hostage. One she had become good friends with but only that. Arya could only feel sadness at this but was willing to take what she could get from the Queen. She would take her comradery and any niceties she could from the woman.

Arya worshiped the ground the Queen walked on. Gods she wanted to make love to her so bad!

This was only reinforced with Arya now bathing in Dany’s royal chambers. She was so smitten to be bathing in the Queen’s chambers. Recently, Dany had started putting large floral arrangements in her chambers. The perfume of the exotic flowers intoxicating. The flowers were so lovely. Of course their beauty paled compared to that of Daenerys Targaryen.

Arya had been able to steal quick glimpses of the Queen’s body when she disrobed to take her bath. She did not want to seem unseemly forward so made absolutely sure to hide her leering. The woman was not shy about her body. Arya could understand fully why Dany felt this way. She was perfection come down from the heavens to walk about the Earth. Perfection was personified in the Queen’s body. Her bosom so high and firm but still jiggled so prettily when she walked. Her ass cheeks flexed with each step as she walked into her bathing chamber.

Arya’s pussy was so wet just looking at the Queen. Arya had controlled her lust though. She felt ashamed for stealing looks at the Queen’s body and lusting after so. She could not help it! She wanted the Queen so bad! Anyways what were a few stolen glimpses compared to her naughty Dirty Warging at night in the Queen’s quarters.

Arya knew she did not have a chance with the woman. Dany’s whole body exuded sexual allure. Arya’s body was definitely not in Dany’s class. Arya would fume when looking at her body in Dany’s mirror. She did not have a rump to speak of. She had heard it called a “money maker”. Arya would have died destitute. Her breast gotten confused when they had bloomed on her chest with puberty. Her breast and nipples seemed to have become lost and one became the other. They were, well, weird. Her breast barely there but capped with plum sized nipples when Arya was aroused.

They were so sensitive though. She loved plucking and squeezing them with her spit soaked fingers. Her whole body would seize up with fierce pleasure when she played with her nipples. She knew the Queen saw her nipples with her sheer tops she wore for sword practice. That saddened Arya. She was sure the Queen would not find her bosom desirable. They were just too weird.

She really wanted to masturbate in the Queen’s bath but she was not a quiet girl when she masturbated. She was a screamer. Arya sighed again. She was sure the Queen would think she had sat on a porcupine if she heard the way she shrieked in orgasm. Of course now that Arya thought about it Dany was a screamer in her own right. Would the queen want a genteel and proper woman
in her lovemaking? No loud screams or cursing from a woman of virtue. Was that what Dany would want? Arya guess she could control herself but it would take so much away from her enjoyment of her orgasms. Arya simply needed to scream in her orgasms!

Arya contended herself in getting what she could from the Queen. She hoped to become her loyal Queensguard. She would have to live with dreams of what might be.

Today the Queen had not taken to the air on Drogon. She had no small council meeting and only a short audience with supplicants.

The day had been one of relaxing and taking a break from training and from the Queen spending all her time and efforts preparing for war.

They had gone to the open tree lined green sward by the Guildhall of the Alchemists to enjoy time shooting arrows and do sword practice in the open spaces and not in the walled in spaces of the Red Keep. The two young women enjoying the warm sunshine on their skin. The feel of the breeze blowing over them and ruffling their hair. Dany had woven in twenty of her silver bells to tinkle in the breeze.

Arya smirked. Her Queen was always playing to the public. The silver bells highlighting her snow white hair. The soft tinkle of chimes almost giving Dany a fiery air about her. The Queen allowed her subjects to throng the square to watch her. Her Unsullied kept them far enough way to give the Queen protection but allowed the populace to get as close as possible to be near their sovereign.

Arya had felt pride in the people watching her and Dany practice and holding their own against their two male sword maters. They were able to do more than hold their own. They were able to advance on the sword masters. They were able to advance and “defeat” Dany’s Bloodriders and against Strong Belwas. Defeats and wins did not truly matter in Dany’s inner circle. All were out to enjoy the air and bright warm sun.

The practice had been light actually. This was about enjoying their training and giving the people of King’s Landing something to talk about. Seeing the marital prowess of the Queen’s inner circle.

Missandei had come also to enjoy the sunlight with them. She had brought Shadowclaw with her of course. Missandei’s cat was with her all the time like Arya’s direwolf was with Arya. Nymeria and Shadowclaw were running around the expanse of the green sward. Nymeria barking and snapping at the caracal. Nymeria would try to trip up the cat who was running at break neck speed first one way and then another. The cat’s tall ears twitching as she ran.

The feline would suddenly change directions almost ninety degrees at times. Nymeria would be tearing up grass trying to change directions on the fly like the caracal. Several times the large Direwolf would be tumbling over and over on the ground like a broken wagon. Nymeria’s body would flip up into the air and hit the ground tumbling. The hard impacts of her rolling body had the direwolf yelping until her momentum was spent.

She would right herself shaking her head. The great Direwolf shaking her head her jaws snapping in frustration. The she would howl and again was tearing off after the cat. Sometimes she was able to trip up the cat. The Direwolf would then track down the cat and put her forelimbs over the twisting cat and lick it as the cat mewled and squirmed with its fur soon wet and matted down from the wet licking tongue.

Soon the cat was purring and stretching out its front legs. The cat luxuriating in the tongue bath. Nymeria made sure to lick the inside of the caracal’s ears and the fur tuffs. The cat purred and rolled onto her back to get her tummy licked too. The direwolf obliging with long wet tongue licks.
Then, Nymeria would get up. Shadowclaw would twist around and wonder where her tongue bath had gotten too. Seeing that Nymeria was sitting on her haunches staring down at her the caracal would get up and bat Nymeria’s nose with her footpads. Then Shadowclaw would take off again with the mighty wolf in hot pursuit. This went on throughout their time in the large open green square.

Several times Shadowclaw would tire and Nymeria would sit down on her haunches until the caracal got its wind back. The cat lying on its side would swipe the large foot of the direwolf. The cat would grab the forepaw with its paw and drag its body forward. The caracal then gnawed on the wolf’s foot. Nymeria looked down benevolently. The great Direwolf licked the head of the purring cat. When Shadowclaw had her breath and strength back she would run off with the wolf growling after the cat again.

In the early afternoon a long wagon train came from the keep and setup up tables that were loaded full of picnic type fare. Various types of sandwiches, finger foods, largebowels of salad and displays full of hard boiled and deviled eggs. Large bins full of various leafy greens and all the condiments you could think of. Tubs full of various vegetables set out. Big pots of broiling soups were put out with ladles to dip out the savory soups.

Barrels of tea, water and light beer were set out for liquid refreshment.

The Queen announced the fair was for all. A large cheer went up as people ran off to get their friends and family members to come in enjoy the repast. The long lines of setup tables loaded heavily with food. The common man and woman lining up to have all the food and drink they could eat. The Queen announced there would be enough food for all. A big roar for the Queen went out by the gathered common folk.

Again Arya marveled at Danys touch.

As Arya nibbled on a deviled egg and ate collard greens she watched the caracal climb up a pear tree with Nymeria below up on her hind legs and forepaws on the trunk barking furiously up at the cat. The wolf hunkered down and jumped up and tried to scramble up the limbs. The wolf’s mighty paws found purchase and she climbed up into the tree. The wolf had a confident look on her face as she prepared to catch her supposed nemesis.

Nymeria did not see that the cat leap to another tree. Nymeria looked confused when she no longer saw the cat. The great Direwolf’s head twisted and turned searching the branches and leaves for the cat. Shadowclaw meowed from the other tree. Nymeria did a double take at the cat in the tree next to her current tree. She looked up confused and then tumbled down whining and ran to the other tree barking furiously up at the cat who meowed back down.

After a minute again Nymeria tried to climb up the new tree. Her legs working fiercely to get her up into the limbs and foliage. The wolf worked furiously to get up at the cat not noticing the cat working its way down on the other side of the trunk until she jumped down onto the ground.

The cat looked up at the long bushy tail wagging as Nymeria barked furiously up into the tree. Shadowclaw hunched down and leapt up high and gripped Nymeria’s tail with paws and bit gently into the tail.

Nymeria yipped and then turned her head and barked in dismay seeing the caracal on her tail. The cat let go and tore off as Nymeria came crashing out the tree and landed on the ground and took off after the cat.
That was this afternoon. Now it was evening and Arya was in Dany’s room for the almost nightly Clatch of Confidents meeting. Today had been a slow day and little needed to be went over. The meetings lasting two to three hours. The Confidents eating their dinner meal in Dany’s quarters. It was a time to go over the day’s issues and issues facing the realm as they ate and then afterwards talked of current events. It was also a time for the inner circle to further the bonds of friendship.

They had eaten and Strong Belwas was tucked in and snoring on his chair before the fire his head cocked over and drooling slightly with a beatific smile on his face his belly full of locust and his favorite cheese dip. He had made his usual mess ‘accidently’ dropping locusts for Shadowclaw and Nymeria to snatch up and happily munch on. All the time the eunuch moaning and groaning how famished and overworked he was.

When he had fallen asleep Dany, Andi and Arya had put blankets over his round belly and tucked up underneath his chin and made sure to cover his feet. He would sometimes open his eyes blearily and smile at them. His smile so innocent it made Arya’s heart pitter patter. It was the look that a loving child gave his mother. She realized that they were Strong Belwas’s mothers. He had finally found people to love and spoil him. Something she doubted he had ever experienced before in his hard life. Arya was happy to help bring happiness into his life.

Nymeria was laying out perpendicular to the fire her long tail over the eunuch feet that were on the sloped down portion of the divan. She was lying on her side her back warmed by the roaring fire. Nymeria’s snout twitched and jerked while her feet moved in restless motions. She was no doubt still chasing Shadowclaw in her sleep.

Said cat was splayed on the great direwolf’s ribs her claws hooked into the wolf’s fur to keep her in position. Her own limbs spread out in a spread eagle as the cat slept peacefully. Arya had laughed watching the cat kneed her wolf’s fur making her bed. The great wolf had merely watched her with sleepy eyes and woofed lightly before lowering her head again to go to sleep.

Arya smiled at how well the two animals got along.

There was a knock at the door and Arya watched a man and woman enter the room. She could see they were lovers who were very familiar with each other. They had their arms around each other in a clear sign of affection.

They talked and greeted the other people in the room before Dany brought them to Arya. She introduced them as Bronn and Shae.

Bronn was definitely rough hewed with a stubble of beard and unkempt shaggy dark hair. He was lean with an angular face that made him look wolfish. The woman, Shae, was short and very pretty, with large dark eyes and black hair. She was quite young and Arya felt inferior to her beauty. She looked nervously at Dany and was relieved to see her looking at her only. Arya felt much better. Dany only had eyes for her! Arya just wished those looked at her with longing and desire.

Bronn had walked over to Tyrion.

“You ready to lose some money Tyrion. I feel lucky tonight dwarf. Tonight the gods are smiling on me!”

“You suck at poker Bronn and by the way so do you Shae” was Tyrion’s smug reply.

Shae flipped Tyrion the bird and blew a raspberry at the dwarf.

“I feel my luck changing Dwarf!” the beautiful woman boasted back. Shae shimmed her shoulders
making her breast swish against the sheer fabric of her tight top. Tyrion eye’s glazed over with lust. “I have two pair right here!” Shae announced pointing at her swaying breast. Tyrion glared at the woman muttering.

Arya laughed softly at the spectacle. Even though they were arguing and bickering with each other she could see the affection between the three persons.

Tyrion offered to teach Arya how to play the game but Arya felt her body warm when Dany stepped in immediately and said that she would show Arya how to play the game and give her pointers. She told Tyrion she was his better anyways. Tyrion had crowed that the night would show just who was the master. He assured Arya he was the unquestioned master of poker in the Red Keep. Dany had snorted at that.

The Queen moved to get beside Arya. “I feel it is my royal responsibility to teach our Arya Stark the subtleties of the game.” Dany pronounced haughtily

Four hours later Daenerys was in a surly mood. Tyrion was in a not much better mood with his arms crossed and glaring across the table at a certain “novice”.

It seemed Arya had an extreme run of “beginner’s luck” with a large pile of chips in front of her.

She had told Dany two hours ago she understood how to play the game now and struck out on her own.

Soon Deanery’s stack of chips had been decimated by her royal hostage.

She and Tyrion both sulked while the “royal hostage” beamed at her ever growing stack of chips.

“I’m a natural!”

Tyrion crossed his arms and kicked his legs up and down on his chair.

Daenerys mumbled and then whined.

“It’s no fucking fair!”

Arya sat back in her seat and beamed at all around her. She was a bad ass!

Dany whined even louder.

Jaime

The old carriage went down the lane that led from Shadybough that was five miles below Evenfall Hall. Shadybough was a small hamlet that had nearly fifty homesteads that were mainly subsistence farmers for their families. They shared in working in communal plots. The communal plots of land were tilled by the homesteaders to produce various melons for the various restaurants on the shores of Tarth.

The farmers took turns working the communal plots working every fifth day for several hours on a rotational basis. With all the families participating the fields were well maintained. Weeds plucked, bugs controlled, plants watered when necessary and mulch applied to keep the plants thriving. The crops were bountiful. The proceeds shared amongst the homesteads. The fair weather allowed crops to be grown ten out of the twelve months when the long winters had not set in.
The fields were now full of the ripe second crop of various melons planted for the season. The fields filled with fruit of their labors. When one looked out over the plots one saw watermelons, mellons, cantaloupe, white honeydews and galia melons. Their orange, yellow, beige and white circles in the fields meant sweet meals and money in their pockets. This was the hamlet’s specialty. The growing of various melons. Other staples were grown for fresh vegetables for the hamlet but the money crop was the various melons.

The melons brought cash from businesses and were battered with other hamlets that specialized in raising other vegetables, fruit trees or livestock for meat or diary.

Jaime looked at the fields as he handed up Breanna and Brandon to his wife Brienne. She had gotten in the carriage to take their children. His children squealed and laughed as he gave them to their mother. They always enjoyed going down to the beach. They sat down on Brienne’s knees facing away from their mother. Brienne started softly jerking her knees up and down. This produced an easy bumping motion that had the children holding onto her muscled knees.

Jaime’s children giggled and whooped saying ‘giddy up’ and lifted one hand up and circled it in the air “yeah, we are knights of the realm!” The little now three old boy and girl called out. Their beaming smiles so radiant and full of happiness. Jaime reflected back to his childhood. To begin with he and Cersei had been as happy. It did not start to go bad Jaime could see now until Cersei was denied her heart’s desires to be treated like Jaime. That she wanted to be a warrior just like her twin brother. That had been the start of troubles in House Lannister. Tyrion’s birth had only fueled that.

Jaime assumed that his children would want to take up the sword with two knights in the house. He would encourage both of his children in whatever their endeavors may be. If Breanna wanted to be a warrior so be it. If she wanted to marry the miller’s son … or daughter he would support it. If Brandon wanted to be a miller good. A diplomat in Dany’s service all the better. Only their happiness mattered to him. He would not make the errors of Tywin Lannister. He would not make the errors he had made with his first set of children.

His father’s damn insistence that only one’s House name mattered had ruined his father and nearly ruined his children. Thank the gods it seemed that the seven gods had given both him and his sister a second chance to do things over. To get it right the second time. He only prayed he got it right with his second chance. He had heard the rumors of Cersei marrying Obara Sand. He now said a prayer for his sister’s future happiness.

He climbed up into the carriage. He and his wife refused to use the royal carriage that Brienne’s father had tried to supply to them. Selwyn Tarth could not understand why his daughter and son-in-law wanted no part of the trappings of Lordship. They chose instead to use the carriage service of old Aden Phyre. He had two old nags that were sweet tempered. Selwyn Tarth’s daughter and son-in-law had no use for the tapestry of royalty. They craved a simpler life. They wanted to live with the common man and live their common touch. With Jamie’s past he needed that. He wanted no more parts of his past life and the horrors it had brought him.

Jaime and Brienne knew that hard decisions would need to be made when her father passed on. Hopefully, that would be many, many years into the future. The man was still hale and strong. He was a wise and just ruler. Long may he reign Brienne would say and Jaime whole heartedly agreed.

Jaime always gave the old horses some sugar cubes when they pulled up to the walkway to their cottage. The horses’ ears flicked in anticipation their lips rippling. Jaime laughed at the horses’ memories of the treats awaiting them at the Tarths. Jaime and Brienne took turns giving the horses their treats so the horses would take a liking to both of them. They patted and combed their fingers
through their manes. The horses shook their heads in pleasure. Jaime smiled. He liked being gentle
with all around him now. His wife and children were bringing out the best in himself. Jaime liked it.

He still sometimes woke up at night unsettled. Half remembered dreams that upset him. His
memories of past horror still at times waked him with sweat soaking his body. Only Brienne’s
comforting arms could bring him peace. He felt safe with her love and her adore for him. Jamie
Lannister had finally discovered simple pure love. Cersei’s love had always come with a price.
Jamie could now see both his and his sister’s faults. He longed to atone for his past failures.

Aden would whisk his leads getting the horses in motion for the thirty minute journey down from the
foothills to the west coast of Tarth. They enjoyed the soft jostling of the carriage. Jaime always
remembered to inquire of Aden on how he was doing “How is life treating you cuz?” Jaime asked
Aden his customary question.

“I am doing well Jaime of Tarth. How are those two bundles of trouble doing?”

“They are being their mischievous selves. You know taking after their mother” Jaime said with a
smirk as his sweet beautiful wife glared at him and he smiled back with a smug look. He loved
tweaking his wife in public. She always glared or blushed at him and then fucked him to complete
exhaustion in retaliation. He could live with that. He waggled his eyebrows at his wife and held up
his first two slightly separated fingers and licked up and down between them. Brienne blushed
furiously. Gods he loved going down on Brienne’s sweet wet pussy. Its heat
and wetness heavenly on his face and her cum so sweet as it gushed out her spamsing cunt as she
wailed in hard orgasm.

Brienne continued to blush mightly. Jaime laughed. His children turned to look at their mother who
only blushed more. “Are you hot mommy?” Breanna asked seeing her mother’s flushed face.
Brienne tried to explain her flush away as Jamie chuckled at her. Brienne glared at him and then
smiled softly. Yes, tonight would be very entertaining Jamie thought to himself. His cock jumped in
happy anticipation. Gods Brienne sucked dick so good and did deep throat like a Lysian whore. He
loved cumming in her throat underneath her Adam’s apple as she choked on his spurting cock. Yes
tonight would be hot and nasty.

They moved down to the coast. Jaime enjoyed the sights as he always did. The tree boughs
overlapped the roadway their limbs intertwined forming a canopy of green. The wind gentle and
warm making the leaves rustle. He heard birds chirping and warbling. He would see brown arrows
with colored markings flitting in and out the boughs taking meals to their crying chicks. The sounds
of cicadas loud in the air. A few colorful butterflies flitted down the green magical tunnel.

Jamie always felt like this was some magical tunnel that lead to fantastical lands. He closed his eyes
and felt the breeze on his face. He enjoyed the soft subtle motions of the carriage and the soft
nickering of the horses. He heard rustling and opened his eyes. He saw his daughter crawling off
her mother and moving unsteadily on the floorboard of the jerking carriage towards him. He held
out his arms to his smiling child.

Jaime helped Breanna climb up his leg and she stood up beside him on the seat bench. She stuck her
tongue out at Brandon who was scooting off the other bench he and his mother were sitting on. The
jostling carriage making his gate unsteady as he stumbled over to Jaime. Brandon started to climb up
but fell on his butt with an umpf.

Breanna looked down at her brother gnawing her lip until he got back up and started climbing up his
father’s leg after his sister. She squealed and stuck her tongue out again. Back and forth the happy
twins worked around the carriage as their parents looked on happily.
Jaime for the countless time thanked the gods for Brienne and their children and his second chance to be a husband and father.

They had started to visit the coast twice a week, sometimes thrice, three months ago. They had received a raven from the Queen. She spoke some of the preparation for war with the North though Jaime and Brienne could read between the lines. She was up to something. They both had knowledge of Eddard Stark and could not see that man committing treason.

Jaime had been afraid she was going to ask him or him and Brienne both to join her on her quest to the North. Instead she had asked them to keep an eye on a new restaurant that had just opened there on Tarth. It was the Sapphire Isle Seaside Grille. The queen said that the owners were very important to her. That alone had Jaime and his wife’s curiosity peaked. They had so see who these “very important” persons were.

They had taken their children down to the shore the next week. They had been very pleased by what they found there and had been regular customers since. Jaime was afraid he might need to hire a smith to make a new suite of armor if he continued to eat there the food was so good. He was sure his daily sparring sessions with Brienne would see that did not happen. That and at night fucking his sweet wife repeatedly. Their trysts of hot nasty sex so satisfying. Gods Brienne was so athletic and demanding in bed. Her sweet shy demeanor disappearing when the fuck hunger was burning in her veins.

Aden dropped them off in front of the restaurant. Jaime took his children from Brienne and watched his wife easily jump down. She would never accept a hand to get down. She stood looking around and Jaime felt smug knowing that she was looking for any troublemakers to protect her husband. Jaime found it was nice to be taken care of like this. Few dared call him Kings Slayer anymore. Many a man had lost teeth from his wife’s knuckles for the mistake of saying that in front of her. He had no problem with his wife kicking anyone’s ass in defense of his supposed honor.

It warmed his heart with how the Queen had laid to rest the taint of Kingslayer. She had fully forgiven Jamie. She had told Jamie by raven she would work to curb the slur in King’s Landing. All in her service would correct any who spoke the slur. They would be given the true reasons why he killed Daenerys Targaryen’s father. Over time the call of Kingslayer would lessen. Brienne would take care of matters till then.

Jaime paid the man handsomely for his service of his excellent cab. They would eat at the eatery and then do some shopping and go down to the beach. The man would see if could find any local business while he waited for the Tarth’s to be ready to head home in five or six hours. As long as he was ready to take his family home Jamie was happy for the man to earn some extra coin. Jaime genuinely like the man.

Jaime and Brienne had paid Aden well from the start. Aden now had plenty of money to keep his little cottage up and feed his three little pugs that enjoyed their now high end repasts their father could afford to give them each night now. The man enjoyed the company of his fares with his sweet wife having died ten years past.

Jaime and Brienne sat at table in the front of the establishment. They were sheltered from the sun by the blue awning that had medium white strips running down the tarp like material. The restaurant had special chairs designed for toddlers and small children. The seats and height of the chairs sized for their bodies and sitting them up high and had special cutouts for their legs and straps to keep them secure in the devices. Kensye the mother of Laina Baerley called them “high-chairs”.

Said mother came to them and made small talk as she took their orders. The children had cut corn on the cob, green beans and popcorn shrimp broiled. Brienne ordered broiled salmon and a baked
potato with cheese and chives.

Jaime had a surf and turf with a large fresh salad and hard boiled eggs diced in. The service as usual was exemplary.

They heard Kelia calling out to Laina that she needed her help for a moment in the kitchen. The fish monger rose from her station she now shared with Grandin Phyre who had arrived from King’s Landing three weeks ago. They had made enough to pay his fare to their new home. He had worked with them at their low end barely therein business near the River Gate or the Mud Gate as it was more commonly called. They had had no resources to get ahead in that small run down establishment.

The two owners were about to bring Darran Stout from King’s Landing. As their business and profits grew they could now afford to take on this man who had worked part time at their old establishment. The owners knew and loved the man’s work ethic and honesty. They hoped to bring in the last two who had worked part time in a month. They would be working full time now and be well paid as they deserved to be. They were about to start operating for dinner cliental. Business was doing very well.

Laina and Kelia wanted to help as many of their former co-workers as possible. Soon they would have brought all in from King’s Landing. They wanted to help them as the Queen had helped them. The rest of the staff they were hiring from people seeking employment and wanting to break into the restaurant business.

Husband and wife watched Laina hurry back to her wife. Jaime and Brienne both leaned over to look at the call out window between the inside restaurant and kitchen. Sure enough the two were snooging with Laina swooning as her wife tried to remove her tonsils with her tongue.

Finally, Laina’s mother had to break it up so Laina could get back to work at her station and Kelia could cook. The mother smiled at the two and their obvious love for each other. So did Jaime and Brienne. They had no idea why the Queen favored them but it was obvious they were thriving.

They saw Grahar working with his smile big on his face. He was about forty with the mind of a six year old. He loved his work and they had him busing the tables and taking food out of the kitchen. The Tarth’s had been impressed to learn that they had “adopted” the simple man and he lived on the first floor with Laina’s mother.

The second week Jaime and his family had visited the man had tripped and spilled his dishes and eating utensils out of his carrying box. He had looked so afraid and started to cry. It pulled at Jaime’s heartstrings. He and his wife started to get up as their children looked on from their high seats. The three women and their other employee Graige Mertyns had quickly moved over to the sobbing man and worked to reassure him and helped him gather the utensils and picked up the broken dishes. They again and again patted him and told him not to worry. Grahar had sensed their love and forgiveness and the radiant smile returned to his face. He resumed his duties with his smile firmly back in place.

Jaime and Brienne looked at each other. These were genuine people. The queen had chosen to help good people.

Laina and Grandin cut and gutted fresh fish that was delivered every other hour. Laina was a blur sucking oysters and clams while the man was a master at preparing Geoduck Clams. He would cut off the siphons that could be up to three feet long and then cut open the shells to get at the meat on the inside.
The siphons then fried were quite tasty Brienne said.

They were enjoying their meal. Jaime asked Laina how business was doing. She spoke to them her shaggy hair over her eyes did not hid the gleam in them. She was in heaven she told them. She had told Jaime and Brienne several time with a dreamy look in her eyes how she had never thought that she would ever have Keila in her life as her wife. She was always certain that one day her noble born parents would discover their daughter’s dalliance with her and marry her off to some man far away for spit. That fear had been permanently removed.

Jaime and family continued to eat in contentment as he and his sweet wife talked about this and that and how they needed to clean clothes when they got back and make sure the corn rows were weeded.

“Well, well if it is not the King’s Slayer himself.” Jaime looked at Brienne who had gone from soft and smiling to hard and stone faced in an instant. Jaime motioned with his eyes for her to stay put.

He turned to look at the large man with a double headed battleax strapped to his back. He had a large beard and arms like tree trunks. He was missing several teeth but it only enhanced his ugly features.

“That be me cuz. Now that we have introduced ourselves you can move on.”

“How much bravery does it take to run a sword through an old man from behind?” The man looked smug with his feeble humor.

Jaime made a motion of putting his finger tip to this chin a look of concentration on his face.

“Not much really.”

“You got a smart mouth asshole.”

“Why thank you.”

Brienne started to get up. Jaime motioned for her to sit down. “Please sit my dear. We don’t need your knuckles all swollen up again.”

“You are a coward to have your woman do your fighting for you. I ought to sm—arrggghhhhh!”

The man collapsed down to one knee. His right leg was pinned to the ground with a foot jammed in behind the knee and pressing in with brutal force. Two small hands had fistfuls of the man’s long hair. The man tried to jerk his head but the hands jerked the man’s head violently forward and back snapping the man’s neck stunning him.

Jaime looked into the light grey eyes of a small teenage girl with hair pulled back in a high ponytail and with several curled strands of hair hanging down on each side of her head in front of her ears. The girl had on a blouse with a vest strung up over it and combat breeches and combat boots. Her face in a snarl.

Jaime’s eyes went wide and he felt his balls shrivel. Behind the girl stood a monstrous Direwolf. My gods Jaime thought! They indeed are monstrous. Brienne had stood up and went to grab for her long dagger at her hip.

“That won’t be needed” came a calm voice they had heard before.

The Queen stepped out from behind the short woman being three inches shorter than the fierce girl.
The Queen stepped up to the man that had his head jerked savagely to face the Queen by the snarling girl.

Daenerys lowered her head to make hard eye contact with the man. Her face several inches in front of the man.

WHACK!

The queen whipped her head forward head butting the man with savage force. The man cried out in pain and his eyes went unfocused. He was definitely lightly concussed Jamie judged.

“I am finally allowed to take Arya out with me on Drogon and you ruin it for us. Apologize to Jaime nicely or I will to have actually hurt you now.” Jamie looked at his Queen. She had snark. He liked Daenerys the more for it.

The stunned man slurred out an apology to Jaime with his eyes crossing from his concussed state.

“Arya let the man up.”

The fierce brown haired teenager released her hold on the man. The Queen then jerked the groggy man up off the ground and dragged him unceremoniously to the entry door to the restaurant. Then the Queen and her companion were through the door still dragging the stumbling behind them. The Queen jerked the large man to the street and pushed him down it. The man stumbled to his knees. He wobbly staggered up and started to move down the road in a nonlinear manner.

“Remember your manners next time or I will let Nymeria piss all over you!” Daenerys sent the man off. The man hurried down the road with Nymeria looping behind the man her tongue hanging out drooling as the man kept looking over his shoulder worriedly. The Queen walked back to Jaime and Brienne’s table with a soft smile for them and a loving smile for Arya.

Jaime and Brienne looked at each other. The royal hostage, Arya Stark. They had heard of her and that the Queen was in love with her. Now seeing them together, it was obvious Daenerys was in love with the quiet Stark. They looked back at the Queen.

“Could you join us your highness.”

“Why thank you.”

They spent several minutes making small talk while the three women owners fretted and looked anxious.

Finally, Kensye approached.

“Is-is all well my Queen?” with a fearful tone.

Daenerys smiled her most winning smile at the woman putting her at ease.

Daenerys called out the two young women. The Queen introduced them to Arya Stark and asked them how business was. The women quickly relaxed realizing that the Queen had not come to end their fairy tale.

Daenerys and Arya ordered their fare and joined the Tarth’s at their table. The Queen was her usual charming self. Arya was polite and gradually warmed up to the strangers.

Jaime eyed the pair seeing how they often touched each other to make a point and instinctively
leaned into each other without realizing it.

Brienne touched his leg with her hand squeezing it. Yes he saw it too. Their initial impression had been correct. The Queen had fallen in love.

Their meal arrived and the owners doted and waited around the table until Daenerys laughed and told them she did not need any more assistance than any other of their customers. “Please treat me like anyone else.” The owners left but Jamie watched them constantly checking to make sure the Queen had no wants unfilled with their service and cuisine.

They all ate in easy comradery and gentle conversation.

The children finished and were let down. They gravitated to Daenerys and looked at her white hair and purple eyes never seeing the like before.

“Stop being rude Bre and Bran” Brienne admonished the two staring children.

“Oh please Brienne—let them stare” Daenerys told Brienne. She picked up Brandon and handed him to a startled Arya while she picked up Breanna and put her on her leg. Arya followed suite unsurely. The two young women laughed bouncing the children on their knees. The two children started to play with the royal’s clothes and tug on their hair as they giggled.

Jaime and Brienne looked at each other again. The Queen and her ‘royal hostage’ would make excellent parents.

The great Direwolf came back looping lazily up to the table and stuck her mighty head between Arya and Daenerys to have her ears scratched. The two women absentmindedly reached out do as requested by the huge wolf. The wolf got a look of pure contentment on her face. The direwolf turned her head left and licked Brandon’s face and then turned her head and licked Breanna’s face. They had looked slightly worried until they felt the Direwolf’s raspy tongue lick their face. Now her children were giggling and petting the massive wolf’s head happily. The wolf eating up the attention.

Jamie saw that his children were hooked. He sighed knowing that they would be demanding their own Direwolf at their home. Like you could go out to the woods and just find one.

Daenerys made eye contact with both Jaime and Brienne.

“I know you have heard I am about to move North to either quell rebellion or fight the Ice King at the wall.”

Jaime was shocked that the woman spoke so frankly to them. There was no mention of the Ice King in the Queen’s missives to Brienne’s father which in turn were related to his daughter and her husband.

The Queen gave them a brief summary of her knowledge and her plans.

“Are you hear to ask me and my wife to go with you to the North my Queen. I am your loyal subject and will go wherever you ask but I would ask—“

“Enough of that shit Jaime Lannister!” Jamie sighed. His sweet foul mouthed wife had sensed what he was about to say. Normally, Brienne was sweet and placid until she felt Jaime was about to try and shelter her from harm he would put himself in.

“I told you never to call me by that name Brienne.”
“Where you go I go!”

Jaime sighed.

Daenerys broke in “Yes I want you to come into my service but not as you think.”

Brienne and Jamie looked at her with confusion.

“I have all the forces I need for the upcoming war.” She saw both mighty warriors bristle. She held up her hand to forestall any rancor. “What I mean is that two more swords no matter how mighty will not sway events to the North.”

“I am taking my most trusted swordsman with me to the North. I need two swords in King’s Landing I know I can trust to stand guard over my Small Council and especially Tyrion your brother and Olenna. I know I can trust you two with their lives. Will you go to King’s Landing and defend my realm from possible sedition from within.”

“I will be leaving my rear weak to meet a menace that threatens the whole realm. That man called you King’s Slayer. That was a lie. You were Life Saver. Your actions prevented the murder of tens of thousands of innocents at the hands of my mad father.”

“I know I can trust you to defend the realm no matter the cost.”

“Can I ask you and wife to forego for a time your idyllic life here? I will find someone to maintain your homestead in your absence. I would love to have your laughing children underfoot. Come to King’s Landing. The realm once more needs your service Jaime Tarth and the equally mighty sword of Brienne of Tarth.”

“Join me in defense of the realm.”

When she phrased it like that how could anyone refuse? He looked at his wife. The barest tilt of the head and look of resolve was Brienne’s answer.

“We accept my Queen.”

“I would be honored to serve the great Breaker of Chains!” Brienne’s clear soprano voice range out. The other patrons were looking at them in awe. They started to clap. The queen looked back at them with affection while her tablemates colored red in embarrassment.

The owners tried to get the Queen to not pay but she refused to hear of it. She left the fare and a handsome tip.

The Queen and royal hostage left walking with their shoulders brushing. Why they weren’t holding hands Jaime had no idea. He saw Brienne smiling at him.

“Don’t worry husband. They will consummate their love soon enough. Looks like we will be going to King’s Landing.”

Jaime sighed “So it would seem my dear wife.”

“I can’t wait.”

“Why in the world do you say that wife?”

“So we can go and make happy memories their sweet husband. You deserve to go there and be
honored.”

“Yeah right” Jamie spoke in a sardonic tone. No matter what the Queen said he doubted he would ever be able to live down his past. The lie had lived to long.

“Trust me my husband. The Queen would not be having you to return to King’s Landing if she did not mean to have your reputation restored. We saw what just happened to gap tooth. Let us go and find our destiny Jamie of Tarth.”

Jamie had to admit when she put it like that it seemed like a pretty good idea. It had been a long time. It would be nice to serve a King or Queen who was actually worthy of the title. Finally, Jamie understood what it meant to serve someone who deserved such service.

Queen Daenerys Targaryen had two mighty new swords in her service.

Daenerys

Arya had become poetry in motion with her swords. That was the only way that the Queen could describe Arya with her swords now. She used her broadsword with her left hand meeting the slashes and thrusts of Barristan. He had been hammering her dominate hand for weeks building up her strength. Even with his age, his strength had not diminished one iota. Daenerys knew. Her arms often ached after fighting him.

Barristan was about strength and savage attacks and muscle memory to make parries and blocks. Daenerys was right handed pure and simple. She could use her left hand in a desperate move to get back to her dominate hand. She had tried to use her left hand but it was useless really. She willed her hand to strike but it was weak and uncoordinated.

This was not the case with Arya. Syrio had first noticed that the girl while weaker on her right hand side seemed to have the coordination and sense of her left hand side. Where the sword felt awkward in Daenerys left hand Arya was comfortable with her right hand. Barristan brought out a parchment and quill and asked Arya to write her name with her right hand. She did easily.

When they asked her about how she could do that she told them she sometimes liked to do things right handed just for the fun of it. She had the ability but had never really developed it. That had now changed. Barristan and Syrio had her shooting her bow right handed and spending one hour using her right hand as her dominate hand.

All had been greatly impressed how quickly Arya developed her skills with her right hand. Barristan had Arya block his sword strikes with only her left hand. Her strength increasing quickly and dramatically. When Barristan attacked her when she used both hands on the hilt he had her meet his strikes with equal force. She surged into his strikes when head on only deflecting and shunting to the side when it brought tactical advantage.

With one hand on her hilt Barristan trained her relentlessly to divert and use his body’s force and momentum to shunt him off balance and deflect his attacks as much as possible to the side. He did not press the attack but trained Arya to instinctively know how to meet his savage attacks. Barristan’s speed and strength had not diminished with age. If anything his savvy and cunning had only made him more dangerous.

His training had started to payoff. She was now able to meet his attacks with her left hand blocking and parrying his attacks. She used her broadsword to blunt his attack and now needle in her right
hand was counterattacking with lightning speed with deadly thrust aimed at his head or heart or
slashing that would open his side.

Barristan met her attacks but the strange attack style had him cautious and on the defense. You
almost never met a sword fighter who used both hands. It was said that Arthur Dayne was such a
man. When Arya fought Syrio now she had an advantage. With her two swords she had the Water
Dancer on the defense. His defense blunted her attacks and shunted her off balance but with her
second hand now with a weapon on offense and her unnatural reflexes she met all his counterattacks
with attacks that countered his attacks.

Syrio was like a whirling dervish with his rapier lashing out and making sudden thrusts but Arya
would block all of them and lash back at him with her broadsword followed with a timed thrust of
her needle and have the water dancer again leaping back in defense.

Daenerys enjoyed watching her Arya fight her sword masters to a draw.

She herself now found herself hard pressed fighting the girl. She had railed at Arya on her holding
back. Arya would demure and looked abashed but Daenerys impressed on Arya that she needed her
best in her service.

Daenerys explained to the Stark girl in an awkward stilted manner that she was a poor sport and bad
loser but to try and not take it personally. Daenerys was not egotistical but admitting any fault was
so hard for her. She wanted to always win but she had long ago accepted that her talents were many
but like her brother Rhaegar she was gifted and talented in many things but not supremely physically
gifted in any one thing. Thus, her brother’s defeat on the Trident.

Daenerys saw that Arya needed encouragement in their fights against each other and gave it. She
shouted out good strike or counter when Arya unbalanced herself and yesterday she had gotten
through Daenerys defense to land a solid strike on her right ribs. It had stung like hell and made her
stagger.

Arya had cried out she was sorry but Daenerys held up her hand. “Well done Arya! With you by
my side I will feel safe. I may have to make you my Queensguard”.

Daenerys had thrown it out as a light hearted rejoinder but she also did it as a test.

She saw Arya’s chest swell and she told Daenerys she would be honored to be her Queens Guard.
She had a big smile on her face for the rest of the practice and she did not get through the Queen’s
defenses.

Arya’s skill, speed and strength was improving the Queen’s own skills.

Today Daenerys had blocked all of Arya’s attacks and actually put her on the defensive several
times. Arya’s two sword defense was quite deadly. One was not used to being attacked by two
blades at once! She redoubled her attack going after the smaller sword. The lack of size and weight
of that sword gave Daenerys an advantage as Arya had to constantly side step to the right to bring
her broadsword into play to shore up the defense from that side that Daenerys kept launching.

Syrio praised Daenerys profusely for figuring out a weakness to Arya’s attack style. That made
Daenerys preen herself.

After the practice session Arya was rotating her left arm again. It did not bother her all the time but
Daenerys always kept her stoppered bottle of liniment oil ready. She offered to rub it into Arya’s
shoulders. The girl smiled gratefully and turned her back and lowered her blouse top enough for her
Queen to rub the oil she heated by rubbing her hands together.

The girl relaxed and seemed to become boneless under the Queen’s hands. Daenerys’s hands ached to touch so much more of the girl. She had learned her limits. She had practically thrown herself at the girl and she had not reacted to the Queen’s overtures. It had hurt being rejected like that. Daenerys had started to fool herself that the girl was feeling the attraction that the Queen was feeling but that afternoon had convinced the Queen to stop wishing for the impossible.

Daenerys’s reluctance to ever put a woman through what she had endured at thirteen limited her actions. She knew what it was like to have the sanctity of one’s body violated. The Queen found herself vacillating with Arya. She would be convinced the girl felt nothing for her one moment and then the next she thought maybe she does want me but is too shy to fully show it. The Queen’s swinging emotions and lack of surety were keeping her in a conundrum.

The Queen sighed. If only the girl would give her clear signs and actions that she indeed want the Queen’s advances. Daenerys needed to be sure. She did not want to ruin any forming nascent feelings the girl may be forming for her.

Arya would probably meet some dashing knight and tire playing the part of Queen’s Guard knight in training. She dug her strong fingers into the girl’s shoulders and loosened the girl’s muscles as she leaned back into her hands. The girl obviously enjoyed the massage. Daenerys could only wish that the girl wished it was a prelude to seduction and lovemaking.

All too soon she had to stop touching the girl for she had worked all the muscles loose. Syrio felt like a run among the streets of King’s Landing and took Arya along. He was always working on Arya’s cardio making sure the girl’s stamina was at elite levels.

Arya had seemed to want to stay with the Queen but Daenerys did not want to be selfish of the girl’s time. She felt it was very important for her to help the girl become all she was meant to become. She and the two sword masters agreed that Arya was going to be their equal soon. She had indeed inherited all of her father’s skills and instincts with the sword. With that innate ability had come strength and reserves that matched Daenerys. The Queen knew that Barristan and Syrio had discussed her unnatural abilities but long ago accepted them as destiny. They had years ago accepted the same in their Queen.

It was nice to know that Arya had the same unnatural abilities. Arya was so perfect for her that it hurt the Queen sometimes. She had always wanted since she started her conquest a strong woman by her side. A woman not hardened by life and combat yet. The Queen wanted a woman who was still capable of feeling wonder and seeing the beauty of the world.

Arya was all those things. The Queen knew she had to fight falling more deeply in love with girl. The girl did not feel the same emotions in return. The Queen had come to understand that for Arya she would challenge all for her hand. She sighed to herself. The Queen had to stop fooling herself. She was already deeply in love with the girl.

She had thought of the words of Tyrion. Maybe Westeros would accept her right to have a Queen as her consort. For Arya she would indeed challenge and fight the Houses to love her. Daenerys paused in her thought. It was a quandary. She would not destroy the realm like Robert had for Lyanna who she was sure did not love him in return. Would she go into exile for Arya? No! She would make the realm accept the right of people to marry whom they would like. At that time she would also establish the right of equal primogeniture.

If only Arya would give her a sign! Daenerys knew she had to be very careful with her emotions. She could not let herself fall hopelessly in love with the girl. Why did she keep saying that when she
already was.

The Queen reached over and got her oil to polish her sword to its deep blue luster. She started to pull her sword out its sheath. The bright blue of the Rune Sword springing to life. She remembered this morning how she and Arya had been rubbing Nymeria’s belly with their hard digging fingers. The wolf’s head lulling back and forth her tongue hanging out. Arya looking up at her with those grey eyes that were full of light and laughter.

Daenerys pulled her sword out thinking how beautiful Arya was and so full of life. Her sword glowed its ethereal blue ghostly glow. The penumbra both bright and yet almost fragile. She looked down at her sword and gasped. She pulled the sword up looking at the runes and the two entwined ouroboros. She felt tears running down her cheeks. It was too late. She was already deeply and completely in love with Arya. Her sword confirmed it.

She put the sword across her legs and started to work the oil into the metal to give it the ultimate sheen. Deanery’s tears fell down her cheek and onto the blade to mix with the oil as she worked her cloth in small circles.

The runes that were visible when she pulled her sword from its scabbard now danced sensually beneath her gaze. The words of love that Rhaenys had spoken to Visenya wavered and danced. The motions both sensual and evocative to the eye. The ouroboros now danced and writhed around each other as the snakes did a tight slithering mating dance. Daenerys cried softly with how beautiful the dance of ghostly ruins and snakes were.

Daenerys felt her shoulders shake with her silent sobs. She was thankful that no one was there to see her distress. The craftsman had been too great. The sword was perfectly tuned to her emotions. Her love for Arya had brought the runes fully to life.

Daenerys had noticed of late out of the corner of her eye movement from her sword when she polished it. She often thought of myriad things when she sharpened and polished her sword. She thought of her coming campaign. She thought of the other matters facing her kingdom, all the problems she wanted to tackle. She thought of Essos and how to reshape that land and fully replace the horror of slavery. She would also think of Arya.

When she would catch movement out of the corner of her eye and focus her thoughts the runes would appear as normal. Glowing strongly blue but with no movement. Her wondering and intertwined thoughts masked her heart.

The Queen closed her eyes and slowly suppressed her love for Arya. Then Daenerys focused on the problems facing her at the Wall and beyond. She focused on troop movements and shipping schedules. She thought of battle tactics and her swordsmanship.

Daenerys looked back down and saw that the runes were again still. She washed away the subterfuge and let her love for Arya wash over her. The runes instantly started to shimmer and then dance with an alluring sensual sway. The ouroboroses again danced in their circle and now Daenerys saw how the bodies slide one over the other the heads caressing the body of its mate.

Yes. Daenerys Targaryen was madly in love with Arya Stark.

Later that day Daenerys was tense on the iron throne. She had come to grips that she was hopelessly in love with Arya. The girl did not feel the same way towards her but she could not stop her love for the girl from the North with the fire and the spirit of the wolf in her veins.

Daenerys could in time she felt find peace with that. She would have too. She looked over and
down at the ‘royal hostage’ as she stood with Barristan. She looked up at Daenerys and smiled and waved at the Queen. Daenerys felt her pulse hammer in her veins. God she loved that girl she freely admitted now.

She gnawed her lip. Maybe I should actively woo her. That would have to wait till after the campaign in the North. She must achieve victory so there would be a time to woo the girl. Gods could only hope that she might be at least a little bit receptive and that Eddard Stark would not forbid it.

She could not see him allowing it but she had to hope that the man was as noble in the future of his children as he was with his realm and his governance.

Those were an issue for another day. What had the Queen agitated was the arrival of Donadhor Orlolis the representative of the Iron Bank. He had signed the registry seeking audience with the Queen. His stated reason. “To call in the Queen’s personal loan.”

The Queen had given her pronouncements on the issues of her citizens making the Iron Bank representative wait till last.

Daenerys had squirmed on the throne restlessly. She fretted and wondered what in the world would be the demands of the Iron Bank. *Of course they would make their demands known as she was preparing for war.* Daenerys squirmed on the seat that seemed to be pricking her ass something fierce today!

Daenerys pinched her nose. She rotated her head on a neck that had gone stiff with tension and sighed.

“Send the Iron Bank representative in.”

As she waited she looked down at Arya. She was talking to Barristan and to Syrio who had join them. He normally avoided the trappings of government but he too wanted to hear the demands of the Iron Bank.

In the main throne doors stepped the Iron Bank personage along with two young squires.

The man was in his mid-thirties. He had dark hair and a light complexion. His face angular and to Daenerys his features seemed like a hawks. A hawk ready to pounce on its prey. He was dressed in a robe of dark burgundy with gold trim at the sleeves and bottom hemline. He glided on supple leather booties.

He came up before the throne and looked up haughtily. The Iron Bank was used to working from a position of strength.

“I have come to call in your debt Daenerys Targaryen first of your name. We helped you secure a contract with the Faceless men and now it is time for you make good on your debt.”

“What is it you want? You told me that it is not money you desire. You can have no part of my realm. It belongs to me and Westeros. What else could you want?”

“Arya Stark” was Donadhor Orlolis calm reply.

The throne room went instantly still.

Tyrion and Missandei on either side of the queen on the Iron Throne platform turned to look at her.
Slowly the Queen rose up from her throne silent. Her lilac eyes boring down on the Iron Bank man. “Excuse me. She is not a slave or pawn to be given away. You know my stance on slavery.”

“This is true my Queen. We require her services. We would have used your skills but you have grown beyond what we need. You have truly become Queen of Westeros and maybe even of Essos. You have become too great for our needs. You are no longer a tool that can be used. You mere presence would cause alarm and ire where we need you to be. Your fame proceeds you. Arya can fulfill what you no longer can. She has developed into your equal and maybe superior in some things. We have a job for her to perform. She has the talents and skills we need.”

“No. I forbid it.”

“You signed the contract Daenerys Targaryen. You must abide the terms.”

“If I refuse?”

“Then we call in all your debts.”

“Then I will burn Iron Bank down to slag and as much of Braavos as necessary.”

“You may find that expensive.”

“You will find yourself dead.”

“Maybe. But if we call in your debt it will cause your kingdom havoc. It will throw Essos into chaos.”

“I have the wealth to survive. I will destroy your institution and kill you all.”

“We will form alliances with the crime families and throw all you have started to build into disarray. We will rouse the Sealords into open rebellion.”

“Your dragons are not as invulnerable as you may think Daenerys Targaryen.”

Slowly Daenerys started to reach for her sword by the side of the throne.

“I will go” a voice called out.

Daenerys head ripped around “I refuse to allow you go Arya!” the Queen nearly shouted.

Arya stepped forward.

“I will not allow bloodshed and possible war to ruin all that you have accomplished Daenerys.” Arya turned to the Iron Bank man with her cool grey eyes.

“If I accept this mission you will reduce the debt of Westeros to the Iron Bank by fifty percent.”

“Twenty percent.”

“Forty percent.”

Daenerys could not believe her ears. The Iron Bank must be desperate for Arya’s services. They had mentioned that they had thought of using her. Daenerys knew that what she and Arya had in common was their skill with the sword. But the Iron Bank did not fight wars. What did they have in mind?
“Thirty percent.”

Arya looked up at the Queen. They locked eyes. Daenerys felt her heart swell. Arya was willing to accept a mission that might be deadly without qualm to serve the Queen and the realm.

“Agreed” Daenerys spoke to the man.

“We do not have need of her services now. If you lose this war it will be of little import. We know where you must go and who you must fight. We wish you luck and our full support.”

Daenerys wanted to question further but was reluctant. This ‘request’ would reduce the crowns debt by nearly three million gold dragons.

“I have to ask. What can one woman do?”

“You and now Arya have skills that are unique and powerful. You both are cunning and wily. A situation has arisen in Braavos that requires the skills that the two of you possess. Alas, you have become way too famous to undertake a mission of stealth and subterfuge. This a problem that Arya does not share”

“She will journey to Braavos and take care of an issue for us. With her skills and talents she will succeed and come back to you Daenerys Targaryen. Then the two of you can then seek your destinies together. Long may your reigns last. Let your destinies bring forth a golden age.” The man bowed low to the Queen.

The man rose up. “By your leave?” the man asked.

The Queen granted it and he left with his silent entourage.

Daenerys slowly walked down the throne steps. She came before the Stark girl who had long ago captured her heart.

“You don’t have to do this.”

“Yes I do. We avoided a possible war that would have killed tens of thousands and also reduced the debt to the Iron Throne by thirty percent.” A big smile came over Arya’s face. “I would say that is a pretty good days work if I say so myself!”

Daenerys hugged Arya tight celebrating. This girl was everything that a Queen would hope to have in a mate. Daenerys picked up Arya and swung her around laughing.

If Arya ever showed in any interest in her she would reciprocate and take this wolf as her lover and Queen!

She would change Westeros. Change it for the better.

Olenna

Olenna walked along the gardens and fountains of Highgarden. She had spent most of her life within these walls. They were like a lover’s embrace. She walked slowly smelling the roses. That was not something she would be able to do in King’s Landing. It had its gardens but nothing like her current home. The very air was perfumed with the blooms of roses. Each breath a bouquet of intoxicating scents in her lungs. She smiled bending down to smell in deep the fragrance of a rose
bud.

She had seen Arya smelling the roses. She had forgotten to take pleasure in the small things of life. She moved forward slightly and took another deep breath from another rose. She was surprised that this mere simple act indeed brought her pleasure.

When had she forgotten this? Had she ever even known it?

She walked on. She looked at the two fountains in front of her. They were indeed exquisite works of art. One was three fishes with water spitting out of their mouths. The second was a griffin with its wings spread out and water pouring out his mouth. The statues made of bronze had the green patina around their mouths were the water flowed out of the works of brass. She had always found those patinas appealing for some reason. That splash of green on bronze.

She walked on. She looked up at the spires of the sept of Balor. The tall spires incased in gems and clear and colored crystal glass. The spangles of light reflecting off the spires were memorizing. The seven spires for the seven aspects of god were so beautiful. She had always been proud that a provincial capital could build and maintain such an exquisite architecture.

She took the steps up to a small balcony thirty feet up over the ground on the first wall of Highgarden. It was morning and the sun beat upon on her face. The roses were blooming heavily as they always did at this time of year. The next generation of tulips had come in.

The color yellow predominated but with a fields of red, blue and purple interspersed among the sea of yellow that surrounded the castle. Olenna looked at the rows of trees of the orchids off in the distance. The fruit from these trees went across Westeros to feed the people the fruits of Highgarden. The breeze was clean and pure here in Highgarden. She did hate the environs of King’s Landing and the smell sewers and piled up trash.

She knew that the Queen wanted to tackle this problem. Oleanna had heard that the daughter of Cersei Lannister along with Arianna Myrtell had come up with ideas to work on urban blight. Olenna wanted to see those plans. If you uplifted the lower economic strata that would then raise income and thus taxes to begin even more ambitious plans of urban renewal.

Olenna looked forward to taking on these challenges, but, she also had other challenges she wanted to meet. She wanted to take on the political intrigue that was sure arise as the new government took form. With Tywin Lannister around to stir up trouble and the priests of Balor already grumbling against the liberal mores of the Queen, Olenna knew she would have foes to oppose.

She looked at the carriage at the gate that led out of Highgarden. The gate that opened onto the Rosewood that led to King’s Landing. This new refurbished carriage would take her to King’s Landing. The Queen had sent Mace a raven two days after asking Olenna to join her in King’s Landing telling him that it was imperative that Olenna arrive in King’s Landing as soon as possible. She had sent plans to install “leaf springs” on a carriage to soften the ride.

Carpenters and wagon wrights worked feverishly day and night to refurbish a carriage that was used to transport the royals to the local holds in the Reach. Olenna had sat in the carriage when the workers rocked the carriage and the ride was indeed much softer with the new leaf springs installed. They were installing thick soft sponges below the benches overlaid with down feathers. Olenna was most pleased with the changes.

Olenna had had them to make her own changes to the carriage. She wanted to make changes to show her new allegiances. She would always do all she could for her ancestral homeland but she now needed to expand her vision. She talked to the lead carpenter foreman about her ideas. His
eyes lit up at the idea of a new project and the blending in of new ideas on an old theme. He told Olenna he had always wanted to carve more than just “damn roses” and then looked chagrined and begged for his “lady’s pardon”. Olenna chuckled and freely gave it.

She told the man she was in a hurry to leave. Camren Hollard had laughed hard at that. “This is Highgarden the arts capital of Westeros. We will have your choices done in three days my lady.”

Olenna busied herself having all her clothes and shoes boxed and shipped out ahead of her. She had her favorite little furniture pieces sent as well along with her very specially packed items such as her dragon glass scrying bowl and liquid and other precious items to her she had accumulated over the long years of her life.

She marveled that her arthritis seemed to be feeling a lot better. The cramped pain she felt upon waking had gone. Her joints still ached after a long day but it was so much less. She was thankful. All the excitement and happiness flowing in her seemed to be keeping her infirmities a bay just a little bit more. Even her rheumatoid arthritic joints seemed to be straightening out a little and the knuckles she swore were less swollen. Yes she indeed felt better. Olenna talked to Mace and his wife and bid them good-bye in private away from the public. She made sure he understood she was only a raven away from her. If any problems vexed him he only need contact her.

He was very thankful. He was a little preoccupied at the time. Olenna couldn’t blame him. He was marching out in six days with the cavalry of Highgarden. He was only a middling warrior. She had instructed him to stay in the general’s tent and help plan the events. This was advice he was most eager to take. Not everyone was capable to being a great warrior like Eddard Stark.

Three days had passed since she gave Camren her instructions. She was leaving tomorrow and she wanted to see if her vision had been rendered into creation like she hoped. She had kept away not wanting to be a worrisome pest seeking after the work. She went to the artisan shops on the north quadrant of the lowest wall. She entered into the carpenter hall to the sounds of sawing and hammering.

Camren saw her coming and smiled ebulliently at her. Olenna felt her pulse beat a little faster. His smile told her that he felt that he had succeeded in bringing her vision to life. He took her to the back of the shop and she saw it and smiled radiantly herself.

The carriage followed the basic design with two large windows on each side with awning over them to provide shade. They opened from the middle and now folded back to be able to be locked to the carriage by hooks. The awnings now had red and black checkered panes interspersed with the green and yellows of Highgarden. The tassels hanging down now had pendants on the end of embroidery crewel. There was an inch of space between the pendants. Roses were predominate with yellow dominate but with added red, pink, orange and white to add beauty. Olenna had every fourth pendants made into various poses of the three dragons of house Targaryen. She had thought to have three direwolves hanging on each side also. She knew Daenerys would love the subtle acknowledge of her love for Arya. They weren’t married yet else there would have been as many pendants of House Stark as Targaryen.

The cabin of the main carriage was made of wood panels with dovetail borders. The outer panels were painted green with the insets of the panels painted yellow. Olenna had changed the crest painted on the door. It was now instead of large yellow rose it was a chain garland of yellow roses. On each side of the garland climbed a green and white dragon with their gold and bronze highlights. On top of the garland rode Drogon roaring his defiance. The garland showed her House but clearly showed it was subordinate to the Queen. She kept the borders the same with twisted garlands of carved, entwined roses painted mainly yellow but with red, pink and purple that made the garland
It was the top of the carriage that Olenna had totally redone. Instead of the turrets of geometric patterns she had instead had the Titan of Braavos on one side and on the other a facsimile of King’s Landing. On the Titan was Rhaegal in a pose of fierce roaring and the same with Viserion on the Queen’s Keep his wings spread wide and head showing him trumpeting. The two dragons looked as if they were alive and ready to jump off the carriage and take flight. Their scales even in the dim light of the shop looked like they glowed. Their eyes were fired with passion and intelligence.

She had kept the central crest of the traditional crown of Old Highgarden, painted in gay colors of red, green and yellow. The jewels encrusted in their royal crown were real. She was of Highgarden after all but now the crest had Drogon crawling up one side his talons gripping the rose and his head now over the center of the rose. On the other side a massive grey Direwolf was scrabbling up the rose with ease so that its nose pressed into the snout of Drogon.

The three mightiest houses of Westeros all working together as one. With Margaery marrying Sansa of Stark and Arya marrying Daenerys the three Great Houses were indeed becoming one. She would be the first one to acknowledge the coming reality. She felt smug with all the brownie points she would be scoring with the Queen.

She hugged the master carpenter and gave him a bag full of golden dragons. He had tried to refuse saying he was only doing his job but he accepted her gift when she persisted. She liked leaving him with a big smile on his face. He had fully fulfilled her visions for her carriage.

The next day at two hours before noon she left Highgarden. She had two royal carriages following her with all of Margaery’s hens. Without her to protect them she feared that their fathers would attempt to override her orders and marry off the girls against their will. That would make her granddaughter must distraught and she could not countenance that. She heard the girls behind her laughing and squealing. They were one happy brood of hens. They were literally flying the coop of bigotry and being married off against their will.

They had been so doleful when they heard that their benefactor was leaving them. They had actually broken down and wept when Olenna called them to her quarters. They hugged each other and wailed crying they were doomed. That had broken her heart and now she had a clutch of hens with her on her journey. The queen would approve with her proclivities.

The journey for the most part was uneventful for the day part. There were many inns and taverns on the Rosewood between Highgarden and King’s Landing to cater to the heavy traffic on the road. The improvements in the suspension of the carriage made the travel much more tolerable. The weather was good and they made good time on the road.

Olenna made sure her brood was up at dawn and went to the main tavern room and were fed and ready to travel by one hour past the rising of the sun. The royal carriages traveled at an average speed of about five miles per hour, with the total daily mileage covered being around sixty or seventy miles. Each day brought Olenna closer to her new destiny. She felt her pulse running hot in her veins at the new challenges awaiting her.

Margaery still had one of her Dragon Glass Eyes. Olenna still used it to spy on Margaery and Sansa and heard when it was worn some of Eddard’s war councils now that Margaery was sitting in many of the meeting. She was also treated to Margaery clucking over Catelyn Tully which made her blood boil seeing her granddaughter taking care of her rival in her pregnancy. It should have been her carrying Eddard’s children damnit. Olenna huffed at the unfairness of life. To be born too early!

With the two remaining Dragon Glass Eyes Olenna had asked Elinor and Lady Alyce if they wanted...
to wear the “pretty baubles”. They had been so happy to wear them preening with the pink stones at their throats. Olenna had given them hanging racks to put them on “to keep the shape” at night and suggested they put them in the dressers that the high paying customers and royals had for their use in the high end rooms at the hostels they were staying at during the nights.

Olenna had been well paid for her efforts. She would eat her dinner and take a nice sponge bath and put on a loose fitting night gown. She would then pour out her elixir into his scyring bowl and wait. Olenna made sure to always give the young hens adjoining rooms. The girls had their two rooms just down the hall from Olenna. They would laugh and gossip and play silly girly games when they first entered their rooms after their evenings repast.

Then the real fun would start. The girls were always horny and insatiable. It was nine hundred miles to King’s Landing and Olenna needed a distraction and boy did she get it.

The eight girls tore into each other every night. The three Tyrell’s and Septa Nysterica started off in one room with the Ladies Alyssanne, Alyce, Traena and Meredyth in the second room. Soon the clothes were hurriedly ripped off and the lesbian debauchery would commence. Bodies were entangled as mouths latched onto each other and the teenage girls snooged deeply. Arms and legs pulled naked bodies tight as they rolled on the beds or floor with tongues surging down groaning throats.

The sounds of deep snoogging filed the rooms. The first night Olenna had been happy to see the three Tyrell cousins devour the somewhat homely and pox marked Septa. They made the woman feel totally beautiful with their fervor for her body and coos of heartfelt love. They sucked the holy septa off and cooed how beautiful she was too them. They sucked her off again and again as the septa wailed and screamed in orgasmic bliss. The woman flopped around on the bed like a fish out of water shrieking her throes of passion. They devoured Nysterica’s quim and worked her heavy tits in a frenzy of lust and took turns tribbing face to face pressing down into the Septa’s voluptuous body as they would kiss her so deeply.

Olenna had come to find it beautiful the way two female bodies seemed to become one as one Tyrell or the other swirled her hips grinding their swollen muff into the septa’s twat and their groans swallowed by hungry devouring mouths. She loved seeing Nysterica’s thighs clenching slender hips and her arms looped over the back of her lover pulling the Tyrell down onto her stout voluptuous body.

The “Ladies” would be doing the same thing wolfin sodden pussies over and over making each other wail and jackknife violently. Every night Olenna would hear the sound of the bed headboard hammering the wall to her bedroom and the muffled screams of women cumming so hard.

Olenna was definitely starting to come or was that cum around to the ways of lesbian love. The more she watched and masturbated to the hot intense lesbian murmur plays the more she craved the womanly body. Women just knew how to love a woman and when she would watch Elinor grind her pussy down into Septa Nysterica’s mouth and hump desperately until she was flipping wildly and the great vision of the dragon eye showed the hot cum flowing down the gulping Septa’s face and throat it made Olenna more and more a believer. The screams of shocking bliss only add to the fire of her new desires.

She still wanted Eddard Stark but he was denied to her both by age and marriage. Olenna had decided if she was ever to become young she would definitely be open to both sexes and maybe now prefer the fairer sex.

The girls always started out in the rooms with the same pairing but as Olenna watched and jilled off she would see cute naked sweaty rumps jutted out as the girls stuck their head out the doors and
looked around to make sure the coast was clear and then run to the other room.

Olenna had learned how to move from dragon eye to dragon eye and move its focus. She could even have all three images in the bowl at once if she wanted. She used her skills to keep herself entertained.

They were now two thirds of the way to King’s Landing. Tonight she was treated to room one as she thought of it now with Elinor and the Septa on the rugs in front of the roaring fire dripping in sweat on their sides in hot sixty-nine devouring each other as they clawed hips and ass to drive sodden cunts into each other’s mouths. The Septa cummed first her screams roared into Elinor’s quim sending Elinor careening off the precipice after the Septa and her muffled screams sweet music to Olenna’s ears. Their thighs squeezed in hard on ears as their ankles kicked wildly and toes curled painfully.

Alla and Megga were on the bed with their groins locked together in classic scissors. Olenna knew all the positions now. They gripped legs and humped fiercely gagging and surging their sopping dripping snatchs into each other. Their faces desperate with fuck hunger. Olenna again observed how the female body was made to bond perfectly with another female body. Now Megga was shrieking her orgasm as her body jackknifed and flipped wildly until she was spent. Alla decoupled and kneed up the bed and jammed her drooling swollen couchie down into Megga’s mouth who immediately revived and quickly sucked her cousin off to screaming bliss. Olenna loved how Alla’s hands went down and gripped the back of her cousin’s head and jammed her face deep into her erupting gushing pussy.

That sent Olenna over the cliff as she lost it screaming not caring if her niece and cousins heard her or not.

She blearily changed focus in the scyring bowel.

She saw Meredyth sitting in a thick upholstered chair with her legs thrown up on the arms of the chair her shaved drooling clam shell fully exposed. Taena was on her knees in front of her like a septa in prayer leaned in and down. She was devouring her Meredyth’s sweet gash like a holy offering. Her head was rocking in and out with a mouthful of sweet pussy in her mouth as she gobbled it wildly. Meredyth had her hands clawed into her lover’s scalp her head thrashing.

Meredyth’s head surged forward off the chair back and she screamed as if being flayed alive. Her upper body would shudder horrifically Meredyth’s medium sized breast jerking and jiggling as her body convulsed. Her body would snap back hard into the chair back and then surge forward again. Olenna watched these heavenly convulsions rip through Meredyth’s young firm body again and again as she wailed her shocking bliss.

Olenna was pumping her aching twat to visions of Meredyth’s eyes rolling back into her skull her eyelids up showing the whites jerking in helpless pleasure. Another orgasm had ripped through the teen’s body as her screams were nearly deafening as her cousin had swallowed her whole upper trim deep into her mouth and feasted on the slime drenched delicacy.

Of fucking gods that was so fucking hot Olenna thought her left hand now rubbing her clit and pressing in hard on the shiny nubbin. Meredyth’s cunt jumped up into Taena’s hot gobbling mouth. She was slurping and moaning drinking down the gushes of hot cum from Meredyth. Olenna had long ago discovered Meredyth was a squirter that all her fellow hens could not get enough of the sweet hot love juice. They loved drinking down all the sweet cum they could.

Olenna was getting worked up again working her muff. She saw Megga lying on the bed with Alysanne saddled up to her body with her head by the medium cup breast of Megga. She suckled on
turgid nipples her hand in a wedge slam fucking the squishing cunt mound of Megga. She watched this for a minute with Megga mewling swirling her pussy up into the loving hard hammering thrusts.

Then Alysanne stopped and worked her thumb into Megga’s pussy and formed a fist in her trim and started to twist her wrist in deep into Megga’s hot tight pussy. Alysann went back to suckling on thick nipples as her fist rammed in home hard and deep. Alysann would release a turgid nipple long enough to coo to Megga “Cum on my fist baby—cum for your Alysann … I need to feel your cunt rupture on my fist baby.” Megga was clearly losing it as Alysann rotated her fist deep into her lover’s belly with powerful thrusts of pure love.

Olenna’s head rocked back over the chair back and screamed as she watched Megga cum so fucking hard her pelvis jolting and jacking up into Alysann’s fist pounding in deep riding up into Megga’s sloppy wet muff. Megga’s wet labia lips were riding up Alysann’s wrist nearly two inches with each lunging twisting thrust of Alysann’s fist up deep into her lover’s cunt and belly. Megga’s screams covered her own wails Olenna hoped.

Olenna wobbled to her bed after that and slept very soundly. Gods she loved fisting now!

It was the fourteenth day of her journey to King’s Landing down the Rosewood Road. Last night the hens had been insane fucking almost the whole night away. They had been prostrate most of the day when they made rest stops. Olenna had the royal steps put down and she slowly climbed up and smiled. The girls were sprawled out over each other clutching body parts and snoring softly.

She looked at Septa Nysterica with two Tyrell teenage girl’s heads resting on her bosom with their arms thrown over her and their mate. She would definitely have to work Nysterica out of the order. She had a new order now and did not need the Church to give her happiness. Her sweet brood loved the woman proverbial warts and all. Nysterica was one lucky young woman. The twenty-eight year old had seven wives in essence. Fuck the Church and their vows of chastity. The human body was designed to give and take pleasure!

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They were an hour out of King’s Landing when she saw them on the horizon. Soon three dragons were flying over the carriages wildly bugling and lading beside the carriages bounding down the grass beside the carriages before again launching themselves into the air bugling. The horses were nervous but soon got used to the overt display of dragon exuberance.

Olenna slipped her head out the glass and looked back at the two other carriages and saw eight heads looking out as the girls oohed, awed and squealed. They would be wound up tonight and Olenna would be there with them with her dragon eyes. Olenna licked her lips in anticipation.

They were now at the main gates. A large section of trumpeters were aligned along the road and the played with verve and energy the traditional song of Highgarden “Yellow Rose of Highgarden” and “Love Among the Thornes.” The dragons alighted on the curtain wall and roared again and again fanning their wings.

Olenna was choked up again. All this pomp and circumstance was just for her and it touched her deeply.

She had here door opened form the outside and it was Daenerys and beside her Arya along with (her eyebrows rose up) Jaime Lannister along with Barristan and Syrio Feral. She saw a tall women who was not that pretty but the sword at her hip was deadly looking. It must be Brienne of Tarth. Jamie of Lannister—Olenna stopped herself. He had taken his wife’s last name. Her moths told her he was totally pussy whipped and loving it. The Queen never stopped surprising her. The King’s
Slayer was obviously among her inner guard. It looked like Jamie was again part of the Queen’s guard.

Daenerys and all with her went on knee and bowed their head as Jaime then got up and came up the step to take her hand and guided Olenna down to the ground. The message loud and clear. The past was the past. Olenna had heard from her moths the true story now of why Jaime felt compelled to kill Daenerys father. The Queen understood and forgave and so would Olenna. Damn he was good looking she thought. She then saw Breinne of Tarth glaring at her. Oh-oh! She turned her eyes elsewhere.

People milled around greeting and talking. Olenna talked to Barristan and looked around for the Queen and found her. She was staring at a tall knight talking to Arya trying to put the blast on her. The Queen’s violet eyes were almost on fire. She stalked over and insinuated herself between the knight and Arya pulling the royal hostage to her body. The signal clear to all but Arya it seemed as the man bowed his head and moved off. Arya was mooning over the Queen but failed to see the clear jealousy radiating off the Queen for what it was. Arya belonged only to Daenerys Targaryen and the Stark girl in her innocence did not realize she had the mighty Queen wrapped around her small finger. There seemed to be a lot of that happening lately.

Not much longer now Olenna mused. The Queen would take her “hostage” as her lover and then wife soon enough.

Dany with Arya pulled to her body came closer to Olenna. The Stark looked like she had died and gone to heaven. Could the two be any more clueless Olenna mused? The merest suggestion from one to the other would have them in bed wildly fucking. Olenna smirked. She would let nature takes it course. She wished she could give the Queen a Dragon Egg to watch her and Arya have sex but she could not risk Daenerys Valyrian heritage somehow clueing her in on its true powers.

“I really like the carriage Olenna. I can see you are truly part of my dynasty now. I know I made the right decision even more. I eagerly await your valuable insights.”

Daenerys then walked off making sure to “protect” Arya from anymore unwanted advances from odious male suitors. Olenna shook her head. She was indeed changing her world view.

Tyrion came walking up to her and gazed up at her. “Pleasure to have you on the Small Council and Clatch of Confidents” Tyrion made a swatting motion around him “maybe you can do something about all the moths about?” he said with a smirk.

Olenna cocked an eyebrow. “I will work on it Tyrion. Maybe I will share about your misadventure on the beaches of Dorne. I heard you got sunburn or should I say dragon bum.”

Olenna smiled evilly seeing the small Lion of Lannister quickly deflate and looked around furtively.

“Aaaa ummm—I assure you that anything you may have heard is a gross exaggeration.” The dwarf looked up at her with vexation. He tried to puff out his chest but it was a pathetic effort.

Olenna clacked her teeth at the dwarf mimicking the Queen on that day on the beach of Dorne.

His eyes bulged out in alarm and he walked off quickly.

She saw his body guard laughing his ass off while he pulled on his formal shirt pulling the neck out like it was strangling him. “Run Dwarf! What the hell did she tell you man!” Bronn barked taking off after Tyrion. Olenna spied Shae laughing her young firm breast jiggling as she walked after her man and Tyrion. Laughing Shae called out “Why Tyrion, you’re running like you just got your balls
clipped!” Tyrion flipped her off with the bird over his shoulder as he picked up his pace.

For all the good it would do him. The two walked easily beside Tyrion hurling abuse down which she could no longer hear but by Tyrion’s body language and tilt of his head said he was giving back as good as he was receiving. She wondered when Tyrion would find out the truth about Shae. She didn’t want him getting castrated by the whore but with Shae that was probably the opposite of what she would do to the dwarf.

Yes, Olenna was going to like it here.

**Eddard**

The King’s highway was full of traffic anymore. Eddard had troops and supplies constantly riding up the road. Lords were moving in mass now to the North. They were not questioning him with his decisions for which he was thankful. The Houses of Stark, Tully and Arryn working as one. With his “co-conspirators” he hoped he would entice the Houses of the South to come north and still avoid war.

The sun was setting as he slow walked his horse forward letting it rest. He was moving up from Winterfell for one last meeting with Jon. He needed to ask something of his son that he was sure that he would not like. It would put his wives in extreme danger. Speaking of wives he had something else to ask his son.

He walked his horse slowly forward. He looked at the long lines of trees to either side of the road back fifty yards from the road. The trees were old growth forest. The pines, firs and spruces rising to between one hundred and twenty feet for the pines to over two hundred feet for the other conifers. It seemed the boughs rested on each other like brothers in arms. He heard an owl hooting to his left. He looked up and saw two hawks circling slowly descending to their roost for the night.

The sun was starting to touch the tress now. The shadows reaching across the road like dark sentinels guarding the secrets of the world. Each dark ghost a mighty being from ages of yore. He moved from shadow to sun and back again with the shadow sentinels slowly gaining the upper hand. He knew he was getting close to where he had agreed to meet his son. They had agreed to meet several hours after night. They both wanted their coming and going in secret.

The wolves had started to howl. Then he heard a more powerful howl ring across the forest the trees swallowing the sound. Another Direwolf marched in the woods. Before his children he would have ordered a hunting party to hunt it down and kill it. Now he knew better. He was contemplating if he survived the war in enacting new laws to protect the Direwolf. He wondered if in hunting them to near extinction below the wall if man had removed something vital from the land.

Eddard got back on his horse and pressed in with his knees and moved forward at a medium cantor to move down the road. The stars were starting to show. The temperature was dropping and he was thankful for his wolf pelt cape. The trees always comforted Eddard. He knew they hid ancient secrets but they did not frighten him. He was of the North and bred to be at one with the mysteries of the North.

Eddard had also decided to begin a campaign of planting more Wierwood trees and creating the groves that had long disappeared. Jon Aryn had fully supported him. In the hidden vales of his land they were still plentiful and he too agreed that they needed to be repopulated in areas with man. It would encourage the faith too with the Seven Gods and now this R’hllor in the land.
Eddard had been doing much thinking of late. The Ice King coming back from the misty depths of ages past had led the Warden of the North to read the old tomes on the ancient history of the North. To try and glean any information he could from the past. He had found no clues that would help in his current fight with the enemy coming south to fight and try and annihilate him.

But he had found something else. He found written accounts and maps drawn from thousands of years ago. Much was the same and yet was not too. He saw that the forests though still mighty now were much greater in the ancient past. Man had preyed on the forests for wood for homes and fires. Forests chopped down for farms. Most of those farms abandoned as the land was depleted.

Once the Wolfswood had bordered the Barrowlands all the way to the Stoney Shores to the west. In the east of the north the Wolfswood had surrounded Winterfell to the north, west and east. The mighty forest had gone west through the southern range of the Sheepsheard Hills down to the forests that surrounded Hornwood.

The land was thinly populated. He had begun wondering if maybe that was the natural order lay of the land. He would not have to displace many homesteads and farms. And anyways this was a project that would take centuries to complete. Each season slowly restoring tress on the edge of the forest and have it slowly march to reclaim what had been taken from it.

He would contemplate his thoughts on this. He had talked to Robb and his son fully supported his father. He would love to further this plan and instill that love in his sons and daughters. First though, Eddard had a war to win. A war against an implacable foe.

Eddard heard a ripping sound and a low growl to his right. The sound of a bear tearing into a dead tree looking for grubs made him smile. He loved listening to nature. He rode on down the road listening to the pulse of nature and life all about him. He heard a badger digging into the ground tracking a mole. He moved on and felt the chill of the air. It would snow soon but not now. He looked up at the stars that glittered so far away and uncaring for the travails of man.

He looked down the King’s Highway and then behind him. Strange how there was so little traffic considering how much troop movements were occurring now and the moving of supplies to the North and the Wall. He felt the darkness seemingly growing thicker. The sounds of the forest of growing dim and distant. He looked to his left and right and the trees seemed far away as if across a sea.

Eddard had been studying many things. He found references to power of ancient magic and powerful beings. Vague though they may be he believed in them whole heartedly. The research that he had been doing with Master Luwin had opened the doors to Eddard’s mind. Eddard smiled at Maester Luwin doubting all references to magic. Eddard smiled at the dear friend’s denials. The man was trapped by his Citadel training. Eddard always believed in learning all he could no matter if it conflicted with his preconceived notions.

The darkness thickened till it seemed as if the air was thick with mysteries and ancient magic. He felt no fear. He trusted his instincts. He saw two hooded figures on the road ahead. He also believed in learning all he could in his allies no matter how foreign to his sensibilities.

He nickered to his horse and sped up to the two waiting figures. One was much larger than the other being three inches taller than himself. The other was much smaller at five foot maybe. He moved on with no fear.

“Hello Melisandre and Ygritte” Eddard spoke softly coming up to the silent waiting figures. They remained silent.
“You are not afraid?” the taller figured asked.

“No.”

The smaller figure spoke up “I told you Melisandre—Jon’s father fears no man or woman!”

“We are more than two women Ygritte.”

“You know nothing Melisandre. We have come to speak to you about your son Eddard Stark.”

“I am listening. I know you only have my son’s best interests in heart.”

The taller figure asked directly “Does it bother you that Jon has two wives?”

“Should it?”

“No.”

“Agreed.”

Ygritte huffed “Geez, you two sure know how to have a conversation. Short and boring conversations.”

“We don’t believe in your gods of the North” Melisandre intoned seriously.

“I don’t believe in R’hllor.”

“Okay! Enough you two. Eddard Stark we know you come to ask Jon to ask for our aid. He will refuse but we accept the challenge and will convince your son of the need.”

“How do you know this? Your study of the flames?”

“So you have done some reading on us. I am impressed” Ygritte said smiling at the man.

“I have read on your faith and powers. I have read of your home far away. I assume these shadows that hide us from other travelers is your and Melisandre’s doing.”

“Yes. We wanted privacy. Jon is our husband and we support him fully and his calling. He is both of the North and of R’hllor we will give our lives if necessary.”

“I only ask because it is necessary. We must fight as one against the Ice King. From what our Queen says he has formed an unholy union with some foul denizen from the deep.”

“Yes. The flames tell us it is a Croyel. A most fell demon. We have been spying on them for months. They have begun their march South. It is a slow thing but to us they come” Ygritte told Eddard solemnly.

Eddard sighed. He knew the Ice King was coming but it saddened him to actually hear it. War was coming. The ancient evil must be met and it must be defeated. “Can you show the forces coming north of the danger we face? Can you convince the Great Houses of what they face? Can this be done without danger to yourselves?”

Melisandre spoke up “No, the danger will be grave but we gladly assume it. We will fight the Ice King in our own way. Jon is Azor Ahai reborn and we are his wives. It is our destiny to oppose the Ice King. We will give you the evidence you seek. No matter the cost.”
Ygritte turned to look up the road. Melisandre looked up the road too. “Yes I feel him too Ygritte.”

They both turned to look at Eddard Stark and pulled down their hoods. In the dim light Eddard saw how beautiful Melisandre was. Her beauty radiant with her face backlight by the glow of her ruby glowing hotly at her throat. Ygritte was much more plain but her aura caste about her a glow that made up for her lack of innate beauty. Eddard knew all about that lack and yet his wife loved him all the same.

Ygritte asked “This we want to know. Why didn’t you tell Jon of his heritage? It was most cruel what he had to endure. This does not square with man we see in you. He has lived the life of a bastard and you suffered the shame as the father of a bastard when your whole life and service is exemplary beyond reproach. We do not understand.”

Eddard sighed. He deserved the questions. To his everlasting shame he deserved the questions.

“I wish I had some noble answer for you but I don’t. My dear sister begged me to take Jon and raise him as my own. She knew that Robert Baratheon would have had Jon killed in his jealous insane rage. I would have defended him to my death but in the end we both would have died. For his safety and for Lyanna’s request I accepted the shame of my supposed actions and I allowed Jon to endure what he did.

“I had had enough of war. I had seen the death of too many good men on the field of battle. I had seen the slaughter of innocents in King’s Landing. I was with my sister when she died. I helped kill a man many times greater than me. I am but a shadow of Arthur Dayne. I wanted to confront Robert Baratheon for his sins but I had had enough of war. I still do but I will fight again as I must.”

“When I left King’s Landing without confronting Robert the dye had been caste. I have laid in bed many nights staring up at the ceiling wondering if I should have taken Robert down. It would have been no certain thing with his skill with the war hammer, but, still, I know I would have won our confrontation. Then Jon could have lived his life as he should have.” Eddard paused and looked out over the ancient forest. “I was tired. That is all I can say. I had my fill of death at that time.”

“Maybe as the years passed I should have said something as Robert dissipated and became so much less but he never could see clearly on this.”

“I did not know Catelyn of course, twenty years ago. I had no way to see that she would react so badly to Jon’s bastardy heritage. We both suffered for my lack of courage but again if I had done otherwise we both would be dead long ago. I missed my opportunity to set a different path when I left King’s Landing with Robert on the Iron Throne.

“In the end I saw no recourse though it shames me to say it. I am only glad he knows his true heritage now. I can only hope he forgives me.”

Melisandre spoke for the witches “He only feels love for you Eddard Stark. There is nothing to forgive. You will forever more be the father of his heart. The flames hinted at this but we wanted to hear it from you. We have no animosity towards you Eddard Stark slayer of mist vampires.”

“What?”

“Our husband comes” intoned Ygritte. “We leave you to your son. He is a great man and Azor Ahai reborn.

A shadow cat roared off to Eddard’s flank. He whipped his head around. The beast sounded like it was on him! He scanned the tree line but he saw no eyes reflecting back at him.
He turned back to ask the witches about these “mist vampires” but they were gone. He snorted. Why wasn’t he surprised? The shadows were gone. He looked behind him and Eddard saw a farmer with an oxen cart moving down the road toward Winterfell. The cart must have passed him and Jon’s wives but he had not seen it. Nor had the cart driver seen them. He saw troops moving off the road to make camp.

Magic. He looked up the road towards Castle Black and saw a lone figure coming towards him. Eddard waited patiently for his son to reach him. His thoughts a jumble from his conversation with Jon’s wives. He waited patiently for the lone rider to come to him. As he waited her heard a barn owl hoot and then saw it fly overhead its silhouette blocking out the three quarter moon for a moment.

Eddard waited patiently for his son. The black horse slowly walked up to his Destrier the war horse pawing the ground in mild challenge. The horse came up beside Eddard. The figure slowly pulled his hood back. Eddard could not but help and stare just a little. To see Jon’s true Valyrian heritage so clear and plain now. Jon’s snow white hair and lilac eyes showing he was as much of old Valyria as he was of the North.

“I’m always happy to see you father” Jon Snow spoke softly and leaned forward and hugged his father. Eddard hugged him back awkwardly. He loved Jon dearly but he still had trouble at times showing even Cat affection and he had been married to the woman for twenty years.

Jon sat back and looked at his father with the Stark half grin and grimace that Eddard returned.

“Can you ever forgive me Jon for not acknowledging your true lineage? I know my wife made your life a living hell at times.”

Jon snorted. “It was not that bad in all actuality father … in some ways she made me stronger.”

“I think she is sorry now for her actions. She is pregnant” Eddard spoke to Jon smiling. “She will be giving birth in three months.”

Jon smiled big at his father. “I am happy for you father. More late nights at your advance age. Can you take it?”

“What choice do I have? I want to be much more involved with this child’s childhood. If I live to see him or her.”

“Father” spoken in mild reproof.

“I plan on living son. I have to ask you something though” Eddard took a long breath. You are the son of Rhaegar Targaryen. His sister now sits on the throne. I have not told you but I have—“

“Sent Arya to the Queen as a royal hostage.”

Eddard stared at his son for a long moment “how did you know—at the wall.”

Jon chuckled softly “I’m married to two witches that stare into flames to see the past, present and future. They saw you sending Arya to the Queen and the Queen falling in love with her. They will consummate their love soon. They are meant for each other.”

Eddard squirmed in his saddle. “House Targaryen has some unique marriage traditions. Uh—ummmm. Well brother marries sister … and … well …”

Jon threw his head back and laughed hard a sound of joviality and not rancor. “Father I have two
red-headed wives. That is quite enough for me.” Jon laughed again that gradually died away to a chuckle. Jon shook his head. “No father. Arya was meant for Daenerys and the Queen for her.

Jon looked at his father with a conspiratorial look. “I wish I could be there. I am sure that the Queen will tame my little sister. Someone has too.” Jon started to chuckle again.

Eddard relaxed. The thought of Jon and Daenerys marrying would destroy Arya Eddard knew. She had been fantasying about the Targaryen since she appeared almost five years ago. Eddard had heard all the rumors of the Queen being gay. He had sent Arya to her banking on the Queen already being predisposed to fall in love with his daughter.

When he had seen Jon come into his full strength and knowledge Eddard had become afraid that his son might feel a need to marry Daenerys out of honor and obligation to continue the bloodline. That was the one thing that could cause a marriage between Daenerys and Arya to eventually flounder. They needed an heir.

Eddard sighed. The future would take care of itself.

Jon looked at his father solemnly now. Eddard had called for this meeting. He had told Jon all his plans that seemed to be coming to fruition. The forces of the South were marching north. He needed something from his son to make it a certainty that those forces marched all the way to the Wall.

Eddard knew he was not supposed to let his son know his wives had just talked to him. That they had already agreed to do what he was about to ask his son to ask of them. Eddard sighed inside. He had been playing the Game of Thrones for going on a year now. What was one more act to the murmurs show? He found it distasteful but these trying times demanded it.

“Jon, I have the forces of Southern Westeros marching toward Winterfell. I need to give them evidence that will fully unite them in our cause. It has been evident that somehow your wives have been spying on the Ice King. I know he is on the move or near to commencing his march south. I need for you wives to one more time do reconnaissance and come up with a way for all to see.”

“Can your wives do that?”

Jon looked at his father hard. “You seem far too willing to play your pawns against the Queen and King on the board. Those pawns being my wives. My wives had a means of camouflage when the Ice King was in the far North. That is gone now that he has started his march.

“I am not sure they even can. It is too dangerous. This I will not ask this of them. They have repeatedly put their lives in grave danger for the realm.”

“Did they not come to this land from their home to do just that son? Shouldn’t they be given the choice?” Eddard asked his son. He knew the truth of the situation would weigh on his son and the duty that he must fulfill as the Lord Commander of the Night’s Watch, to his father and to his new Queen.

“They need to be given the right to make this choice son, you know this” Eddard told his son softly.

Jon looked up at the clear stars shining down on his silver hair. The light from those distant points of light made his snow white hair glow.

“In truth father we have been arguing my wives and I. They saw in the flames you coming to ask me this. They wanted to come and talk to you but I refused. They have done too much already for the realm.
“The rest of Westeros must accept the truth. We do. So must they.” Jon looked his father squarely in the eyes with his challenge.

“You know it is not that simple Jon. We are bred to know the truth. We are of the North. We believe. The houses of the South are not. The Queen is indeed mighty and persuasive but we need to meet the enemy united. She can force them into compliance but you know son that without full belief the effort will not be pure. Our efforts will be fractured. Division will be our undoing. Without proof there will be division. That will prove fatal. You wives must provide the truth that will fully unite us.”

Jon sighed and looked up at the stars again. “They are so beautiful. They care nothing for our little plays of morality and honor.” Jon turned his gaze back down to his father.

“My wives have come up with a way to give you what you ask but it will leave them totally vulnerable. I am arguing against it. They argue for the need of them to go and do as you request.”

“They came all the way from Ashai just for this son. You know it” Eddard softly told his son.

“I have followed your path of honor and duty father. All it led to was my attempted assassination. If not for my wives I would be dead and in the ground. I grow tired of duty and honor father.”

“Jon …”

Eddard watched his son look up at the stars again. He too looked up at the Hunter and the hunted wild boar. He looked down at Jon who looked at him with his Targaryen purple eyes.

“The North remembers Jon.”

“Yes it does father. And so do I. So do my wives. If we survive this war I will resign my commission and seek a new life.”

Eddard sighed. Jon had earned the right from the beginning. Forced to live a lie that he Eddard Stark had had to perpetuate.

“Can you ever forgive me son?”

“I love you father. There is nothing to forgive. Melisandre says that in Ashai they say “if you are handed a lemon you can either bit it or make lemonade.”

“What?”

“Yeah, I don’t know what it means either.”

They both laughed. Then father and son hugged long and hard patting each other on the back. Two horses parted slowly walking back to their homes.

Arya

The dragons lifted up from the courtyard of King’s Landing. The sun was just beginning to touch
the horizon. It had been a busy few days for the whole Keep now. Troops were pouring in from Dorne, the Reach and the Stormlands. They were bivouacked in areas outside of the keep mainly. They were setup up in large communal tents with large wagon trains stationed strategically to provide hot cooked meals.

The Queen had ordered that the food be of the highest quality and fixed to provide two lunch and two dinner times. She wanted her troops well feed before they hit the road or sailed out to sea in transport ships. The Queen wanted happy pleasant thoughts filling their heads as they left for the North.

She ships sailing in from Western Westeros with Troops and those of Dorne was pulling into ports around King’s Landing. Daenerys wanted these new troops to feel a part of her army.

All the troops were being paid top wage for their campaign with the Queen. This led to men and some women with pockets full of gold dragons. Daenerys had had four Swan Ships pull into port two months ago with their beams low to the water. They had been filled with gold dragons she had had minted in the Summer Islands. She was paying the Summer Islanders ten percent of the gold as holding and stamping fees.

The Summer Islanders were most pleased and had built even more of their ships at a furious pace. They were using the Queen’s money to build up their navy. They would use it to enforce the peace along Slaver’s Bay but first they would be used by the Queen in her current campaign.

The gold the Swan Ships brought was used to pay for a large percentage of the personal cost of the campaign. She had four more ships with gold coming in next week. Their beams to would be low to the waterline filled with gold dragons. She had put Olenna in charge of inventory and putting the stores in warehouses. Olenna and Tyrion were most adept a paying a good price for the material of the war effort. Tyrion was working the pay schedules for the troops and merchants that he and Missandei had developed.

Arya had seen that the Queen was most pleased with how quickly Olenna took it all in. She showed them something she had received from an old lover from Yi Ti. It was called an abacas. Tyrion and Missandei nearly wet themselves when Olenna showed them how to use the device to do calculations.

Arya and the Queen had noticed the old woman was moving without a limp anymore and she seemed to not be bothered by steps like she had when they had visited her in Highgarden. When they asked Olenna about it she was just thankful her old body was not betraying her as bad as it had in the past.

As they flew over the camps on Drogon Arya saw the large number of soldiers moving in and out of the keep. Arya smirked seeing a large bevy of whores too moving amongst the camps.

Tyrion reported that Chataya and Alayaya reported that business was booming. The heavy patrols of the Unsullied kept the peace. Since the eunuchs could not be tempted to sex or other debaucheries they fairly and strictly kept the peace with the ruffians. The Queen had used express orders to use as only as much force as necessary to keep the peace.

Tyrion reported the two madams were upset that Solaja was sailing to sea and possible combat. Daenerys shook her head. Those left behind could not understand the way of the warrior. One
always wanted peace but the warrior would always meet the enemy to provide the peace to the populace.

They would soon be leaving King’s Landing behind them to heed the call of war. Arya could not wait to be on the road to destiny. Part of that destiny would be to visit Winterfell. She could not wait to see her parents and siblings. Then they would march to the Wall and war.

Arya was getting sleepy behind Dany as Drogon flew on. She looked off to each side and saw Viserion and Rhaegal easily keeping pace with their larger brethren. Their bodies rose and fell slightly with the beats of their wings. Arya spied their normal riders plus the additional rider on each dragon.

Arya could not wait to see the fireworks that would occur when they reached their destination. She had learned of the backstory. She could not help but to be anxious to see the confrontation. She hoped the two would get some retribution for past slights. The sky had darkened now with only a thin pin strip of light now to the west. They were flying due west into the fading ribbon of the setting red glow of the setting sun. They had nine hundred and ninety miles to cover to reach their destination.

Arya was tired. The last few days had been very good for Arya. Yesterday morning and then this morning in her sword drills with the two masters she had actually scored kill strikes on both men while only receiving one from Barristan.

Barristan had smiled at his student. Syrio had given her a sour look but after he calmed down he came to Arya and congratulated her.

Her two handed style she now employed as second nature kept the water dance on the defense and off balance. Her two blades swirling and lunging at him constantly from different angels and positions. When she left him she saw him practicing furiously. She knew that the strikes that had worked the last two days would not work in the future with Syrio.

Arya liked that. They were now both pushing each other to improve their skills and develop new fighting styles. Arya had heard from Gendry that he was forging from Valyrian steel his master had let him refold to a new “needle”. It was an exact replica of her needle. She would never exchange her precious blade that Jon had given her when he left for the wall.

Barristan was now a madman when he attacked her. He snarled and growled. She had been afraid she had upset him and he had actually laughed softly when she begged for forgiveness. In so many ways Barristan Selmy reminded her of her father. She thought of him as a second father or maybe more accurately the uncle she had been denied. She hugged Dany tighter as she became drowsier.

The heat from Drogon’s body lulling her body. She looked back behind her and Nymeria was on her side knocked out her tongue lulled out. Her lips and ears twitching in some dream.

Barristan had told Arya that he needed to make his vocalizations now to put forth maximum effort. Barristan told Arya she was now a true master of the sword. Only her father and Brienne were their equal. Daenerys Jaime Tarth, Oberyn with his spear, maybe Loras with training and he put Rob in that category with lots of training would be in a level just below her. She had become all she was meant to be.

Arya was so thankful that her father had let her train with him and Rodderick. Her father had defied custom and tradition to let Arya train and become all she could be in Winterfell. Her father was too busy being the Warden of the North to complete her training. She could not wait to see her father again and show him all she had learned.
She wanted to challenge him and show her father she was worthy of being a warrior in her own right.

Her day time endeavors were going well. She smiled into Dany’s back. Her night activities were also going well. Very well.

After she had recovered from her first experience of watching Dany masturbate in front of Nymeria with Arya warged in her wolf she had tried to be good but it lasted for only four nights. She had kept Nymeria with her but the wolf grew increasing restive not being allowed her evening run around in and out the Red Keep. She knew that if Nymeria visited Dany in her quarters she would be lost. Her wolf’s whining broke Arya’s resistance and she let her wolf out. She had told Nymeria sadly not to go into Dany’s chambers anymore. She made it clear to her wolf it was forbidden. The wolf had whined but Arya insisted until she knew Nymeria understood her intentions.

The first night her Direwolf had been a good wolf. Arya warged into Nymeria occasionally and found her wolf patrolling the Keep and running down back alleys with the coyotes that lived in the city. They were a poor substitute for wolves but they followed Nymeria as their pack queen even though coyotes were much less pack animals. What could Arya say? Nymeria had wolf charisma.

The next night when she had warged into Nymeria the first time all was well. Nymeria was in the “godswoods” of King’s Landing. Arya snorted at the phrase. It was an acre of elm, alder, and black cottonwood. Instead of a Weirwood it had was a great oak covered in smokeberry vines. The thick vines having climbed up the trunk and twining down limbs. Vermillion berries clearly evident on the vines. Red dragon's breath growing below the oak in a rich profusion. The dark red flowers giving a red hue but it was no substitute for the red of Weirwood sap bleeding down the bark from the carvings in its bark.

This was not a true Weirwood groove to Arya. Only a cheap imitation, a red-headed step-child. The red of the grove a fakery of bastardy to the Stark. Nymeria was on her hind legs her front paws on the great oak barking furiously at the squirrels chittering down at Nymeria. They ate nuts the husks falling down into the direwolf’s face. Nymeria infuriated at the audacity of the squirrels.

Arya went back to studying her High Valeryain to impress Dany and reading an exciting tale called Dunk and Egg. The history of House Targaryen was so fascinating.

When Arya checked in again on Nymeria two hours later she threw her book off the bed accidently. She was so shocked her body had actually jerked hard. She had been betrayed! Nymeria was in Dany’s chambers with a full belly. She was on her back wiggling as the Queen in a barely existing nightgown was scratching Nymeria’s belly and cooing to her “I missed you. I am glad you have come back to me. Don’t ever stay away from me again Nymeria. You Queen orders it!” Arya’s wolf woofed in agreement. “I have a third bowl of sweet cooked meat for you my baby!”

Nymeria rolled onto her side and sat up drooling. Dany brought out a third big bowl of cooked choice cuts of meat. She was bribing her wolf Arya thought incredulously! Nymeria the greedy wolf gulped down the chunks of meat Dany threw to her. Soon the bowl was empty and the wolf’s belly was full and bulging. Nymeria plopped back on her back and looked expectantly at the Queen who laughed and got back down on her knees and hard scratched Nymeria’s belly the wolf’s legs running in the air above her belly.

Arya saw Dany’s rock hard nipples and smelled Dany’s wet pussy with Nymeria’s sensitive nose. Oh gods. Arya pulled back from Nymeria enough to quickly stripe down. She knew she would be helpless watching Dany inside Nymeria but she was prepared this time. She would enjoy the show of Dany masturbating to repeated orgasms and let it fill her body. When her wolf left Dany’s quarters then and only then Arya would leave her wolf.
Soon Dany got up. She washed her hands clean and dried them. Then she slowly and sensually pulled her nightgown off and Nymeria sat up to look at the Queen. The wolf understanding her master wanted to see the Queen fully. The Queen played her body like a master harp player plucking the strings of her erogenous zones. Arya felt her body so tight with need. She was so wound up seeing her beloved working her swollen tits and cunt with her fingers wet and glistening. Dany screamed and screamed with her multiple orgasms.

Gods she was so fucking beautiful. Finally, after several hours, the Queen started to get very drowsy and on shaky legs let Nymeria out of her room. Arya was out of her wolf in a flash. She would talk to her wolf about her betrayal on another night! Arya went berserk masturbating. Half way through her session of self-loving she heard scratching at the door. She cursed but got up and let in Nymeria who woofed and plopped down in front of the roaring fire and watched Arya resume masturbating.

Any chastisement could wait to the morning. Or Afternoon. Or whenever.

The wolf was not sure exactly why Arya and Dany were working their vaginas so much. They did extremely enjoy themselves though. Nymeria wished they would start mating. Why were they delaying their mating when they so clearly desired each other? Nymeria’s eyes and nose told the Direwolf that they were compatible in all ways for each other.

On nights with no Clatch of Confidents meetings Nymeria visited the Queen’s chambers even earlier for food and belly scratching and staying to watch the Queen pleasure herself for her master. On those nights the Queen masturbated in long, long sessions of heated fucking. Arya watched her Queen pull out long phallic shafts and fucked herself in the pussy and ass with them! Arya longed to use them on the Queen and more importantly use them on her!

Arya was besotted with the sight of Dany’s body soaked in sweat and cum. Her hair lank and plastered all over her face, shoulders, neck and back. The loud screams of gut wrenching orgasms that had Dany’s body flipping and jackknifing all over her bed. Arya was in love with the smell of Dany’s pussy. All of this fueled Arya’s own masturbatory sessions.

She was tired in the mornings but her body felt so alive and singing to her. She was so in love with Dany. The more she saw of the woman pleasuring herself the more she wanted the Queen. Plus, she was learning so much about how to touch a woman and make her scream. She would rock Dany’s world!

When Arya went to the Queen’s chambers after their workouts to wash in the royal bath chamber she so wanted to strip naked in front of the Queen and throw caution to the wind. To tell the Queen she loved her with all her heart. She wanted to fall to her knees and declare her love and then bury her face in Dany’s plump pussy and show her woman how much she loved her. She felt like she already knew Dany’s body intimately. She would use her knowledge to devour Dany and rock her world. They would fuck each other so good. Their physical love binding their souls together into one.

Then reality would sit in. She knew Dany was saving herself till after the North campaign to select a King to help her rule her empire. History and tradition demanded it. Dany would do what she must and hid away her true desires. She may take backdoor lovers to satisfy her true needs but it would not be love. Arya now knew she could not stay in King’s Landing when that hideous day occurred. She could not stand to see another touch her Queen’s body. Dany was meant for her and her alone!

Arya was sleepy. She cast these negative thoughts behind her. She wanted to think positive thoughts of Dany. She had stayed up late last night masturbating after another session of what she now called “Dirty Warging”. She took the opportunity of flying on Drogon with Dany to snuggle into her back and let the heat lull her to sleep while hugging Dany. She craved the closeness of her
body pressed into the Queen’s body. She loved how Dany gripped her hands with own her hands to make sure Arya did not fall off the dragon’s back. It was not needed but she loved how the Queen protected her. The way Dany intertwined their fingers made Arya feel like the Queen loved her but Arya shook her head sadly at her childish fantasies.

Arya was awakened by the Queen when the dragons landed in the steppes of central Westeros. It was midnight. Barristan informed them they were fifty miles from the Golden Road. Dany walked out into the waist high grass and stood facing into the breeze flowing out of the west.

Arya walked out to join the white haired Targaryen. “Does this remind you of the Dothraki Sea?”

“Yes it does.”

“Do you miss it?”

Dany looked out over the grass swaying to the heartbeat of the wind. “Yes and no … I discovered my calling in that grass sea. … … but my home is here now. This is the land of my birth. The land that has always called to me. This is my home.”

Arya sensed the Queen wanted to say more but simply looked out over the swaying grass. They leaned into each other in companionable silence. How Arya longed to confess her true love for and to the Queen. Fear of rejection and worse being sent away kept the words locked in her throat. She couldn’t live without Daenerys but was afraid that the day would come when Dany married some fucking high prince to further the realm. To marry for political expediency. She had done it in Essos. Arya saw no reason why it would not also happen in Westeros.

_It wasn’t fair._

A half hour later they were awing again. The Queen flew her dragons ever to the west. Arya went back to sleep pressed against the Queen’s back as Dany leaned back into Arya both asleep. Arya was awakened again when the sun was rising in the East lighting them from behind. There was high mountain peaks on both side of their wedge of flying dragons.

They found a high mountain vale. They landed deep in the Misty Mountains. Thick banks of fog rolled by underneath them in valleys far below. The air was cool and crisp and heavy with moisture. The riders stretched and ate a quick meal of beef jerky, cheese and hard tack bread. The dragons basked in the sunshine of the rising sun that shone down the long mountain pass. They were on land no man had stood on before. Here in a place that no one riding a horse could ever reach. These high mountain peaks were a bastion of unspoiled beauty.

Arya looked up at the high mountain peaks forever clothed in sheets of ice and now had shrouds of clouds wreathed around their peaks. It was breathtaking. Daenerys joined her.

“It is beautiful her. Unspoiled nature not touched by man. I wonder if any of the first people live in such mountain fortresses hidden away from the sight and hand of man.”

Arya was intrigued by the thought.

Soon they were awing again and heading towards Lannisport. The crossed the continental divide of the Misty Mountains and the dragons flew down the Western slopes first flying in deep shadows as they rode the thermals flying fast their sense of direction taking them unerringly to the promontory that Casterly Rock resided on.

As the sun rose higher over the land the orb bathed the land in vivid bright sunshine that showed the occasional farm now that they were in the foothills. Arya saw the dragon’s find the Golden Road
and flew down the lane towards their destination. Arya saw buildings and small villages appear. Traffic was on the road.

Near two hours before noon the small promontory of Casterly Rock appeared. To Arya it was a beautiful construct. Winterfell was dark and functional whereas Casterly Rock and Lannisport were things of beauty to behold. The buildings were made of polished marble that caught and reflected the sun in blinding flashes of white. Tall spires glittered like pure ivory in the bright sun.

The land jutted out into a large promontory with a channel that had cut into it to produce a large island that housed Casterly rock. A bridge had been constructed between the land and the island. The abutments built into the gut rock of both land masses. Guard towers guarded each end of the bridge with draw gates built into the arches. Arya spied where the roadway entered into the island. Dany had told her the entryway was called The Lion’s Mouth. The builders of the castle had fashioned an enormous natural cavern reaching two hundred feet high and built an archway to the height of the cavern. Its steps were wide enough for twenty riders. Arya was sure the roof of the cavern was filled with murder holes. Only then could you enter Casterly Rock proper. The top of the island had been leveled and here was the ancestral castle of House Lannister.

The two leagues of the island was filled with tunnels from exploration for gold and precious gems. This had made for many hidden rooms and chambers for the inhabitants to live and thrive in. The Rock itself has been measured at three times the height of the Wall. The roofs of many of the buildings were gilded it the gold that was mined from the island. The glint of white marble and gold roofs was near blinding from certain angles.

The dragons flew just above the high ramparts and between the towers. Arya looking down saw shocked adults and gleeful children. The dragons had returned. Dany had visited all the major cities of the South many times as she consolidated her control on Westeros.

Dany had her dragons bank back over the sea and came in from the ocean to fly just above the rooftops and spires of Lannisport proper. The dragons trumpeted loudly as their beating wings almost touched the rooftops and chimneys. The dragons would fly at the towers and only at the last moment bank to brush the stone seemingly with their trailing legs and tails.

For ten minutes the dragons flew over the city of immaculate marble, limestone and granite of the richly carved buildings of the city. The wealth was obvious with the gilded edges of buildings in gold, silver, bronze and copper throwing up glimmering shimmers of wealth and prosperity. The Lannisters definitely shared their wealth which ameliorated the Queen’s feelings towards Tywin Lannister. Only a little though because the man was an “asshole” all agreed, especially the two additional riders who rode on the dragons.

Arya snorted seeing golden lions guarding the gates into the city of Lannisport on the ingress and egress of the golden road. Such a waste of resources. By now the streets and the rooftops were filled with wildly screaming people. Arya smiled at the children waving wildly. Arya frowned at the comely young lasses squealing waving at the Queen and pointing at themselves. Gosh, Arya hated the ‘Queenie’ groupies dying to get in the Queen’s short clothes! Those belonged to her! Well-in her dreams- but they belonged to her!

The dragons landed before the towers on the bridge leading to the tunnel into Casterly Rock. The riders dismounted. Nymeria jumped down and walked to a statue and marked it as her territory. The wolf owned all she came across in her mind. Arya looked around as the other riders removed their chaps and gloves. They waited patiently. They had arrived unannounced.

Ten minutes later a man in his late fifties walked out with a much younger man who was obviously his son. The older man was still fit and trim.
He walked up and his face registered shock seeing the companions with the Queen and Arya. He bowed to the Queen as did his son. The young man in his early twenties stared at their male companion in open awe.

“I great you to Casterly Rock” the elder spoke. “We had not known you were coming or we would have provided the pomp and circumstance the Queen deserves.”

“I detest ‘pomp and circumstance’ Kevan.”

“Still, a queen deserves it and should have it. It helps the common man bond with the Queen.”

“Like it did with Cersei?”

“I said pomp and circumstance and not ostentatious extravagance. You are balanced in ways I fear my niece never was.” Kevan turned towards the two new riders that were with the Queen. “It is a pleasure to meet you after so much time Jamie Lannister or should I say Jamie of Tarth.” He walked over to Brienne and took her hand kissing the back of her hand. “And you must be the fair maid who captured Jaime’s heart.”

Brienne’s face went beet red.

Kevan turned back to the Queen. “You will be wanting audience with Tywin I assume.”

“Yes.”

“Can I ask what the necessity of this unannounced visit is?”

“I will announce that when we have audience with your brother.”

“As you wish. I will go and inform my brother of your desire for an audience with him.” Kevan turned.

The Queen called out to him. “I wish you were the Lord of Casterly Rock Kevan. You are so much more worthy than your brother.”

The man looked at her and then smiled slightly. “I never have such thoughts my Queen. He is the elder. All is at should be. I will let my brother know you are here. The man walked back up the bridge into Casterly Rock.

“Why in the seven hells couldn’t Kevan have been born first?” Dany fumed.

“Why do you not barge in and demand an audience? You are the Queen” Arya asked her Queen.

“Then I look like the ass. No. This is his keep and it is seemly that I wait on his pleasure.”

The both watched Lancel move to Jamie and Breinne. Jaime per his casual charm “What’s up cuz?” had the young man quickly loosening up and talking animatedly. The youth looking nervously at Brienne and her imposing height. “Don’t worry Lancel. She won’t bite. Unless I tell her too.”

“Jaimeee!”

“It is beautiful here” Arya told Dany.

“Yes it is. I hear that at sunset the whole shape of Casterly rock looks like a Lion in repose. Must be nice to have all that gold underneath you ass when you take a shit?”
“Dannyyyy!” Arya felt her own face turn beet red at the bawdy humor.

She saw Dany smiling impishly at her.

They waited twenty minutes. Jamie was fuming but Dany sat on Drogon’s fore claw and waited patiently.

Nymeria came up to Jaime with a big stick and dropped it in front of him. Jaime looked down confused.

“Throw it Jamie. She likes to play fetch” Arya told Jamie.

“Really.” He gave the stick to Brienne. “She is a lot strong than me.” Brienne smiled softly and took the stick. Nymeria got up and woofed excitedly. She would get a good run in! Brienne leaned back threw the stick far off. The stick thudding on the paved road and bouncing with Nymeria running after it snapping at the twisting stick before getting it in her jaws. She ran back and Brienne threw it again.

Arya now sitting on another claw watched Jamie, Brienne and even Lancel playing fetch with Direwolf who in her excitement leapt up and down waiting for the stick to be thrown again.

“She looks like an ur-vile” Dany commented.

Kevan finally appeared again walking down the bridge clearly agitated. “I must apologize for the delay. Tywin can see you now.”

Jamie came up to his uncle. “Is my father being an ass again Kevan.”

The man looked at his nephew. “He is a hard man but he leads our people well Jaime. Never forget that.”

The man led them into the tunnel. Arya kept looking up looking for the murder holes she knew that must be there unseen.

They came out into a plaza that was pure ostentatious. Before her was a large square. It was paved in flagstones inlaid with precious gems and gold inlay in geometric patterns that both flowed together and were subtly jarring. The color blue, white, black and beige. The patterns repeated but were subtly differing in a way Arya could not put her finger on. The Fountain was pure gold of two male lions roaring their defiance with water pouring from their mouths to splash into the retaining basin.

They were led into the castle going down halls lined with tapestries, sculptures, suits of armor and glass cases lined with precious gems. The wealth of House Lannister on full display.

They entered into a large room with a big oak table in the middle. At the far end sat Tywin Lannister with his back ramrod straight and his close cut hair and goatee giving him a sever, august air about him.

He rose. “My Queen. Your visit was not heralded.” He sat back down not showing the Queen a seat. Arya heard Kevan sigh. He pulled out a chair first for Daenerys and then for Arya to sit in before he seated himself. Jamie pulled out the chair for a blushing Brienne as she protested she could get it herself.

All was quiet for a minute. Tywin rapped his fingers on the table top and Daenerys stared at him with unblinking violet eyes. Arya could feel the contest of wills. The air almost crackling with the tension in the air inside the room. Two strong wills probing and seeking advantage.
Tywin finally spoke first. “I received your ravens. You did not need to travel all the way across Westeros.”

“I think I did. I want to make sure we both understand each other. You will provide full support to Highgarden if the Iron Islands rise in rebellion while I am in the North.”

“I know my duty.”

“Do you?”

“I have always served the realm.”

“Like you did when your dog Gregor Clegane raped and killed Elia Martell and killed her children Rhaenys and Aegon. My niece and nephew.”

Tywin jumped out of his seat his eyes on fire. “I had nothing to do with that crime!”

“No. … But you definitely created the environment and kept you dogs unleashed so that others did your crimes. Any crimes your lieutenants do will be laid at your feet from now on. I will broke no excuses or ‘I did not know’. I will execute exacting judgment. I think you have heard of it.”

“Are you threatening me?” Tywin growled sitting back down.

“No threats. Simple statement of facts.”

Arya could read the Queen fairly well now she thought and she felt the tension. She looked in the back of the room. Barristan was ramrod straight but Strong Belwas was eating all the fruit out of a large bowel unconcerned by the tension in the room.

To Tywin’s credit Arya thought he had no guards in the room. He was nothing if not confident in his seat of power.

“I will do all that is required of me Queen. I hear Eddard Stark has you jumping to his tune. Is the heat getting to you small queen. I hear you squirm on the throne.”

“Yes. My ass cheeks do get sore. Having iron in your ass does make one immune I suppose.”

Tywin scowled. “You will fail you know. No woman can rule. It takes a man strength of arm and will.”

Daenerys looked eyes with Tywin. “Are you challenging me in your seat of power?”

“No! I merely state facts.”

“I think this meeting is adjourned.” Dany got up and Arya followed suite. “Do you have anything to say to your son before we leave?”

“I have no son” Tywin sneered.

Jamie stood up. “Father. There need be no rancor between us. The child will cleave themselves from their parents and seek their own destiny.”

“Bah! A son follows the path the father has set out for him. Prodigy support the family line. I did and so you should have.”

Jaime shrugged and turned to Brienne. “Of well, I tried.”
“I will never forgive you for not taking the seat of Casterly Rock.”

“Shove it pops. I have my own life now and my own wife.”

“That ugly cow.”

Jaime’s pleasant demeanor changed in a heartbeat. He turned to his father. In a deadly quiet voice
“Excuse me?”

Kevan tried to step in “Tywin, Brienne of Tarth is his wife!”

“Shut up brother!”

“Your wife is an ugly gargoyle Jaime. She is hideous to look upon. She must be a hermaphrodite. At least your brother fucks females.”

An inarticulate sound came from Jamie as he started to pull his sword from its scabbard. Brienne in a flash was up and by Jamie’s side and gripped his wrist preventing her husband from pulling the sword out of its scabbard.

“Let it go my sweet husband. He is not worth it.”

“Listen to your fucking cow son.”

“For me Jaime. Please.”

“Are you going to add kin slayer to king slayer to your titles O son?”

“For you!”

“I thought that was Tyrion’s job. He is the whore monger.”

“Have you ever wondered why all three of your children hate you.”

“Because you all are abject failures to our family and to me.”

Brienne gripped Jamie and pulled him to her body and enfolded him in her arms and bent down to kiss his temple.

Awww they are so cute Arya thought. She wanted to do that for Dany! To be there for her Queen in her moments of need.

“All three of us are thriving father. It is time for us to leave if you are done my Queen.”

“I believe we are Jaime” Dany spoke calmly and turned to Tywin. “I will have Olenna – a woman – and Tyrion – your son – watching you Tywin. Don’t give me a reason to be happy and come and gut you.”

Tywin scowled.

The party started to leave but Jaime paused at the door. “I just want you to know that we are all thriving. I have a family now. Tyrion is the best Hand in the history of Westeros. And my dear sweet sister I hear is becoming quite the hellcat warrior.”

Tywin scowled harder.
“One more thing. Moths and sparrows report that my sweet sister, your daughter has turned lesbo pops. She is wolfing down pussy like her life depends on it. Cersei has turned lesbo and guess who with? The kicker is—it is Obara she is in love with. The eldest daughter of your hated enemy Oberyn!

“Get out of my presence you cur!”

“Such endearments father” Jamie chuckled holding hands with Brienne as he and the rest of Daenerys entourage left the embittered leader of House Lannister. A man with no heirs.

The Cowled Woman

The sun had long set and the guard at the gates of King’s Landing were on alert. The city was on a martial setting. Troops were on the move constantly in and out of the Red Keep. All were subtly examined and challenged when necessary.

The Unsullied were on the lookout for any strange traffic that did not fit the profile of troops. Normally, the gates would close at sunset but the mobilization of the South to head north was in full effect.

She Who Must Not Be Named had stopped off at a distance from the gate. She was over a mile away but her sharp eyesight could see the guards better than most men could standing right beside the men. Her large green eyes let in all light. Her night vision exceeded that of the owls that she heard flying overhead.

She could feel the men’s unusual attention. Most humans easily let their attention wander quickly with a boring task. These men’s will were uniquely singular. She probed deeper and discovered that their manhood had been removed. Her green tunic synched at the waist blew in the night breeze. The fabric fluttering and blown out behind her. Her hair fluttered showing the two tips of her Elven like ears. She heard the guards talk in the native language of the Queen.

Her eyebrows arched. She sifted through barely remembered memories of these men and felt her anger surge at their mistreatment as youths. She felt the cut of the knife and the pain of young boys so harmed and then forced to do vile things.

She felt their burgeoning individualities and their respect and nescient love for their Queen who had put her life at great danger to give them their freedom. Daenerys Targaryen had freed them of slavery and offered them their freedom. To a man they had all pledged allegiance to the woman. It would seem this Daenerys Targaryen also named the Chain Breaker was a must powerful and descent woman. Still, it was not her She Who Must Be Named had come to see.

She felt her feelings roiling within but said the mantras she had developed to calm herself. She shook her head again agitated that again her anger so easily flared. After forty-four thousand years one would think she would have learned control after her freedom from the abyss.

She knew this was why the White Gold wielders and the Elohim feared her. As powerful as the Ice King was, that the Queen was preparing to fight, his power was minuscule compared to hers. She had crushed Lord Foul with one backhand.

The cowled woman moved forward. Without effort she quickly covered the distance to the gates of King’s Landing. She came up to the Unsullied who had their spears crossed in the traditional crossed shafts position. She passed through the wooden shafts unseen. The Unsullied had never felt
her presence.

She looked around the city. Then the green eyes looked at the Red Keep. It was there her
destination resided. Her senses told her that the one she wanted to visit was still wide awake. She
wanted to visit them and leave the satchel that was draped over her shoulder with them as they slept.
She Who Must Not Be Named had time to walk around the city of King’s Landing and observe the
mass of humanity seething in the city.

She had seen cities that had towers that reached for the stars and were made of exotic metals and
filled with large glass windows. This city by comparison was quant and maybe even squalid.

The small woman walked down the streets looking from side to side. Her bare feet lightly touching
the dry ground filled with ruts and dung from the passing animals. Such things did not concern her.
She passed persons traveling singly, in groups and many couples talking softly.

The varying emotions buffeted her but she was able to control their effect on her. She was in control
and enjoyed feeling the sensations of so many emotions flowing over her body like the flowing
current of a fast running river. As long as the emotions were not focused and passionate she could
handle them.

She felt happiness and sadness. She felt the emotions of gratitude and the feelings of rejected anger.
The cowled woman felt the benighted emotions of love and peace and the avarice of greed and
naked lust. She felt all the spectrum of human emotions and thoughts. The emotions unfocused and
washed over her like the waves of the incoming tide. She was only used to certain emotions all of
them dark even after so many years of freedom.

The small women saw a tavern and decided to move inside. The cowled woman concentrated for a
fraction of a second and her satchel disappeared into sub-space. She walked between a group of
people in the doorway talking and laughing. She stepped inside to find a dark room with a low
ceiling and large oaken beams supporting the floors above.

There were tables in the center of the room and booths along the three walls that did not house the
bar. She saw men and women laughing and flirting. Alcohol was being consumed in large
quantities lowering inhibitions. Bartenders talked to the customers and poured them drinks.

Soon a large man clearly drunk was raging about his woman cheating on him back in Braavos.
*Maybe he should be in Braavos* she thought to herself. He told the table beside him that he did not
like their accent. They told him to go beat his meat. *What did that mean?* The cowled woman
thought to herself musing. Humans had the most strange syntax and word usage.

The loud man was soon fighting the next table with more quickly joining the fight. The cowled
woman could sense that many joining the fight had no idea why they were fighting. *Strange.* The
Cowled woman left as men went flying through the windows. It did indeed seem that meat was now
being beat as she observed a man with a bloody scalp from his head going through the window. She
now understood the phrase “beat your meat”.

The silent cowed woman moved from street to street aimlessly. She came to a thoroughfare that was
wider than the ones she had been traversing. She moved on down the street. She saw signs
proclaiming this was the Street of Silk. She looked for seamstresses but saw none. Then she noticed
the purple hued lanterns over the doorways and along the balconies on the upper floors. Then She
Who Must Not Be Named understood. She was in the purple light district of the City. She was
surrounded by brothels.

She looked up at a sign and read it: Chataya’s House of Pleasure. The lettering pleased her senses
with the fancy scroll. The two peacocks with their tails fully extended and twined necks was also pleasing to the eye. She Who Must Not Be Name loved the bright colors she could easily see in the night gloom. She decided to go into that domicile.

This brothel was a house two stories tall with a stone ground floor and a timber upper floor. A round turret rose from one corner of the structure. Many of the windows were leaded. The two large windows on the front of the building on its first floor and the entryway had paintings on them. No. The windows were made of colored glass. She paused to look at the one to the right. The paintings depicted many manners of sexual intercourse between the sexes. Most were heterosexual but a fair percentage were homosexual with female / female pairings. Why do you have sex with your own sex? No offspring can be produced from such unions. She never really understood human sexuality. She went underneath the entryway looking at the ornate lamp that swung on a metal arm. The globe made of gilded metal and purple hued glass that the oil lamp inside made glow. She found the color very pleasing to the eye.

Inside the entrance She Who Must Not Be Named saw a mosaic on the floor of two women entwined in their lovemaking. This brothel must cater to women who lusted after their own sex. Her time in Thomas Covenant’s world had also shown her that many men were turned on by the sight. She assumed men paid for such displays. The cowled woman inhaled deeply. The exotic spices in the air intoxicated her. She did not need oxygen but she relished using her senses to their fullest to partake of her environment.

She moved forward past an ornate Myrish screen that was carved with flowers and fairies and dreaming maidens. She now entered the common room. She saw a woman playing a harp with skillful fingers the melody haunting in the key of A minor. She looked up and saw a cushioned alcove and a leaded colored glass window where sunlight would pour through during the day.

The muted light made the mahogany and teak wood gleam darkly and the thickly upholstered sofas, divans and chairs were placed throughout the large sitting common room.

The cowled woman looked around her deep hood and bending of light waves kept her face in deep shadows. She had learned long ago that most humanoids found her features unsettling and had learned to hide them. Her head turned from side to side taking in her environs. She looked at the obvious prostitutes. They were made up very well with beautifully applied makeup. They were dressed in flowing silks cinched at the waist with beaded belts. She Who Must Not Be Name took a seat on a divan with no other patrons or whores sitting on it.

She Who Must Not Be Named looked at the couples lounging together on the various furniture. The prostitutes were obvious as they stroked and flirted with their clients. The Cowled woman had seen this many times on many planets. She was unmoved by the displays of courtship. She found it fascinating she did admit. For humans she had discovered they did not necessarily fuck to procreate. They went to much effort for pleasure she knew was so fleeting. It seemed like a monumental waste of energy and time.

The whole idea of sex was strange to the Qaylar. The making of children for her kind was more spiritual than physical.

She tuned her senses and the smell of spices, perfume and sex flooded her mind. She let her mind drift. Her mental vision wafted to the second floor and back bedrooms of the establishment. The Cowled woman saw the human bodies rutting on the beds and rugs in the various bedrooms. She assumed that the rich and powerful frequented this place. The expense was obvious. The Cowled woman’s head moved slowly taking it all in. She had never fully understood human mating rituals. Animals rutted where humans put strange rituals around the act of procreating. Most of their rutting
produced no offspring.  *Then why fuck?*

The divan she was on suddenly compressed to her left.  She Who Must Not Be Named slowly turned her head.  Beside her sat a beautiful prostitute she supposed.  She was 5’8” tall with full C cup breast and slender hips and a voluptuous Glutinous Maximus.  A phrase from the world of Thomas Covenant came unbidden to her mind.  “Lots of cushion for the pushing.”  This woman would represent that.  She had wavy blond hair down over her shoulders several inches.  The woman had very white teeth and her slip was sheer and she easily saw the woman’s nipples and vagina.  Both were engorged with arousal.  She Who Must Not Be Named smelled the woman’s excitement.

“What is your name?”

The cowled woman looked away from the prostitute having already lost interest.  She again looked up through the floor at the rutting.  She had watched much porn in Thomas Covenant’s world.  It was fascinating.  Why did humans put so much energy and thought into such a brief act.  The pleasure of orgasm so fleeting.  Most strange.

It had not been sex or love that had allowed A-Jeroth to imprison her for countless thousand or was it millions of years.  It had been her own avarice that had caste her into the pit.

“You are the short, dark and dangerous type” the prostitute spoke sultrily to the strange quiet woman sitting beside her so stoically.  “I like my women dangerous.”

The woman seemed to be staring though the wall of the bar on the far wall.  Her head moving slowly right and left her cowl hiding all her features.

“Hey, are you a silent sister?  It that the reason you are not telling me your name.  I always wanted to bang one.  You seem awful small.  You must be very young.  That makes me want to fuck you even more!  I hear you girls are wild in bed.”

She Who Must Not Be Named was looking into the Red Keep.  Her destination was still awake reading a book from Naath.  She would be patient.

“My name is Erinylea Harterion.  I originally hail from Pentos.  I spent three years there in a brothel that only catered to women.  In fact I only do women.  I am very skilled and would love to fuck you.  I am nasty and wicked.  In a good way, I mind you.  Hell you got me so excited I will do you for free.  I always wanted to fuck a Silent Sister.  I love the taboo of it.  I have already made my numbers for today.  Chataya and Alayaya are always easy but especially now having just married Solaja.”

The woman still ignored her which was starting to piss off Erinylea.  Her good friend Raraso Xhala had gotten lucky last week.  Two silent sisters had come all chaste and quiet and silently handed to Alayaya a beautifully written note that said they wanted a whore from the Summer Islands.  Alayaya had smiled and called down Raraso.  The two silent sisters had nodded their approval.  Raraso had barely been able to walk the next morning the two women had fucked her so hard and long.  Raraso had told Erinylea that when the robes came off she had squealed in delight.  The two women had been drop dead gorgeous.  They had been the youngest daughters of rich families sent to monasteries.  The dowries just too onerous for yet another daughter.  They had definitely not been silent in Raraso’s bed.  Their screams deafening and cursing and dirty talk continuous.

Now it was Erinylea’s turn!  She wanted the same!

“Hey!  Did you hear me?  I. Want. To. Fuck. You.  Fuck your order’s vows.  Most of your sister’s do.  I am even banging a few of your high order.  I want to do a lowly neophyte.  Raraso Xhala told
me how hot you all are. Get your freak on with me and abuse me like the whore I am. Pull my hair and slap my face, tits and ass. Choke me out. I love it all. Make me scream from it!” the prostitute husked to the small woman.

“You like your woman dangerous?” the cold voice was soft and yet it filled the whole room. The voice was hollow and echoed as if the speaker was deep in a sepulcher and not a big open room. The voice though softly spoken was strong and vibrant but as cold as the grave. It echoed through the large room. The Cowled woman finally turned to look at the woman beside her. The small woman’s face hidden in deep shadows of her cowl.

The other women in the whore house now turned to look unsettled in the direction of a suddenly very scared Erinylea. The room was filled with a sudden unease. The men moved uneasily.

“I am indeed dangerous. I have killed by the thousands. In times past, I slayed all men on sight (the cowled looked at the men in the room with a slow turn of her head as the men gulped and tried to not piss themselves). I crushed their bodies with a thought.”

The whole room had stilled to stare at the small bare foot woman with horror. They could feel the power radiating off the small framed robbed woman. The Cowled woman looked more like a tall child of ten or eleven. Every man and woman instinctively understood this woman was speaking the truth of her past. The woman appeared to not yet be flowered. Despite her appearance, now a feeling of ancientness exuded from the woman. This woman was as old as the bones of the Earth.

She now looked at the whore directly her body leaning forward. Erinylea leaned back as she looked into the cowl and only saw a well of dark emptiness. She had the feeling of being sucked into an abyss looking into that pool on nothingness. Deep in that well of darkness she now saw two dull green glowing points. They could not be more than inches from her face and yet they seemed miles away.

“Do you want to know what I did to the women?”

Erinylea shook her head violently ‘no’. The cowled woman’s words were dreadful but it was her body language and her hollow voice that was truly creeping her out.

“I ripped their body to shreds and then pulverized their protoplasm as I tore their souls from their bodies and ate them to live within my incorporeal body. Then I made them scream in endless torment and agony. I never let their souls rest as I roasted them in horror, agony and insanity. I never slept and I spent every moment tormenting and torturing their souls. My self-hate fueling my rage. They felt the same insanity and agony that tore at my wasted soul.”

“Are—are they still in you?” Erinylea asked fearing she was about to die. Her face now sheened with sweat and her body shaking in naked fear.

“No. Linda Avery ripped them from me. She stole back my lost souls.”

“Are you going to kill me?” Erinylea strangled out. Her body now beaded with sweat in her horror. Sweat trickled down her face in slow rivulets.

The cowled woman stood up and looked down at the wildly trembling woman. She looked around the room. All were filled with terror.

“I will leave now.”

She left the establishment and walked around the streets of King’s Landing. She slowly moved her feet lost in thought. She still dreamed of the abyss even after all these thousands of years. After a
time she noticed she was before the great Sept of Balor. She walked up to the nearest tower and looked up.

She filled her hands and feet with millions of micro hairs like she had read of Geckos having. She easily scaled up the side of the tower. Soon she was on top of the tallest crystal spire. She pulled her cowl back and let the wind blow over her face and stream her green hair behind her.

She sighed. It had not been promises of lust and power that Lord Foul had used to imprison her. Any love had been secondary in her desires if any at all. It had been promises of power unrivaled and avarice that had done her in. She had been so young and filled with vice. She loved the feel of the breeze on her person. She spent half an hour enjoying the purity of nature and her forces. She again sent her senses flowing to the Red Keep. Now her target was getting drowsy and had gone to bed.

She Who Must Not Be Named let go of the spire and let the breeze blow her to the Red Keep. She soon arrived at the first wall and let her atoms phase shift and she was inside the walls.

She walked down the halls always working up. She moved to the area reserved for royals and the high attendants. She saw a Direwolf padding down the hall. She moved to the side wall. The wolf passed her and then paused. It looked around and sniffed hard but shook its head and moved on down the hall.

The Cowled woman moved on. She went up three levels and paused. This woman had interested her. She walked through the thick wooden oak door effortlessly. She walked over to the bed. The dark of night did not prevent She Who Must Not Be Named from easily seeing Olenna Redwyne. The woman was sleeping soundly.

This woman had strong longings in her. Desires for what might have been. She herself was filled with such thoughts. The wonderings of paths not taken and the desire to have had their life take another path. She understood those thoughts.

She had been watching from the sept at Highgarden when the woman had nearly fallen. The fall would have broken both her hips and her right wrist if not saved by the Direwolf that had just passed her. The panic in the old woman had touched her. She had touched the woman’s gnome and removed the genes causing her rheumatoid arthritis. All evidence of it now gone.

She contemplated doing more but decided against it. If her true destination failed in what she needed to do then the chances were much greater that all human life would eradicated in Westeros. No need to perform “a miracle” if it was for naught.

She paused reconsidering. She again looked down at the woman. Why not? The touched the woman. Why not set it in motion. Let destiny decide if it came to fruition.

She Who Must Not be Named lessened the density of her body altering her phase shift and floated up into the air and went through the ceiling of the current room and came into another room that made her pause.

She saw a dwarf – this would be Tyrion Lannister; the same one she had seen on the beach in Dorne with the Queen – riding a woman whose shed garb told the robed woman she must be a Dothraki female. Tyrion was riding her back and whooping calling out “I’m the Stallion who mounts the world.” The woman whinnied and rose up on her knees and pretended to try and dislodge the dwarf. The Cowled woman noticed the woman had a butt plug in her ass that had real horse hair stitched into it.
She Who Must Not Be Named eyebrows knitted. What could that signify? A fertility right?

She Who Must Not Be Named looked before the fireplace and saw two more Dothraki women on their sides dong sixty-nine. She had learned that phase in the world of Thomas Covenant. Humans were most inventive when it came to sex. She noticed they too had butt plugs with real horse hair inserted into their anuses. They grunted and snuffled obviously enjoying themselves.

Tyrion called out. “Don’t wear yourselves out Tasi, Qissi. When I get done riding and fucking Withi I will be mounting you two again.” One of the Dothraki women released the ass cheek she was clawing and lifted her arm up and then gave a thumb’s up. At this moment, the dwarf lost his balance falling off the woman. He fell off the woman backward flipping down to the ground. He knocked himself unconscious. The Dothraki woman spun around and tried to revive the man. The Cowled woman looked into the man. He was merely knocked out and not concussed.

She Who Must Not Be Named shook her head walking out the room and through the door. Human mating rituals were indeed most strange.

She walked down two more hallways and then paused before the thick oaken door. Yes. She was indeed in deep sleep. She walked through the door and into the midnight dark of the teenager’s room.

The Cowled woman walked over to the table. She focused and from sub-space she called forth the satchel she had copied from the traitors. She sat the satchel with the betrayer’s correspondence. It was in code. Missandei had the ability to break the code. She would leave it to the fates as to whether or not the girl could do it.

Again she stopped to look at the girl from Naath. She was truly fascinated by the teenager. She was still so innocent and pure. She did not seem to be tainted with any of the traits that blighted the human race and the spirits that inhabited the world. She Who Must Not Be Named had her flaws and they had caste her down into the pit for agonizing millenniums of pure hell. She moved slowly to the bed of the sleeping teenager.

She Who Must Not Be Named got slowly on her knees and looked at the sleeping woman. She was truly the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. She started to reach out and touch her face. No. I will not corrupt her with my touch. I long ago forfeited that right with my greed and sin. Still she stayed and looked at the young woman sleep for another half hour. The Cowled woman moved her head to closely examine the teen’s face from every angle.

The woman’s innocence truly touched her. She sighed. The girl longed for a true love to find and love her.

Ellisỳynæ Máriynéll rose up slowly. She wondered if she had every truly loved. There was a flash of white light and a black hole appeared with green bands of light streaming out of it. Bands constantly swirling out from the black circle that looked as if it was miles away and yet was only a heartbeat away. The small woman stepped into the worm hole and she was gone.
Arrivals and Departures

Chapter 39

Arrivals and Departures

Oberyn / Arya / Eddard / Missandei / Jon / Ygritte / Ice King / Daenerys

Oberyn

The horses nickered as they were brushed down for the evening. Oberyn had always found comfort in taking care of his mounts. They were loyal to him and he always enjoyed caring for the horses he rode. He looked out at the Kingswood off in the hazy distance to the East. The vast woods still full of primal uncut forests. He loved looking at the tall oaks, ash and maples soaring to the heights. The trees rising to between seventy and a hundred feet in height. Their trunks close to five feet in diameter.

Their broad canopies giving tight coverage over the wildly spread trees. He loved the variation of color of the leaves and thickness of the canopy with the interspersed ash and maple trees. The widely spaced trees allowed for large swaths of underbrush and brambles. He knew the undergrowth was filled with vague animal paths traveled by deer, boar and wild goats and sheep. He had often wanted to hunt in those woods. He knew that bear, cougars, wolves and it was rumored that saber tooth cats and woodland lions still lived in its core. The challenge and danger called to his martial nature.

He moved to the other side of his horse. He took his pick out and looked at the hooves on that side. He removed several small stones that had lodged in the groove of the horseshoes. He checked the frog on each foot and found them to be not black and hard to the touch. They were healthy. He picked up his curry comb from his saddle bag and began to come out his horse’s coat. The horse tossed his head slightly cropping the grass underneath his muzzle.

Oberyn loved his homeland of Dorne and its arid vistas of dry plains and stunted wattles of trees. In his land, the predominate color was a pale brown with pale greens in colored swaths. It was wild and untamed in a wide open way. Here the land was many hues of green. The growth of the plants were not stunted by sun, wind and lack of moisture. In Dorne the grasses and trees fought the land for life where the vegetation here was allowed to grow luxuriant and profuse. His horse pawed the ground to bring up succulent green morsels to graze upon as its muzzle moved slightly to find new shunts of verdant grass to crop as his master continued cleaning his main and tail.

Oberyn remembered his parting with his daughters. They had been unhappy to being left behind but he had determined it was best for them and the realm to be left in their homeland. He was still pissed with his youngest daughters for taking their wives into the red wastes. Myrcella and Arianna had handled themselves exemplarily in combat actually Oberyn had to admit. Still, Oberyn knew that probably had more to do with luck than anything else. Combat was full of random chance. But, taking their wives into the midst of combat had been foolish. He would never bring Ellaria into harm’s way.

He paused in his thoughts. Arianne and Myrcella were of totally different temperament than his sweet consort. His daughter’s mates were fiery and he was not surprised they had sought out combat. Ellaria was fierce in the bedroom but not in the open fields of combat. The thought of
going out into the field with Oberyn would not even cross his sweetie’s mind.

He would have been much quicker to forgive his daughters if his brother Doran had not chewed his ass four times already now for putting his daughter Arianna into harm’s way. He was sure more chewing outs were waiting in his future. It did not matter Arianna had insisted in traveling with his daughters. The woman was as headstrong as his own daughters. They did not want to part from each other especially when danger was in the air.

He was sure that now that Myrcella and Arianna had tasted combat they would desire to travel with their wives in the future when combat was required. He had not told his brother, Doran, that the genie was most likely out of the bottle now. His daughters’ wife would not be denied in her desires to go with her sand snake wives into combat. Myrcella would also demand it. They had proven themselves. Doran might not admit it but Oberyn would. Once one survived your first combat your chances of death in combat dropped markedly. Once one had experience in combat that experience would allow one to avoid the pitfalls of combat that led to death.

Tested now, Arianne and Myrcella would be wildcats demanding to accompany their wives. Dorea and Loreza had weathered his rebukes but he saw the fire in them. They would be bringing their wives with them when they went into the field again. Oberyn accepted the inevitability of it.

With his eldest, Obara, she was still in her honeymoon time with Cersei. They had been wedded just before he traveled north. Cersei was still in training even though she had long surpassed her master and Oberyn in strength, speed and raw skill. Her trainer had still not determined she could take up metal weapons. She still bitched and snarled about it but Oberyn knew it was all for show.

Cersei continued to do all she was tasked with a snarl and sneer bidding her time. She was something fearsome now and she knew it. All knew it. She was the fulfillment of prophecy Oberyn knew. He remembered the sand witch’s prophecies. He had talked to Myrion Dwellen and he too agreed. Oberyn had not yet mentioned his theory to anyone else. When the time came, there would be push back if from nowhere else but from House Dayne. Cersei would prove herself. Both Oberyn and Myrion knew it.

To Oberyn’s surprise Cersei had acquiesced to the demands of Myrion. The woman had definitely changed since her arrival in Dorne. She was still fiery and her tongue could flail the skin off your bones with her wicked tongue. A tongue that Obara was using every night to quite good affect he could hear at night when he and Ellaria sometimes walked the grounds late at night before turning in.

Of course his eldest daughter was coming over to his home and regaling both him and his sweet Ellaria on how good Cersei was in the sack. She had taken to the kinky sex that Obara craved like a duck to water. The woman loved being fucked bowlegged with a big thick strap-on and loved ATM and A2P. Cersei gladly pulled her pussy or asshole open for Obara’s fist. She loved to be roughed up. Obara was in heaven.

She was in heaven even more when Cersei proved to be an easy switch and loved fucking the hell out of Oberyn’s eldest. They both loved to be slapped all over, hair pulled, spit on and choked out. Ellaria was drooling over what she was hearing. She dearly wanted to fuck Cersei something fierce. Oberyn guessed he should be shocked but he was not. He doubted he would ever be lucky but he too desired to fuck the fiery beautiful blond along with everyone else.

There was a sticking point that Obara had run into. Cersei would get all flustered and cry out she was not enough for Obara when Oberyn’s daughter tried to broach the subject of fucking family members and the young cadets that longed to fuck Cersei. Oberyn’s daughter had hoped the sweet bonding with Ellaria in the Officer’s Sauna had showed that Cersei was ready for open an open relationship of Obara and Cersei sharing women in their bed.
Ellaria had consoled Obara. She told her daughter of her heart to only be patient. Cersei would come around. Obara needed to remember that Cersei came from a repressed upbringing. The culture north of Dorne was very prudish. Cersei needed time. She was a pure slut inside and her love for Obara would shine through. Cersei just needed more time to be totally secure in the burning love she and Obara shared. Soon they would be sharing many sluts in their bed. Ellaria the first one! She had crowed making Obara smile.

Obara would be patient. Cersei was from the prudish North. Obara would slowly show that their love was unbreakable and total. With that kind of love they could and should partake of pleasure with other women freely. In Dorne everyone was free with the sharing of physical pleasure. All wanted to share the pleasures of the flesh with their cherished ones.

After listening to Ellaria, Obara knew if she was patient it would be well repaid. She had reached over and petted her father’s hand. “She will love you to father. You wait and see.”

“I think a heyna and lion lying together has a greater chance, Obara” Oberyn had joked back. He would love to share love and life with Cersei but he would understand if she could never get over their past. He had been very cruel to her. He still cringed at some of the things he had wanted to do the woman before he got to see the real woman that existed so deep down inside Cersei even she was not aware of the fine woman that she had become.

Cersei had endured almost two decades of abuse from Robert Baratheon. To be raped constantly and physically abused must have reduced her adore for males. Men had not been nice to Cersei. Add to that the way her own father abused her it was sad. Oberyn still remembered Cersei falling apart when Daenerys in fit of pique had fired a barb at Cersei about sending her back to Tywin Lannister her father. It was a flippant barb by the Queen. Cersei had been spewing bile back at the Queen. That one remark gelded Cersei. As soon as those words reached her ears Cersei fell into a dead faint and when she awoke she was a beaten cur. Gods what did that man do to her!

Oberyn banished those bad thoughts and smiled. Cersei had become a cherished member of the Martell family. Oberyn had come to truly love the woman like a sister and his sweet paramour lounged to fuck the former Lannister and his daughter. She was always talking about them which made his blood run hot. He loved banging his sweet love while she cried out Cersei’s name. That just made him fuck Ellaria harder and made her scream louder in her orgasms.

Oberyn knew that Cersei was woman who had sworn off cock. Robert Baratheon had smacked and raped that desire out of her. Jaime leaving her for Brienne of Tarth must have hurt deeply and been another nail in the coffin of her desires for men.

Oberyn thought back on his daughter issues. If he could not bring some of his daughters north with him he dare not bring any of them. He had reasons to not bring his eldest or his two youngest daughters. They now had the responsibilities of wives to protect and care for. If had needed his daughters he would have brought them but with the forces marching north a few less warriors was not critical.

He knew if he did not bring one he could not bring any of his daughters. The rancor that would cause among them would not serve any purpose. They all craved to prove themselves on the field of combat. He also had another reason to leave his daughters behind. Of all the houses currently marching north only his house was able to leave behind the next generation of military and political leaders to make sure all remained calm in their home territories.

House Baratheon had their scions either in exile or marching north. House Tyrell had their future heirs in Winterfell of all places. He had a sneaking suspicion that those two went there of their own free will. He knew that Olenna was crafty as an old fox and had her fingers in that somehow. What
the advantage was he could not fathom at first. Loras was in love with Renly. Robb was to marry Karstark’s daughter.

Then he heard through a jackal that had heard it from a moth that Margaery and Sansa had formed a union. This would be a pairing of two mighty houses. If the union was in Dorne it would be no matter but in the conservative North? More shocking yet it seemed to have the full blessing of Eddard Stark. This almost dumbfounded Oberyn. Oberyn had checked the genealogy records and indeed Eddard was not of Dorne ancestry.

Where had Eddard developed such enlightened thinking? He knew the man was without equal on the battlefield (present company excepted of course) but to think he was a brother in thought as well made Oberyn look at the man with new eyes. He would look into Eddard’s eyes when the time came to see for himself. He had wondered for a month now if the Queen was not playing some Game of Thrones with Eddard Stark. That she had formed some hidden league with the man to draw their forces to the North. He was too loyal to speak any of his suspicions aloud. He trusted Daenerys Targaryen explicitly.

Oberyn had become convinced that Winterfell would be only a way stop on the march to the Wall. The Queen seemed to believe in the old legends. If Daenerys believed in them then she had Oberyn almost believing in things that could not exist. Could they?

He knew that House Baratheon was too staid and unimaginative to see such convoluted plots. Mace Tyrell bless his soul was just willing to be led to where he needed to go. He would discover the truth soon enough he supposed when he had it revealed to him. He would fight his Queen’s enemies wherever they may be and whomever they may be. Mace may be unimaginative but he was loyal.

Oberyn looked around at his surroundings as the sun started to head toward to the horizon. The slanting rays of the sun made for long shadows over the rolling hills. His own horse casting a long shadow. He was in the Sperling Highlands. The hills only three to five hundred feet in height with gentle slops. The people had settled here when the first men came across the land bridge before it was smashed.

As he had moved North the land slowly turned more green and lush. Here the land was filled with rolling redolent green grass for their horses to pasture on. He had left Sunspear and traveled along the coast in the wide pass between the Windshorne Mountains and the Greenblood River. Oberyn had looked at the mountains that rebels and guerrilla fighters had used as a redoubt by the men of his Dorne when first fighting the First Men, then the Andals and finally the Targaryen’s when another force had once again attempted to tame the untamable.

Many a foe had died in the mountain valleys and craggy tors of the Windshorne Mountains. They were not tall with only a height of three to five thousand feet but they were wild and inaccessible unless you knew the hidden tracks. The breezes off the shore precipitating out and providing ample rainfall to allow for scrub oak and live oaks all twisted in shape from the hollowing winds working through the craggy slopes.

The wild land and its luxuriant growth providing many places to hide and plan attacks. Any enemy that attempted to climb up into the mountains and valleys were ambushed repeatedly until exhausted and retreated back to the flatlands.

They had passed Shandystone with its well that had dried up over two hundred years ago. They were traveling light having sent their wagon trains up the Princess’s pass with the Queen’s peace holding sway over lower Westeros. The trains had left six weeks ago to travel to the Rosewood and then up to King’s Landing. He knew that there they would be staged into other long wagon trains already moving north up the King’s Highway towards the Riverlands and beyond.
They had passed the conjuncture of rivers and then traveled up The Scourge and headed deeper up the peninsula of Dorne. They had reached Godsgrace and rested two days to let their horses rest and build up strength for the continued long march. They traveled up to the headwaters of the Scourge River and then sat off overland in the wild scrub of the Dornesh Hawk dunes. They traveled the western track to the coast. There they headed up the peninsula to Yronwood and rested again to let the horses and riders gather themselves.

He spent nearly two weeks traversing up the Boneway to the sad summer castle of the Targaryen’s at Summerhall. The birth place of Rhaegar Targaryen. So much lost potential and possibilities had occurred when the castle burned down. He journeyed just past Summerhall to the valley now called the Vale of Tears and followed the major stream of the Switchback Willows glen. He and his cavalry went down the valley cutting through the spur called the Dugway Range.

He left the mountains the next day and led his horses at a full gallop onto the rolling hills of the Grassy Vale. The hills rolling to the west in gentle swales covered with thick grass. The horses nickered loudly enjoying the wide open spaces after being hemmed in by mountains as they traversed the valleys.

They moved over the low piedmont hills that ran generally from southeast to northwest. The hills gentle and gradually lowering in elevation. Three days later at noon they broke onto the plains that bordered the town Grassy Vale which was controlled by Lord Elwood Meadows. He greeted Oberyn and his cavalry warmly. Oberyn was pleased to see that Daenerys had left stores of grain and fresh food and fatted aurochs with specific instructions to rest and feast and recoup his troops strength.

Oberyn saw that the Queen understood that a well fed and rested military force was a much stronger force. He spent a day with his command eating and feasting. He discovered that the leader of the city was a fairly decent man. He was too old to be leading his tithe on the march north but he was genial and pleasant. Maybe these Stormlanders were not so bad Oberyn thought to himself.

The next day after the feast he proceeded apace towards King’s Landing. He was surprised to see at evening that a camp was setup with food and tents already waiting for his arrival. Women and men too old to fight and teenage boys and girls manned the camp. Daenerys was involving all in the defense of her realm. This would make them feel a much stronger bond to her efforts. She was not conscripting their service but paying good wages. Her largesse from the conquering of Essos was impressive indeed. The persons were happy to serve being paid for their services instead of being compelled. The Queen was a most brilliant tactician Oberyn was seeing.

Gods, Robert Baratheon had sucked as King! Hell, had Westeros ever had a King or Queen the equivalent of Daenerys Targaryen the First of Her Name. He wracked his brain and came up with no one.

On the fifth day they reached Fawnton where a large camp was setup along with a stable with spare horses that could be changed out for any mounts that were worn down or threatening to become lame. Each night as the light cavalry moved forward Oberyn would find a camp waiting for him. He was impressed. He had wondered why the Queen wanted to know the route he would take to come to King’s Landing out of the several possible routes. Now he knew. The people were friendly and seemed anxious to help him reach King’s Landing and support their Queen.

Oberyn had been most pleased to find comely young lasses and fair young men coming of age to take to his bed each night. Many of his warriors found willing companionship with the locals. This was helping to build a stronger bond between disparate people. Oberyn made sure that the commands were in place that any non-consensual use of force in sexual relations would be most
harshly punished. After several cases and severe lashings the troop understood that Oberyn was deadly serious. Repeat offenders would be scourged with scallop shells. There was no repeat offenders.

Oberyn reflected on this as he patted down his horse for the evening. Last night had been another camp with a small stable of horses to be switched out as necessary. The stables manned by Dothraki. They were excellent horse tenders and were rough and guttural. Oberyn liked them immensely. He had taken a brother and sister to his bed and enjoyed himself immensely. He especially enjoyed seeing the girl fuck her brother with wild abandon as he nailed her ass to the furs and flooded her womb with his cum as she wailed. Then they DP the willing filly. Maybe he and Ellaria would make a trip to the Dothraki Sea.

When they reached the Rosewood they took to it and made good time. Again he found regular camps to aid the many travelers moving generally North but with some traffic of soldiers, sappers and support personnel moving South to support the camps. The camps by the Kingswood close to the road. The Queen had made it clear the forest was not to be touched. Large supplies of coal and coke had been brought in for the nightly fires and cooking pits. In nine days he reached the King’s Gate at midday. He had been long gone from his sprawling city. He had not missed it. Its large size and squalor did not please him.

He was even less pleased to see Mace and his two oldest sons waiting for him by the gate to greet him. He was happy to see Willas though. He and the man had been long distance friends despite the fact that Oberyn had accidently led to his being crippled at a tourney. Willas was even keeled and did not have an overarching ego. The same could not be said of his father or brother.

Mace was not a threat on the tourney field but his middle son, Garland, was indeed quite skilled and accomplished. He did not have the flare of Loras but he was with his sister in Winterfell. Probably deflowering young men. Lucky lad. Oberyn rode up to the gate.

Oberyn knew himself. That he too had an overweening ego that was the equal of those he groused about. All great warriors needed it. Else, you would not survive long on the fields of combat fighting other supremely gifted and confident warriors. There was one huge difference between the Tyrells and Oberyn. He had every right to have an outsized ego! He was a master of the spear that had no equal. He had pushed and pushed himself nearly his whole adult life. He had a singular goal that only his brother and Ellaria knew. He would avenge his sweet sister Elia. He would one day track down Gregor Clegane. On that day Oberyn would have his revenge on the “Mountain”.

“How nice of you arrive Oberyn … finally” Mace called up to Oberyn as his horse approached the Tyrell greeting party. He saw Alerie Hightower appraising him. She was neutral in her facial expressions. He saw Olenna standing off to the side. His eyebrow cocked at the change he saw in the true ruler of Highgarden. Last time he had seen her she had been stopped in the back and used a cane. Now she stood straight and proud. She seemed full of vigor and her whole demeanor made her look younger than her years. Her gaze shifted among the parties. Oberyn knew she was gauging and judging all present.

“Yes. Some us of rode warhorses to King’s Landing and not royal carriages. One has to stay battle harden you know.”

Mace looked askance up at Oberyn. “Do tell.” He looked Oberyn up and down. “Hummm, don’t see any extra muscle there lad … might want to rethink that.”

Oberyn shook his head. “Are your youngest children still safe in Winterfell?” Oberyn was truly curious. He had been on the road for slightly more than eleven weeks.
Mace scowled. Olenna stepped up. “Yes. Eddard and Daenerys both have hostages of great value. Both would never deem to harm their hostages.”

Oberyn caught the inflection even if Olenna’s son did not. Anyone with eyes knew that the young Queen had given her heart to the young comely lass of the North. It was only a matter of time before they consummated their love. Oberyn had bet heavily that it would be in Winterfell when they did the nasty for the first time. Arya being on her home turf should turn the tide in her favor and Oberyn’s wallet.

Olenna’s choice of phrasing had Oberyn smirking in his knowledge. Did Margaery’s parents know that their daughter had a loved one at Winterfell? That the person that Margaery loved was a woman. That Margaery had given her heart to Sansa Stark. If her parents did hear of her daughter falling in love they would assume it was with Robb. Oberyn smirked. He would love to see the look on Mace and Alerie’s faces when they discovered that their daughter was in love with a woman. Gods that would be stupendous! Hell, they still had not grasped that Loras was bisexual and in love with Renly Baratheon.

Those thoughts made Oberyn stop. Eddard had two gay daughters. He was anxious now to go to Winterfell. He needed to see how old staid and stick up his ass Eddard Stark was handling that bit of news. That would be interesting to see. Two gay daughters. That would drive Eddard mad! He had to see that!

“Yes you have missed important war council meetings Oberyn. Shame you couldn’t be here to partake of them.”

“Yes indeed. Of course you missed the meetings I shared with the Queen that prepared for her landing in Dorne like Nymeria so many years ago. I was there at the beginning.”

Mace stiffened.

“It was Dorne she came to. Not Highgarden. She probably sent ravens but you were too busy smelling the roses I suppose.”

Garlan ground his teeth. Olenna stepped in sighing. “Boys boys … this unseemly cockfighting should be put down. Get your hands off your cocks. I am sure you all have big mighty cocks. Men have been telling lasses that six inches equals a foot since the dawn of time. Let’s save our strength and spunk for the enemy of the realm and not each other.”

Even Oberyn was taken aback a little at the mouthy granddame. All quieted down.

He saw the Queen and Arya riding war horses up from the gates of the King’s Gate. Again Oberyn was taken by how martial the young woman seemed. She was just twenty now and she carried herself like a true warrior. She had nearly seventy five bells in her hair now with her recent victories. He had been told by his jackals that she had so many in actuality that she could not wear them all. She had her now famous rune sword in its scabbard on her back. She was beautiful with the sun glinting and shining off her white hair and silver bells.

By her side he saw Arya and was surprised by the change in the girl. She now seemed the equal of the Queen somehow. She had a Braavosi style sword at her hip and she too carried a broadsword on her back. She wore dark leathers and tunic that made her look every inch the warrior of the North. Oberyn knew that those two would be almost unstoppable on the battle field fighting back to back.

Oberyn openly appraised them both. Arya caught the look and glared back at him and moved her horse closer to Dany. Good she was jealous. He knew that the Queen needed a filly with fire in her
loins to keep her in check. He had not fought the Queen in a long time and wanted to again spar with her and her future Queen. He was confident … well, pretty confident he could take them. He had gotten in some good strikes. The Queen had merely gotten lucky all those times her sword had whacked his body hard.

Soon the Queen was before him after dismounting as he met her on the ground. They embraced and he took her hand and kissed her knuckles. He dare not kiss her cheek with the Stark girl glaring daggers at him. He smirked. His legend had proceeded him!

He greeted both women warmly. Arya was stiff at first but when he was pleasant and gallant with her and Dany she started to relax. He had not looked at the Queen again with leering eyes to put Arya at ease. He bent down and whispered in Arya’s ear when the Queen was talking with Olenna. “I fully support you and Dany becoming lovers and becoming her Queen.” He rose up and saw the girl blushing and looking over at Dany with longing. She then turned back to him and smiled great big.

He had another member in his camp. Too bad he wouldn’t be shagging her or the Queen. He knew gold standard lesbians when he saw them even if Dany had some dross in her standard. The dross was a fading relic of the past.

He saw Daenerys looking at his entourage.

“Where are you sand snake daughters? By the way, I am outlaying bastardy. No more will children be punished for the sins of their fathers.”

Oberyn laughed. “In Dorne that last name is held with pride. I cherish and love my daughters no matter their heraldry or lack thereof. Do not put the sins of the North on our doorstep. We remember the ways of the Andels. We love all our children. Equally.

Daenerys looked at him and cocked an eyebrow. “Then maybe I will have you visit the Great Houses to teach them the new way.”

“Hummm … yes Ellaria and I would could do that … that is an awful lot of pussy and cock to sample my Queen.”

“You are a horndog Oberyn!” the Queen cried out good naturedly. Arya eyed the man with embarrassment and saddled closer to the Queen and pressed into the Targaryen. The Queen started and smiled and wrapped her arm around the Stark girl.

“I think I must defend my royal hostage from your lascivious advances you cad!” The Queen called out to Oberyn good naturedly. Arya beamed at the Queen.

Geez Oberyn thought to himself. Could those two be any more obvious and still oblivious at the same time?

The Queen pressed him on why his daughters were not in the vanguard. He explained to the Queen his rational. She was placated but made it clear she wanted to meet them after the battles were fought. She had met two with Myrcella and Obara at the Battleborne Academy but wanted to meet the others and see them all together to get to know them.

They were separated by a short distance from the Tyrells who were now talking to Tyrion and Missandei who had walked up to them. With them were Barristan and Syrio who had been engaged by Garlan over fighting techniques. Barristan told him he would be free to join in their morning practice sessions. They would be ceasing soon as they prepared to march North.
Oberyn leaned closer to the Queen. “I look to be taking my fight to your enemies my Queen. Whether they be in Winterfell or at the Wall.”

To her credit Daenerys did not bat an eye while Arya looked shocked at the truth being clearly stated.

“I see. Have you shared your insights with anyone Oberyn?”

“Only with Ellaria but I assume you too have someone special you share your deepest insights and thoughts with.”

He smirked on the inside seeing both women’s cheeks redden. When were they going to start fucking!

“I have told no one else my Queen. I don’t care where you lead us. I just want to put my metal against your enemies. In fact I am relieved, I just could not conceive of Eddard Stark ever being an enemy of the realm. I am not sure the man could even conceive of treason against the throne.”

“Am I not right Arya?”

The girl’s shoulders straightened and fire came into her eyes at the perceived slight. She started to move forward.

“Arya … stay” the Queen said touching the teenager’s arm and the girl immediately stilled and looked at Daenerys calming down. “Oberyn tonight I am having probably my last Clatch of Confidents meeting in my quarters. Please join us. My confidents who include Olenna and now you since you are here.”

Oberyn felt his chest swell. Take that Mace Tyrell! “I would be honored my Queen. You are truly Nymeria reborn.”

“No I am Daenerys Targaryen first of my name –but—I appreciate the thought. It is a great compliment. Let us ride north and defeat the true enemy of the realm and then solve the problems of the realm.”

Oberyn smiled. He could think of several problems that could be solved.

“And I want to wipe from your mind any thoughts of belittling or taking down of Highgarden or Casterly Rock.”

Oberyn’s smile faltered just a little.

Soon the greetings were over and everyone started on their way. He had his eye on a new potential conquest. He followed his next potential bedmate as she strolled to some stalls selling fabric for dresses and blouses. He was surprised he had not noticed her before. It was like he had totally overlooked the girl in the past.

He would no more. The sweet teenager girl went to some stalls selling pretty fabric that she ran over her finger and she pressed against her cheek. She must be contemplating a new dress to have made for herself. She looked alluring her current red dress that was cross strapped that exposed delicious shoulders and the tops of her full C-cup breast. The girl’s breast seemed even larger on the small woman. Being petite had its advantages sometimes Oberyn thought with a leer of conquest.

Her dark skin reminded her of Sarella’s mother who had been a Summer Islander captain. She was not quite as dark and a full foot and then some shorter but that only added to her allure. Oberyn
admired women in all their forms. He bet she loved her sex rough. He licked his lips preparing to move in and seduce the girl.

He saw the girl start to move down the street to the next stall that sold lace and bunting. He started to move forward already lining up the platitudes he would use to seduce the comely lass into his bed. He wondered if she was a virgin. The thought excited him. He started to move forward to accost his bedmate for the night.

Oberyn staggered his body reeling backwards. He felt like his body had slammed into a granite wall. He had hit something that seemed to slam him back with a savage directed force. What had hit him Oberyn had no idea. Oberyn had the wind knocked out of his lungs and was stunned as he landed hard on his ass. Stunned he shook his head to see what he had run into.

He saw before him a woman no taller than Missandei. The woman was if anything smaller than the petite girl. In fact she made the scribe seem actually tall. This figure stood still as death. She regarded him without any movement. He swore that she did not even seem to be breathing. This lack of motion creeped out Oberyn. His hackles were raised high on his neck. The woman had on a simple green robe with a deep cowl. The arms of the robe covered her hands so only the tip of the small fingers were visible on her small hands. The woman’s feet were bare and covered in mud. He was shaking his head to try and clear the cobwebs from his head his hands behind him supporting his weight as he leaned back staring up at the small woman.

This woman was thin were the Naathi had womanly curves. How had hitting this slip of a girl stunned him so bad? He felt like he had fallen off a horse and then had it stomp him hard in the ribs and chest with its steel shod feet.

Oberyn started to get is body prepared to rise back up. He would put this upstart skinny Silent Sister wannabe in her place!

One instant this girl—no—thing was ten feet in front of him. She seemed to distort and twist and now she was straddling him with her legs on each side of his hips. She had moved so fast he had not seen her move. NO! One moment she had been ten feet in front of him the next instant she was upon him! The woman now had gripped this tunic and twisted her clenched fist making his shirt into a garrote. Oberyn felt his breath nearly completely choked off!

Oberyn started to bring his arms up to break the girl’s grip but he felt his body lifted off the ground like he was a ragdoll and shook so hard his teeth clacked hard and he felt his neck snap giving him painful whiplash. Twice, thrice he was jerked violently and effortlessly by this demon!

Suddenly, the cowled face was pressed into his face nose to nose. All he saw was deep impenetrable shadows with two eerie green glowing pools of hate and death.

Oberyn’s arms were slack now his body completely defeated. She was some kind of demon! Oberyn had fought men that were giants that walked the Earth and their strength was like a babe’s compared to the strength he had just felt.

“You will not touch Missandei’s purity with your vile, evil twisted thoughts or body.” The voice was light as if disembodied. It echoed like the woman was in a deep abyss or a deep well. It was hollow and cold as the grave.

Oberyn was shaken like a baby again his head snapping so hard he nearly blacked out.

“You are in the Queen’s service. I will spare you.” Oberyn thought the woman’s voice sounded like it was echoing up out of an empty tomb. The voice echoed around Oberyn. He noticed that no
one seemed to notice his plight. Somehow his tormentor was shielding his attack from all other persons walking the street. “Once, I killed your kind, skinning the very skin and visceral off your vile bodies one layer at a time while I kept your minds alive to suffer each second of your deaths.”

The woman paused. For a moment this cowled demoness seemed as if she was lost in her thoughts reliving what she was telling Oberyn. “It was exquisite.”

The cowled woman turned to look at Missandei who was making a purchase and laughing gaily. The woman’s grip on Oberyn’s tunic relaxed suddenly. This demoness stared hard at Missandei. Her grip on Oberyn relaxed even more.

*Oh my gods. She is in love with Missandei. This demon is in love with the small scribe!*  

The head turned back to gaze at him with murderous intent. “Do I have your word you will not touch or harm Missandei?”

Oberyn shook his head “yes”. He grimaced at the severe pain in his neck. His whole body felt like he had been stoned.

He was snatched to his feet so fast he did not realize he had been put on his feet losing his balance. The woman’s grip on his upper arm was frightening in its strength and the pain it flooded his body with. He got his balance. He wavered. All his joints screamed in pain from the severe whiplash his body had been subjected too. He had a killer headache and his vision was blurred.

The tiny woman released him. She looked up at him. From deep in her cowl the green pools flared. Oberyn gasped. All his pain disappeared. His abused body had been healed.

“I will know if you break your promise. I will kill you.”

Oberyn had to admire that. Direct and to the point.

“I will keep my promise. What choice do I have?”

The woman looked at him steadily. “Yes. You are not Thomas Covenant … but you will keep your word.”

The woman seemed to simply vanish.

Oberyn rubbed his badly bruised arm. She hadn’t healed that. A reminder of her might he knew. Well. Tonight would be interesting when he attended the Clatch of Confidents in Daenerys room. A meeting attended by Missandei. Each time he would look at the young scribe from Naath he would be desperately making sure to not think lascivious thoughts toward the woman.

*What a thrill kill.*

**Arya**

Arya was at the council table watching the Great Houses at work or maybe that was not working. They were sniping at each other and the jealousy between them was extremely obvious. With her having been raised in the North she had not seen such rancor. When her father met with his subjects and vassal lords there was none of this backbiting and arguing.

True she did not set at her father’s council table but she would have heard of any true rancor. The
gossip webs among the courtesans and ‘those in the know’ were alive in King’s Landing repeating the bubbling backbiting and hostility that was being exhibited in this confluence of the Great Houses. In Winterfell there was no such rancor. It made for boring times. Times were not boring in King’s Landing.

Arya could maybe see some of it. In the North all were beneath her father and the House of Stark. Here in the South these men were used to being supreme in their home constituency. They were not used to being doubted or argued with. If her father was here he would be only one equal among many. She still believed that her father would show decorum and restraint.

Oberyn was rolling his eyes and making snide comments to both Mace and the two Baratheons. He made it clear that he considered Dorne to be far superior to the Houses that bordered his home territory.

It was strange what a change a day could make. Last night when he had entered Dany’s chambers to be part of the Clatch of Confidents Oberyn had been subdued. He was nervous and he seemed afraid of Missandei of all people. He shook her hand like it was burning him and he actually stuttered a few times when talking to the small sweet scribe. He had sat as far away from Missandei as possible. For some reason he kept rubbing his upper arm.

It was most strange. He was known for being a lover of all male and female flesh.

Today was a different matter. He was back to being confident and arrogant.

House Tyrell and Baratheon were coaching a slow steady advance north where Oberyn wanted to make a mad dash up North and to come before Riverrun and Winterfell and pull them down.

Daenerys had let him rant and rave about being aggressive. She let the great houses backbite and belittle each other. Arya knew she was letting them vent and tear at each other. They were spending their passion and verve on each other. When she was ready to tell them her goals they would be already worn out from their own infighting.

Arya had heard Daenerys last night telling Oberyn she admired his aggressive nature and wanted to make sure he counterbalanced the risk averse leaders of Highgarden and the Stormlands.

Oberyn knew he was playing a murmurs role for the Queen and did not care. He was more than happy to be the attack dog for his Queen. His aggressive stance and suggestions would make the Queen’s more reasonable approach seem like the right tact to take. Again, Arya admired how Dany worked everyone like a master of Cyvasse. She moved her pieces in such a way to guarantee checkmate for herself. Each move of her pieces bringing her closer to the goals she had set. She was a master tactician.

Dany had only three equals as far as Arya could see. Olenna who was now part of her inner circle and was fiercely backing the small Queen. Tyrion with his great intelligence and devious cunning. And lastly her father was the equal of the great Queen. Arya was still shocked that her father had proved so adept at the Game of Thrones. He had always grimaced and counseled against the very actions he had been doing for over ten months now. He had been averse to dark room politics. She knew he had felt he must unite the forces of Westeros to meet the threat of the Ice King at the Wall united and end the threat immediately. Her father wanted a decisive battle at the wall. He would win and not have the war move south to ravage Westeros in a protracted war. The battle would be fought at the Wall. Defeat was not an option.

Arya was brought out of her reverie about her father and the Game of Thrones by Oberyn putting his hands underneath in his armpits and jerking his elbows up and down. “Cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-
“cluck” Oberyn vocalized. Arya had to give Oberyn credit for playing his role to the hilt. She saw Mace, Renly and Stannis roll their eyes with Renly flipping the Red Viper the middle finger as an extra bonus.

“I have seen newborn chicks with more balls than the three of you combined” Oberyn barked at his fellow House Lords.

“Chickens don’t have balls” Stannis told Oberyn seriously. Renly bowed his head into his hand shaking it moaning “Brother—Brother” he intoned.

“Exactly Stannis. Without balls you don’t have a cock. You three couldn’t get a boner if you had to. Grow some stones and let us rush forth to meet the enemy. Let us fight the war that the minstrels will sing of for ages of to come.”

Mace looked at his sons sitting at the table with him. He looked unsure as to his course of action. Again Arya thought that Highgarden had been very fortunate to have Olenna guiding the House in the background and now Margaery had been groomed to take over the reins of power when the time came. Though Arya wondered what Margaery and her sister’s future would be. Whatever it would be, it would be together.

Garlan looked at Oberyn with disdain. “You have the couth and the manners of a fucking wild boar Oberyn. I pray you are not representative of Dorne. Why oh why couldn’t your brother Doran be here. He is reasonable.”

Oberyn smirked at the Tyrells. “A boar. I can live with that. A wild boar represents strength, audacity and a willingness to fight its foes. That is why I am here. Doran maintains the peace of Dorne and I fight for the interests of Dorne. We both know this is a time to fight. I will fight alone if I must by the Queen’s side.”

Willas shook his head at Oberyn histrionics. Arya could see that Willas was merely amused at the back and forth between his family and Oberyn.

Arya watched Dany look at the tableau playing out in front of her. She had her purple eyes lidded watching Oberyn attack and prepare the way for her.

Arya saw Dany straighten and she called out in her calm way that immediately brought the room to heel.

“Gentleman. I have listened to your counsel and I have determined that we must take a course that is the middle of your very intelligently presented viewpoints. We must act to meet the threat of our times but we will do so judicially.”

Oberyn started to protest and Dany fixed him with her steely gaze and he bowed his head. She was the Queen and he was her vassal. The others around the table saw this and themselves calmed and subconsciously had already prepared themselves to follow the Queen’s will. Also, the other House Lords enjoyed seeing Oberyn put in his place.

Arya listened with rapt attention as her Queen laid out her immediate plans and what she expected. She first put Oberyn in his place and told him that Riverrun would not be overrun. She was sending three of her most experienced Mercenary companies to surround Riverrun and put it under a loose siege. They would allow supplies and the regular populace in and out but no further troops. She would put a block force of another Mercenary company with several troops of Dothraki cavalry at both Inn of the Kneeling Man and the Singing Rocks rapids. The area was hilly being on the eastern edge of the Highheart piedmont. The soft hills would provide the heights to block the River Road
and harry any advancing troop while riders were sent out to warn of troop movements.

Oberyn stared at the Queen and tipped his head. Arya loved how her Queen had everything planned ahead of anyone else.

Stannis asked “How do we know your Dothraki can be trusted. We all know their history of rape and plunder.”

Arya cringed wondering how Dany would answer.

“That is a good question Stannis. I feel they can be trusted. I have only put my most trusted and willing to change Dothraki in charge of units. ‘I am The Mare Who Mounts The World’”.

Stannis answered back “That is well and good but how does that guarantee that they won’t revert back to form when you attention and gaze is elsewhere.”

“Agreed. I have killed seven Khals and taken their bells and killed most of their Bloodriders. I will kill more if I need. The Dothraki know who their true Khal is.”

Stannis looked at Dany and nodded in acceptance. Any man had to bow before that kind of prowess. To become a Khal you had to be a mighty warrior. Dany had killed seven of those mighty warriors. She had proven herself over and over to the Dothraki. The man was stiff necked but that kind of mayhem on one’s enemy was always admired by all.

Dany then told her Lords how she had prepared the way up to the Riverlands on the King’s Highway for their advance with camps located every march day’s distance up the road. She had been sending out Dothraki and fast surveillance teams throughout the Riverlands and into the lower Neck of Westeros. She told the Lords that she had had her dragons constantly crisscrossing these two lands and was convinced that all the armed forces had already moved up North to concentrate their strength to Winterfell and beyond to the North.

Eddard knew he had not the strength to fight the forces of Southern Westeros with her added might of Essos at her beck and call. Her alliances with the Summer Islands and Yi Ti had given her numbers of forces that outnumbered the forces of the North, Riverlands and the Vale by six or seven to one. He had to fight on a battleground he knew intimately and reduce his lines of supply and communication while extending those same lines for Queen of King’s Landing.

She was advancing her camps up the King’s highway all the way up to deepest penetration of the Bite. She explained how with a large force of Yi Ti ships and their troops they had taken over the Three Sisters. They had only taken beachheads and put blocking forces on the main roads. Dany had gifted the islands with boatloads of herd animals and five Cogs filled with building supplies and carpenters to help the populace build up wood and brick houses. More trading galleons were filled with finished clothing, simple utensils, stocks to make pens for animals, large staples of cheese, dried beef and barrels of grain for the coming winter.

The populace it was reported were enthusiastically pledging full allegiance to Queen Daenerys. The Night Lamp lighthouse tower were taken over by her forces and kept fully light. With the freely given largesse and no threats to his house or future and only a temporary landing, Lord Godric Borrell volunteered the use of his castle, Breakwater to be used as a command post for the Queen’s forces.

From there the fleet moved on and established a beachhead on the shore across the river from Oldcastle. The beachhead fifty miles to the west of where the marshes of the Neck met the sea. This beachhead was manned by forces from Yi Ti. They were moving both north and by east
establishing posts and small stockades to establish the future camps for the march north. They brought with them more grain and jerked meat for the approaching winter. They gave the food freely winning over the undefended populace. The people had heard of the Queen’s benevolence but now were becoming believers of it. More fleets were sailing into the Bite bringing in more supplies to make camps and feed the local populace. Dany explained how she had already worked with the Reeds and they had sworn duel allegiance to her and Eddard. They would not oppose her if she did not attack them.

With the local populace now in total support of the Queen, her forces had now concentrated on bringing in troops and war material to surge due west to establish another column of support to the King’s Road. More troops and supplies would be moving north from this new beachhead.

Daenerys told those at the table that the Reeds felt that Eddard Stark would explain himself when the time came. All snorted but Oberyn and Mace’s children.

The Queen detailed how she was sending long wagon trains of supplies and war material north from many directions now. She showed all her maps of the North and her advancing forces that would move north and put down the Confederacy. She showed the blocking forces she had positioned outside of all the major populace centers at strategic positions.

The Queen had the forces of the North outflanked and blocked if they decided to pivot and come back south to fight. The blocking forces holding the enemy at bay till her dragons could come into play and her main forces move to intercept. One way or the other the North would be subdued.

When questioned by Stannis about the many wagons filled with dragon glass Dany simply explained she planned for every contingency. She had conquered all of Central and Western Essos by doing that. The rest she had formed alliances with; all the way to the lands of Asshai. There were rumors of the risen again Ice King. She would not be caught without weapons to fight that foe.

She told them she had fought him once and thought she had put him down. She might have failed she had come to think. He would be much more wary now. No matter. She would defeat him again if they met after she had taken care of her “Eddard problem”.

Mace asked what they would do with Eddard Stark for his treason. Arya wondered what answer she would provide.

“I will defeat my enemy and then show him mercy … like I did Robert Baratheon.”

Arya saw Oberyn clench his jaw. He still fumed that the Queen had let him live. Arya thought it funny how he once hated Cersei and now she was his daughter in law.

“Will you exile him?” Mace pressed.

“He will take the Black. He is of the North is he not?”

That satisfied the other lords. Arya knew once they were given proof of the Ice King they would understand her father’s actions and reasoning.

The Queen said that in one weeks’ time they would be journeying north with the heavy cavalry. She would meet the challenge of her times.

The meeting was adjourned with all the Lords of the Houses on board if reluctantly. Stannis may be stiff and Mace unimaginative but they were loyal and once they had given their allegiance they would give it all.
Arya was again enthralled with how adroitly the Queen handled the situation and her overarching strategic thinking. She was in league with her father but was still showing enough caution to protect herself if she had read her father wrong. Of course her father was totally loyal.

Arya had spent the last part of the meeting simply watching Daenerys Targaryen being the most capable leader that Westeros had probably ever seen. She was beyond skilled and competent on the battlefield and was had proved over and over again she was equally adroit in battle strategy and the working of allies and enemies alike. The woman seemed to be skilled at all factors of governance.

Arya looked at Dany as she talked. She favored loose blouses that let her beautiful breast sway and jiggle. She had seen those same breast naked and flipping wildly as Dany wailed and jackknifed almost violently on her bed masturbating to thoughts of a female lover. Arya was both jealous and enthralled. Seeing Dany’s body through Nymeria’s eyes cumming again and again soaked in sweat and cum for several hours every night was intoxicating. Arya longed to bury her face in the swollen sloppy wet cunt that she saw night after night being fucked expertly by Dany with her fingers and or toys.

Arya wanted those to be her fingers pumping the Queen’s pussy to so wet orgasms! Arya had adjusted to seeing and not being able to touch herself while warged into Nymeria. She would go into a masturbatory frenzy when Nymeria left Dany’s quarters. Arya felt a little guilty for spying on Dany but it was Dany that induced her Direwolf into her quarters. She was merely taking advantage of what the Queen had presented Arya.

Arya felt sorrow for the Queen. To the public she was still casting for the perfect man to marry and make a future king. They would rule so she could get pregnant with a male heir and all would be well. Dany would be forced to live a lie to satisfy the realm. Arya now knew the truth of the Queen’s true desires. It angered Arya with the thought that even the Queen was being forced to live a lie of her true desires in a mate. The world sucked sometimes.

Of course, over the last week the sweet masturbation sessions had ceased with the Queen being in constant meetings and training. She would have meetings late into the night or if no meetings went to bed immediately getting much needed sleep. The Queen would let Nymeria in and gave her plates of meat and lots of belly rubs which the pleasure hound lapped up. But no more sex shows. Arya sighed. She had come to really love seeing Dany jill off to wailing orgasms every night!

Darn the needs of the realm! Still, it was allowing Arya to catch up on her sleep. After masturbating to thoughts of going down on Dany and using those toys on her.

Arya let Nymeria run the grounds or her wolf would forgo that and lounge in front of the fire while her master took care of her needs and jilled off three or five times till her body was soaked in sweat and cum that made the wolf crinkle her nose at the pungent scent. Humans simply had a high sex drive the Direwolf determined.

After her master exhausted herself and pulled the covers over her exhausted but satiated body, only then did Nymeria jump up on the bed and lay at her master’s side as she patted her wolf’s head. The mighty direwolf rumbled in pleasure having her ears scratched.

Arya wondered as she scratched Nymeria ears and felt her wolf rumble in contentment if she should have made an advance on Dany when she asked Arya to massage her shoulders and took off her top. That day still haunted her and what might have been. Looking back on it Arya was both sure and totally unsure that Dany wanted her to reach around and massage Dany’s beautiful perfect firm breast. Even now Arya’s mind vacillated back and forth between Dany wanted me too and you are a love sick girl seeing what doesn’t exist. If the Queen had wanted her advances then Arya had totally blown it! All that time wasted!
Arya simply did not have the confidence to make the first move. Dany was so much more experienced and worldly than her. Surely, she would make her desires known to Arya if she desired Arya. Dany would use her worldly experiences to seduce and bed her oh so willing royal hostage. She had not, so, thus, there must be no attraction beyond simple friendship. It madden and frustrated Arya not being able to tell the right of her situation. She loved Dany with all her heart and desperately wanted to make love to her. A lot. A really, really lot.

She also knew that Dany herself may be trapped by expectations and the need of the throne. To have to marry a man to have as king and hopefully produce male heirs. The wrongness of that made Arya want to gag. It could be in Dany’s bed she was free to masturbate to her dream lover and know in reality she would have to sacrifice happiness for the realm.

That meant Dany would have concubines to satisfy her true itch. Arya did not think she could live that kind of love. She harrumphed and sighed. Life could be so unfair at times.

Two days later her training masters came to her and announced that that nothing left to show or teach her. She had become a true master of the sword. She was told that she must train and train to reach her full potential but she had mastered all they could teach her. Syrio and Barristan both told her that they had never seen anyone learn as fast or as well as her. They both told her she was extremely gifted. Such gifts could not be let to waste but must be fully exploited, else, why be given the gift. She vowed to them she would honor all their hard work with her to achieve all she could be. Their smiles and slaps on her back of approval had made her feel so good.

They both pressed and attacked her alone and in tandem. She was able to easily defend herself one on one and with both of them attacking her she was able to hold them at bay though it took total concentration and constant retreating and sudden movements to the sides to keep them off guard.

One on one she could put them on the defensive as often as they put her on the defensive. She was not able to penetrate their defensive stances and parries but rarely but the same applied to her. She practiced intensely knowing that the opportunities would be much more limited when they got on the road.

Dany had come to her and congratulated her on achieving her dreams so quickly. Dany was immensely impressed and asked Arya if she would be part of her inner guard now. Arya would be part of her honor guard.

Of course Arya had accepted and felt like she was walking on the clouds the rest of the day.

Others trained with them but they moved in and out of the training ground where Arya stayed on the training ground from sunup to sundown now. She trained with her two masters on and on. When not practicing with them she worked on her steps and parries working to fully ingrain all her styles and blocks into muscle memory.

Others would come down to the yard to practice for an hour. She fought Garlan and found him capable but not in her league. Gendry showed up with Maya. They attacked her together. Gendry had improved much with his Warhammer but he still made basic mistakes. When he exposed himself to attack Maya charged in like a wildcat to make Arya focus on her to protect her lover.

Arya would press her attacks and unarm her foes or deliver fatal strikes. Maya would merely pick her sword up or grimace with her accepted hit. Gendry on the other hand sometimes ripped off his silly bull helm and threw it down and kicked it. Maya would pat and coo to him calming him down.

“Gendry … you seen her with the Masters … she is a Blade now. We don’t have the time to train and even come close to her equal. Come on Gendry … show some class.”
He would glare at her but she would look up at him till he looked sheepish and he would gather his helm and put it back on and they would attack Arya again.

Arya enjoyed sidestepping their strikes and using her Needle to block and shunt their attacks to the side and then attack with her broadsword. She would use Needle to poke and swipe keeping her foe focused on that blade while she came in from another attack vector with her left hand and deliver the killing stroke with her broadsword.

Barristan and Syrio had been right. Her unorthodox fighting style was unique and befuddled and put her foes ill at ease from the beginning. To Arya everyone else’s fighting style looked pretty much like everyone else’s. The only attack that would cause her problems was when she met sheer power or poetry. The former were evidence by Barristan, Berienne and her father. The later was Syrio. She would sometimes tire herself out trying to corner the water dancer to try and deliver the killing stroke. His speed and skill would turn the tables so fast on her she would be shocked to be on the defense when a moment before she was on offense.

On the last day before they were to leave she fought Jaime Lann—Tarth and Brienne of Tarth. Jamie was good, very good but she was able to defend his attacks with some difficulty and then press her attacks. It would take her ten minutes to finally find a fault in his defense and be able to slip in to deliver the necessary stroke to deliver victory.

Brienne was another matter all together. Her strength and speed was truly frightening. How could a person so large move so fast! Jaime whooping it up encouraging his wife to take the runt wolf out both enraged and inspired Arya. The man’s full throated support for his wife made her like the man immensely. Brienne was nearly her equal in speed which Arya used to keep the woman just enough off balance to keep her from pressing an attack to success. The woman’s blows felt like Barristan and her father’s. The swords clanging loudly. The practice swords sending off sparks. The woman never got excited and methodically pressed her attacks but would throw in a sudden unexpected and inspired attack that had no precedent or antecedent.

They would lock swords traveling blades down the other’s blade with bodies twisting back as they reversed the angels and would work their sword back down the other’s blade.

It had been a draw. Barristan had watched silently. After Brienne had left after kissing Jaime nearly senseless for his enthusiastic support Barristan called Arya over.

“She is our equal Arya. Never fight one such as her, your father, myself or Syrio if you can help it. It would come down to sheer fate as to the winner.”

Arya had agreed. She was humbled to know that Jamie’s wife was her equal. Her husband and Dany were just that level below her skill. The difference of only the smallest degree. She loved being the best and knowing that she had an equal that was not one of her masters or her father disquieted her.

Barristan gripped her shoulders and made her look at him. “Never feel rancor or shame when you meet an equal in the sword or some other weapon. We are the elite. There can never be just one.”

Arya felt shame at her unworthy thoughts. It had been clear that Brienne had forgotten about the sparring as soon as it was over. She went back to her life and her husband. Maybe if she had Dany waiting for her?

Finally, it was the day to leave. Dany took her up on Drogon as the other dragons rose up with their riders. They circled King’s landing roaring loudly with bugle calls that echoed off the stone walls and peeled out over the harbor.
Arya was still dazed when she had first seen Dany this morning. That had been when Dany had come out to the square to mount Drogon. Daenerys Targaryen had been simply stunning. Her hair was alive with the multitude of silver bells that adorned her hair. Her hair pulled back with a clip in the back and small braids running down from her temples. They had several bells each and the rest of the bells twined throughout her silver white hair. Her pale skin seemed to absorb the sun and throw it back out like the Moon come down to Earth.

Dany was so beautifully pale and today it was set off by the dragon bone mail that she had seen on a hanger in her quarters. The fine nearly diamond hard links were so supple they hugged the firm curves of her Queen hugging her body like a second skin. The dark black of the armor that ran from her throat down her body and limbs were the perfect counterbalance to her pale features.

Dany was a goddess come down to Earth. Arya watched star stuck as she watched her Queen climb up on Drogon. That was the only thought that came to her mind as Dany held out her hand to help Arya mount her dragon. Arya if anything somehow fell deeper in love with Dany at that moment.

Like the dragons had ten months before they buzzed the city as the main armor columns started to move up the King’s Road. Dany took Drogon out over the harbor. Missandei had set this date for the departure of yet another convoy of ships heading north. The Summer Islanders had sailed in with the evening tide. Now they sailed out with full sail regalia. They had their most colorful sails on the yardarms and their colorful family and battle flags on display on the highest spars. Across the city, fleet and the column heading up the King’s Road a multitude of war horns sounded that blended with the dragons’ mighty clarion calls to arms. Drogon roared with mighty bellows and now sent out long fusillades of roaring flame that was mirrored by Viserion and Rhaegal.

Arya looked down at the pageantry of it all. To the world it appeared the Queen was going to war to put her upstart father down when in reality they were going to the Wall to fight an enemy thought dead for eight thousand years.

Arya watched cargo ships riding low their hulls filled to overflowing with dragon glass weapons that Dragonstone was still producing in three shifts working continuously. The forces of man would have the weapons they needed to fight the enemy. Tar and pitch had left on earlier convoys and on others that were forming up that Tyrion would be in charge of now. These ships would be filled with the food stocks, clothing, supplies for camps and the building of camps and siege weapons. Countless tons of supplies had already shipped out. Tons more would follow.

Missandei was working on the code that had been delivered to them. Arya knew that the intelligent scribe would break the code. She would find the key.

Dany flew Drogon over the King’s Road. The war horses of the Great Houses and their vassals were in their full battle armor that glinted in the morning sun. Once out of sight of King’s Landing they would stop and put the armor and undercoats on wagons for the journey north. This current display was for show to impress and encourage those left behind. Also, the pageantry inspired the knights who would be putting their lives on the line in defense of the realm.

Arya thought Sansa would enjoy the pageantry she saw below her.

She thought of Sansa and her lover Margaery Tyrell. She needed to talk to them. She was so confused on what to do. She wanted Dany so bad but was afraid the woman only saw as her royal hostage that had become a close friend but nothing more. If she made a play for the Queen and was rejected she would die. It was that plain and simple. She would die.

She longed to use Margaery expert advice on cunnilingus but had yet to figure out how to get to Dany in the right situation to let her mouth do the talking. Damnit she was frustrated.
Arya looked at the mighty forces moving north and thought of what had already moved north and knew more forces would be sailing up from Dorne and the Stormlands not counting the forces sailing in form Essos.

They would met the Ice King and they would KILL the ice king. She prayed that her sword would deliver the decisive stroke in the coming battle.

Eddard

Eddard walked his horse between the mighty tress of the Wolfswood. He heard wolves in the distance howling their greetings to each other. The sounds mournful to his human ears but he doubted it. The long notes were more probably full of greetings or success of the hunt. He was happy with his decision to forbid the hunting of wolves. He had to punish several with hefty fines but his rewarding the taking of lambs was paying off. He made sure that he let his citizens to know to not abuse his trust in them. He had Direwolves that could sniff out the truth of any claims. That alone he was sure kept most in line.

He walked on listening to the night song of the forest. The hooting of owls and whippoorwills in the trees. He heard some deer to his left moving through the underbrush. There was a brook to his right and he heard the water bubbling over the rocks. The spring water beginning its long journey to the sea. He paused to look at the brook in the broken moonlight that penetrated the forest canopy.

He saw a raccoon with its paws in the water moving as it cleaned a crawfish it had unearthed from underneath a rock. The animal brought the meal up to its mouth and nibbled on the tasty treat. Eddard smiled softly. He had always found enjoyment in being around nature and seeing the ebb and flow of life. The crawfish gave up its life to further the life of the intertwined web that bound all together.

Eddard looked at the mighty pines and firs that he walked past slowly. His horse nickered softly. Eddard looked at the trunks at the moss that clung to the bark on the north and west sides of the trees. The soft winds bringing in moisture from the Bay of Ice. The fir trees soaring to over two hundred above his head. He came upon a stand of Northern White pines and their height while less at eighty to hundred feet were still imposing. Their trunks closer together. He moved over and ran his fingers into the cracks of the pine bark tracing the grooves he found with his fingertips. He wondered how many years this mighty tree had seen. Had it been alive when his great grandfather still walked the Earth? His fingers worked the unfathomable creases of the pine bark seeking to know the secrets the trees hid in their sap and boughs.

He saw a shadow pass overhead as a large Great Horned owl flew by its wings silent as the great bird of prey propelled its way forward. He heard an elk bugle and bark in the distance before him as he journeyed to the secret vale he had discovered as a youth near the ancient watchtower erected by the first men. Its name long forgotten the fallen stones covered with moss and vines.

His hideaway was a league before that, located in a hidden small vale with a small waterfall that was only twenty feet in height. He had swim in the pool at the bottom of the falls in his youth during the summer. There was a small glen with a large dead fir tree trunk lying on the north end of the glen that he would sit on and absorb the beauty of nature and contemplate the events and problems weighing on his mind.

He would be there in fifteen minutes. He had journeyed two days down the King’s Highway with Edmure of Riverrun on his way up to the Wall. Cat’s father passing two seasons ago had been hard on the son. The Maester said that cancer had slowly consumed the old lord. Edmure longed to
prove he was the equal of Hoster Tully.

Eddard thought Edmure was fully capable just a little rash. He had Arryn in charges of the forces until he arrived. Edmure to his credit had not balked at that arrangement. He knew that Arryn’s experience was far greater than his in the arts of combat.

Eddard had been happy at the martial capability of Edmure’s conscripts. They were well organized and well fed. An army marched on its stomach Eddard’s father had always told him as a child. Eddard had insisted that all his vassals treat their men and few women with respect and care for their conscripts as if their own children. For the most part the Lords heeded his words. Eddard could not understand how so many armies in Essos operated the way they did. The men in their armies were treated so badly. Was it any wonder their armies so easily broke if the combat went against them. They had no love or loyalty to their cruel task masters and generals.

He had supped with Edmure and his generals alongside the King’s Highway four days up from Winterfell. Eddard had hosted Edmure at Winterfell with his generals and lieutenants for two nights. They had meetings every morning and afternoon. He had wanted the Riverlanders to experience the largesse of his home.

Eddard had glared and called three of Edmure’s generals out to the hall and made it very clear that Sansa and Margaery Tyrell were part of his war council halfway through the first meeting. The men had harrumphed and tried to over talk the two women when they were giving reports he assigned them and offered insights.

“Why don’t you pull your heads out of your asses and actually listen to what they are saying instead of letting your prejudices rule you.”

The men had glared at him but held their tongue. They knew that Edmure would side with the Lord of Winterfell.

By the end of the second day the two generals were Sansa and Margaery’s main supporters. They had been convinced when they asked some strategy questions expecting the girls to be flustered and instead found themselves flustered when their questions were answered but had no answers for the follow on questions and then the women supplied the answer to the questions the generals could not answer.

Eddard had been immensely proud of Sansa and her future wife. He respected and nurtured leaders no matter their sex. Five years ago he seriously doubted he would have made such decisions but he had grown mightily in those years. Eddard like to think that he had become much more enlightened in the intervening years. Slowly, over the years, the death of Lyanna had changed him. The frustrations he knew she had chaffed mightily under.

He had traveled with Edmure to see how he marshalled his forces on the march north. Eddard was very satisfied with the speed of the march and the discipline of the march itself. The camps were orderly and took advantage of the previous camps work to layout camps that had space between the tents and provided for proper sanitation and the setting up of cook fires to prepare nutritious meals. The quartermasters passed out new boots and breeches and tops as needed.

An army that was cared for would meet the enemy on the field of battle with much greater force and vigor.

Eddard had made his way back down the King’s Road. His scouts told him that the Queen was extending her bases up the neck now and the beachheads to the east were expanding apace. His scouts reported that the Queen was respecting the locals by building their camps away from built
habitations. The Queen’s forces were coming North with a surfeit of grain. Her forces were freely
distributing a healthy quota to the small holds near the camps. The answer to the questions of her
benevolence were that “Winter is Coming”.

Eddard had to smile at that. The woman was using the North’s saying as way to ingrate their way
into the hearts of the populace. That and honorable behavior had his people accepting the
appearance of people from the South and Essos. Eddard had spent months hammering again and
again into his people that Daenerys Targaryen forces were not the enemy. They were coming the
North to fight the common foe.

Eddard had been clear that his subjects were to accept the forces of the Queen with open arms. The
actions of the Queen made it easy for his subjects to accept his edicts. They were coming as
benefactors and not conquerors. The forces of the Queen were proving his words to be prophetic.

The ravens crisscrossing the North informed Eddard and his lords of the advancements of Daenerys
forces. The bridgeheads had expanded both west and north. The two northern most beachheads at
the Bay of Seals just below the new gift and the one to the south of the Weeping Water River had
their forces moving north. The scouts in that area reported the Queen was leaving well organized
and disciplined mercenary companies in blocking positions ten leagues distance from the Dreadfort,
Karhold and Last Hearth. The forces putting up positions near the main roads in the area but
allowed all none military traffic to pass with only cursory inspections.

His military forces had long moved north and east to the King’s Road to march north. The queen
was moving the bulk of her forces north and west but left enough forces to delay and seriously
bloody any force that Eddard may have sent against her if treachery was on his mind.

He knew that if attacked dragons would soon appear to spew flaming death down upon his attacking
forces. His forces would be severely blooded and harried delaying any advances. Her dragons
would be able to do enough damage to allow her forces to come to the aid of the blocking forces.
Fortunately, this was not Eddard’s design.

The Southernmost bridgehead South of Ramsgate had sent out forces to form a corridor that went
due west. The ten mile wide corridor forded the White Knife River below where it forked with the
Blue Ridge River. The corridor had been extended west all the way to the King’s Highway below
Marbleshead croft.

There the Queen’s forces had made a large supply depot and stable pin. She had a large force of
Dothraki ranging scouting for the queen. He knew of the Dothraki’s reputation but they had
translators with them and showed the greatest respect. So it was true. Eddard had wondered but she
seemed to have indeed broken the Dothraki to her rule. The Dothraki respected strength and
Daenerys Targaryen was that personified.

He had spoken to a merchant two weeks ago who had sailed from King’s Landing with a load of
wool for White Harbor. The Queen was allowing all non military trade to continue. Manderly was
very impressed with the Queen. She could have crippled his economy with an embargo she could
easily install with her mighty navies. He told Eddard through ravens how twice massive fleets had
spent an entire day sailing to within a mile of Seal Rock. The massive stone dominating the
approaches to the Outer Harbor. The stone crowned with a ringfort of weathered stones of the First
Men that had stood desolate and abandoned for centuries. However, the Manderlys had fortified it
with crossbowmen, scorpions, and spitfires. Eddard remembered what the books had to say of the
place. It was a stone that loomed fifty feet above the waters, grey-green in color. Seals often rested
on it.

The seals had lifted their lazy heads to see the mighty swan ships and sleek galleys of Yi-Ti to be
followed by the gaily colored sails of ships from the free cities along the east coast of Essos sail past. The ships sailed into the harbor but turned and headed back out to sea with no hostile action given. The message of the turning ships was clear. These massive forces could be brought to bear against White Harbor but they choose to sail back out to sea in peace.

We are not your enemy.

Then three weeks ago a massive fleet had sailed into The Bite and quickly conquered the Three Sisters. If you could call taking over the Three Sisters with no blood shed being conquered. Instead Daenerys Targaryen had seduced the islands to her steed. She had done it without firing an arrow or a war horn being sounded. She had seduced House Borrell with food and material to build better homes and then a surfeit of goods to make their lives more amenable where offered. All her emissaries asked for in return was the anchorages around the islands and the lighthouse. When they were done they would leave. Never to return unless asked for.

Eddard shook his head. The smugglers were practically begging Daenerys to put a permanent garrison on their island and now asking how they could help her in her endeavors. Eddard had never considered them worth the effort. The Queen shamed him with her actions and ability to think outside the norms. She treated his own subjects better than he had. He had never tried to devise a means to make the smugglers change their demeanor and efforts. He sighed. He needed to think on that. Eddard prided himself on his ability to grow and change. To strive each day to be a better man than he had been the previous day.

The Queen had established another beachhead at deepest bite of The Bite. The land there was less swampy there and she most have scoped a way through it. Probably with the Reed’s subtle help. That was fifteen short miles to the King’s Road. She had quickly made a corridor and now was forming camps and stockades both north and south. He recognized the pattern to form a camp at the end of one days march. Eddard shook his head. How had she amassed such forces and material? She must have been hording supplies for years.

Eddard again marveled at this barely twenty ear old woman showing such strategic foresight and her acumen for tactical insight and decisions was the equal of any he had seen or read of. Himself included. Eddard felt ashamed of himself for defying his Queen but he had not been able to conceive of any other way to bring the South to the North as a cohesive whole and not a rabble fighting as much with each other and the Queen as against him.

No matter where the Queen’s forces were they aggressively carried out their assignments but at the same time showed the greatest restraint with the local population. Both sides showed restraint and respect. If the forces of life and freedom won the day the Houses would be made stronger by this positive interaction.

He was forming a higher opinion of the forces from Essos too. Especially the Dothraki. He never thought any force or anyone could tame their wild natures. His scouts reported that the Dothraki camps were raucous but their wild antics were kept to themselves. The camps of the plainsmen were well away from his citizens to not cause rancor. The Dothraki seemed to need only themselves for their revelry and debauchery.

Eddard had to chuckle. It seemed many of the local youth were going to the Dothraki at night to partake in their wild rituals. The youths traveling the two or three necessary to reach the camps. Camps they were freely allowed to enter. The vagaries of youth Eddard supposed. He had never had those type of desires. He wondered sometimes if he had missed out on something precious. Had Catelyn Tully missed out on something being married to such a “stick in the mud” type of man? Eddard shook his head. He had no answers to those kind of questions.
He was getting nearer to his hidden vale. It was only a mile and half now. He liked to come to that hidden oasis to look up at the stars. It gave him a chance to connect with nature and with himself. He always felt so small looking up at those distant points of light wondering what they truly were. He would calm his thoughts while he sat there alone looking up at the stars. His cherished the Godswood of Winterfell but it was too sacrosanct sometimes when he just needed to be alone and enjoy the feel of nature without hearing the whispering of the old gods.

His thoughts turned to Sansa and her future wife Margaery. He still shook his head at times at how this turn of events had occurred. Discovering the truth of Arya’s nature had prepared him to accept that his other daughter had the same innate desires.

He had come to thank the old gods for Margaery. The girl was as sage and devious as Sansa when it came to cunning ideas for the coming war. Not only that, but, their ability to plan the troop movements and the travel of logistics to where they needed to be had been a godsend to Eddard. Robb simply did not have that ability in his mind. He was a warrior and not a logistics tactician. He had those capabilities with the two women on his war council. He snorted on how they had won over all the men around the table. These men were now always going to them for answers and advice. He tolerated their attempts to look down the bodices since the girls did not seem to mind.

Eddard shook his head again. He found the actions unseemly but Sansa and Margaery enjoyed the attention. As far as Eddard was concerned he felt the men were being dishonorable. He only looked at his wife from the day they married even though he at first felt no love for Catelyn Tully. He had quickly come to love the fierce proud woman with all his heart.

He was becoming extremely worried about Cat. With her previous five pregnancies she had had no problem carrying the babes in her womb to term. She had been active around the castle up to her water breaking. Not this pregnancy. Maester Luwen had put Cat on strict bedrest a week ago. She was seven months and showing. Eddard loved how matronly Cat looked. To him she looked so motherly. She had always doted on her newborns.

Catelyn had to stay off her feet with her swollen ankles. She was throwing up too frequently for Eddard or the Maester’s liking. That should have subsided months ago. Twice Cat had bleed. The bleeding while not heavy was very troubling. The Maester and Margaery spent their evenings caring for Cat.

Eddard knew that the Maester’s potions and Margaery’s homespun remedies comforted and made Cat’s life so much more bearable. Margaery would hold and stroke his wife’s hand and tell Cat how her new born daughter would be such a strong lass. Catelyn insisted the child would be another strong son to become a mighty Lord or honorable knight. Often Margaery would stay with Cat till she had gone to sleep. The young woman dotting and caring with loving touches to his wife. Eddard would be forever thankful for Margaery coming into his life.

Margaery was always taking Cat ice cream covered with butterscotch, blueberries and black berries. She would happily spoon mouthfuls to his wife while they gossiped about the staff and the noble families of the North. Margaery had learned all the dalliances and inane plots. Eddard knew the girl enjoyed the gossip but had also learned it so she could gossip with Cat in her bedridden state. It lifted his wife’s spirits. Margaery loved making his wife feel pampered and loved.

Sansa would join them after she had finished her duties and the three happily whiled away the hours till Cat went to sleep with a smile on her face. Their loving treatment to his wife made Eddard hiccup thinking on it. Cat now considered Margaery as her third daughter and could not wait to see them wed. Eddard was most pleased that his family was growing with his eldest children finding their mates.
Sansa and Margaery had become so indispensable to Eddard and his war effort that he was going to bring them North to the wall if Cat’s health allowed for it. He was starting to fear her frail health would prevent their coming with him. Eddard needed their wise council and their ability to make sure supplies were where they needed to be when they needed to be. But he had decided that his wife’s health precluded all other considerations. If she needed Sansa and Margaery Eddard would be forced to leave them behind.

He passed through the arch of the crossed pines that led him towards his hidden sanctuary. He paused to touch the bark of the two leaning trees. He wondered again if Melisandre and Ygritte could devise a mean that would truly and completely convince the Lords of the South of the true threat beyond the Wall. He knew they were powerful but how could they show all the Lords the truth?

When in their presence he had felt their ancient power and surety of purpose. He was convinced they would succeed. He trusted their abilities even though he had no reason too. He smiled softly. He was surrounded by women whose efforts were key to his victory over the ancient enemy of the North. The North never forgot. That was true. He marveled that so many women who had no connection to the North were giving their all to make sure the North achieved victory.

Eddard was still a thousand yards from his hidden sanctuary. The hackles on his neck rose up and his arm hairs rose erect. He felt great power and a suppressed violence. Something was in the vale waiting for him. Listening to the Weirwood had attuned his senses to such subtle nuances of his environment. He paused and tested the air. He felt an intelligence that seemed foreign to him. He was not sure if it was even human.

He decided to turn around. The entity could have his vale.

“I am not your enemy Eddard Stark. Come to me. You cannot outrun me. Do not anger me.” The voice sounded like it was whispering in his ear and yet it still sounded like it was echoing across a wide ravine. The voice was definitely feminine. The words sighing across the boughs of the conifers. He knew he must answer that summons.

One more powerful woman had entered his life he decided with a grimace smile. These were indeed new times. He gently kicked his horse forward toward the vale.

“Those points of light in the nighttime sky are like onto our sun but far, far away. It took the light many years to reach your eyes. Some of that light has traveled thousands of years Eddard Stark.”

Eddard paused his horse’s movement down the path. This woman could read his thoughts it seemed.

He felt his sword Eveingstar on his back. He flexed his shoulders. He had no designs to draw it. He sensed it would not matter if he did. The force awaiting him in the vale could tear him limb from limb he sensed with no effort. Sword or no sword. He moved his horse forward down the small trail.

He took a deep breath to control his pulse hammering in his veins. A wise man was always afraid. He broke into the vale three minutes later. There in the glade near the waterfall was the fallen tree he liked to sit on. Someone was already sitting on it. Around the figure strange glowing lights flitted around the sitting figure. They sensed his appearance and darted into the forest around him.

“Come Eddard Stark. Come meet new friends.”

Eddard Stark slowly walked his horse forward. The figure sat looking at him with no emotion. As
he approached the calmly sitting woman he started. The figure sitting on the log was not human.

The woman stood up as he approached. She wore a simple green tunic with a hood but the hood was down. She looked up at him. She was definitely short. She could not be more than 4’9”. That was not what caught his attention though. It was her eyes that had no lids and were round like golden dragons and glowed green. She had long green hair that he knew was not dyed. She had green eyebrows that rose up at a sharp angle from between her eyes. Her ears swept back to two points on each ear. She was beautiful in a strange exotic way.

He noticed her hair was undulating on unseen currents. She regarded him coolly. The colored lights started to flit in from the edges of the glade. The predominate colors of the flitting lights were red, orange, yellow and some light blues. As they slowly moved closer to him in erratic starts and stops Eddard gasped. There was a tiny figure that seemed to glow at the center of the glowing spheres.

The greened eye woman locked eyes with Eddard “They are fairies … You are Eddard Stark. Warden of the North. You remind me of Missandei.”

Eddard paused and looked down concentrating. He was nonplussed at the non sequitur. “You mean the scribe to the Queen?” How could he could he be compared to that small gentle woman.

“Yes.”

Eddard barked a soft laugh. He was perplexed. The woman stared up at him with those green glowing eyes. He dismounted. He felt disrespectful sitting a horse.

“I am at a disadvantage I fear. What is your name?”

“I am She Who Must Not Be Named. I lost the right to my true name many millennium ago.” The woman looked up at the starry night sky. “That was long ago …” she looked up at the moon that was blood red “when the Sun, Earth and moon line up the moon passes through the Earth's shadow. This causes the moon to appear a dull red color due to sunlight scattered through the Earth's atmosphere.” She continued to look up at the blood red orb in the sky. She had explained the moon but he was not sure he understood the why and wherefore.

Eddard processed that information. He knew instinctively to not pursue this line of questioning and move on from the non sequitur.

“You said Missandei and I are innocents. I cannot see how. How are we in any way alike?”

“You are both innocent.” The woman turned her glowing green gaze back on Eddard.

Now Eddard laughed for real. The woman let him finish.

“Both of you cannot conceive of not doing what is right. Neither of you do any harm to anyone without repeated offense. You are noble beyond compare. If the world was full of persons like the two of you most of the problems of the world would disappear. You have no avarice.”

“When I was the equivalent age of Missandei I was offered great power and control over all. My greed and avarice led to my imprisonment for countless millennium. There I was tortured to insanity. Yes, indeed, you are innocent.”

Eddard stared hard at this strange woman. Was she a goddess?

“I have seen other realities where you did not fare well because of your innocence and desire to always do what is right and show the ultimate compassion. Others would not do so.”
“Therefore you intrigue me Eddard Stark. I wish to be in your presence. Maybe some of your goodness will rub off on me as the saying goes.”

Eddard could only stare at this strange woman.

“The Queen comes with her scribe. To the North she travels. The two of you will fight the Ice King. He comes to claim your life and your land.”

“Yes. I will defeat him along with my allies.”

“We shall see.”

Eddard was disquieted with the woman’s doubt.

“I sense great power in you. Why do you not defeat him yourself?”

“I would but I may lose control of myself. I would annihilate all life if I did.”

Eddard started to speak but the strange lights started to flit closer. They moved in a disjointed manner. They flew around the strange small dangerous woman and shockingly around him. He was mesmerized by the beauty of the glowing spheres and the now perceived beings that were at the core of each sphere of jerking flitting light. He became aware of subliminal music that touched his soul.

“Yes. As I suspected. The fairies accept you. You will save them.”

“Fairies do not exist” Eddard spoke as he saw two figures hoover in front of him. They looked vaguely female with wings fluttering fast and furious. Was that miniature flowers in their hair? That was impossible that such small flowers existed Eddard gaped to himself. He could not be sure but Eddard was sure these entities were female if only vaguely.

“The look is called androgynous.”

Eddard glanced at the hoovering figures who seemed to fling glittering jewels off as they flew that slowly faded out with sparkles. He started and reached up and softly patted his head and felt two other “fairies” laying in his hair as he heard soft melodic music from them. They pulled on his long hair and felt them making a nest in his hair and humming.

More had come up to him and flew in crazy patterns around his body. They left streaks of glittering spangles behind them as they flitted by. They started to land on tree limbs, bushes and some flower plants in the glade. The fairies danced in a gay dance with their bodies throwing off dazzles of stars that twinkled in the air in beautiful patterns. He felt more of these strange denizens of the forest alight in his hair. His hair pulled and rolled into nests by the new visitors.

Other of these ‘fairies’ were flying in spinning, swirling patterns around his standing body. Eddard felt his heart clutch the display was so beautiful. More fairies had come too lit on his horse and were dancing all over its mane and played with the horse’s ears as the horse nickered and shook it head lightly but did not try to stop the fairies.

“You must save them.”

“How?”

“You must begin with the restoration of the Werewoods. They are the heartbeat of the land of Westeros. Each time one dies something precious is lost. The fairies cannot fight but the Children of the Forest did. They lost. You and the Queen will begin the repopulation of the lost forests. There
is plenty room for both the old and the new. A gift is prepared."

"You must do this to save the life of the non-human life above the wall and below the wall. You are the warden of the North. It is time that the Warden protect all his charges. The fairies are scattered and weak now below the wall. You must reverse this. They are precious to Westeros. It is time they stop being persecuted."

"Persecuted?"

"Each time forests are senselessly cut down and Weirwoods are cut and burned down Fairies are slaughtered. Do you wish this to be your legacy? You know this now."

Eddard was shaken by this information. "I do not fully understand. How can I protect this life? I do not even know of it."

"Then learn it. Be the Warden that will go down in history as the first to assume his full responsibility and duty. Other dangers are growing."

"What dangers?" Eddard asked alarmed.

"The Mist Vampires are awakening as are the Rakshasa. The Drokakree have slipped their bonds. (Eddard started. He had heard of Mist Vampires before) One feeds on the blood and spirit while the other feeds on the body. The last is a horror to all they meet. Magic is faltering. In time the Queen and the Scribe will restore the balance but other ancient magic are being loosed."

"It will be your responsibility to garrote those monstrosities. You will be added by the Lioness with her own falling star sword. She will come to you with her serpent wife."

Eddard was shaking his head with this inrush of revelations. "I must go to fight the Ice King."

"You will. If you survive you will have more tasks to perform. If you fail against the Ice King it will not matter. Can I see your sword please?"

Eddard did not hesitate. She could have taken it at any time had she chosen he knew. He unsheathed his sword and handed it to the small woman. She easily handled the weight. She inspected the blade as she turned it over. She eyed its milky blue color. It looked like the blade should be too large for the small framed woman but she easily handled the sword. She then brought the blade up to just in front of her face. What she was looking at Eddard had no idea.

She suddenly moved so fast she became a blur. She pivoted, swiped and thrust his sword in a blur of motion moving like lightening around the glade. He looked over at his shoulders and saw the impossible sitting on his shoulders watching the green haired woman flit and dance with his sword. Some of the fairies turned to look at him and waved at him.

He stared back at them. He waved back. One got up and he felt it hug his neck. He gulped again hiccuping at the show of affection towards his person by something that Maester Luwin would tell him did not exist.

There was a pine that stood out from its brethren on the north side of the glen. He drew his head back. The tree was dying. It had been invaded by beetles eating their way through its bark killing the tree slowly. How did he know that? It must be he was seeing what this strange woman could see. Her senses far outstripped his mortal body.

The woman was swirling near the tree and his sword seemed to lash out into and through the tree. He heard a loud boom and the tree started to topple into the glade. It landed with a mighty crash.
Eddard was shocked. *She had felled the tree with one chop of his sword!* His mouth hung open. What kind of strength did this woman have?

The woman slowed to normal speed and walked back to Eddard rotating his sword looking at it with an appraising gaze. With all her work he saw that she did not breathe heavily. There was no sweat on her brow. This woman walked up to Eddard and looked up at him again. Her hair moving on unseen and unfelt air currents. Eddard started then. Now that this woman was beside Eddard he could see she was not breathing. At all. Eddard looked at her. Was she a goddess?

“No” was the one word answer from this strange woman.

“This sword and its sister have some of the qualities of the Krill. It will suffice.” She handed his sword back to Eddard pummel first. He took it. He looked at the small woman who now had fairies playing in her hair laughing and he felt the same happening in his hair. The fairies on his shoulders were humming and playing seemingly silly tag on his shoulders and using his head and hair to hide behind.

“Much depends on both the Queen and you Eddard Stark. I will leave you to look at the stars. They will give you the peace you long for.”

*How did she know that?* He watched the woman slowly walk to the forest. The fairies sang loudly and hugged Eddard and jumped off his body. They flew fast to join their sisters with the goddess. The fairies flitting about her as she disappeared into the woods with her entourage of blue, red, yellow, orange and green fairies. What kind of woman did not need to breath? Thus, she was not alive. Was she? He was humbled. This woman believed in him. Eddard was honored.

Eddard sat down to look up at the glittering points of light twinkling in the night sky.

Who in the world was this Lioness? A serpent wife? Some type of mythological creatures?

**Missandei**

Missandei grabbed the sheaf of thirteen pages of parchment and threw them across the floor of her wagon. The jostling of the wagon as it road up the King’s Highway had sent the small scribe into a fit of pique. Missandei looked at the sheets of parchment laying on the floor and took a deep breath. Throwing a temper tantrum would not solve anything. Missandei got out of the chair in front of the desk built into the back wall of the covered wagon and got on her hands and knees gathering up the sheets one at a time and putting them back in the proper order. She got up flexing her knees. She flexed her torso to keep her balance as she sat back down in her chair and put the confounded sheets back on the desk.

Fifteen days ago she had woken up and found the documents in her room inside a satchel. When she read the documents it was prattling and rambling about the daily life of House Frey. It was innocuous and very boring. *Why would someone put his in my room?* She had looked in the satchel and found a small slip of paper. She read the words on it “The Crow flies in square circles” it had read. How strange?

She had gone out and asked her Queen if she had given the satchel to her. She had not. She had asked of the clerical staff and other scribes and they had not. She had gone to Varys and Olenna since they were well known and regarded for the gathering of information. They had not. Olenna asked to see the documents. She had looked at the pages slowly. “If this not a prank then I would guess this is in code and the sheet you showed me is the cypher key” the old crafty woman spoke to
“How did this come into your possession Missandei?”

“I can’t tell you. It was in my room when I woke up. Someone sneaked into my room past all our guards to give this to me.”

Missandei had one more person to check. She could see Tyrion playing a trick like this on her. Having her wasting time solving a puzzle that was indeed just gibberish. Tyrion was a murmur actor if he was not genuinely surprised by her visit. He looked at the document and was equally puzzled. He told her that he would help with decoding but he was busy. Did she feel it was important?

Somehow she did. Someone had gone to great trouble to get that satchel in her room. She was positive it had not been in her room when she went to sleep but had been on her work desk upon her awakening near dawn to prepare the debrief she prepared for Dany each morning where she gathered all the information that had flowed in overnight to get the Queen prepare for her small council meeting if attending and other meetings if any. Missandei also put the audience list together for Dany when she sat to hear supplications from her subjects or to hear from organizations such as the Iron Bank or various merchant guilds or representatives from the church.

The scribe had asked everyone about the documents but did not mention the dreams she had that night. She had been masturbating to a faceless woman or a face that constantly changed as one beautiful woman or another caught her eye. She had no true desire to have them bed her though more and more women were making overtures to her. She was still smitten with the old fashion notion of giving herself to her “true” love. She just wondered if such a woman existed for her.

Missandei knew she was too passive and tended to disappear into the background but she could not help who and what she was. But the night of her receiving the satchel had been different. The dreams had been more innocent and yet all the more intense. Her lover had not even touched her but just gazed at her with rapt attention. She could feel the same suppressed longing she often felt in her dreams of her sought after lover that night. The only detail of the woman she could remember were intense green eyes unlike any color she had ever seen.

She had made sure since then to look at every woman’s eyes she met but none matched the color of the dream of that night. She was sure the woman had reached to touch her face but for some reason stopped just short. Why? Was she not pretty enough? Bold enough?

The interpreter sighed to herself. It was only a dream Missandei. The dream had not returned.

Last night after they had made camp and had had a meal of beans, turnips and hardtack. She had washed it down with a simple tea. She watched Dany and Arya spar. It was now Dany on the defense with Arya pressing the attack. It was Arya who was able to penetrate the Queen’s guard. With any other person the Queen would have fumed and been upset but with the Stark girl she merely smiled and complimented the girl on her “master level” skills.

The girl hungrily ate up any compliment from the Queen. Missandei wished the Queen would follow her heart and bed the girl. She knew the Stark girl longed to give her virtue to the Queen and that Dany hungered to take it. They sat and ate their meal together laughing and pushing into each other at the bad jokes and puns they unleashed on each other.

Daenerys came over to Missandei as the Stark girl went to the Royal tent and got in her own furs. The girl was so excited to be heading home. That and her taking in the martial camp and the heavy practice session she had with her Masters when the camp had been entered and the troops bivouacked. This was the routine as the Queen had set the camps up to be reached at the end of each
day’s march. Their sword masters then worked their charges by the last rays of the sun or by the lanterns that were put up on poles. This had the girl yawning when she went to bed.

“Show me your progress so far Missandei” the Queen softly intoned.

They slowly walked to Missandei’s special made wagon. She still felt embarrassed on having a wagon to herself.

She started to speak up again about that but the Queen knowing her thoughts held her hand up forestalling any argument. “Missandei you are my intelligence officer. It is you that takes all the reports coming in and works them into reports that allows me to digest the information quickly and succinctly. Also, I need for you to continue to work the puzzle of this document. I feel it is very important.”

“Are you sure Dany? Why give it to us if we don’t have all the keys?”

Dany started to reply but was cut off by Missandei.

“I feel so useless to you Dany! It is my duty to solve this riddle and I am letting you down. The whole realm is depen—“

“Stop it! Stop it this minute Missandei. I have seen the pressure you are putting yourself under and I command you to stop this instant! You have done all that anyone could do in your situation.”

“But—“

“No buts Missandei! You are doing all that can be done.”

“But I feel—“

“Missandei … listen. Someone very skilled and probably very powerful got that satchel into your room. The royal quarters are heavily patrolled by Gold Cloaks, Unsullied and by my Dothraki. You are in my wing of the Red Keep and my Bloodriders take very seriously your protection along with mine. They know how valuable and dear to me you are.”

Missandei felt her chest burn with the heartfelt compliments.

“Plus, this castle is rife with sparrows, spiders, moths, jackals, voles, weasels and the gods know what else and they report nothing amiss. No one was seen or heard that night unannounced in our royal quarters.”

“Why do you tolerate so many spies Dany?”

Missandei saw a glint of mirth in her Queen’s eyes. “They may be a pain in the ass and I have to be very careful with the things I truly want secret but it is worth it Missandei. With Varys and Olenna free to gather information without fear of my reprisals helps them to gather all the information possible.”

“The tradeoff is worth it.” The Queen gave her scribe a soft smile.

“Again I repeat, someone went to a lot of effort that definitely put their lives in jeopardy if caught. On the books spying is still a crime that has the death penalty. The only persons I know with that kind of skill are the Faceless Men and I have heard that Yi-Ti and Qohor have their own silent assassins. I feel one of them penetrated our security to get you this information.”
Missandei shivered at the mere mention of the assassins of the House of Black and White. “But it is not enough. Why bring me only part of the puzzle?”

Dany paused a moment clearly getting her thoughts organized. “I feel they thought they had brought you enough information to solve the riddle. They must have assumed that the manuscript and the sheet with the cryptic sentence was enough.”

Dany made eye contact with her scribe and friend. “What is missing Andi?”

Missandei felt comfort flow over her talking about the puzzle. She loved cyphers. *When she could solve them!*

“‘The crow flies in square circles.’ I am sure that the sentence means to make a circle and then put straight lines tangentially at ninety degrees from each other. When you do this you make the “square” that is in the note. I am sure the circle would fall over key letters and then I could hopefully use the sequence and count of letters in this note to decipher the code.”

“The problem is I have no idea how large to make the circle and where is the focal point to point the anchor leg of the compass on” Missandie held up her finely crafted compass from GeoTools of Oldtown. “I need to know how large the circle and the focal point.”

She saw Dany process this.

“Obviously, there was more information then. I am going to make a guess that the satchel was stolen from the rightful honor. Someone in the House of Frey. I will have to assume his person carried this information in their mind. The thief did not know this. Therefore, we are short the information necessary to solve the riddle.”

“We may never solve it Missandei and it won’t be one ounce your fault. Please don’t beat yourself up for a lack of information. You can only work with the information you are given. Okay?”

Missandei smiled at her longtime friend. Dany truly was the best. She had freed her from a life of slavery and servitude. She would follow her to the ends of the Earth if she must serve this great woman.

They talked for a few more minutes discussing logistics and the movement of troops on ships and down the King’s Highway making sure the forces would be where they were needed when they were needed.

Missandei remembered her dream the night the satchel appeared and how it made her feel. She needed to ask Dany a question.

“Dany can I ask you a question of the heart?”

She saw the guard come down over Dany’s features. “Of course my friend.” Dany was friendly of course but Missandei knew Dany was wary of where this question might lead. The Queen had assumed she had hid her true feelings when the only person not seeing them was the person she felt them for. That was not Missandei’s question.

“Do you believe in destiny bringing your love to you? Do you believe in love at first sight?”

She saw Dany’s face cloud over and Dany looked away for a long moment schooling her figures.

“Yes I do Missandei but sometimes the other person does not share the same destiny.” Dany looked more sad by the moment.
“When the satchel appeared in my room I had a dream of a green eyed woman in my room. In my
dreams she longed to touch me but did not for some reason. I felt her longing. Her longing for me.
I think she is my destiny.”

Dany weighed Missandei’s word. She took a deep breath considering. “Maybe. But be careful
Missandei, this woman may only be performing a service for me, for the realm or for some other
force or entity.”

“No Dany. She feels for me … like you feel for Arya” Missandei spoke softly. She had finally said
it.

Dany eyes went large and then water started to pool in her eyes and then tears started to run down
her cheeks and she began to cry softly.

“Oh Missandei I love her so much and she doesn’t love me back. I practically throw myself at her
and she does not reciprocate. It kills me. But I can’t turn away from her.” Dany paused “If she falls
for some tall brave knight it will kill me!” Dany began to cry in earnest.

Missandei moved over to sit beside Dany and took her in her arms humming a soft melody and
hugging her friend. She felt so sorry for Dany. She would not tell her the truth. Her people
believed that one must discover and earn the truth for themselves. If not the purpose will mislead.

“How did you know she was the one Dany?” Missandei wanted to know for when she met her
mysterious benefactor. Somehow Missandei was sure they would meet and fall in love with each
other. In fact Missandei knew they were already in love but she feared they would dance the same
dance as Arya and Dany.

Dany hiccupped and told Missandei that she knew it when Arya punched her in the face and the
heart in the throne room on the day they first met. She told Missandei she knew to be careful of
infatuation and “love at first sight” for that usually told you nothing of the soul of the person. But
Arya had proven to be sweet, considerate, passionate, intelligent and so fierce with the sword. All
were qualities that Dany found alluring. Arya was everything she wanted in a wife and queen.

She was sure that Arya only saw her as “The Queen” and not as a woman to take as her mate. She
obviously had a heavy dose of hero worship and was enamored with all things Targaryen but she did
not seem to be interested in her.

Dany had her face in Missandei’s neck still sniffling and missed her best friend’s knowing smirk.
Missandei was sure that soon her Queen and Arya would discover their mutual love. They were
heading to Winterfell. Arya’s home. There in her home where she grew up she was sure that Arya
would find the way to her own heart and therefore to the Queen’s heart.

The Queen started to recover her composure. “Dany—I am sure that Arya cares deeply for …
maybe even love you. Be patient with her my dear friend. In many ways she is still innocent … I
should know—look at me.”

Dany laughed and her lilac eyes had recovered their jaunty confidence. “Yes. I will patient. The
prize is worth the effort. If she accepts my love I will marry her. If I had too I would run away with
her to Braavos and hide away in some quaint house with a red door and a lemon tree in the yard to be
with her. The house is still there.”

Dany got up to leave and smiled down at her friend. “Let’s hope it doesn’t come to that. I fought
hard to get my kingdom and marry my Queen and have her sit beside me on the Iron Throne.” Dany
rubbed her ass. “Maybe I will have her sit on that damn throne” suddenly Dany jerked her right
hand up with her index fingered extended and a mischievous look on her face “when she pisses me off that is exactly what I will do. Make her sit on the throne and listen to complaints of latrines and fat beer belly men walking around nude as they get the bottle of milk left in front of their doorway in the early morn. That will put her in her place!”

Dany looked at her longtime friend. “Andi, I can only counsel that you be patient with this green eyed lover. If she loves you as you say she will eventually come to you. You are totally worthy of her affections.

The Queen got up to leave. She bent down and hugged her dearest friend. Dany left.

Missandei considered her Queen’s words. She was definitely infatuated with their spy. Missandei was sure that their spy was a female and that the woman had looked at her while she slept. She would need to make sure that the woman was worthy of her. The last thing Missandei needed to do was fall in love with a woman who was a mass murderer or something or worse yet. Like an insane asylum inmate or a lunatic. She needed a nice, decent, calm, even mannered woman.

Missandei again tried to figure out the riddle of the freaking crow that couldn’t fly straight.

Three hours later she gave up and got in bed. She snuffed out the candles. Looking up the ceiling of her wagon the young scribe from Naath contemplated matter of state and of the heart. She felt comforted when Shadowclaw jumped up on her bed and settled down beside her master snuggling in. Missandei enjoyed the warmth and affection.

Missandei could only hope that her green eyed woman would come again with the key she needed to solve the puzzle. She longed to feel her presence again.

**Jon**

The wind was blowing hard from the North again. The snowflakes swirling at a sharp angle as the wind howled with long mournful wails of loneliness and seeming pain. It was as if the wind itself felt the pain that radiated from the Ice King. His very presence blighting nature and making it cry out in anguish.

Jon could feel him now. His wives had been able to feel him for over a year. He was much closer now. The flames his wives gazed into showed them that his vanguard had reached the Fist of the First Men. His forces were gathering and staging behind this promontory. His forces filling the valley Milkwater between the border of the Haunted Forest and the mighty peaks of the Frostfangs. Many peaks rising to fifteen thousand feet in height. It was a cold and dangerous world. Yet it had hidden treasures for those hardy enough to seek them.

It was true the Frostfangs were a cruel and inhospitable wilderness of stone and ice, jagged peaks that were eternally covered in snow. Jon knew from the Free Folk that the Frostfangs concealed a diverse series of wonders. Icy waterfalls that plunged over sheer stone cliffs the water crashing down the face of the mountain to land with the sound of crushing boulders. There were mountain meadows that filled with grass and wildflowers in the short spring and summers. There were ravines so deep and black they seemed to go all the way to hell, and bridges of natural stone span distances with only the sky to either side.

Legends said that hidden valleys exist in the Frostfangs, valleys that sustained small numbers of people. But not even the hardest of free folk dare live in the Frostfangs during the winter.
Direwolves, saber tooth cats, cave lions and hyenas, large grey wolves and brown bears the size of wagons still walked those hidden valleys and walked the tors that capped the lower mountain peaks. It was a wild and untamed world.

Jon looked out over the haunted forest from atop the Wall. The forest was starting to feel more and more like its given name. He knew that all too soon it would indeed be haunted by nightmares. Nightmares given flesh that he would have to see to it that were killed to the last ghoulish wright and frozen raised dead.

Jon walked past the warming shed. This night it was manned by his Crow brothers. They were laughing and warming their hands and feet as other brothers took their turn to walk the wall. Jon was finding he needed to warn his body less and less as the days passed. He had not noticed it at first but last week when he passed the warming shed in the middle of a howling blizzard he paused to wonder why he did not truly feel the cold anymore. He was sure it had to do with his witch wives from Asshai. He guessed that living and loving two Shadowbender wives changed a man.

There was also the fact that he was Azor Ahai with is reborn sword Lightbringer. A sword filled with fire and heat. He had to wonder if he was taking on the properties of his sword. Looking out over the Haunted Forest Jon wondered on the man he was becoming.

He ground his boot on the top of the wall. He barely heard the sound of sand and gravel grinding underneath the soles of his boots. It was time that a new barrel of sand and gravel was brought up by the elevator and have it spread out on top of the wall for several miles in each direction. He needed to make sure that his men’s footing was sound at all times.

He had had his scouts watching the King’s highway and the other traditional routes the Lords of the North used to bring forces north. The road was full of troops moving towards the Wall. They had stopped their progress at the Queenscrown and made camp there. They were building large encampments gathering troops and supplies. The encampments neat and orderly. Then four months ago Jon heard reports of foreigners on the coast of the Bay of Seals.

He sent out combined patrols of Crows and Free Folk. He hoped blending the two forces could start to bridge the gap between the groups. He cycled patrols out every week to keep fresh eyes on his beachhead and to help foster cooperation between Crows and Wildlings.

At first the reports were of small troop sizes. They were scouting out and looking for fords of the rivers and streams and meeting with local holdfasts. The reports said grain, other food staples, bolts of wool and cotton were freely given winning over the local populace. This pleased Jon immensely. He liked seeing his realm enriched.

The beachheads grew with more Free City troops arriving. Jon was surprised at how well the mercenary companies worked at their assigned tasks and how they did not rape and pillage. Maybe the reports of their lack of discipline and leanings to loot and pillage were exaggerated. When Jon thought about it more who would hire forces that could not control themselves.

The reports came back reporting huge camps being erected with tent barracks and buildings erected to house command and logistical staff. They were orderly and huge stockpiles of supplies were clearly being amassed. Orderly sanitary facilities were built away from the communal areas. Large kitchens set up to keep the troops well fed. They saw troops from Essos free Cities leavened with many mercenary companies. They were very well disciplined.

Jon was pleased that his own patrols were well disciplined themselves. The returning scout teams were returning to the wall and the various forts they were drawn from reporting that those “Crows” or “Free Folk” weren’t so bad after all. “Once you got to know them I actually like them.” Jon
smiled at those reports.

The reports kept him apprised of the beachheads enlargement and the new forces arriving.

Then six weeks ago the first of the troops, conscripts and cavalry from the Southern houses of Westeros began to appear on the expanding beachheads. Most of these first Westeros forces were of the Stormlands that began to appear. Many banners were reported back. The shield of white with yellow strips in the upper left of House Chyttering. The shield with a rack of golden antlers on a background of blue tower with the words "Pride and Purpose" below the antlers. House Brune of Brownhollow was represented with a bear paw, brown on white, within a double treasure brown that they blazon their arms with. Many other banners were also present.

The next week a huge influx of forces from Dorne appeared in the beachhead. His scouts reported they saw banners blazoned with three black leopards standing on a yellow pile on orange that represented House Vaith of the Red Dunes. He read of the banners for the House Wyl of the Boneway who blazon their banners with a black adder biting a heel on yellow. His attention caught by the banners of House Dayne of Starfall. Jon could still hear the sadness of his father talking of his fight and the killing of Arthur Dayne. His father still grieved over the man’s death a generation past. Their sigil being a sword and a falling star on a lavender background. Several other houses of Dorn were represented in the reports he read. He knew there would be many other houses unreported.

In the following weeks more and more banners appeared from the lands of the Great Houses of the Stormlands and Dorne. Reports came to Jon of beachheads further south. He knew the Queen was covering her “bases” and putting forces in place to block troop movements from Bolton, Manderly and Karstarks if necessary. The reports said blocking forces had put in place and the troops had surged inland to reach the King’s Road.

Jon was impressed. The Queen using her massive navies to transport her armies North was saving time and putting much less stress on the troops and reduced stressing the land with mighty armies passing through. He assumed that the forces of Highgarden and Casterly Rock were amassed in those beachheads.

Between the forces of his father and the Queen’s great numbers of troops and war material that were being brought to bear against the Ice King victory had to assured Jon feverishly thought. Jon looked again at the Haunted Forest. He squint smiled unknowingly coping his father’s habit. His father’s Game of Throne had done the impossible and brought the Queen’s force north united without the Great Houses fighting and destroying her army from within.

Jon looked at the trees that had been cut back three thousand meters from the wall. He hated chopping the trees down but safety overrode his distress of felling the necessary trees. He looked at the old dark pines, firs, spruces and few oaks in their silent wall of foreboding. They seemed like sentries that could turn in either direction. Surely the forest knew who the true enemy was. Jon watched the heavy snow fall onto the trees to disappear. The thick falling snow making the world silent.

Jon began to walk down the wall from the warming shack. He walked a half of mile and looked over the Northern face of the Wall. As the Night’s Watch had dwindled the ability to maintain the wall had diminished. The wall while still structurally sound had been began to decay in areas.

With the surge in effort of defense of the Wall Jon had asked his father if artisans could be found to help in the repair of wall. The number of Builders in the Night’s Watch had had fallen so low that most of their efforts were spent on maintain the human habitations and the work on the wall was more superficial to keep the top prepared for human traffic on the top of the wall.
Some of the smaller cracks were still prepared. To some degree with the melting and freezing of the ice the Wall had the ability to repair itself. Still, large cracks had appeared and areas of the wall had sloughed off like a rotten tooth enamel. The wall folding in on itself at the areas of major sloughing.

With the maximum effort being put forth by the North in the defense of the wall Jon asked for his father to bring in all the carpenters, stone carver / layers, quarrymen and civil engineers that the North had. Eddard Stark had put out the call for his vassals to strip their cities and castles of such artisans and put them temporarily in service of the Lord Commander to make the wall as strong as possible.

Eddard reminded his Lords that the Wall’s strength was their strength. The Wall was to keep the evil that was amassing to the North away from the citizens of the North. With the Wall strong the ability to resist the ancient evil was only that much stronger.

The Lord Commander had been most pleased. Manderly of White Harbor had stripped his own artisans and he plumbed the holds around White Harbor. The local pool of desired craftsmen were organized and had been sent to the wall. Over five hundred thirty men and a few woman had come from the house of Manderly. Lord Wyman had come through brilliantly. From Winterfell Mikken led a contingent of 20 such men.

From the rest of the cities and keeps like Hornwood, Old Castle, Barrowton, Karhold, Torrhen’s Square and Widows Watch and other small keeps supplied two hundred and thirty artisans.

Finally, long needed repairs on the wall itself could commence. He had had the Crows and Free Folk manning the reconstituted forts search thoroughly the wall for decay. Those areas had been marked on a map of the Wall to show the exact location of needed repairs.

Now the small army of engineers were swarming up and down the wall. They were repairing large cracks that had been allowed to slowly enlarge with large wooden scabs pegged into the ice and melted ice poured into the cracks filling them.

Where the Walls face had blistered and cracked men had gone down on ropes from the top of the wall to repel down and use war hammers to beat off the dead honeycomb ice that fell in mighty sheets to the ground far below. Most of the damage was near the top but some were four hundred feet down. This did not stop the engineers from forming scaffolds and having them lowered. The ice was removed. Then A frames were bolted into the ice with pulleys and winches to which scaffolds were attached and slowly lowered to the damaged ice spots.

Jon watched amazed as the scaffold was lowered to the area needed. Then slowly wooden beams were bolted to the wall and from that base cofferdams and caissons were built around the damaged areas. Men then constructed forms to hold water brought down in relays on the suspended scaffolding until it the cofferdams were filled with water that froze to the force of granite overnight.

Jon now looked down the wall on the north face. A repair had been done in this area on a blister scab of ice fifty feet from the top. Jon could not see where the damage had been in the dark. The Wall was being restored. It was amazing what one could do when you had the proper forces to do the job.

He pulled his sword out and it immediately blazed to life. Flames licked up and down the blade with tongues of flame wreathing up several feet above the tip of the sword. Tendrils of flame wicked down to wrap around his forearm. As he became more attuned to his sword it blazed hotter and became more his weapon.

He had decided to bestow a new name to his sword. “Shadowbender” in honor of his wives. He looked at the face of the wall with the bright light his sword emitted. He could not tell where new
and old began and ended. He stood back upright. He looked down the wall and saw Marsh Bowen looking at him and he saluted Jon. He was now Jon’s main captain and he supported Jon fully and completely.

Jon had finished his inspection for tonight. He had other duties to perform. He looked again out over the silent Haunted forest. His enemy was coming for him. He was ready. Jon slammed his sword back into its scabbard. He would meet the Ice King on the field of battle and kill him. He felt the enemy’s implacable hate and malice. He was ready. He knew he would have allies to defeat the strange succubus that had allied itself with the Ice Wright. He would drive his flaming sword into his icy heart and melt the vile murderous Wright to slag.

Jon felt hate for his traditional and hated enemy. He had killed him before and he would again.

Jon went to the elevator and got in the booth and took the trip back to the ground seven hundred feet below. As the booth made the slow journey Jon again thought of what he needed to do. The Night’s Watch had been created over eight thousand years ago. That was a different time and a different age. In adhering to the old ways in a new world the Crows of the Night’s Watch were a fading order. Jon wondered if things were not changed would it soon die out.

Not for the immediate future he deemed. When Westeros and the allied forces of Essos saw the enemy they would for a while feel a surge in duty. But in a handful of generations the fervor would die and the memories of those who experienced these time would be taken to the grave. Jon felt a new way must be found.

Jon knew that men taking an oath of chastity and life time servitude was antiquated. He would abolish such vows and try and institute a conscription service of two years from a pool of sixteen year to twenty year olds from which a random draft would select the men to man the Wall. Men and women who choose the military for a lifestyle would be the officers. He was toying with the exact mechanics and how to institute. Jon wanted to leave the watch in a better place when he resigned to take his wives back to their cabin that they would hide with shadows from the world of man that tired Jon to the core of his soul now.

He wanted to be free of this burden from men who had tried to kill him.

He knew that he had fundamentally changed the dynamics of the relationship between the Free Folk and Westeros below the wall. He had granted his allies the land down to the New gift. He knew that most would return to their ancestral lands after the Ice King was killed but some would remain. Jon wanted an end to this endless and senseless conflict between the Free Folk and Crows and those below the wall.

Jon had hope. His father was a fair and just man and the Queen had brought disparate groups together in Essos and it seemed a new world order was taking hold on that continent. Jon hoped fervently that his father and the Queen could work the same changes in the North of his homeland. Let there be peace between the lands of the North and Free Folk. Jon had come to admire how the Free Folk chose their leaders. When your leader was his father or this Daenerys Targaryen then all was well. When the leader of Westeros was Robert Baratheon or Aerys II Targaryen not so much.

He admired Mance Rayder the fallen crow. He had granted him a full pardon. He intrigued Jon with his concepts of this thing called democracy. He chuckled. Westeros was not ready for that concept for many a century he was sure. Jon was satisfied for now with reducing the rancor between the people of his birth home and the lands of his wife Ygritte. She was more Asshai now but she was still part Free Folk.

Jon reached the ground and stepped out of the booth. He looked around at the immense stockpiles of
dragon glass and pitch / tar that was flowing into Castle Black. He was keeping the vast proportion for this Castle but wagon trains were taking substantial supplies of the weapons needed to kill the undead and ice wrights were heading west and east to the other forts of the wall.

Jon was sure the attack would come here but he had to make sure to supply sufficient force to block a penetration elsewhere long enough for his reinforcements to reach them.

With repairs of the wall fit to be complete within the next month Jon saw the vast stores of wood beams with metal bindings, metal bolts and nuts with screws. The engineers would then move the material up to the top of the wall and start constructing catapults, trebuchets and scorpions to fire down on the enemy.

He moved to the tunnel that led to the warren of passages underneath the wall and the grounds of Castle Black. He moved toward his quarters. He had delayed this confrontation as long as possible. He was the husband and he would let his wives know his decision. What they proposed was too dangerous. Their presence would not be hidden by dead flesh in future forays on spying missions. They would be taking too great of a chance. Jon followed the branching of the tunnels to his home.

Jon paused and took a deep breath. He girded his loins for combat. He opened the door and entered into his living quarters he shared with his wives Ygritte and Melisandre.

Jon paused. They were sitting at the table with both of them staring at him in the doorway. Their faces stony in passivity. Jon glanced at the roaring fire. He cursed the flames. They had shown his wives of his arrival and his intentions. He could feel their ire and anger filling the room. Jon thought of reasons to dally or dissemble but he knew what had to be said.

He also cursed the fact that they had chosen to confront Jon nude. They went naked around their home but he knew they were using their nakedness to throw him off his balance in the coming confrontation. They were not wet but their nipples were rock hard excited by the passion of the coming conflict. Jon mentally girded his loins. He would not let them use their beauty to dissuade him from what he had to say.

“I refuse to let you go south and meet with the Queen. What you propose it to dangerous. As your husband I forbid it.”

There was the silence of the grave in their small normally cozy room. Melisandre’s red eyes bored into with an intensity that made Jon squirm though her face was stony it still registered rage. Ygritte’s blue-grey eyes were like a raging sea and she did not control her burning rage.

“You know nothing husband of ours. No one controls us by right of being male!”

“That is not what I am saying. I am the head of our family and my decision holds sway. I will not let my wives sacrifice themselves for those not worthy of them.”

“I did not travel from far off Asshai to perform my destiny to have a man cavalierly tell me how to perfume it” Melisandre spoke through gritted teeth. “I was once a slave and will not be treated as such again!” she suddenly shouted. “I am a free woman!” she shouted again.

Jon was taken aback by the accusation.

“Who gave you the right to lead this family? Why not us?!”

Jon spluttered. “Because I am a man!” he knew even as he said it, it sounded hollow and a lie. Jon desperately wanted to protect his wives and grabbed at any argument.
He watched his two wives slowly rise from the table with clenched fury written all over the faces and shaking bodies. He cursed his manhood for his eyes eyeing their swaying breast and beautiful cunts now on full display as they stood proud and naked before him.

Jon started to wonder who was going to protect him as he gulped loudly his Adam’s apple working reflexively.

**Ygritte**

Ygritte had never been so furious with Jon. How dare he bring up the fact that he was a man to try and control them? To demean their worth with such a worthless and demeaning argument.

Beside her Melisandre snarled “You wound me Jon Snow. I offered you my life and this is how you treat that offer and sacrifice?”

Jon staggered back as if struck. He looked at Melisandre with hurt eyes. “I am not trying to demean you dammit! I am trying to save you. Save the two of you from yourselves. You will not have the camouflage of death to hide you from the evil thing on the Ice King’s back. We have all sensed its power.”

In her anger Ygritte still registered that Jon’s own senses were indeed growing to be as acute as theirs. He was indeed becoming Azor Ahai in spirit. Seemed he was also inheriting his arrogance.

“You know nothing Jon Snow or maybe it is Targaryen with your new found male ego shit. Maybe you have gone daft in the head Snow!”

“I will not be treated like a slave!” Melisandre screamed her voice booming as she tapped the power of the flames.

Jon stood his ground. He stared hard at the two of them.

“When you decided to walk the flames did we stop you Jon Snow? We wanted to terribly but we came to understand it was your destiny. This is our destiny.”

Jon closed his eyes. He took a deep breath. “That was absolutely necessary and you two know it. I had to become Azor reborn. I am now him reborn. You have performed the duty you came to this land to perform. Ygritte I now you are Tygreti reborn but you were first a wildling. You have performed you duty. You have performed more than you duty.

“Yes Melisandre you were ready to kill yourself but I found a better way. I can feel it in myself. I repeat. I am Azor Ahai.

“If I am indeed Azor Ahai reborn all the more reason you should follow my command in this. I sacrificed you once I will not do so again!”

Ygritte could see Jon’s logic but she did not care. She was beyond pissed. *The reason she loved Jon Snow was because he was free of this fucking shit! She knew fear was motivating him but that did not matter. She was half Free Folk and dammit they were free!*

“I refuse you Jon Snow. I won you by right of the Hunt. It is you who should be bending to my will. Melisandre and I are the two most powerful Shadowbender witches that walk this Earth. Our power equals yours Azor.”
Jon grimaced hard. He sighed again. He looked indecisive suddenly.

Jon resolve seemed to firm again. “I am trying to protect you. Let me do my duty to my wives. I am not being selfish godsdamnit!”

“Maybe it should be us defending you husband. We are the most powerful witches our order has ever known” Ygritte told Jon with fire in her words.

“Let us protect you Jon Snow!” Melisandre shouted at Jon.

Jon scowled at that.

Melisandre snarled “I am so disappointed in you Jon. I had assumed you were a true man after my heart. I thought you were so much more than those other blustery pompous asshole men. Men who think just because they were born a man makes them by birth superior to half the human race. Is that how you think Jon Snow Targaryen? If so I have married a stranger.”

“Me too” Ygritte said softly.

“Have you been lying to me all this time Jon? Were all your words and actions merely a lie? Have you put a lamb’s fleece over my eyes?” Melisandre asked Jon.

Jon started and shook his head and then chuckled.

“That is wool Melisandre” Jon took a deep breath. “Okay. Okay. Maybe I overreacted but it was with the best intentions of my heart. A male heart to be sure but a pure heart. I do not want to lose you or Ygritte. I know you have hidden it from me but I know you will create a shadow phoenix and fly deliberately over the forces of the Ice King.”

Both Ygritte and Melisandre were shocked that Jon had divined this. They had made sure to discuss this only when he was up on the wall. They stole glances at each other. He was becoming mighty indeed.

It did not matter when it came to them. They were all three equals.

“Yes Jon” Melisandre spoke to her husband softly. “We will be open to be assaulted but we should be safe. We can see deep into the night if need be and far into the distance if light and into the trees and Earth. We will reveal the truth to the men who march with the queen.”

Ygritte spoke now “we should be safe for we will stay high above the forces of the Ice Wrights and their shambling dead. They cannot touch us.”

“Now you are lying to me. Aren’t you?”

The two witches looked at each other directly now. Jon could not now be this strong could he? Their looked said.

“We three know that something evil flies the air above the forces of the walking dead. I cannot see it but it is there. How do you know it will not sense you and attack you?”

“We will be careful” Ygritte told her husband. “We are powerful. We will sense its presence and if necessary we will flee. We should be able to withstand any initial assault and flee.”

“We all know you can’t be sure of that. Let the South come united or disjointed. They will be here either way. That is what is important.”
Melisandre spoke now “No. We must be united. The battle will be fierce and our loses will be horrific. Also we have sensed treachery in the forces that are uniting before the Wall. Someone has treachery in their heart. We have tried to discern who it is but we cannot as yet see in the flames who it is. With this threat from within we must be as united as possible.”

Jon asked “I’m curious. Are the treacherous dogs from the North or the South?

“We cannot be sure but we feel the pull of the North when the flames show forces turning against themselves. The flames do not show coats of arms or banners. It is very frustrating” Ygritte told Jon.

Melisandre added “We can only see that two lambs turn to vipers and strike the legs of those surrounding them.”

Jon laughed. “You don’t need dreams or flames to know the two houses that will turn out to be fucking dogs. All in the North and the Riverlands know of two houses that are craven and filled with dogs and that is an insult to all canines.”

Jon laughed again when he saw the confusion on his wives faces. “The houses of Frey and Boltons are dicks. If two houses are planning treachery and revolt it would be those two. I could just see them giving Guest Right at a wedding and then slaughtering the guests. It is in them.”

“But are you sure?” Melisandre asked unsure.

“I am surer than your flames are showing you. That I am sure of. Roose Bolton and Walder Frey are complete and total assholes. It is them. I will have to send word to my father when the time comes. With everyone on the march nothing can be done for it till they reach their camps before the Wall. To do anything now would cause confusion and sow the seeds of rancor and derision among our side. This treason needs to be disposed silently if possible.”

Jon sighed. “Okay” he breathed deep and rubbed his face. “Now that we have cleared the air I guess I will have to say that you were right. It is your lives and you must choose the path you take. I will leave it at that. I have spoken of my disapproval. I think we can survive without this effort on your part but I cannot be a hundred percent sure.”

“The realm does indeed ride on the choices we three make” Jon sighed again. He rubbed his face yet again. He put his hands down and looked at his wives. “Please forgive my concern. It made me speak out of turn. I disapprove of your decision on this but you are mighty priestesses of your order and adults. You did indeed respect my wishes and I now must respect your wishes. I am still pissed off about it but I will process it. It is what adults do. I must go out and meet the demands of my command.”

With that Jon was gone. His wives could feel his anger but they could also feel him coming to the terms with the situation and would soon be back to his normal gentle self. His loving gentle nature that had captured two women’s hearts.

Melisandre looked drained. She was a lover not a fighter. Ygritte did not like fighting with those she loved but she would not shy away from it either. The wildling part of her would never duck a fight and in some ways relished pitting herself against an obstacle or foe and conquering it. Even that was her husband Jon Snow. She went to the fire that had died down and threw some more logs on the fire and got it blazing hot the light filling the room along with several oil lamps hanging on hooks.

Ygritte guide Melisandre to the bed and sat her on it and she crawled onto her lap. Ygritte loved this
position. It even out their height difference. Her rump wiggled on Melisandre’s strong thick thighs. Thighs that would crush her face when she sucked her off or lock around her hips when she lunged her strap-on cock deep up into her tight pussy or asshole. She loved feeling Melisandre’s legs strength trying to break her ribs it sometimes felt like. She slammed fucked Melisandre even harder feeling that strength help Ygritte bury her prick balls deep up into her lover’s belly or colon.

She took Melisandre’s hands and kissed and licked her fingers one at a time like she liked. She sucked on each digit lathing her tongue over each finger wetting them one by one. Ygritte maintained hot od contact working each finger wetly in her mouth. Suddenly, those fingers were threaded in her hair and her head was tilted over and her wife’s lips were mated tight to her lips and she felt Melisandre’s tongue demanding entrance into her mouth. Her wife’s fingers clawing into her scalp with her need for her small wife.

Groaning loudly Ygritte whimpered parting her teeth and then gagging in helpless pleasure feeling Melisandre’s long tongue surging into her mouth and striking like an adder wrapping around her tongue and squeezing hard “Mmmpfff unggppfff mmppffff!” Ygritte chuffed in raw need. Their coiled tongues flipped around hotly in the smaller Shadowbender’s mouth. Melisandre using her grip in her wife’s hair to mash their mouths tight her tongue spearing down her groaning wife’s throat. Ygritte cried out into the mouth devouring hers as her eyes rolled into her skull and violently jerked and rolled. Her cunt was sopping wet and her little nipples rock hard.

Ygritte was in a love dazed fog and the next thing she could register she and Melisandre were rolling around on the bed their naked bodies pressed into each other. Ygritte loved how her small tits were smothered by her wife’s large heavy rounded breasts. Their warmth and weight delicious. Ygritte loved her petite body subsumed by her wife’s larger body. She felt Melisandre’s hot urgency. They somehow wound up sitting on the bed arms around each other’s body pulling bodies tight as tongues surged from mouth to mouth. Both women groaning as their tongues slithered around each other and flipped hotly in their mouths.

Melisandre threw her wife down on the bed and loomed over Ygritte half lying on wife supporting her weight with her elbows and one knee as she pressed Ygritte down into the bed. In this position, Melisandre with her body half on Ygritte’s body she gripped her wife’s small breast with her large hands pulping them like she knew Ygritte liked it. Ygritte gutturally groaned feeling her wife clench her tits and crush them hard like she craved. Melisandre wolf sucked on her wife’s nipples with long drawing sucks. Melisandre pulled her head back slowly letting the spit soaked breast meat and nipple plop out her mouth. Back and forth Melisandre worked her wife’s little dove titties.

Her hands throttled Ygritte’s small doves and pulped them with her hard squeezing hands that jerked and squeezed the little titties out her fist and leaned in to slurp the bulging areolas and puffed out nipples. She looked up at Ygritte who was shaking her head yes encouraging Melisandre to pulp her little tits. Melisandre enjoyed the titties she slurped on and wolfed sucked. Melisandre cupped her hands over Ygritte’s small breast and then lifted her hands and the sound loud in the room as her striking palms crushed and pulped Ygritte’s tits into her ribcage.

“Uunnnngg hhhnnnggg … oooohhhh yessss yeeessssss baby … I love it when you pulp my tits.” Melisandre continued working her woman’s tits with cruel force bending her head down to roughly lick and deep suck the precious rock hard nipple with short and then long sucks. Her woman writhing on the bed. Ygritte placed her hands on Melisandre’s head and urgently pressed her head down her now sweaty belly. She needed her woman to suck her off! She saw the mirth in Melisandre’s eyes as she kissed and nipped down the hard stomach of her wife.

Then she was between Ygritte’s legs simply devouring Ygritte’s shaved cunt and wallowing her face deep into her little love chute. Melisandre snuffled and groaned lapping furiously along Ygritte’s slit
and lashing her glazed rigid clit. Then she was tongue stabbing her drooling cunt hole as her nose hammered her wife’s clit hard. Melisandre surged her face deep into Ygritte vulva making it flare to swallow her deep red lips and shoved her tongue deep into Ygritte’s sloppy wet love whole her nose jacking into and rubbing Ygritte’s clit.

Melisandre worked slowly back up the creamy slit slurping her wife’s labia lips one at a time and munched happily on them. Then she was back at her wife’s clit jutting out its sheath all shiny and wet. She first butterfly stroked with her tongue batting it from all angles. Then she sucked the delicious morsel back into her mouth and she wolfed sucked with alternating long and short sucks. Melisandre’s head lifting to suck up dripping wet cunt meat into tents her pumping head filled with shocking tension as her tongue polished the clit all rigid and spasming.

Ygritte screamed and screamed as the womb ruptured and tore itself apart in her belly and tore her cunt inside out scalding her cunt with shockwaves of crushing bliss. The small woman’s body twisted on her shoulders and her body jolted hard with crushing spasms of fucking bliss. Ygritte’s eyes rolled back into her skull and spasm so hard she feared they would lock up in her skull. Her pelvis jacked hard grinding her pubic bone into her wife’s face. She screamed as hot gushes of searing cum filled Melisandre’s mouth to overflowing again and again as it ran down her cheeks, chin and throat. She heard the obscene gulps of Melisandre gulping down her gushing cum with choking swallows of all the creamy cum spasming out her hot fuck hole.

This was the start of long hours of hot intense fucking that soothed their souls. Jon finally returned at dawn unsure. They had slept and were filled with fuck hunger for their husband. They fucked him hard with mouths, hands, cunts and assholes.

Their mouths glued to his long thick cock and sucking with hard loving sucks. They had pulled off his cock and let it spurt all over their faces soaking it in cum that Jon groaned seeing his wife’s slowly and thoroughly cleaned with slow tongue licks.

Later Jon gripped their hips and shoulders hard as he slammed them back into his plunging cock burying itself deep in their tight pussies and clenching assholes. He fucked them from behind doggy style that they loved. He pumped both of their twats with punishing balls deep love thrusts. Their bodies jolting with the force of his hips slamming into their ass cheeks. One wife was on her knees seeing Jon’s massive cock fucking their wife so hard and balls deep. His dick soaked in creamy whitish cum. Each wife groaned too see their wife’s inner lips pulled out their cunny hole all wet and pinch tightly clenched around the thick shaft of their husband. The shiny inner cunt folds so hot looking glued to Jon’s dick before it plunged back deep into their wife’s fuck hole.

Each wife by their wife’s hips pulled Jon’s long thick cock out sloshing wet pussies and shoved into their hot sucking mouths. Each woman sucking hard with their head jerking and lank sweaty hair swaying in time to their hot sucking head. The wife then guiding Jon’s prick back to their wife’s spasming fuck hole and shoving his dick deep into the hot frothing hungry cunt. Jon groaned out how hot it looked to see them sucking each other’s twat juice off his prick. They made sure to make husband and wife happy with their sloppy bobbing head with lots of head twirling on his bulbous dickhead their lips sucked tight to his cock crown and the sensitive glans just under his dickhead.

Jon fucked his wives in turn as their titties whiplashed and flopped from his hard fuck. Jon’s hands rising high and slapping ass cheeks hard making his wives squeal in pain. Their ass cheeks turning cherry red. The pain in their ass cheeks arcing to their clits making them spasm with each hard cupped palm strike on cherry red ass cheeks.

Jon pulled their hair hard and twisted their arms behind their backs giving that hard squirt of domination and pain that they craved while in bed. Only in bed when defenses were down and souls
Ygritte craved it when Jon with his cock or Melisandre with her strap-on slammed into her so hard that sweaty flesh slapped loudly and her body lurched forward with the power of the power of their strokes into her cunny and asshole.

Ygritte loved being plowed doggy. Her small titties whiplashing beneath her body. Her body jerking forward with the powerful bodies slamming hips and thighs hard into her ass cheeks and thighs. They both cummed hard on Jon’s dick ploughing their pussies several times. They then groaned when Jon moved his cock from their tight cunts to their pinching assholes. His strength easily penetrating their tight shitholes and then lunging his prick up their asses. He knew his wives loved the pain and degradation of a hard anal fuck. It made them both cum like exploding volcanos.

The powerful witches relished their husband pounding their assholes as they feasted on his cock ATM and A2P as they shared as deeply with a man as they could. By surrendering to Jon completely in their bed they opened their souls to him. They were totally willing to anything nasty with each other and experience rough sex because it showed total surrender and accepting all the pleasures the body could give one. Both women reaching behind themselves to pull their ass cheeks wide to open their starfishes for rough invasion. Both cummed hard from anal ‘gasms.

Jon’s control was absolute now. They rested a quick short break to drink fluids and eye each other with fuck hunger.

Ygritte had straddled Jon and he was slamming down his cock so savagely up her tight twat his thick long cock filling and stretching her cunny out tight on his thick shaft. She was constantly moaning and cawing. Melisandre moaned that she loved seeing her inner lips pulled out into a tight pink ring around Jon’s thick cock on the outstroke. She felt the bed settle at her hips and Jon stilled. Ygritte felt Melisandre push her body forward so her torso was no on Jon’s sweat soaked body. Ygritte looked aback at Melisandre with hot throbbing eyes.

Ygritte felt her wife worming up behind her and Jon. Melisandre shoved her thick long strap-on up her loosened asshole and buried it with one savage stroke of pure love as Ygritte howled in pained ecstasy. Jon pulled Ygritte’s head down and they kissed deeply in mouth. Jon started to slow stroke his dick in and out her stretched out quim. Melisandre pumped her cock deep in and out Ygritte’s tight hot wet asshole. Melisandre arched her back and punched her hips to pound her nearly eleven inch strap-on leather cock up her wife’s tight spasming asshole. Ygritte gibbered feeling Jon punch his cock up her cunt with short hard strokes.

They started to slow see-sawing their shafts deep into her willing orifices filling her belly with hard cock. Their bulbous dickheads jacking over each other as they jacked so hard in and out her fuck holes. Ygritte cried out as she felt one cock sliding in as the other worked out. Her body buffeted by strong bodies lunging cocks fully up into her cunt and shithole. Her spouses quickly ramped up their hammering fuck of Ygritte’s willing yeaming body. Their dicks lunging so hard up into her body making it lurch forward as she jabbered in ecstasy.

Ygritte chuffed and cawed as her body jolted and her body slide over Jon’s body with the force of two thick long dick slammed fucking her tight fuck holes. She gagged feeling her little diamond hard nipples rubbing up and down Jon’s hard chest. Ygritte yammered feeling the dickheads of her lover’s cocks jacking over each other in her belly. She loved Melisandre’s strength one hand gripping her hip and the other clenched around the top of her shoulder. Her wife jacking her back so she could slam all the inches of her dick up Ygritte’s hot tight ass hole. Her body slamming into Ygritte’s body rippling the Wildling’s hips and ass with the force of impact. Both women knowing that Melisandre’s thick rounded dickhead was buried balls deep up Ygritte’s butthole.

Jon had an iron grip on Ygritte’s ribs slamming her back into his dick savaging her pussy and
Melisandre’s savage forward thrusts squiring her asshole. Both of her spouse lunging their dick so hard and deep up into her cunt and shithole. Melisandre had one hand gripping her ass hard her other hand now fisted in her long sun kissed hair and jerked her head back savagely partially choking Ygritte. She was slammed fucked and she loved it!

They pounded her so hard and good. She cummed wildly her asshole pinching down on strap-on slamming in balls deep. Her cunt clenching Jon’s cock in a velvet spasming fist. "AAARRWWOONNGGGGG! HHUUUNNGGGGGGGGGG! OWWWGGGGMGGGGGGGGG! Unhhhhhhhh! Oh!" Ygritte screamed with unbridled ecstasy. “Auungghhiieee!" she cried out, shocking her mates by the unbridled loudness of her cries. "Ungghh! Oh . . . oh . . . oh Melisandre! Nnnnuunmmggghhiieee! Oh gods yes! Ungghh! Ohhhhh Joonnnnn!"

Melisandre went for the brass ring getting up on her feet squatting down and forward straddling Ygritte’s hips and now doubled fisted Ygritte’s hair and slammed her cock straight down Ygritte’s tilted asshole slamming her cock down and along Jon’s hard plunging cock up her wife’s exploding snatch. Melisandre jerked Ygirtte’s head back so hard her eyes stared at the ceiling.

Ygritte’s asshole exploded in a second epic anal ‘gasm that after ten seconds triggered a harrowing vaginal orgasm. Melisandre threw her wife’s head forward releasing her clench in her wife’s hair so she could scream out her orgasm “AUUNNGGGHOOWNWGHHIIIEE! Awwonnggg! Oh shit! Ungghhh! Angghh!" Ygritte cried out, in such loud wails of excruciating pleasure.

“Scream it bitch!” Melisandre howled at her “Cum on our cocks you fucking slut! You fucking bitch!” Melisandre snarled down at her wife knowing how hot dirty demeaning talk turned her wife on so much. Jon still had a hard time talking dirty so she carried the torch until they could work on that Stark reserve some more. Jon was lifting his hips his back arched deep. His feet planted on the bed to torpedo fuck his wife’s exploding cunny. Her couchei clenching his dick hard in tight wrenching spasms up and down the length of his plunging prick up her exploding snatch.

Melisandre growled as she hips pulled back pulling three quarters of her thick strap-on out Ygritte’s asshole and slam fucking it back in deep. Again and again Melisandre flexed her hips to pound her wife’s asshole as deep as her dick could plunge. Ygritte’s fuck holes exploded into yet another harrowing orgasm of shocking ecstasy. “AAARRUUUNGGGGGGGGGG! HHAAWWWGGGGGGGGG! Ohngggggghhh! Ohnggg . . . oh gods! Ungghhhiieee! Aunngghhiieee! Oh Melisandre—Jon—pound meeeeee! Aungghhiiee! Mmmnnngghhiieee! Nnnhhiieeee! Mmmhhhiieeeeet!" she wailed coming in shockwaves, each orgasm apparently more crushing than the last. Her orgasms had started to wane until she felt Jon lunge in deep and held his dick there. Her orgasms exploded anew when Jon screamed and screamed his nut sack flood her Shadowbender womb with hot spurts of ribbons of pearly jizm flooding her womb with his seed.

Ygritte was crushed with spent pleasure. Suddenly her head was jerked up by a fistful of hair and Melisandre’s cock was brushing her lips. With a happy tired groan she opened her lips and swallowed her wife’s cock ATM and happily slurped it clean of her ass juice.

Jon cummed six times more times that night. Twice in each of their cunts and last in their assholes marking them as his wives only. Only this man would ever touch them. Jon was the only man worthy of touching his Shadowbender wives. Jon being Azor Ahai reborn had certain advantages Ygritte groggily thought. His stamina was so goooooodddd!

They then rested and drank juice and tea while Jon ate a light meal. Then he laid back on the bed with pillow underneath his head. He looked up at them evilly and stuck his tongue up wiggling it. They took turns riding his face like fillies dominating a stallion. Again and again he sucked them off. Jon sucked and snuffled wildly as he gripped their hips and jammed then down to jam their
pussies hard onto his mouth their wet swollen vulva totally engulfing his mouth as their wets camel toes bulged to swallow his lips as he surged his head up to speared his tongue deep into their hot tight cunts.

The witches clawed their hands onto the back of Jon’s head and jacked his face up into their exploding cunts as they wailed and screamed and screamed their fucking bliss. Jon was superhuman now in his endurance as again and again his wives rode his face marking him as their bitch wildly jerking their hot cunts up and down his mouth as he held his tongue up like a plow share tilling their sloppy wet snatches that exploded and flooded his greedy mouth with hot overflowing gushes of cunt juice.

The Shadowbenders would kiss their wife as they swirled their cunny down on their husband’s face and sucked on boobs until the gyrations became too much to follow and they backed off to watch their wives ride Jon’s willing face as he submitted to them and their needs. They would sweep forward and he would lap their anuses and then sink his tongue deep up their assholes and tongue fuck their assholes as his fingers jerked their slits and clits.

Melisandre actually blacked out she cummed so hard from that but recovered quick as Ygritte took her turn. Finally, as the sun was setting the wives had totally exhausted their pussies for the moment.

Jon’s face was red and slightly swollen around his mouth, nose and cheeks. He looked supremely happy. His hair was simply soaked in female cum that had matted his long locks and plastered strands to his forehead and around on his cheeks and throat. He purred as his wives saddled in beside him and snuggled in close their own bodies soaked in sweat and cum. Though the wives did not need to sleep they were soon snoring in love and contentment.

Jon did not need as much sleep as he once had. He stroked patterns along his wives backs that were still sheened with drying sweat. He followed his wives into slumber.

The hot sex had healed their rancor and restored their love.

Ice King

The Ice King rode a recently killed brown bear. It was the size of the wagons some of the Free Folk used when they moved their homesteads. The beast shambled onwards past the Fist of the First Men. He and his vanguard were just arriving. He would make camp here and marshal his forces and prepare. Unlike the hot bloods his forces did not easily tire. Another sign of why his forces would win over his inferior rivals.

He turned to look behind at his first children walking behind him. Their white and light blue tunics snapping in the wind. Though he was putting some of his sons in ice armor he choose to not wear any as did most of his sons. The armor was heavy and severely restricted their speed and agility which were their greatest strengths of their bodies. They were roughly the same strength as most men but inferior strength wise to the mightiest of male warriors. Thus, they used their thin bodies quickness to alleviate the strength of the men.

They would move and feint against the warm bloods while their superior blades quickly defeated the inferior weapons of the hot bloods. Also, their inborn coldness sapped the strength of the weak humans. He longed to kill and kill the humans and take what was rightfully his and had been denied him when last he went to war.

He reached back and petted the head of his son. His son had rebelled a few times on the journey
here still fearing the use of the Horn of Winter. The Ice King shook his head. It was the Croyel that had found it for him. The Wright reached with his hand to finger the small horn with its strange runes that none could decipher. He cared not that it was carved by an Inseuqent and that his son said they could not be trusted. The horn had been created over eight thousand years ago. Whatever purpose it had been made for beyond the felling the Wall must have long ago passed away like he had almost done.

As he had purpose so did the Horn of Winter. Together they would achieve his long cherished dreams. He would not let silly fears hold him back. He was superior to all challenges. It was he that would prevail over Azor Ahai reborn and the Warden of the North. In time he would prevail over the whole world.

He looked back again and saw more of his sons entering into the clearing past the edge of the far distant forest. The Ice King used his knees to guide the massive bear to turn around. He watched his sons move towards the Fist of the First Men. The sun was low in the sky. With his far seeing eyes he saw the massive cloud bank that was this cycle’s Winter. It rolled and writhed. The massive built up storm held for years past its time to move south had built up into a monstrous creation that would sweep down on his new world and make it into the paradise he longed to turn it into.

The Ice Wright knew his shambling dead were several days behind in the depths of the Haunted Forest moving forward one uncertain step at a time. They would then gather here while he prepared. He saw one of his precious Ice Giants emerge. He was the eldest and most intelligent of his large sons. He looked resplendent in his ice armor.

His Giants had the strength to carry the weight of the thick blocks of ice. The blocks would block dragon glass if his enemy had it but would be susceptible to weapons of iron breaking the blocks with repeated blows and strikes. By the time the ice would be broken they would have decimated the enemy. The blocks were in various rectangular shapes held in a lattice work of copper that kept them in place. Ice Helms had been fashioned to protect their heads and necks. Only their faces and hands were exposed with smaller blocks running down their legs and arms. The weight had them moving slowly and would tire them out in prolonged combat but their mission was to strike quick and with devastating effect.

They would rob the Queen of her greatest asset. Then they would need to survive long enough for the rest of their sons to arrive. The Ice King smiled a smile that did not touch his intense blow glowing eyes. He had put much lighter ice armor on a legion of his sons born of mortal men. Again the weight slowed and hemmed his sons from their natural grace but they would be his shock troops to surge into the enemy and open the way for the rest of his sons and army of the dead.

The Ice King had it all planned out. His grand deception insured his total and complete victory. He shivered not from the biting could but from the thrill of the victory he was assured of.

The Ice King again circled his dead bear steed around to look at the distant forests.

His forces had sent the Free Folk to flee south. He had hoped that they would wage war against the crow and weaken each other but the hated Jon Snow had welcomed them with open arms. Fool! It had led to his assassination. The Wright had actually danced a short jig knowing that the foul crow had been killed by his own brothers.

His forces were killing and converting the fool patrols by the Crows. They had wisely ceased probing the Haunted Forest as his forces thickened beneath the boughs.

Again another portent of his coming victory. His people never turned against themselves. He had proven the craven nature of man by his deals first with Peytr Ballish and then the House of Frey and
Bolton. It was sweet and even humorous that the crows had killed the one man he learned to *almost* respect.

Several months ago it had been a rage that filled him. News from his scouts had reported that the Night’s watch commander once more walked the top of the wall and went to the Godswood before the wall. His spies were there watching silently and hidden when the foolish man knelt before the hated tree. They were moving in to kill the fool when their shock made them stop. The spying Ice Wrights knew what the Lord Commander looked like. When he pulled his hood back they were surprised.

His hair had been black but was now white and his eyes were lilac. This was most strange. Humans did not change in this way. The Ice Wrights discussed what to do when the decision was made for them. The man had unsheathed his sword and it turned night into day as flames licked and flowed off the blade. The Ice Wrights always sensitive to heat felt the raging heat flowing off the blade.

None of these Wrights of course had ever seen for felt the sword of Azor Ahai. Jon Snow went through his sword practice steps. His sword left glowing arcs in the air behind its flight through the air. The sword screamed with heat and dire magic to their kind. The blade would cut through them like a hot knife through powdered snow beneath the trees. They had fled to tell their father.

The Ice King could not believe it. He was immortal. He could be bound and his flesh garroted but he did not die as men died. Men died. Azor Ahai had died and his soul had long ago parted from the world. This was not that hideous man but he was definitely filled with his essence. Somehow the Lord Commander, Jon Snow, had come back as Azor Ahai.

The Ice King had prepared and worked to make sure that he would not experience what he still felt as it had happened a moment ago. Azor had slipped past his defense and plunged his sword clean through his body. The heat had been agonizing. The fiery heat of the sun melted his organs and boiled his blood. He had screamed in agony as fire flowed out from the sword to his frozen white hair to the soles of his frigid feet.

He had fallen to his knees staring with hate filled eyes. His body was ruined. He watched Azor pull his sword out his body as weak as the babes he changed into his sons. He had watched listlessly. The man wasted no time or effort pulling his sword up and back over his right shoulder flames screaming and roaring six feet off the blade exalted at tasting his blood and the impending death of his body. The next thing the Ice Wright King remembered was the world spinning and rotating until his severed head hit the ground and rolled for ten feet to rest with his eyes staring up at the ice clear blue sky.

It had taken him several minutes to fully die in his body. His memory a blank until his awakening less than a decade ago.

The Ice King shook as his body remembered past agonies. NEVER! Never again would he let his soul experience again the death of his body. He had learned much. His son had given him new power and new magic. He would succeed now with his plan. *He would be the one to part Azor Ahai head from his body!* The King took a deep breath he did not need and calmed himself. He knew caution but the time for it was coming to an end.

He came back to the present seeing the sun glint with bright spangles off the armor of his children. This would ensure his victory. He merely had to get his forces to where they needed to be unseen. He gathered the forces of his strike force before him on his mighty dead steed.

He gave them a rousing speech on how important their mission was. They must not falter and must not be discovered. His scouts had found a path that would lead them past the crows. They would
march day and night a steady non tiring pace to arrive at their target. They had with them an ice
crow that had been especially raised with mighty magic. This bird would be released to fly to the Ice
King. It had been raised on his blood and would fly quickly back to his father. It looked around
memorizing the location of his father. The bird cawed but made no sound.

After an hour exhorting his sons they began their march. His eldest and most powerful son was with
them. He had been taught mighty magic by the Croyel. The Ice King smiled knowing what they
would accomplish. His son would rule Westeros as he marched east and took over the continent of
Essos. His son wanted nothing more than to serve his father but he was elated all the same to be
named the first heir to his father.

The Ice King had watched them slowly disappear into the hazy distance. He would deceive his
enemy and attack with the first blow unawares assuring his victory.

He received ravens from his human allies. They were marching into place. This Eddard Stark was a
fool and they would strike his forces unaware from behind. The Ice King smiled at the thought. The
Bolton leader was known for taking the skin off the bodies of his enemies and those he chose to
torture for the pure enjoyment of it. That was how Roose Bolton would die. He had admirable
qualities but at the end of the day he was still a hot blood.

He wanted a quick decisive battle. He had let the crows know of his approach. With the death of
Petyr Baelish he had reversed his strategy. He had hoped that the little human would have the Great
Houses of Westeros wage war on themselves committing fratricide. They would have destroyed
themselves without him having do any work. Without that war their forces were still mighty.

When his son had come to him he had determined to try and bring as much of his enemy as he could
to the wall and annihilate them there. It seemed that the he was going to succeed beyond his coldest
deadest dreams. Once he had dispatched his enemies he would sweep South and butcher the
unprotected taking their male babes, toddlers and very young to become the Army of his Wrights that
he dreamed of. He would finally have the numbers he once had.

Essos would be warned by his conquest of Westeros. He would suffer heavy losses but he would
prevail adding ever more children to his army. His first sons would have the strength to help him
raise the next generation speeding up his conquest.

A rush of anger came over him. Again his true son was whimpering that he must not use the Horn
of Winter. Magic was already weakened. It would be unbound. He must not do this thing he did
not understand the true ramifications. They were both creatures of magic.

The Ice King gritted his teeth. He wanted to punch his son to silence him but he needed him too
much. He had become his truest of sons and loved him dearly. This one son alone among his sons
was not a scion of his body. He had free will and as such he must be disciplined. The Ice King
concentrated again and cut off the blood flow from his throat.

“Aaaieeeeee! Eeeeiiiiiiil Eeeeiiiiiiiiii!” his son screamed denied the sustenance he had become totally
addicted too as was his kind’s way. The Croyels had never had a host actively cut off their blood
before and were totally unprepared to fight it. The Ice King was weakened his knees shaking but he
held his resolve fierce. Within the minute his son cried out he would be silent and follow his father’s
will.

The Ice King relented letting his blood rush to his throat. The symbiosis restored the two evil entities
were instantly revived to full vigor.

In his victory over his son the Ice King could afford to be magnanimous. He reached back and
petted his son on the head as the Croyel whimpered in pleasure.

“Soon son soon. This will be first victory of many.”

**Daenerys**

Drogon’s mighty wings were pumping every ten to fifteen seconds with hard flaps and then he rode the thermals as he winged up North with his mother on his mighty broad black. He flew at his slow run speed as Daenerys called this speed as they flew up the King’s highway. He was so far up that he left no true shadow on the ground. The land so small from two miles up. He was still gaining attitude. In another ten minutes whey were three miles above the earth. The clouds that rolled by in sky were far below them.

The dragon would fly up to twenty thousand feet and then gradually let his flight path lower to the thicker air lower down and rest as he glided down the invisible rivers of air that flowed up in these layers of the atmosphere. The cold and thin air did not bother him. Nor did it bother his mother. Drogon and Daenerys reveled in the frigid air and the sharp tang it brought to their nostrils. The wind whipped over her body making her tunic whip like a battle flag on a windswept plain. She and her dragon did not feel the cold in the slightest. She looked down at the white puffy clouds beneath her. She wished she could build a castle atop such clouds. She had passed over Darry four hours ago and was roughly two hundred and fifty miles up the King’s Highway above it.

She wished she had her Arya with her. She could not stop thinking such thoughts anymore. She was falling more in love with the young Stark girl every day. Each beat of her heart forged a new link in the chain of her love for the young Stark girl. She had fallen for her sweet personality and gentle ways that covered up the fierce heart of a warrior. That warrior spirit called to her. Then she had discovered the girl while on the quiet side had a definite charm with her politeness and rough court etiquette. With her briefs on Eddard Stark and her infuriating interactions with the man he had been nothing but genteel. She was sure his children were reflections of his personality and demeanor. He had fashioned the perfect woman to be her Queen.

She had been sure until Arya came into her life that she would never put the realm at risk with her desire to have a Queen on the dais of the Iron Throne. She would not go to war but she would use all her charm and intimidation (strange how well those worked together) to win the right to marry Arya.

Then she had caught onto Arya warging into Nymeria to watch her from afar. She found it sweet. She had thought about it. The girl obviously had a hero worship complex with her. She was like a young girl from a farm that was enamored with the big city. She was Arya’s shining city. She wanted the girl to want more than that. She had flirted with the girl and Arya would look away or simply ignore her overtures. She had shown off her breast and almost took the girl’s hands to get them on her breast and the girl had refused the obvious overtures.

That had hurt. But as she got to know the girl more she had come to understand that Arya had terribly underestimated the girl’s shyness and her native taciturn and controlled manner. She was sure now that was a trait of all Starks. The problem was that she did not have time to further explore her new insights. She needed to win the peace first and foremost. She may have personal needs but she had made herself Queen and thus taken on the responsibility of protecting that realm. This consumed her current thought.

Also, she was terrified that if she made a romantic move and if Arya did not feel that way towards
her she would ruin their great friendship. She would be an emotional wreck and that she could not be before the great battle of her dynasty. She needed to be focused on the task at hand.

*What was that saying* “The greatest loves were friendships caught fire.” She was on fire for the Stark girl. Masturbating so many nights looking into Nymeria’s eyes knowing that Arya was watching her had finished hooking her on the girl. She knew the girl was innocent on love in general. The girl must obviously be enjoying watching Daenerys masturbate. She was definitely in her wolf every night the wolf had watched her masturbate. Was Arya fantasying about making love to women? Making love to her? She knew she must be *and yet* Arya never made any overtures to her when she had made it clear she was a lesbian. Arya may be just getting her rocks off. People of different sexual orientation could definitely enjoying watching other pairings. In Essos she had often seen men fucking and found it hot. Maybe Arya was the same? She wanted a male to love but would not turn aside getting off watching Dany masturbate. If that was all that girl wanted from Dany that would *suck!* *Royally!*

Daenerys gritted her teeth and growled. She was not used to being so indecisive. She could not think of any other course at present. She sensed that Arya was the perfect mate for her. How to reel her in? How to make the teen fall in love with her or if in love with her then declare it? If she was Arya she would have been all over a woman so clearly advertising her interest in her.

*Arrrgghhh!* Damn that Stark reserve!

She knew she had to make the girl’s hers. She needed Arya in her life. All of her life!

She encouraged Drogon to keep climbing. In ten more minutes they were four miles above the Earth.

Off to the right a short distance away was the short marge of the piedmont that quickly over twenty miles rose up to mighty knees of the first Mountains of the Moon. Each new line rising even higher behind their more stunted brothers. The overall name of the mountains that ran throughout the peninsula of Arryn and ended with the fingers jutting out the Shivering Sea.

For a distance of over a hundred miles to either side of her rose the mighty mountains that protected the Vale of Arryn and many other valleys that the people of this house lived in. With twenty major Lord holds located in the high mountain valleys and in the major valley of Arryn itself. These were a hardy people who had found a way to live comfortably in the wild land of their home.

Daenerys was impressed with the mountains as she looked to the east. Even though she was flying at twenty thousand feet many peaks soared above her height. Some of those peaks soared past her height to a dizzying mile above her current flight path.

Daenerys always wanted Arya with her but Arya simply could not come with Dany on such reconnaissance flights. The girl had proved immune to the heat that radiated out of Drogon but she was not of the Dragon. Both the dragon and his rider generated great heat at their core. Daenerys though she had icy winds blowing into and through her that was far below freezing with the force of her flight through the air and wind currents did not feel the cold. She knew that water would freeze within a minute with the temperatures she was flying through.

Arya would freeze to death unless she was so bundled tight in furs and layered clothes that she would look more like a rock than a person. Arya had tried to be brave and strong but even above King’s Landing when they flew above ten thousand feet in her leathers and two thick coats her teeth had chattered like they might break and that had been in the much warmer air along the coast.

Now overland the temperature was definitely trending towards winter. She wished though that Arya could see the majestic peaks from this viewpoint. A high pressure cell had passed through and
cleared out the humidity from the air. The air was like pure refined crystal. The mountains seemed to leap up from the Earth with their shoulders striving to reach the sun. The bottom of the mountains garland with thick forest. These forests gradually thinning as they rose up the mountains.

Then the trees slowly shortened and became more interspersed to where only stunted trees, scrub brush, grasses and lichen clung to the sides of the mountains. Here through Drogon’s far seeing eyes she saw big horn sheep and mountain goats impossibly climbing up seeming sheer faces and leaping adroitly from rock to rock. She spotted foxes slinking among the boulders looking for hairs and groundhogs. She saw several badgers looking out their burrows.

Around her great golden eagles and condors soaring the thermals below her looking for prey and carcasses to feast on.

Yes, her realm had so many beautiful sights. She had flown deep into that range several times now flying through high mountain passes. She hoped to take Arya to her favorite mountain glad and make love to her there. Someday she sincerely hoped.

She would figure out how to get Arya the protection she needed from the cold. It was an engineering problem and the Queen loved solving such problems.

She looked to the north up the King’s Highway. At his height she could see so far with Drogon’s eyes. She had asked her Grand Maester Harsch Lape how far she could see from such a height. He had given her the formula of for the maximum theoretical straight line sight distance to the horizon as the square root of 1.5 times your altitude. So the square root of 1.5 x 20,000 was 173 miles.

The Maester had cautioned that clouds and haze often limited one’s sight but the cold front and high pressure cell had cleared out the air of particulates and humidity. With Drogon’s eyesight she could see the whole way to the curvature of the Earth.

Daenerys turned her gaze to the north and west. She studied the ground closely. She was again sure she had read the “tea leaves” correctly. Eddard and his two allies Edmure Tully and Jon Arryn had totally marched their full strength up North toward Winterfell and beyond.

When armies’ march they either had very long wagon trains following or the large camps they created when stopped or they must forage and raid the land to sustain itself. There was simply no evidence of his. She had scouts now ranging far and wide throughout the Riverlands with strict orders to not be seen. Her Dothraki born and breed for such forays. Their reports confirmed her aerial observations. The land had been laid bare to her. She was free to rape and pillage if she choose and destroy the forts left behind. It was almost as Eddard was testing more than her strategic and tactical acumen. He was testing her soul.

She would pass.

She looked down the King’s Highway. She saw her camps already established as far as she could see. She knew that they were now penetrating the lands of Eddard Stark and still no opposition was even hinted at. Only from the land of the Reeds did her forces report the sense of being closely watched. She already had their measure. They were allied with her. She had just received reports that her beachheads that they had reach the King’s Road and were rapidly flowing south and cautiously building out her camps to the North.

She would not get over confident and cocky. She had heavy forces of mercenary companies protecting her forces now moving north.

She had left strict orders that the local traffic on the roads was to be given free passage down and up.
the roads. She had wagon trains with basic food, tools, other food stocks for the winter and bolts of fabric for clothing and leather for clothing and tools. These were to be freely distributed to the local populace. Why fight if you could bribe.

Daenerys thought of the North and Riverlands like a fair maid. She was seeking their hand and she needed to woo their parents. Between the strict patience and respect her forces gave to the local populace and the gifts she bestowed she was pleased with her reception.

She knew she had much to thank Arya’s father for this too. The people whom her forces met constantly repeated the refrain that the Queen’s forces were to be respected and given free passage. They had seen her restraint from the beginning. She was proving it now.

She had seen enough and wielded Drogon around in a wide circle and headed back home to her forces and a certain wolf girl she had given her heart too.

She landed back at the camp her forces had reached for the night a little after nine in the evening. They had reached a major waystation and would rest a day to let the horses rest and let the men stretch and rest. Men could make repairs to their weapons and tack and switch any horses that were starting to strain with the steady march north.

She had been greeted by Missandei and Oberyn in her tent along with her two generals. Missandei and Oberyn joined her at the table while her two martial generals remained standing so they could easily point out points on the large map unscrollled on the table top and weighted down by candle scions. They went over her plans. Daenerys found it hard to concentrate. Where was Arya? She gnawed on her lip. She did not want to seem like a love sick little girl. She stared for a long moment at the trails of molten wax wicking down the candle shafts in rivers of red and yellow tears.

“Where is Arya?” she asked in what she knew was a plaintive voice.

Missandei answered “She is in Stannis’s tent. She is visiting him. He requested she eat dinner with him and Renly. She is quite liked I must add my Queen. Even Stannis seems at ease with Arya with her courtly politeness and the way she listens to the man without rolling her eyes at the grinding of his teeth. The Highgarden contingent rode with her the half day as they jested and conversed. I think Arya is winning over the Houses of the South for her Father.”

“It is cute how she hotly declares her father is the greatest ‘man’ the world has ever seen.” Missandei paused “She will make you a wonderful Queen Dany.”

Daenerys looked at Missandei with large eyes. How could she betray her trust? She started feeling Syrio grip her shoulder from the side.

She looked up at her old friend “We all know Dany. We have known basically since she tried to punch your teeth out in the throne room.”

Daenerys sat back stunned. She looked at Barristan smiling softly at her nodding his head yes.

She looked at Oberyn for his confirmation. “For gods sake will you fuck the girl and get it over with. You two love each other so much it is sickening. Sweet. But sickening.”

Daenerys looked around the table. She was nonplussed. If these people did not care who would? Arya was outside in her camp slowly seducing the other houses with her simple homespun charms and basic goodness.

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“Do you think she truly loves me Oberyn?”
“Does the sun rise in the East? Stop being obtuse woman.”

Daenerys was still not convinced. That man was walking sex personified. He was predisposed to see passion where there might be none. She paused. She had more reason to hope though. She was sure that she would be going to Winterfell before she went the Wall. She was truly hoping that Eddard Stark was there. She had so many things to discuss with him.

An enemy to defeat and a daughter to woe. Would Eddard Stark be as accepting as Oberyn? She had her doubts. Dorne was progressive while the North was moribund in the honor and the ways of the past. Still she had more reason to hope.

Arya had stayed late in Stannis’s tent that night. Dany had slept in her own bed of furs in her tent and she missed her fiercely. She could not sleep. She suddenly relaxed when Arya came into the tent. The girl went to her furs. Just hearing her breathing calmed Dany. The Queen rolled on her back to look up at her tent. She was definitely in love. She had a war to win but after that she had a world of happiness to snatch. She smiled in the night. She listened to Arya softly snore. Dany followed her into sleep.

The next day was meetings with her major allies. They sat at her table with Arya back at her side being her usual demure and polite self. Daenerys stared at her from underneath her eyelashes. She simply did not have the time or privacy to explore her rising hopes.

The leaders pondered out why Eddard was being so careless with the defense of his realm. Daenerys still needed to play her part of this Game of Thrones that Eddard had cornered her into.

She explained that her forces were too mighty for the Houses of the Riverlands, the Vale and the North to fight her individually. She would crush them in turn. She was being led North for decisive battle with their combined might. She was sure they would make a stand in a place and time of their choosing that would let them to some degree at least reduce the effectiveness of her dragons.

They had debated this but they had to agree it was the wisest decision that the Warden of the North could make. Oberyn seemed to give her strange looks as he argued in the soundness of her observations. She was sure he had a strong suspicion that he had figured out she was in league with Eddard Stark and yet he argued passionately and persuasively for her arguments. The other Great Houses and their generals agreed with her reasoning.

It was sound and logical. With the might of Dome, Highgarden, and the Stormlands at her call and added to that the might of Essos and the alliances of the Summer Islands and Yi-Ti gave her even more might she would rather quickly conquer the three houses of the Confederacy as they called themselves individually. She would shatter their initial long range defenses and then her dragons would be free to add their fiery might to the fight. She was unstoppable.

She sighed and let the boys be boys as they took to insulting and making snide remarks on each other. She sat back and let the houses work out their picking order.

“Has it ever occurred too you Oberyn that we grow as tired of you telling us of your marital prowess as women grow tired of your wild boasting of your prowess in the bed?”

“Why Mace, you will see my prowess in the coming battles. Afterwards, if you and Aleria will journey to Dorne, Ellaria and I will show our prowess in the bed. Come to us so we can make you cum, and cum and cum.”

/////
“My Gods will you take that rod out your ass!”

“I got a rod I would love to shove up your arrogant ass Oberyn.”

“What would Loras say to that my dear Renly.”

“You know you wouldn’t be talking with his cock down your throat you pompous ass.”

“Now we’re talking!”

////

“Renly, for gods sake stop filing your nails man! That is unseemly.”

“You know brother—you do have a rod up your ass.”

Daenerys watched Arya out the corner as she was by turns amused, shocked and bemused by the men grousing and mocking each other. For herself Daenerys found it highly entertaining. She was happy that Arya was not bothered by such harping. Missandei had made an excuse of needing to continue working on the coded papers. She easily got flummoxed at such talk and biting remarks.

Daenerys pinched her nose and snorted at the childish behavior but the men seemed to thrive on it.

“You know that is pretty rich coming from a House whose crest is a fucking rose – a yellow rose I might add. What does the color yellow denote Mace?”

“How bout I shove those roses, thorns and all up your ass Stannis!”

“Go tend your tulips.”

////

“Is that a viper in your diaper Oberyn or you just happy to see me – wait that is right it’s a legless skink.”

“I got some fangs you can milk with your ass Renly”

////

“I know your wife must be so disappointed in you Stannis.”

Stannis hesitated but he had to hear what Oberyn had to say now “Whyyyy?” he asked in a resigned tone.

“With that sigil of the stag with that big rack of antlers I am sure she thought you would always be horny.”

Stannis merely lowered his head and shook it at the horrible quip.

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After a day of rest and more meetings with continued snipping they were once more on the road. They had a contingent coming out from the local small homesteads coming to the road to see their procession heading north.

She and the Houses got out their armor and the armor for their horses and that the squires made sure
were bright and polished. They all felt like putting on a show for the locals. The standards were on their lances and the knights with their titular Lords leading. Even Mace looked regal and imposing sitting atop his armored horse and in his enameled armor.

Daenerys had her bells in and her black dragon bone armor on. Arya had no armor but her black leathers trimmed in silver inlay was so beautiful with a sword on her back and one on her hip. She cut a dashing figure.

Daenerys looked up and down the road. So regal. Minstrels would write songs of this time that would be sung for a thousand years. It was still a time of Reclamation.
AN #1: For the readers who know of the Thomas Covenant Chronicles I start to now blend in the Giants, Haruchai, Ramen, Ranyhyn a Lord of Revelstone. Later i will blend in Amok, Waynhyn and the Wraiths of Andelain. Even later i will resurrect the Raver, Turiya Herem, i will in time show how his brother survived, the Merewives, Elaine-Forestal, demon-dem and the Viles. I will also create the Yazloo.

In the ten books of the TC Chronicles i kept reading how hot blooded the Haruchai and to a lesser degree the Ramen were. We will in time finally see this side of these stoic people.

Going Forth to Destiny

Ice King / Missandei / Daenerys / Eddard / Melisandre / Arya

Ice King

The Ice King gazed at the Wall rising up to the heights before him. He was on his mighty bear stead on the edge of the Haunted Forest. He gazed with hate at the barrier that barred him from the land that was his by right. He knew that he now possessed the Horn of Winter but it was not time for its use yet.

The snow was again falling heavily. The white flecks falling down thickly from heavy laden clouds that looked angry and sullen. The snow heavy and wet. There was no wind to whip the snow along. The flakes fell in lazy profusion. The unique shaped disks spun and whirled around like snow fairies that he knew existed but had so far eluded his search. He would subjugate all denizens of this world in time. None could hide from him when he reached his full power. It was indeed his destiny to conquer the whole world. His campaign for world domination had begun.

He still kept the true winter held in abatement in the far North. Only tendrils of the vicious monstrosity would escape and come howling down South. The slavering beast growing ever stronger seeking to slip the leash he had placed on it. The mighty beast desired to spring forth but the Ice King denied it. He had toyed with the idea of unleashing the storm and let it do the work to the land that Peytr Ballaish had promised but that would take years more and he could not and would not wait anymore.

It was time to strike.

Even the Elohim in their far away home of Elemesnedene would fall before when the time came. He would conquer the world and bend Earthpower to his will. He would reign supreme. His son cried out involuntarily in fear at his father’s thoughts. He did not correct his son his cowardice as he whimpered and drooled down his throat in fear. He would never admit to any but himself that he felt fear deep down when he had such thoughts. His son’s fear had infected him. He cursed himself for this weakness and fueled his rage and desire to conquer these strange beings that so frightened his
son.

His son’s fear had transferred itself to him, but, where his son was weak he was strong. He shook his thoughts to tamp down his fear. Nothing would prevent the Ice King from achieving the greatness he had been born to achieve.

He looked up at the Wall. With his son’s sight he could see deep in the wall and see the Forbidding waiting hidden and unseen. Its blue energy waiting for magic it had been designed to snare and incinerate. Fortunately, it was not tuned for his magic and he had survived his first contact with it. It had been tuned to his son’s magic but he was aware of it now and would avoid it until he brought it crashing down.

His son whimpered of High Lords and a Staff of Law but it did not matter to him. They were only names with no meaning to him. All would fall before his might in due time. One by one he would confront and defeat his enemies.

The Ice King heard the boughs above his head creaking and sighing underneath their heavy weight of resting snow. From off to his right and left he could hear snow sloughing off laden limbs and crashing to the ground in clouds of broiling snow. The sounds of icy nature soothed and strengthened the Ice King.

He would bring the Wall down and crush his enemies. He felt Azor Ahai behind that wall. Earlier he had hidden several hundred yards back from the edge of the forest where he now sat on his steed. He had felt the reborn crow up on the wall gazing out.

They could feel each other now. Their hate and acrimony implacable. The Ice King was not ready to confront this risen Jon Snow with his reborn sword of Azor Ahai. He again suppressed his fear. Jon Snow impossibly wore the same sword on his hip from eight thousand years ago. It might physically be different but at its magical core it was the same sword from long ago. The same sword that had melted his frozen blood and cleaved his head from his shoulders. He would refuse to let it happen again. This time he would be the one to run his sword through his enemy. He would instead of burning his foe he would freeze his blood to icy crystals and then his body. He would lift his arm high and bring his blade crashing down to shatter his foe’s head to a million shattered shards of crystallized bone, muscle, blood and brain.

His Shock Troop were still on their journey. They had made good progress he knew but the journey was long. They were slowed considerably by the heavy Ice Armor they wore. It was necessary. Normally his Wright sons relied on speed and agility. His giant sons were while slower still quick but against possible weapons of fire and dragon glass would be easily killed. They needed their armor for the mission that they had been given. It would take them still some time to make the journey to their destination. They had to cross the point of greatest vulnerability that would slow them even more as they used stealth to pass the hot bloods unseen. His plan was solid and it would reap great benefits. Once they were in place he could move forward.

He had planned and prepared and was at last fully confident. He was innately cautious after his death at the hands of Azor Ahai. He would not suffer that fate again. He had prepared his army and outfitted his sons with swords of ice and given some armor. His army of the dead was vast. He had a human host that would fall on his enemies from the rear. His victory was assured. His world was content. Or so he had thought.

That had changed the day after he had arrived at the Fist of the First Men. He had been on his steed watching more and more of his shambling army of the dead filling the valley that surrounded the Fist of the First Men. He had his sons strung out along the river of the dead flowing south to guide and shepherd them forward. With his will focused south he needed his sons to keep the dead army from
wandering away and becoming listless as they separated from their masters. He had seen his dead simply staring at tree trunks unable to divine another path forward till his sons urged them around the obstacles.

He had watched a contingent of dead mastodons shamble into the open spaces when his true son had suddenly went rigid. His limbs shooting out straight nails cutting into his skin painfully.

“EEEIIIIII! AAAIIIEEEEE! NO! NO! Not here! It is impossible!” the Croyel screamed a soundless scream in his father’s mind. The echoes reverberating deep into the depths of his icy soul. His son wailed on and on. In fact he seemed almost mad with fear.

At first he had been angered and prepared to “blood starve” his son again for wilting with his prattle about the Wall and Elohim. But he paused. This fear was not about the possible but was immediate and visceral to his son. His son was scratching him painfully drawing blood as his stunted limbs kicked and thrashed in an instinctual motion of escape.

What had gotten into his son?! He shouted at his son with his mind to calm him. It was to no avail. His son was mortally afraid. What could it be?! His son spoke in his mind. His son was craven it was true when he confronted anything of might but this level of fear was something new.

“No no nnooooo … it’s a Lord of Revelstone! She cannot be here! The Soulbiters and Soulcrusher prevent it. Prevent it I say! Her power is vast—noooooo she has the full power of all the wards of High Lord Kevin, Son of Loric Vilesilencer—no no … they have all been found and understood … there is no Oath of Peace stunting their passion … Nooooo! No no no … Amok has been reborn No No! … Her might equals that of High Lord Mhoram when he rode out in valor and folly to confront and kill the Giant Raver before the gates of Revelstone … she is mightyyyyy! Father save meeeee!”

The Ice King was rattled. This was blind terror from his son. These were only words that came to him. He caught vague images all rushing over one another. He saw a tall man holding a strange rune covered staff. This man’s power and strength were staggering. Then he saw another vision off a man riding a horse and charging a human appearing Giant striking it in the head with a staff that shattered. Then the man was stabbing that Giant with a large dagger that staggered the Ice King with the power blazing out its white gem. The Giant was mighty and had a green stone of monstrous power himself. It did not matter. This Mhoram killed the Giant.

“Can you show me your visions?! Don’t show me the past! I need to see the present!”

“Yes, but she will see me! It is too dangerous!”

“I must see! If you let me see I will protect you!”

He felt his son hesitate. Then the Croyel projected into his mind what disturbed him so. The Ice King had maps of the lands he would make his own. He was able to sense that they we now in the land between the rivers of Weeping Water and the Last River. The icy water lapped to the shore in soft rolling waves the tide low and the wind calm. The sun was bright and made the water dance with blinding white glints.

He saw that he was seeing through the eyes of some human. He could see the slender arms of a human female before his eyes that he now shared with this woman. While slender her forearms were corded with whipcord muscle. She had on a light blue tunic that only came down to her elbows. In her left hand was a polished smooth staff that was capped with iron. The Ice King’s eyes enlarged looking at the staff. It was an instrument of great power. He would make it his.
The woman was walking through the cold water that rolled to shore in gentle waves. The cold water did not seem to affect the woman. The water coming up to the middle of her stomach. Her medium blue robe turned dark where the waves rolled past her to lap at the shore.

The woman was focused on something he could sense, else, she would know of the Croyel tapping into her visions. She had some purpose consuming her focus. This ‘Lord’ was not expecting his son to be here the Ice King realized. He was of the Southern world like she was. This gave the Ice King and Croyel an advantage. Unfortunately the link was too tenuous to be used for attack. The woman was moving ashore. The woman looked to her right and the Ice King started. Besides her walking in the water that was now waist high to the woman were Giants. Literally Giants. The same Giants he had seen in the past of the Croyel’s memories. They were startling in their size and prowess. They moved like the shadowcats of the North. The water only came up to the middle of their calves.

The Ice King saw that these Giants were at least twelve feet tall with some closer to fourteen feet tall. Where the giants of his experience were somewhat bestial in appearance these Giants were perfectly shaped humans only twice or more as tall. They were well muscled with legs like tree trunks and arms like thick saplings. Their faces were angled and sharp of features. They had eyes of many colors like the humans. Their hair too had the color variations of humans of mainly various shades of brown but he saw a few blondes and one with red hair. The Giants in the water were mainly women but he saw a few men among the throng of Giant women. The Ice King saw immediately a division between the sexes of the Giants.

The men were dressed as sailors that he had seen with the smugglers that had trafficked human babies to him from Essos. Loose fitting attire with pants legs stuffed into calf high boots and open shirts half buttoned up. Their chests massive. Their bodies were impossibly strong the Ice King sensed. A blow from their fists would cripple even his sons. The women giants were totally different. They were only slightly shorter than their male counterparts with a few as tall as their male companions. Their bodies were not quite as thick but he could see they were if anything stronger than their male counterparts from their obvious martial training.

These women were warriors. They had on granite stone half helms that covered their heads and necks but left their faces uncovered. The helms the Ice King saw had been melded somehow and not hewn from rock. The rock seemed to have flowed to its shape. The rest of their bodies were covered with circular discs of granite that were somehow interleaved without any bindings that he could see. These too had the feel of being formed and not cut. This allowed for armor that was precise and not bulky like the ice armor for his sons and giants. The armor ran from the neck down to the waist where a massive belt was. They had legging that covered their legs and feet over which were strapped war sandals that were crossed strapped up thick bulging calves.

The armor was supple. Where the ice armor he had fashioned for his sons was bulky and restricted movement the Ice King could see that these Giants armor moved and allowed full motion as if the granite disks were merely a second skin.

The Ice King knew the armor must have been massively heavily but the Giant women did not even notice the weight he could sense by their easy movements. The way the Giant women moved the Ice King knew they had the agility of gazelle or the artic hares he saw foxes chasing. How such strength and agility could exist together he wondered? They easily had the strength of thirty if not more of his warriors. The woman’s who vision he was stealing looked right and left. He saw at most only twenty of these strange warrior women.

He saw that on their hips or strapped to their backs they carried great glaive swords that were at least six to seven feet in length. He instinctively shied away from those swords and his true son gibbered and drooled down his neck in abject terror. These blades thickness and breadth were horrifying to
They could cut through his sons like a scythe threw wheat. The Ice King could feel different but equally fell magic as was in the Dragon Queen’s Valyrian blade. It was not Azor’s fearful blade but these blades were dire to all they struck and found the mark. One strike true with these blades and any foe would fall. The Ice King felt rage at the increase of fell blades that his enemies were acquiring.

He knew that these Giants were here for one reason. To kill him. How they knew of him he did not know but they were here nevertheless to fight him. He hated them immediately and immensely. He now had new enemies to hunt down and kill in this wide world. These Giants homeland would suffer his wrath for this affront.

The Ice King saw that these Giant women seemed to laugh easily. They jested amongst themselves and spoke to the woman whose vision he and his son had purloined with jibs and jests. The woman did not laugh in return. He hated the mirth of these Giants. The few Giant men joined in the laughter. He would strangle that mirth from all their throats.

The Ice King noticed another new foe.

Beside and among these Giants walked another type of persons. These were humans who were shorter of stature compared to the men and women of Westeros. They were not greatly shorter but seemed to average four or five inches shorter for the men and an inch or two for the women. They were brown of skin and had dark black hair. He saw these were slightly fewer in numbers than the Giants. They wore simple brown tunics belted at the waist. The water was ice cold yet they did not feel it like the Giants.

A few of these brown skinned humans walked up out of the water. He was surprised to see they wore no protection for their feet. They did not seem particular muscular but were obviously extremely fit with rounded muscles and a movement that spoke of great martial training.

The men had close cropped hair while the women had hair cut in bangs and half covering ears and touching necks. Where the Giants had faces that were mobile with emotion the brown skinned people wore faces that were like masks that showed no emotion.

“What are these brown people?” he queried his son.

His son hesitated. Again he felt fear. Why? These were only humans. Humans without weapons. “Haruchai … they cannot be corrupted … they are almost as strong as Giants!” Ice King doubted that. They were out massed by at least five to six stone. “They formed the hated Bloodguard. They are terrible! They were once arrogant and could be led astray. Stave instituted reforms. They cannot be led astray anymore! They are a terrible and fey people. None can stand against their might.”

“But they have no weapons” the Ice King observed to his son. Surely normal humans without any weapon were of no import.

“They don’t need weapons. They are the weapons!”

The Ice King was perplexed but did not pursue this with his son.

Again the Ice King had to wonder of his son. These Haruchai did not seem impressive at all to the Ice King. They were just humans by what he could see. He did sense some hidden strength in them but nothing that warranted his son’s fanciful descriptions.

The company had reached the shore and the entourage stopped while the “Lord” whose vision they
looked through moved forward. She walked a hundred yards inland and without preamble slammed her staff down shoving two feet of the staff into the hard ground. She should not have had the strength for that feat but she had. The woman in her blue robe walked half way back to the beach with her companions. She turned back around to look at her staff now jammed into the Earth. They all stared at the staff obviously waiting for something to occur. The Ice King waited with them with his borrowed vision.

For a minute nothing happened and Ice King asked his son what was happening. He was equally perplexed.

The woman looked back out to the sea and the Ice King gasped. He saw two ships made of stone that made the Swan Ships of the Summer Islanders look small in comparison. The ships had four masts and mighty sails that rippled in the air with loud booms of canvass. The Ice King felt great magic in these ships. Again he noticed that the granite of the ships had been formed and not hewn. The magic needed for that staggered his mind. He would have those ships too when he had slaughtered these Giants.

The woman looked back inland. Suddenly the Ice King felt time and space start to rip apart and somehow stabilized as a column of whirling writhing bright white light thirty yards wide appeared and soared to the heights of the heavens. It wavered and yammered trying to break free. He could feel power that dwarfed any he had ever felt. It was trying to break free but some unseen force was somehow controlling it. The Ice King being a magical being had an instinctive understanding of this column of writhing white force that reached for the stars.

It was a disruption to all the known laws that governed life. All who entered that column would cease to exist. With his magically essence he understood that for that area of the column of sparkling pure white light all time from the beginning to its end existed at once. Anything that entered would be ripped asunder. In fact the Earth underneath it should have been instantly ripped apart as it tried to exist across time which was impossible and thus anything that touched it would be obliterated. Given time this thing could destroy the Earth if allowed to roam unfettered and crisscross its paths of destruction. It would take many millennium but it was that powerful.

Once again his son screamed in wild blind terror “It is a Caesures—a Falls No no! It is wild magic gone wild. Linden Avery the Chosen has created it. It is hideous. Save meeeee!” The Ice King felt his son’s fear but he was not threatened by this “Caesures”. It was horrendously powerful but yet some other power was even greater and easily controlled it.

His son was not in his right mind driven nearly mad with fear. This Caesure was not moving and its affects localized. The woman stepped forward and started to chant in a strange tongue. She held her arms up and faced the force before her. He felt like a million wasps were stinging him suddenly with fiery venom. He screamed and fell off his stead as he and his Croyel screamed in agony. The woman somehow endured the pain and her song quickly calmed the affect.

The Ice king slowly levered himself up to his feet swaying. The Caesure was vile and reprehensible! The Ice King sensed that what had been distracting the woman was now at hand. Suddenly, horses started to bolt from the Caesure impossibly unharmed! This was impossible! They should have been torn apart! The horses kept appearing four, twelve, seventeen and then there was twenty-two of the horses. They pranced and nickered loudly as they tossed their heads with pride and joy.

Four of the horses had riders on them. They were short like the Haurchai and equally brown and black of hair though these people wore their hair long. The Ice King sensed that their darkness of skin was from always being beneath the hot sun. There was two women and two men. Three were
more teenagers while one was a full grown woman with a strange cord in her hair that tied it up and back. In her hair were yellow flowers. These riders immediately dismounted their mounts and began to walk around the horse tending to the horses though they seemed to be in no need of care.

The Croyel again went mad with terror “No No Ranyhyn … they are filled with terrible Earthpower. They live on the Plains of Ra how can they be here! No No this is terrible! They will find me and smash me with their hooves. They can sense me and my kind! No, no no! What is this! The ramen do not ride! They are horrible warriors—they will break my neck with their cords!”

“Control yourself!” the Ice King barked at his son. Why was his son so frightened by so few people who did not appear to have any great strength to them beyond physical prowess. The Giants he could see with their immense size and obvious strength. They had fell blades and strong armor but they only numbered twenty. The other humans had no weapons he could see.

The Ice King focused on the horses. He wondered what could be so terrible about horses. Then they were prancing and running around cavorting in gaiety and joy. He instinctively hated these horses. The Caesure suddenly flared and then winked out of existence. Who could so easily create and control such raw violent power?! The Ice king saw that the staff in the ground around which the Caesure had spun was impossibly unhurt.

The woman’s vision they had hijacked walked forward. The horses were cavorting running here and there. They nickered loudly enjoying the new land they had arrived in. The woman walked back to her staff and easily pulled it out from the hard earth she had jammed it two down into. A “Ranyhyn” ran up to the woman.

Now the Ice King saw what his son saw. These horse were bursting with some kind of strange power. This Earthpower that his son spoke of with such fear and loathing. These horses were taller, more muscled chests and legs that were impossible strong. The horses were black, brown, grey, chestnut and appaloosas but one thing all the horses had in common. On their foreheads were stars of snow white color that seemed to glow even though they did not. He had seen this power before he felt but he could not quite place at the moment with all the events occurring before his eyes.

The horse’s eyes shown with an intelligence that no animal should have. It looked at the woman’s eyes he was looking through. The Ice King could see the affection this animal had for the human.

“Oh Frinny, well meet” the woman’s harsh voice spoke with obvious affection. The horse pranced and nickered in obvious happiness but then paused and stared at her as she walked up to the Ranyhyn. She was using her staff almost as a walking staff.

The horse suddenly trumpeted and reared pawing the sky. The horse continued to kick the air. The other horses began to trumpet loudly as they started to run a circle around the Lord. They circle constricting.

The Ice King felt the sudden change. The woman had seen them. He was not afrai—"

“Ha-man ruul tayba-sah carab ho-eenal neeta par-raoul Croyel-alh! Kro-halle zallhza trasohol par-sharhrl!”

The woman snarled at them. “I see you Croeyl and your vile host.”

She snatched her staff with her left hand and whipped it up to grip with her right hand and pressed the wood against her forehead. Blue light filled their shared vision.

The ice king heard his son scream as he formed his strongest shields
"AAAAAAAIIEEEEEEEE!"

"Melenkurion abatha, Duroc minas mil. Harad khabaal."

The woman shouted out.

The Ice King was slammed off his feet and flung thirty yards through the air like a ragdoll his body flipping and twisting. Then his body slammed into the ground. The strike was hard and he rolled five times before coming to his feet with sword in hand. His son’s shields had held. They were unharmed. His son’s shields had blunted the magical aspects of the assault with only the physical force impacting their bodies and even that his son had mostly blocked.

His son whimpered. He was drinking hotly from his throat. The attack had been thwarted but his son had been weakened. He could defend them but for how long?

Their link with the woman had been severed.

He asked his son what had happened. It took him several minutes to calm his son down. His son had nearly been catatonic with fear by then. Slowly his son came back to himself and explained to his father what had hit them. They had been hit with a spell that had been strengthened by the seven words of power. Words that if they spoke them would instantly kill them from within.

His son kept going back to the fact that the Lore of Kevin Landwaster had been fully mastered. For some reason this thought terribly frightened his son. Did not his son know he was the greatest force in the world? His son had been taken unawares. They would be prepared for these new threats when they met in the future. Like he was now prepared for the Dragon Queen.

He had contemplated this turn of events. It unsettled him but he was not overly concerned. These beings while mighty were few. He had to trust his plans. Hopefully, these strange travelers from the land of his son would fall into the same trap. The same trap would ensnare these interlopers much to their detriment.

The Ice King was fated to rule all. It was written.

Now he was looking at the Wall. Having seen this “Lord” he could now see that that the magic in the Wall that had attacked his son was very similar and yet different. He and his son would not have to touch that magic again with their current plans. With his heightened senses he perceived other magic but he nor his son understood it or its function. Most probably from the First People. When he had taken over Westeros he would hunt down and kill the last of them to remove that threat once and for all.

The First People were near spent. Westeros had forgotten the magic that had given rise to the Mages that had warred against him and killed so many of his brothers and sons. He now had three forces to worry of. Azor Ahai, the Dragon Queen and this strange force from the land of his Croyel son. They were mighty in an individual way but his army would crush and kill them. They were not enough to be of any concern.

His ambush would hopefully kill or and maim them along with their hated dragons. Once the dragons were removed from the battlefield his assured victory would be so much easier. He leaned back and looked up at the tall Wall that he would be crashing down. He fingered the leather strap that was strung around his neck from which the Horn of Winter hung.

He would have to wait. His plan must first come to fruition. Soon though, soon. He had waited eight thousand years for his long delayed revenge for the ignominy heaped up upon his corpse. He would first kill and then trap Ahai into the cold unyielding Earth. He would return the ignobility that he suffered from eight thousand years ago. He would tear the Dragon Queen apart after she had
seen her precious sons slayed before her eyes. Then he would turn his attention to these interlopers and in turn dispatch them.

His victory was assured.

He had solved the feeling of disquiet he had felt when he looked into the eyes of the Ranyhyn. He was sure he had felt the “Earthpower” that filled these beasts before. It had felt different but he had felt it nevertheless. He had felt it in Daenerys Targaryen. She was filled with a variation of the same power. It was different and yet the same. When he had mentioned this to his son he had not seen it and thought not.

No. The Ice King was right. Daenerys Targaryen was filled with magic. It helped explain her great power. Her dragons, her sword filled with fey magic and her own body filled with another terrible magic made for a terrible foe. It did not matter. He would slay and obliterate all his foes.

He pressed his knee into his dead bear mount and it slowly turned its vast bulk about and the Ice King retreated back into the forest. He listened to the silent trees whisper and groan with the weight of the heavy snow falling down upon their broad shoulders. The forest was silent with all animal life having fled away from his presence. He smiled. He was indeed king of all his domain.

Once the battle was finished his enemies power would be broken. He could then leisurely finish off the First People and immediate survivors. Then he would begin his march south raping and pillaging the land acquiring new sons to replace those that must fall to achieve his victory.

His mighty bear steed plodded along as he slowly made his way back to the Fist of the First Men. He had to prepare the mirage that would be the final act that would insure his victory.

His victory was assured.

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Missandei

“Aarrgggnnnnnnn!” Missandei roared again in the privacy of her wagon. It was early evening and they had reached the days camp. She had just swept the papers she was trying to decipher onto the floor of her wagon. The fourteen pages and flown into the air and then fallen down to the floor and onto her night stand table with gentle wafting arcs as they settled down. The blizzard of sheets now at rest.

The Queen’s speech while it had been heart lifting and she knew that the Queen had seen the truth of the matter and spoke the truth she was still angered by her failure to solve what had become the riddle of her life. She laughed in derision at her inability to solve the riddle of the pages now strewn on the floor. She knew that the message that lay hidden in the words of boring everyday life in the House of Frey must be valuable or why else had her green eyed benefactor penetrated the Red Keep to deliver it to her.

Missandei had mostly kept her ire in check for the ten days since the Queen’s visit even though each day her rancor and discord rose ever hotter in her breast. She started to feel that her blood was running as hot as Drogon’s with her anger and frustration.

Each day it was the same. She sought to decipher the pages but each day she was left frustrated. She would finish the day of frustration and then leave her wagon to enjoy the evening air. As they moved north the air became colder and carried a bite to it. She was heavily bundled in several furs and two sets of breeches. Her hands encased in mittens. She would quickly run to the cook fires to
Missandei was from island nation of Naath in the Summer Sea. Her land was also called the Isle of Butterflies for a reason. The warm clime conducive to flowers and the butterflies that thrived drinking nectars from the flowers. Her body was breed for warmth and not cold. She was freezing when outside!

In her walks she acknowledged and talked to her fellow travelers.

Oberyn had seemingly gotten over his strange behavior with her. Well mostly. He joked that she looked like she was in a chastity belt and then suddenly looked around and behind him his body tensed as if expecting to be viciously attacked. He looked around for a long minute before he settled down.

She heard him saying underneath his breath “Yes no lascivious thoughts, no lascivious thoughts.” That was like asking the full moon to not shine forth on a dark night. She in fact liked the man. She was both happy and miffed with the man. She was happy that he had not come onto her like he was reported to do with women he was attracted to. She was conversely miffed because he had not found her attractive enough to pursue. She knew she was being unfair but her emotions were aflutter with her thoughts of her longed for green eyed lover.

She may be a lesbian but what woman did not want to feel attractive. Messandei sadly reflected that her true love had never seemed to appear again to her. She was courted by her maid staff who were now leaving so much cleavage exposed their breast nearly fell out of their bodices. They were at the door to her wagon each morning showing off their charms. Their breeches nearly falling off their hips exposing delicious skin. She noticed their bodies. She even desired them but she clung to her childish dreams of giving her virtue to “The Woman” who had nearly taken mythological status with the young scribe.

She knew she should move on and enjoy the pleasures of the flesh. Life was indeed fleeting and she would only be young and nubile once. She should partake of the women offering themselves to her now. She would feel her resolve to be chaste and hold herself for her love start to weaken. Then she would again see those beautiful green eyes and her resolve stiffened.

She took her dish of ham and gravy biscuits with cut green beans and radishes. She drank the special blend of tea from Yi Ti called Jin Jun Mei. Missandei loved the sweet, fruity and flowery flavor with its long lasting sweet after-taste. The brew’s bright reddish color exotic to her senses.

Missandei ate her food daintily with her back ramrod straight and her eating utensils properly held just so. She ate the food with the highest of etiquette protocol. She ate with measured dignified bites. The scribe listened to the high lords gathered around the Lord’s table talking and laughing. Oberyn was in his usual form snipping at everyone and taking their pithy remarks with aplomb. The man seemed to thrive on ranking with his peers.

She looked over at her Queen and Arya as they talked quietly together. Dany had scooted her chair over to sit beside Arya’s and they talked leaning towards each other. They talked and first one head or the other would rock back in soft laughter. They smiled at each other softly that screamed love and neither could see it! She watched Arya reach out and pull a few stray strands of Dany’s silver tresses and put it behind Dany’s ear. The act so gentle and endearing.

They would see their love for each other soon. They just had too.

Missandei longed to have her lover run her fingers through her hair. Her Afro would not give her love that option but she would happily twine her love’s hair behind her ear. Missandei would gaze
lovingly into her bright green eyes. That was the one thing she could remember about her love from her dreams. Those beautiful ethereal green eyes.

The first dream had been the night the satchel had come into her room. The dream had not returned until the night the Queen had spoken to her. Then it had not occurred again for five nights but now it had occurred for the last three nights. She would awaken all hot and flustered. She would look around and call out but no answered. No one was in her room.

Each night she would wake up from her dreams feeling loved and almost worshiped. She knew she was being watched. She would look down at the foot of her bed and see her Caracal Shadowclaw. Her cat would be deep in sleep. Whoever was coming into her room was so stealthy that her cat did not sense her.

She had tried to force herself awake the instant the dreams of being watched and now touched filled her with a sense of being protected and longed for. It had frustrated the living hell out of her to awake alone each night she felt the presence. How was her love escaping her?! She had locked her door from the inside and it was always still locked. She would examine the lock but it was seemingly unharmed and locked. She wanted her love so bad.

Missandei would awaken flustered and very, very horny. She was waiting to be seduced and ravaged and it was not happening! She had then frustrated her sweet Caracal with her hurried stripping out of her sheer nightgown and spreading her legs to masturbate in a frenzy of wild cumming again and again as she flipped and screamed her pleasure. She knew her wagon was a rocking and she just didn’t care if anyone came a knocking. Her poor cat and guardian would leap over to the desk to find safety as her master rubbed her muff to more wailing womb rending orgasms. She would fuck herself to exhaustion and go to sleep sweaty and cum soaked after pulling up the covers.

She had read many tomes on lesbian lovemaking over the last few years. She was an adept student. She smiled lazily to herself. She had learned not only how to please other women but how to expertly pluck her own body to wailing cunt immolating orgasms. The little scribe felt like her pussy was tearing itself inside out she cummed so hard. Missandei would rock her woman’s world when she gave her the “butterfly kiss” on her clit. It was from the lands above Yi Ti and in a book called the Karma Sutra of Lesbos.

Missandei had again exhausted herself with intense, focused masturbation. Her pussy was exhausted but oh so happy. She would feel Shadowclaw jump back on her bed and pad around in a circle making her nest for the rest of the night before settling back down.

Missandei was calming down from her continued failure. Dany had indeed made her feel better with her talk. She knew that without the necessary cypher key she would never be able to solve the riddle. Missandei was confused by her dream lover. Why would she only look at and caress her but not help her solve the problem was maddening. She longed for her but she was beginning to feel distress and rising anger. Her dream lover had to know how important to the Queen these correspondence was. How important it was to solve. Why was she not helping Missandei?

No no maybe she does not have the cypher Missandei told herself. Maybe she had done all she could for her. Then why not reveal herself to Missandei so she could love Missandei’s body and she in return make love to her. Missandei felt a little foolish as she ate her meal. She was sure this dream lover was real but she could not help but have doubts. It could be her overactive teenage mind seeing what did not exist.

The scribe finished her meal and had a second cup of Jin Jun Mei tea. Missandei relaxed letting the tension flow from her body. Her queen was of course right but it relieved for only a little while the
building tension she felt in not being able to solve the riddle of “The Crow Flies in Square Circles.” How big was the darn circle and therefore the size the square and what was as important what was the focal point. Where did she need to put the point of the compass needle? It was so frustrating.

She watched the stars come out and she looked up at the Milky Way as the people in Westeros called the band of stars that filled the dark night clear sky. She thought of the name in her native tongue Clá Mór na Réaltaí "Great Fence of the Stars". The stars were so beautiful the way their dots of light stretched from horizon to horizon. The band of light riding from the high quadrant in the sky to her left and dipping down to the Earth to her right. The dark streaks in the middle of light. What did the dark signify? Life, death or did it have no meaning. Missandei wondered what those points of light may be. Gods or celestial beings cavorting in some far off heaven?

Missandei relaxed for another hour as the sky turned midnight black. She looked out across the grassy plains at the many tents and fires for heat. Some meals were prepared at those fires but the established camps did most of the cooking of the main meals to make sure the troops received wholesome nutritious meals to maintain their body’s strength and mass as the march to the North was continued. Dany was a strong believer that an Army traveled on its stomach and feet. She made sure that her troops were well fed and well shod.

They still had a long way to go to reach their end goal of the Wall.

Missandei looked out into the darkness and pushed her tongue into the side of her teeth and clicked several times. Shadowclaw came bounding in from darkness and rubbed against her calves and knees purring loudly looking up at her with hopeful eyes.

Missandei reached down and scratched her Caracal behind the ears as she rubbed her cheeks into her Mistress showing her pleasure and marking her master as hers and only hers. The cat looked around making sure no others were moving in on her territory. The cat sat down and looked up at Missandei with expectant eyes. Missandei laughed as she always did. She grabbed the small bowel filled with choice cuts of pork chop and loin back.

The cat wolfed down the succulent cubes of pork greedily until the bowl was empty and the cat licked its mouth and teeth and then brought up a paw to wet with its raspy tongue. Shadowclaw then rubbed and stroked her face cleaning it of traces of meat and blood all the time purring in contented gluttony. Seeing her cat so happy always made the scribe’s heart beat in contentment. Shadowclaw was so loving and loyal.

Missandei scratched her companion’s ears and the scruff on her neck. The interpreter idly let her thoughts drift to how she could be rubbing another pussy. One she would make purr even louder.

She felt her face blush and was again thankful for her dark complexion that hid her naughty thoughts. She was getting flustered about her dream lover. It was time to go to her wagon and clean up the mess she had made of the sheets of parchment that tormented her.

The thought of again toiling away in frustration did not appeal to the little scribe. Suddenly her previous thought came back to Missandei. She did have a kitty she could pet and make purr. Plus, she hoped it would achieve something else. Maybe she could increase the ante as she had learned in poker. Missandei got up and said her goodnights to the assembled Lords and to her Queen and in name only royal hostage.

Missandei made her way to her wagon and climbed up the steps and opened the door to what she smirked was her own little fiefdom. It paid to be the Queen’s most trusted advisor and confident the little teenager from Naath thought. Her wagon was twenty feet long and five and half feet wide. She opened the door to her wagon and entered. The stewards had lit the oil lamps on the hooks of
the arching ribs that provided the frame for the wooden slates that made the body of the wagon. The wood caulked and treated with resins to keep the rain out.

Inside on the wall at the front of the wagon was a five foot wide bed that spanned the width of the wagon. It paid to be short sometimes Missandei chuckled to herself. She could sleep lengthwise on the bed. Her four foot eleven inch frame was small enough to comfortably sleep without having to twist to compress her body. Even her loose curls had enough room with not too much compression of her hair.

On the left wall was a desk that was three feet wide. It was here that she worked. She had dresser drawers built into the bed underneath her mattress. The wagon wide enough to let her pass the constructions with a small walk way between them and the other outside wall.

There was two four legged braziers that rose up to four feet of height that had a large iron bowl in the circular support rings. These iron bowls had been filled with long burning coal to give the room warmth. The four oil lamps on hooks on the arc supports had the wicks half out and a soft warm glow filled the room.

The Dothraki had made a small bed for her Caracal that she petted it for Shadowclaw to get in. Her cat turned her nose up at it and jumped up onto her bed and watched her defiantly. Each night Missandei tried to get her caracal to sleep on the pallet but she refused. Missandei had spoiled her rotten. Her cat would normally settle into the inside corner of her master’s bed in a tight ball to go to sleep. Now she sat on the end of the bed and cleaned herself with her rasping tongue.

The stewards had picked up the fourteen sheets of parchment and placed them on the desk. She had enough of those darned sheets for the day and now night. She quickly undid the hooks and clamps to her dress and let it drop to the floor. Her personal female stewards would bring her dress freshly pressed in the morning when they would knock on her door politely a half hour after dawn. Missandei would eye them as their charms spilled out low cut bodices and tight asses jutted out showing off those charms. She would smile and thank them as they hemmed and hawed asking if she needed any help. She could ask them to do anything. Anything at all and they would be happy to help her. She would send them off politely if frustrated. She had to be strong for her mysterious green eyed lover.

She wondered why sometimes but she knew somehow that this love was something precious. Missandei would then dress and join the Queen and Arya for a light breakfast.

She picked up her dress off the floor and folded it neatly over the back of her chair before the desk. The young scribe shivered in want and need. Shadowclaw knew that look and quickly jumped off the bed and onto the small pallet bed prepared by the Dothraki until the rising storm had passed. She eyed her master dubiously. The caracal was ready to go to sleep!

Missandei stretched out on the bed and her fingers began to work their special magic on her body. Soon she was panting and moaning as her body filmed with sweat and her fingers worked her swollen muff and rubbed and rolled her labia lips and jacked into and over her clit. Her fingers soaked in the flowing effluent out her excited throbbing quim. A hand moved up with wet cum slicked fingers to roll and roughly massage her breast and fingers moving up to pinch and jerk on engorged rubbery teats.

Soon the little interpreter was screaming as her body flipped and jackknifed hard. Missandei’s hips jacked up high and hard off the mattress again and again. Her hips throwing her gushing cunt up into the air as the fingers of her left hand blurred over her shrieking clit. Her jerking fingers over her clit and labia lips had cum droplets arching up and the droplets splattering all over her belly, cunt and inner thighs as they clenched and spasmed. She worked her pussy wringing every ounce of pleasure
she could from her twat.

Again and again Missandei worked her swollen cunt jerking herself off to womb rending orgasms that had her screaming and flipping wildly. Her pussy sounded so sodden and slurpy wet as she jilled off four more times. Her voice was hoarse rough from all her screams of shocking almost excoriating ecstacy.

The last orgasm totally destroyed her little brown body. It went multiple as one hand with forked fingers squeezed in on her clitoral hood and squirted her shiny nubbin up out its sheath so her left hand cum soaked fingers could buzz her exploding clit. Her body had convulsed so hard her eyes rolled back into her skull and short jerked violently. She imaged her lover sucking her off with wild abandon and pure love. Her heels and elbows hammered the bed out of control as her screams echoed in her small oasis. The storm of her orgasms slowly left leaving her entire body soaked in cum and sweat. Missandei lay sprawled out on her bed her pussy purring and sore with that sweet worn out feeling of being well fucked.

She took a deep breath and moaned hard. Her musk was so thick and overpowering in her room. She had left a special present for her dream lover. She pulled up the sheet and the furs over her drenched in sweat and cum body. Missandei wiggled into her cocoon of furs getting comfortable. She hoped her intuition was correct. She was quickly falling asleep. She had a smile on her face.

The attendants knew that Missandei liked a warm room and the braziers had been filled with coke so as to burn hot and long making her room warm and toasty to the Naathi. She left the furs she had pulled up her body to just below her breasts. Her full bosom still rolling drops of sweat down their slopes of her fully exposed tits. She wanted her breast all sweaty and on full display.

She felt Shadowclaw jump up on the foot bed and knead it as she circled around preparing her nest. Soon the cat was curled up on the bed sleeping. Missandei quickly following her cat into the arms of the sleep goddess, Lusraw, with a soft smile on her face.

She was so spent and her body was thrumming with that feeling that only came to a woman when her cunt was simply worn out and oh so happy. Comfortable and spent Missandei quickly fell asleep. She was dreaming of burying her face in her faceless woman’s pussy happily munching away. Her books told her all she needed to know on how to give pleasure. Her body was a virgin but her mind was prepared to give and take pleasure.

Missandei knew she had only been asleep for a few short minutes. Then her dream lover was there. Somehow the small scribe could feel her presence even though she was asleep. She felt her woman kneel beside the bed and spend a long moment looking at her. She could feel her lover breathing deep and moaning. She smelled her musk and was being turned on! She smirked in her sleep. Yessssss!

Then small delicate fingers reached out and caressed her face with a feathery touch and run through her hair as she heard her woman’s breathing getting ragged. Then the fingers were caressing her face sensually and tracing down her chest and nearing her breast as her lover began to moan louder. Yessssssss! Her plan was working. Her scent had shocked and overwhelmed her lover and her sweaty body was enrapturing her woman. She was going to finally see and make love to her woman! She was so excited to finally see her. Missandei shook her mind and started to wake.

She suddenly felt her woman back away. Wha … NO! The scribe’s mind shrieked feeling her sweet love pull back. Missandei then felt her woman’s finger touch her forehead and she fell into deep slumber.

She awoke several hours later her internal clock told her. She nearly cried out in frustration. Her
lover had fled! Missandei cried out and sat up to wail her frustration. She stopped. Shadowclaw
woke up too and meowed her displeasure at being woken up suddenly. Something brushed against
Missandei’s face as she woke up from her deep slumber. Missandei opened her eyes. The room was
lit with a medium light from the braziers still burning brightly along with the oil lamps. The room
was very warm.

She realized that her lover had left the room warm for her. The furs dropped down her body covered
in dried sweat and cum. She loved feeling slutty but she forget all about that when she finally
understood what she was seeing. In the room the pages of the manuscripts were floating in the air.
The pages floating and wafting around slowly. They looked like snowflakes drifting on unseen air
currents. Her draft compass was whirling around in a circle with the compass needle in one place
but the device itself was pivoting at all angles.

The compass first circling low and then high. She had folded the compass closed but it had been
separated. Her eyes widen. Her dream lover had separated it. A hot rush ran through her.
Missandei’s body filled with bright sudden hope. Then she saw it. It was page seven. The other
pages were softly floating and bobbing in the air. This page was not doing that. The other pages
fluttered slightly as they floated. Page seven was rotating on two corner in a quick spinning motion.
The two edges that were the axis pivots were softly glowing green. This page was rigid as it spun
around and around at a quick pace.

Oh sweet gods. The message was clear. The compass had been set to the proper distance apart.
That was the size of the necessary circle. She could now make the square at the proper size. She
now knew the sheet that had the cipher key in it. She got up from her bed and naked walked over to
the spinning sheet. She looked at it reverently. Her lover had come to her rescue. She gave a silent
thank you to her nameless lover. She loved her—Missandei. She just knew it.

The page gradually slowed its spinning. She reached up with a shaky hand and touched the page as
it spun. It suddenly stopped and it fluttered to the desk right side up. She saw a green glow on the
page slightly off to the left of center. She looked down and saw the words Twin Towers glowing
green. They suddenly flared and the green glow was gone.

Missandei immediately missed that bright green glow. The scribe from Naath bent down to look at
the manuscript page. She wondered what was so special about this “Twin Towers”. These words
were liberally spread throughout the document. She looked again at the document. She saw the
smallest of ink blots between the two words exactly in the center of Twin Towers. Her breathing
accelerated. She put the point of the compass needle on the center of the blot. She spun her
compass.

Missandei squealed in wild happiness. She had a regular lead pencil in the device. The line that was
drawn was bright green not black.

“Yes yes yes yes!” Missandei shouted.

She got her square and pieces of string. Soon she had her square drawn out and she looked carefully
at the letters and looked at the cryptic sentence working the possible number combinations.

Missandei worked feverishly. The sun was beginning to lighten the Eastern sky when she had
finished breaking the code and deciphered the message hidden within the document.

“Oh. My. Gods!” Missandei almost ran out of her wagon nude. She quickly picked up her wrinkled
dress off the back of the chair and put it on enough to cover her charms and ran out the wagon with
the manuscript in her hand.
“Dany!”

Daenerys

The Queen was standing beside Drogon and rubbing his special spot on his lower left jaw. The mighty black dragon rumbled and pushed into the fingers that rubbed back and forth giving him tingly pleasure. The dragon pressing into the fingers to get them rubbing harder as the Queen absent mindedly rubbed his “itch” spot.

Daenerys was looking out into the practice field that had been setup. They were at the next “waypoint” that gave the men and horses time to recuperate from the long march north. They had passed over the Green Fork on the Jaehaery Bridge erected in the time of King Viserys I. They were on the King’s Road one week up now past the border of the Riverlands as they moved deeper into the lands of House Tully.

She was waiting for Barristan’s return atop Viserion from his trip back to King’s Landing to converse with Tyrion, Varys and Olenna. She could feel that her son was still fifteen minutes out.

Daenerys remembered her first sparring sessions with Renly and Stannis. She had fought them earlier and had held her own. Both men were accomplished fighters and had their brother’s size though neither were quite as tall or broad of shoulder. She knew that singly she could defeat either of them but together they should prove a true challenge that had Daenerys unsure of the outcome. They all wore chainmail to allow for full contact sword play. Daenerys had used her speed and quickness to her advantage. She would feint and pivot to their sides and attack and she constantly used one or the other of the brothers as a shield from the other.

They had her constantly on the defense but she held her own and still landed hard blows on their legs and arms while they landed none. Daenerys still chuckled now that she had a chance to calm down how Stannis kept saying it was unknightly for him and his brother to fight a woman. Especially, with two men against a ‘damsel’. That last had steamed her royally. The man tried to not be a bigot but sometimes he simply could not stop himself. It did not matter that the Queen was the one doing the kicking of ass!

It had been Renly that good naturedly cajoled his older brother to partake in the training.

“Come on brother—consider it a royal edict. Who knows you might actually show me something. I doubt it but you might. Or is Oberyn right about your martial prowess?”

Stannis had been a wild man at first as he attacked savagely. Daenerys knew his manly honor had been pricked by his brother. The Queen’s quick defense and quick counterattack had tempered his mad rushes. Feeling her sword slash over his legs and arms repeatedly started to temper Stannis’s thoughts of it being unseemly to attack a woman. Especially when Daenerys would verbally jab him “Did liddle ole me just hit you big ole buff man … hummmmmm?”

“Oh man brother. Our Queen is dissing your ass man!”

Stannis’s teeth grounding had been sweet music to Daenerys ears.

Now Daenerys was watching her Arya fight the same brothers. She noticed that Stannis had no problem fighting her woman. Having one woman get the better of him on the practice had started to enlighten the ‘grinder of teeth’ as Dany many times thought of the elder brother. She watched Arya deflect another blow from Stannis and land a sever wounding slice on his ribs if for real. Daenerys
had decided to stop pretending that was not her endgame stratagem. Watching the wolf girl’s prowess made Dany hot. Seeing Arya show the martial prowess she had always dreamed of in her Queen had Dany in a near swoon. She wanted Arya and would do all in her power to woe her into loving her.

*After the war was fought and won.*

Around Daenerys, Stannis walked as if he had a rod up his ass like his brother was always saying and he ground his teeth constantly. She was sure a lot of the problem was the succession question. She knew Renly thought he would make a great king but he easily acquiesced that she had taken the throne and moved on. She sensed that Stannis in his honor would accept it and never rise in sedition but it did not mean he would not be constipated over the whole situation.

The man was also practical. She had arrived with a whole army and navy already at her back and disposal. She had then united Westeros behind her rule. He was simply outclassed. The Crownlands and Riverlands were predisposed to give their loyalty anyways to House Targaryen by tradition and history.

Stannis could never rouse the force to make a legitimate claim and the man’s sense of honor would never allow him to even contemplate a nefarious manner of taking the Iron Throne. It was simply beyond the man. That was a very high mark for the man. He was honorable like Eddard Stark he just did not have the ‘common’ touch. Nor was he imaginative enough to ever play the Game of Thrones.

But with Arya, Stannis was subtly different. They were fighting in the same two vs. one dance. Where she had been at best neutral fighting them often on the defense Arya was mostly on the attack. She had completely mastered the use of two swords when she could. With the truly supreme gifted broadsword master like Barristan and Brienne she reverted back to one hand. She would catch the sword with her needle and then blunt the thrust and slow and then bring her other sword down and jam the blade unsettling the attacker. She would then ride both blades up the other blade.

One was trained to handle one blade but not two! That split second of which blade to deflect had led to their defeat several times now. Arya would lure attackers in as they focused on attacking her broadsword and Arya who had become adept at thrusting her bastard Rapier into joint points of the armor or the nasty habit of jamming her needle into the top of your foot and if real piercing it and nailing it to the ground. Daenerys and Syrio had both more than once hopped around on one foot cursing Arya with colorful language that made the innocent in such language blush.

Now Arya used another little tactic or “dirty trick” she had developed. She sidestepped a thrust by Stannis (she had just tripped up Renly and he had stumbled and was recovering his balance) and used Needle to keep Stannis’s blade out from his body. As she passed by him she landed her shoulder into his back and ribs and shoved hard. He stumbled forward which allowed Arya to get separation between their bodies. Arya now threw Needle forward with a twist of her wrist. The point slammed between Stannis’s shoulders. The throw had been very restrained but with full force the point of the blade would have penetrated his chainmail and sunk deep into his body.

Stannis stood their sputtering.

“She got you Bro’” his brother gleefully shouted out.

“That’s cheating! Who said she could even use two swords at the same time! That … that … that is unfair!”

“Pphhlllaaattttt!” was Arya’s response. “I’m the winner!” Daenerys watched Arya start to do a
jerky jig in celebration. Dany arched her eyebrow again at the sight. Arya was getting a little cocky with her increasing skills. It made her cute. She was not obnoxious with it but she definitely celebrated her victories. The Queen knew she could say nothing with her pouting when she lost and preening when she won.

What the Valyrian found disconcerting was how Arya could be sheer poetry on the practice field and she knew it would translate on the battlefield, but how that did not seem to translate to the dance floor. What the Queen found horrifying was how terribly Arya danced. It was stiff and uncoordinated. She was cute jutting out her ass but that did not excuse her horrible rhythm.

Stannis glared at the horrible dance his mouth hanging open in shock. Daenerys knew the man was thinking how in the hell could this no dancing fool just defeat him on the practice field. Stannis then came stomping over to Daenerys. “Did you see that? Did you see what you royal hostage just did? That was totally un honorable!”

From the practice field “Stop you whining Uncle Stannis! I won you lost … Yes yes yes!—whooaaaa!” Arya was crowing and jerking her swords up into the air when Renly came roaring in attacking her and Arya had to get back in her combat stance.

“Stannis stop your bleating and get back out here brother! We’ve got a damsel to cut down to size!” Renly shouted.

Stannis grimaced and ground his teeth “I hold you responsible for this ignominy Daenerys Targaryen!” he shouted and ran back to the battle “Have at you!” he roared as Arya sidestepped his mad bull rush laughing gaily. Daenerys saw that Stannis was moving lighter. The old coot was enjoying it but would never admit it. To their credit they were adjusting to Arya’s skills and speed and were receiving less hits on their limbs and now only occasional strikes to torsos or helms.

Viserion and Barristan were only five minutes out now. They would be visible soon as they were flying fairly close to the ground so they were not visible yet.

The Queen contemplated the movement of her troops north. Her camps now were reaching up further into the North. In the near future she would have to decide if she would press on with the creations of her camps forward of the main march of her forces. Her vanguard were now approaching Moat Cailin. Her forces were still totally left alone. They were definitely being observed from afar but the forces always retreated further north as her forces pressed on.

Her beachheads were now filling up with the Houses of the South that were moving forward to the King’s Road or massing the in the gifts. She needed to make a decision soon on how to fully deploy her forces. All but Oberyn were convinced that they were heading to Winterfell to fight Eddard or lay siege if necessary to put the usurper in his place. She could afford to continue her march north as it was for a while longer. She did not want to go too far and antagonize the populace but she had to plan for the contingency that she had misread the man. She knew she hadn’t but as a prudent commander she must not over reach before she had met the man or been given a portent that would unite all in common cause.

Also, Dany knew that the neck would be a natural place to attack if they wanted to fight in a place that was constricted. Her dragons would be able to attack the forces in the open so she doubted that would be a place of battle but it was still a possibility if Eddard Stark did indeed have treachery in his heart.

The other thing that weighed heavily on the Queen’s mind was the information that Eddard and Edmure had two vipers close to their bosom. She had been shocked at the news of treachery. It seemed that even the most honorable of men could still have a snake amongst them. The House of
Bolton in the North and the House of Frey in the Riverlands planned on turning on Eddard and falling on his ranks from the rear when the battle at the Wall began. It was left unsaid as to whom these two traitorous houses were aligning with. She knew who they would have aligned with. It would have made her life so much easier to have to not worry on this.

She still had no proof the traitorous houses were aligning with the Ice King beyond what Missandei had deciphered. She had been sure that she had already killed that vile loathsome being. It had taken her some time to accept that she not finished off the Ice King. She still found it hard to believe he and its vile spawn on his back could have survived the savagery of her and her dragons attack. The Queen also found it hard to believe that anyone would align their fortunes to that loathsome thing. She had seen and she believed in what she and Eddard must fight.

Daenerys knew that the Lords of the South would explain away the threat. She knew what they would say to her. She was imagining things. She had only fought some supreme fighter of the Free Folk. They had not been there to see this man whose body was like a pale glacier and the vile loathsome thing on his neck. She could understand their thoughts. She would not really have believed in the Ice King if she had not fought him before the Tree of Life. If she had not fought his vile Ice children that she, Barristan and her dragons had killed by the score.

Daenerys had never considered until Missandei had run to her with her normally immaculate self all disheveled that she would have to deal with treachery in her own forces. What her scribe had to tell her Queen had her body immediately shaking with ire. She had been enraged and burned with anger at what her intrepid scribe had deciphered. She wanted to take these men and garrote them. She had never researched to heavily the Houses of the North since her focus had been on subduing the Houses of the South which were much more a direct threat when she had first come to Westeros. She had seen the House standard of House Bolton and Barristan had not had anything good to say of the man which he normally did. Barristan told his Queen of the rumors. She had disliked Roose Bolton even then and could not put a finger on it. Now she knew why. He was a traitor! He and House Frey would wait for the battle to start and then fall on Eddard’s forces from the rear.

Daenerys had gone deathly quiet hearing what Missandei had deciphered. She would flay his skin off his body herself! It would be a fitting punishment. To make the man suffer the same torture he seemed so willing to give. If he survived the battlefield that would be his fate. She would again tap the woman who had devastated the slave trade. She controlled that darker aspect of herself now but she would let it slip enough to dispense this justice that was so richly deserved.

Daenerys called her small military Clatch as she thought of it to her in her command tent. In her tent she had sat with Barristan, Syrio, Oberyn, Missandei and Arya her love. Daenerys liked the sound of that. She liked the sound of wife even better. She got into her meeting. Unfortunately, it could not provide much insight to the two traitorous Houses. She needed more insight.

Syrio and Missandei were naturally out of the equation for intelligence on the two Houses. Barristan had been a knight in the South and on the King’s Guard. The matters of politics and House dynamics in the North had not interested him. He had already told the Queen what little he knew of Roose Bolton. Barristan could only add that Walder Frey who called himself the Lord of the Crossing was a man obsessed with moving his Houses’ station up. Barristan related that Walder Frey was always trying to marry his children, mainly women, off to higher ranked houses to put his lineage in line closer to the Major Houses in Westeros. It was almost an obsession for the old man.

Barristan paused and then with great charity said the man was a “shriveled up old prune”. Daenerys had chuckled inside at that. For Barristan this was the equivalent of Barristan throwing a cursing fit. Barristan related that Walder Frey was vile and queer in his perceived slights to a House that was not worth much in Barristan’s estimation. Only their castle being located in such a strategic location
gave the family any importance. Barristan was still shocked that the man could even conceive of such an act. Barristan did not think Walder had the “intestinal fortitude for it.”

“I think you mean balls. He’s a jackoff. The man can barely even spurt anymore. What would you call that anyways Barristan?” Oberyn chirped.

“Yes. Well. Though this seems to be ahhhh ... uummmm ... some what crude ... I mean ... uuhhh”

“Spunk, jizm, seed, splogy, sperm, cock cream, jerk sauce” Oberyn supplied more possible words trying to be helpful to the knight.

Daenerys looked at her old precious friend. Barristan had gone beet red. Her longtime friend was a prude. She then looked around the table and saw that Arya was also turning red in the face also. Daenerys sighed. She had wanted to see just how long Oberyn could keep going.

“Ejaculate, snail snot, onions, shaft of iron, pecker spit, …”

“Okay Oberyn. I think we get the message.

“But I got so many more!” Oberyn whined. “I am only trying to help” he smirked.

Daenerys cocked an elegant white eyebrow at the man. Oberyn gave a dramatic sigh as he acted aggrieved and smirked.

Oberyn now being serious said had nothing he could add. In Dorne he knew nothing of House Frey and only that Roose Bolton and his bastard son were literally, well, bastards.

The Queen looked to her ‘royal hostage’. She was of the North. Arya could only add that the Roose Bolton creeped her out with his pale body and raspy body. She had never really met him avoiding matters of state that her father attended to. Arya did know the man used leeches to do bloodletting to fight disease and illness though he was so drained looking she wondered if the cure was worse than the malady. She told Daenerys that she sensed her father disliked the man intensely. Arya had heard her father say that Roose was a good leader for the interests of his House. His father would avoid war if he could and Roose never gave her father the justifiable reason to attack.

Daenerys thought those interests had diverged away from the Warden of the North’s interest indeed. Daenerys was willing to crush evil for its own sake. She had learned how evil could hide in plain sight seeming to be just and fair. When in reality they merely waited for the moment to strike. Most preferably from behind. Daenerys would rather strike first and annihilate that evil. She had not waited for the Slave cities to attack her from behind. She had met them head on and shattered them. She would do the same to Roose Bolton if she needed.

Dany introspective thoughts were interrupted by Arya. “You will tell my father won’t you Dany?”

Daenerys was slightly offended that Arya could even conceive of the question but calmed herself. Arya was not a player in the Game of Thrones and in many ways an innocent. “I will most definitely tell your father immediately upon our meeting. I hate sedition and together we will crush these loathsome houses.”

“Now we’re talking!” Oberyn slammed his fist on the table. “Please let it be my spear that guts and spits these craven dogs!”

“We shall see Oberyn. It may be my sword (the man pouted) or Eddard’s that dispenses justice. We shall see.”
“Aaahhhhh Dany!” Oberyn whined.

The Queen considered what to do. The persons with her did not know much of these houses. This did not surprise the Queen. Syrio and Barristan were military men. Not spies. Syrio had some of those of duties back in Braavos but that was a different life. Here in Westeros he had different duties. The Queen had others to do those duties. Unfortunately, under normal circumstances they did not have much infrastructure in those houses. By infrastructure the Queen meant spies.

The reports that the Queen had read on the houses had not been illuminating. She had not been looking for sedition so had not worried over the paucity of information. They were not main players and thus little was known on those houses or other lesser houses. They did not tend to play the Game of Thrones and thus were not given much thought by the Iron Throne.

Looking back the reports were less than satisfying. Varys and Olenna’s spies had not been particularly active in those houses focusing more on House Stark, Tully and the Vale with the current situation. Also, House Frey was considered to be an inconsequential House. Walder Frey was held in high contempt and little import by all the spy services in Westeros. He was vain and a little man was the description all the intelligence came too. Not only figuratively but literally. “He really is a prune” Barristan reported earnestly looking over the information they did have on the man. The new insights minimal.

The spy services had not heard anything of sedition but without the focus of the spies on those houses then it was conceivable that such a conspiracy could be planned and not reach them. The problem now was that it would take weeks to contact their potential moths, spiders and sparrows. The spies would first have to insinuate themselves into the halls and meetings room. That took time to do so unnoticed or to build up accomplishments through payments of money, influence or the old standby: sex. Only then could they begin to start to gather data and make correlations. Then the data would have to be sent back to King’s Landing and then up to the Queen.

All of this would take time that was not available.

Also, most of the main conspirators were in the field with Eddard now. Their nefarious plans had already taken root and bloomed. The Queen and her leaders would be meeting with Eddard before the main battle and they would relay word at that time. Daenerys planned on meeting Eddard at Winterfell or sooner if possible. There would be time to relay word and plan for the curs. They would be led to reveal their true natures. Then she would attack. She would deal with the old man Walder Frey after the battle. They knew that Walder was involved but he of course would be keeping himself quiet, safe and sound in the Twin Towers. The man was far too old to take to the field of battle.

That did not matter to the Queen. Daenerys would not let Walder Frey escape justice.

What Oleanna and Tyrion had been able to provide was background information on the two heads of those Houses. They could not tell of plans but of their vile natures that showed them capable of such nefarious deeds. They were vile and scum. The only thing that Walder could do well it seemed was marry poor helpless women. Daenerys shivered for the women. She was gay but someone like Eddard, Oberyn or even the Baratheon brothers were not hideous to behold. Gods what did those women think having to sleep with that vile loathsome slug? Then having to crap out that leech (oops wrong house) that worms offspring. She shook her head.

How the hell was that fossil able to get that many women heavy with child? Over and over? She had gotten a headache trying to follow the family tree of that House. The mere thought of Walder Frey forcing himself on those women made Daenerys’ blood to boil. She knew those women had no choice! Walder Frey made Robert Baratheon look like a saint. At least those women had chosen
freely to sleep with the Baratheon. House Frey was totally unremarkable. They had no renown on the battlefield or in court. Roose may use leeches but Walder Frey looked like a leech!

The Queen turned her thoughts to the other traitorous House. House Bolton was led by Roose Bolton who did indeed use leeches heavily. Daenerys wondered how well the leeches would do their medicinal work if she stuffed them up Bolton’s ass and down his throat. She learned of his keeping alive the tradition of First Right and bedding virgin wives. Yes indeed those leeches would be put in deep into his orifices. Could you stuff a leech down a penis?

Daenerys had assumed that the house sigil of the flayed man had been figurative until Barristan had enlightened his Queen that the whispers said it was still so. She had originally thought that at most the standard was a representation of a practice long since dispensed with. She had shockingly been told that he actively performed such deeds even now even though he denied it. All knew he was guilty no matter his prostrations. Varys had sparrows that chirped that it was so but it was always the proverbial “I heard it from a friend of a friend”. Never a direct I was there. No one had proof but all knew.

Dany thought this wise of the man. He would do the act in front of his closest and most trusted of confidents. This kept the man safe from the Warden of the North. A man whose honor required that absolute proof be found before he waged war on a house underneath his own banner.

Daenerys Targaryen did not require such proof. The circumstantial proof was damning. In the courts of the Free Cities such proof led to convictions. It was so here in the court in the Queen’s mind. He was guilty and he would be brought down and his house with him if the cancer was too far spread.

The cancer seemed to have spread to his ‘bastard’ son. The fruit had indeed not fallen far from the tree it would seem. Roose’s bastard son had his own rumors of villainy. It was strongly rumored he hunted down women that he tortured and then killed.

Eddard had investigated several times but he could find no evidence and no one would testify against the son of Roose Bolton. Daenerys admired Eddard Stark immensely but sometimes he was too fair and just. She knew he had intuition on equal with hers having experienced it but he sought to give the ultimate fair judgement.

Daenerys would have long ago disposed the former and killed the later. Justice would be meted out soon. Roose Bolton had had provided all the evidence she needed. For the Queen circumstantial evidence was enough. She would swoop in with her dragons and a mighty force and shock the man’s supporters into silence. Then the oppressed would come to her. When she showed her justice to their oppressors they would tell her the truth. She had seen it time and again as she crossed Essos. When the foot of oppression was lifted from the neck of the oppressed they soon felt the confidence to face their oppressors.

With what she had planned on the battlefield it would not matter anyways. The Houses would be decimated.

In an hour the meeting was over. She had delayed her mission to check once more on her convoys moving North.

“You ready to go Arya?”

The young Stark looked at her with a bright sparkle in her eyes. “Yesssss!” The girl instinctively knew what her Queen was asking.
One could only practice so much.

Thirty minutes later Arya and Nymeria were ready to leave. The direwolf had already jumped up on Drogon’s mighty back and was sprawled out asleep with her tongue lulled out. The wolf loved the heated bed of the dragon’s scales. Her dragon was looking back at the asleep wolf with his offended eyes. The dragon snorted and brought its neck back down. Dany noted her dragons always acted aggrieved by the antics of the Direwolves but they never complained or prevented the wolves from annoying them.

The High Lords were clustered around near her dragon.

“For gods sake man—do you ever shut up?!” Stannis was snarling at Oberyn.

“Why should I? I’m always right!” The Red Viper looked around most pleased with himself.

“You are insufferable.”

“But oh so loveable. Come visit me tonight and I will show you. I guarantee you I am a better fuck than your wife Selyse.”

“You are a fucking pig Oberyn. A fucking pig!”

“I noticed you did not argue about my assessment of your wife’s prowess in bed Stannis.”

The man went beet red. He looked around and stammered a moment. Then he recovered. “I repeat! You are a fucking pig!”

“That’s right. That I am. But I keep my tusk in my britches. Want to see?”

Stannis threw up his hands and stalked off muttering.

Daenerys saw Arya blushing again. She pinched her nose sighing. Did they ever stop? Deep down she found it amusing but she needed to toughen up Arya enough to enjoy the wit and banter. It was time to leave.

They bid their farewells to the High Lords and left the bickering men to their pastime.

Drogon rose up on his feet and started to run and flap his mighty black wings. In four, five strides his massive body lifted off the ground and rose up into the air his wings beating hard gaining speed. Nymeria had partially awoken with the jostling and woofed sleepily before putting her head back down on her heated mattress and going back to sleep and drooling.

The dragon spiraled up and then headed back down over the King’s Highway at three hundred feet. They flew at a fast clip but slow enough to keep Drogon fresh as his flight ate up the miles. Dany looked down and showed Arya the advancing columns moving up the King’s highway separated by three to four days of travel. This allowed the camps to prepare for the next wagon trains of troops and or supplies. The four trains they passed over heading deep into the Stormlands had been three supply and one troop of heavy cavalry. The supply wains were filled with food, clothing and various wares to replenish the camps and full of dragon glass tipped weapons. The cavalry train had their armor on the supply train ahead of it. There was no need to tire man and house wearing armor so far from the battlefield.

The wagons were being constructed at a furious in King’s Landing keeping the wagonwrights and their suppliers very happy. She would gift the wagons to the poorer farming families and merchants when the war was over. There would be a surfeit of wagons and other material needed for this war.
It would be unneeded after the war. Gifting it to the poor would help them live their lives and bind their loyalty all the tighter to their Queen.

The Queen asked her “royal hostage” if she could name the Houses by the standards they saw below them as they flew south by west. Arya leaned over slightly to look at the formations below her moving up on the King’s Road. Dany was impressed when Arya easily identified the Houses Coat of Arms as they passed over them. Arya’s lessons were showing great fruit. The girl learned all she set her mind too. Only the learning of Dothraki was still proving difficult with her language skills in that tongue still broken.

Arya studied the ground to her left. She spotted the standards of House Follard from the Crownlands. The standard was a Gyronny of twelve red and white; on a gold canton, a two-peaked fool's cap of red and white. Arya told her Queen the House’s words “None so Wise”. Arya then spotted the banner of House Rambton a noble house from the Crownlands sworn to House Sunglass. They blazoned their arms with a white ram's head with golden horns on red.

The next standard they flew over was from the Stormlands. It was of House Herston. Their blazoned their arms with a yellow rooster's head with red comb, within a white escutcheon, on red. “Always defiant” the words of their House.

More standards they flew over and Arya knew them all. The Queen was so impressed and happy with Arya’s diligence on her studies. Again Arya showed she would make a worthy Queen. An equal to help her Queen rule and guide the continents of Westeros and western Essos.

Arya told Dany she loved anything military and had memorized them never knowing if she might meet them in combat as she led an army of the North in great battles. Arya then paused cutely and turned red in the face. “I mean that was me fantasying about crushing the South—I mean laying waste to King’s Landing no no I mean uh taking the throne—I I …”

Daenerys laughed hard “You are only digging your grave deeper” Dany laughing again “I understand … all warriors dream of great conquest … relax Arya. You had to fight somebody to win your battles. I totally understand.”

Daenerys did. She had actually fought in wars while her sweet wolf had only did murmur plays in her head about conquest and combat. The Queen had a leer come across her face about the conquests she planned launching on Arya’s beautiful body. She would take, devour and hold onto that precious body with all her wiles and skills. Gods Arya’s pussy was going to taste so good in her mouth. Daenerys could already hear her sweet wolf’s howls as her exploding cunt was jammed hard into her Queen’s hot sucking mouth. She would make Arya lose it and hump wildly up into her devouring mouth in her orgasms. Lots and lots of orgasms. Dany flew on with many such sweet thoughts.

Daenerys was very happy with how well her camps had performed for the wagon trains traveling up the King’s Highway. Every night her troops were well fed with hot food and could stretch out in the tent cities setup. This saved the time from not having to breakout the gear each night or strike the camp in the morning. Her stewards at each camp did that. She was paying the local populace and hired the poor and unskilled from the major cities of the South to man the camps and supplement the material quartermasters. The people were getting paid and learning skills they could take back to holdfasts or use to maybe procure employment or better employment. It was a win-win situation for all.

At Hayford Castle the Queen had Drogon turned due east and soon they were out over the sea and heading out to the shipping lanes that had been established off the east coast of Westeros to move troops North. Soon they were flying over a small convoy of ships laden with Dragon Glass bound
for Seal Bay in the North. Two mighty swan ships were escorting the convoy. The tall ships resplendent with red and blue sails on the yardarms and bellowing in the wind.

The Queen had constant patrols running up and down the eastern coast of Westeros. The patrols designed to keep pirates away. She knew that many pirates were hidden in the Stepstones. More were hidden in coves along the desolate coves of Essos. Her patrols of mighty Swan ships and small flotillas of Yi Ti ships kept them in port or sailing off to the East.

She had a large blockade of Dorne ships at the foot of Dorne. This would block any incursions by the Iron born or if Tywin should lose his mind which he would not. The Tyrells were sailing in force up and down the west coast of Westeros teaching the Greatjoys caution.

Dany and Arya on Drogon flew out of Blackwater Bay and then past Dragonstone where she had three shifts furiously producing dragon glass tips for weapons and sailing them north when enough to fill three or four ships with padded crates to protect the precious weapons. With her conquered Free City navies and her alliances with the Summer Island People and the forces Yi Ti she had the naval might to fully protect and still blockade the North and especially the land above the Wall to choke off any supplies moving into the realm of the Ice King.

She had long ago choked off any smuggling into the North. She had learned that male children younger than five seemed to be the large part of the cargo. She knew deep in her heart what those children’s fates were. She had thrown huge resources in ships and marines in blocking off that trade. No ships had made it in over a year.

Daenerys flew Drogon further out into the Narrow Sea and angled north. Fifteen minutes later she saw the ninety ship convoy that had sailed around the foot of Dorne from Oldtown. It was filled with conscripts and military battalions from the reach. Troop ships and their own supply cogs ploughing forward in the four sea state. The eight foot waves had the heavily laden ships bows lifting and falling as they sliced thought the rolling swales.

Around the ships were war ships from the shipyards of the King’s Landing and the Reach with their sails blue and white and adorned with her pennant atop the tallest masts. Deanery smiled seeing that. The three headed dragon of House Targaryen. The dragons looked so fearsome fluttering in the strong breeze the fast sailing ships made.

This was her own fleet. Her Master of Ships Hugh Elicero from High Garden had done well. He had built her sixty-five Triremes that were so resplendent with all their sails bellowing and their oars pulled in and locked in their wells. The oarsmen would be used in dead sea states or in combat for maximum speed. She had wanted Arya to see this.

Dany pointed out to sea. Arya gasped. A mighty convoy of over four hundred troop and merchant ships were sailing in from Pentos, Myr and Tyrosh. Their multicolored sails with many different geometric shapes making the ships dazzling to see in the bright sunlight. The ships carried over twenty thousand troops and their gear that would hold the North most beachheads while the mercenary companies moved further inland to provide flanking protection for the forces of Westeros that would be moving to Castle Black.

Further to the east thirty sleek ships were sailing fast on the wind. Between the two columns were massive ships that raveled the swan ships in size if not elegance. These ten ships were massive merchant galleons filled with thousands of tons of rice, soybeans and various teas to feed the troops of her army. The ships rode low with their heavy load of supplies.

So many merchant ships with full wells and moving slow would normally be a tempting target. The Queen now had many such fleets sailing in all directions. A temptation she worked to suppress with
her vast armadas of combat ships she had at her disposal.

Arya and Dany marveled at the ships from the Far East. These ships were of different designs that most Westeros and those from Essos saw in the lands of the Free Cities. These ships were more slender and had only two masts but were impossibly fast. Their prows and battering rams that partially rose out of the water in the rolling waves carved to look like dragons. The sails were single color but each forward sail was adorned with a dragon. Some winged, others with only legs and some with no legs or wings. The dragons had various poses of posed violence. This was the newest war fleet that had arrived from Yi-Ti to augment the convoy escort protection.

Dany told Arya over the sound of the air on Drogon’s back that she was most pleased with the loyalty of the Yi Ti. As far as she knew no one from Westeros had ever tried to make alliance with the warlike people. They had respected Dany’s military prowess and her research into their customs, art and general culture. She had even learned to speak their tonal language fairly well. Now she had nearly mastered it. This had the Emperors fawning to make alliances with her.

The trade would make both sides much richer with the new economy being established with the destruction of the old slave trade and the beginnings of a free trade associations being created. When the creation of new wealth was offered the young Queen found most were ready to listen. Greed greased the grids she had read and it was true.

As Daenerys circled over the converging fleets the Queen and her ‘royal hostage’ looked out over the sea at the coming together of so many ships from so many cultures. The various fleets each brought ascetics that made for a riot of basic ship types, sleek lines, color of sails and color of figureheads that made for riot of conflicting styles that made for a canvas that was beautiful to behold on the sparkling waters of the narrow sea on froth topped waves spraying foam and spangled colors into the air.

Drogon wheeled around the sky in a lazy eights pattern flying five hundred feet over the tossing waves of the sea. The strong sunlight glinting off his black scales like a malformed obsidian obelisk formed in the heart of an erupting volcano. His red highlight steaks adding to the effect. His occasional mighty roars reminding the gods that legends once more soared the air current.

The two women watched from on high as the various navies formed up into long rows of cargo ships that were side by side in rows of ten and up to four lines abreast. Then there was separation of maybe a thousand yards and another set of rows of ten were formed up. This was the convoy that the various military ships were to protect from attack.

The military ships wielded around to form up on all four sides of the convoy. The convoy flanked on all sides by various warships to provide protection. The mighty Swan ships of the Summer Islanders ranged ahead and far out to the flanks barely visible on the horizon. Their almost impossibly tall masts barely visible on the horizons.

Daenerys knew there were more ships over the horizon sweeping the seas clear of any blocking force. It not swept clear they would engage till the rest of the armada arrived to dispatch the enemy.

Ships from Essos and her freshly built ships from the Arbor and the shipyards of King’s Landing patrolled in a loose ring around the convoy. The ships from Yi Ti moved actively among the ranks of the convoy and moving about out from the flanks.

Daenerys knew that no force on the seas could fight against the forces she had aligned on the seas. Her forces would be going north and nothing would land in upper Westeros without her express consent.
Daenerys loved all the gay colors and designs on the sails. Missandei using trigonometry and had all the ships arriving on this spot had amazed the young Queen. She knew the power of advanced mathematics but to see it in action was awe inspiring. The sailors using only the stars and sextants and Missandei’s instructions using wind and current charts had timed this perfectly and the ship captains’ skill in following the scribe’s directions filled her with awe and wonder.

The ships were here because of her. This filled the heart of the Targaryen with pride. It was her will and ability that was making all this possible. Suddenly war horns were being blown throughout this mighty convoy of over eight hundred ships. Up and down the merchant and war ships the sounds of all notes, tenors and octaves of war horns were heard. Drogon roared in return and bellowed long tongues of flames as he circled the fleet.

Nymeria was howling in counterpoint to the war horns her head tilting back with her mighty howls.

It was all so romantic. Daenerys wondered if she would make a good ship captain. She let her thoughts wonder. She imagined herself back in Braavos and learning of a slave underground and rushing to help. How would she work Arya in … Hmmmm …. Yes! She would be a faceless man she worked into her service and they would sell two of her dragon eggs (sorry Viserion and Rhaegal) and buy a ship. She let her thoughts wonder as she dreamed of saving lives as a princess in exile where she had never become a mighty warrior queen. Of course she would seduce and wed Arya and have her leave the order of Black and White.

She hit upon a great idea. They would make her ancient homeland of Valyria her base!

She would call it Dany by the Docks!

She flew over the fleet for ten more minutes enjoying immensely the honor she was being shown. She played the make believe scenario in her mind’s eye. It had a nice quality to it. She would have to play it out some other day.

She banked Drogon to the west and headed back to King’s Landing. She sailed down to the East of the Mountains of Arryn to keep her altitude low enough for Arya to be comfortable in her leather pants and vest and fur coat she wore. Drogon’s warmth was enough to keep Arya warm enough at this attitude.

They came ashore over Wickenden and flew up over the banks of the Green River till it ran into the King’s highway and the Queen flew back up the King’s Highway. Arya snoozed leaning into her back her arms loosely linked around Daenerys waist. Nymeria was sitting up on her haunches looking around her tongue lulling. The wolf would tilt her head into the wind her tongue fluttering back in the strong wind. The wolf thoroughly enjoying her ride.

They arrived back at their camp three hours after sunset.

Missandei, Barristan, Oberyn and Syrio had waited for her to return before they ate. To her shock Stannis and Renly were waiting for her. She saw Stannis eyes light up when he saw Arya. Maybe the man had some hope after all. She and Arya were truly touched by the gesture.

They sat down at the table in her tent and ate their repast. Daenerys had been very satisfied by what she had witnessed. Her forces were so in tune with her wishes both on land and at sea. She and Eddard would conquer and kill this Ice King. They would be triumphant. This also portended well for the future. She had much work to do that she had put on hold to handle the problem of the Ice King. Soon he would be dead and Daenerys Targaryen could focus again on making a better world.

Thinking of meeting Eddard Stark sent a thrill though the young Queen. She had finally met her
match in intelligence and cunning. Much to her consternation he had also proved adept at the Game of Thrones. She could live with that. She looked at Arya and how she was so well mannered, polite, and good natured. She had the common touch that made all who met her want to be her friend. Both royals and the low born wanted to be in her presence. Arya had told her how Eddard ate with the common folk in his hall and gladly shared stories and small family concerns with of even the lowest cook.

She so liked this man she had never met. She liked even better his daughter. She knew that Arya had been formed by this man. She was everything she could have dreamed of in a mate. She was sooo beautiful. She was that combination of fire and passion but leavened with reserve and innocence she thought she would never find.

She was in love with Arya and had decided that if Arya wanted her she would take Arya as her lover and her wife. She just had to get this damn war behind her so she could woe the girl and make her fall in love with her.

She wondered again what she would have to do get Eddard Stark to let her take his daughter’s hand in matrimony. This man had no use for gold or power. He was honor personified.

Her dander up, Daenerys decided that if he resisted her wishes she would challenge him to a duel on the tourney field. I will best him and take his daughter and make her my wife!

Daenerys then paused. Even Barristan feared Eddard Stark’s sword. I might lose! That was heinous!

Her brows crinkled in thought and consternation. She would figure something out. She always did.

Eddard

Eddard and his horse slowly walked down the small county lane that took one to Holdfast. The small village was located in patchy woodlands surrounded by farm fields. He had journeyed there to meet with Edmure Tully and Jon Arryn one last time before they moved up to the Wall to stay. Most of their forces had now traveled beyond Winterfell.

Edmure was still nervous with his leaving his lands so open to the Queen’s forces. Both Jon and Eddard understood his trepidation. Jon’s lands were protected by the massive mountain ranges that ranged from the borders of his land from the King’s Highway all the way to the sea. Only one main route gave access to the Vale of Arryn the heartland of his realm. That route could be easily defended from the high peaks that closed in close at many points on that route. Ambushes to kill the enemy and possible landslides to block the very route itself.

Tully and Arryn had left small token forces at their ancestral homelands to at least given token resistance to any attack or siege on their seats of power. The Queen’s forces with the aid of her three dragons would easily sweep them aside. The Riverlands, therefore, had no defense where the very land itself could help the Arryn to at least slow down the Queen.

Part of Eddard’s reasoning with his allies was no matter what they did with their forces the Queen with her overwhelming force that she could bring to bear with not only the forces of the Southern Houses but also the might of Essos and her alliances with the Summer Islanders and the lands of Yi-Ti that they would be defeated no matter what.

Jon had been the most willing to follow Eddard’s lead from the start. Of the two of Eddard’s allies
he needed little convincing that the Ice King had returned. The North did not forget and neither did the leaders of the Arryn. Their memory was only hazy and was able to be sharpened back into focus. With Edmure it took Eddard a little longer to convince him of the need for mobilization of their forces and going to the Wall.

Edmure had argued that they should forget about the Queen and simply declare their intent and take care of the task themselves. They were sufficient. Eddard again saw the characteristic of rashness in the new leader of House Tully. Eddard supposed he had been once so rash. He had rushed South with Robert in his blind quest to pursue his sister. Even then though Eddard knew deep in his soul that Lyanna had gone with Rheagar willingly.

So many good men and innocents were killed for such a stupid thing.

Eddard and Jon had slowly convinced Edmure that this enemy they were to face was not human and implacable. He was mighty and had a mighty ally. They would need the entire might of Westeros to defeat him decisively and kill him before the long winter came. All the Maesters predicted this Winter would be long, frigid and deadly. Many would die and more would die if a protracted war was fought. The battle with the Ice King must be quick and decisive. They must entice him and the Queen to come to Castle Black and fight there.

Eddard could feel in his bones and the whispering of the Godswood that this was the Ice King’s desire too. He had been defeated by Azor Ahai there and the siren call would be too great to resist. The Ice King would feel the need deep in his icy bones to defeat his enemy at the place of his first crushing defeat. Jon had become Azor Ahai reborn and he was sure the Ice King knew it too. The temptation to defeat his hated enemy in the same spot he had been cast down would be too much to turn aside from for the Ice Wright

Castle Black would be where the battle occurred. Eddard knew this with certainty.

Then Edmure had to be comforted with the length of time and the numbers of the Queen’s forces he would have in his lands. Eddard told the young man that this was part of being a leader. The willingness to take bold risks to achieve great victory. Edmure had told him that was all well and good but he was at most risk.

Eddard then told the man he was convinced that the Queen had no desire to attack and subdue her own kingdom. He reminded Edmure of the Queen’s restraint. She had taken over Westeros without one battle. She had not even fired an arrow. Edmure told his elders that was only because she had dragons that made everyone remember Aegon and his use of the dread beasts on the battle field.

Eddard still chuckled at Jon’s answer. “So.”

Edmure had looked at the elder strangely.

“She has them. Yes, indeed she has dragons. Anything else we say or think is conjecture. But think on this Edmure. Has she used her dragons against us? Has she used the vast armies and navies she amassed in Essos against us? Many, myself included I fear, would never have even given one thought to sending out her letters and then simply not attacking for months. In those months I would have been convinced possible enemies were gathering against me. If I had been her I would thought all the forces of Westeros were gathering to attack me.”

“I hate to say this. She is better than we. I am sure all three of us would have taken a much more violent tack in achieving our goals.”

Edmure had looked as shamed as Eddard had felt upon that realization. He knew he would have
Edmure had reluctantly agreed then. Now months later he had seen that Eddard and Jon were correct. The Queens forces completely bypassed the major cities, holds and crofts and focused her forces on the King’s Road. The people who did at first meet her forces with extreme caution and trepidation quickly reported that the troops were well disciplined and many times friendly. Further contact only confirmed this and now with familiarity the forces of the Queen and the Riverlands mingled in peace and growing friendship.

The forces of the Queen always quick to hand out food stuffs, clothing and basic goods for day to day life in the local villages.

Edmure and his elders knew how hard it was to enforce such temperament in their forces. Men together in stressful situation which was the basis of warfare tended to let their more base instincts rise to the fore. Not only were the men of the Queen disciplined they gave away food and basic goods with a smile on their faces. True smiles that had won over the local populace. The Queen had wagons filled with goods that had been designated for the local populace. The Queen was literally bribing her way into the hearts of the people of the Riverlands.

Edmure had to admit what his scouts were telling him had slowly changed his thoughts on the woman. The Queen had bypassed the River Road only putting six mercenary companies at the Rolling Hills Gorge near Stone Hedge. It was a natural choke point. The men had gone into the hills and built fortifications that would allow them to close the road to traffic if the Queen so chose. So far she had not chosen too. Regular commerce and local populace traffic was allowed to freely move about on the River Road and other local roads.

In fact the local populace had started to interact with the mercenary companies after their initial exposure to each other. Now the local populace sold the mercenaries fresh vegetable and meat stocks that the men and some women gladly ate instead of beans and tack. The companies were all well behaved. Many fare maids and young men were now freely plying the camps at night. Nature would take its course it would seem.

Edmure had asked his elder High House Lords why she processing this tact. Jon and Eddard had explained that the forces were a blocking force in case they proved to be the treacherous party. Eddard had given the Queen the perfect excuse to come North with the message he had sent via his daughter when he offered her as a Royal Hostage. Eddard had told both men he believed in Daenerys words she had written in her initial overtures to Westeros. She was the force for good that the land had been waiting for her since Aegon had landed in Westeros.

“She is what Aegon should have been. She is what Rhaegar might have been. She is the emissary promised in A Song Of Ice And Fire” Eddard told his wife’s brother. “She will unite and lead Westeros and I now think Essos do not fight silly, frivolous wars that accomplish only death and destruction. I grow tired of them.”

Edmure had looked at Eddard for a long time after that. “I agree” was his calm heart felt response.

So now Eddard meet with his equals one last time. “I want you to bring your forces up to the New Gift and make camp ten miles from the wall. Jon you will command the forces.”
“What?! This is your plan and you are the Warden of North.”

“Jon. I may be the Warden of the North but you are best military commander we have in the North. ALL the houses respect you. In case we need to change our plans I need your wily wiles in command. I cannot come North at this time.”

Edmure looked concerned “It’s Cat isn’t it?”

Eddard sighed “Yes. Her previous pregnancies were easy on her. She carried the babies to term never slacking her work or shirking any of her ‘duties’ as she put it. She was on her feet up the day of her delivery. Not so this time. She is weak and runs fevers and has bleed three times now. Maester Lewen has put her on strict bedrest. I thank the old gods hat Sansa’s fiancé is there to care for her. Margaery is a gods sent. I fear what would have happened had not Margaery Tyrell been in Winterfell to help care for my ailing wife. Margaery’s calming presence has kept Sansa and myself from fretting overly with Cat’s poor health.”

Edmure looked at Eddard “And you approve of this union between two women. Don’t you find it unnatural? What animals mate female to female in nature?”

Eddard chuckled “I am not some bull in the field raging after the next heifer in heat. I am not madden by the rut. I am not controlled by hormones like the wild animals. We are so much more than that Edmure. Love is such a rare and precious gift that I will not deny it to any of my children. I can say it now. The dye is cast. I sent Arya specifically to the Queen fully expecting her to have the Queen fall in love with her.”

Edmure cocked an eyebrow at that and looked at his Brother-in-Law for further edification.

“Arya has always been different. Filled with the wolf is what I used to cry in my frustration. She has always rejected the path that society deems for daughters of royal birth. She has always sought the way of the warrior. I tried to forbid it but I loved her too much to deny Arya her heart’s desire. That alone did not mean she was gay but as she grew older it was the Targaryen sisters she mooned over and not Aegon. Then Daenerys exploded out of the desert and Arya was enamored.”

“We all have heard the rumors of Queen’s true desires in a mate. Her weddings were political marriages. I should know. This was how I married your sister Edmure. You know this. I stepped in for my brother when he was killed by Daenerys father. My marriage to her and her to me was only the fulfilling of obligations.”

“Bran has disappeared but I am sure he went to the Tree of Life in the great North. Before he left he prophesized. He prophesized that Arya would win the Queen’s heart. ‘The wolf will lie with the dragon’. I trust the old gods.”

Jon spoke up. “My Myrcella whom I loved as the daughter I never had has not one but three wives in Dorne. I do not judge nor do I care who she weds and beds. She was allowed to marry for love.”

Edmure stiffened “My sister not good enough for you Jon.”

“I did not say that Edmure. Only that I do not love her. I would have preferred to have never married but I performed my duty when I was called upon. I preferred to live on my own. I have never felt the desires that other feel. In some ways I find this passion others feel to be a burden and even unseemly. Still, I performed my duty when called upon. I will not deny others the right to pursue their hearts.”

“Do you deny your nieces the right to be happy?”
“You know I don’t Jon. It is just … well different.”

Eddard slapped his brother-in-law on the back. “It took me a while to adjust too Edmure. But I have come to know Margaery and I think I know Daenerys even though I have never truly met her. My daughters could not have chosen better mates. I will give them my full support. I only prey you do the same when your time comes.”

“Does my sister agree with this? That does not sound like the Cat I remember. She was always about doing the duty for one’s house. Marrying off ones daughters to women is not following that tradition of performing your duty for your House.”

“Margaery has my wife wrapped around her little finger Edmure” Eddard chuckled. “You should see it. The sun sets and rises on Margaery Tyrell now with Cat. She tells all that will listen that Sansa has made the best choice in mate in all of Westeros. It makes Sansa blush and Margaery preen. Anyways, it is Willis and then Garlan who are in line for the House Highgarden circlet. Then Loras follows. There may be palace intrigue in Highgarden but it does not include Margaery.”

“Think of it Edmure. With the marriage of my daughters the House of Stark has powerful alliances with both Highgarden and the Stormlands and Crownlands that are aligned with the Queen. Did I say the Queen is who Arya will wed” Eddard added with a slight smirk. “I would say that would give my House great power to wield.”

“What will you do with that power Eddard?” Jon asked.

“Why nothing my old friend. I only want to be the Warden in the North as does Robb. I leave the intrigue and politics to others. I fear I would not last long in King’s Landing. I can play their games if I am here in the North. If I tried it in King’s Landing and those vipers I would probably find myself charged with treason with my strange ways of honor and rectitude.”

“How Daenerys Targaryen can rule and command and not lose herself I do not understand. She is a better ruler than me. Probably a better person.”

Eddard brought the meeting back to the main matter at hand. He told them that it seemed that the Ice King was taking his time marching south. They still had time. He hoped to link up with the Queen and be with her as the marched North to destiny.

The meeting soon broke up after that.

As Eddard moved back down the King’s Road to Winterfell he passed another small wagon train going up the road from White Harbor. It was filled with supplies and food that the Queen had allowed through her blockade. Eddard again marveled at how the Queen seemed to have planned for all facets of this campaign. The last three wagons were laden with full loads of arrows tipped with dragon glass. One wagon was filled with barrels of pitch and tar to make flaming arrows. They would make the enemy burn and melt. He smiled a grim smile. He would kill that bastard with his sword Evening Star.

At dusk on the next day he arrived back at his beloved castle and home. He went through the gate and let his squire take his horse to be groomed and feed. He looked around at the life settling in for the night. He looked up at the walls. He had guards but they were thinned out. He could not keep his full house guard here if had asked Edmure and Jon to strip their own homelands to meet his request.

He looked up. The sky was laden and a few flakes were beginning to fall. He was surprised that winter had not come. The white ravens had come months and months ago and yet it was not here.
Again he sensed this was the Ice King’s design.

Eddard was sure that both forces were aiming for a clear decisive battle to decide the matter instead of protracted battles up and down Westeros. The Ice King would know that after the first battle the forces of Westeros would learn of him and attack his weaknesses. Margaery was still getting letters from Olenna. The woman did not reveal any of the Queens plans (which made Eddard happy since it showed loyalty) but she did gossip that allowed useful nuggets to come to him as Olenna would know. The Queen was furiously making Dragon Glass weapons from the quarries of Dragonstone.

Olenna joked that they were using Stannis’s grinding teeth to sharpen the points. That made Eddard smile. Olenna did not say what was happening with the dragon glass weapons but he was sure they were on ships that were constantly landing on the beaches of the North. More must be traveling up King’s Road as she moved her forces cautiously north.

He was sure that wagons full of pitch and tar were moving north as well.

They would have the weapons necessary to defeat the enemy. He wondered what weapons the Ice King had prepared for them. He had experienced her dragons. Had he come up with a counterstroke?

Eddard shook his head. Only the future would tell.

Eddard headed to the living quarters to see his wife. He was still full of vigor and strength but he was tired now at the end of a full day. In his youth he never seemed to tire. He smirked. Age catches up with all of us in time. He had started to find a few grey hairs in his hair and beard. Cat called them highlights. He called them grey hairs. His wife was always trying to make him happy. The thought made him smile.

Only her treatment of Jon had marred their relationship and he was to blame for that. If Robert had ever discovered Jon’s true lineage he had wanted to take the full brunt of his fury. All others would have been innocent and only his head would have rolled.

He hoped to tell Cat the truth soon. She would be furious but now that Jon had showed his true lineage the reason for lies was over. Robert was in exile. The man never truly cared for any of his progeny. Only the one son of his longed for wife, Lyanna, would have proven a threat to his throne. One more failure of the man that Robert Baratheon had allowed himself to become. Eddard could now clearly see the many faults of his childhood friend.

Eddard went to the kitchen to get a quick ham and egg biscuit that the main cook always had hot for him. He grabbed it and thanked the woman profusely for her thoughtfulness. She blushed like she always did and assured him she loved taking care of her “Warden”. She had tried to say “King” but he nipped that in the bud.

He was leaving the kitchen when he saw Robb and Alys coming in hand and hand. They smiled at him keeping hand in hand. They smiled at him keeping hand in hand. Eddard had come to Robb and told him that he knew that he and Alys had become lovers. Robb had gone ashen. Eddard put him at ease. He joked that not all could follow his example. Eddard knew that Robb had not been a virgin when he took Alys maidenhead. He was of mixed emotions on that. He was happy to only have known Catelyn but he had been so green and awkward on their wedding night. Robb had not had that problem.

Eddard thought back to when Alys father had brought her to Winterfell at age six. Her father had hoped that despite her young age that she would charm Robb Stark in hopes of arranging a betrothal. She danced with Robb, whom she considered courteous. He had not been ensnared by her charms then. Eddard paused. Maybe he had. He was hopelessly in love with her now.
She would make him a most beautiful and intelligent queen. He left them as they sat down to eat. Robb was respectful and courteous to the maids and cooks. He had taught him that at least. Eddard squint smile. Robb would make an excellent Warden of the North when his time came.

He went to his and Cat’s chambers. He opened the door and genuinely smiled. Cat was propped up in the bed with a cloud of pillows behind her. To his eyes she looked pale and weak but she was happy. One side of the bed was Margaery spooning ice cream to her future mother-in-law. On the other side of the bed was Sansa with a bowl of Strawberries. When Cat would want one she would turn toSansa who would feed hem the fruit after pulling the stem from it. Then she would turn her head and receive a scoop of vanilla ice cream.

Cat was indeed a Queen in her own personal pleasure bed come barge. Eddard was happy. His wife had totally accepted Margaery as her daughter’s future wife. Cat had softened once she had accepted this. She had totally adjusted her thinking. Once he had shown her that Margaery and Daenerys were both powerful scions of their respectful houses and that Daenerys was going to be a great Queen Cat had seen the light. She had always wanted her daughters to marry well and now they were. They would make House Stark truly great among the Great Houses.

Eddard cared not for such things but his wife had been raised on these precepts so it made him happy. He watched Margaery get up and adjust Cat's pillow when she saw his wife squirming trying to get comfortable. She was in her element with her two attendants.

Catelyn saw her husband in the doorway. “Eddard. Come in and feel your future son’s feet kicking!” Her face beamed with happiness. She looked weak but Maester Lewun was sure that with plenty of bed rest and taking the potions he gave her to give her vitamins and minerals that all would be well.

Eddard moved into the room and kissed his wife on the forehead chastely since they had company. He always believed in decorum. He first hugged Margaery to him when she stood up and then his daughter when she got up.

He put his hand on his wife’s stomach that now showed her pregnancy plainly. She was truly “showing” now. He looked at her feet out the corner of his eyes and saw how swollen they were. He looked at the dark circles underneath her eyes. He suppressed his worries. Eddard started. His ‘son’ was indeed kicking lively. “My Cat—our son is kicking enough for two” he joked. Catelyn gave him a beaming smile.

“Yes. Another strong son to become a strong knight or lord of a holdfast.”

Eddard pulled up a chair and sat with the most important women, no person, in his life. They all talked of the everyday life of Winterfell and his wife gossiped about the wardens, cooks and attendants and their love life and dalliances. Margaery seemed to be like her grandmother in forming her own network of moths to gather gossip to happily share with Cat. Sansa merely smiled and chirped in now and then. Sansa had lost interest in such things to a large degree now. She was interested in the matters of governance and state at which she proved most adept.

Eddard wondered where her new found talents would take her and Margaery. He would not be surprised if the new Queen would use their talent in some way.

Thinking of Daenerys he thought of his youngest daughter. He was sure by now the Queen and Arya were lovers. His daughter’s legends of her youth had indeed taken flesh. He had read the reports of the Queen’s “unnatural desires” and “rampant lesbianism” and did not give a flip. She was by far the best person and titular head that he had seen in his life.
He looked forward to meeting his Queen in person face to face. She had long ago garnered his respect. He smiled hearing Cat hum as Sansa feed her another strawberry. He was happy to have another child coming into his household. He knew Catelyn had prayed fervently for years to give him another son. Eddard smiled as he watched Margaery dab his wife’s forehead with a damp cloth and again adjusted her pillows just so.

Catelyn was happily planning a triple marriage. Eddard had started to look forward to it as well. Giving away his three eldest children at one time would be quite a night. The “bedding” ceremony of course would have to be performed. He was sure that Sansa and Arya would die from embarrassment when they were stripped naked as Ribaldry songs were sung. He smirked. Daenerys and Margaery would have no problem taking on the roles of “husband” in the ceremony. Both of his daughters had inherited his shyness and distaste for public displays of affection. He had nearly died when he and Catelyn had their night of bedding. Even rushed as it had been it had been most disconcerting.

He planned on making his children suffer much like he had. He had a distinct advantage. His children would be married at the end of the war and not the beginning of it. He mused. He needed to get Emured married off. Four had always been a lucky number for Eddard.

Eddard saw Lady enter into the chamber and she jumped up on the bed and laid beside Catelyn legs and gently placed her massive head on his wife’s thigh and went to sleep as Cat scratched her ears. Even the direwolves were doing all they could to make Catelyn’s pregnancy go better.

Eddard looked over into the fire. All seemed to be coming together except two important items.

The first he had great hope for. He was sure that Jon’s wives would find a way to convince the Queen’s allies of the validity of the threat. They were mighty powerful Shadowbender witches from that far distant land of shadows and monsters. Before he had met them he would have shied away from such women but having met them and seen their honesty, integrity and love for his son he saw that he had been again guilty of prejudice. He had made judgements on hearsay and conjecture.

The other problem of Roose Bolton was a rancor to him still. He still played it over and over in his mind’s eye the man’s words at the war table. It had been a threat. He knew the man was vile and reprehensible. He had never had found the evidence he needed to dispense justice. He never wanted to execute punishment without it. He knew the man was practicing “the right of first night” and “flaying” his enemies. He knew it but he could not prove it maddeningly. Then there was his bastard son and the rumors against him and his hunts.

Eddard shuddered at the thought. He had studied again two nights ago the Queens march across Slaver’s Bay. True, to begin with her judgements had been excessive and in some cases almost as bad as the crime she was punishing. Still, she had had the right of it. The crimes had been committed. She did not need direct evidence to pronounce sentence. He had read in some tome that Master Lewun gave him on the Law.

It was called circumstantial evidence. That he had aplenty against Roose Bolton. There would be a time of reckoning.

Melisandre

The two Shadowbender witches were back on horse now. They were moving off from the confluence of the Rockingham and Poni Rivers where they met to form the White Knife River. They had gone to wharfs at the Hold of Breakwater. The Hold a waypoint for those traveling
through the rapids that were further down the river. The rapids were only a stage one level and easily navigable with the proper guides. Some of the town folk used the type of skiff that Ygritte and Melisandre had used to get to this point.

They had been with Jon and deciding on how to get to point that they had determined to meet the Queen’s forces. They had sent Crows disguised as crofters and Wildings to mingle with the forces that were gathering to the east in the beachheads of the Queen. They had found out that the Queen had planned to set off from King’s Landing several weeks ago.

They needed to travel fast if they were to meet her and more importantly the heads of the Great Houses at the natural choke point of Moat Cailin or just above it while all the forces were concentrated. Any point would do but Moat Cailin seemed the natural point to have the meeting. The constricted space begged for confrontations and the necessary meeting that needed to occur.

Once they had talked sense into Jon he had come fully on board. One of the reasons that the witches loved their husband so much was how easily he fully supported them or another’s directives when he had been convinced of their viewpoint. He never discounted them out of hand simply because he was a ‘man’. They loved him dearly for it. Melisandre was still rankled a little at his moment of weakness and his unseemly use of his gender against them. After they had reconciled and fucked exuberantly they had asked again why he acted like such a “fucking asshole” as her wife, Ygritte, so perfectly put it.

He smiled softly that made him look so hot and sexy. He told them that he was so desperate to keep them from danger that he fell back on the old true and tried argument of male superiority a man had simply from his birth into the world. Most women were not warriors or great witches so a man could use male ego bluster to get his way. He told them cheekily that it had been worth a shot. He had a look on his face that said “what are you going to do about it”.

They had fucked again hard and throughout the night. Melisandre loved how Jon would plow his two wives with his hard cock after sucking them each off and he would pound them down into the bed their asses reverberating off the mattress from his savage down strokes impaling their gushing cunts on his thick long shaft. The way he screamed again and again as hot cum boiled up his shaft and spurt so hard into her or Ygritte’s pussy or tight asshole. He convulsed and wailed like a woman losing it. They loved him all the more for it.

Then while he rested Ygritte and she would fall on each other. Whoever had received Jon’s semen the other would suck and tongue fuck the dribbling semen up that drooled out spent couched or slack asshole. They would suck each other off, finger blast their spasming fuck holes or trib to shrieking orgasms. They would fuck and fuck till Jon was hard again and he would join the festivities. He could bone so fucking good and his mouth was nearly the equal of theirs when he sucked them off and lapped and tongue fucked their asshole to devastating orgasms.

Melisandre shook off the pleasant memories. They had made very good time. They were afraid that the Queen had slipped out and would be at Winterfell before they could show the Great Houses the truth of the true threat. They needed to conserve their strength for what they had in mind. They were afraid that they would not be able to reach Moat Cailin in time. Horses they might be able to supplant their energy level. The witches could give the animals more endurance but their mounts bodies could only be propped up so much. They would not harm an animal merely because they had need of speed more than the animals may be able to provide.

Jon had looked at the maps on the table against the wall on the opposite side their bed. The candles glowing in their scions made the parchments glow. Jon looked down at the maps with a look of concentration on his face. Ygritte and she watched their husband from their bed. Melisandre had her
little wife pulled to her little spoon with her hand over her wife’s heart as Ygritte clutched it tight to her small bosom.

Jon moved the maps around and he would look off staring at the wall. He turned to them. “I know you need to conserve our energy and magic but can you project a small amount of power through a staff to propel a skiff or canoe? If you did this would it weaken you too much? Just putting out force that would move you forward and guide the boat. Letting a river current do the work?”

Ygritte looked back at Melisandre. “Yes we could. With an inanimate object we are not having to meld our power to living flesh. We could “push” through staffs I suppose. What do you have in mind?” Melisandre squeezed Ygritte’s hand and they got up out of their bed and joined their naked husband as he looked down at the maps on the table.

The wives separated and flanked their husband. They looked down at the maps of the North. Jon was tapping his chin. “I think I know a way. Part of what would slow you down is remaining hidden as you traveled down the King’s Highway. I am sure that takes strength and power even if the spells are simple. It will slow the horses moving slowly to not bring notice or moving off the Road to let large parties pass. I propose we use a water route to move south.”

Ygritte was starting to get excited. Her pink nipples were erect on her small delectable breast. Melisandre shook her head. Gods she was such a horndog. She wanted to fuck! They had duties to perform. They had to aid Eddard Stark and Daenerys Targaryen. Jon’s hot body beside her had her pussy burbling with need. She shivered controlling her desires. Only long enough to plan though. Melisandre’s body was jangling with need!

Ygritte was bouncing in her excitement her small breast jiggling further distracting the tall Shadowbender witch. She was not into tactics and planning travel routes. She was a witch that performed spells. That was her job. It was Ygritte and Jon’s job to get her to where she needed to be to kick some ass! Speaking of ass … Ygritte squealed when her wife reached around Jon and squeezed and then felt her wife’s ass up.

Jon did not even register it as he focused on his plan to get his wives to Moat Cailin in time to meet the Queen’s party. They needed to show the Lords while still some travel time from Winterfell to make sure that something untoward did not happen. The closer the forces of the Queen got to Winterfell the more likely something wrong occurred if the truth of the Ice King had not been shown by his wives.

The beachhead from the Ramsgate landing had sent a twenty mile wide corridor out that had crossed the White River and was heading for the King’s Highway. They would be linking up with the vanguard of the Queen’s forces moving up the King’s Highway.

The Queen had her forces spreading out on the plains to the east of Moat Cailin as the sappers continued building camps and stockades up the King’s Highway to support the flow of troops further North. More troops and Mercenary companies were taking up blocking positions the further North they traveled to protect from sudden attacks. The Queen was showing prudent caution.

They would not pause long. The Queen was moving up the King’s Highway at a quick pace.

Melisandre could see that Jon would have to plan a route between all these forces of the Queen now moving in the North. They did not want to meet any of the forces of the Queen till they were ready. They would avoid all the Queen’s forces till met them near Moat Cailin.

Jon was bending down looking at the largest map closely. He touched the map thirty miles up from Long Lake at the King’s Highway. “This is the beginning of Knott’s Creek. It is deep enough to
take a fully laden skiff. I am going to send several riders with spare horses from the Free Folk to travel down to the fishing town of Lahowye. There they will procure and stock a skiff for you. This high up the King’s highway there is only traffic from my father’s gathering forces. They are focused on arriving at the Wall to perform my father’s will. We do not want any delay. You can use your shadow skills to pass them by. That you would have to do anyways.”

“Most of the heavy troop formations and heavy cavalry have already passed to setup camps in the New Gift waiting to make their final push to the North. You should not be delayed to long on the road. You can travel at night and pull off to corpses of the birch and willow woods that line the road this far north to let the horses rest.”

“I like that Jon. We can make camp and still watch the road with our far-sight” Ygritte spoke pressed back into Melisandre’s naked body. She had moved over to Melisandre so her wife could freely grope her. She loved the feel of her wife’s full breast pushed into her upper back. Melisandre was massaging her ass sweetly now and resting her chin in Ygritte’s kissed by the sun hair.

Ygritte was into it now. She had grasped Jon’s thinking and was excited with his nascent plans. “We can take six horses with us. We will switch between four of them regularly to keep our pace up. The other two horses will carry out light gear. We will bring the grain and oats to feed our horses as we travel to save the need of letting our mounts crop grass.”

Jon turned and kissed Ygritte on the forehead making her beam and preen. “That is how I see it too my love.” Jon reached out and squeezed Melisandre’s shoulder to show her that his affections were equal between them.

“You can reach Lahowye in ten days if you make five miles an hour with ten hour days. You do not need to sleep and eat but your horses will. By using feed bags the horses can eat as they walk. You can throw in some medium length trots and a few slow gallops followed by rest and more walking.”

“Once you reach Lahowye you can take the Knott’s Creek to Long Lake. You will take the horse’s feed bags and your traveling furs with you. While on the flowing water of the creek and then small river you can use your staff’s projecting power to further increase your pace down these bodies of water. With your powers you will be able to travel around any other travelers unseen or either easily hide your yourselves or distract them with a touch to their mind if you feel the need.”

“Then on the Long Lake you can propel yourselves forward with no fear of being discovered. The lake is wide and deep. This will give you plenty of room to bypass other travelers on the lake. It has a subtle current with its emptying out into the Cold Spring River. That flows into the White Knife River and from there you can take it all to the confluence of the Poni River and then take the White Knife River down to a day’s travel above White Harbor.”

“That is the large town of Rockingham. There you will disembark the skiff. There you can leave it and make someone happy. I will give you a large pouch of Gold Dragons.”

“What is that for?” Melisandre wandered for both her and Ygritte.

“You will steal some horses and replenish your food stores for your horses.”

“I do not like being a thief Jon.”

“You won’t be. You will leave gold dragons behind to compensate for the use of the horses. You technically are in service to the Queen anyways. I know that is sophistry but sometimes it is a nice concept. We need to get you to the Neck in time. The high royals have the right to procure horses and supplies when in extreme need. But we aren’t doing that. We will leave ample payment.”
“But why don’t just buy them?” Melisandre asked. “Why the skullduggery?”

Ygritte looked up at Melisandre with her beautiful crooked tooth smile. “Look at us dear. You are over 6’2” and I barely 5’0”. We both had stand out from a crowd with our red hair. You have unique eyes for this land. How many other sets of red eyes have you seen in Westeros and you wear your ruby at your throat. We will be noticed. There is probably no danger but why take the risk. We are a known element now at the Wall. Let’s not tempt the fates dear wife.”

Melisandre smiled down at her dear wife. She hugged her tight and kissed the top of Ygritte’s head. Her wife preening and literally purring in happiness. She was right of course.

“And you know what kind of pricks we will attract when they see two such fine redhead babes such as us.”

Melisandre considered her wife’s words. Most men were pigs. Her extreme height would deter many but they would just form a pack to come after them. She would kill them of course if they even came close to her wife but she started to see her wife and husband’s point. It would be so much more trouble than it was worth.

“We will just leave them money for our borrowing of their horses and supplies.”

Jon and Ygritte continued to discuss the finer details of their journey down to Moat Cailin. Ygritte always got enthralled with the details of a march and loved the use of stealth in their travels.

Melisandre had gotten more and more horny listening to her spouses discuss their tactics and plans. After five more minutes she had heard enough.

She slowly settled on her knees and sat back on her folded legs sitting on her heels. She used her shoulders to spread out Ygritte’s legs and her beautiful clam shell was now fully visible. She blew on it and Ygritte moaned hard her puss rapidly swelling and getting slicked with fuck juice. Melisandre loved how her wife’s labia lips were swelling and all gnarled up blooming out her juicy slit. Begging to be sucked and munching on. Her wife’s clit swelling with the need to be sucked down her throat.

Melisandre leaned in and started to run her tongue up and down paradise licking and tonguing greasy labia lips and bright pink gash.

Ygritte staggered into Jon groaning hard. Jon turned from the map and looked at the tableau playing out.

“Well. No more strategy for tonight I see.” Melisandre looking up as she sucked in Ygritte’s labia lips and rolled them with her tongue in her mouth. She smiled at Jon eyeing their wife’s little delectable breast.

Jon turned around and bent down to siphon in Ygritte’s nipples sucking them hard in turn making her cry out in pleasure.

Jon then sat down on the table and cupped the back of Ygritte’s head. He gently pulled Ygritte down as her body twisted and folded. Jon guided her head down to his thick long cock jerking up off his stomach. Ygritte swallowed it and bobbed sensually.

Melisandre was in heaven with giving her wife head as she gave Jon head. They had fucked long and deep into the night.

They had waited five days to let the Free Folk who were sent out to prepare their way for them.
Then they had set out on their horses. The trip to the creek boat launch had been uneventful. The trip down the waterways had been fast. Their magic they used to propel the skiff forward had kept the boat moving fast with minimal use of their magical might. Their magic binding with the forces of nature to easily propel the boat forward. They easily avoided any traffic on the waterways. They did not tire and did not have to sleep. The two witches taking turns expending their power so as to not tire themselves out with constant expenditure of magic. They were able to travel all the way none stop down to Rockingham. They had averaged nearly ten miles an hour using the river currents and adding their power to make such quick time.

They had to expend little energy. They would talk and tell stores of their youth to each other. They spent a lot of time talking about Jon. They had long past forgiven him for his “male moment” as they called it. He had been under a lot of pressure and worried for their safety. It was actually sweet now that the rancor was past. They talked ribald to each other. They could not make love so they talked of great past sex they had shared with each other and shared with Jon.

They both waxed poetic about how good his thick long cock felt when they did deep throat on him and he screamed so hard with his cockhead jerking underneath their Adam's apple spurting hot semen to their tummies. Or how good it felt when he buried his blade up their ass and spurted deep up their ass sending them reeling into epic sphincter shredding epic anal ‘gasms.

They arrived at Breakwater soon after the hour of midnight. They tied their skiff up to the first empty slip the found at the long pier. Melisandre looked down the line of tied off fishing boats. The line of masts like trees stripped bare of leaves in the throes of winter.

At this hour they did not have to worry about anyone on the docks with the river men safely ensconced in their huts that lined the streets that terminated at the shore. Melisandre knew that during the day these docks would be teeming with fishermen and the merchants who would be buying the fishermen’s catch when they came ashore with fish and shellfish pulled from the shoals and reefs in the river.

Ygritte got out of the boat jumping up onto the dock. The cold wind blowing down the river did not bother the witch. She took the feed bags and several satchels from her wife. Melisandre put her arms in the straps of the bundle that was there sleeping furs and centered it on her back. They would once more need to hide during the day and would need the furs to make their camp comfortable. She followed her wife up onto the pier. Melisandre looked around and opened her senses like her wife was doing.

Ygritte pointed up the third street and they walked down the middle of the road. It was completely abandoned. The people of this working town were early to bed and early to rise. The fisherman up several hours before dawn to first break their fast. Then they would move down to the docks to prepare their reed boats, coracles, planked fishing boats and the skipjacks that the oystermen used to dredge oysters from their reefs.

They would be setting sail at dawn to begin their days catch. When they came back to dock throughout the day the mongers would take their catch and prepare it for the eating establishments in town or to send off after packed in ice or cured for shipping to more distant locations.

They walked up the street holding hands and pointing out a sign that caught their attention or how one building had a wide open front floor and a nice balcony on the second floor. A pack of coyotes came lulling down the street and passed the witches. Their ears twitched and noses sniffed but they did not notice the witches further.
They moved a third of a mile up the road and came to a stable at the edge of the town. Most of the horses were in the large stables but some were out in the paddock with blankets thrown over their backs for warmth. Ygritte got up on the lowest rail and called to the horses. The three horses in the paddock shook off their somnolence and came over to the witches.

Animals sensed the gentleness of the Shadowbender witches. They pushed their muzzles into the hands of the women who stroked their heads. These horses would do nicely Melisandre felt. She reached out and petted the horses on their noses. The horses nickered at the gentle touch of the witches.

Ygritte went up to the door to the stables and lifted the crossbar. She entered and a large sleeping guard dog started to wake up but Ygritte hummed a melody and the dog went back to sleep. The two witches walked into the stables and quickly selected the other three horses they needed. The horses waking up at the intrusion but immediately accepting of the gentle presence now with them in the stables.

The witches did not need saddles to stay a horse or bits and reins to control the horses.

They soon had all six horses by the large stall doors that they had slipped to half open. Melisandre and Ygritte lead them outside. They closed the door and put in crossbar back in. The sky was still dark in the middle of the night without anyone out yet.

Then they proceeded to bicker about how much money to leave. Melisandre wanted to be generous but Ygritte only wanted to leave a fair price.

“You know nothing Melisandre! I’m the negotiator and trail boss. You’re the domestic witch.”

Melisandre’s red eyes flared in ire her shoulders squaring up in challenge.

“And the muscle when we need it baby!” Ygritte added trying to mollify her wife. Sometimes the truth hurt.

“Okay wife. I will remember this” Melisandre said in a smoldering voice.

Ygritte shivered her couchie spasming. She loved to goad her wife at times. The paybacks were always so delicious. Her baby had the most lovely ways of remembering things.

Ygritte pulled out the appropriate amount of gold coins to leave. She put the coins into a smaller bag and hooked on the bracket of the door beam. She felt Melisandre’s eyes boring into her ass. Ygritte shivered knowing that Melisandre was planning her revenge. They had brought a few toys and she knew her ass was going to get blasted. She couldn’t wait!

Melisandre boosted Ygritte up onto her horse’s back and then easily lifted herself up on her horse using its mane as a hand hold. Neither woman needed a saddle. Their shadow powers protected them from being sawed in two by the horses’ spines. They sometimes chuckled how Jon would be all stiff from a long days ride while they were fresh as newborn babes they would say to their suffering husband. Also, their power allowed them to form a bond with the horse they were on to use subtle knee pressure on their flanks and a slight pull on their mane to guide the horses.

The witches of Asshai pressed their horses in the ribs and the animals started walking off into the rolling grasslands near White Harbor. The witches looked up at the stars twinkling in the sky. They located the Hunter Star always located in the same spot in the sky to the far north. They immediately knew the direction to take to get to Moat Cailin.

The witches angled the horses slightly south by west. The horses had been fed and were fresh.
Soon the witches took their horses to a canter and quickly left any hint of human establishments behind them. They ranged their senses always forward for any homesteads or roving traps that trappers had sent for small game animals. The trappers setting their traps to hunt hares, minxes or fox for their fur. There were also people fishing the streams and creeks that feed into the White Knife River. They moved on and rode on past dawn as they sensed no humans near them.

Melisandre and her wife with her Wildling background both enjoyed their silent ride through the backcountry near White Harbor. Silence rode with them in comforting silence. There was no sound of man. Only the sound of the nocturnal life and as the dawn approached the first sleepy chirps of awakening birds. First only a few lonely notes of the first waking birds. Soon other birds joined in to fill the missing notes of the concerto. As the first hint of light appeared in the East the songs of awakening birds filled the air.

The witches found their melody of nature that had no regard for man soothing. They stopped at rills and let the horses crop grasses. They moved on for another four hours till they sensed some farms in the distance. They found a small patch of maple and scrub pine that had been twisted and kept low by the constant wind. Some of the twisted trunks were almost growing parallel to the ground with some actually looped over each other. The thicket was encircled and entwined with many brambles and twisted vines. They entered a large deer path that took them twenty yards into the swath and were totally hidden. They hobbled the horses and put the horses’ feed bags on filled with oats. The horses happily ate as the witches put blankets on their horses’ backs. The horses ate their fill and soon were soon contentedly sleeping.

They then put up their glamour that further hid them away from the world. The glamour would also swallow any sounds made by the horses. Inside the glamour it was dusky light. The air already warmer in the corpse of trees quickly heated up as Ygritte hummed a discordant tune and flames burned between her cupped palms as Melisandre waved her hands above the flames in an arcane dance fanning the flames. They kept the fire going for fifteen minutes as they talked and relaxed warming their hideaway. They then dispensed with the magical flame. Their glamour would keep the heat in their sanctuary.

They may not feel the cold but it did not mean they wanted to not be in a nice warm cocoon. They spread out their sleeping furs they had brought making a nice thick nest. The air was a twilight in their haven away from the world of man. The soft light soothing.

They discussed what they had sensed along with Jon up at the wall. Nature itself felt at unease. Even the trees, animals and the very air itself felt the evil that was coming down from the North. They no longer felt it here. The distance and the magic of the Wall kept it at bay. They also discussed the raging monster they felt at the top of the world. It was obvious to them that the Ice King had trapped the winter that should have long ago come roaring South. It was almost as if the storm was becoming alive. A birth bathed in hate and galled with the desires to kill and rend. It would be a terrible thing when it came roaring south.

They would have to deal with it when they had killed the Ice Wright.

It seemed as if nature wanted to join the gathering forces aligning themselves against the Ice King. They knew he was a mighty force but with their husband reincarnated as Azor Ahai and the Dragon
Queen with her dragons and the mighty forces that Eddard and Daenerys were amassing they could not see how they could lose. They would convince the Houses of the South of the rightness of their quest.

They were worried for more than just the Ice King. They had sensed some other evil with the Ice King beyond his vile son but they could not decipher what it was. They knew they were at some risk not knowing its origin but it was worth the risk. They simply had to convince the forces of Westeros to fight the Ice King to fight as one.

They would be the ones to show them the truth. They accepted the risk. They had discussed enough the matters of men and the realm. It was time to make love and bask in their deep passionate love for each other.

They dropped their dresses to the furs. They loved to be in the nude.

Ygritte suddenly squealed in pain when Melisandre twisted her arm behind her back with a little pressure to give her wife the mild but sharp pain she liked when she had been cheeky.

“I have not forgot what you said dear wifey. Pay backs are a bitch!” Melisandre snarled down at her diminutive wife. She jerked up on the arm. Ygritte squealed in pain and tried to get away. Melisandre smirked at her wife’s halfhearted attempts to free herself from Melisandre giving her pain. Ygritte loved playing their games. She relished being “roughed up” and “fucked over”.

The tall Shadowbender witch fisted her wife’s hair and viciously jerked her around flinging Ygritte around like a ragdoll. Ygritte whimpered in pain but also clotted need. Her pussy filled their nest with her musk as her cunt flooded. Her brown lips now bloomed out her slit and cum trickling down her thighs. Ygritte whimpered in pain and primal want. Ygritte whimpered in pain and primal want.

Melisandre jerked up with her fisted hair knot making Ygritte scream in pain. SLAP SLAP SLAP SMACK SLAP SLAP Melisandre viciously slapped Ygritte across both of her cheeks. The small wildling’s head rocking hard to the side with the cupped slaps to her face. Spittle flew out her mouth. Melisandre looked at her hot horny wife. Her cheeks were cherry red on her pale cheeks. Her breathing was ragged. Her nipples were rock hard and her cunt so swollen and now cum was drooling out her slit in hanging snail snot strands swinging back and forth in slimy tendrils.

“You are a worthless fucking whore Ygritte! A worthless peace of shit!”

“Uummmnggggggg! Yeessss! Yessssss I am a whore! Fuck me hard Milli—make me your fucking slut … put me in my place … teach me you are the top bitch in our pack!”

Melisandre rolled her eyes. Ygritte was the alpha in their pack. The only time she relinquished it was when she needed plenty of masochistic pain and pleasure. She and Jon had had to get used to that but to make Ygritte happy they fucked her like the cheap slut she wanted to be at times. Melisandre was surprised actually how much Ygritte craved being the bitch and bottom. For Melisandre it came naturally to be the submissive. She and Jon had had to learn to be dominate and top when needed to make her wife happy.

It was a lesson she had learned well. Now she craved fucking Ygritte up and fucking her hard and deep. Of course soon it would be Ygritte topping her and abusing Melisandre with the masochistic pain she too craved and needed. It had been so in Asshai so many centuries ago and it was the same now. Now it was just that Ygritte needed the same rough sex.

Melisandre slapped her wife cruelly some more and spit in her face. Ygritte moaning hard now and breathing hard her chest, neck and tops of her breast flushed with hot pumping blood. Melisandre
then threw Ygritte down onto her hands and knees and Melisandre got down on her knees beside Ygritte’s hips.

SMACK! SMACK! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! SMACK! SMACK! SLAP!

Melisandre blistered her wife’s taunt ass cheeks and back of her legs as she wailed and writhed in pain. Gods Melisandre thought. Ygritte’s cunt had soaked the very air with her fuck musk! Melisandre breathed in deep the heavenly scent.

She blistered her wife’s ass cheeks till they glowed cherry red. Ygritte was ready now.

Melisandre shoved two fingers hard and deep in Ygritte’s already dripping snatch. She pounded her wife’s hot box with her long fingers. Her hand hammered her wife’s vulva and made her body jerk forward. Ygritte jabbered and groaned deep in her chest in guttural need. Melisandre worked in a third finger stretching her wife’s cunt out nice and tight on her fingers. She hammered her wife hot drooling cunt as she ground her other hand’s palm into her wife’s little doves grinding her nipples. She bent down and gave Ygritte love bites up and down her back.

Ygritte screamed as if she was garroted her body bucking and spasming as she cummed so hard. She was crying tears of pleasure. Her body convulsed with harrowing womb rending spasms of fucking bliss. Her head snapped back and jerked forward and down wildly snapping her neck as she screamed and screamed out her orgasm. She was groggy with her fading orgasm.

Melisandre pulled her fingers out of her wife’s couchie. They were soaked in snail slime. She shoved them in Ygritte’s mouth. Her wife moaning as she feasted on her own creamy cum. As her wife feasted on the fingers she slide up and down Ygritte’s tongue, Melisandre gripped her long thick jade dildo with the extra-large bulbous head. She gripped the tear shaped grip. She chanted softly magical red and yellow flamed danced on her palms. The gentle heat warmed the stone. The tall Shadowbender let her flames fade away. Melisandre started to slip her thick green shaft into her wife’s ass.

She worked the green shaft in and out enjoying seeing her wife’s sphincter rings grip tight the shaft invading her butthole. Melisandre worked her shaft. The both moaned when Ygritte’s shithole relaxed and started to let the shaft work in and out Ygritte’s ass. Gibbering Ygritte pushed back into her wife. Her groans guttural feeling raw pleasure pulsing out her squired asshole. With clenched teeth Melisandre rammed her dildo deeper into her wife’s ass.

She pulled it back and jammed her wife’s inner sphincter ring with the large bulbous dickhead. Then she slammed it home. Ygritte cried out in raw pleasure feeling Melisandre now slamming her shaft all the way up her wife’s tight ass. Ygritte gibbered and moaned pushing her ass back to take every possible length of the shaft up her ass. Melisandre’s clenched fist around the handle pounded her wife’s ass cheeks still beet red from their blistering.

She ripped the bulbous head out her wife’s ass and slammed back into her wife’s asshole. Melisandre would pound her wife’s booty and then rip the dildo out again and slam through the spasming sphincter rings that now started to gape raggedly. Melisandre loved seeing Ygritte’s body jolt forward with the power of her thrusts up her wife’s ass. Her witch wife groaning gutturally.

“You love it up the ass don’t you Ygritte. Don’t you, you filthy anal whore! Don’t you slut!” She smacked her wife’s ass hard making her squeal in pained pleasure. “Take it slut! Unngg unnggg uunnggg Yeah that’s right you fucking slut—you anal fucking whore!”

Ygritte cried out in pleasure and clenched the furs slamming her ass back into the punishing thrusts of the thick shaft up her ass. Her head thrashed all flushed and dripping sweat. Her small tits
whiplashing underneath her surging body.

“Ohhhhh yeesssss! Pound my shithole Melisandre! Oh R’hillor pack my shit baby! Unnggg aauug … hhnnn hhnnngg oh shit! Uunnnnggg uunnnnn hhnnngg … shit … pound my shithole—pound it!”

Ygritte cried out surging her ass back into the punishing strokes slamming nine inches up her pinching starfish.

Melisandre had been shocked when she first heard Ygritte’s filthy mouth. Tgritte had not had the potty mouth. She had told Ygritte that such talk was unladylike. Ygritte had gotten real hot at that.

“That is man’s world talking Melisandre! You know nothing! They want us pure in the kitchen and slut in the bed. They want to control us! They get to talk however they want and we must be demure and chaste. Fuck them! Talking dirty is hot! Get into Melisandre. It frees up the body and the soul to curse, scream and talk shit! I know. We wildlings let it loose woman! *Let go Melisandre!*”

Now Melisandre understood fully. Now it turned her on to hear Ygritte and now even Jon talking filthy. She loved hearing and loved speaking nasty and filthy. She loved fucking Ygritte nasty when she wanted it. Like now. She reached forward and fisted a handful of her wife’s fiery red hair. She snapped her wife’s head back and forward. Her wife grunting gutturally and breathing in ragged gulps now. Her body covered in sweat that ran down her writhing body in rivulets.

“Take it up your ass you fucking cunt! Take it you godsdammed whore! You love it up your shithole don’t you—you anal whore!” She slammed her shaft up her wife’s greedy asshole that clenched and spasmed on the thick green shade plundering her asshole. “You love it don’t you—you fucking slut!”

“YES! Yes! I love it! Aarrruunnggg unngg hhnnngg hhnnngg! Oh shit! Aaaauuugggg oohhhhh fuck yeah! Pound my ass baby!—hhhuunnngggggeee!” Ygritte slapped her right hand up and started to rub her greasy cum soaked shaved smooth mound. Her fingers a blur.

Melisandre slammed her shaft hard, deep and fast up Ygritte’s ass. Her fist pounding her wife’s ass cheeks her shaft now slicked with creamy ass cream making a ring of ass cum at the deepest penetration. She watched Ygritte’s body began to jerk and spasm all over. Melisandre gripped her wife’s hair harder and jammed her wife’s head down straining her neck. Her wife made animalistic groans and caws. Then she felt her body first still shocked still and then she was exploding.

“AAARRRGGGHHHHUUUUUUUUU! Oh shit! Oh sweet R’hllor! AUUNNGGGHHHHH!!" Ygritte roared, her body suddenly flipping and surging out of control. Her body instinctively surged back to take all the of the dildo up her exploding asshole. “Anngghhhnnnieee! Uuunngghhhiieeeeee! Aarrruuunnnggggaaaaa! … Goddsssdammmmmm It … Owwnngggghhhnnnnnn!” her body flipped and jackknifed violently as her anal ‘gasm ripped through her body with throttling convulsions.

Finally, the orgasm began to wane. Melisandre watched strong aftershocks gripped her wife’s body and shook it hard at random intervals. She pulled the dildo roughly out her wife’s asshole that gaped when the bulbous head was jerked out her wife’s anus. She eyed the jade shaft soaked in her wife’s sweet ass juice. Melisandre ran the shaft up her tongue and closed her lips and moaned sucking her wife’s sweet ass off the jade. She watched her wife’s body jerk and her mouth hiss as more strong aftershocks ripped her body. Melisandre sucked and licked the dildo clean of her wife’s sweet asshole.

She now flipped her wife over. Melisandre fell on her like a famished shadowcat. She sucked Ygritte off three times fast and furious back to back while she continued to work her pussy with her fingers as she zeroed in on her g-spot.
Ygritte flew apart with orgasms. After the last two that had been multiple she gurgled “Damn you—you fucking cunt. You blew my fucking clit out!” She cried out as her wife flicked her clit with her fingertip sending scalding aftershocks ripping through her body.

“You talk too much Ygritte” Melisandre announced as she sat down on her wife’s face and rode Ygritte hard to repeated orgasms. Ygritte looped her arms over Melisandre’s big muscular thighs and pulled Melisandre’s swollen camel toe down to her starving mouth. Now it was Melisandre’s raw screams of crushing pleasure swallowed by their glamour.

They were two happy witches that came back down the animal path as the sun was resting on the trees in the distance to the west.

They suddenly heard loud cawing from a raven up in the trees just above their heads. They both looked up and froze. On a branch not ten feet above them sat a raven with three eyes. It twisted its head looking at them with intelligent eyes and cawed loudly. The bird flexed its wings and slowly rotated its head looking down at them.

For another minute the bird hopped around on the branch and cawed to them. It then flew off. The two witches looked at each other. They had read the books of the Crows. They had just been visited by the Tree of Life.

They mounted their horses and rode off into the gathering gloom pulling on the leads of their other horses.

They hoped that his was a positive omen. It had to be. The Tree of Life was the essence of spiritual life in the North.

Arya

Arya leaped to the right as the spear tip stabbed at air. She was shadows that had no home. The spear only finding nothingness. She started to charge in but sudden right and left slashes of the cloth covered spearhead of Oberyn’s spear kept her at bay. The movements a blur. Arya had to lean back and to the left when a sudden thrust came at her face. She had on a light full helm. She had large eyes slits to see but small enough to protect her eyes. Oberyn told her that he had total confidence in his skills but with them both moving at full speed he wanted to be safe.

Arya had been a little miffed. “Where is your protection?”

“I don’t need it little wolf.” He had then spun his spear around in a blur over his head and spun it around his body and would suddenly stab out with catlike reflexes. Arya was impressed. He was as fast as her or Dany. His spear like a fast striking cobra. He then put his spear butt on the ground and leaned against it. He extended his left hand and motion with his hand that said ‘bring it’.

“I’ll show you!” and she had gone charging in and nearly got squired by Oberyn’s spear thrust. She had had to dive to the right and roll. Oberyn had chased her thrusting at her as he wildly swiped this spear tip aside with her swords. She had underestimated the man. She had thought that a spear was a silly weapon but she would never tell Oberyn that. Now she saw that the man was a true master with his weapon of choice. She started trying to catch his spear and pull it aside with Needle and down and then come in with her broadsword.

The man was infuriatingly adept at sweeping his shaft away from her blade or swirling it to get his spear on top of her sword and then coming in with yet another quick thrust. The man often riding up
her swords with this long shaft trying to slice her fingers which made the teenager have to jerk her hands back and to the sides. The motion effectively putting her on the defense. Arya had to either block aside with her free sword or at times pivoting here body hard to the left and right to get away and rebalance herself.

She remembered back fifteen minutes ago. She had been talking to Stannis and Renly talking about fighting techniques when Oberyn came up in all his swagger and started talking trash about his spear being the best weapon in all of Westeros.

Stannis and Renly ignored the man but Arya rose up to the bait. “You got to be shitting me Oberyn. No way in hell a spear can last a minute against a sword.”

Oberyn was ready “I would offer my other shaft but, well … I think someone is already spoken for.”

Arya felt her face flush red. How did he know! She stuttered trying to think of a denial but his waggling eyebrows had her totally flustered.

Oberyn smirked. “I would fight you, but, I don’t want to embarrass the royal hostage in front of the Queen.”

Arya saw Daenerys walking up. She had heard the end of the conversation.

“Oberyn …”

“No Dany. I will put that smirk off his face! I will make him eat those words!” Arya had told he Queen. The man was funny and smart but also smug and sanctimonious. She was just the woman to put him in his place!

“I would prefer to eat something else!”

“Oberyn!” both women shouted at the man.

He merely waggled his eyebrows again. “Do you accept my challenge? It looks like the stags of House Baratheon have shed their antlers. I will be happy to hang a direwolf pelt on my bedpost.”

“You’re on!”

“Is that turned on Arya?”

Another mighty blush from Arya. She heard Dany tinkling laughter and her embarrassment lessened. Hearing Dany happy just made Arya feel all was right in the world.

“Get ready for a thrashing Oberyn.”

“In your dreams. When you find time to not fantasize about a certain dragon.”

Both women blushed hotly at that. Oberyn smiled. How could they miss such blatant signals to each other?!

Arya was bouncing on the balls of her feet ready to spar with Oberyn when the Queen called her over. She had several scarves in her hair and she unwound one. They were light blue to compliment her hair. Daenerys silently tied it on her left upper arm. “This is my favor. You fight for the throne” Dany spoke softly looking deeply into Arya’s eyes.

Arya felt her chest swell up and her love for the Queen if anything bloomed even more deeply in her heart.
Oberyn and the Queen insisted she put a helm on. She acquiesced even though she knew that the battle would not last long. She had charged into the fray and nearly lost right off! Damn Oberyn was fucking fast and his spear somehow seemed to be in two places at once!

Now she and Oberyn circled each other warily. He would thrust in with insanely fast repeated thrusts of his spear jerking up and down to parry Arya’s swipes and attempts to get past his guard. They locked up swords and spear with Arya grunting trying to use her swords to jam Oberyn’s spear tip into the ground but Oberyn kept slipping his spear subtly to disengage their locked weapons.

Arya surged in snarling and gripped his spear cross ways with her swords and tried to twist the shaft out of his hands. Oberyn let the shaft shift to the left like Arya wanted but then went with her momentum which threw her off balance. Oberyn jerked his spear back and attacked weaving his spear in at Arya batting her two swords about and then hooked her main sword and jerked hard which twisted Arya spinning her around. She was momentarily vulnerable but she kicked out and hit Oberyn in the ribs as his right hand chopped her across the back of her neck. They separated snarling.

Oberyn backed up and with both hands gripping his spear in the middle started spinning it like a spinning top above his head and weaving it up and down in a blur.

Show off Arya thought. She surged in still confident of victory. Suddenly Oberyn spun the blade down and around his body and thrust at her as she charged. Arya yelped and barely blocked the thrust as she spun to the left feeling the covered spear tip brushing across the leather of her vest.

She heard Dany gasp. That was close!

They fought for the next few minutes. Arya had definitely developed a healthy respect of what a spear could do in the hand of a true master. Arya and Oberyn grunted and snarled as they circled each other and thrust and parried each other’s thrusts and in Arya’s case hard slashes that now had Oberyn blocking and side stepping as he had to give ground to stay in his balanced defensive stance.

Arya locked her swords up against his spear again as she grunted keeping their weapons locked together as they shoved and pressed in against each other. Arya grimaced as Oberyn swirled his spear. This made Arya’s wrists flex and strain to keep her swords gripped properly.

Suddenly Oberyn jerked down and then up and her Needle went flying off into the air. The sudden loss of her sword made Oberyn’s spear follow up with the lack of down pressure. Arya spun low and pivoted and came up her blunt practice sword slashing across Oberyn’s midsection.

“Uummpffffffffff!”

Dany screamed out “Yessssss! Direwolf and Dragon one Sand Snake zero. Zip! Nada! Numero Zilch!”

Hearing Dany put them together in her declaration made Arya feel so good. She ran over to Daenerys and they gripped each other’s forearms and jumped up and down crowing at Oberyn’s expense.

“That is not fair! That was chicanery! I demand a rematch.” Oberyn rubbed his sore ribs. He looked about evilly.

Both Arya and Daenerys gave Oberyn big fat raspberries.

Renly was laughing his ass off. Stannis had a big smirk on his face.
“It looks like you’ve been defanged Oberyn” Stannis told him in what for him was a jovial voice.

“You got shafted you old goat!” Renly shouted. “You don’t have a shaft you have a twig and it got broken! Hahahaha!

Oberyn pouted and whined for the next five minutes.

Soon after that they climbed up on Drogon. Now Arya was on Drogon with the Queen. Their column had reached the beginning of the Neck. This was the area that armies had been caught and butchered by the forces of the North with the Reeds launching lightning fast asymmetrical strikes on the rear of the marching columns before again disappearing into the marshes that were their home. Now the way was seeming totally open to the Queen.

Arya used the excuse of making sure she was safe by hugging herself tight to Dany’s body. Dany’s body was so soft and womanly and yet it was corded with muscle underneath. She loved pressing her body into Dany and feeling her small breast compressing against the Queen’s back and her leather vest and blouse underneath. Dany flew Drogon up the neck as the dragon flew on at an easy clip. The Queen would occasionally reach back to make sure that Arya was seated safely and would thread her fingers into Arya’s grip. She looked back to reassure her passenger that she was safe with her. Dany pulled Arya’s hand close where fingers were interlocked on Daenerys’ stomach. Arya felt so close to Dany at these times. She closed her eyes and dreamed of so much more.

They flew to the left of the King’s Road and deep into the Neck. Daenerys again told Ayra of her meeting with the Reeds and how they had prophesized of her battles with the Ice King. Daenerys did not tell Arya that they had also prophesied that she would meet allies and that one of them would love her. That they would marry. Daenerys had been sure it was a male that they spoke of now she hoped that it had indeed been Arya that the Reed’s prophesized.

At first the prophecy had pissed her off. She was not going to marry any man if she could help it. She had cursed the fates for deeming she need marry a man. But lately she had started to wonder. She had now decided to woo Arya and make her Queen. Meera had been careful to leave her prophecy gender neutral. If it had been Arya … then her wedding to House Stark had been prophesized. Daenerys could not wait to start her courtship. She wanted to start it now but the looming war had to put her desires on hold for now.

Why couldn’t Arya return her overtures? Any time she had shown Arya her intentions and desires the girl had not responded in way that filled the Queen with the confidence to proceed. Daenerys so wanted Arya to desire her that she felt awkward around Arya when she did not seem to return her affections. Only recently had it really occurred to her that maybe Arya’s innocence in matters of the heart had her hesitating. She had been innocent in the ways of love when she had arrived from Winterfell. Maybe the girl lacked the experience to move their relationship forward.

Maybe Dany had to girl the hell up and just caste aside her doubts and fears and make her play for Arya and risk a broken heart. As soon as she thought those kind of thoughts her courage would falter. She could not lose Arya. If Arya ran away from Daenerys thinking her unnatural in her desires Daenerys heart would wither and die.

Daenerys had been an innocent when she left Braavos. When she had been sold to the Dothraki Khal Drogo that had all ended. She had been raped and violated but she soon turned the tables on her husband and soon had him following her desires and plans. Her time with the Dothraki had put her in tune with her body and her desires for greatness. Her time with the Khalasar had opened her body to her love of sex. She had quickly learned to listen to her body’s desires and to fuck exuberantly. Dany loved feeling her cunt and asshole exploding in shocking orgasms of fucking bliss. Doreah had taught her that. To let one’s body totally enjoying fucking and the pleasures it
brings. To give your body totally and let your partner pleasure you if skilled. Khal Drogo was nothing it not skilled in bed.

Doreah taught her what she needed to pleasure Khal Drogo and unbeknownst to the man he was quickly bent to the Khaleesi’s will. She used the power of her womanhood to bend the powerful Drogo to her desires and will. Then Doreah had taught the young Valyrian a much more important lesson. She had also learned that she really only wanted to lie with her own sex. That only women gave her the brass ring. Only a woman could ever truly touch her soul. Dany let her body sing to her when Khal Drogo fucked her body but Doreah and then her hand maidens had transported her to the heavens of orgasmic bliss.

When she finished fucking the Khal he did not want to cuddle or hold Daenerys after the act of sex was finished. Dany was happy with that. She had no desire to be held by the man. This was not so with Doreah or her Dothraki handmaidens. She longed and relished holding their sweat and cum soaked bodies close to hers. To have an exhausted woman purring as she melded her cum soaked body to hers. Their mouths melding tight as languid tongues kissed deep in post coital bliss.

Dany had come to need that. She had learned she was a lesbian. She had had to hide it. No more. She had learned who and what she was. She was in a position that allowed her to seek out that destiny now. She had forged a future where her desire for a female mate was possible.

Arya had led a sheltered shielded life. Arya did not have the confidence or experience yet to go for what she desired. That was what Daenerys now thought. Arya had not the opportunity to explore her nature as Daenerys had. When this war was over the Queen would embark Arya on her journey of self-discovery. Dany shivered in anticipation.

Daenerys felt a feral smile cross her face. She would make Arya her paramour and her Queen. Gods the sex was going to be so fucking good. She shivered hard again. She hoped the future was indeed bright.

“Are you cold Dany” Arya asked from behind her squeezing her Queen harder.

“Yes but I am alright” Daenerys answered back the pressure of Arya’s grip had her core on fire and wet.

She and Arya looked for Greywater Watch but of course did not find it. They wondered how a whole city simply could not be found. It had buildings for crying out loud. What they did see was a land of swamps and bogs. The watery word had huge flowers that in the warmer climes bloomed profusely. Lizard-lions, and many snakes swam the water ways. Pumas and red wolfs hunted the hillocks and small wood lands that dotted the bogs. Many trees were half-drowned and covered in fungus, and beneath the water, quicksand waited to drown anyone who attempted to walk the waters.

The Neck had always been considered the key to any assault on the north from the south. The King’s Road passed through the Neck. Due to the difficult terrain it became a narrow causeway, which was the only safe route to travel through the swamps of the Neck during times of peace. It was the same in times of war but now the narrows of the Neck became a garrote to strangle and kill the enemies of the North. At the northern end of the causeway stood the formidable ruins of Moat Cailin. Fortunately, the way had been deliberately left open by Eddard and his allies the Reeds.

Arya lay against Daenerys back and looked at the swamps. Her father spoke so highly Howland Reed. His father would always remember their fight at the Tower of Joy in Dorne. Howland had always been loyal and a true liege to her father.
Arya’s mind wondered. She smiled into Daenerys back. She brought up in her mind the visions of Dany’s naked body as it jackknifed so hard flipping around on her large royal bed. The Queen masturbating expertly to drive her body to the heights of ecstasy. She missed her Dirty Warging as she called it now. She had come to look forward to the Queen letting Nymeria into her room at night. Her wolf the greedy mutt always wolfed down the treats the Queen had waiting for Nymeria.

Then the Queen would drop her diaphanous gown to the floor and then slink up onto her bed. There was no other way to describe it. Gods Arya had been in heaven seeing Dany’s body in the throes of passion. She so longed to masturbate with the Queen side by side and then burying her face in that plump pussy and sucking the Queen off again and again. She noticed the Queen loved to play with and fuck her ass. Arya had developed a lot of dirty thoughts of what she would love to do to that beautiful derriere.

Now Nymeria was running around the edges of the column during the day and often out at night ranging out into the local woodlands and plains surrounding the Queen’s party. Nymeria running with local wolves and bringing down prey. Arya would be warged into her wolf enjoying the thrill of the hunt and the thrill of power as her direwolf bent the local wolf packs to her will. It made Arya feel so powerful.

Someone had power over her Arya thought. Arya freely admitted that the Queen had her wrapped around her finger. The Queen was so beautiful. Arya could not help but want Dany’s body. That desire was only enhanced by the woman’s intelligence, kindness and sheer fire. Arya could not help but be deeply in love with Queen.

Arya had often wondered how some brave knight or powerful lord had not captured the Queen’s heart. She was just thankful that no one had as of yet. It allowed Arya to fantasy constantly about the Queen falling in love with her without having reality get in the way of her sweet dreams and masturbatory fantasies.

Arya loved it when they found time to get in some sword practice in the early morning or late after they had settled in the camp for the night and they fought and practiced by firelight. Arya fought her masters and Dany every day for a short while to keep herself sharp and to look for little new techniques to improve her skills.

Arya could not help but preen underneath the praise of the Sword Masters and the Queen. Arya always made sure to wince and rotate her left shoulder after the training in the evening. The Queen was always ready to rub in the liniment. Her fingers made her shoulder and her pussy feel so fucking good. She longed to have those hands roam further. Arya repressed her moans now that they had a close audience and no privacy. She dare not let the Queen and her High Lords know of her lesbian desires.

She had replayed again and again when Dany had stripped off her top asking her to work her shoulders and work out the kinks of a hard workout. Arya had been a total chicken shit. She was sure now the Queen had offered her body to her. Hadn’t she? Well she was pretty sure she had. Well maybe she had. No, it must be her imagination. But it hadn’t been her imagination then maybe she had hurt and pissed Dany off. She had seemed stiff when she left. Was that why she had not asked Arya again to massage her body. She was afraid to be rebuffed again. When Arya thought that she groaned at the missed opportunity. She had blown it!

Arrgggg! Arya hated her indecisiveness. She wanted to be more aggressive like her Direwolf but if she was wrong it would be catastrophic. If Dany sent her away she would die. She would just die.

Arya daydreamed of running her hands all slippery with liniment all over Dany’s body and then going back to the Queen’s chambers to wash in her bath except no longer separately but together and
making love in the bath before moving to the bed and fucking the night through.

A girl could dream.

Arya resolved to be more aggressive with any opportunities. She cried out in her mind when her next thought had her backtracking and giving herself caveats and backdoors to chicken out.

How could she be so confident on the practice and battlefield and such a wimp in the bedroom. *Hell she couldn’t even get to the bedroom*!

Arya cried out in her mind. I want Daenerys Targaryen! She would have her. Just as soon as she grew a backbone she moaned to herself.

When they got to Winterfell she would seek out Margaery and Sansa. They would know what to do. She knew that Margaery would be pissed off that she had crapped out and not even gotten close to using her oral techniques she had explained to Arya.

Arya knew she had some crow to eat. All that boastful talking and strutting around about how she would make Daenerys hers. Geez, she had totally blown it. *What a wimp*!

Her thoughts turned to her taciturn and so super straight as an arrow of a father. Oh man. He was going to have such a cow when I tell him how much I am in love with the Queen. Then I will have to tell him what a gutless wonder I am. Her father had taught her to always be aggressive on the battlefield no matter where it lay.

Arya worried over his reaction. Her mother would be even worse; her mother was always so … wait a minute … they accepted Margaery with open arms. Arya suddenly felt hope. She smiled. Sansa was going to marry a princess. Arya felt smug. I would be marrying a Queen.

Dany turned Drogon around to fly back to their column. Sigh, back to reality.
Chapter Notes

AN #1: As you will discover there are six viewpoints but only two in this chapter. The chapter simply became too big for me to work with. I have tried to keep the chapters to less than 30,000 words per chapter but have been sneaking past that limit by thousands of words of late. This chapter was 53,000 words.

Writing the chapters is easy enough but the editing these bigger chapters drives me crazy. It overwhelms me. Thus, the splitting of chapters.

I had to break it into two parts to work it. I will have to do this with future chapters. I try and break the chapters at logical break points. Even split in two the chapters are still large so you are still getting lots of story.

Chapter 41

Portents and Meetings - Part I

Daenerys / Ygritte / Oberyn / Jon / Tyrion / Arya / Eddard

Daenerys

An anaconda. That was the thought of Daenerys Targaryen the Queen of Westeros as she looked out from her seat at the way point that had been setup at the edge of the Neck just past Moat Cailin. She had felt like a mighty snake undulating its body up that narrow causeway. For weeks she had felt so exposed with the marshes on each side of her. A land that was filled with quicksand and hidden paths that only the Reeds knew.

She had read that the neck had been the slaughter ground of countless armies heading north to conquer the North. It was a natural chokepoint and the Kings of the North had used it protect their realm again and again. It had been Aegon that had solved that riddle. With dragons. He simply flew over the bottleneck to attack his foes in the North. When resistance did rise up on the causeway his dragons were able to attack and kill or disperse the enemies. He sent the forces scurrying back to their marsh homes, else, they burned. He was never able to find Greywater Watch either but what he had needed was to keep the causeway open and Moat Cailin suppressed.

Fortunately, her unofficial treaty with Reeds had alleviated the need to actively worry about the Reeds and their intentions. They simply remained hidden. The Queen knew the House of Reed would not attack her and yet it was still immensely unsettling to know you are being watched constantly. Daenerys had become very skilled at the arts of subterfuge and how to pierce similar veils. However the Reeds remained hidden she was not able to pierce their camouflage.

Her neck ached from her constant craning of her neck from looking side to side looking for some
sign of the Reeds. Any sign. With her dragons she would have been able to wreck havoc if attacked for they would have to expose themselves to at least a degree. Still, the harm they could have inflicted would have been grievous to her forces.

She was happy for their neutrality at the least and unseen support at best.

Daenerys tapped her fingers on the table top of her war council table. The weather had been raining for the last four days but last night the weather blew out to sea. The sky was a bright cerulean blue. The wind was down and the air crisp. She had moved the council table and chairs outside so she could enjoy the clean air. While traveling the Neck the smell of the swamp was never far. It came to permeate her nostrils and very clothing with every breath. It was not a noxious smell but she was happy to be beyond it.

Daenerys looked up and saw Rhaegal flying overhead doing lazy circles. Drogon was in the North over the beachheads giving her the intel she needed to make sure all was proceeding apace there and it was. He had landed just this morning and the commander of the beachhead and the quartermaster at the beach in turn had held up the large board written in chalk. On the board the numbers of troops and supplies by type they had tallied. On another board was written any observations or requests.

Daenerys looking through her dragon’s eyes had seen the information. The Queen had written down the numbers for Missandei. Her little scribe then compared these figures with her schedules and all was exactly on schedule. Again Daenerys was thankful that she had Tyrion and Missandei to handle the logistics of her campaign. Tyrion with now Olenna were making sure the supplies were heading out of King’s Landing and the Stormlands in a judicious manner while Missandei was making sure that all was well at the end destinations. Their management allowed Daenerys to focus on strategy and make sure that morale was maintained at a high level.

She saw her Bloodriders off in the distance practicing with the Baratheon brothers. The two brothers were holding off her three Bloodriders. Daenerys could clearly hear the difference between the elder and the younger. Renly was whooping it up and cursing away with her Bloodriders. He was laughing as he almost got tagged with the blunted Arakhs of her Dothraki. Stannis was not laughing. He fought with a grim determination as if his life was at stake. As Daenerys observed, she deemed she would rather have the “tooth gnasher” than the “jester” at her side in combat. Combat was serious business.

Missandei went walking by with Shadowclaw jumping around her feet and rubbing into her mistress. The trip up the causeway of the Neck had been hard on the animals. The causeway having hemmed them in with the advancing column. Her sappers had worked wonders driving wooden pylons into the mud deep enough to hit firm ground. The engineers had put wooden slates down to create platforms to build tents on and to allow kitchens to be set up by the cooks at each night’s station to still provide hot meals.

The platforms allowed for tents to be erected that the officers cold reside in. the rest of the column had to rest on the berms or the ground where the land was widen in places to allow parts of the columns to camp there in small pup tents or on bed rolls with clear skies. Her initial scouts had marked the lack of space and forage for the horses of the knights and wagons traveling with the columns. Tyrion and Missandei had made sure large stores of grain and oats had been stored with large quantity of feed bags to feed the horses.

The structures would not last for long with the pylons in time working loose in the muck and collapsing but that would take several years. Whatever battles to be fought would be fought long before that time. Daenerys intended to defeat the Ice King with Eddard Stark quickly and decisively. She instinctually believed the Ice King had the same thoughts.
The Queen watched the plains cat get in front of her scribe and face the small scribe. The caracal jumped up on Missandei and wiggled up over her shoulder and rested her forepaws on Missandei’s back with her head resting on the top of the interpreter’s shoulder. The cat’s long body and legs hung on the front of the scribe’s body. The little woman grunted when her not so little cat jumped up on her but she accepted the weight. As she walked past the Queen, Daenerys heard Missandei cooing to her cat “What’s my little baby want … uuummmm … your such a sweatie … mommy just loves you so much!” The cat’s loud purrs easily audible.

*Geez the cat is spoiled rotten!*

As the Queen sat observing her surroundings she idly rubbed Nymeria behind her ears as the wolf woofed and rumbled in pleasure. Whenever the Queen stopped scratching the large direwolf, Nymeria would bump the Queen’s hand hard and whimper till Daenerys again started scratching. The wolf’s tongue lulling out in pleasure.

Arya had gone off with Oberyn to inspect the cavalry. Arya had formed a bond with the Red Viper and both Baratheons. Anything that got Stannis to loosen up was a plus Daenerys thought to herself. Arya’s easy manner and genuine interest in people drew them to her. It had drawn her in the Queen mused. She stopped scratching the wolf lost in her thoughts and Nymeria whined again until Daenerys absently started rubbing her ears again.

She looked over at Missandei feeding Shadowclaw some tasty bits of meat that she bent her arm up and back to feed the cat where she had her head resting on her shoulder. She was again reminded how fortunate to have the small scribe and interpreter in her confidence. The little woman had persevered in cracking the code of the missive that had been provided to them.

Daenerys blood boiled again at what Missandei had decoded. The Houses of Frey and Bolton were going to turn on Eddard and by that fact alone if there had been nothing else she was going to side by Eddard herself if need be. The thought of sedition always made her blood boil. She had held this knowledge between herself, Missandei, Arya, Barristan and Syrio. They knew of the subterfuge and Game of Thrones she was playing along with Eddard. Now was not the time to let the other houses know of the sedition in Eddard’s camp.

They would probably welcome it. *Enemy of my enemy is my friend.*

Arya had informed her that her father detested the man but could never find the proof he felt he needed to bring charges against the man. Arya also related to Daenerys her father wanted to avoid bloodshed among his Lords if at all possible. Bolton may be an ass but he ran his House well and his men supported their titular head. Dany did not care. He was a cancer that would be exorcized. Hopefully, the war would bring his death. If not, and necessary, it would be her hand that would slay the evil vile man.

Daenerys knew she would have to speak to Edmure as well. He had a cancer in his own Lands. The thought that the leaders of these houses could even contemplate turning against their allies and Lords galled the Queen no end. She had read as much as there was about the Ice Wright King and she had read nothing in it that made her think the man or thing would ever honor any pact it signed with Men. The Ice King seemed to be a totally implacable foe bent on total destruction of all Men.

She was already devising strategies to deal with their sedition. She was sure that Eddard and Edmure would have their own ideas. Roose Bolton had taken to the field to lead his House. Walder Frey was still at The Twins. She would be paying him a visit after the battle. His death would be most pleasing.

Missandei walked back by her again with her cat now seemingly asleep on her shoulder still purring.
She wondered why she put up with the cat making such heavy demands of her affection. One had to keep their pets under control.

She felt her hand knocked up hard again. She had forgotten to scratch Nymeria like she was supposed to. She glared down at the mighty Direwolf. The wolf had its head turned back to look at Daenerys regally with her tongue hanging out panting softly. Suddenly the wolf rolled onto her back and looked back at Dany with her head cocked upside down. “Whoff whoff” sounds followed by whimpers as the wolf wiggled her feet in the air.

“Geezzzz” the Queen sighed as she got out of her chair and got on her knees beside the large powerful wolf and started to scratch her belly and the area between her now jerking forelegs which started to work like she was chasing a rabbit on spastic legs. “Wooff woof wofffff wofff” Nymeria signaled her pleasure. Her head now stilled and eyes slit in pleasure.

Daenerys looked at Missandei and smiled. When she had asked her scribe how she had made her breakthrough she told the Queen of her hidden benefactor. Daenerys had listened intently. She had a first been a little miffed that Andi had not told her of this hidden benefactor to begin with. Daenerys had listened how Missandei was sure the “woman” had been visiting her at night but had not done anything. Somehow her secret helper had sensed her problems and had provided her the solution to the scribe’s dilemma.

Missandei described how the papers and compass were floating in the air and how the color green showed Missandei where to look. It was her long time friend’s descriptions of how this woman helped her that opened the eyes of the Queen. Her friend and most trusted of advisors insisted she knew that this late night visitor was a woman. When Daenerys had asked how she knew Missandei had told Daenerys “a woman knows these things” and then blushed.

It was in that moment that Daenerys knew her friend was in love with her faceless lover. The next instant Daenerys realized her friend was gay like herself. She had looked at her longtime friend with sudden new appreciation. She had never guessed. But seeing her friend nearly swooning describing her benefactor opened the Queen’s eyes. Daenerys had shaken her head softly wondering how she had never not seen it before.

Daenerys was a little embarrassed to admit it to herself but she had almost seen Missandei as sexless. She had never shown any interest in men or the fairer sex. She was always focused on her tasks and performed them admirably. Actually, her work was beyond compare. She had seemed dedicated to her work only. Of course she had not been. She was a young woman who had the drives of all young girls at that age. The fact that her desires ran towards women only made the Queen like her scribe all the more.

Daenerys turned it over in her mind that. She had still missed it. The Queen prided herself on being totally in tune with her close advisors. It made her a good ruler. Still, she had had a potential mate right under her nose for years. Daenerys was a woman who prided herself on being totally aware of her environment and not letting anything slip by. Then why had she missed it? She could only come to the conclusion that Missandei had come into her service so young, sweet and innocent that she had never thought to consider Andi in that light. She wondered if she had missed something precious but in the next instant decided she had not. Missandei was a wonderful person but she was too … what? (the Queen reflected on the quality lacking in her scribe that made her overlook the sweet young teenager) … calm and staid was Daenerys conclusion turning the thoughts over in her head. Missandei always wanted to leave the combat and action to her Queen and others and would get faint just thinking about throwing oneself into combat.

Dany was embarrassed to admit it but Missandei was too meek for her. She needed a woman with
fire and passion in her veins to meet all the challenges of life no matter the origin. Especially the fire to meet physical challenges.

Daenerys needed as her Queen a woman who was a warrior like herself. A woman how did not hesitate to throw herself in the middle of the storm. She needed a woman who was adventurous and willing to take risks. A woman who would not shy away from combat. A woman like Arya. Daenerys rubbed Nymeria’s belly harder thinking of the wolf’s master. The great wolf whimpered in pleasure at the rough rubbing on its belly and chest. Arya was a warrior born like herself. She knew that Arya would seek battle out just like herself.

That was the kind of woman that Daenerys desired in her lover and wife. Suddenly, her scribe squealed loudly and jumped back. She cried out and whinnied like a little girl. This had the Queen chuckling at the antics of her longtime friend. She looked at Missandei as she now squealed loudly and began to jump all around. She lurched around hopping from foot to foot all the time squeaking. Missandei pointed her finger crying out in distress. Daenerys leaned forward to see what had her scribe so agitated. It was then Daenerys saw that Missandei had disturbed a small mouse that ran across her path in sudden starts and stops constantly changing directions.

Missandei squealed and jumped even louder and higher. This dislodged Shadowclaw who tumbled down but alighted afoot like the cat she was. The caracal looked up at her master aggrieved as Andi continued squealing and pointing at the little mouse. “Save me Shadow! Help!” The caracal spotted the offending mouse and leapt high in the air (almost as high as Missandei and landed on the mouse with its forepaws and dispatched the offending mouse with a bite. Now Missandei covered her eyes as her pet ate its meal “Eewwwwww!”

Daenerys shook her head. No. Missandei was most definitely not the type of woman that attracted her ardor.

That led the Queen to a thought that disturbed her and one she had no answer for. It had bothered her since the night of the revelation of the necessary information to solve the riddle of papers from the satchel stolen from House Frey. Missandei had been glum at first but was assured that her “secret admirer” would return. Missandei had not wanted to talk in depth about this woman. Daenerys could understand her interpreter’s desires.

The Queen knew they were in debt to this “woman”. If the Houses of Bolton and Frey nefarious plans had not been exposed the results could have been disastrous. If this woman choose to not reveal herself, it was a potential danger. This unknown and unseen woman had proven that she was capable of passing through their pickets unseen.

Daenerys remembered clearly the night that Missandei had come to her. She had told the Queen that she had gone to sleep fairly early and then her visitor had made her unknown appearance and magically left the clues to let the scribe solve the cypher code of the document.

What disturbed the Queen was how easily this “woman” seemed to slip through her defense pickets. They had circled their wagons around the royal encampment as a barrier double wide. She had brought Worm Tail and one hundred Unsullied on the march to guard the royal compound that was erected every night. The Unsullied’s discipline was absolute. They did not get sleepy or distracted on duty. The Queen had two of her Bloodriders on station throughout the night. This heavy guard was maintained every night. That night she had walked around the compound area with Arya looking at the stars. She remembered that Barristan, Syrio and Oberyn were sitting and talking by happenstance near Missandei’s wagon. In fact Oberyn had joked her screams were indeed quite something to hear as she masturbated.

All this vigilance had been on guard and still this woman had slipped through of all these eyes and
their honed senses. How? Daenerys had developed almost a sixth sense to danger. She had felt nothing. What woman had those kind of skills? Not even she could hope to slip unseen through so much defense. She had heard that Shadowbenders could bend shadows to hide themselves. Was a witch of Asshai involved? She knew Jon Snow had two such wives but she sure this was not them. Then who?

She wondered if the person had been a Faceless One. They seemed to have such skills. She doubted it though. It did not feel like their style. To first steal the documents and then sneak into her camp months later just did not seem like the way the performed their duties or contracts. They wanted to do something quick and without getting involved with the circumstances around them. They were called the assassins guild for a reason. She suspected they had other talents but they wanted to perform their missions and depart. This woman was following their train up the King’s Road. First in King’s Landing and now in the open this ‘woman’ seemed to easily penetrate the best of defenses. It was an unsettling thought.

Daenerys decided that she could not solve this riddle currently. She wondered if Missandei’s “secret admirer” would appear again having helped Andi solve the documents. She wondered about that. She would have to check with Eddard with how the traitorous houses behaved. Missandei had made it clear that magic was involved with the floating and spinning pages and compass. The green line from the compass and green glow on the page itself. If the Houses had thought their plans had been stolen they would have backed out. She again trusted her instincts. She was sure the “woman” had somehow copied the documents unbeknownst to the traitors.

The “woman” helping them had wanted Daenerys to know the plans of House Frey and Bolton. This woman wanted swift and brutal justice brought to bear. Justice she would be more than happy to provide. Varys had reported that a sparrow had sang a tune of an ambush of Houses Bolton and Frey that left many dead on the King’s Road many months ago. Their bodies had been butchered in up close combat with bodies ripped apart by a small woman with her bare hands. With no effort it was reported. This woman had some kind of magical voice that echoed. After the fight was over she had then just disappeared.

Could this be the same woman? Daenerys wondered. She and Arya were strong. They were lightning fast and skilled. One part of the report she discounted but she could not help but worry on it. This ‘woman’ had dodged all blows except one. A massive doubled headed battleax had landed square on her head. The woman had not died. In fact the witnesses said the blade exploded into shards and the woman did not even seem to feel it.

Could anyone fight such a woman? Thankfully, this woman seemed to be one their side. Would she continue?

The Queen looked out over the open grasslands that they had entered upon leaving the neck. It felt like freedom to her. She had felt the eyes of the Reeds on her the whole way of their journey up the neck. Reports from previous columns and supply trains had reported the same feelings. The queen had taken all three of her dragons up one day and crisscrossed the neck at their location for that day flying low. It had been most frustrating to her. Her dragons had far seeing eyes with extremely sharp focus and could see beyond the light that humans could see and still the Reeds remained hidden.

She had been frustrated at being bested but she did not let it rankle her. They were allies playing it close. She could understand it. They were not about to give away this advantage they had. They might need it someday in the future.

Dany’s thought again went back to the sedition of House Frey of the Riverlands and House Bolton.
of the North. That such vipers could exist in such lands of honor, especially in the lands of the
Starks and their long history of fairness and equanimity, angered her greatly. It even confused her
slightly how such evil could come to be when there was no reason for it to take root and then bloom
into such foul fruit.

Missandei had had her revelation at the start of their journey up the long Neck of Westeros. She had
talked to Barristan and Arya about the news she had received from Missandei. Syrio was from Essos
so would have no knowledge. Arya merely spoke of Roose being “creepy” and that her father did
not trust him but never felt he had proof that he could just justify forcing his House to dispose the
man. It would definitely mean going to war and her father desperately wanted to avoid open conflict
if at all possible.

Barristan had been able add little to the situation up in “the North” as he phrased it. He could speak
little of the Frey’s except that the Lord of the House of Frey was Walder Frey and that he had sired
what seemed like countless children by multiple wives. The man was a wretch and seemed obsessed
with elevating his house by marriage. Barristan knew it was done by all the houses but Walder Frey
took it to the highest levels. None liked the man. Barristan rarely spoke ill of anyone.

“The man is an asshole Dany.” He paused for a moment. “I would not put it past him to invoke the
“guest right” with someone visiting his castle and then slitting their throats in the middle of the night.
He truly has no honor.”

Daenerys had mulled over his words for several days. The next day the Queen had Missandei gather
up a ream of parchments. They put her royal seal on it.

The next morning Daenerys made a show of sending Barristan back to King’s Landing with updates
to give the small council on their mission into the North to keep them appraised.

The real mission was for Barristan to plumb the moths, spiders and sparrows of Varys and Olenna.
Tyrion always had his ear to the ground and had spent a lifetime observing the royalty of Westeros.
The Queen requested that they spend a day pulling together what was known on the traitors and then
Barristan would bring the reports to her. She wanted as much information she could get. Hopefully,
if Tyrion, Varys and Olenna beat the blankets something of import would be seen that had been
hidden.

The three were to be sworn to silence on the matter. Daenerys in her message she sent with
Barristan made it clear to Olenna that she did not want any information handed out to Margaery and
then to Eddard. She wanted to make sure it was handled in a way that multiple objectives could be
achieved at once.

The next morning Barristan was ready with his saddle and his satchel of parchments. Nymeria had
come out to him as Arya joined her to see off her dear friend, knight and general. Barristan kissed
Arya’s knuckles gallantly. Dany smiled seeing Arya blush mightily. Yes, indeed. Arya was indeed
an innocent. Dany loved that innocence but she would soon be seducing her sweet wolf and
teaching her the ways of love, the world and amore.

Barristan scratched Nymeria’s ears and ruffled her coat along the wolf’s neck and shoulder girdle.
The wolf’s tongue lulled out as she pushed into Barristan’s fingers. Nymeria then flopped onto her
back and demanded her belly be rubbed and throat played with. Barristan obliged. The wolf was
now whimpering her back twisting on the ground while her tail thrashed and her legs kicked. Arya
laughed at her wolf who only barked at her in return enjoying being spoiled rotten.

Dany had called for Viserion a minute ago. He now appeared on the horizon several seconds later.
The dragon flying leisurely till he was several miles out. Suddenly the dragon put on a huge burst of
Less than two minutes later Viserion landed a hundred yards from Barristan and ran over roaring in his rage. His neck straining with the force of his bugles. Viserion slowed when he got near Barristan. The dragon shot his head out and down. The dragon quickly insinuated his head between Barristan and Nymeria. The dragon was rumbling and pushing against Nymeria pushing her away from Barristan in a pique of jealous rage.

The wolf growled and tried to push back but the dragon was simply too large to be moved at all. Nymeria barked furiously at the intrusion. Viserion quickly got its neck between man and wolf and half circled Barristan. Viserion twisted his supple upper neck and glared down at the Direwolf. Nymeria looked up the large white dragon and woofed ducking underneath the dragon’s neck and came up on the other side of Barristan and jumped up putting her feet on his shoulders and licking his face avidly.

Dany, Arya and Barristan stood while smiling and chuckling at the two jealous rivals. Viserion had bonded with Barristan when he was a hatchling. With Nymeria all knew it was a bit more complicated. The wolf loved all that her masters loved but she was definitely working to make Viserion jealous. The evil Direwolf loved tweaking her rival for Barristan’s affections.

Viserion’s roars of distress were hard on the ears as Daenerys started to laugh out loud at the spectacle. Viserion quickly whipped his body around and again used his head to butt into the wolf and got its head between Barristan and Nymeria all the while grumbling darkly. Barristan then reached up and hugged his dragon tightly and scratched his cheeks like he liked. The dragon began to purr in a loud rumble that all could feel within a hundred feet from him. The white dragon’s tail lifted off the ground and shook making a whipping sound.

Nymeria having had her fun returned to her two masters. Arya scolded her wolf for being “mean” to Viserion but she did not look guilty one bit. Soon Barristan had saddled up and they were prepared to leave. Viserion looked down at Nymeria and glared at the Direwolf while half growling a threat. Nymeria turned so her tail faced the dragon she lifted her tail and wiggled it in a sign of wolf f-you.

The dragon snorted and launched himself and Barristan into the air and they were soon gone off to the horizon as they flew south by west.

They continued their journey up the neck.

On the beginning of the fourth day after Barristan’s departure Viserion was on the horizon. Daenerys could feel her son returning. She had lagged behind the column with Arya, Missandei. They had brought an extra horse for Barristan to ride. By now the excitement of seeing dragons had worn off with the men and Lords of the Great Houses.

Soon the white dragon with his bronze markings flared back to land on the causeway. Daenerys smiled seeing the dragon looking all around suspiciously for the direwolf. The dragon’s head moving up and down looking around and underneath the horses seeing if Nymeria was laying low to ambush. The direwolf was always trying to get near Barristan when Viserion was around. Not seeing Nymeria the dragon relaxed as Barristan dismounted. Barristan turned to rub and scratch the dragon and pressed his forehead to Viserion’s snout and rubbed their faces. The dragon snorted happily. Satisfied with his affection quotient the dragon launched himself into the air and flew off to the east.

Daenerys could see in his mind that he was off for the Vale. Her dragons had an affinity for the high mountains of the Vale. She wondered if they have an instinctive pull towards mountains like their
ancestral home of Valyria.

Barristan got on his horse and they slowly walked down the causeway staying a short distance from the advancing column. Barristan began to report to the queen what he had learned. He had a satchel but handed it to Missandei. It was the written reports and thoughts of Daenerys’ agents in King’s Landing. Daenerys knew that Missandei would look through the reports to mine any little nuggets that Barristan may overlook in his overview gloss.

Barristan reported to the Queen what he had learned. Unfortunately little could be added. Most of the information was merely confirmation of what was already supposed. One was a revelation to Barristan and Daenerys. It was reported but never proved that Roose Bolton still practiced the right of “first night”. Daenerys not being of the North was unfamiliar with the practice.

Arya spoke up “It is an old right that used to be practiced in the North. My family has outlawed it for many generations and my father has reiterated his hate for the practice. ‘First Right’ gives the Lord of a House the right to sleep with the bride before the husband. He takes the woman’s maidenhead. The Starks outlawed it centuries ago.”

All saw the Queen’s ire flare and her face flush with her anger. All knew of her past and her visceral hate of rape. The thought of a Lord abusing his power in such a way filled the young Queen with great anger. All knew she was remembering herself being sold off as a token by her brother to Khal Drogo to procure the army he sought to invade Westeros with. All knew of her rape night after night. Fortunately, it did not break the young child but instead hardened her into Valyrian steel. All knew she would always carry that scar in her and would react violently against the act.

Barristan then brought the conversation back to the heraldry on the flag of House Bolton. The Queen knew it well since it was a major house in the north. Barristan continued “as we have surmised ‘The Flayed Man’ … that is not just figurative with Roose. He still practices the vile act though none can prove it and Eddard Stark has expressively forbidden it. It is a case of the “common” knowledge but having no proof. He is most surreptitious in his illegal acts. The man is most vile. I will gladly gut and eviscerate him if you will let me my Queen.”

“That I may allow my old friend. Unless I do it myself” Daenerys murmured darkly. Arya had looked at her with glittering eyes. The Queen knew the little wolf would gladly help her liege to flay a certain Lord.

Barristan then told the Queen of the again “rumors” of Roose’s bastard son Ramsey. The boy was pudgy and not a warrior at all. The knight told the Queen that some men from contacts that Varys had made were willing to come forward to give witness to the hunts. They would only testify if given new lives away from House Bolton and amnesty. The Queen looked at her old friend for a long time.

“Why was I not told of this or word sent to Eddard? Were these men part of the hunt?”

“First, you were not told my Queen because the focus is on the war effort. All know of the Bolton’s depravity. This is merely confirmation. With not relaying to Eddard, I asked. Varys told me simply that such things had not been done in the past. It was information for the Iron Throne. Not for the Wardens.

“To answer your second question the men say they are innocent of the hunt. The men are hands in the stables that heard Ramsey and his men bragging of their hunts. They saw several of the women after the hunt. It was most heinous what the men saw. They are lowly stable hands and could do nothing. I agree with that assessment.
“I will kill him personally!” was the Queen’s response. Daenerys was filled with raging anger.

Barristan report of House Frey was less filled with acts of despicable sadism. The report repeated what all knew. The report of the spies on House Frey showed a House that was not near as grand as they thought they were. Their only glimpse of greatness had been the building of their castle as such a strategic chokepoint. The castle of the Frey’s controlled all the commerce and travel routes in that area of Westeros. Their tax collections helped fill the coffers of King’s Landing the Queen knew but it made the House fabulously wealthy.

They seemed to have little to show for it. The castle was said to be a dour place. The seemed to be no wealth on display or using their wealth to further their House to greater heights. It seemed to be a stagnant place. In many ways Daenerys was shocked that such a small seeming man could even contemplate thinking so large. He had definitely overreached his station. He would be dealt with most harshly.

The Queen hated sedition almost as much as rape. She was frustrated at the dearth of information. She had hoped for something grand but it did not surprise her really. These Houses were not Great Houses and tended to be overlooked. In a way this war was a benefit. It had revealed this infection and it would be burned out. The infection had been detected before it became a death threat.

The party now moved in easy comradery up the King’s Road. The Queen was happy to put the marshlands of the Reed’s behind them. The feel of silent eyes watching her had made her feel jangled and uptight. Now she was able to relax.

She looked out over the land of the North that was just above the marshlands of the Reeds. The vast grasslands were beautiful to behold. She knew of the small hamlets and small to medium sized farms doting the landscape which made the land look like some idyllic painting in a museum. They had advanced three day’s journey past the Neck and she called a rest. It had taken a day and half for the entire long train to pass through the neck. The narrow passage slowing travel. The tension of the travel up the neck had to be worked out their system.

The Queen looked around at this wild seemingly untamed land. People lived on this land and lived well but the very land still had a feel of wildness to it. That man had never conquered like they had the land further south. This was the land of Arya’s birth. People came out to see the column passing by when they would pass a farm or small hamlet. These people had seen multiple columns now pass by them. First columns from the North and the Riverlands. Then the forces of the Queen had started to pass them as they led their quiet lives.

The Queen had given strict orders to treat all the locals with respect and adhere to all the customs that Missandei had created briefs for. These written reports given to the officers and if none could read a sept or Maester had been tapped to travel with the column. The locals would be respected and shown the utmost honor.

Daenerys shook her head. She had heard reports of the locals becoming in some cases quite enamored with her forces in some instances. Eddard had left his own commands mirroring hers in regard to her forces. The barriers of distrust had been lowered. It seemed some of the locals had taken a fancy to the men and some women with the foreign accents and strange customs. Dany was sure babies were being sired. She sighed. She would have to send magistrates back down the King’s Highway to setup a support network for the yet unborn children.

The women who were partaking in nights of wild passionate sex would be given assistance for their children. Daenerys knew all about raging hormones. Her love of the female body protected her from the issue of having to worry about issue of her body she smirked to herself. For her it did not matter that it was prophesized that she would bear no children. She did rue the fact that she would
be barren but life was full of disappointments.

Yesterday she and Arya had seen a group of seven girls by the road. They started jumping up and down as they approached. They were in their late to mid-teens. They squealed that it was the “Queen and the young Wolf!” They thronged the small rabble of horses and called out to Daenerys and to Arya. Two of the girls had visited Winterfell and they told Arya that they remembered how polite and nice she had been to their visiting party. It seemed all the Starks had made quite the impression on the girls. The teenage girls made this clear. In fact quite the impression indeed Daenerys learned!

“My name is Winnie. Please stay the night with me Arya! I want to fuck you so baadddd!” The cute redhead of maybe nineteen gasped up to Arya. Her bodice filled with large breast of milky white skin. Her face quite beautiful and her green eyes filled with fire for Arya. The Queen fumed knowing this girl saw this meeting as her chance to sleep with royalty. She would be the Queen of this small hamlet with that trophy. She batted her eyelashes at Arya and touched her calf with a delicate touch. “I am quite skilled in bed!”

Arya’s face went beet red. Daenerys felt her jealousy flare but it ameliorated when she felt Arya saddle her horse close to hers. The separation between Arya and the tart most satisfying.

“You are very beautiful Winnie but I am spoken for.”

The girl looked at the glaring Queen and gulped and backed off then her eyes flared. Her shoulders had started to sag in defeat but then squared again throwing her shoulders out and her ample bosom forward. “I will fuck you both!”

Egads the Queen thought. This girl was forward! Daenerys was happy to put that group of young girls behind them.

As this day had passed more and more people were by the road. Word was spreading of the Queen and the young princess of Eddard Stark. They whispered loudly that they were bonded and the Queen did nothing to dissuade them of that. It kept the hussies away from her Arya and fanned her own secret desires. She noticed Arya did not dissuade the rumors either. Hope kindled in Daenerys chest. Damn she couldn’t wait for this war to be over so she could pursue and bed her wolf!

The Queen noticed how the people seemed to worship Arya and how embarrassed and humble she was at her subjects adore for the young Stark. The qualities only made her people bond the more with her. It seemed the Starks had the common touch in spades. It reminded Daenerys that she needed to never lose that touch herself. She could see how the people were one with their warden. She could see in the people’s reactions to Arya and how they respected and honored Eddard’s edicts to show peace and respect to her forces that the people of the North truly loved the House Stark.

Her forces were only four weeks away from Winterfell now as the camps were extended up the King’s Highway. The Queen had made that the demarcation line of further advance until she sent word. She was quickly catching up to her armor and supplies sent up the King’s Highway and her three established beachheads had already funneled vast forces and supplies into the North up along the wall in the East and to the King’s Highway.

All her plans were coming to fruition.

Her cooks were sharing food around their camps every night and the locals were happily eating the large meals set aside for them. The children were ravenous for newly prepared spicy food of the South and the women were relieved to not cook. She had female cooks from Essos, Dorne and Dothraki making up her camp cooks. Many had all the cock and pussy they could handle from the
local populace. The Dothraki women had started to form harems and were talking about putting down roots here with their fillies. The local women easily fell under the spell of these beautiful, exotic women with their strange rough accents. Dothraki women were aggressive in their desires and most women swooned with such affections. Most women loved the bad girl.

The women were dominate and loved all these submissive women. They knew the Queen would demand that they and their lasses be free to live their lives together if they so desired. She was saving these people after all. If not they would bring their fillies back South or over to the Free Cities in Essos were homosexuality was much more tolerated and even celebrated in the major cities on the East Coast of Essos.

Daenerys sighed. The coming problem of pregnancy and her Dothraki women claiming women was something she would have to deal with in time. That was a headache for another day after the war. A sad thought came across the queen’s mind. There would most probably many grieving mothers, sisters and wives. Wars were really only good at one thing. Killing. There would many widows in the days to come and young lasses with no men to court them. Daenerys smirked. It would give her Dothraki women more of an opportunity. Dany would work to make it hard on them though. She hoped with all her might she could keep the causalities low.

Evening fell and they reached the next camp. Here they would rest for a short while. The royal tents were setup and the wagons circled around them as another defensive perimeter. She saw Arya rubbing her face into Nymeria’s neck. That made her wonder. She had a feral smile as she looked at Arya’s back knowing she had been warging into Nymeria to watch her masturbate night after night getting her rocks off back in King’s Landing. She hoped that the girl was doing more than just getting a show. She hoped the girl was dreaming of being the Queen’s lover.

“Arya? Can I ask you a question?”

“Sure Dany.”

“When you warg into Nymeria what happens? Do you become like one with her or is it more like with my dragons; a sharing?”

Daenerys smiled seeing Arya look guilty for a moment. “Normally when you warg you ‘take the skin’ and it is almost like you are one with your animal. All your senses become fused with your animal. When I warg into Nymeria and she is on the hunt I feel her exhilaration and I feel her leaping on her prey and tearing their throat out. I taste the meat and blood. I smell the kill. I of course see and hear it all.

“In fact, one has to be careful to not become the animal and fade away. None of us do in our family. We and our Direwolves have a perfect symbiosis.”

Daenerys was intrigued. “So you experience all the wolf’s senses when you become one with Nymeria?” Daenerys asked. “You smell scents in the air, the tang of one’s sweat. The sounds she would hear with her sensitive ears?”

Arya squirmed a little and got a dreamy look on her face. “Yeah I experience it all … (in a very soft voice but one heard by the Queen Arya said – gods you smell good) … that is the blessing and curse of warging. The intensity of it.”

“So you can’t control your body during it?”

“When I warg totally, when I merge completely with Nymeria I cannot. Sometimes on the hunt … other times … I have had difficulty at first pulling away. I am still learning all the ramifications of
“being able to warg.”

“But what if you don’t fully merge?”

“Yeah, I can do that … I guess like you do with dragons … but the emotional bond you share with your animal when you warg is so strong and beautiful that one is drawn to it. It feels wrong and leaves one disconcerted if you don’t fully warg into your familiar. In passing, you might partially merge for a short time but it is called warging for a reason. One merges with your beast. You just can’t let it control you though. People have lost themselves inside their animals. Does that help?”

The Queen had wanted to know since Arya had been doing her “Naughty Waring”. Daenerys liked the idea of Arya being totally spiritually inside Nymeria as the wolf watched her so intently as she jilled off over and over. Also, knowing that Arya was focused only on her while she masturbated was very intoxicating. She imagined Arya must masturbate a storm the instant she came out of Nymeria. Gods that must be so hot Daenerys thought.

As the sun was setting Oberyn was in a grass field doing his spear routines with some local youths watching slacked jawed at his speed and grace. The horndog was laughing and flirting with boys and girls alike and it looked like he had a receptive audience.

Daenerys shook her head admiring the man’s constant pursuit of carnal delights. It looked like he would have a tent full of “fuck-buddies” as he called them. For Oberyn sex was an expression of one’s love of life. A joy to share with others. The man had ambition Arya commented to her Queen beside her. Arya was nonplussed at the man’s appetites and his ability to find willing fuck partners at night. Suddenly, Nymeria came up and gripped the end of his spear as he was putting the blast on three lasses and two boys. With his lightning fast reflexes Oberyn prevented the Direwolf from snatching the spear from his grasp. Both man and wolf spread their legs for balance

Nymeria adjusted its grip on the end of spear and tried to ripe it out of his hands. Oberyn was prepared and twisted the spear to keep it from being taken from him. Then the wolf jumped and snapped her body around. The momentum allowed the wolf to get the better of the Red Viper and ripped the spear out of his grasp. Oberyn started to curse and tried to get his spear back but the wolf snatched her head and kept the spear out of Oberyn’s grasp. She turned tail and ran off. Oberyn chased the wolf who just stayed out of range his outreached grasping hands. After five minutes Oberyn gave up and went stalking off muttering. Nymeria laid down and happily started to chew on the fire harden wood.

The ten minutes later Oberyn came back with a chopped down sapling. He had a grip on the two inch trunk and shook the limbs at the wolf. Nymeria was suddenly on all fours staring hard at the branches. She howled jumping forward. She had asked herself only two questions. Do I want it: Yes. Can I get it: I’m going to try.

The Direwolf grabbed a mouth full of limbs and arched her body down staring up at the man with her golden eyes pulling back with her back legs her tail wagging in happiness.

“Somebody help me against this infernal damn Direwolf!”

From the dusky air the Baratheon brother appeared gripping the sapling stalk and adding their prodigious strength to Oberyn. The wolf circled around jerking on the tree limbs in her mouth her feet working to pull backwards dragging the men forward. The wolf arching her lower forelegs to the ground growling as she jerked her head back trying to rip the sapling free.

Arya suddenly jumped up “Come on Dany!” and Daenerys rose up laughing chasing after Arya as they too gripped the sapling and pulled against Nymeria as the wolf growled and playfully jerked the
Ygritte

Ygritte and Melisandre were nearing their rendezvous with the Queen. They had made up the lost time riding the waterways down South. They had been traveling overland on horseback since leaving Breakwater one day’s journey above White Harbor. They could now travel straight west to intercept the Queen on the King’s Highway.

The first day’s travel from the river had been over flatlands but by the afternoon of the second day of their travel west they had started to enter into the Sandhills of Overton. The Dunes of sand on the fringes anchored down by raw prairie grasses and scrub trees.

Ygritte now thought of herself exclusively as a Shadowbender witch. She had been born of the Free Folk and grown to late teenage years but she was Tygreti now deep down in the core of her being. Still she had the impulses and instincts of her second life. These instincts teased by the land they were passing through.

When Jon had proposed their quicker route to the Queen, Ygritte had wanted all the information she could get on her route. The Wildling in her wanted all the information to better plan the trip and make sure she kept her wife safe. Melisandre was the greatest witch her order had ever produced but her expertise was not in the fields of the wild. Her skills were in the library and the rooms of their domicile or at the location they must perform their acts at. Melisandre was the master of the arcane and the spell.

Ygritte was a mighty witch herself but her skills were not quite as refined as her wife’s spells. Her spells were more the raw power type where her wife tailored her spells to the task at hand. No excess magical might was wasted. Sort of took away from the spectacle of it all Ygritte would grouse to herself.

Ygritte smirked as she looked at her wife looking up at the blue sky in front of Ygritte on her horse. She could just see her heavy full breast shimming on her chest as her horse rocked her body. Ygritte cursed it only being midnight. She wanted some pussy! She felt her mouth salivating thinking of again eating out her sweet witch wife. Gods she always cummed so hard in Ygritte’s mouth!

They needed to make as much time as possible as they traveled under the cover of darkness. Her body still ached in the most delightful of ways. Melisandre and simply fucked her like a battering ram yesterday in revenge for her “domestic witch” remark. She had just made that remark up on the fly. She would use it often now if it continued to fire up her normally calm and placid wife. Gods Ygritte loved it when Melisandre and Jon pounded the “shit” out of her. She liked that saying Jon had taught them. Yip indeedy.

Ygritte loved her body to be fucked hard by her two much bigger lovers. Ygritte shivered remembering Jon and Melisandre with her strap-on slam fucking her to wailing orgasms with their savage thrusts hard and deep up into her fuck holes and their hair pulling and ass smacking DP fucks. Having her head whiplashed forward and back by the fist twisted in it. The remembered feel of cupped palms blistering her ass, tits and face had her salivating for the next sweet grudge fuck. Where did Jon come up with all these phrases. She liked them. Most be all those Crows and their overflowing testicles. Not having sex a lot had to make one very antsy Ygritte chuckled to herself.
Ygritte’s eyes crossed watching her wife’s large firm breast sashay on her chest. She toyed with arguing with Melisandre again about being the domesticated witch but decided against it. She didn’t want to overuse it. Save it for when she really needed to be fucked and abused. She smiled at her lascivious thoughts. She loved goading her spouses and having them ‘put her in her place’. They made her feel beautiful, slutty and so desired when they roughed her up knowing she craved and needed a steady diet of it.

She loved slow and gentle of course but needed that hot spice of hard fucks.

Her body aching in all the right places reminded her of Samwell Tarly and his all but in name wife, Gilly.

Tarly was the new Maester of the Night’s Watch. Aemon Targaryen had passed away just before their arrival at the wall to first save Jon Snow and then coming back to the Wall after his transformation into Azor Ahai reborn. The old Maester had finally passed away at age of 104 years of age. He had been most beloved. From the way Jon described the man Ygritte and Melisandre dearly wished they could have met that gentle and wise old man.

Jon had appointed Tarly to take Aemon’s place. It was still hard for Jon to realize that he was indeed related to the now deceased Maester. Tarly had not wanted the position but Jon had insisted. He was really the only Crow with the temperament and basic educational necessary that could allow him to go the Citadel and earn his links of his chain.

The young man had a horrible lack of confidence and was most inept at all things requiring physical prowess. Jon had determined to send Samwell to the Citadel to achieve his chain. He sent Samwell to the Citadel when the man was till one hundred years old. He had earned his links and was able to return eight months after the old Maester’s death. Gilly had gone with them. Samwell had tried to leave the girl with his father but she had badgered the man into keeping her with her. The boy needed the man he thought of as father with him. Tarly had not been able to fight that argument.

The witches had found Samwell endearing with his easy ability to be made to blush. He was always stammering when talking to them and he could not stop glancing at Melisandre’s ample rack. He did not leer but his eyes simply could not refuse to glance at the bosom of her tall wife. The way he gulped and looked fearfully at Ygritte was amusing. More amusing was his whimpers when Ygritte growled at him good naturedly.

They had told him repeatedly that it was alright to stare. Melisandre did indeed have a ‘nice rack’. He was so innocent in his ogling that it was actually endearing.

Jon tasked the new Maester to bring his wives the information up from the tunnels that they would need to plan their journey. He had brought the parchments and scrolls that the library of the Watch had on the topography and the plant / fauna to be found on their trip. His common law wife Gilly was with him carrying a handful of scrolls. She always gave them a big smile when she was around them. She was shy too but had come to them soon after their arrival with Jon when he took his command of the Night’s Watch back.

She was deeply in love with Samwell. He was a father to her son in all but name. He doted on the boy and on her. The problem was that he was like some of the other crows who actually took their vows of chastity way to seriously. The witches could understand giving one’s focus and effort on a cause but withholding oneself from love and even sex was unnatural and actually just plain dumb.

Gilly had come to them blushing and then started to weep. She loved Samwell so much and wanted to give him her love but he refused. He kept going on about honor and duty. Many times she had almost seduced Samwell but at the last moment his resolve had stiffened. His rejections of her love
hurt Gilly deeply and had started to erode her confidence in her self-image. Ygritte gave an evil leer. It was something else stiff that Gilly needed.

They both readily agreed to help the young woman. It was obvious to anyone with eyes how much the two loved each other and they would be more than glad to help the young lass to lasso her buck. To Ygritte it was akin to helping Gilly on the traditional ‘hunt’ that the Wildling often used to claim their spouse. Ygritte had started to boast to anyone who would listen as to how she had “trapped” both Melisandre and the Lord Commander of the Crows. Ygritte was more than happy to give pantomime shows to one and all in how she had gone about trapping her spouses. She always had a rapt audience. They were almost dare she say it ‘spell bound’.

Ygritte was not satisfied with just bragging to an audience. She crowed incessantly to Jon and Melisandre of her prowess in ‘trapping’ both of them into her bed. She would preen and strut around their living quarters till her spouses had finally had enough. Her spouses smirking at each other as they now took her down in a revenge “hunt”. When she would prattle on about her skills with her clothes on that was Ygritte’s clear signal to her spouses to take her down. They would rip her clothes off as she squealed and acted shocked at the turn of events. They sucked her pussy inside out while pulping her tits and trying to suck her nipples down their throats. They then fucked both of her holes till she was one fucked out happy Shadowbender.

The little cummed witch screaming in wild shrieks as her body convulsed with full body spasms ripping through her small form. She always cummed hard when she felt two hard dicks slamming hard and deep up her fuck holes. Melisandre’s strap-on cock every bit as hard as Jon’s dick and even longer and thicker. She cried out feeling their bulbous cock crowns jacking over each other as they see-sawed hard in out her cunt and ass. The diminutive redhead loved feeling her spouses’ strong hands manhandling her small body. Ygritte loved it when her wife and husband gripped her ribs and hips hard to lunge their dicks so savage deep up into her belly.

The witches had asked Gilly to get some of Samwell’s hair and a piece of his cloak. The witches fashioned a rough mannequin of the human body out of sticks tied together to resemble the human form. They even tied a small pouch to its stomach to make it look more like Samwell. This was easy Earth magic. The next day Gilly had returned with the requested items.

The witches took the hair and bound it to the head of the little mannequin with paraffin. With the cloth taken from the inside of one of his crow’s cloak they had fashioned into a robe with a hood. They then took some of their rare powders and put these in a bowel and used a distil to grind them together along with some salt and had Gilly cry to produce tears (thinking of Samwell refusing her love had produced more than enough and plenty of sobs too). They had ground it all together and then spread the paste underneath the robe along the crotch of the mannequin. They spoke their ancient incantations and wove mystical runes over it with their dexterous fingers.

They had given the girl the totem. The witches told her to reach underneath the robe and stroke the crotch and think of her desire for Samwell. She would need to do this in his presence to allow the spell to take full effect. They had told her it would only work if he was truly in love with Gilly. Mere lust would not be enough to activate the charm.

The next day Gilly had nearly burst down their door interrupting some intense wife on wife time. A sweaty and naked Melisandre had opened the door. Their senses had already told them that it was Gilly at the door. The woman did not even notice their sweaty naked bodies and lank hair plastered all over the faces and upper bodies soaked in sweat and cum. Gilly did not seem to notice the smell of excited pussy thick in the air. She was bouncing up and down and giggling. She and Samwell had made love five times during the night. She was ecstatic. She was chirping gaily like a bird greeting the morning sun sing notes about how much her man loved her.
They noticed she was walking a little gingerly but she had a beatific smile on her face as she left still
not noticing two naked and very horny witches. Normally, they would have been pissed at the
interruption of some intense pussy gobbling but the little sprite’s joy instead made them smile and
embrace the girl. She still did not fully register that both women were naked and sweaty. She left
humming and telling them she was going to find Samwell. “I need to be fucked again!” the young
woman exclaimed definitely on the prowl with a determined gait. The two witched wished her well
and closed the door. They fell on each other like wolverines.

Later that day they saw Samwell humming and walking a little gingerly himself. They saw Samwell
six days later and he looked haggard and worn. They quickly sought out Gilly. Their fears had been
well founded. She was still rubbing the doll every night filling Samwell with extreme lust for her
body. Gilly was literally wearing him out. She had been starved for his love and affection and was
definitely making up for lost time. When they mentioned she might not need the totem anymore she
got panicky. She could not go back to the way it was before.

They told her to only use it if his silly inhibitions reappeared. In the next eight months she had to use
it five times to shatter his resistance to her adore and his devotions to his vows. Tarly being too smart
finally deduced she had created a totem the last time she had used it. Instead of being angered he had
instead been touched that she had to gone to such lengths to win his love. She told the witches
breathlessly the next morning how he had thrown her down on the bed and ravaged her very willing
body all night long. He had become quite the cocksman she smugly told them rubbing her muff and
running off looking for Tarly.

He told his sweet common law wife that he no longer needed the totem to love her. But that had not
been the end of the totem. Gilly told them how they now used it to “get into Tarly’s inner warrior”.
Gilly told them that he told her one night after ravishing her six times that he loved “fucking her
bowlegged.” She would sometimes dress up as a fair princess and he would despoil her to make her
“unworthy” of any other highborn Lord. She was defiled and now his Wildling whore that he
spanked and roughed up (gently though and with a very horny and willing Wildling). Gilly
breathing got ragged just thinking of being defiled and went running off needing “to discuss
something with Tarly”.

Gilly wanted to market the totem. She thought there had to be many other women in her situation.
The witches had to dissuade her telling her it was much too powerful a magic. Gilly had finally
understood that. She got a faraway dreamy look on her face. She told the witches she loved being
impaled on his mighty broadsword. The two witches had glanced at each other at that. Tarly was no
warrior. They loved how much Gilly was enjoying her new intimacy with Samwell.

Gilly loved how the totem had brought out the “animal” in Tarly. It was during a “totem incident”
that Gilly made an awesome discovery that she was worried about. The witches asked her what
could be bad about her and Tarly’s great sex life. She was currently singing rhapsodies of his new
cocksman skills. Gilly looked embarrassed when she confided to the witches she loved having her
ass fucked with Tarly long, thick, hard cock. She had seen a Crow and male Wildling rutting and
the Wildling taking it up the ass had cum so hard.

She had wanted to cum hard like that. She had spent several days getting Samwell to fuck her up the
ass. She had been very happy she had. Samwell had started tentative but ended with him slam
fucking her up her ass. Gilly had love the feeling of his power impaling her ass. The way her body
jerked forward with each slam of his thighs into her rippling ass and hips. It had hurt at first but then
raw radiant pleasure flooded out her ass and into her belly, cunt and breast. Her ass had exploded
with scalding almost agonizing pleasure. Her body felt like it was being ripped apart with full body
convulsions of searing bliss that roared out her squired asshole in waves of fucking bliss. Gilly had
become addicted to the ecstasy of having here asshole pounded to orgasm. She felt she should be
ashamed but she loved it so much. The orgasms were “so fucking intense!”

Ygritte and Melisandre put their arms around Gilly and confessed they loved it up the ass too. They too cummed so hard being pounded up their buttholes. Ygritte gently held Gilly’s hand “When Jon or Melisandre pound my shithole Gilly … gods I do cum like the old gods are slamming me with clubs. My asshole explodes with raw pleasure honey.” Melisandre had nodded her head solemnly. “I concur Gilly. I love it when I get fucked up my shithole and then they pull their cocks out my ass and I suck my ass off their pricks. I love it. I feel so slutty and hot. I recommend it.” Gilly had stared at her with her large pretty eyes.

Melisandre told the wilding woman “When you suck your ass juice off his dick I guarantee you it will rock his world and make him fuck you even harder and deeper. Everyone loves seeing their slut do ATM. Gilly nodded her head ‘yes’. She seemed like she was lost in a dream state.

Gilly had left with a big smile on her face.

Learning of Tarly’s newfound lust and ardor did explain why he had lost some weight and was looking more fit. He would never be a warrior anywhere other than Gilly’s bed but that was the only place he needed to be one. They snickered how it seemed that Gilly was demanding that her man constantly take the field of battle to once again mount and conquer his woman’s so willing fuck holes.

Ygritte came back to the present. She had been anxious to get to this part of their journey. It had been stories that Jon told them of his father visiting this region of mixed-grass prairie on grass-stabilized sand dunes that had her anxious to visit this area of Westeros. Eddard’s first visit had been five years ago and it had totally transformed his father’s views on nature and man’s place in it.

Eddard after that visit realized that he was Warden on North in so much more than keeping the peace in his realm among his houses and supporting the realm and the person sitting on the Iron Throne. After that visit Eddard Stark had become Warden of the whole North. Not only in words but in deeds.

According to the geography texts from the libraries of the Night’s Watch the region’s area was about 15,500 square miles. Its marges ranged from a day’s journey on horse east from White Harbor and extended west and north primarily. The lands slowly merged into the taller and rocky lands of the Barrowlands. The King’s Highway ran along the divide between the sea of inland dunes and the Barrowlands.

Where the Barrowlands were much more arid and less hospitable to life in general the Sandhills supported a wide variety of life. Ygritte looked around and loved the diversity she saw with her enhanced Shadowbender sight. In the distance she saw actual free ranging sand dunes rising to over two hundred feet in height. She loved how each dune had a unique shape where the wind scalloped out divots and the undulations on the leeward side like the paths of many snakes traveling over the loose sand.

Ygritte had read that the dunes in the Sandhills may exceed three hundred and thirty feet in height. With her second life as a Wildling the thought of mountains of sand made her feel giddy and like a little girl. She wanted to make camp near those dunes in the far distance and fuck Melisandre for days being one with nature.

Ygritte had further read that the Sandhills sat atop the massive Ogallala Aquifer. The water trapped in the rock deep beneath the surface was forced by the force of gravity pressing down up to the surface. This caused both temporary and permanent shallow lakes that were common in low-lying valleys between the grass-stabilized dunes prevalent in the Sandhills. The eastern and central sections
of the region are drained by tributaries of the Loup River and the Niobrara River, while the western section was largely composed of small interior drainage basins.

The land was so diverse. She saw naked sand to her left and to her right she saw both sage brush and then several hills resplendent with bright green grass thick and luxuriant. She angled the horses toward that and they stopped for fifteen minutes to let the horses crop the grass lazily. Ygritte loved this land.

The Master who had written the most recent report on the Sandhills thought that as much as 85% of the ecoregion was intact natural habitat, the highest level in grasslands of Westeros. This was chiefly due to the lack of crop production: most of the Sandhills land has never been plowed. What had saved the region was the fragility of the sandy soil made the area unsuitable for cultivation of crops. This had saved this large swatch of land from being plowed under. That which had been plowed recovered by the native grasses on the border. This in turn saved all the long grasses of the prairie. Ygritte had read also in her perusal of texts about the lands of Westeros and Essos. She thought that the Sandhills in many ways mirrored the lands of the Dothraki Sea. There the land was flat and not hilly but the grass habitat was much the same.

Instead of farming some ranching had taken hold with maybe two hundred thousand heads of cattle ranged the Western most part of the Sandhills. The cattle allowed to range up and down the gentle hills cropping grass and drinking from beaver dammed ponds and many fresh water marshes and the creeks feeding the few rivers that slowly began their journeys to the sea.

This unique ecosystem was the largest and most intricate wetland ecosystem in Westeros. Ygritte read that the Sandhills contained a large array of plant and animal life. Minimal crop production has led to limited land fragmentation; the resulting extensive and continuous habitat for plant and animal species has largely preserved the biodiversity of the area.

The Sandhills' thousands of ponds and lakes replenished the Ogallala Aquifer in a feedback loop. This in turn fed the creeks and rivers such as the Niobrara and Loup Rivers. These bodies of water were homes for many species of fish. The lakes were mainly sandy-bottomed and provide water for the region's cattle and animal wildlife, as well as a habitat for aquatic species. However, some lakes in the area were alkaline and supported several species of phyllopod shrimp.

Many of the plants of the Sandhills were sand-tolerant species from short-grass, mixed-grass and tallgrass prairies; plants from all three of these could be found within the ecosystem. These plants had helped to stabilize the sand dunes, creating an ecosystem beneficial for other plants and animals.

This ecosystem was home to many species of insect found in the Sandhills. These included dragonflies, grasshoppers and mosquitos. There are also many types of spiders. Due to the ephemeral nature of both alkaline and freshwater lakes throughout the region, coupled with the wetland marsh areas, mosquito populations increased during the summer months.

Ygritte was thankful that it was winter now. They would not be able to use their magic as a shield. It might be spotted by the Queen’s dragons and cause an attack. They knew the dragons were honed to seek out magic that would naturally associate with the Ice King and attack with great vigor.

The Sandhills were part of the Central Flyway for many species of migratory birds, and the region's many bodies of water give the birds places to rest. The ponds and lakes of the region were lay-over points for migratory cranes, geese, and many species of ducks. Species found year-round include the western meadowlark, loons, grouse and bobwhites.

It was this great biodiversity that had attracted Eddard Stark’s interest. It was the fauna that cemented his decisions.
The Sandhills were home to over three hundred vertebrate species including mule deer, white-tail deer, wolves, coyotes, red fox, whooping cranes, wild turkeys, badgers, skunks, native bat species and many fish species.

More exciting to Ygritte was the report that in the depths of this land and Barrowlands Shadowcats still roamed. She read reports from the Maesters that large black and grizzly bears were reported to still stalk the lands. In the barrow lands Cave Bears, Sloths and Hyenas were rumored to still exist.

Eddard five years ago had taken his three oldest sons south to visit the Reeds in their home of Greywater Watch. They had taken the King’s Highway south in the past but Eddard had always wanted to travel the back tracks of the Sandhills. That decision had opened his eyes.

They had traveled slowly deeper into the Sandhills far away from any penetration of man. The land was quiet with only the sounds of nature around them. The father and his sons camped underneath the stars with only a small fire. Eddard soaked up the pure air and did not want to defile this land with the mark of man. He wanted their mark on this land to be nonexistence.

It was the fourth day into the depths of the Sandhills as they crested a three hundred foot high dune covered with rich grass and thick flowers of spring. The hills resplendent with Wild Geranium, Anemone, Columbine and Ginger. Also on the hills with their bright flowers were Bishop's Cap, Prairie Buttercup and Violets along with Golden Alexanders. The colors of red, yellow, blue, purple and orange filling the hills.

When they crested the hill they all stopped and gasped. Below them in the shallow valley that was three miles wide was a pride of Lions! They had been thought to be extinct in eastern Westeros. Below them were two males lions and nine female lions and some cubs. The two males were lying around looking regal with their resplendent dark manes. The female lions were lying around with cubs nursing and several cubs were running around being playful.

The four men looked at each other smiling. A kitten no matter its size was always cute to behold. The two male lions suddenly tensed spotting Eddard and his sons on the far distance height. Eddard told his sons to be calm. Gradually, the lions relaxed seeing that they were not in danger. The pride still closely observed Eddard’s party. They had learned to be wary of man. The lions looked at the three young Direwolves. This relaxed the pride of lions. Top of the food chain predators did not attack each other but rarely if their territories were not invaded. The predators were relaxed with the distance between them.

Eddard had been excited. If this pride existed there had to be more. The male lion only lasted on average two to three years as head of a pride. Brothers sometimes teamed up to conquer a pride in tandem and once in a while three brothers working in concert. The lions continued to eye them warily but seemed to relax when they sensed they were safe. When males neared sexual maturity they were kicked out of the pride. They had to find other females not of their bloodline to mate with. Therefore, Eddard knew there had to be other lions. Eddard knew that he could preserve and hopefully grow those numbers.

They had moved on going back down the hill and looped wide around the valley of the lion pride. They traveled on for three hours more. It was in the late afternoon that they received yet another shock. They were at a small creek when the shock came upon them. The boys’ Direwolves started barking and running around in circles. In the mud by the creek were footprints. They were of a large Direwolf.

Jon told his wives that Eddard had broken down and cried knowing they still existed below the Wall this far South. If this one existed there must be others in the far off hinterlands of the North. He vowed at that moment he would protect and revive what man had nearly destroyed. Too see visual
evidence that two long thought extinct species still lived and thrived in his lands changed Eddard Stark.

He now knew that in the Sandhills and most probably in the craggy depths of the Barrowlands lived precious life that man had nearly exterminated. He vowed on that creek bed that he would change that. His sons avidly agreed and pledged themselves to the cause.

When he had returned to Winterfell he outlawed the killing of all top tier predators. Eddard imposed stiff fines and made it known he would imprison those who were repeat offenders. Eddard had quickly passed new ordinances when there was a surge of lynx, bobcats and wolverine killings. They were too protected. Eddard had instituted a payment system for lost animals. There was huge numbers to begin with. He had then sent out an edict to send the remains of the animal carcass to Winterfell. It was explained the Direwolves could smell the scent of any animal on the carcass.

When the animal was verified, restitution would be sent. If found to be false heavy fines would be instituted after the person was made to again show the direwolves the carcass face to face. Eddard had made up the fact of the Direwolves noses being that refined but the false claims plummeted. The wolves could usually tell but not always. Eddard did not mind stretching the truth a little when it promoted the common good.

A farmer had killed a cougar. Eddard fined him twenty crowns. He had then killed a wolverine. Eddard removed half his sheep. The man wailed but Eddard advised him he would setup the man to work as a tanner in the local hold if he had trouble being a farmer under the new edicts. The man had seen the wisdom of following the edicts and the word quickly spread. The killings stopped.

Several sheep herders decided to sell their sheep and started to raise wolf hounds to sell to shepherds and farmers. The animals trained to scare away and not attack the raiding animals. Their large size and having several together intimidated away all the predators from the grazing animals or animal pens. No predator wanted to fight other predators if there was other game about. This had formed a new cottage industry of raising the hounds and then visionary doctors started caring for the dogs which opened new revenue streams.

Then some enterprising trappers started giving controlled journeys into the wild that were closely supervised to let city folk and nobles see nature as they never imagined it. Now the citizens in the hinterlands wanted the animals to support their new eco-tourism. Eddard had heard the term in a tome from Tyrosh. Eddard was working to establish this new industry in the hinterlands inland from the ports and major cities of the North. It was amazing what the rich would pay to see. For them it was almost like them seeing dragons.

The two Shadowbender witches had traveled six days through the Sandhills and were approaching the King’s Road. The witches could feel that they were getting closer to the Queen. They could feel her magic. It was both like and unlike Jon’s magic. Jon’s magical aura felt closer to the surface of their husband. The Queen’s magic seemed buried deeper in her spirit. It was as powerful just different.

They had been shocked when they then felt another powerful magical presence near the Queen. The only other magical mages were from the east and this magic did not have that feel. Westeros had by and large forgotten how to wield magic. Only in the far North with the Children of the Forest did it still live. The person they could feel was definitely not a Shadowbender. They did not have a magical brother or sister riding with the Queen. This person’s aura mirrored the Queen’s. It was as strong but seemed new and raw still needing to be burnished.

The witches focused on the Queen’s magic and the doppelganger with her but could not put their finger on the magical signature. It was buried deep in their bodies. Almost as if they were one with
the magic. When they had opened their senses to the world and to the magic they had felt the same pulse of magic far away to the South. It felt even newer than the doppelganger with the Queen but it was as powerful if not more so than the Queen’s. It was too far away to worry about for the nonce.

The witches were not overly concerned. Daenerys Targaryen was a force for good like their husband. Any magic that mimicked her magic would also be for good.

As they had journeyed through the Sandhills to reach the Queen on the King’s Road Ygritte had many pleasant memories. The evening as they came out of the thicket of new willows by a stream. A prairie fire had swept through Ygritte read in the landscape about fifteen years ago and the willows had grown rapidly with the freedom of lack of competition of burnt out plant life. As they dropped their glamour they saw a fox walk right by them as they and their horses remained still and quiet. The fox stopped just beyond them without ever noticing them invading his domain.

They had passed thickets of trees filled with brambles underneath full of all types of berries that birds were feasting on. They would startle beves of quail and grouse that rose up in explosions of sound and buffeting air with the birds scattering. They saw deer at dawn and dusk looking at them from the edge of stands of trees watching them warily. Their dark eyes following their movements their bodies’ tense ready to bolt at a moment’s notice.

Ygritte had started to form the idea of making this land their new home. In time the animals would come to trust her and her spouses. They would become one with this land. They would become its wardens as Eddard Stark was the Warden of the North.

The dunes did not have particular pattern edges. The Sandhills’ vistas were shaped by the vagaries of the blowing wind. Some hills sandy, some only sparsely clothed in grass and some resplendent with prairie grass. They had looked out from a hilltop to a shallow valley of brown grasses and sages with green oasis dotted throughout from water bubbling up from the aquifers underneath. Each hilltop opened to vistas totally unlike the previous shallow valleys.

Jon had made it clear to his wives that as soon as the war with the Ice King was over and he attempted to set a new direction for the order of the Night’s Watch he would then resign his commission. After all he had done and accomplished with the defeat of the Ice Wright King he would have earned it. He was tired of men. He knew his father would in the end support him. His betrayal by his brothers would ensure that.

They had discussed where they wanted to live. Their cabin in the woods near the Wall was idyllic but it was too close to the Wall for Jon’s comfort. They had told Jon it would be hidden from all senses with their magic but he wanted to be away from the place of his betrayal. He would always be able to feel the Wall’s looming presence. When they came out of the woods to the north and east and with only a short travel the Wall would be there on the horizon.

They had all agreed they had no desire to go back to Asshai. It was a dark land and the people inhabiting it were dark and dire. Ygritte and Melisandre had too many bad memories of their homeland. Jon had bad dreams of the original Azor Ahai killing his wife with his sword when they all knew now that it had not been necessary.

They had talked of living in the deep hidden valleys of the Ice Fangs or the Vale. Ygritte had liked that idea. Her Wilding past gave those thoughts merit. Jon was neutral. He wanted only to be away from the Wall. Melisandre would go wherever her spouses went. Her only desire was to be with them. The land of the Ice Fangs was primal and untamed. The soaring heights of the mountains and deep mountain valleys a perfect land to get lost in. A home away from man.
Now Ygritte wondered if they might not find a home in the depths of this land of rolling hills and meadows. They had spotted several thick tree grooves in the shallow valleys between tall hills of sands with a creek flowing in the middle hidden by the trees. Sunlight filtered through and with their witch powers they could easily fashion a home among the branches. They would stabilize the immediate sand hills to keep their home safe and stable.

It had merit. She would decide but she liked it here. Plus, even though she did not truly feel the cold anymore she would be happy not freezing her ass off for no reason. This place was damn right balmy!

Only twice had they felt any danger. The second day of their journey as they snuggled in their glamour after hours of sweet fucking Ygritte was combing her fingers through her wife’s sweaty lank hair. They heard a mighty scream of a large cat. Ygritte felt an elation run through her. It was a shadowcat! She calmed a frightened Melisandre who clutched her naked body to the once Wildling. Ygritte told her wife of the beast’s beauty. The beauty of its dark fur with even darker strips. The way its ears had tufts on them and their generally bobbed tails. They were truly beautiful.

Melisandre had only wanted it to be gone. She did not need to have it so close for her to feel its beauty she told her wife. Ygritte had kissed her wife’s sweaty forehead to comfort her trembling wife. She told Melisandre that the shadowcat was merely marking its territory. Her wife was still nervous. She had taken her sweet wife’s attention away from the shadowcat with her mouth sucking her sweet wife’s camel toe. Soon Melisandre thoughts were only on her wife.

Ygritte did no mind having to resort to fucking her wife hard again to take her mind off her silly fears. The sacrifices she made for her wife!

Two days back they felt one of the Queen’s dragons flying their way. They raised their glamour of invisibility. He was like a fiery comet riding across the sky. They slowed their pace and hummed a spell of invisibility. They had seen dragons many times since their arrival in the land of Westeros flying high in the sky.

This dragon was flying much lower. Only four hundred feet up. His body a midnight shape in the dark sky. It was the green one with gold highlights their witch vision told them. It flew with easy sweeps of its mighty wings. The witches could feel it looking for a meal and the confidence the beast felt. Before the dragons had flown over the witches without noticing them their glamour easily hiding them and their magic from the mighty beast.

The dragon flew overhead its neck moving right and left as I looked over the landscape. Suddenly the beast rose up and did a slow turn. The witches slowed their horses to a standstill and added more runes to their chants strengthening their glamour. The dragon circled several times flying right over them once. The dragon’s senses satisfied the mighty beast flew off.

They were near the Queen now. They had changed their pattern and rested a full day in the corpse of trees they camped in. They needed light for what was needed. They had left at dawn and began the last march to the King’s Highway.

They could feel the Queen and the other beacon of magic pulsing before them. They had timed their arrival to intercept the Queen and her party to meet in the late morning. Their magic worked best in shadows but they would need the light of a full clear day to do what was needed in defense of the realm.

They crested a low ridge of anchored sand dunes and saw the column. Neither of the witches were used to the formation of military forces and were impressed with the horses and knights. The
standards of the various houses of the South colorful in the bright light. They saw the Queen and the other source of magic on horses at the head of the column. The source was a woman. That made them smile.

They slowly moved their party of six horses towards the King’s Road. With their witch enhanced sight and hearing they heard the picket line on the outskirts of the column spot them and riders going back to the column. More riders rode out to them. They silently inspected them and seeing no immediate risk they fanned out around the slow canter of the witches’ horses. The men and a woman did not try to hem in the Shadowbenders. They kept a distance between themselves and Ygritte and Melisandre. They were quiet and respectful. This spoke highly of the discipline instilled in the Queen’s forces.

The column had come to a halt and the Queen and her magical partner along with other riders slowly moved off the road and moved to meet them. Ygritte saw men with strong bodies and light armor watching them warily as the two parties came together three hundred yards off the road.

The witches had discussed many times about this meeting as they moved south and then west. Jon and they had discussed this before they left. Jon said that the more time there was between meeting the forces of the Queen and their divination the more likelihood that something amiss could occur. These were proud leaders and had been brought up to have a distrust of magic in general. The fact of them being women would also be an impediment but the Queen should be ameliorating that issue.

Ygritte and Melisandre had decided to force the issue immediately. They wanted to get their part accomplished and hope the leaders would believe their eyes. Seeing was believing.

The two groups looked at each other for a long moment. Both groups sizing the other up. Each trying to gauge the intentions and the abilities to make those intentions occur.

The witches saw now that the other beacon of magical power was a young girl about sixteen. She was not that much bigger than the Queen though a heavier build. She had brown hair that came down to her back and framed her face in ringlets. Her eyes were grey and very intelligent.

The witches saw tendrils of magic constantly reaching out between the Queen and this other woman. The magic hesitated and then backed off from twining between the two women.

Melisandre looked at her wife. It was obvious the two were desperately in love and their magic wanted to bind together much like their and Jon’s magic had begun to interweave with their merged love. It took lovemaking to fully bind and intertwine their magic. The two would work out their fear and the innocence of the younger girl they easily perceived.

They would make a good pairing.

The white blond woman came forward one more step. “I am Daenerys Targaryen, First of my Name and Breaker of Slave’s Chains. I pleased to meet you. Can we know your names?”

The two witches pulled their hoods back. They both smirked when the men saw their red heads. Ygritte chuckled to herself. Men were so easy. Everyone wanted redheads. The two women only had eyes for each other. Horses neighed softly and stomped their hooves as the humans gazed at each other.

The two parties eyed each other. Both sides sizing each other. Were the force they facing friend or foe? The women were unarmed and were totally relaxed. The women not projecting any aggressive body language.

Ygritte went to speak up. She knew Melisandre always wanted to support and not lead if she or Jon
would. She was strong and would take the point if necessary but she would rather support her spouses. Ygritte smiled thinking how supporting and loving her sweet wife was. She was the most powerful witch to every live and she was still the sweet gentle slave she had saved so many years ago when she had come to Ygritte. She had not known Melon would be so mighty of course. She had chosen wisely.

“We are Ygritte and Melisandre. We are Shadowbender witches of the land of Asshai. We have journeyed here to marry and support Azor Ahai reborn. You would have known him as Jon Snow.”

The young girl beside the Queen gasped. “You are married to Jon?!” The white haired Queen cocked an eyebrow. Her face remained neutral.

“Yes we are.”

The other woman filled with magic face broke into a large smile. “How is he? Is he happy? What is happening at the Wall? You are both his wife? Has he mentioned me? I miss him so much. Are you here because of the Ice King?”

The Queen reached over with a smile and touched the young girl. “Let them speak Arya? This is Jon’s youngest sister. She loves him dearly.”

The sixteen year old blushed furiously.

Melisandre moved closer to Ygritte. They smiled to finally meet the younger sister of Jon. He had spoken so often with great fondness of the younger girl. She had been the one sibling that accepted him totally despite his bastardy and the actions of their mother. Thus, Jon had loved his youngest sister greatly.

“Arya. He has spoken of you at length and yes he misses you and loves you very much. You were always his favorite sibling.”

The girl’s chest swelled hearing that. Jon had told them that Arya had always been filled with the wolf. This had given their father great consternation with his youngest daughter always defying his and his wife’s attempts to reign her in and get her to live her young life as a ‘proper lady’. Eddard had given up and let the girl live her dreams. Her mother not so much.

“Jon is happy Arya though he is weighed down with the burden of command. We are his wives and have come here to show the Leaders of the Southern Houses that the enemy is not Eddard Stark but the risen Ice King.”

“Ha! That is just a fable” Stannis barked out.

“We do not believe in snarks and goblins. What are two women doing out by themselves in this wild land anyways? Where is your husband?” Mace spoke up.

Daenerys pinched her nose. She half turned her head and glared at the man. He was oblivious to the glares flinging out of the lilac eyes that bored into his form.

“We have walked in the camp of the Ice King in his far off always frozen and dark kingdom.”

“How?” Garlan asked. There was not derision in his voice. Only curiosity.

Ygritte’s voice was calm and controlled but easily reached all ears. Melisandre was doing a soft arcane chant. Ygritte’s voice projected to the entire encampment. “We have walked unseen in the flesh of dead animals long frozen in a silent fetid bog that bordered his camp at the top of the world.
His camp an icy wasteland. We have seen him transforming babies and young boys of men into his vile sons. We have seen their bodies changing from living flesh to icy death. We have seen the horizon filled with risen dead. He has created an army of Ice Wright and dead.”

All were staring at them in silence now. The calm voice almost invoking visions of what she was telling them of.

“He has converted thousands of young babies and toddler into frozen Ice Wrights. Those are just the ones we have seen. He has converted many more. He is even now marching to the wall. We have seen that he is cautious. He still feels his previous death at the hand of our husband. The Ice King knows that Azor Ahai has been reborn in Jon Snow. The Ice King has now camped at the Fist of the First Men. We will take you there in our shadow form.”

“How?” asked the Queen.

“We are shadowbenders my Queen” Ygritte replied. We will form a phoenix from the blood of our veins and from yours and your leaders blood and fly to the Fist of the First Men. You will see, hear and feel all that we do. Come.”

The two witches urged their horses forward as the party parted. As planned their words and actions had caught and ensnared the Queen and her forces. The Queen and the leaders of the South looked at each other and then moved off the road to follow the witches. They wanted to now know if these strange red headed women spoke the truth.

They walked their horses away from the side of road and moved off to a small patch of grasslands with short grass. The witches dismounted and went to their pack horses. They pulled out a shallow basin and a long obsidian knife that was narrow and razor sharp.

“Please dismount and gather around us” Melisandre softly called out. Ygritte smiled seeing most of the men filled with consternation with her height and obvious strength. Her presence unconsciously made the men want to follow her softly spoken commands.

Ygritte held up the black knife while Melisandre placed the shallow basin on the ground. “You will line up and cut your hands and let your blood flow into the basin. We will go first and then the royals will go next. Those of highest royalty will go first.”

“Why should we?” Oberyn asked. His natural inability to follow commands showing its unruly head.

“Do you want to see the truth?”

“Why should we do what some priestess from a far off land tells us to do?” This was Renly. “We do not worship your god.” The group stared at each other.

It was the Queen that broke the logjam. She broke the impasse with her force of will. “I will go first” Daenerys spoke “I will not compel any to follow me but I am not afraid and I trust these women.”

Arya spoke up “I too trust these women. If Jon married them then they have to be good.”

There was still hesitation. These women were unknown and came from across the world. They were witches that most were raised to askew and to think of negatively.

Oberyn looked around. He would always follow the lead of his Queen. He barked out a derisive laugh. “As in all things the House of Dorne leads where others fear to tread”. He dismounted. He
got behind his Queen. The rest of the High Lords looked at each other. They all started to dismount.

The others quickly lined up behind the Red Viper vying to be next not be outdone. Ygritte saw the man smirk at the Queen. He had shamed all the others to follow his lead. The Queen had a powerful ally in this man.

Ygritte slowly half turned looking at all the Lords and Generals of the Queens forces. She finished looking at the Queen.

“Much of our magic is based on blood. Generally, we use our own but this is a special circumstance. We need as much power as we can get. Your royal blood will greatly enhance our efforts. Also, with our mingled blood in our bowl you will see, hear and feel all that we do. After our trip to the Fist of the First Men you will no longer doubt our words. Eddard Stark and our husband has worked to make this moment occur.”

Ygritte saw the Queen look around with a slightly anxious look. Ygritte felt Melisandre in her mind “She is part of the deception.” Ygritte answered her sweet wife “I like her already.”

“We will cut ourselves first and the Queen and her friend will go next. Then the rest of the gathered will cut their palm and let their blood flow into the basin. Our blood will comingle and fuse into one. By this bonding we shall share our vision with you.”

“The more of your blood you can share the greater of the magic will be.”

“What do you propose to do?” the white haired Queen asked them with rapt attention.

“We will create a blood Phoenix from our spirits and the power of our and your blood. We will call forth a demon from a Stagyian Hell. With our mingled blood and our magic we will bind the demon to our blood Phoenix construct. We will fly to the Fist of the First Men. You will see what see. You will feel what we feel. You will no longer question what has been reborn. The Ice King desires all of our deaths. We have felt it and now you will feel it. His hate and avarice radiates off of him like a hot sun. He also has an abomination on his back that suckles from this throat. It too is a vile loathsome thing. It is the pure embodiment of evil.”

Melisandre and Ygritte came to stand before each other. Looking deeply into each other’s eyes they quickly divested themselves of their robes that they let fall to the ground. The women stood naked before each other.

There were loud gasps around them. Daenerys glared at the men who either were shocked, snickering or gazing lustfully at the two naked red haired women. The women were indeed beautiful but this was not the time to ogle these women. The women looked at each other and began to murmur a discordant chant. The women ignored all around them.

The men lost their lustful or confused looks. The chant was disconcerting. They all could feel the great power being summoned. They started to feel an itchy feeling on their exposed skin. They felt like ants were crawling all over their skin. The men and women’s faces twitched and hands jerked with the unsettled feeling.

Then Melisandre bent down and ran the blade across her palm. The cut to her palm deep. Her red rich blood flowed down her hand into the basin. She did this for a minute and then handed the knife to her wife. The wound magically beginning to slowly heal. Ygritte bent down and cut her palm and let the blood run liberally down her hand and into the basin. She kept her hand over the basin as blood dripped heavily into the basin.
She stood up and handed the blade to Queen. Ygritte got in front of Melisandre. The two women stared hard and deep into each other’s eyes. Ygritte interlocked her fingers with Melisandre’s with their hands held low and their blood wept on their interlocked hands.

The queen knelt now over the bowl and cut her hand and let her blood run into the basin for a minute. She had cut deeply and the blood ran liberally into the basin.

She tried to hand the blade to Oberyn but Arya glared at the Queen. The Queen started to protest but her young ‘royal hostage’ grabbed the blade and knelt quickly as Daenerys clucked at her to not hurt herself. The sixteen year old glared up at the Queen and cut her hand just as deeply. Her blood flowed into the bowl.

Ygritte noticed distantly that the Queen and Arya had set a high bar. The other Lords and Generals would have to follow suite or lose face. Ygritte admired the verve of this Queen and her longed for love interest. They were both strong and brave.

Next in line was the tall slender man with a thin beard. He was good looking. He waggled his eyebrows at the witches as he cut his hand deeply like his Queen and her consort. He let his blood flow into the basin. Ygritte could sense the goodness in this man. He winked at them. He was definitely cheeky. She felt goodness in all the men gathered around her.

One by one the knife was handed off and palms cut to let bleed into the basin. Finally, all the persons around the basin had cut their palms. Their wounds slowly healing up as the blood flow lessened and then began to drip from the healing cuts.

The basin began to bubble and a high pitch warble began to emanate from the bowl. Several of the gathering looked at the bowl that now had a red haze about it with more than a hint of concern. All felt the ants now crawling avidly all over their bodies. The tension was rising in the air. The sounds from the bowl escalating into a high pitched song of power and shocking dissonance. All were now focused on the bowl and the discordant singing witches.

For a minute Ygritte and Melisandre hummed their magic. They were ready now.

“Pour the blood over us.”

Stannis started. He had felt the witches touch his mind. He shook his head. He moved to comply. He was the tallest in the assemblage. He went to the bowl and knelt down. He carefully lifted it up. The bowl was heavy with its construction of rose quartz and blood that had seemed to multiple somehow and filled the bowl. He slowly lifted the bowl. Stannis gritted his teeth being careful and lifted the basin up over the chanting witches.

Once over their heads he tilted the bowl over. All gasped as a heavy flood of red ichor flowed out of the bowl in a flood that took over half a minute to empty. The red liquid splashed onto Ygritte and her wife and flowed down their bodies slicking their bodies with bloody ichor and hot life giving blood magic.

All were shocked at this strange display of the witches. The ritual strange and arcane. They were all transfixed by what they saw. The Queen and Arya clasped hands watching the ritual.

Their hair matted and the blood soaked into their skin. She and Melisandre felt exalted. Blood magic was both wild and powerful. The witches controlled the wild arcane magic trying to surge free. Realities were wrapped and bent as forces tried to grab ahold of the power they had projected. Powerful forces and entities surged into the rent of reality. The witches beat down the demons reaching for what was not theirs. They were prepared for this assault and easily first resisted and
then ensnared the demons trying to overwhelm them. Unheard by human ears were the screams of rage and fear of demons being mastered.

The witches were exalted. It was the demons who were bound and controlled. It was demons’ nature to always assault those who called them. Their native power and arrogance was legendary. It compelled them to answer the summons. They always felt assured they would overcome and either control or kill those who dared to summon them. Shadowbenders trained and practiced their spells to make that not so. They always reigned supreme and the demons always subjected. It had always been thus and would always be so. It was so now. The yammering demons had been enthralled by the two witches.

The witches selected the most powerful demon to become ensnared in their net. The rest they banished back to their dimension and sealed the portal removing the rent in reality.

Finally, the bowl emptied and the woman were soaked in blood. Their bodies began to pulse and waver before the now shocked assemblage. A low thrum could both be heard and felt. The women’s bodies seemed to shimmer and waver. Their bodies slowly became translucent. The ground beyond them could dimly be seen through their bodies.

All watched with large eyes. Even Daenerys Targaryen who had seen much magic in her journeys across Essos stood transfixed by what she saw. She could sense the demonic might the women had captured with their spell. It fought mightily but was easily controlled. She doubted the others could sense what she felt in the morrow of her bones. If these women lost control of the forces they enthralled their party would be torn asunder. The forces were that mighty. Only the Valyrian swords among them would be able to fight what these witches had so easily controlled.

The witches sang louder. The blood began to steam off their bodies turning black on their skin. The women’s eyes rolled into the back of their skulls the whites showing. A rictus smile appeared on their bodies as they concentrated. A penumbra appeared around their bodies and seemed to ignite at their joined hands.

Suddenly a horrible scream of rage and controlled violence screeched across the landscape. The scream echoing off unseen mountains. The scream had been a force of rage and might. A blood red Phoenix ripped from their bodies and hovered above them. It twice the size of a golden eagle with wings twenty feet across. It flapped its wings hovering looking at the men and women gathered with baleful eyes. While its body was blood red its eyes blazed a hot gold and roiled like hot magma in the heart of a volcano.

The thing’s baleful ire radiated off it like a red hot comet of hate. The beast eyed the humans with hate and the desire to rend bodies’ limb from limb. It screamed several more times as it body surged and juked trying to break the witches control over it. The witches’ song changed pitch and timber and the blood Phoenix screamed one more time and ceased to struggle against their control. It was defeated.

The song changed again and the mighty bird screamed in rage and turned its head. Its mighty wings flapped fast and furious. A hurricane of wind buffeted the humans. With a scream of might and need to fulfill its mission the mythological beast was gone already a fading dot on the horizon.

“Open your senses” all the men and women gathered around the witches heard in their minds.

Men gasped and staggered. The Queen, Arya, Barristan and Strong Belwas were not phased being used to the feel of the slipstream of fast flight the others were experiencing for the first time. Men’s eyes teared with the force of the air slamming into her faces and the sound of the air rushing over their ears near deafening.
“Focus within yourselves! Concentrate on yourselves and the sensations will lessen!” Daenerys called out helping the men to absorb these new sensations. She too felt the immense speed of this magical construct of the witches.

Slowly the men got used to the sensations. Plus, they instinctively felt that the witches were now shielding all as the Phoenix picked up speed. This put the gathered assemblage more at ease feeling the witches using some of their power to protect them. All the gathered could hear and feel the wind flashing over the bird’s blood feathers and body. They could feel the cold of the air and how the ground now almost blurred beneath them. The bird looked up at the sun and changed its bearing twelve points truing its flight to its destination.

The wind and pressure seemed to build on their faces and a wall of mist formed before their eyes.

KABOOMMMMM! A thunderous clap of sound echoed across the land shaking the very trees to their roots.

They were through some barrier and the Phoenix screamed its exhalation. It flowed ever north now at a thousand fleet. The trees raced past below. Winterfell came into view and impossibly fast it grew in size and then the beast flew past the old castle faster than anyone could realize. The bird screamed its joy of flying underneath the clean sky and warm sun.

Impossibly soon a long line appeared on the horizon. It glowed a bright blue in the sky as the sun approached its azimuth in the sky. The line quickly grew into a towering barrier. The assembled saw the Wall. They saw with the eyes of the Phoenix. A dark blue force hummed and throbbed inside the towering wall of ice. Those assembled also saw golden pulses buried deep in several areas of the Wall. They felt the powerful magic in the blue band within the wall and the gold throbbing pulses buried deep in the wall.

The line of the Wall was soon almost upon them and the magical Phoenix was past almost before it could be registered that they had reached the Wall. The Phoenix screamed at the Wall in acknowledgement to the magic in the Wall that even it must bow before. All bowed before the might of the Staff of Law. All felt the soundless words and thoughts of the Blood Phoenix even though they had no understanding of what they were hearing and felt in the marrow of their bones.

The bird screamed and screamed as it flew on and then suddenly quieted as it backwashed its winds suddenly. The bird slowed its speed at a dizzying clip.

The bird now made a banking turn. All around the witches who still stood with clasped hands gasped and a few of the men staggered. They felt unmitigated hatred towards them. A raging and crushing evil that wanted to exterminate each and every one of them. The felt a hate of all that breathed and had hot blood pumping in their veins.

They felt the essence of hate and evil distilled in a monstrosity that was a dreadful life. They saw below them the rambling dead that filled the plains around The Fist of the First Men as far as the eye could see. The blood Phoenix banked and looked into the forests surrounding the Fist of the First Men to the North, South and East and they were filled with shambling dead. Beings long dead or only recently dead shambled. Many of the old dead rotting with dead black flesh that hung in tatters. All the dead with eyes that glowed with blue fire.

They saw Ice Wrights walking and practicing with blue screaming swords of death. They saw Ice Giants. Few in number but terrible to behold. Then they saw the throne and the being that sat upon
It looked up at them with hatred in his eyes. The throne made of cold dead ice. On his back was a vile noxious thing made of yellow callow dead skin. They felt its staggering power that equaled the Ice King. The thing’s yellow eyes stared up at them as all clearly saw it drinking from the Ice King’s throat. Its hate for all life radiated off its callow form.

The Ice King’s army was limitless as the seas. They felt like they were looking at an endless sea of dead flotsam shambling about the Ice King’s throne.

*I will kill you all* was the clear thought they all heard in their minds.

Suddenly, blinding freezing pain filled their bodies and numbed their minds with shocking agonizing pain.

AAAAIIIIIIIIEEE! ARRRUUNGRRGGGGG! The witches screamed in unison their bodies crumpling to the ground. Their screams continued as theirs bodies flipped and jackknifed in agony but their hands were still clasped as they writhed.

Anguish and searing freezing pain filled the men as many of them collapsed. The witches continued screaming as now many of the men were now thrashing and screaming. Bodies jerked and kicked wildly in agony. Something was attacking the blood phoenix unseen. The magical connection that bound all too all shared the agony the magical beast was suffering through.

Daenerys fell to her knees holding her head screaming. Arya was gritting her teeth as agony filled her body. Her body then flipped back and fell to the ground as she screamed wildly.

Nymeria was howling and snapping wildly at the air. The wolf ran over to Arya and Daenerys trying to protect them from an attack she could not see or understand. The mighty wolf ran in a zig-zag back and forth around her masters her mouth slavering and her eyes on fire with anger and frenzy hearing and seeing her masters in agony.

The witches and those assembled were being killed with freezing agony that hit their backs and the back of their necks as the Phoenix staggered in the air. The mighty beast screaming as more razors of frozen death sliced into its blood body. It was dying as those connected to it by magic were too dying.

Soon all would be dead.
Portents and Meetings - Part 2

Chapter 42 – Part 2

Portents and Meetings

Daenerys / Ygritte / Oberyn / Jon / Tyrion / Arya / Eddard

Oberyn

Oberyn’s body felt like icy daggers were piercing his body as he fell to one knee wrapping his arms around his ribs trying to control his pain. He saw Mace on the ground gagging and his general Davos Uller was vomiting hard his last meal splashing on the ground. Renly looked ashen as he rolled on his back. Stannis was bent over staggering as another slash of piercing pain rolled over their bodies. More men collapsed on the ground. Some of those men joining others to scream in agony.

The Queen and Arya was writhing and rolling around on the ground the whites of their eyes showing. They bucked and writhed. All were gasping as the pain seared their bodies. Oberyn had picked up a pattern of the pain slamming into the bodies like ice daggers were being hurled into their bodies. The pain was overwhelming. There had definitely been four pauses of some medium amount of time between assaults. Everyone was too stunned and in great pain to do anything. The pain and their throwing up and sickness this installed incapacitated all.

They were now in another pause of the attack. Oberyn gathered his wits trying to decide what needed to be done with the short reprieve. He gritted his teeth to concentrate his eyes flicking around to all around him. He felt too weak to affect any rescue.

The attacks had come from overhead. Whatever it was making its attack it would attack and then fly past and swirl around to come in for another pass. He analyzed the attack and knew he was correct. He trusted his ability to analyze a battlefield. Oberyn and everyone else were feeling the attacks piercing the body of the Blood Phoenix’s body. The magical creature’s body was able to absorb the dagger blows and was just beginning to heal when the next assault was flung down on the staggering mythical creature.

The Queen and her royal hostage were moaning and sobbing as were the witches. The women’s bodies were convulsing all over. Their eyes rolled back of their heads with foam drooling out slack mouths. The men were starting to recover again from the last assault. The problem was that just as he and the other men started to recover they were laid low by the next assault on the blood phoenix. Oberyn was surprised that the Daenerys and Arya were being affected so much more than the men. They had seemed to be stronger and more resilient than their male counterparts. Oberyn had long seen this magic in Cersei. The same magic filled the Queen and Arya Stark. They should have shrugged off these assaults. Why were they so affected he wondered wildly to himself.

Suddenly they were all screaming again as they felt the ice daggers slamming into the back of the Blood Phoenix yet again. The beast was too wounded to flee or fight back. The Blood Phoenix was using all its might to try and heal its body but each assault had its recovery slower and less effective.
The beast’s shrill shrieks echoed in the souls of all who had partaken of the blood ritual of bonding. The Phoenix nearly fell out of the sky this time staggering. Again and again they all felt the daggers slamming into the body of the mythological bird. Each dagger that pierced the Phoenix pierced their bodies as well by proxy. Oberyn fell onto his face screaming. He heard Stannis bellow as he fell down too but somehow rose up to his knees as Oberyn stared at him drooling mindlessly.

The two witches and the Queen and Arya were screaming constantly now. The four women were convulsing now their heels slamming the ground. All four women were choking as they fought swallowing their tongues. Oberyn finally understand as all four women’s bodies seemed to mirror each other as they convulsed and flipped. Their screams shrill and growing weaker.

The attack had passed for the moment again. He had to act now. Whatever was attacking was flying off and would be circling back all too soon.

Nymeria eyes were aglow with fear and rage. The Direwolf leapt around her fur bristled as she slavered drool that flung around wildly as the mighty wolf shook its head. Nymeria’s dire wails filled the air as her masters’ distress drove the wolf nearly wild. The Direwolf sensed the danger to its masters and her inability to save them was driving Nymeria wild.

Oberyn staggered. He was starting to get his wits back again but he realized he was recovering slower and he was getting weaker with every attack. He knew instinctively what was happening. He and his people still believed in magic and the mystical. The blood magic of the witches had bound them altogether. Through that link they were all suffering with the blood phoenix.

The witches were magic incarnate. The Queen and Arya Stark were also infused with magic. Oberyn had seen that. Cersei was infused with the same magic. Their very magical core was leaving them totally open to the attacks. Oberyn and the others were being savaged but the four women were being eviscerated by what was assaulting them.

Oberyn knew that he had to act. These four women were dying before his very eyes. He and his fellow lords and the high generals were likely to follow. Even if they survived they would be a rabble without their Queen to unite them. Time was running out. The Queen and Arya were filled with magic that made them more susceptible to the attack. Their magical essence opened them to the attack as much as it did the witches. The witches fingers were still interlocked their fingers glowing bright red. The connection still maintained that had formed the Blood Phoenix and kept it from fleeing as the comatose witches were not able to let the beast free.

Oberyn had that sudden insight. The beast could not flee its tormentor. It was bound by the will of the witches. Their last command had the blood phoenix circling the Ice King’s encampment so that all could see him and his army. The magical creature was still trapped obeying its last received command. It could not flee. Oberyn knew that the link between beast and witches had to be broken! Oberyn needed to act but he was in agony. He willed his limbs to stop twitching and his thoughts to clear.

Through the mystical link the blood magic allowed, Oberyn could feel the beast’s frantic desire to escape the attacks on its body but the now unconscious witches kept it still enthralled with its mission to spy on the Ice King. It could do naught but fly in a helpless wide circle. The blood phoenix was screaming its pain and fear above the Fist of the First Men. They had to break the beast free. They were slowly being cut up alive through their physic link with the Blood Phoenix. Oberyn was not sure if he and the men would die but the women with their magical link would most definitely perish.

“Aarrruunngggg!” Oberyn growled out heaving himself up to his knees. Stannis was back on his feet. The massive man staggered his 6'6” frame heaving for breath getting his wits back about him. Normally, Oberyn would be pissed that the Baratheon was first to his feet but now was not the time
for petty House politics.

Since Robert’s rebellion most of the major houses had been at relative peace. This had not been the case with Dorne. Oberyn had been in constant combat keeping the rebellious Lords of his land in line and the constant struggles with the desert raiders in the hinterlands of Dorne.

Stannis had fought actively in Robert’s rebellion. The other Lords were much more like Mace and had not fought in actual combat letting their generals and vassal Lords fight. Not Stannis he had fought actively in Robert’s Rebellion and helped quash the Kraken rebellion that broke out several years into Robert’s rule.

Oberyn and Stannis had been hardened by combat. So had some of their generals as the groaned and tried to shake off the effects of the repeated assaults. Most were still prostate on the ground many of them having vomited multiple times. Oberyn thanked the gods that he had not eaten breakfast this morning.

They had to break the mystical link and free the beast. Oberyn knew that he had to act! Their Queen needed them!

Nymeria was in front of Oberyn barking wildly. Then the wolf ran up to Stannis barking furiously her tail straight out and thrashing wildly. The giant wolf was back in front of Oberyn again staring at him with her glowing eyes. Her head jerking with her harsh barks. The massive beast was beside herself in her panic for her masters.

The message was obvious; save my masters. The wolf’s will to help her masters helped to steady Oberyn.

Oberyn staggered up to one knee. He was near Ygritte. He felt his world go round and round suddenly and gritted his teeth gripping his temples with one hand. His world stopped tilting precariously.

“Stannis!” Oberyn bellowed.

The man looked at him. He was twenty feet from Melisandre. He glared at Oberyn thinking the Red Viper was about to insult him. At any other time he would probably have been correct. Oberyn motioned furiously for the Baratheon to come towards him.

“The witches!” Oberyn gasped at his erstwhile enemy. He started to move towards the smaller witch but his stomach rebelled. Oberyn staggered forward falling to both knees and then fell flat on his face as he fell three feet short of Ygritte the smaller witch.

Stannis understood what was needed. He staggered weaving indelicately forward his arms waving to keep his balance. It galled Oberyn that the Baratheon was able to still walk if woozily. Stannis moved forward and paused breathing hard and then staggered forward the rest of the distance to the naked body of the convulsing tall witch. Her eyes rolled back and she was making animal like noises now. Froth foamed out her mouth and ran down her chin and throat. She choked with foam and spittle spraying in the air.

Oberyn had heard the sound a fox had made when it gnawed its paw off to escape a snare. The tall witch sounded like that. The smaller witch nearer to him was shaking violenty her mouth frothing as white foam filled and overfilled her mouth. Her eyes had rolled back into her skull again. The witches jerking obscenely again and again.

Their bodies covered with dirt that stuck to the red clotted blood soaked all over their bodies. Their
rolling convulsions had covered their bodies with grime and bits of grass and leaves. They looked like some monstrous newborn demon spawn from the depths of a Stygian hell.

Oberyn clawed his fingers into the dirt and dragged himself forward until he reached the diminutive witch. Stannis had more raw strength than Oberyn as he slowly staggered upright to the taller redhead witch. It maddened Oberyn to see that. He would never admit it but he admired the man’s strength. He just hoped the man knew what to do. Oberyn was too weak to speak. He was operating off pure instinct and adrenalin. Oberyn rolled into the small woman’s limp body and tilted it over and gripped her body to his body spoon from behind hooking his legs over the woman’s legs and anchored her body to his. The smaller witch’s body weakly convulsing against Oberyn’s body.

The witches still linked by the iron clad grip of their interlocked fingers. Oberyn felt the blood and sweat that coated Ygritte’s body soaking into his clothes and skin.

Stannis reached the large witch not all that much shorter than himself. He feel to his knees behind the woman. Oberyn looked up at Stannis with his chin on Ygritte’s shoulder.

Stannis hefted up the larger woman into a sitting position her body twisting as she maintained the linked fingers grip with her wife. Melisandre’s arms outstretched as was Ygritte’s. The movements of Stannis getting the tall redhead witch up into a sitting position had jerked the smaller woman’s body. Stannis sat down behind the tall witch. Oberyn rolled his body forward to allow the smaller woman’s body to adjust as Melisandre was hefted up against Stannis’s body. Their hands were still gripped together tight in a vice like grip of iron.

Stannis looped his arms underneath the tall woman’s arms and locked them around body and cross gripped his arms. He pulled Melisandre hard to his body. He paused clearly exhausted his breathing harsh.

Screams reverberated up and down the road. Shouts of confusion and panic filled the air. The column had run up the road to the gathered lords and knights milled around confused not sure what to do to save their scions.

The two men had moved as fast as their jerking and pain wracked bodies allowed to get the witches in their grip. Still, Oberyn new time was running out before the next attack. It seemed to be taking longer. He was sure whatever was attacking was basking in the pain and gall it was dispensing. It was savoring its victory. How typical of evil! That would be its downfall.

Oberyn nearly passed out but he kept his grip on the small witch’s body holding her tight to his body. His shocked wide open eyes with pain watched Stannis take a deep breath and scoot his feet underneath his ass and suddenly surged up and back. Oberyn followed suit twisting his body back and jerking hard on the smaller witches body. The bodies of the two witches lurched as they were jerked apart. Oberyn had jerked back with all his string but the witches grip held. Pain sliced into their bodies the pain agonizing.

Contact with the witches bodies was amplifying the pain Oberyn and Stannis felt. It did not matter. They had to succeed! Their Queen’s life depended on it. Then all screamed as a new storm of icy death started to penetrate the blood phoenix as it soared above the Fist of the First Men.

Oberyn nearly passed out. Stannis roared “Noooooooo! I will succeedddd!” and jerked back again with a prodigious heave of his coiled thighs and back muscles. Oberyn felt the grip between the witches suddenly snatch tight and then Stannis roared again keeping the pressure on his grip on Melisandre’s body and hunched down and launched back with all his fading strength. “Aaarrrregggghhhhhhhhhhh!” the Baratheon roared as he slammed his body back.
The arms of the witches were pulled taunt by Stannis pulling hard on Melisandre’s body and Oberyn anchoring Ygritte’s body so it could not move. The grip between the witches was broken with their intertwined fingers forcefully pulled apart. The link between their clenched fingers that had been glowing bright red winked out instantly.

At that exact moment over the Fist of the Fist Men the Blood phoenix juked right and the dagger storm hurling down from above moved in that direction as the Blood Phoenix then dove hard left and dove away. A mighty ragged high pitched piercing cry from the demon construct opened a trans-dimensional rift that the bird dove into and winked out of our plane of existence. A mighty clap of thunder sounded out rolling over the trees of the far north shaking their branches. It had escaped.

The men staggered getting their breath back. The four exhausted women were unconscious but no longer being flayed alive by the ice cold daggers that had been penetrating the Blood Phoenix’s body. Oberyn could only hope that they had not been hurt mortally.

He saw Stannis gently lay the tall witch down on the ground. He wavered on his knees. “You did good Stannis” Oberyn croaked.

“Oberyn don’t take this the wrong way … fuck you …” the tall man toppled back onto the ground with his back landing with a hard thud onto the hard Earth unconscious.

Oberyn smirked. He could live with that. Stannis had saved the day. He would never here the end of it. He slipped into unconsciousness.

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The world had finally stopped spinning. Oberyn slowly sat up on the edge of his cot. He had been in and out of consciousness for the last twelve hours. He was in a medical tent that had been erected. From the tent poles hung oil lamps that cast a soft glow about the tent. Large bowls of coal had been setup and burning providing warmth to the tent. The tent had been roughly divided in half. One side were still … Oberyn counted seven men lying on their backs recuperating. Several nurses were attending them. On the other side of the tent were the four women.

Oberyn got up slowly and made his way over to the Queen, her royal hostage and the two witches. Stannis was sitting on a low hunting stool made of canvas. He looked down at the Queen and then over at the witches as his nemesis approached. Oberyn saw a nurse from the army and several Dothraki women tending to the women. That did not surprise Oberyn. A large part of the Queen would always be Dothraki.

“How are they doing?” he asked Stannis.

The man looked up at Oberyn. His face was still ashen as he knew his was but more so. Oberyn was peeved again that Stannis seemed to basically have recovered already while Oberyn felt like a feather bumping into him would knock him over. Stannis looked at him intently. He looked back down at their Queen.

“She and Arya are exhausted but all the medical staff think they will recover. They just need to rest. You look shit Oberyn. The look becomes you” Stannis had a smirk on his face.

Oberyn smiled at the man. Stannis was loosening up. Just a little but it was a start.

Stannis then looked over at the cot that had the two witches. “The physicians and Maesters think they will be alright. They cannot be sure. They are witches. Their heartbeats are only like fifteen beats per minute and their pulse is also extremely slow but they assume that is natural for them. They
Oberyn looked at the witches and then at the Queen and Arya observing their arrangement. “How come the witches are in one bed and the Queen and Arya are together in the same cot? That is not military triage protocol.” Oberyn looked at the women covered with a sheet and furs that came up to their lower chests.

Stannis looked up at him. “They were all whimpering and thrashing. It was painful to watch. Daenerys kept thrashing her hands gasping. Arya kept moaning ‘Dany … Dany …’ The witches were not vocal but it was obvious.”

“Obvious?” Oberyn was not sure he would need to play obtuse and start to spin a web of subterfuge.

“Oh come off it Oberyn. I may be of the old blood from an old House and have a rod up my ass but I am not blind.”

Oberyn had to chuckle. At least the man knew who and what he was.

“The two witches are obviously lovers and Dany and Arya want to be. The four women all kept crying out and thrashing but once I put them in the same cot they reached out for each other and clasped their bodies together as you see. They immediately ceased crying and whimpering and fell into this restful repose.”

Oberyn indeed had seen it. The tall witch had the small witch lying on top of her body. The small woman’s head underneath her chin and her right hand grasping the tall witch’s left breast possessively.

When he turned to look at the Queen and Arya the Queen had scooted in and had an arm and leg thrown over Arya Stark her head tucked underneath the Stark girl’s chin. The sight was quite endearing.

Nymeria had laid beside the low cot on Daenerys side and laid her head over on Dany and Arya’s hooked legs. The wolf sleeping peacefully along with here masters. The shared body heat comforting to all.

“Does it bother you? This open blatant homosexuality … it is unnatural … right Stannis?” Oberyn probed. “That is our Queen holding onto Arya as a lover would.”

Stannis’s jaws worked as he ground his teeth staring up at Oberyn. Then he sighed.

“Before I got to know the Queen and Arya I would have said ‘Yes’. But now, I don’t know … seeing the obvious love between them … I see the person and I just can’t condemn them even if my religion tells me I should. It is all very confusing actually.”

“Stannis. I will admit I am not religious. I just judge the heart and character of the person. Are these people sinners who deserve hell?”

“No. No they are not. … … I will work it out Oberyn. I am not as hot blooded as you. I, for the life of me don’t see what you see in another man.”

“I—“

“I don’t need to know!” Stannis held up his hand but had a smile on his face. “I will not oppose the Queen’s wishes on this. We have fought enough wars over betrothals for my lifetime I think
Oberyn.”

“Why I do believe their might be hope for you yet.”

Stannis got up and snorted. He then flipped Oberyn the bird and walked out.

Oberyn was impressed. The man had at least a flicker of humor Oberyn now knew. This might be fun!

The man from Dorne went and stood over the cot with the Queen and Arya. They looked so content as he looked down at them. Daenerys wiggled and fit her body even closer into Arya’s side with a happy sigh. The Stark girl’s hand came up to cup the back of Dany’s head and pull it tighter into her neck. Both women had soft smiles on their faces.

Oberyn was satisfied. They would make a good Queen and Queen. He moved over to the two witches. The tall one was drop dead gorgeous while the small one was rather plain looking except for the bright red hair. The tall woman had her lower legs hooked over the smaller woman’s ankles and one arm thrown around the small woman’s back. The small woman was drooling on the tall woman.

They were obviously deeply in love. Oberyn left the tent. He spoke to the lead physician. They agreed that it would be safe to renew their journey down the road. A large supply train was now only two days behind them. It would be best if they resumed their journey and get to the next camp. They had lost a day and half and he knew the Queen would want to keep to schedule.

He arranged to have a wagon filled with furs. The women would be transported in the wagon till they had recovered enough to once more get on horseback.

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The next morning they started off. Missandei, Oberyn had found out spent the night with Dany and Arya tending to them feeding them broth. She would tilt their heads back cradling them and gently dribbled the broth with medicinal herbs in it into their mouths and gently coaxing them to swallow. The scribe cared for their hygiene. The witches were still in an almost comatose state. Missandei told Oberyn and Stannis in her research she doubted the witches even needed to eat but she had food prepared for them in case they woke up and were hungered.

At noon Oberyn went to the medical wagon to check on his liege and the other patients. Each set of women in a cocoon of furs resting comfortably. Oberyn was impressed with the small black scribe’s diligence and loyalty to the Queen. Oberyn could now think of the small scribe without terror of the small green eyed woman showing up to beat the shit out of him. Oberyn looked at Missandei’s caracal lying on Nymeria sleeping with a happy purr as the wolf kept her watchful eye on her masters as she half snoozed. Oberyn satisfied that the women were indeed recovering left and got back a horse. The column continued its march down the King’s Road.

As Oberyn rode his horse, Stannis and Renly came up to him falling in on either side of him. The House of Tyrell fell in behind him riding close. He cocked an eyebrow at them. He cocked his other eyebrow when Barristan and Syrio Forel came up also.

Stannis started off in his usual blunt style. “We have been discussing the event of two days prior. We have been wondering why the Queen and Arya were so affected by the attack. My brother and I have seen how powerful the Queen and Arya are. Their strength near rivals mine and we Baratheons are renowned for legendary strength.”
“Gods this man is so pompous at times Oberyn thought. Maybe he had been to rash to think there was hope for Stannnis.

“They both have extraordinary speed and reflexes. It is obvious they have magical qualities. They are blessed with it. We are therefore perplexed as to why they were poleaxed along with the witches?”

“You gave the answer in your questions Stannis—Renly” Barristan spoke up. “I have seen this before. He then told them of the Queen’s battle with Dothraki and her near total collapse when she experienced the pain of her dragons. “She has worked to create mental barriers with her dragons so in the future she will be able to continue to fight through their shared pain. She will always feel it but has learned to mute it.”

“I think it is the same thing here.”

“I am not sure I see that Barristan” Renly responded.

“It is the very magical qualities they have that made them susceptible to the feelings and pain from the Blood Phoenix. We have seen this same power in Arya. They have been infused with some magical power that has greatly enhanced their strength and reflexes. It has sharpened their senses. They feel more than we do. Dany with her bond from birth with her dragons and the North is known for the abilities to Warg. I feel this opened them to be devastated along with the witches when they were attacked without warning. With time to prepare themselves I doubt the attack would have affected them so.”

“It was the shock and surprise of the attack that crippled them. They had not thought of this. To be truthful there was no time to prepare. Events are moving to a culmination. One cannot foresee the unknowable. We are lucky that we survived. That is the nature of combat. Surviving battles. To learn and adjust.”

“I am not sure I buy this being infused with magic talk” Mace spoke up. “They are just unnaturally fast and strong.”

Oberyn spoke up. “I believe Barristan has the right of it.”

They all looked at him. “I have seen the same with Cersei Sand.”

He saw confusion in all their eyes except Barristan that registered mild surprise as he put two and two together. Cersei Lannister had disappeared with Oberyn with Daenerys capturing King’s Landing. He had no use for the woman and ceased to think of her with her removal from his sphere. He had not really thought of her since. He simply thought she had failed miserably in Dorne and most likely was no more or in exile.

“Who in the hell is Cersei Sand. Why do we care about a fucking bastard?” Stannis barked. Oberyn was going to enjoy this.

Oberyn laughed “I wouldn’t be talking like that around the Queen.” The man looked over his shoulder with sudden fear at the wagon transporting the Queen in her convalescence. All had heard of the Queen’s plan to make all noble men shoulder the responsibility of raising any bastards.

The children would have their last name and if not raised under his roof the child’s mother would have full financial support. The unspoken threat had many quaking in their boots.

“I’m sorry” replied Oberyn “you knew her as Cersei Lannister.” As Oberyn had thought loud shouts of derision and scorn ensued.
“That worthless cunt.”

“Hahahaha – oh man that was a good one!”

“She couldn’t even do a fucking pushup! She is a fucking waste of womanhood. The only thing she could do well was part her legs for any cock she thought would help her get over on someone.”

“That all might have been true. Once, but no more” Oberyn responded. He enjoyed all the remarks. It would make his revenge all the sweeter.

More scornful laughter followed.

“I will have you know that Cersei is now called the Lioness or the Lion of Battleborne Academy. She has kicked everyone’s ass that challenges her. And I do mean kick ass … many more than once. It has become a badge of honor to say you have been “clawed” by the Lion of Dorne.”

“I don’t believe you!”

“Believe what you will. I saw her and my eldest daughter decimate a whole troop of Dothraki. There were unconscious men all around them. Men with broken arms, legs and concussions laid all about them. Cersei easily fights off three and four men now. If she did not hold herself back she would kill with one strike now.”

“I have seen her body become strong like the sphinx of legend. She has become something more than human. So has Daenerys Targaryen and Arya Stark. We in Dorne are much more attuned to nature and the old ways and magic. When I look at Cersei out of the corner of my eye and let my mind truly see I can see the power ripple in her body. I see the same thing with our Queen and her royal hostage. Nature and magic has chosen them to be their instruments I feel.”

“This has given them great strength and reflexes but also opened them to magical assault. Whatever attacked that Blood Phoenix attacked both physically, magically and spiritually. We all felt the hate of the attack and the ire of the Ice King. We all felt the ice daggers. The women felt it more. Much more. Barristan told of Daenerys fight on the plains of the Sea of the Dothraki. We all heard of her link to her dragons. A link through magic.”

“I believe that magic is fashioning these three women to be instruments to fight the evil that now plagues our world. A sand witch has prophesized that more evils than the Ice King are awakening. After our war with him we will all have other evils to fight.”

Oberyn saw the looks on the others faces. They wanted to doubt him but the events of the last two days had opened their minds to new possibilities.

Oberyn stirred the pot even more. “The time is coming when Cersei will take the Sword Morning Star and make it her own.”

“She is not of the House of Dayne. All know that only that House can use that sword!”

“A curse has been placed on the sword by the sand witch that prophesized ten years ago that a Lion from the north would come and claim it. This is the same witch that prophesized the coming demons.” Oberyn made a show of looking around at perplexed faces as tapped his lips with his index finger. “I wonder who that Lion might be?”

“It said Lion not Lioness you idiot!” Stannis barked. “Get your pronouns correct.”

“Geez Oberyn. Hyperbole. Prophecies are all mist and obfuscation anyways.”
Stannis glared at the Red Viper.

“You will discover that soon enough. I do believe that she has a destiny that goes beyond Dorne. Soon you will feel her and the Queen’s power along with Arya’s. The world is changing. For the better I might add.”

“You’re blowing smoke out your ass man!”

“I will never bow before that harpy! My brother should never have married that harridan!” Stannis was fuming big time now.

“I would watch her your tongue. Even the legendary power of the House of Baratheon would be felled by her fists and kicks I fear. Sorry Stannis.”

The man ground his teeth in disbelief. “Bring her on!”

“Maybe someday we will. I do need to bring my new daughter-in-law North to greet the High Lords.

“Whhaatttt?!” Stannis bellowed. The other lords not of Dorne gaped. This was rocking their world almost as much as the icy assault from two days ago. That had been shocking. This news was heinous. Cersei was a cunt! All knew it.

The men of Dorne enjoyed the shock and consternation. Oberyn had told them to not mention Cersei’s ascension. All the men and women of the military of Dorne now admired Cersei greatly. They all were in awe at what she had become. All longed to fuck Cersei Sand and were envious of House Martell having the inside track to her hot body. In Dorne fucking a person of great military renown brought some of that honor onto that person.

“Oh that’s right. I forgot to tell you. Four days before I left to Dorne to march to King’s Landing I married my daughter Obara to Cersei Lannister who formally took her wife’s last name. Just so you won’t go snitching to the Queen both want to keep their last name. In Dorne to be a Sand is an honor.”

“I gave Obara to Cersei and Ellaria gave Cersei to Obara. It was a beautiful ceremony. My consort hopes to one day bed them and truly bring them into the family.” Oberyn waggled his eyebrows “I hope to have the same success. Obara is a great fuck and maybe, just maybe if I play my cards right Cersei and my daughter will grace my and Ellaria’s bed. I will be the only man to ever touch their beautiful bodies.”

“You are fucking horrible—a crime before the laws of gods and men!” “What a disgusting piece of filth!” “How dare you sin against the Seven Gods!” “Do you have no shame!” The shouts came from all quarters. Oberyn basked in them all. He loved living his life openly and freely. Let all these prigs bleat. He enjoyed life to the fullest while all these men did was whine.

Oberyn laughed so hard he nearly fell out of his seat on his horse. “Bleat all you want. I will enjoy life and the pleasures it has. We will all meet in the grave. At least I will go into the Earth with a smile on my face.

Stannis just shook his head. He thought Oberyn was only baiting those assembled. The man was just so full of himself! Oberyn looked at Barristan looking at him intently. He shook his head and rode away. That man needed to get him a woman Oberyn decided. Who was in the market for a frigid man who thought I don’t fuck because of my honor? There had to be somebody. Oberyn would keep his eyes open. Barristan was still a fine looking man for his age. Maybe he had a little
magic flowing in those old bones himself.

The column was stopping for the last surge in the late afternoon. He was petting his horse and giving him a carrot when he saw his Queen stick her head out the wagon she was riding in. He walked over as the main physician hurried over clucking over the Queen.

“How are you feeling my Queen?”

“Weak but my strength is returning. Arya is resting comfortably” the Queen spoke looking back at her sleeping royal hostage a big smile coming on her face. She was definitely enjoying sleeping with the girl. Oberyn could feel in his morrow that soon they would be loves. Finally! He smiled at that sweet thought. Daenerys Targaryen deserved to be happy.

“How long have I been incapacitated?”

“A little over two days.”

The Queen scowled and looked around. “Worry not Daenerys. We all realize that your connection to magic made you susceptible to the magical attack on the Blood Phoenix.”

“I’m not even sure I believe in magic Oberyn. I tend to kill those who say they are attacking me with magic. Essos is littered with them. Still I can’t deny the ur-viles and what they did for me. I saw the Shadowbender witches create the impossible.”

“Then you need to start. Don’t deny what your senses are telling you my Queen. You, Arya and Cersei are filled with it.”

The Queen sighed and then smiled. “I guess I do.”

The Queen looked at Oberyn. “I have been keeping abreast of Cersei’s transformation and her marriage to your daughter. That last truly surprised me. You used to really, really hate her” Daenerys told the Red Viper.

“True. But she has changed mightily. You saw some of it and it has progressed and accelerated. I am happy to have her as part of my family now. I think you would like the person she had become. My whole family is enamored with her now. Ellaria is besotted with desires to bed Cersei.”

The Queen chuckled. “Let’s hold off on that meeting for a little while yet. That would have to be some turn around. Cersei is named after a fabled witch. Maybe she has incanted a spell on your family” the Queen said with a smirk.

Oberyn snorted “The only spell she has woven is sucking my daughter off. Again and again.” Oberyn laughed seeing the Queen blush. “She still has the acid tongue and quick wit but that is what gives Cersei her spice.”

“If you say so. How many days are we behind?”

“Less than two. We are moving at our normal clip.”

“I hate losing the time.”

“I wouldn’t worry my Queen. Any delay was worth the revealing of the Ice King. The seeing was believing but the assault on our bodies and spirits leave no doubt. All are prepared now to march to
the Wall and defeat the Ice King. None now doubt. I think even my brother would have lost all his vacillation after such a revealing revelation.”

The Queen considered. “I do agree. I have only felt agony like that once before. I was unprepared. I hope I didn’t appear too weak” she asked with trepidation.

Oberyn chuckled. “My Queen the whole event was quiet the epiphany. Most of us have been scrubbing our trousers and armor clean from crapping and pissing ourselves. We are all just thankful to have survived.”

“How did we? The witches were totally incapacitated. We were helpless.”

Oberyn related how he and Stannis succeeded in pulling the witches apart and saving their lives and how knows who else’s life.

The Queen told him that all were indebted to their quick thinking, bravery and strength.

They talked a little more before Daenerys insisted she need to get back to Arya to tend to her.

The Queen indeed had it bad for the Stark girl. Oberyn smiled. He was happy that the Queen had found her consort.

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The next morning the Queen and Arya had fully recovered. Oberyn saw that all were impressed to see their full recovery so fast. Many of the men were still fatigued and a little pale from the ordeal. The queen said that that evening they would have a meeting to discuss the events that the Blood Phoenix had revealed to them.

As the day progressed the Queen checked on the witches several times with Oberyn and Stannis. They felt connected to the witches having been instrumental in saving them with their separation from the assault that had struck their avatar.

Late that afternoon the two witches came awake. They too had made full recoveries which amazed the physicians, Oberyn and the Queen. At first Oberyn and Stannis had not been sure they would survive. Their breathing was so shallow and sparse. The bodies had been white as the bone at first and their eyes totally dilated and unresponsive. Their bodies were almost rock hard with what Oberyn first thought was rigor mortise. Their bodies felt like they had been frozen.

Oberyn suspected the witches had kept much of the pain and affect into their bodies sparing their ritual partners the full agony and physical effects of the assault. To see them fully recovered now was almost as shocking as their appearance after the assault.

The only thing they requested was that a large fire be started once they made camp. All were only too happy to do this for the women who had shown them so much. All were in their debt.

The end of the march for the day was reached as they reached the cook camp. The men and few women warriors happily dismounted their horses. The horses had their saddles removed and put on saddle posts erected just for this purpose. Tanners and saddlers worked on the saddles and tack. Stable hands that had been selected and those trained up along with a liberal sprinkling of Dothraki cared for the horses.

Horses were combed down and their hooves checked for stones and any bruises. The Queen had made sure to have a horse veterinarian at each camp. The Queen had declared that horses would only be put down as a last resort. The Dothraki moved among the horses and Oberyn saw some of
the men and most of the woman looking over the column looking for potential bedmates. Oberyn especially liked the Dothraki and their liberal views on sex and life in general.

He saw many of the Westerosi horse tenders wearing a mix of Westeros and Dothraki gear. It seemed that the Dothraki were influencing their workmates. Oberyn hoped that other attitudes were being passed to the Westerosi by the Dothraki. With time the Dothraki were getting their coworkers to loosen up. Oberyn liked the Dothraki more for it. The North of Westeros were much too much like Stannis. That was not a good thing. It was not good to have a stick up your ass. Now a cock was another thing Oberyn snickered to himself.

A shallow pit was dug and filled with dead wood and dried grass and tumbleweeds that they had found in the leeward side of a hill. Soon a mighty fire was blazing. The two witches went to sit just before the flames. The witches were surprised when the Queen joined them. Oberyn saw that she was indeed the Queen of dragons. The flames did not harm her. She did not stay long as she noticed that Arya was getting agitated seeing her Queen with the two beautiful women. For the life of him Oberyn did not know why many of the men did not find the small witch attractive. He liked her crooked teeth and slightly off kilter facial features. He found them cute and she had a smoking hot body.

He really wanted to bang them but sensed the larger witch would tear him apart if he got too close to her witch. His mind went back to King’s Landing and to that strange small woman that had made it clear that Missandei was hers and not his. Yes, discretion was the better part of valor. His gaze moved on.

After the evening meal the Queen started the meeting with the royals and the generals. She asked if any questioned what they had endured together. No one could deny what they had experienced together.

The Queen asked if any doubted that they must march to the Wall. That the true enemy was there.

None did.

Mace asked “What of Eddard Stark?”

Oberyn was now shocked at the honesty of the Queen. She told all how for the last six months she had worked with Eddard Stark to ensure that they the South came up to the North in mass. She related to them the letter he had sent with Arya and how she had believed him totally.

There was shocked silence.

Oberyn stepped in. “I commend you Daenerys. Even I would have not believed you if you had told me of the rebirth of the Ice King. It has been eight thousand years since he walked Earth. We would have been a house divided.”

“But she lied to us!” Stannis grated out.

“Pleasessssss! How often do we lie to each other for the most petty of things. This was done for the benefit of the realm only. We would have fought, argued and come up King’s Highway constantly fighting and quarreling with each other. This would have been picked up on the people of the Riverlands and the North. No, I believe this was by far the best action. A house divided cannot stand. We all, my house is maybe the worse, are too quick to take rash action.”

There was general unease. The witches had come over from the fire and watched all with their dark eyes. All the men started to squirm under their intense stare.
The large one, Melisandre, spoke softly “Was our sacrifice for nothing?” but her words seemed to ring in the air.

Stannis stood up. “I believe that what happened needed to happen. I must confess that I found many actions to be burdensome and inane. If we thought we were going to the Wall to fight gremlins and snarks I would have rebelled. I definitely would not have believed.”

Oberyn used this opportunity “I agree with Stannis. We are here now. All else does not matter. It is the past. In each of our bodies we have felt he malice and hate of this Ice King. We must march to the Wall and defeat and kill him and his forces there. We must defend our homes from this threat as far north as possible. We felt the hate. If we fail he will ravage our lands and kill all. He will convert our young males to be his army. We cannot let that stand!”

“We have felt his power. Each and everyone one of us felt his vile evil and his ultimate goal. All of our deaths. There can be no quarter sought or given. We will fight and defeat him on the edge of our lands. No other recourse is open to us.”

Oberyn had brought his spear with him and snatched it up and twirled it over his head in a blur and then slammed the butt of the spear into the ground.

“I stand with our Queen. Who joins me!”

Stannis and Renly immediately jumped up shouting “We do!”

Now all those gathered around jumped up shouting allegiance. Oberyn saw the Queen looking at him gratefully for helping to solidify the South under her cause.

Oberyn was only happy to serve his Queen. It truly inspired the man to serve greatness and a noble purpose. Daenerys was what the minstrel’s sung of in their songs. He would always gladly serve his Queen.

Let this be an age of Reclamation!

**Jon**

The snow was falling again. There was no wind this night. The horses slowly pushed through the snow that came up to their knees. They had come into a small clearing that was a mile deep into the Haunted Forest from the margin that was itself one mile and half miles back from the wall. Jon would go no deeper. If they had to make a breakneck escape he needed to be able to have their horses give their full effort the entire run back to the gate at the Wall.

He had fifty sentries there armed with special weapons provided by his father. He and the members of his party were now armed with weapons that should be an anathema to their frozen and dead foes. His father’s supply wagons full of dragon glass weapons had been arriving for the last six months with wagons filled with arrow tips of dragon glass. There had been crates of just arrow heads fashioned into Lanceolate and Stemmed heads. Many of the arrowhead had been grafted on to arrows. The rest his Crows and the Wildling were furiously crafting these arrow heads onto shafts.

Jon had his armors forging Iron tipped arrow heads too. His wives had seen the Ice Armor being cut, forged and crafted into suits of armor for the Ice Giants. His wives had also seen that some suites of ice armor were being fashioned for Ice Wrights of human birth. His wives had recognized the magic used to bond the ice. Jon had had his crafters fashion ice blocks his wives then fashioned into armor blocks. They began to test their arrows against the ice armor. Jon wanted to kill at
distance. He had had enough experience of the ferocity of the dead when they were allowed to come upon you. They had discovered that iron tips weapons would crack and if close enough shatter an armored ice block when the arrows were fired with enough force.

His wives had created spells that they spoke and wove arcane glyphs with their hands over large mounds of iron tipped arrows. Their spells tuning the iron to shatter the ice armor more effectively than the iron alone. His wives spending hours at a time enhancing their iron tipped weapons.

Thus he and his riders carried arrows tipped with both iron and dragon glass. Each rider had a quiver on their back and two each side of their horse. Each quiver had thirty arrows in them. They had fletched the arrows slightly differently to differentiate between iron and dragon glass tipped weapons. Each rider carried thirty iron tipped arrows out of the one hundred and fifty arrows they carried. Everyone knew the Ice King would send his dead in swarms to overwhelm his enemies. It had been the tactic of the past and it had always worked. Hopefully, that would cease.

They would not be traveling any further into the woods. The extra quivers would not be a problem resting on the horses’ flanks for this short range mission. Jon knew he was in no position to delve deeper into the Haunted Forest. Even with his enhanced weaponry. He had lost enough men of his enemy. He was not like his predecessor Lord Commanders wasting effort and more importantly men sending out patrols that did not return ever depleting his numbers.

They would use the iron tipped weapons to destroy the ice armor if and the dragon glass to kill the walking dead and the Ice Wrights if unarmored or after their ice armor had been destroyed.

For a month now he had lead patrols along the marges of the Haunted Forest every other night. He had done this to get his enemy used to this pattern of patrol. To set them at ease with it. They would set out after midnight and patrol a mile into the forest and travel a line up and down the forest. Jon was dangling bait for the Ice Wrights and their dead. The Crows and Wildling had lost way too many to the Ice King before they had fully understood the enemy or had the weapons to fight his forces.

Jon would travel up to five miles east and west of the gate. He came out with a party of roughly fifty riders. The size not so large as to intimidate the enemy and hopefully entice them to attack. Too many patrols had been annihilated by their implacable foe. Jon longed to give the Ice King a taste of his own medicine. He had been thwarted so far. He would continue to entice his foe. How long could the bastard resist the temptation to kill a few more Crows and Wildlings?

Jon had ceased all patrols one year ago. He sent out patrols and none returned. Others had wanted to make patrols but Jon overrode them. That had changed now. They finally had weapons and tactics to fight the dead and the Ice Wrights. Five of his best archers also had arrowheads wrapped in linen soaked in tar. They had flint and tender to create quick fire. The uneven heads of the arrows required their best archers to accurately fire these arrows. Between dragon glass and fire arrows they should be able to cause great harm to the enemy.

He had Ghost patrolling a few hundred yards out in front of them. Jon had a loose mental connection with his Direwolf. He kept a strong leash on Ghost’s natural instinct to confront and attack his and Jon’s enemies. His wives had taught Jon to trust his and Ghost’s senses and instincts. Those instincts had told Jon that for months now they were being watched from the woods. The enemy was close but not yet ready to attack. He needed to lure them into his trap.

It made sense. The Ice King was marching south. The initiative had been wrested from the humans. The Ice King had total freedom of movement. The Ice King had won that freedom. The craven would use that freedom now to advance unseen on the Wall. Jon could not prevent that. What Jon could do hopefully was bloody the proverbial nose of the Ice King and his forces. He
wanted to sow seeds of doubt in his foe’s mind. He wanted to instill fear into the creature’s vile mind. He wanted the Ice King to know that he could be hurt now.

He had the best archers of his Crows and Wildling with him. He had patrolled up and down the animals tracks before the wall. He made sure to bring some of the leaders of the Wildlings with him on each patrol. Jon did not know if the Ice King even cared about such things but Jon had them with him in case it would help entice an attack. The forest here was not heavily populated with trees or dense undergrowth. He was banking on the relative open landscape would prevent an outright ambush.

A horse moved up beside his. “It is so beautiful out here in the forest. The falling snow is magical” Mance Rayder told Jon as they walked their horses through the middle of the clearing. All in the gathering watched the edges of the forest towards the North. “Yes I can feel them to Jon.” They both looked at the edge of the glade. They were out their hidden. Watching. They could feel the hate and loathing.

Jon nodded in acknowledgement. He had felt the eyes on them for at least eight months. It had galled him to know his enemy was so close and he couldn’t do a damn thing. The Ice King had total freedom of movement. Jon could feel the ancient implacable hate of his enemy that had been so distant but now was so much closer. Jon could feel his enemy at the Fist of the First Men. His palms itched to confront his ancient foe and kill him now as he had had eight thousand years ago. In his dreams he felt his previous incarnation screaming with righteous fury as his sword sunk clean through the Ice King killing him in heat and fire.

What Jon felt now was another kind of anger and hate. This was much more contained and physical. Jon could feel the minions of his enemy. They had gathered and were close.

Val looked out over the edge of the forest on the North face of the clearing. “They are there. I cannot see them but I know they are there.” Jon knew this was a perfect spot to be ambushed in. Surely his foes would want to use it to strike at them. Then Jon felt the change. He trusted his instincts.

Jon held up his hand to halt his column. “Prepare.” The air was getting colder. There was no sound. It was as if the very air was holding its breath. All animal life had fled. They knew the danger. A danger Jon and party dearly wanted to confront.

Tormund barked “At last. I have grown tired of this waiting.”

Jon softly called out. “Keep you distance from the enemy. Remember they are dead or frozen death. We have seen the remains of regular swords that went up against their swords. Only my sword can withstand their swords.” Jon turned to look to the South. His senses told him it was still not blocked. He sensed Others gathering but they were not many. They would be dealt with. His wives had taught him how to project his senses a small distance from his body. He could not reach out miles and miles like they could but he was confident that their path to the wall had not been blocked from the wall. His eyes flared. He felt more presences moving in from the west and east towards their flank.

Suddenly Ghost came bounding out of the forest. An Ice Wright was giving chase but his wolf easily outdistanced it. As one all the riders pulled their bows off their backs and shook their arms. Jon saw this Ice Wright had no armor. His thin body only clothed in a thin tunic and trousers and boots that strapped up to his knees. His blazing blue eyes regarded them coldly.

Jon could feel the Ice Wrights overwhelming confidence. They had no idea. Good! Jon had read that revenge was a dish best served cold. It was deathly cold this night. Suddenly, the far edge of
the forest was filled with shambling dead that slowly came out into the clearing. It looked like flotsam of deadwood on a rising tide coming towards them. Ghost had reached Jon’s horse and turned to face his enemies. His fur bristled up.

“Mance, Val, Tormund, can you and your people feel the enemy trying to out flank us. Their numbers are few but they will try to ambush us. Beware.”

No one answered. There was no need. They had been planning for this for four months. Jon pulled his small horn from off his saddle pummel. AAARRWWOOOOO! AAAAAARRRWOOOOO!” he blew the horn. The stumbling dead had covered half the distance to the riders. Their dead eyes glowing bright blue and their blackened extremities reaching for their enemies. More and more dead were flowing out of the trees and shambling towards their foes.

Two more Ice wrights had appeared on the edge of the forest observing them. As one the fifty gathered souls reached back and using the fletching of the arrows to differentiate the arrows pulled the dragon glass tipped arrows out and notched their bows.

Val stood up in her stirrups and pulled her yew wood long bow back her fingers by her ear “Make each arrow count!” she screamed.

Mance and Jon as one shouted “Fire!”

The thrum of fifty taunt bowstrings being released sounded around the small of island of life in a rising sea of dead. Jon looked at the tide shambling towards them. Jon saw many men in various states of decompensation. Some had been dead for years and years while others appeared to have only recently been killed and turned. Animals from small predators and large rodents like woodchucks and beavers crawled forward. Animals like foxes, coyotes, cougars and lynxes were moving towards them. There were many large elk, bear, wolves and four, no, five mastodons that stumbled forth. All with bright blue eyes that glowed with death.

The arrows found their mark. Jon waited with baited breath for a few rapid heartbeats. By the old gods the dragon glass had to work. Why else had the First People used it so extensively?

“Yes!” Jon shouted. Two men and a cougar had taken shots to the head and fell dead immediately. Many others took arrows to their midsections and upper chest. The dead staggered and Jon saw gold tendrils swirling out from the spot of the arrow piercing the dead bodies. The gold tendrils radiating out to cover more and more of the dead bodies. The dead began to stumble and move in random directions. The flesh turning black from the wound site and moving out. The gold tendrils wrapping around the dead bodies turning flesh black.

Jon saw two dead had taken hits to their thighs and one man was hit in his arm. The arm went limp and the man and wolf hit in the leg now dragged that limb as gold tendrils radiated out moving in both directions on the limb.

It was working! Too slowly but working. “Fire at will!” Mance shouted.

A storm of carefully aimed arrows flew out from the humans striking the leading edge of the dead. The arrows that hit heads made the icy dead drop and lie still for the humans and smaller animals. He saw a large bear take an arrow to the eye. It stumbled and went down to its forelimbs but came back up. Two more arrows flew out to pierce its skull and thick neck. This time when the bear went down and it did not rise back up.

The first line of walking dead had been dispatched but many more were coming out of the woods to confront them. Arrows were whistling through the air and finding their marks. Jon saw many beasts
and men with arrows in their chests and sides. The golden tendrils spreading out and making flesh turn black and then start to slough off the bodies. He saw a moose lose all its flesh on one side and the bones began to separate and the beast fell to the ground and thrashed.

“Fall back!” Jon shouted as they fired their arrows fast and furious. He had hoped for instant kills. They were going through their supply of arrows fast. Suddenly, the first Ice Wright stormed forward drawing his sword screaming in some high pitched discordant language. The other two Ice Wrights screamed at the first but he did not heed them. He ran forward and then screamed and staggered to a stop. Three arrows jutted from his chest.

His body began to shake violently and then steam started to rise from his body and he screamed and screamed. The dragon glass in his body quickly poisoned his very blood. His benison was two more arrows to throat and heart that sent him crashing to the ground steaming like a geyser in the middle of a frozen lake.

Now flaming arrows were flying in straight lines sinking into dead who immediately alight on fire. They stumbled around. Some fell into their brothers and lighting them on fire. There were no screams of pain but once alight the dead went up like dried tender. Jon wondered at the strange magic that made the dead flare up like bonfires but did not concern himself with it. He was just thankful.

Two more Ice Wrights appeared on the edge of the forest and these had ice armor on. They seemed older to Jon somehow.

Jon looked behind him and saw ten men and a handful of deer, horses and cattle come out of the forests on that side. He shouted at Tormund. Jon pointed behind them at the new party of enemy. Tormund and several Wildling turned and focused on the new adversaries feathering the advancing dead and killing some with one shot and others slowing and then killing with additional body shots.

They were being hemmed in. He could feel the confidence of the Ice Wrights. They were being hemmed in and their arrows were being exhausted. They had to keep firing fast and furious to kill the now sea of advancing dead. *How had so many been able to hide so close to the wall!* Jon thought.

One of the armored Ice Wrights had climbed on a wooly mammoth that came between the trees and advanced. He was confident in his armor. They did not know that that his witch wives had put a hex on their Iron tipped weapons strengthening them. The iron tuned to their ice armor.

Val screamed “Lokamyr, Gilny, Valla, Hararegg—iron arrows!” These were the best marksmen in Wildlings ranks at Castle Black. Now hexed iron tipped arrows flew out at the Ice Wright. He was fast and dodge some of the arrows but others found their mark. They struck his ice armor and slammed in. Many of the discs held but fractured and others exploded. More struck his armor and now his armor was filled with gapes and tears. He looked down shocked at his now ragged armor. An arrow found a hole and slammed into his body. The iron jutted out his body and he smiled. Iron had no effect on him.

His pachyderm mount itself was now falling apart as arrows of dragon glass struck up and down its body. Golden tendrils had now encased its body which had turned black and suddenly huge slabs of meat and guts started to fall off the staggering beast.

The smile disappeared on the Ice Wright’s face when Val loosed a dragon glass arrow and it found a hole just formed over his heart. The Ice Wright frowned looking down as steam and whips started to flow out his body through the hole in his ice armor. He screamed an unearthly howl until Valla sent a dragon glass tipped arrow down his throat.
Ice Wright and mammoth fell to the ground and moved no more.

Their quivers were emptying. Val and the other marksmen looked out over the glen to see the three remaining Ice Wrights looking at them with their bright blue eyes glowing with unending hate. They were letting their dead advance to do their work for them. They had seen two of their number killed.

Still more dead flowed out of the forest on both sides of the glen. Time was running out.

HAARROOOOO! HAARROOOOO! HAARROOOOO!

War horns sounded and a force of over fifty Crows and wildlings burst from the trees. The men had long lances tipped with broad tipped heads of dragon glass. The men ran their horses at the walking dead who were facing Jon’s forces on the Wall side of the glade. The walking dead never saw their new foes. The riders rode forward and buried their lances in the bodies of the walking dead. The broad heads of dragon glass immediately sending out golden tendrils of magic severing the Wright magic. The lumbering dead men and animals fell to the ground to die their second death.

The men and women quickly rode out to Jon’s forces. Bowen Marsh came up to Jon. “We have blocking forces on each side of us with twenty men armed with dragon glass lances and arrows. They will sound their horns if attacked in mass. We have brought the five horses loaded with fresh quivers.” Each rider had six additional quivers on their own horses that had flipped wildly as they rode up to their Crow and Wildling brothers. Dalla came up with her bow out. “I’m not too late am I!” she shouted feathering an arrow and shooting a deer buck approaching with lowered head and large antler rack. Two more arrows pierced its body and fell to the Earth the magic animating it severed. Bowen and a few a crows rode out from the group to the sides.

The small cavalry throwing javelins tipped with dragon glass. They rose up on their horses and threw their javelins with great force and true aim. The weapons slamming into the flanks of animals and bodies of stumbling dead men. The weapons first staggering the animated dead and then setting to severing the magic animating the bodies. Golden tendrils turning flesh to rot and breaking the bonds of bones sending bodies crashing to the ground.

The bowmen were shooting the small animals as they approached. Each arrow shot instantly or quickly killing the smaller bodies.

One of the remaining Ice Wrights got behind several large cave sloths and tried to use their bodies to advance. A near blizzard of arrows quickly brought the beasts down. The Ice Wright was then trapped as the forces of the Crows and Free Folk surged forward enough to half circle the Ice Wright. The Wright was able to knock several arrows down. The other two Ice Wrights tried to advance but dragon glass and iron tipped arrows kept them at bay. More of the walking dead tried to advance on the humans to drive them back and then kill them.

The dead were brought down with a storm of arrows that pierced their bodies with multiple arrows quickly killing what should have already been dead. The second death of rotting bodies and falling away bones.

The Ice Wright made a run for it. It had gone thirty yards when an arrow hit it in the hamstring. Its scream as it fell to the ground was hideous. Bowen and Dalla rode forward and threw two javelins into the Wrights back pinning it to the ground as steam and slough ran off its body as it screamed and died.

The dead turned about and walked towards the forest a blizzard of arrows following them and killing many that had made it deep into the glen.
The battle was over. Jon snow was exhausted. His black leathers soaked in sweat. His white hair plastered to his face and neck. His purple eyes took in the victory. The battle had not been long but he saw that all his forces were as soaked in sweat as he. There would be no pursuit of the enemy. He had in at least a small measure gotten revenge for his lost and slain brothers. Mance and Dalla embraced and kissed in joy at the victory.

Jon did not celebrate. They had surprised the enemy with their large supply of dragon glass weapons. He doubted they would make the same mistake twice. Still he had achieved his goals. He had given his command revenge and a much needed victory against their implacable enemy. This victory would make spirits soar among the Crows and Wildings hearts. This victory would help draw the two desperate groups together. They had shown the Ice King that they now had tactics and more importantly the weapons to give as good as they got.

Jon had noticed that the Ice King was not decisive in his decisions. He sought overwhelming odds and force. Jon had now given the Ice King reasons to doubt.

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Jon was relaxing in his chambers. He sat at the round table and looked at this sword that he held up before him. The blade was ablaze with the flames of Azor licking up and down its length. The blade glowed red with the heat of flames radiating out from its core. Jon was not sure but the binding of the magic from the land Asshai and the Valyrian steel seemed to be melding and strengthening as time went by. The sword was definitely radiating hotter than before. Jon knew of another reason why the sword glowed hotter.

The Ice King was much closer now. He could feel him like a rancid sore pulsing in the North. He knew the Ice King could feel him too. Since his wives had left to fulfill their part of the tableau and convince the forces of Westeros who the true enemy is Jon had spent many hours staring into his sword. He felt that his foe was doing the same with his sword. Fire and Ice gazing at each other with inimical loathing and hate. The swords and their owners knew their destinies were linked. They would meet on the field of battle and one of them would die. Jon knew it would be the Ice King. It was his destiny to kill the Ice King and survive.

Jon truly felt in the marrow of his bones that his victory was assured. He knew he would meet his foe on the field of battle and it would be his sword that would deliver the fatal blow.

That morning he had met with Rickard Karstark who had arrived at the vanguard of his father’s advancing forces that were massing in the Gift fifteen miles from Castle Black. The forces were rested and organized and ready to advance on the Wall.

Rickard had come to prepare the way. Jon meet the man in his quarters whom he had met several times when he was younger. When Jon greeted him he kissed his old friend on the cheek and then stepped back and pulled his cloak hood back.

Rickard gasped and backed up a step. He had seen Rhaegar in his youth. “What sorcery is this?!”

Jon looked at him calmly and then pulled his sword from the scabbard on his. The sword light up and blazed fiercely the flames shooting up almost three feet above the sword. The sword in harmony with its master and blazing hot for its Master.

Rickard had backed up against the wall his hand on the pommel of his sword.

“You have nothing to fear Rickard. I merely want complete honesty between us and the forces coming to aid the Night’s Watch. The time for half-truths are over.
“Are … are you Rhaegar reborn? How is this possible?”

“I am the son of Prince Rhaegar and Lyanna Stark.”

Rickard was quiet looking at Jon for the longest time. Finally he spoke. “It all fits … how could I have not seen it. I knew Eddard would never betray his oath to Caitlyn Stark. Why?”

“Robert Baratheon would have demanded my death. Eddard Stark the father of my heart did not want any more wars caused by his family”

Rickard looked at him again for a long moment. “Yes. I think Robert would have. Your hair … your eyes?”

“I walked in the flames and I was transformed. All the lies were burned away. I will not live them for another minute” Jon told the scion of House Karstark. What Jon was not telling the man was he was using this sudden revelation of his true parentage to throw the man slightly off his balance. It would make him more tractable.

He went for the brass ring playing his now enhanced royal heritage. “I am nephew of Daenerys Targaryen. I am next in line to the Iron Throne. She has deemed it seemly for the North to fully support the Night’s Watch. She is upset and suspicious how you could not have supported us more.

Rickard started to get a little pale. “I did all I was told! I fulfilled my duty.”

“But did you ever think to rise above your station and seek to truly fulfill your obligation. Or did you do the least you could.”

The man knew Jon spoke the truth. “Support me now and I will talk to the Queen.”

Jon was not really lying. He was planning on talking to the Queen. Just not about any of this since he was lying through his teeth. He was sorry for having to do it but the realm required it. He had come to understand his father was doing much the same thing.

These were truly extraordinary times. Karstark told Jon he would support Jon fully. When Jon asked him to talk to his fellow Lords and get a start to planting the seeds of trust and friendship between the North and the Wildlings Rickard agreed. The Queen thought that all the people of Westeros should stand truly united against their common foe. Rickard went to one knee to pledge the full support of his House. He would speak to the other Houses of the North. Karstark asked if Jon would mention all this to the Queen Jon assured him he would.

They talked a few more minutes about Jon’s lineage as the Leader of Karstark came to grips with the many changes he had just been handed.

“I will have you know that I have brought the Wildling to the South of the wall and promised them gift to live and settle in.”

The man stared at him his mouth open. “Do you know no limits?! Who gave you the right?” Karstark demanded. He had just pledged his troth but he felt now like he was being taking advantage of.

“Why you did friend of my father” Jon spoke still playing all his cards. “By rights given to the Lord Commander by our ancestors I have total sovereignty of the gifts given to the Knight’s watch.”

“But why?” Karstark said hotly.
“Why, to save them of course.”

“But they are our sworn enemy.”

“Funny I have talked to them and not one them have sworn such an oath.”

The man sputtered. “You know what I mean! Again I ask why?”

“Because I needed troops to man the wall … troops you did not provide I might add. I made this decision. I made a decision necessary to save the realm. Also, it was the right thing to do. We and the Wildlings have a common foe. A foe that means to kill us all. The Wildlings will fight hard and well by our sides. They desire what we desire.”

“What is that?”

“Why life of course. A life for themselves and their children. Anyways, after the war is over most will return to their lands beyond the Wall. I hope to keep the gates open in the future. We need to learn to live in peace and not war. I grow tired of it.”

“Have you told your father?!”

“No. But he will accept my decision.”

“How do you know?!”

“When I tell my father that every man, woman and Child would have been killed he will see my reasoning and accept it. Plus, they are excellent fighters. We have been too greedy of our lands for too long. I will propose to my father and to the merchants of all the trade this will open up. It will create jobs and tax revenue. Yes I think my father and the crown will like hearing that.”

“For eight thousand years we have fought and died warring against each other. That is long enough.”

Karstark stared at Jon. Jon could see the man calculating what his father’s reactions would be. All knew of his father’s sense of justice and mercy. How his father sought to defend all in his realm. He even now protected the Direwolf, lion and wolf in his realm. How could he turn his back on what were his people above the Wall.

“They will have to bend the knee to your father.”

“I think not. Maybe in time if they chose but they do not follow our feudal system.”

“That is insane. You know they must bend the knee!”

“Would you bend the knee to Tywin Lannister? Lord Balon Greyjoy?”

“I would never bend the knee to such as them!”

“There you go.”

Rickard glared at Jon. “That was most unkind of you. Using my own words against me.”

“Come with me and meet the Wildling leaders.” Karstark grumbled but in truth he was now interested in meeting these people he had been raised to think of as enemies. Jon’s strange words had had a strange effect upon him. He knew Eddard Stark would never eschew such a meeting.
The meeting had been tense at first but Karstark soon warmed up to the leaders of the Wildlings. He found them to be honorable and amazingly a lot like himself. They had similar views, desires, and goals.

He was stiff with Mance Rayder for abandoning the watch but couldn’t say anything if the current Lord Commander had granted him amnesty. Karstark liked the other leaders of the Free Folk. He eyed Val and Karsi who were both comely and mighty warriors. He talked with Tormund, Rattleshirt and Styr and saw that maybe they were not so bad after all.

Jon had left them. Rickard had sent a rider out to bring in his Lords and Knights to meet and start planning with his new allies. The man was already warming to being the ambassador between the North and lands above the Land. It would bring much power to his house. Plus, it wouldn’t hurt to get on the Queen’s good side. Jon had assured him that he would put in a good word.

Jon looked at his sword turning it slowly as he sat beside the table in the magically hexed area that did not burn with the sword’s heat. It had been a good night and morning. He had given the Ice King a resounding defeat and he had laid the foundation for the working together of the Free Folk and the Houses that pledge allegiance to his father. He put the sword back into its scabbard.

He got up from his table and went to the cupboard to fix himself a lite meal for lunch. A smile crossed his face thinking how Melisandre was always so anxious to cook for him. He was more than happy to take care of his own meals and clean up around their living quarters. He could not understand how some of the other crow officers who had their own bedchambers could live like pigs in a sty and that was insulting pigs.

They would not even take the energy to put their dishes and eating utensils back outside their door for the stewards to retrieve the next morning to clean. He had seen soiled clothing draped everywhere, dirty dishes and glasses with papers strewn everywhere. To Jon this just seemed to disrupt the feel of a room. He was not a pig and he refused to live like one.

He and Melisandre still bickered over his wanting to clean and cook. Ygritte had no such problem. She would lean back on her chair’s two back legs and prop her feet up on the table top. If she had a mug of mead she would reach forward and pound it on the table. “Feed me woman! You wife is hungry!”

Melisandre would smile great big running around making their meals (even if they did not need to eat) and pour them fresh water and mead when Jon asked and Ygritte demanded with a cheeky smile.

Melisandre just ate it up. She would get so docile and meek. Then they would take her to bed and pound the shit out of her as Ygritte now crowed. Jon had become sorry he had every told his shorter wife that phrase though Melisandre would be screaming “pound my ass … nail it to the bed Jon!” or “slam fuck my hot pussy and pound the shit out of me Ygritte!”

It still amazed Jon how such a powerful person could get so submissive in their bed. Ygritte told Jon Melisandre was a bottom. Ygritte said he was too when she fucked Jon. It was different with Jon. Him being a man and they being women just sort of shunted him to the top position. Jon asked Ygritte which she was “I’m always the top! I only let you be top!” she had crowed her chin jutted out and her chest puffed out showing off her small tits and tight rump. *Yes Jon thought. Ygritte was definitely top dog in their family unit.*

Jon reached for the handle to the cupboard.

Jon screamed in agony as searing pain filled his body. It felt like blades of icy fire were pounded
into his body with a sledgehammer. Jon collapsed to his knees. His wives were being attacked. He screamed in pain and fear for his wives. Jon staggered into the cupboard and bounced off. The knives of agony felt like they were tearing him apart. Jon knew that his wives would invoke a phoenix and merge into the comingled blood of their bodies and blood from the veins of the royals. This would allow all to see and feel what they and the Phoenix sensed with its senses.

The pain passed. Jon was gasping. He was just recovering when again the freezing slicing pain pierced his body all over his back, neck and head. His screams bounced off the walls reverberating into each other as more screams were ripped from his throat. He did not remember falling to the ground. He kicked over a chair and violently upset the table spilling the dish, glass and eating utensils on it onto the floor.

Again the pain passed but Jon was much weaker now. He understood instinctively that something was attacking the Blood Phoenix from above and was passing it and looping back around to attack again. He tried to get up but it was useless.

Again he was slammed into the floor with pain as he cried out and turned his head over as he violently vomited. He was almost unconscious now. He raged at himself for letting his wives go south to do “their duty”. They were being **killed!** The pain passed. He knew it would return and his was helpless to save his wives. He felt hot tears of shame roll down his cheeks. He was a Stark and a Man and was supposed to protect his wives!

Jon felt the pain pass but he knew it would strike again. He could feel the agony of his wives somehow. They were taking the brunt of the attack and shielding everyone from the full devastation of the attack. They could not take much more. Again he screamed as another attack commenced and he felt though his wives that the Blood Phoenix was faltering. He felt it that if it persisted so would his wives. He gritted his teeth trying to will himself to not lose consciousness. He tried to send what little strength he had left to his wife.

Suddenly, the pain was gone and he felt the Blood Phoenix slip away to safety. His wives were still alive. Something had saved them. He had no idea what but he was thankful. He rolled over onto his stomach. He knew he was going to pass out and needed to get his mouth down in case he vomited again. He did not want to aspirate.

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It had been over three days since the attack. He had been agitated needing to hear something from his wives. He could only hope the lack of them reaching out to him was them recovering. He knew that if they had died he would have felt it in his soul. He was linked to them now and would feel their passing. He had quickly recovered the next day. His strength returned though it took another day before he could eat anything without feeling very ill.

He was riding the lift up to the top of the wall when he felt his wives reaching out to touch his mind. They could not communicate with him with words or thoughts but he could feel their emotional state when they touched his mind thus. He felt warmth and love spread throughout his body. Their love for him burning through him like it always did when they touched his mind and spirit.

Jon smiled knowing his wives had recovered. He could feel their renewed health and vitality. They could not communicate more to him than the sense of their wellbeing and their love for him at this great distance. That was enough for Jon Snow.

He also felt their elation. He knew that could only mean that the South had been convinced. Jon would have a massive army at his back. He would have the weapons to fight the enemy. He knew the war would be violent and severe but he would win. He was Azor Ahai reborn. He would repeat
his victory.

His wives were so happy and he felt their longing for him.

He smiled evilly. He would make sure to blister their asses and slap their faces, cunts and tits nice and hard like they liked when they had been bad and naughty. And they had been most naughty making Jon give into their wishes. He had been right. He paused. That was not quite right. He had been a lot right he decided. They had succeeded but their deaths had been close. He would have to find out how they were saved and thank that person profusely.

He then would take his wives and take them somewhere nice and private. Like their bedroom! They would need to be punished for almost getting their asses killed! Then he would “pound the shit” out of them as Ygritte loved to say now. He shook his head. Gods that girl was a bonfire in bed. She kept him and Melisandre on their toes which kept their sex life hot and spicy.

He arrived at the top of the wall. The sun was setting into the west now. The Wall casting oblong shadows over onto the haunted forest. He still felt the Ice King’s minions in the forest but they had pulled back some distance. He knew he was being watched but that was good. He stood on the edge of the Wall gazing over the dark brooding trees. He knew that nature felt it too. The malevolent evil that festered and grew.

He had been happy with the skirmish. It had not really been a battle. The forces had been much too small for that. Still Jon knew he had achieved an important victory. He had shown the Ice King that the forces of man had weapons that could kill them now. If only they had these weapons years ago when he first took his vows. It did not matter now. The past could not be changed.

He had been half afraid the dead would reanimate. He had not burned the corpses that day and waited a night before again going into the glade in the bright noon sun. The dead were still there. The magic of the dragon glass had indeed severed permanently the magic that had animated them. They could now kill the enemy.

The killing of three Ice Wrights had been most pleasing indeed. From what his wives had told him the Ice King put his essence into those vile wraiths. He must have felt their deaths. Good. Hopefully, this defeat would make him hesitate. He wanted every minute.

Loads of dragon glass were being sent up and down the Wall. They had fired off almost four thousand arrows in the skirmish. They had been able to retrieve roughly half. Many were lost and others had broken heads. The dragon glass was fragile. He would always need more dragon glass arrows. He had had his best archers with him for the battle. Other archers would have a much higher miss rate. He needed a sea of arrows tipped with dragon glass. His father was sending them in by the wagon full. He had enough but he wanted more and more. He would never have enough. He wanted the sky painted with his dragon glass arrows.

He had hemp and tar tipped arrows to use too. It would have to be enough. He wished that they had more Valyrian steel. It alone could withstand the freezing cold of the Ice Wright blades. They would have to fight their enemy from a distance.

The only problem was he was not sure if he would be granted that opportunity. If that was the Horn of Winter that hung from the Ice King’s neck then the Wall would be coming down. He looked out at the darkening forest. Could it be? For the Ice King to attack he must surely think he had the Horn of Winter. But was it the real thing? Mance was sure he had found it years ago but it had turned out to be a mirage. It was powerful magic just not what Mance had hoped it would be. Thankfully, he had made that discovery and called off his assault.
Mance did not want to risk his forces being annihilated trying to break the gates of the Wall. The Ice King would have to do the same thing if he did not have the Horn. The Ice King would be willing to make the sacrifice necessary to make that breach of the gates. He had some surprises for him that would hopefully prevent that.

He turned to the other side of the Wall and looked south. He saw another ten wagons coming up the King’s Road. Seven of the wagons were filled with dragon glass and three with tar and pitch for fire arrows. His father was doing all he could.

The men of Westeros would make their stand at the Wall. All was coming together. Jon could not wait to greet his father and Queen. Together they would defeat the Ice King. Jon was not a vain man but he couldn’t help but wonder what songs they would sing of him in a century’s time.

He knew the title of one song already “You know nothing Jon Snow”. Jon smiled at that. It did have a ring to it.

**Tyrion**

Tyrion was not a happy camper as he walked—no stalked down the hall to the Small Council chamber. He wanted to get into the Hand’s Chair. There he could sulk and work his bruised ego and celebrate his just bad luck. Tyrion had been so close so many times last night and his sword thrusts had missed the mark every time. He was a master cocksman damnit! He did not miss the mark! Was he not the “Lion of Lannister??”

_Damnit! He had had help!_

He had been spying on the brood of hens that Olenna had brought with her from Highgarden. They were supposedly to be handmaids for Olenna but the old fox did not need them. They were all quite comely except for the Septa Nysterica. She had pox marks on her face and was a little chubby but she definitely had a charm about her. Whatever charms the septa had they seemed to work mighty well on her fellow hens.

Varys had told Tyrion chuckling that he should just forget the girls. When he had asked why, Varys had brought up his first two fingers in a V to his lips and wiggled his tongue between them. Varys informed Tyrion that Margaery had been fucking them for years only keeping her virtue intact for the House Tyrell. Her virtue would then be doled out to some Lord or the other. That had evidently gone out the door. One of Varys new spies he had formed with all the coming and goings in Winterfell had been making reports. The sparrow was only able to provide gossip but one never knew when a golden nugget would be found. Varys informed Tyrion that the spy had seen Sansa Stark and Margaery Tyrell snooging in the corner of the kitchen. Their hands shoved down the bodices gripping and massaging tits. The two high princesses were grunting and groaning like sows in heat as they mauled each other breasts while trying to remove each other's tonsils with deep spearing tongues. They would be standing in the corner oblivious to the world as they pawed each other. They would move to one hand clutching the back of each other’s heads drawing hot sucking mouths tight. Their tongues active in each other’s mouths like dueling snakes.

Tyrion had started squirming at all the sweet details. He had of course asked for every detail to make sure he fully understood the dynamics of this relationship between the Princesses of two High Houses of Westeros. It was his duty to know all after all. Tyrion prided himself in being a meticulous man who would learn all he could. it was his duty to serve his Queen well by learning all he could of this new dynamic between the Houses of the Rose and the Direwolf.
Then the man had went to the Godswood to pray one evening. He had been most shocked by what he had seen Varys reported. The eunuch had then started to move on to other matters.

“Wait! Wait. What did he see?!” Tyrion demanded.

“It really was of no import Tyrion. Surely we should move on and discuss matters pertinent to matters of the realm.”

Tyrion had demanded in no uncertain terms that he needed to know to make his own judgements as to its importance to the realm.

Varys had smirked down at the Dwarf with a cocked eyebrow. “My sparrow reported they were doing it on a pile of furs. The women were on their sides doing sixty-nine wildly gobbling each other’s snatches. Rather noisily it would seem. Lady was sitting guard so the man could not get but so close. He did report that they did then bring out a strap-on and spent several hours defiling each other in both their pussies and assholes. They were quite kinky my sparrow reports. Much lewdness and nasty sex was witnessed. The women fucked like rabid weasels.

Tyrion’s eyes were glazed. There was a small of trickle of drool coming out the left side of Tyrion’s mouth. Varys had to snap his fingers to bring Tyrion back from his happy place.

Varys told Tyrion it was considered good luck to fuck before the eyes of the old gods. Tyrion bet it was. He remembered several spots of the Godswood that were heated by the hot thermals underneath. He could just see the sweet debauchery. If the hens were as nasty as Margaery, Tyrion had just died and gone to heaven.

The little vixens Olenna had brought with her were running around the Red Keep giggling and sneaking here and there. They were so enticing to the horny dwarf. Word had gotten out of their predilections and the chambermaids were almost fighting to be the ones to clean and straighten their large room every morning. Normally, you had to badger the chambermaids to take on new responsibilities. Not with the hens. In fact the chambermaids were so anxious to assume their new responsibilities they were at the door to the bedchambers at night listening to all the wild screams of orgasm. Tyrion had walked by them and they did not even pay him any attention. *Curse them*!

All were hoping to get in some hot action. It burned Tyrion up how the girls were nearly panting hoping to join the hens in their debauchery and they had a dwarf right beside them ready and willing to defile and debauch with them. The damn chambermaids simply ignored him pressing their ears to the door with expressions of awe and raw wanton hunger.

Tyrion had not at first believed the Tyrells’ audacity. They had converted a small private chamber that Aegon III had used for mediation and praying. It was a large room with an ached ceiling. It had been converted to a bedroom with two large royal sized king sized beds that had been built side by side. Word quickly spread how the beds were a total wreck in the morning. The sheets kicked off and pillows strewn about on the floor. Varys enjoyed giving Tyrion detailed reports of their nights of lesbian debauchery. Tyrion both relished and hated Varys detailed reports of their festivities. Varys did not have balls so he did not have to worry about getting blue balled. *Curse him*!

Varys would smirk at the dwarf with their meetings they had in the Tower of the Hand early in the morning. They used the time to compare notes and thoughts. It was during this time that Varys would ask the dwarf if he wanted a debrief on the ‘hens’ and their nocturnal pursuits. Tyrion knew he should tell the eunuch that he was a stronger man than that. There was only one problem with that. He was not that stronger man. Sometimes he had to beg the man for the damn report. *Curse the damn eunuch!*
Tyrion knew there must be spy holes that Varys was using to get all the juicy details of the hens' nocturnal debauchery. Now the hens had sunk their claws and beaks into the maid staff it was being reported. The damn maids needed no persuasion. Varys enjoyed reporting to Tyrion how the maids nearly ripped their outfits to get naked to be consumed. “And I do mean consumed Tyrion” Varys had told the dwarf. “It is like they are some breed of man … or should I saw woman eating hens. They totally fuck the maid staff to exhaustion. You should see them all spread akimbo on those beds soaked wet the cum and sweat. The poor lasses exhausted with red worn out pussies and assholes. The poor girls and young women are so groggy as they clean the 'hens' quarters, it is hard to clean when you are constantly being thrown down on said bed again to be fucked to screaming wildly jackknifing orgasms. Those hens sure have stamina. i admire them in fact” Varys told Tyrion with a straight face.

Tyrion had a hard time walking after hearing those reports. *Curse Varys!*

Tyrion had to have them. He was a damn good looking dwarf after all. Tyrion had tried flattery and giving the Hens pretty baubles to see if any of them might part their legs for him. All the damn hens did was laugh in a girlish way, giggle and twitter all breathless fanning themselves. They batted their eyelashes so cutely. They turned to expose their necks. He thought a few times he might have a nibble on his lure but they would in the end leave him holding hands and leaning into each other. He would feel his manhood jump seeing one or the other nibbling on an ear shell or licking a pulse point as they disappeared down the hall. *Curse them!*

He decided to change tact. Maybe if he couldn’t pork them literally maybe he could join them as a lecherous dwarf voyeur. It was worth a shot!

He had spent several days talking to the girls in general and Elinor and Megga specifically. They were obviously the leaders of the hens without Margaery around to lay claim of the lead hen. Elinor was the youngest at having just turned seventeen but she definitely was the leader. Tyrion had a hard time talking to the girl with her breast nearly spilling out her low cut bodices. His eyes nearly bulging out his head as his thoughts went into a lust addled loop. Elinor would twist and turn innocently (not!) to show off her ample wares.

Yesterday he was talking to the girls in his room. He was officially getting information on Tyrell’s production of roses. It was important to the realm that Tyrion collect such information. Megga was sitting on Elinor’s lap leaning back into the teen. They had started in separate chairs but that did not last long. Tyrion was squirming as the eighteen year nibbled on Elinor’s throat and Elinor was running her hands all over the small woman palming her small breast while looking at Tyrion with impish eyes. She knew his cock was raging. *Curse them!*

“I have a most immodest—I mean modest proposal for you Elinor.”

“What is that Tyrion?” followed by a cute giggle. Elinor saw the dwarf’s eyes on her bosom spilling out her low cut bodice.

“I want to watch you and your cousins and friends make love tonight.”

“Ohhh! I’m scandalized” Elinor made a show of fanning herself. “You have given me the vapors.” She acted scandalized. Tyrion rolled his eyes at the show. “How dare you imply that I’m burying my face in Megga, Alla, Alysanne, Alyce, Taena, Meredyth and Nysterica’s pussies each and every night. That I am swallowing mouthful after mouthful of hot sweet girl cum. I would never shove my tongue up their spasming assholes. I would never slam fuck their sweet quims and buttholes with my, ahhhh, uummmm supposed large assortment of toys. How dare you accuse me of those unnatural actions? I would never fuck them bowlegged each night … or is that them fucking me bowlegged? Hummmmm? Maybe both.” the teenager hummed again tapping her chin in thoughtful
repose.

Megga merely giggled and wiggled back into Elinor. She sucked on Elinor’s earlobe as the brown haired beauty moaned loudly.

Tyrion watched this all with eyes large and lust addled. *Curse them!*

“I’ll pay you two hundred gold dragons.”

“Make it three hundred and we will use our strap-ons and do DP, TP, ATM and A2P for you. Throw in another fifty gold dragons and we will add fisting. That is fisting in both our pussies and tight hot assholes. (Tyrion had nearly fainted in pure happiness at that) Add fifty more gold dragons to the kitty and we will do double anal and vag with our strap-ons. Not that we don’t do that all the time anyways but a flock of hens needs some secrets just for us. Don’t you agree Tyrion?” She tilted her head and batted her long eyelashes at Tyrion.

She had to wave her hand in front of Tyrion’s eyes up and down as he had went to a very beautiful place.

“Tyrion, Tyrion, Tyrion.”

“Deal!”

“Sweet.”

They left him then as he jumped up and down all around his room. “Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh thank you gods that I don’t believe in.”

That evening after the dinner meal hour he had a happy skip in his step as he walked the hallways to the Hen’s Nest as it had come to call it.

He knocked on their door rocking from foot to foot. The door was opened and his mouth fell open. Elinor’s hot ripe body was totally nude. Her large breast swaying on her chest her nipples engorged and pointing at Tyrion. He looked between her legs (being short had its advantages) and saw that all seven of the other teenage girls and young women all naked and giggling looking at him. They were all obviously aroused with swollen shaved twats and engorged labia lips and rock hard nipples. Septa Nysterica and Lady Taena Merryweather had on large strap-on cocks that they were stroking with a lewd light in their eyes.

_Thank you Thank you oh sweet gods!_ Tyrion thought to himself starting to move over the threshold. _Maybe I will start believing in you!_”

“Ahem.”

Tyrion’s eyes nearly bulged out of his head.

**NO! NO! No!No!No! ** _How could this be!_**

Tyrion turned his head and saw Oleanna smirking at him.

“Come with me Tyrion. I think we need to talk about getting your rocks off with someone other than my cousins, niece and daughters of close friends of the family.”

“Olenna!” Tyrion whined. He stomped his feet in frustration.

“Auntie!” the girls whined too. Elinor spoke for the hens. “We want to fuck in front of him … we
were going to charge him—but but … we will even do it for free! It would be fun to fuck for the lecherous dwarf. He really, really wants to watch us do the nasty Auntie. He really wants to watch the septa pound our pussies and assholes like only she can. She gets so fucking hot and aroused fucking for any audience. Pllleeseeeee! Please Auntie!”

Normally, Tyrion might have been touched by the endearments of the hot teenagers for his rival but not now. He was so close! Tyrion started to edge towards the doorway. “You heard them Olenna. I am promoting peace and harmony between our houses Olenna. It is my duty. You know the acrimony between House Tyrell and Lannister. This is my attempts to start to set things right between our houses.” He edged closer to the door. Once inside he could slam the door in Olenna’s face. “Let me start the healing process tonight. It is the least I can do.”

The elder of House Tyrell moved forward with surprising speed and gripped Tyrion’s ear and twisted it.

“Owwchhhh!” Tyrion whined as he was dragged back down the hall towards Olenna’s bedchamber.

*Curse her!*

Tyrion was dragged down to Olenna’s room as he pouted and kicked at her. She was able to dodge him easily. When had she gotten so fast! *Curse her!* Olenna reached her doorway and threw it open and with her grip on Tyrion’s ear dragged him into her room. The dwarf whining and kicking out at his tormentor the whole time. The elder dodging his kicks while maintaining her grip on the dwarf’s ear. She released her grip on his ear shoveing Tyrion forward with again surprising strength.

“Tyrion. You have all the brothels of King’s Landing to satisfy your deviant desires. Why do have to choose my family and close family friend’s daughters to supply your kicks and get those little onions off.”

“But Olenna they want to! And they are so hot and randy. We all know that the moths and sparrows are fighting to get front seats in the peep holes that now line that room. *It's not fair!* The fuckers won’t let me take any of their peep holes and the damn spy holes are too high for me!” the dwarf whined.

“Go to your favorite whores Chataya and Alayaya or the Greendoor. There is the Deviant’s Playground that would be happy to setup the same scenario that you desire with Margaery’s hens.”

“That is not fair Olenna. Everyone knows you are banging the stewards, cooks, stable hands and others. And lately rumor has it that you are lowering your face into squealing girl’s muffins and sucking them off.”

Olenna blushed a little to hear it so truthfully laid out.

“If you want some hot Tyrell pussy Tyrion I am right in front of you. You can fuck me. I give awesome head. I will suck your dickhead so hard you will think I am sucking it down my throat. Then I will take your cock down my throat.” Olenna stared into Tyrion’s eyes. Tyrion saw that the old crone was totally serious. She was offering to let Tyrion bang her.

Tyrion blanched. He couldn’t stop himself. Olenna was a septuagenarian. *She was old!* He knew his eyes were large saucers. He found the idea … well—revolting! He wanted young hens not an old gizzard broken down worn out … better to stop that train of thought … He gulped seeing the Tyrell furiously glaring at him. If looks could kill Tyrion would not be six feet under but twelve!

“I thought as much” Tyrion heard anger in her voice. He also heard hurt. Tyrion squirmed. He did
not want to hurt his nemesis. Her eyes were flinging Valyrian daggers at his sweet personage. Her fingers twitched with the desire to strangle said dwarf. Tyrion took a step back eyeing the door. He was a lover not a fighter!

Tyrion looked at the woman. Tyrion gulped at the murderous fire in Olenna’s eyes. He looked at her more closely and more critically. She had snow white hair that she no longer wore in a bun. It now flowed down over her shoulders and it did seem fuller of body and had a luster to it. He remembered her stooped over and using a cane. Now she walked with a straight back and almost lively step. Her face he swore was not quite as lined. She did have flaring hips still and her bosom was not that bad. I mean breast are breast … his thoughts drifted on how to repair the situation …

“Too late Tyrion. Your face and body betrayed you! Get out of my room. I have heard you are quite endowed. I could have taken your cock down my throat and deep throat fuck you till your cock spurted hard into my tummy. Then you could have fucked my sweet still tight wet pussy and up my ass as I did lewd ATM and A2P for you, you fucking bigot. I may be old but I am still hot in bed. Just ask all the young men and boys I fuck to exhaustion. Ask all the girls I make scream all night.”

“I. Am. A. Great. Fuck. Tyrion.”

“But Olenna. I was thinking about the grain shipments—“

“Leave. And stay the fuck away from my hens!”

Tyrion left in a huff. Curse her!

Mumbling and grumbling Tyrion had stomped down to the kitchen and devoured some breast. The damn fucking chicken tasted damn good. He had wanted another kind of breast damnit! The kind that groaned gutturally and squealed. Tyrion stuffed one kind of breast down his gullet thinking of another. Then he stomped back to his quarters. He opened the door and slammed it shut.

“Ho ho ho Tyrion. Been striking out I hear! You’re a real smooth operator you sawed off runt.”

Tyrion stared aghast. Bronn and Shae were in his room with big smirks on their faces. Shae of course was in a thin dress that left nothing to the imagination. In his worked up state that was the last thing he needed! He tried to act obtuse.

“I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Oh you mean you trying to get a peep show with Margaery’s hens” Bronn hooted.

Shae saddled closer to Tyrion and performed her ingénue show. How could a whore move so innocently and blatantly sexual at the same time Tyrion wondered yet again? “Yes my sweet Lion of Lannister. The teenagers were denied you and then you blew it with Olenna Redwyne. Or should I say you blew getting blown. I hear she does deep throat almost as good as me.”

“That is a lie! A heinous lie meant to cast aspersions on the Lion of Lannister! I had to fight off her ravenous advances. She’s an animal!”

“Tweet tweet tweet tweet! … The sparrows say otherwise” Shae sing-songed to Tyrion. She had a shit eating grin on her face.

“Why the hell are they tweeting to you two so damn fucking fast?!”

“We pay Varys good gold coin to keep track of you dwarf!” Bronn crowed.
“That is my money godsdamnit! That is so unfucking fair!” Tyrion bellowed.

“Yeah. We know. Sweet isn’t it” Bronn chuckled.

_Curse them_!

“Lies! Lies I tell you. I had to use my martial arts skills to fight off Olenna! She was ravenous for my sweet dwarf meat!”

“Ohhhh _puuhhlleeezzeee_ Tyrion” Shae groused.

“You can’t fight worth a shit Tyrion. A slug has more acumen for fighting. You have the skills and senses of a sluggard” Bronn told the Dwarf earnestly.

“Bullshit! I have the ears of a fox. The eyes of an eagle. I sense my surroundings like an eight eyed spider. I am—wwhwatttttt?!?” Tyrion cried toppling to the ground and landing hard on his face. He had not seen Shae step up beside him and trip him.

Tyrion rose back up rubbing his forehead. “I’ll get you for that! I will use the style of the Tiger (he began grunting and swiping at Shae with clawed hands; Shae merely raised an eyebrow). I know the snake (Tyrion got on the floor and did something vaguely obscene with his kicking legs and thrashing arms while his body undulated like something unholy - he got back up) whoa I’m a little dizzy.”

The dwarf shook his head clearing the cobwebs. “But my favorite is the praying mantis.” He pulled his forearms up to rest against his upper arms and cupped his hands striking out like said insect. He advanced on Shae making snapping motions at her with his cocked arms. He made hissing sounds.

Shae reached out and put her hand on Tyrion’s forehead holding him back effortlessly. Tyrion hissed striking out with his arms but falling miserably short. Tyrion rolled his eyes up and looked at Shae’s hand holding him back. He grinned and went to strike the arm restraining him. In a flash the arm was pulled back and Tyrion went careening back down to the floor.

He thrashed and gnashed his teeth before rising up again. “Damnit! That is no fair! I’m a savage damnit!”

Brons barked “Give it up runt. You are not a fighter but a lover. Right?”

Brons came over and slapped him hard on his back staggering the dwarf. “Man, only you Tyrion could blow it with women sixty plus years difference in age. You are the lion that could _almost_ roar!” Bronn laughed so hard he nearly folded over.

Shae had sat down in his special chair in front of the fire. Tyrion came over to her and glared up at her. He really wanted to sit in his chair.

Shae patted her lap. “Come and sit on my lap and let Shae comfort you Tyrion. I’m much better than any teenager or old woman.”

“I have had a bad day Shae.”

“Tonight is your lucky night Tyrion. Bronn is going to watch as you fuck me with your large cock my Lion of Lannister” Shae purred to the dwarf.

“Shae shut the fuck up and get the hell out of my gods damned chair!”
SLAP!

Tyrion’s head rocked to the side.

Shae stomped out of the room. Bronn was looking at the dwarf with a look of commensuration.

“Man. Your luck is simply terrible tonight my dear dwarf. She really was going to fuck you and then I was going to join in and we could DP the little hussy” Bronn told the dwarf coming over to pat him on the shoulder. He turned around and left quietly.

_Curse me!

In a pique of anger Tyrion kicked the air in front of the Small Council chambers. He fumed and threw a temper tantrum since there was no one around to ridicule him for it. A minute later he was tuckered out. Tyrion turned and entered the Small Council chamber.

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It had been a week since the “Great Debacle of Hens” or “Night of the Curses” as Tyrion called it now. It had been a chilly few days after that night with Olenna and Shae. He had been sure to be nice, quiet and meek around the two women.

He gave Shae a nice necklace with little interlocked “Hands” shaped like the pendant of the “Hand”. Shae liked little pretty trinkets. She had asked him to put it around her neck. Of course the bonus of two hundred gold crowns to Shae had not hurt. Bronn had whined and bitched till he got a hundred gold crowns so all was good on that front.

With Olenna he demurred like a beaten cur and whimpered under her withering tongue for the first few days as the Tyrell worked the bile out of her system. Each insult lancing the wound to her ego that little bit more. Olenna firing off barbs off like arrows. “What do you call a poor dwarf? Short changed” “Why shouldn't you hire a dwarf chef? The steaks are too high.” “What do you call a party with a hundred dwarves? A little get together.” “Make little things count … teach a dwarf math.” “Did you hear about the dwarf that got pick pocketed … how could anyone stoop so low.” The jokes were truly horrible but Tyrion held his tongue. He deserved it.

_She had just come out of left field dammit!_ Anyone would have been nonplussed by that sudden offer! He was only human dammit!

He had begun negotiations again with Elinor. That was too good to pass up and Olenna was taking a trip to Dragonstone to make sure that the production of dragon glass was still running at full speed. Time was running out and the Queen was insistent on making as much as possible and getting it up the King’s Highway or by ship.

If it turned out to be a protracted war then those weapons would be needed. The Queen was sending daily ravens back to King’s Landing letting Tyrion, Olenna and the rest of the remaining Small Council of the progress of the war effort.

Tyrion knew that Olenna’s visit to Dragonstone would be the perfect time to watch the “Isle of Lesbos” as he now called his night of future debauchery. The fact that Elinor had put in the stipulation “No touching!” and “Keep your jizz on yourself!” had been little thrill kills but he adjusted.

Then came the sticker shock. “Six hundred crowns! That’s highway robbery!”

“The stakes have been upped Tyrion. It is much more dangerous for us now.”
Tyrion rolled his eyes. Olenna was like a toothless tiger with her hens.

“You seem pretty okay to me Elinor. I don’t see any marks on you.”

“We were most distraught. We nearly died from the vapors” the girl said fanning herself with a painted folding fan from Yi Ti a bit dramatically.

“Too make it up to us for her heinous actions she has installed eyelets on the walls and crossbeams and gave us quick release chains and locks. We have been given new floggers and cattails. She also had built these really neat iron tubes that can be assembled in all these neat positions. It is so fucking hot.”

Tyrion’s eyes bulged with the kinkiness of it all.

“Nysterica’s training as a Septa comes in handy. She makes a great Inquisitor. Last night she had Megga and Alla chained to the wall. She had Alysanne, Taena and Alyce hanging from chains from the crossbeams. Their ankles locked in iron ankle bars. Meredyth and I were in seats made from the iron bar set with our arms and legs anchored out in place. She constructed it in such a way as we were leaned back our charms open to her flogger, cattail and … (she shivered in supposed fear) candle of dripping hot wax …”

Tyrion saw Elinor’s eyes go glassy. “Gods she can use that cattail.” Elinor shivered. “The way she windmills her arm when using the flogger. She used hot wax on Meredyth and me to ‘make’ us confess our sins. We screamed in pleasure—uuhhh … I mean in agony watching those drops of hot wax fall on bellies, tits and wet cunts. Gods we screamed in raw pleasure—damnit—I mean searing pain.”

“And you mentioned marks Tyrion. I assure you when you see my naked body it is covered with marks and bruises from our hot kinky sex.”

Tyrion’s cock was about to explode damnit!

“We held strong until she used her flogger to pound the cooled melted wax off our bodies. Gods that wax felt so good hitting my nipples and clit” Elinor spoke in a faraway voice.

Elinor looked at Tyrion. “That is worth six hundred crowns isn’t it?”

“YESSS!”

Tyrion had had to take matters into his own hands after that. Damn that hussy was good. She had a real gift for the spoken word. She was a born orator.

Now all seemed to be back to normal. Tyrion was thankful.

Varys and Olenna’s network of spies were focused now on Casterly Rock and the Iron Islands. No one trusted Tywin Lannister most of all his son. He may not be plotting for the throne but the man never missed a chance to create mischief and seek to further the aims of his House. Tyrion knew all too well the lengths his father would go to seek and curry favor.

Tyrion still considered it a great dishonor on his house what happened the day that Daenerys Targaryen’s father was killed. That had been deserved and even necessary but he knew what happened to Rhaegar’s wife and children had been a crime against both gods and man. Tyrion shuddered still thinking of the savagery of their death.

His father still proclaimed his innocence. Maybe he had not directly ordered it but Tyrion would
always be convinced his father had spoken in such a way that Gregor Clegane knew exactly what he was supposed to do that night. Gods the brutality of it still shocked Tyrion and he was a jaded and dissipated soul.

Tyrion had many grudges with his father on a personal level. This was one on the societal level. His father was a detriment to the wellbeing of Westeros. But Tyrion knew his father was a wily old fox. He would always have an air of plausible deniability surrounding him.

Fortunately, the realm did not have that issue with the Iron Islands. They were open about their desires and willingness to defy the Iron Throne. They were brave and bold and very, very stupid.

Why they insisted on their Iron Price and Salt Wives was beyond Tyrion. He had received by raven the news of the treachery of House Frey and Bolton. Tyrion chuckled. They had no idea the deep shit they were in. They would be annihilated.

Olenna chose that moment to come into the Small Council chambers. She was followed closely by a beautiful blond haired lass with a tight big ass and high orange sized firm breast. The girl followed behind Olenna closely. The look on the teen’s face told Tyrion she was completely enamored with the Tyrell.

Olenna tended to arrive early to organize her papers. Papers that the pretty young clerk was holding to her bosom. Olenna sat down slowly and wiggled to get her ass comfortable. The girl put the papers on the table and beamed down at Olenna. Olenna smiled up at the girl and fingered the binders. Olenna made a show of “accidentally” pushing a folder off the table in slow motion. The folder opened and papers spread out on the floor.

Olenna acted like she was shocked that the folder had somehow fell off the table top. “Be a dear Jasline and pick that up for me would you please?” Olenna locked eyes with Tyrion. She then turned to look at Jasline who smiled a beaming loving smile at her employer.

The pretty buxom blond still a teen of about seventeen slowly turned around so her ass was facing the Tyrell. The girl looked back at Olenna to make sure that Olenna was looking at her shapely ass. Jasline slowly bent down in such a way as to throw her rump out at Olenna. Olenna now moved her sight back to Tyrion. She kept eye contact with Tyrion. Olenna slowly ran her fingers into the girl’s ass cleft and stroked it sensually. Up and down Olenna worked her fingers into the beauty’s ass cleft and stroked sensually. The fingers sliding down the curve of the girl's rump working in deep to run up and down Jasline's ass cleft again and again.

The girl gasped and fumbled trying to pick up the papers scattered on the floor. The girl’s legs were starting to tremble. Whimpers of clotted need cawed out the girl's throat. Her ass pressing back into the fingers that slow and sensually stroked the depths of the girl’s ass cleft and now focused on her rosebud Tyrion could see.

He could not help but stare at the hot display of lesbian affectations. Tyrion knew it was meant to addle his mind and damnit it was working! Really well! Going by the girls mewls and whinnies maybe this was not all for show meant to rile Tyrion.

“Ooohhhhhhhhh … unnnggg yesssss baby … you’re making me so wet for you again unnnggg” the girl whimpered as Olenna ran her hand down and stroked the girl’s camel toe. The girl shuddered and moaned louder. “Oh Olenna I need to suck you off sooooo bad! Your cunt is so fucking sweet!” Olenna then smacked the girl’s ass hard making the girl squeal. Jasline instead of jumping back shoved her ass closer to Olenna who now rubbed the offended ass cheek. The girl was moaning loudly and Tyrion had a raging boner!
“You can give me the folder now Jasline” Olenna softly intoned. She removed her hand from the teenager’s ass. The teenager could focus now and picked up the papers. She rose up looking sultry at her benefactor. The girl whimpered and looked back and shook her voluptuous ass again hoping for more. “Jasline be a good girl and I will let you ride my face again as I suck you off again and again.”

The girl squealed again and clumsily shoved the papers to Olenna in her excitement. Tyrion thought the girl was damn near swooning for Olenna. Tyrion remembered looking at Tysha like that. The girl was in love with Olenna. What Tyrion saw was no act. “Give me a kiss baby and be off to my chambers” Olenna told the girl.

The girl eagerly bent her head down and they snogged fiercely for a long minute their cheeks showing active tongues surging from mouth to mouth. The kiss finally broke and sweet Jasline staggered away to the door and paused “I can’t wait to suck you off and drink you sweet cum Auntie … gods I love sucking off you sweet cunt!”

The girl was gone and Tyrion could barely sit still.

“Yes indeed Tyrion. I am a great fuck to those with an open mind and heart. I fucked her and Nathaleyah half the night last night. I must say I am becoming quite addicted to pussy” and the elder Hen chuckled at her own humor. “But I will never say ‘no’ to an orgasm from a good cocksman.”

Tyrion bowed his head to Olenna. Game. Set. Match. He wondered if she knew that Jasline and probably Nathaleyah were in love with her. He was surprised Olenna had it in her. To make these girls fall so hard for her Olenna was doing more than fucking their brains out. She must be treating them nice and lovingly. Tyrion shook his head. Who would have thought the old coot capable of true affection?

“So what were you reviewing in that devious mind of yours.”

Tyrion went over his thoughts on his father and his stratagems for the future.

Olenna considered. “Yes. Your father is opportunistic but cautious. I think he will wait and see how the winds of war blow.”

“Yes I believe you are right. My father likes picking the winner’s side and will wait until it is clearly evident on whose side to cast his lot. Daenerys father learned that lesson with his life.”

“Are you saying he will side with the Frey’s and the Bolton’s?”

Tyrion considered it. It was shameful that he had too. “No. My father is grasping and calculating but he would not side with the Ice King. He prefers his advisories to be human. He will create mischief though if Daenerys comes out of the war weakened.”

“That won’t happen.”

“How can you be sure? We are facing a foe who will stop at nothing for our defeat.”

“Because I have total and complete faith in our Queen. She and Eddard will prevail.”

There it was again. That note of longing of when she speaks of Eddard Stark. Who would of thought such a player of the Game of Thrones would find Eddard so attractive. But then again, Eddard had shown a hidden talent.

They discussed the Iron Islands. They both agreed that they were a more obvious outright danger.
They had always chaffed at the changing times. They still fiercely believed that they should again have a king and be allowed to freely follow their old ways.

“It wouldn’t be so bad if they would do their “Iron Price” only among themselves” Olenna mused.

“That wouldn’t be much fun Olenna. Anyways, their islands are too poor in resources for that to work. They refuse to integrate into the other economies of Westeros and therefore are unable to partake of the trade and revenue being generated.”

“Do you think they will make mischief?”

“No, my father has his fleets primed and ready to move out a day’s notice. The Queen set the fire underneath his ass. He is aggressively patrolling the west coast of Westeros and sending small flotillas out to patrol close into the Iron Islands:”

“Yes. They would see that. The Iron Islanders are brave and stupid but not that stupid. They would have to fight through the blockades before they could even attempt to launch raiding parties. Also, the Queen bloodied their noses pretty badly at Lundenberry South of Three Towers. It was a decisive defeat.”

Olenna chuckled “Yes I concur. I can only image what her dragons must be like in battle when you have no defense against them. Without siege weapons like scorpions or Knights with long iron tipped lances who would probably scorched to slag before they could reach the dragons then nothing can long stand against them.

They concurred that the Iron Islands for now would lick their wounds and bid their time. They would sally forth again they were sure of not having fleets breathing down their backs. That would not be today or tomorrow.

They again discussed the raven from two days ago from the Queen. They were extremely pleased to read a message in her hand. Barristan had written them for three previous days. He had explained the meeting of the witches of Asshai and how they had given all a shocking and vivid reveal of the Ice King. The Blood Phoenix had nearly been slain and taking the witches, their Queen and Arya with it. Maybe many of the men blood linked to the witches and Phoenix would have perished.

The Queen had now recovered and told of the harrowing events that had incapacitated her and Arya. They easily caught Daenerys focus on the health and wellbeing of her “royal hostage”. The love she felt for Arya was so obvious to them in her writings.

The Queen then revealed to them her reveal to the Great Houses of her Game of Thrones along with Eddard to get them to march North on the supposed sedition of the North. There had been some barking and yipping but the events with the Blood Phoenix had greatly squashed any rancor and Oberyn had come to Queen’s aid and worked to unite the South with the North.

The united forces of Westeros would now confront the Ice King.

The reduced Small Council was quiet. The land had mobilized for war and not much was pressing or needed quick tending. Tyrion and Olenna were working with the Master of Laws Micud Caudill and Master of Coin Vedad Softic to take full advantage of the offer from the Iron Bank for Arya’s services. They planned to ask for even more concessions and raise the percentages that would be asked for. This was a godsend and they would take full advantage of it.

They were still “hearing supplications”. Gods they wondered how Daenerys handled some of the more inane ones. They asked for any to delay if possible for the Queen’s return. They made it clear
they would be harsh. This put most off. With outright matters of dispensing the Queen’s justice on what they still called 'Day of the Queen's Justice' they rendered their rulings on criminal matters and sentencing. They tried to use the standards that Daenerys used. To judge from all sides and to give the sentence necessary but always err on the side of mercy and leniency. This was first time offenders. The Queen was much harsher on repeat offenders.

They went over the reports from the great houses. They had been focused greatly over the last eight months on the mobilization of the Houses to march north. Now they were back to more mundane matters of concerns and needs of the provinces. The outflows of resources to meet those needs and the income from taxes. Finally, they were in sync. The realm was no longer going into greater and greater debt.

The reports from Dorne continued to shine. Tyrion remarked that it seemed that half the royal women of the new upcoming generation were gay.

"Is that a problem?"

"No. I just wanted to celebrate in this rise of lesbian love and show my support by observing it so I can properly defend their behavior, but, noooooo, someone thwarts my efforts."

"You truly have not shame do you."

"I will never let shame and decorum keep me from getting my rocks off!!"

Olenna laughed and Tyrion felt that hopefully, maybe, the rancor from the night of the “Great Debacle” was past them now.

The next morning Tyrion went to the courtyard to see Olenna off. He smiled at her sweetly as she got in the royal carriage she had ridden to King’s Landing in from Highgarden. A moment later from the door to the King’s Keep Jasline and a beautiful auburn haired lass with large breast he assumed was Nathaleya emerged. They had big smiles on their faces. They hurried to the carriage and entered it. The door was resoundingly shut.

Tyrion fumed at that. Does that old hussy never stop! She was a fucking nymphomaniac. He actually admired her but would never admit it.

To take his mind off his ire he focused on the royal carriage of Olenna Redwyne. It was a lovely piece of construction. Just as the hens of Tyrell were equally beautiful. Gods, if he had to die soon let it be after the night of kinky lesbian debauchery he was about to witness. Thank you sweet gods. He looked in the royal carriage as he watched the girls get settled in with their —ahem— employer. They were on each side of Olenna pressing their young tight bodies into Olenna’s as she absently stroked Nathaleya ample cleavage spilling out her bodice.

Olenna was leaning in both directions gently kissing fluttering eyelids and throats Tyrion knew they young beautiful lasses were cawing in primal want and need. Olenna gently stroked the radiant teen’s faces with her fingertips. The girls pressing their cheeks into the gently caressing fingers. Olenna traced their lips and eyes as the girls clearly whimpered. Olenna ran her long fingers through their hair that she let run through her fingers and slowly cascade down like waterfalls of blond and auburn.

The girls looked at Olenna with pure love in their eyes. The old fox had them totally in her spell.

Olenna said something and both girls stood up in a flash and excitedly started to strip. Their hands flying and Tyrion knew buttons were flying too in their haste to divest themselves of their dresses
and small clothes. The speed of their clothes coming off was amazing to behold. Tyrion was
memorized at these ravishing beautiful vixens so hungrily stripping for Olenna. The teenagers
looked at each other with love but that love glowed like the sun when they stared down at Olenna
with open love and lust. The dwarf saw pieces of dresses flying and then small clothes hit the
window to fall down. Tyrion saw the sincerity in the girl’s motions. They obviously desired
Olenna’s body greatly. Gods the sex in that carriage was going to be incendiary!

*What the hell did that prune have in her couchie!* Tyrion groused to himself. Both of the beautiful
teenagers were as nude as their name day now. Gods they were so hot! Tyrion thought to himself.
Nathaleya leaned forward cupping her large full breast holding them out with a lust filled gaze on her
face. She stared at Olenna with obvious full blown love. Her eyes literally throbbed with the need
to be ravished by the elderly Tyrell.

Olenna tilted her head forward her hands coming up to grip the girl’s womanly hips. Her mouth
opened wide and sucked the nearest nipple deep into her mouth and sucked hard. The dwarf’s sharp
eyesight saw Olenna’s cheeks dimple with her voracious sucks. Tyrion could not hear but the girl
was obviously squealing her head thrashing. Her face filled with ecstasy. The teen jammed her
breast harder into the Tyrell’s mouth as Olenna sucked fiercely on the thick nipple jammed deep into
her mouth.

Olenna started to move her head right and left and used her grip on the girl’s hips to draw Nathaleya
closer. She tried to suck the girl’s nipples down her throat. The girl had to be screaming now in
pleasure judging by her twisted face and convulsing body. Olenna with a vacuum suck pulled her
head back till the Nathaleya’s nipple plopped out her mouth. Olenna’s head dove in sucking the
other nipple deep into her mouth. Tyrion saw Olenna looking up as she deep throat sucked on the
turgid nipple making the girl obviously scream in pleasure.

Damn her fucking eyes Tyrion growled trying to hide his tented trousers. He had noticed Olenna
rising up slightly several times and suddenly her head slammed back into the panel of the carriage.
He had lost track of Jasline but he knew where she was now. Between Olenna’s legs with her face
buried in her dripping snatch!

Olenna’s hands were now reaching down and jerking forward. Olenna’s body jolted with hard
pleasure. Nathaleya had stepped up on the sitting bench. Tyrion watched mesmerized as the teen
flexed her knees now and pushed her groin forward. It seemed Olenna had gotten the lass to shave
her mound bare. Gods it looked so succulent all swollen and dripping wet. The girl mashed her
muffin into Olenna’s mouth her head rocking back in ecstasy. The teen swirled and ground her cunt
into Olenna’s hot gobbling mouth.

Olenna had now gripped the girl’s ass and helped Nathaleya setup a swirling motion that ground her
drooling trim into the Tyrell’s hot gobbling mouth. Olenna’s head lapped and Tyrion saw her tongue
at times lashing the girl’s clit and sucking in mouthfuls of sweet wet teenage cunt meat. Olenna was
sucking hard her head rocking back with the force of her sucks and then back to tongue lashing the
teenager’s throbbing shiny clit.

Tyrion cried out in his mind at the sheer debauchery of it all. He looked around desperately. *He had
to see more!* He moved to the left and crawled up on a stack of small crates that happened to be
there to get a better view. It took some effort to scale the stack to the topmost crate.

He was determined. His small legs kicking to get purchase but he finally scaled the crates. He stood
up on his throne at the top of the world. He could now see a blond head lapping furiously between
Olenna’s spread legs. The teen had rolled up Olenna’s dress to above her hips to rest half way up
Olenna’s belly. This had fully exposed Olenna’s swollen shaved cunt to Jasline’s hot gobbling
mouth. Tyrion saw how dark pink and wet the Tyrell’s cunt was. Gods her whole groin, belly and thighs were soaked in her cum. Olenna’s plumbing was definitely working!

Nahaleya had both hands in Olenna’s hair and jamming her face deep into her cunt. Her vulva totally swallowing Olenna’s mouth as it flared out showing Olenna’s tongue working her slit and clit. The auburn haired beauty’s body was convulsing in ecstasy. Her face seemed to be in agony the way it twisted and slashed. It was not agony but ecstasy! Damn that Olenna could eat pussy like a fucking pro! She was almost as good as Tyrion himself he thought seriously.

Olenna’s right hand came up to claw Nathaleya’s firm ass cheek and jammed the teen even harder into her hard sucking mouth. Tyrion could see Olenna’s cheeks hollowed out with the force of her deep throat sucks on the cunt meat sucked deep in her mouth. Her cheeks showed her tongue gigging and slapping the girl’s rigid clit. Olenna’s head rocked so she could tongue lash the clit underneath her mouth. Then Olenna surged her head forward her mouth opened wide as she sucked most of the girl’s upper cunt deep into her mouth where Olenna munched on it with a happy dreamy look on her face.

Then Nathaleya was obviously screaming her hips lurching and mashing her exploding cunt into Olenna’s ravenous mouth. Then Olenna was screaming into Nathaleya’s snatch as her own twat exploded in Jasline’s mouth. Tyrion’s mouth fell open seeing almost horrible convulsions rip through the old fox’s body. Olenna’s body torn with full body flips and jackknifes. Nathaleya’s cunt jammed in Olenna’s mouth that kept the septernarian anchored down as her body was almost torn apart with ecstasy. Oh my gods Tyrion thought seeing such raw and beautiful lesbian passion. He couldn’t wait till tonight!

Olenna somehow kept her wits though her long harrowing orgasm. She continued to voraciously attack Nathaleya’s pussy with her hot sucking mouth. The teenager’s body froze and then seemed as if it had been struck by lightning as it convulsed and bucked wildly with yet another orgasm. Tyrion saw Jasline’s head lifting as she tried to suck Olenna’s clit down her throat. Then Olenna’s body was flipping and jackknifing wildly as a second orgasm tore her body apart with fucking bliss.

*The damn fucking carriage was actually rocking on its damn frame!* Tyrion’s cock was so erect it was fucking painful!

His mind raced to his clandestine meetings with Elinor to set up tonight’s debauchery.

After his initial meeting with Elinor he had communicated with the girl either through dead letter drops or a few minutes in the main halls while getting food or the small intimate meeting of courtesans that Olenna sponsored. She thought to have more of these types of meeting to build contacts and relationships between the Houses.

Elinor and Tyrion would pass each other and softly converse in a quick minute to further plans and for Elinor to take kinky requests from Tyrion. To Tyrion’s delight the girl was more than happy to commit all forms of debauchery with her hen mates.

Tyrion commented on the pretty pink bauble necklace that the girl always seemed to wear. “Family heirloom?”

Elinor told him “no” and explained it was an heirloom that Olenna had given her and she had given the Septa an identical one to wear too. She had given one to Margaery before several years ago. It made Elinor feel special to know Olenna had given her a cherished family heirloom like she had given her own granddaughter. Elinor was proud and happy to wear it. Tyrion saw the Valyrian makings on the jewelry work. He asked to see the babble and Elinor granted him permission. Fortunately, the girl did not mind Tyrion’s clumsy fingers as they fumbled the necklace and
accidently groped her heavy breast.

All she did was giggle. Tyrion was impressed with Olenna’s largesse.

Tyrion saw another two carriages coming into the courtyard. Tyrion frowned. These were obviously designed to transport high royals. In fact the two new carriages looked a lot like the carriages that had arrived with Olenna when she had arrived to King’s Landing. Worse, he realized which two they were! *Nooooo*!

The two new carriages came up behind Olenna’s carriage. The windows were shut. Tyrion turned to look at Olenna beaming at him in her carriage. The Queen of Thorns had a triumphant look on her face. *How could she do this!*

More importantly how had she found out! *This was fucking unfair!*

Inside the two carriages were eight morose hens who were staring out the windows at Tyrion. They had their faces in the windows looking at him with looks of being royally pissed off. Meredyth and Taena were making motions that Tyrion interoprated roughly to “we’ll get that bitch for this!” Alyosanne looked resigned blowing hair out of her face. Nysterica had a sheet of paper pushed up to the window. “Save Me” written on it. The girl was melodramatic if nothing else.

They would just be fucking in whatever inn they stopped in. *An inn where he could not watch damnit!*

Elinor pushed a sheet of paper up to the window “The cost is now seven hundred and fifty gold dragons.”

Tyrion cursed and grimaced. He looked back to Olenna’s carriage. Her hair was totally in disarray and her face soaked in snail snot. Damn she actually looked hot as he saw the two teenagers hungrily jerking her dress to loosen the ties and ripping the buttons loose. Jasline hungrily shoved her hands in Olenna’s dress and groping her tits roughly. Tyrion watched Olenna’s face slash with pleasure and her eyelids flutter into slits. Then the wench opened her eyes and smirked over at Tyrion. Olenna blew him a kiss as the little convoy started on its way.

Tyrion was already mentally counting out the extra dragons.

*It had gotten personal!*

**Arya**

Arya looked around herself her body rocking to the steady gait of her horse. The silence here was almost magical. They had been traveling up the King’s Highway for a week since they resumed their journey after meeting the witches of Asshai. It still stunned her to think that they were also the wives to her brother Jon. Damn that man had lucked out. Two hot red head women who, oh by the way were powerful witches with smoking hot bodies.

She was not in any way tempted. She only had eyes for Dany but she had seen them naked and their bodies were hot and tight. Arya had eyes and she could not but help and use them. Her brother was one lucky guy. The witches would make camp at night some distance from the camp in the Sandhills. They wanted their privacy and they could also act as a picket in that direction.

Arya sent her Direwolf off the second night to see what the witches were doing. They had found a hollowed out area a mile and half from the camp and spread out their furs. A blue film seemed to
make them disappear but then it cleared and Nymeria could see the witches again. They sat down and talked. For an hour she watched through Nymeria’s eyes.

Dany was in meetings with the generals so Arya had time to idyll away. Long meetings on military logistics and going over the same minutia nearly drove her insane with boredom. Dany had given her freedom for a night. Dany wanted Arya to learn but these boring nightly meetings currently had nothing to teach the young wolf. Thus, she was spying through Nymeria on the witches. She was hoping to get lucky. She was just getting ready to warg out of Nymeria’s body.

Then things got interesting. Very interesting. The women made passionate love over and over their bodies writhing and their screams deafening. She felt her mind on fire. She saw the women and in her mind it was her doing all those wicked things to Dany. She fled Nymeria’s body when she started to worry about Dany coming in on her after the meeting. She did not want Dany to know of her Dirty Warging as she called it now.

She never would know that the witches had known Arya was warged in Nymeria and had allowed the direwolf to see them. They had learned of such talents as warging though Jon and Snow.

She had gone back to her shared tent with Dany. She had gotten in her furs. She had jilled off hurriedly shoving her hands into her trousers and rubbing her sloppy wet muff hard and cumming like an exploding volcano. She knew her clothes and furs would trap her fuck musk. Gods her groin and ass were so soaked in cum! She loved it! Gods she wanted Dany so bad. She fell asleep with a big smile on her face.

For some reason it made Arya very happy that the women were also lovers and not just loves of Jon. For Arya it just felt right when women made love. She loved Jon even if he was a man. Arya chuckled. She just had zero attraction to the male form. Arya could see why the witches loved Jon though. Though it had been years since she had seen her brother when he left for the Wall she still remembered his gentle ways and how he was so very considerate. Arya now understood that Jon had many qualities of a woman’s personality. Her father had that same gentleness but Jon had it more. She could understand these beautiful women falling in love with him.

As they rode up the King’s highway the shorter witch had been a little encyclopedia of knowledge of the surrounding landscape. To her right the Sandhills and to her left the Barrowlands. The Sandhills were full of life where the Barrowlands were much more arid and not flushed with obvious life.

Over the last week Arya spent most of her time at the Queen’s side but at times she would let her horse fall back to mingle with the other High Nobles. She genuinely wanted to get to know them better. She found she liked Stannis with his stiff formality and just a hint of humor he would use while still keeping that stern look that had you wondering if was jibbing or not. Renly was boisterous and always talking shade about this and that. He did it in such a way that it was actually funny and kind of endearing.

Oberyn was cool even if he was a leech. He was polite and funny but he was always leering at her. He would look at Dany in the distance and she could see him calculating if he wanted to die tonight. Dany took very seriously her duties of protecting Arya. Arya longed and desired more. Dany was always at her side the moment any cad made a move on her. It made her feel warm and gooey inside. Arya wanted it to be Daenerys making lewd advances on Arya. Advances she would encourage! How she wanted to part her legs for her sweet Dany!

She had been debating back and forth for months if Dany desired more like she did. Arya was so innocent and lacked confidence with anything that did not involve a sword or bow and arrow. Arya had worried her lips to the point of the Maester Hape had to put balm on her lips and he ordered her to “stop gnawing that lip like a beaver!”
The Tyrells were polite and genial. Mace was reserved but she did not sense any ill in the man. His two sons were nice and polite. They talked of matters of House. Winterfell had no equivalent of the food stuff and flowers that Highgarden grew and she found it fascinating. The craft of trade involved in growing and the distributing the produce.

Two nights ago Oberyn had wandered into the Tyrell tent. Arya noticed the immediate tension in the air. Oberyn grabbed a Highgarden Golden Delicious apple and bit into it. He looked around with that impish look when he was about to cause mischief.

“So Mace. When were you planning on telling Arya about calling for Eddard’s head to be presented to you on a silver plate?”

Mace went deathly white. Dany had let Arya know of all the dynamics of the Houses as she and her father had played their game of thrones. Arya had understood the rancor her father’s actions were causing in the major houses. Oberyn cocked an eyebrow. “Wweellll Mace? … Cat got your tongue?”

Mace whimpered out weakly “You’re not going to tell your father are you Arya? How could I know it was all a Game of Thrones. I had to seem like I was defending my House. I did not truly mean it. Public consumption and all you know.” Mace looked at Arya with a suddenly sweaty lip and forehead.

Arya was enjoying watching the High Lord sweat. She understood his rancor. Still, it was her father’s head he had been asking to have brought to him.

Arya looked at Mace evenly.

Willis stepped in “Arya. We must ask for your forgiveness. It did seem that your father was fostering open rebellion of the North. We had to act.” He looked back at his father. “If your father had been leading a rebellion then we would have crushed it and the ramifications that would have led to certain acts. True, some of us” he looked at his father again “spoke a little rashly and spoke in hyperbole. Please forgive us.”

Arya gave a formal bow of the head. “All is forgiven. My father was merely doing what was necessary to protect the realm.”

Arya had enjoyed the back and forth. It was funny to see Mace blanching so.

She was riding again beside Ygritte and Melisandre. She liked them. They were an interesting dynamic. Ygritte was bluff and always crowing about here prowess with her weapons and how she had captured both her brother and Melisandre as her mates by the “right of the hunt.” She was downright smug about it. She liked to talk. Especially about herself. The woman literally preened with her self-confidence.

Her wife, Melisandre, was another matter altogether. She was formal and polite but she did not talk unless there was a need to express her views. She was quite happy to let Ygritte do all the talking which Ygritte was happy to do too. Ygritte would answer any question asked her. Melisandre seemed to hang on Ygritte’s words with rapt attention if Ygritte was speaking to her or about something they had done together.

It was also cute all the facial mannerisms Melisandre had when Ygritte got on one of her jigs about how great she was at one thing or another. Sometimes the little former Wildling did not know when to stop her braggadocios goings on. The eye rolls, grimaces and great dramatic sighs from Melisandre were a pleasure to hear and see. If Ygritte noticed, it did not bother her as her bluster and
banter continued on unabated.

Despite their differences in demeanor both women projected an air of calm and being in tune with themselves and each other. They seemed to know their destiny and their place in the world. It was endearing how they touched each other to make a point and when directly communicating to each other they gave each other their full attention.

Arya saw Ygritte throughout the day move her horse close to Melisandre’s and stroke her side or heavy breast or run her fingers through the tall woman’s long auburn hair. The woman leaned into the short fiery redhead’s loving caresses. Melisandre seemed to purr when Ygritte ran her fingers through her wife’s long tresses slowly letting her hair waft through her fingers. The woman obviously enjoyed her wife’s touches. The way she would enjoy Daenerys showing her such public affection. She knew she would blush like Melisandre sometimes did but she would it eat up and crave each public affirmation of Dany’s love for her.

Arya was still convincing herself that Dany had feelings for her but then she would doubt herself again. Daenerys Targaryen had the beauty that the minstrels sung off. Arya knew those minstrels would not be writing songs of her beauty. Arya knew she was attractive just not in that manner that the poets wrote of. Dany was.

Still, Arya sometimes thought she had almost caught Dany looking at her with more than friendship. Arya would almost fool herself she saw desire for herself in Dany’s eyes. That Dany wanted to ravish her sixteen year old body. But, when she would look again, it would not be there. She would then be sure she was just imaging such looks. She had wanted Dany for so long she was not sure if she was still fantasizing when she thought she saw desire in Dany’s eyes. She had wanted Daenerys for so many years now. She kept waiting for Dany to make a clear advance.

Only once had Dany made a direct sexual overture towards or had it been? Dany had acted so casually when she had taken off her blouse top so Arya could work her sore shoulders. Surely if she had wanted my hands on her in an intimate way she would have guided my hands. Arya knew she was an innocent and that Dany was not. Surely Dany knew she needed to guide Arya in any seduction. Arya was just too unsure of herself to make any first moves.

She could care less that Dany was not a virgin and had slept with many women. Arya was a virgin and had no desire to have her bedmate stumbling and unsure in their bed when she was deflowered. She would be doing enough of that for both of them. In all her fantasies she had growing up thinking of Dany, Dany had come to their bed with the full knowledge of lesbian lovemaking. She would come to their bed with complete confidence that her lovemaking past had taught the Queen. That only added to Dany’s allure for Arya. To have such a worldly woman chose to be with Arya just rocked her world when she thought about it. To know that Dany chose her above all other women no matter she was a virgin. She wanted Dany to be the one to teach her the mysteries of hot lesbian lovemaking. Gods she wanted to fuck Dany so bad. It made her pussy so fucking wet. Why couldn’t Dany help her! Why couldn’t Dany show Arya how she truly felt! Then Arya calmed. Why haven’t I? Gods I am a chicken shit Arya moaned to herself.

Ygritte said something that snapped Arya out of her reverie. The talk of Jon being their husband had fired up questions that needed to be answered.

“You plan to move here to live Ygritte? With Jon? With Melisandre”

Ygritte laughed loud. “Who else girl! Who else is going give me the pussy and cock I need girl! You know nothing Arya Stark. We need Jon’s youthful cock!”
Arya felt her face go red. *Gods she hated being so innocent.* She was easily flustered! Arya saw Ygritte smiling saucily knowing she had nonplussed the teenager. Arya saw Melisandre look at her with those eyes that were both so vibrant and full of life and yet ancient. She had heard how they were both over two thousand years old. How in the world were they both so beautiful and youthful looking? One would think they would be both be old hags with sagging tits an no hair on their heads. She looked at them with squint eyes trying to pierce any glamour”

“What’s with the stink eye girl?”

“Oh, nothing.”

“Out with it girl.”

“How aren’t you and Melisandre not weathered old hags?” she blurted out.

Dany had come riding up. “ARYA?!” barked at her friend.

Both of the witches laughed hard. After a minute they recovered.

“We bathe in the blood of innocent babies on the harvest full moon of each fall” Melisandre told Arya in a serious tone.

Arya stared at them aghast.

The witches burst out laughing again. Harder now.

Daenerys tisked beside her “Arya they are pulling your leg.”

The witches finally controlled their laughing. “Yes girl. I assure you we are as we seem. R’hllor has many powers” Ygritte told her before chuckling again. Arya saw Melisandre reach up and touch her red ruby at her throat. She saw a look cross her face that Arya could not quite read. The witch looked at her wife worriedly. Melisandre saw Arya looking at her. Melisandre looked at her and then smiled softly. Whatever had worried the witch seemed to pass.

“Now back to your original line of questioning. Yes. I think we will be living in the depths of the Sandhills after the war is over. Neither Melisandre nor I have any desire to return to the land of our birth. Jon wants to get be far away from the Crows.”

“But Jon spoke the words of the Vow! The oath is for life!” Arya could not help herself. She loved Jon and was happy that he had taken too such beautiful women to wife but he had spoken the scared words. True he was supposed to be chaste but Arya could easily overlook that silly stricture.

Melisandre could read her face. “Words are only words Arya. They are no more sacred than any other words one may speak. It is the heart that makes something sacred. Jon spoke the words and his own brothers were going to kill him. Ygritte and I saved him from certain death.”

“What?” Arya gasped. Dany stood up in her stirrups. “That is sedition! I will have their heads! Who led this rebellion?!”

“That will not be needed my Queen” Ygritte told them. She then told them how she and Melisandre had saved Jon. They killed some of the conspirators and fled. They then conserved their strength and went back to the Wall and took back what was Jon’s. They killed those necessary. The few remaining conspirators left alive were now in other forts carefully watched by Wildlings.

They saw Daenerys still fuming. “Are you not known for your mercy?” Melisandre asked the white
haired Queen.

“Not for sedition!”

“This is a manner of the Night’s Watch and Jon is still their commander. Will you honor his wishes?

Daenerys looked at Arya. She shook her head ‘yes’. “Yes I will follow his wishes.” The witches noticed this. Yes, the Queen had made a good choice in mate. Arya would temper the Queens at times rashness.

Arya again asked about the witches living in the Sandhills with Jon. Ygritte told them that they had considered living in the Frost Fangs or some deep valley in the Mountains of the Sky in the Vale. They had thought of these areas because of their isolation. They wanted little dealings with man. Present company accepted of course the witch hastily added.

That made Arya and Dany laugh.

Daenerys tilted her head. Arya could understand her brother’s feelings. To be betrayed by the very people you had sworn an oath with would be untenable. She would resign her commission too. She looked at Dany. She didn’t care if she had become a Faceless Man of the House of Black and White she would have renounced her order to be with Dany.

Ygritte went on to tell her and Dany that the Sandhills and the Barrowlands to the west were quite barren of humans. Only a smattering of herdsmen lived in the Sandhills and they were on the borders of the land. The Barrowlands were desolate and unpopulated. Few people were around to bother them. They could make a home there Ygritte said.

She crowed that where she went her wife and husband would dutifully follow.

“Ain’t that right Melisandre?”

“Of course my dear.” The tone was just slightly snarky and Ygritte cocked an eyebrow and looked at her wife carefully.

“Anyways I am tired of freezing my tits off at the Wall. I will enjoy the warmer clime.”

“Puhhlleassee” Melisandre suddenly snorted.

“What is that supposed to mean?” Ygritte barked out in a rising agitated tone.

Arya was shocked at this sudden change in Melisandre. This sudden derision was unsettling. Melisandre had seemed to worship Ygritte and now she was being snarky with her wife. What gave? Arya was about to be more shocked.

“You do not have any tits to freeze off. I on the other hand have quite the rack that I need to worry about. Not you my dear flat chested wife” the auburn said with a bored tone her face bland. As she had said this she had motioned with her hand down her torso. Her large breast making her robe bulge clearly evident.

Arya eyed the small witch with a frightened eye. Ygritte’s eyes were nearly bulging out her head and she looked around seeing if anyone else had heard her wife. She looked involuntarily down at her chest. Her head shot up.

“That is a lie! You take that back this minute! That is a lie. You know nothing Melisandre! I will punish you tonight for that remark!”
“Yeah, right you will. I’m not afraid of you—you sawed off runt” Melisandre replied in a drool bored tone.

“I’ll blister you fucking ass for that you—you oak tree! I’ll chop you down to size for that!”

Dany stopped her horse and Arya did as well. The witches rode on with Ygritte yelling threats at her wife.

“Why did Melisandre talk so horribly to her wife like that Dany?” Arya asked her Queen in a shaky voice. She was upset that supposed wives could talk thus to each other. She had thought they were so loving with each and by extension Jon. How could Jon allow such rancor to exist? How could he live with such a mean harpy as Melisandre? Arya had been shocked she had so misread the taller witch.

“Don’t worry a hair on your pretty head Arya (a flush of warmth went through Arya) they both enjoy what they are doing.”

“What? How?” Arya was perplexed. She stared at Dany waiting clarification.

“For some couples that is one way they show affection, plus, if I am reading the tea leaves right Melisandre is hoping Ygritte will punish her tonight for her words.”

Arya felt a flush run through her. The thought of Dany whipping her ass made her feel all warm and tingly. Arya felt her ass clench with thoughts of Dany blistering her ass with her palms as she squalled in pain and pleasure. Then she had visions of Dany slapping her in her face and nipples. She loved to slap her pussy as she was rising to orgasm. Having Dany do that while acting angry had her pussy spasming in delight. Arya shivered suppressing her body’s reactions to her wayward thoughts.

Now she understood Melisandre’s actions. Arya looked down the road. Melisandre was holding her hand out her palm facing Ygritte. Ygritte was still storming at the taller witch. She was trying to snatch Melisandre’s hand and jerk it down. Melisandre kept jerking her hand just outside of her wife’s grasping hand. Ygritte now pointed her finger at her wife’s face. Now it was Melisandre knocking the finger aside. Ygritte was really storming now.

Arya shivered. Gods Melisandre was going to get fucked so hard tonight. Arya wanted Dany to fuck her like that!

They rode on down the road. They talked about their arrival at Winterfell. Arya was so excited to see her family again. She saw that Dany was nervous at the prospect. “Don’t worry Dany. My father will love you. He has moaned for years that Westeros needed a true King to lead it.”

Dany grimaced.

“And when you appeared in the East it was not too soon after that I heard him saying that he would gladly follow you if you were all you seemed to be … you are everything that any of us could have wished for Daenerys.” Arya was speaking of much more than just a regent to follow. For Arya it meant the two of them marrying and living as wife and wife.

Daenerys took those words and smiled gratefully. Arya was not worried. She just knew that Dany and her father would truly like each other. They were both so great!

Fifteen minutes later Dany pointed out Nymeria. Arya chuckled. Earlier that day, on the morning march, the wolf had come running in on Oberyn’s left flank. Oberyn had been practicing with his spear twirling and thrusting it down from his horse at imaginary enemies. He had finished his
practice and had the end of his spear leaning down off the horse. Nymeria had been spying it for five minutes stalking closer. The direwolf slinking forward on its belly at times as it approached stealthily. Finally the last thirty yards, Nymeria had sprinted in.

Nymeria rushed in jumping up off the ground with her jaw agape her eyes alight with her goal almost in her jaws. At the last moment Oberyn jerked up his spear butt out of the reach of Nymeria’s snapping jaws. “Ha you fucking cur! You ain’t getting my spear today!” The wolf flashed her head twisting trying to get her teeth on the disappearing spear shaft. She hit the ground and immediately turned around. Nymeria barked wildly snapping up at Oberyn and his spear as he kept switching sides with it as Nymeria kept ducking underneath his horse to get at the spear. This had been happening for a week now and the horse had grown accustomed to the antics and plodded along down the road unconcerned. Oberyn won that round.

Now Nymeria was slinking up the line of horses walking up the King’s Highway. She was slinking down on her belly and making short bursts forward moving in on Oberyn from the rear. Nymeria used the horses to hide her cunning approach. Oberyn had the spear across his lap. The direwolf wagged her tail over the dirt excitedly. She moved up stealthily keeping low her belly just off the ground her snout blowing out dust devils as she inched closer to her goal.

She had snuck to within fifteen yards of Oberyn’s horse now as Arya and Dany watched with baited breath. Suddenly, Oberyn kicked his horse with his heels and the horse bolted forward at a fast gallop. Nymeria stood up on her paws. “Whoof?” Nymeria looked around confusedly at her spear growing smaller as Oberyn rode off.

Oberyn looked back over his shoulder and held up his spear shaking it. “Ha! You’ll never get it!” Oberyn shouted as his horse stretched out into a full gallop.

Nymeria howled her rage and took off in hot pursuit. Her honor had been impugned. In two minutes they were out of sight. All they could hear was Nymeria’s howls of pursuit.

The two women chuckled.

“Tell me again of this idea your father has of creating this … what does he call it?”

“Nature preserve. The Sandhills and the Barrowlands have never been settled or cultivated. They are largely pristine. Their ecosystems are still as they were from before man came to this land. Many of the forests have been felled or drastically reduced. Many animal species have been decimated or driven to extinction. The grasses you see in many of the grasslands are not native to the land.”

“I know. Only on those hills of the Sandhills do I see grasses that mirror what I remember in my home back in the Dothraki Sea.”

“Do you miss it still?”

Daenerys paused considering. “No not really. I miss the people and their culture but I am a Targaryen and my destiny is tied to Westeros.” Daenerys looked out across the Barrowlands. “There other things that tie me to this land. Things that have touched and captured my heart.”

Arya desperately wanted to ask Dany what those things were. She started to ask but again fear choked off her words constricting her throat. Oh gods, I talked such a good game in Winterfell but on the field of battle of love I’m a total chicken shit. Geeeezzz Arya berated her lack of courage.

Dany shook herself and resumed her questions of the nature preserve her father wanted to fully implement. She told Dany of the lions, bears, hyenas, jaguars, cougars and cave sloths that still lived
in the depths of these lands. All the smaller predators and large to small prey animals. Here at least the damage could be repaired.

“Oh my gods” Dany gasped and gripped Arya’s arm and pointed to a high ridge on their left in the Barrowlands. On it was a Direwolf with its longer snot and tall shoulder girdle. It regarded them for a long moment and was gone.

“I will support your father fully in this.” She paused. “I wonder if can do this in southern Westeros and Essos. I have no idea in how to do this though.”

“I can help you Dany. I would be so happy to help you in this. In anything you desire.”

“Anything Arya?”

“Anything.”

Arya felt a connection forming between them and a fire was sweeping through her body as they stared at each other. Dany licked her lips and was urging her horse closer. Oh gods is it finally going to happen?

Suddenly, Barristan and Syrio were with them.

“Dany” Barristan said excitedly. “We will reach our forces on the plains tomorrow when he leave the Sandhills and a force has left Winterfell and is moving down the King’s Road towards our position.”

That broke the spell as Daenerys turned to talk to her generals. This was important Arya knew. Westeros was more important than one girl’s hopes and dreams. She wanted to scream! Something was about to happen. Arya controlled her frustration.

They continued up the road as Dany planned with her generals. Arya listened in. Dany wanted to make absolutely sure that nothing untoward happened. She needed to talk to Eddard Stark! She needed to make sure that the forces of North and South meet and merged without incident. She talked of taking Drogon North but she had no idea where in the North Eddard might be.

She asked Arya but she had no idea. Her father could be anywhere in his vast realm preparing for the coming war. Arya sighed. She would have to wait for another moment with Dany. She was depressed but she tried to see the positive. They had been close to something magical. She could feel it. Hadn’t she. Now her self-doubts were flooding in. Not again Arya groused to herself. Maybe there had been nothing but her childish hopes and dreams. Arya felt dejection setting in. She needed a confidence infusion!

She saw Oberyn coming up the lane. Without his spear. He fell in beside Arya. “I will skin that wolf of yours Arya. It is a major pain in my ass! How will I defeat your father in combat if I can’t keep my freaking spear with that damn wolf always after it?”

“My father would kick your ass Oberyn. Just like I did.”

Oberyn eyes flared. “You cheated!” They bantered back and forth. She truly missed her father. He was such a great man. Talking of his ideas and listening to Oberyn boast had brought his face up into her mind. They were at the front of the column. Daenerys was discussing strategies with Barristan and Syrio.

Beside her Oberyn suddenly asked “Who is that in the road up ahead. He was not there when I being chased by that damn wolf of yours. Do you know how much those fucking spears cost me
Arya?!

They are works of art!"

Arya did not truly hear him. Dany had now noticed the man on his horse as he turned it across the road blocking it. Arya was nearly thrumming out of her saddle. The man was not aggressive but he was clearly blocking their advance.

The leading van of the column looked at each other. Dany looked around at her men her gaze clear. I will meet his man and urged her horse forward. She was the Queen and would met any challenge. Dany marched her horse up to the man blocking there way and stopped twenty yards in front of the dark man in his long cloak. They sized each other up.

Silence reigned.

Syrio started to move forward but Arya put a hand on his arm stopping him. He looked over at Arya. Barristan always followed his Queen’s edicts and waited patiently. The Queen could defend herself. They were a silent standoff between Arya and Syrio. He bowed his head. “I know who it is.” With that statement Arya now kicked her horse forward.

She came up beside Dany. The silence continued. Now the man slowly turned and walked his horse toward the small party. His cloak hiding all his features.

He stopped five yards in front of Daenerys Targaryen and her entourage arrayed behind her. Arya was vibrating in excitement. She wanted to see what the man had in store.

Now the man slowly reached up to his hood.

“As my forbearer Torrhen Stark bent the knee to Aegon Targaryen, I, Eddard Stark bend the knee to the legitimate heir to the Iron Throne Daenerys Targaryen.”

Eddard pulled his cloak back reveling his soft squint smiling face. He slowly got off his horse and bent to one knee and very slowly pulled his sword Evening Star out of its scabbard and placed in on the road before his Queen.

“I pledge my eternal service to the one true ruler of Westeros, Essos and the Dothraki Sea. You are the breaker of chains and the first of your name. You have freed slaves where none had before. You do not destroy but raise up. All my life I have waited for you to come my Queen.”

“Now you are here.” He bent his head down and placed his forehead on his sword in total obeisance to his Queen.

Tears flowed down Arya’s cheeks. No one was as great as her father!

Eddard

Eddard heard his daughter calling out “Father” excitedly. He kept his head bowed down in obeisance to his Queen. Eddard must let Daenerys Targaryen know of his total allegiance. He felt his daughter ram into his body hugging him tightly. She was squealing and murmuring how much she had missed and loved him.

It warmed his heart and made his face smile into his sword. He had raised loving children all around he determined.

He felt a powerful presence in front of him now and knew the Queen had dismounted and now stood
before him. He heard other horses coming up. Still he kept his head down.

He could feel the Targaryen’s eyes regarding him.

“Rise Eddard Stark. I do not require this. Rise and face me.”

Slowly Eddard bent his body up onto his knees. Arya used that opportunity to move in front of him getting close and moving in to hug him fiercely. Eddard gently reached his arms around her body and hugged her to his body. He had missed his baby girl. He had taken a great risk but he felt it had been worth it. He was before his Queen with the entire might of Southern Westeros figuratively behind her.

He looked more fully behind the Queen. He amended his statement. He did not expect to see the leader or scions of House Greyjoy but was surprised that he did not see Tywin or Jaime Lannister. It seemed that House Lannister had not come North with the Queen. Eddard smiled slightly greater when he considered that. The Queen was indeed wise to not bring that old crafty backbiting fox or his King Slayer son. Neither could be trusted. Add to that the waste of a princess Cersei and you did not have a House worth their weight in shit.

He had heard of Cersei’s exile to Dorne. He wondered where she was now after she had her body and spirit crushed at trying to be a warrior. Some people had no sense of reality Eddard snorted to himself. He composed his features. Even if it was the truth such thoughts were unseemly.

He slowly rose to his feet still hugging his daughter into his side.

He towered over his small Queen with his 5’10” frame. She was not intimidated in the least. He liked that. They both wore their swords on the back. He wore chain mail where the woman was wearing a loose blouse and Dothraki riding leathers for her pants and their traditional riding sandals. She was a blend of Westeros and Essos. Maybe the world needed that blend of cultures.

“I'll have you know that you royally pissed me off Eddard Stark.” Her words were harsh but her tone was begrudging respect and suppressed humor. “I could have stormed North with my dragons and laid waste to your forces! What were you thinking!” He felt his daughter stiffen beside him her anger rising. Eddard hugged Arya harder signally in her to stand down. He was touched that his daughter so easily rose to his defense. Even against her Queen and lover.

“I fear that was my plan my Queen.”

He saw her violet eyes flare. “You are nothing if not painfully honest. It runs in the family I have learned” she spoke looking between father and daughter. “You took a great risk sending your daughter to me Eddard. How did you know I would not do something untoward your daughter?”

“I trusted in the ‘breaker of chain’” Eddard answered. A woman who freed the entire slave class of Essos. Would such a woman harm any royal hostage put into her care? That showed your temperament my Queen. You spared those who opposed you if they would bend the knee. You spared the family of House Baratheon and House Lannister for the sins against your House. I felt it was reasonable risk. I needed to give you reasons to not act when I was declaring myself leader of the Confederacy of the North. My acquiring the Tyrell sires and you having Arya achieved this.”

“That was still a very dangerous gambit Warden of the North.”

“True my Queen.” Eddard looked at the other Lords of High Houses and their sons. “If you need I will take the black and go the Wall or lay my neck on the block if you deem it. You have brought the might of Southern Westeros to fight the Ice King. I have succeeded.” He felt Arya surging
against his side but hugged her tighter signaling for her to follow his lead. She calmed. They were still playing the Game of Thrones.

His scouts had seen from afar the witch wives of Jon performing their magic. Their tales of a phoenix rising from their bodies and flying North at incredible speed had filled him with wonder when he read their raven to him. Then the reports of the wild riot in their camp had shown Eddard that their beast had been savagely attacked. He was happy all had survived. Jon’s wives had succeeded in uniting the whole of Westeros in fight against the Ice King.

Eddard had been lucky. He had happened to be on the ramparts of Winterfell. He had seen the beast fly over Winterfell in a blur of speed as its mighty screams filled the air with echoed cries of rage and desire. The thing had been a blur and trailed a red trail of magic behind as it blazed across the sky. Eddard had known then it was time to move south. He did not want to leave Cat in here weak state but he must meet the Queen as soon as possible now that Jon’s wives had revealed the true enemy to the Great House of the South.

He was willing to take all the blame and not reveal the fact that Daenerys had been working with him tacitly in this endeavor to bring the major houses north.

“I think we can dispense with the melodrama Eddard” Daenerys told him.

“I have told all how you and I worked together in a Game of Thrones to bring them North. The wives of Jon Snow with their Blood Phoenix has shown us the truth. We are united now. I will forgive all. This time” the Queen finished. She gave Eddard a wink that only he and Arya could see. He smiled feeling Arya literally thrum beside him looking at the Queen. Eddard saw the woman hesitate looking at Arya with a searching look.

Arya looked at her father. Eddard smiled down at his little wild wolf. He said softly “Go to her Arya.” Arya smiled gratefully and went to join the Queen and they mounted their horses.

Mace and his sons, Stannis and Renly and Oberyn came up to him.

Eddard looked at them calmly. They then in turn reached out to either shake his hand or embrace and hug him. Oberyn whispered in his ear “Well played wolf. I like your balls. If you play your cards right you might get lucky.”

Eddard returned the hug. Was the man coming onto him? With Oberyn you could never be sure.

Stannis told him he was lucky that Stannis had not been King. He would have ridden forth to war. He had paused then. “I guess that shows Daenerys Targaryen is a better ruler than I.”

Mace was fidgety around him. He wondered why. Willis and Garlan shook his hands and told him “well played”.

The party then moved down the road. Eddard was riding slightly behind the lead party. They were giving him time to slowly integrate into their party he reasoned. It would take time for the tension to leave the air. They had accepted him but the Game of Thrones he had played on them would take time to be put behind them fully.

As Eddard rode he saw Ygritte move her horse close to Melisandre’s horse. The small woman reached out and started to rub her wife’s back with her hand in a circle. The large woman leaned into the smaller woman’s caress. The distance between the horses disappeared when the larger woman leaned over and hugged the small witch fiercely and kissed the top of her flame red hair.

Eddard almost felt like a voyeur watching the witches so easily show affection in front of everyone.
He then looked up at the Queen and his daughter. He watched them for a minute and then he frowned slightly. Their horses were close but they were keeping their perfect distance. Something was not right. He had seen the look the Queen had given Arya. She was definitely in love with his daughter as he had foreseen. He knew that Arya was in love with Daenerys Targaryen. Then why were they not lovers. He could feel it in his bones. He leaned forward in his saddle looking harder. He was sure of it.

He knew Arya had inherited his reticence and reserved nature but her absolute love for all things Targaryen and Daenerys Targaryen especially had convinced him that her adore for the Queen would overcome her shy nature. Evidently not.

Eddard was more surprised with Daenerys. The woman had been lusty to say the least on her march across Essos. Especially at the beginning of her campaign. Eddard had total faith in his son’s Brandon’s prophecies. The wolf and the dragon would lie together. He was certain of it. Then why had it not occurred yet. He saw the glances they gave each other. Daenerys was always touching his daughter to make a point but not letting the touch linger.

He was not sure what to do. He was definitely no advisor on the finer aspects of wooing a woman. He remembered the circumstances of his taking Caitlyn as his wife and then bedding her. It had been so rushed and he felt like a usurper bedding the woman who was supposed to be his brother’s wife. He still wondered how they had ever become more than an obligate to wed their houses together and form a genuinely true love. He still spent hours wondering how he and Cat had ever forged their strong love for each other.

Eddard looked at the perfect distance that the Queen and his daughter maintained except for small fissures where they would move in close to touch and converse and back to the perfect distance. Eddard shook his head. Hopefully Sansa or more likely Margaery would know what to do. He had faith that whatever was holding his daughter and Queen apart would resolve itself soon enough.

The shadows were getting long when they arrived at the camp for the night. This was another thing that Eddard admired in the Queen. Her attention to details and her calm resolve. She was not rushing to combat but moving at a slow controlled pace. She had formed camps every day’s march. This and the gifts she had freely been dispensing had made converts of his people.

Her troops and horses were rested and by not raiding the land her forces had won over his people. He remembered his wild rides in Robert’s rebellions. Chaotic had been those rides. Eddard kept thinking he would die at any moment. He actually felt safe with the Queen. She had her camps laid out and blocking forces in place all around the population centers. Removed but ready to strike if necessary.

This woman was both a natural strategist and a masterful tactician on the battlefield from all the reports he had read on the woman. Such a rare combination. On top of that she had a natural charism that made people want to live and fight for her. She was the total package of a supremely gifted leader.

They entered the camp and attendants rushed in to start caring for the horses. He was taken to a tent that had been erected for the royals to sup in. He took a seat beside Oberyn on one side and Arya and then Daenerys on the other side. They talked about the day’s events. Eddard assured them his force from Winterfell came in peace and would integrate under the Queen’s command.

He again observed his daughter and Queen. He could actually feel their longing for each other almost radiating off them. This was strange because Eddard never saw these things. Again he wondered what was restraining them from consummating their love. He had been a virgin when he
married but he saw no need for any others to wait to the marriage night. They would have to go through the bedding ceremony virgin or no. Looking back he kind of wish he had been more skilled for Cat but both being virgins had had its own charms he supposed though he had been scared shitless that first night!

After dinner the Lords and general discussed their preparations. Eddard filled them in on his troop movements and his status of supplies. Daenerys complemented him on his strategy and his tactics. Those words from her truly honored Eddard.

Daenerys looked at him for a long moment. “I will ask you to meet with my two supreme generals Syrio and Barristan. We will defer to you on the strategy to use. This is your land and you have been preparing to fight the Ice King for years.

Eddard bowed his head to the Queen. Yes indeed. She was truly great with no ego to stroke or need to show herself as the leader.

He knew now that they would be able to face the Ice King with the maximum effort.

He had to ask the Queen about not bringing House Lannister. The Queen snorted. “I do not trust that man, Tywin Lannister, as far as I could throw him. He is devious and self-serving. He set up the situation that led to many crimes the night that my family’s dynasty came to end.”

Eddard remembered the day he rode into King’s Landing. He sighed. So much bloodshed. He was furious for Jaime Lannister for killing Daenerys father even if the man had killed his father and brother in a most heinous manner. The mad king had truly deserved his fate. That still could not absolve Jaime Lannister of his own sins.

“I agree my Queen. His rotten fruit I fear did not fall far from the tree.”

He saw a strange gleam come to the Queen’s eyes. “What do you mean?”

“Jamie is the King Slayer my Queen and Cersei was a most horrid Queen. Is she still alive if I may ask? What happened after her failure in Dorne?”

“Failure?”

“Of course. There is no way she could have succeeded in her fantasy.”

For some strange reason Arya snorted. Eddard looked at his daughter with a slight confused look.

“Oberyn could you please speak to Eddard Stark about Cersei Lannister” the Queen asked Oberyn. For some reason Daenerys had a subtle smirk on her face.

Eddard turned to the look at the Red Viper. He was perplexed why Oberyn of all people would have a smile on his face when talking about Cersei Lannister. He hated the woman.

Oberyn started “I hate to break it to you Eddard but Cersei has succeeded beyond any of our wildest thoughts or desires. I admit I wanted her to fail and I did indeed hate her …” Oberyn left the thought dangling.

Eddard knew he was being baited into asking and he did not disappoint. “Aaannnddd …”

“She is now the top Lion of Battleborne Academy our premier military academy. She has kicked
everyone’s ass some multiple times. She is a freaking hellcat. I have seen her pound and pulp men twice her size and more into unconsciousness. Often two or more at one time. She doesn’t care.”

Eddard started to chuckle. Why they were trying to pull the wool over his eyes he would never know. Cersei couldn’t fight her way out of a wet tissue bag.

“I think she will eventually be the one to wield Morning Star.”

That sobered up Eddard immediately remembering Arthur Dayne. He was still filled with shame for killing that man.

“Oberyn, I know that only a man of the house of Dwayne can yield that sword. I took it back to Dorne after Robert’s Rebellion” he paused “I’m still filled with shame killing that brave honorable man for no better reason than Robert’s silly sense of pride being offended.”

“I would forget all about that Eddard. I seriously doubt Arthur would be shedding tears over your demise twenty years after the fact … though that is probably to your credit.”

Eddard snorted. He would never fully forgive himself for Arthur’s death.

Oberyn continued “But on a happier note I would have you know that Cersei has renounced her last name. Soon she will be taking up the sword and best of all she married my eldest daughter Obara just before we marched from Dorne. She has taken the last name of ‘Sand’ to honor her new wife.

Eddard gaped at Oberyn. He couldn’t help it. This was impossible. Oberyn then told him more of Cersei many exploits and how she had changed mightily since her arrival in Dorne.

Eddard knew he believed his words when Oberyn told him “Ellaria hungers to fuck both Cersei and Obara … she has come to really treasure Cersei as a daughter-in-law and hoped for lover. Hell I’m hoping to have a go at the slut. Gods Eddard you should see her fuck my daughter” Oberyn spoke proudly.

One thing Oberyn never joked about was sex. My gods, could Cersei have changed that much? Maybe Cersei and the Ice King were linked somehow he joked in his mind. Then he mentally slapped himself. He would now have to reconsider everything he ever knew about the woman. To change that much? It was astounding.

He heard the Queen getting his attention. He turned to give her his full attention.

“I will have you know that Jaime Lannister is now part of my inner guard. He and his wife Brienne are protecting the small council in my absence. I fully intend in offering them a permanent commission when I return.”

“But Daenerys he killed your father on the same thrown you sit in. I was there and I saw it.”

“Why do you think Jaime did it?”

“I don’t know. He gave me a snide insolent answer. What did it matter? He was honor bound to protect his king. He is betrayer of his oath. He is a cur!”

“So honor trumps all?”

Eddard sensed a trap but he sprung the lever anyways “Yes. One must live by one’s code of honor else all else falls into ruin.”
“Eddard my father was mad. He killed your father and son in the most heinous manner possible while Jaime was forced to watch. He witnessed firsthand Aerys II kill Rickard and Brandon Stark. He performed his duty and stood and watched. Maybe he should have killed my father then. I would have.”

Eddard was shocked at the Queen’s words. To speak so easily of killing her own father. It was true her father was mad and cruel …

“Then on the day you arrived in King’s Landing did you know that Aerys II had filled the sewers, tunnels and cellars with wildfire. The city was filled with it. My father had just given orders to Rossart who was both the Hand and leader of the Guild of Alchemists to set the Wildfire off. My father was ready to burn the entire city of King’s Landing down along with all of its inhabitants. So I ask you Eddard Stark was Jaime Stark supposed to stand aside and allow that to happen.

Eddard paused. He had just said Jaime was honor bound to follow his oath no matter the cost … but a whole City? What had it cost Jamie to stand back and watch his father and brother be killed so cruelly? Jaime had told him once of him being forced to witness the event. Now when he thought back on that event he could hear the pain in Jaime’s voice recalling those events. Why hadn’t he noticed that then? He knew why. He did not want to hear it. Jamie was the King Slayer. Now his past thoughts shamed him.

“What would you have done Eddard?”

Eddard took a long breath. “Why didn’t he tell me?”

“Would you have believed him … would the you of twenty years ago listened to him … would you have said it made no matter—that honor trumps all?

Eddard squirmed. “No my Queen I would have intervened and probably not said a word in my defense.”

Eddard had a lot to think about. The meeting continued on with discussion on the upcoming war and how best to meet the threat of the Ice King. Eddard was quiet. He found the news shocking about the twins. He had held them in such high scorn. To believe that they had redeemed themselves was beyond shocking. Eddard had known of Jaime leaving Cersei for Brienne of Tarth. He had felt sorry for the woman. Now he was starting to feel shame at such thoughts.

For Oberyn to be happy with Cersei being part of his family was shocking too. The idea he wanted to fuck her was so Oberyn. Eddard shook his head. He had heard the saying somewhere that the family that sleeps together stay together. The Martells took it to new heights. Eddard shook his head at all these new thoughts. The world was spinning at a new angle on its axis.

The meeting broke up. He went outside the tent and went to find his horse. He was most happy with the care that he found had been given his horse. He was asleep underneath a blanket and he was told that he had been feed oats and hay. His coat was well groomed down and he was informed that his horse’s feet had been cleaned and a loose nail reset.

Eddard was again impressed with the organization of Daenerys camp. He had never seen the like anywhere or read of such organization. How had this small young woman become so accomplished? He shook his head. It did not matter.

He turned around and started. Daenerys stood three feet in front of him. He had cat like senses and she had come up on him unannounced. The woman moved like a panther and not a dragon.
“My Queen.”

“You can call me Daenerys or better yet Dany.”

“I will try Daene—Dany. I was taught to be respectful at all times.”

“You have passed those manners to your daughter. She is the model of royal decorum when we are at royal functions.”

“I am pleased to hear that Dae—Dany. I ask permission to ride back to Winterfell.”

“We are heading there now. Why do you need to leave?”

Arya had come up to stand beside her Queen. Eddard looked on seeing them immediately move to be close together but they still kept that perfect distance. He wanted to probe but it was not his place.

“I know my Queen but I need to leave your presence and hurry back to Winterfell.”

“Why so fast … we are little more than a week at most nine days out?”

Eddard felt his face slash with concern. “Before Arya left for Winterfell the joyous news came that my wife had again conceived. It filled Winterfell with happiness.”

“Yes, Arya has told me of this. I am happy for you and your wife. The conceiving of new life is always joyous.”

“Yes it is my Queen. All went well the first trimester but since then my wife’s health has become fragile.”

“Ohhhh … Father, mother is going to be okay isn’t she?”

“Is she her life in danger?” the Queen asked.

“My wife’s pregnancy is hard on her but Maester Lewen feels her life is not in danger. I would be with my wife if at all possible. If you need me to stay then I will. Your will be done.”

He watched Daenerys Targaryen take a minute to think over her response.

“We will ride out in the morrow … the royal entourage will ride with you with post haste back to Winterfell. We will bring spare horses to increase our pace. She called out in Dothraki and a Bloodrider appeared out the night gloom. She and he talked back and forth for a minute in their native tongue. He then left.

“Aggo has gone to send out riders to the camps ahead. They will set horses aside for our ride at speed up to Winterfell. I wish to see your ancestral home. I want to greet Catelyn Tully and meet your sons and other daughter. I wish to see the Tyrell scions that you ‘kidnapped’”. Eddard looked sheepish at that.

“You honor me my Queen.”

“I will always do all I can for my people Eddard. Let’s just not play any more Game of Thrones shall we.

Eddard grimaced. “I agree my Queen. These are extraordinary times but I do grow tired of playing such games.” He stepped forward and bowed. “I am now and forever more you loyal subject my Queen.”
“Westeros has waited to long for your coming Daenerys Targaryen first of your name breaker of chains. Long live your reign.”
Missandei

Misery. That was the word that kept pulsing in her mind. She was on her side on her sleeping furs underneath the stars. Her body was in agony. More tears of misery ran down her cheeks as Missandei sniffled with the pain running rampant through her body. The blisters on her thighs had burst this afternoon and the pain had been searing. Missandei had whimpered and gritted her teeth. She was incessant on staying the course. She had insisted in coming on the quick forced ride back to Winterfell. Eddard Stark was in a hurry to get back to her wife. Catelyn was having a difficult pregnancy and Eddard was worried. Missandei fully understood his desires.

She remembered back to two nights previous to this night. Eddard had made his request for leave to go back to Winterfell post haste. Dany had considered and decided to travel with Eddard back to Winterfell. She knew that Daenerys wanted to be with Eddard. She wanted to evaluate and judge the man who had been twisting and jerking on marionette strings making Dany move to his tune. Daenerys needed to be with the man to reassure herself she had indeed made the right decisions over the last nine months.

Also, Dany knew that that her Queen wanted to start the integration of the whole of Westeros. She wanted to start to work on reducing and then removing any barrier between North and South of Westeros.

Dany had called her Dothraki on guard duty and told him to send out riders to the camps located up the King’s Road heading up to North lands. The camps to provide succor and rest for the columns of the Queen’s forces marching ever North. The riders had taken extra horses to reach the next camp post haste. Also, spare horses were led out within the hour to be taken up the road and be available the next day for the group riding in haste back up the Winterfell. The horses kept in small groups at intervals to trade out for any horses that were exhausted. The riders sent out by Aggo would go to the next camp post haste and they would in turn send out riders to the next camp. This would be done to all the camps that had been created.

With Eddard now fully in camp with the Queen, she was sending orders to surge the forces forward to create camps all the way up to Winterfell. Daenerys wanted to accelerate their creation. The march north was going to accelerate. The time for cautious probing to make sure an ambush was not possible was over. The whole of Westeros had become united in their goal. Now the continent had one thought; the defeat of the Ice King. All else was of no import against that threat.

Horses were to be set at six miles intervals to let the riders ride their mounts hard to the next waypoint of gathered horse. The horses would not be hard stressed and go back into the pool of spare horses at the closest camp. Eddard was most thankful for the Queen’s largesse in helping him to reach Winterfell as fast as possible. The Queen’s focus was now to support her Warden of the North in his rush to get back to his ailing wife. She was silently impressed that the man had left her to perform his duty to the realm in meeting Daenerys Targaryen on the King’s Road.

Daenerys had offered to fly him to Winterfell but he had refused. He told her that he had a fear of
heights. Dany had stared at the man shocked. He told her he could control it with slow movements and concentration but he was sure he would falter with flying.

Syrio Forel had patted him on the back hearing that. Syrio felt a little better finding someone else who could not fly.

Dany had asked if all the other Major House Lords would journey with her to Winterfell with her and Eddard. All had accepted except Willas. He had bowed out saying his lame leg would not take such a long hard ride. Missandei wished now she had listened to his rational caution.

At the time she knew that Daenerys had assumed she would stay with the wagon train and move up the King’s Highway and eventually catch back up to the Queen. While she had ridden horses some it had never been at a military pace. She had ridden horses in genteel trots and canters around the Queen’s camp but never at pace and for extended time.

Missandei’s body had not been inured to horseback riding. She knew it but she was not be turned aside. She would not be left behind. She felt useless now that she had broken the code to the traitor’s letter and setup the schedules. She had performed her duties and now felt like the fifth wheel on a wagon.

Daenerys had come to her when she was told that her interpreter wanted to come on the force march. “Missandei honey … I don’t think you quite know what you would be in for. It took me a months to get used to riding a horse when I first married Khal Drogo and rode in his Khalasar. I was miserable the first two weeks. I had blisters and saddle sores that made feel like I was being sawed in two. Being the Khaleesi I was given much care to help me become accustomed to the rigors of horseback riding.”

“We would do everything for you Andi but we propose to move at a great pace. I became accustomed to horseback riding moving at the sedate pace of a Khalasar moving lazily across the Dothraki Sea. We will by contrast be moving like a storm up the King’s Highway. I strongly recommend that you follow us in your wagon. We will not need your services till you arrive at Winterfell. I am in Westeros. I will not be needing your interpretive skills. Any messages can wait.”

“Are you saying I am weak Daenerys Targaryen?” she had asked. Missandei was peeved that her Queen thought so little of her. She did not want Missandei to come with her because she was soft. She knew it!

“I am not saying that my dear friend. All who first ride must endure the pain of becoming ‘saddle broken’. I don’t want you to suffer needlessly. We will be traveling at great speed. You have done so much for us already by cracking the code on the intercepted messages between the traitorous houses.”

“So you don’t need me anymore is what you are saying?” Missandei saw the look of slight confusion cross her Queen’s face. Missandei knew she was being a little shit but she could not help it. She was hurting in her heart.

“You know that is not how I feel Missandei. What is wrong with you? Have I said or done something to offend you?”

Missandei felt like crap. “No Dany. I am just feeling useless having deciphered the code. I wonder what else I am needed for now.”

Dany came up to her and hugged her. “Missandei without your efforts and those of Tyrion we
would not be in this position now. You have my forces both on land and sea moving with great precision. You efforts have saved months off the movement of our forces. Our troops are fresh and ready for combat. History is full of examples of troops arriving on the battlefield and being exhausted, hungry and sick. Almost without fail these forces have been quickly defeated and often routed. This will not happen to my army. Much of this is through your efforts.”

Dany pulled away from Missandei. “We will be staying in Winterfell for a short while. In fact, I want you to start coordinating with Eddard’s forces the movement of our forces up North. The troops lifted by ship are now pouring west. I need that coordinated.”

“I can do that as we move up to Winterfell Dany. I do much of the work in my head anyways. I am gifted with numbers. Plus, if I travel with you I can talk to the high generals under Eddard’s command. This will help me to better understand how to integrate our efforts. I do not want to be separated from you Dany. We have always been together on this long journey to you sitting on your throne. I don’t want to stop now.” Missandei would feel lost if she was separated from her Queen. The woman she had supported for so many years now.

She saw Daenerys looking at her judging her. She finally smiled. “I will have a horse prepared for you my old friend. I have some ointments we can use.”

“Ointments?”

“For the blisters. I could tell you but you will understand soon enough. It is something you must experience to really understand.”

Missandei was happy to have won. She had not told the Queen all the reasons she had been adamant on traveling with her in the troop on their fast ride to Winterfell. She needed too! Everything Missandei had said had been of the complete truth, but, there were other reasons motivating her to follow the Queen on her quick journey north.

She had been so ecstatic when her mystery soon to be lover had helped her decipher the coded message. Her body had felt so alive with the possibilities of soon meeting and making love to her mystery sponsor. She felt the attraction and now lust in her helper. The caresses were so gentle and loving from her hidden woman when she touched and caressed Missandei’s face, hair and now her upper body. She had heard her erstwhile lover moan and whimper with need the night she gave Missandei the clues she needed to break the code.

She could remember the green of her sweetie’s eyes. They seemed to glow like strange fireflies in the night. So intense and so large. She longed to see them with her real eyes and not the eyes of her mind. They seemed so ghostly and afar. She wanted to hold her woman’s head close and gaze enraptured into her love’s unnatural green eyes. Those eyes were as deep as the oceans filled with mystery and power that was Earth shaking. Missandei wanted that power used in making love to her. She knew her lover was a goddess or something close but knew the woman would be as gentle as Missandei wanted her to be. What Missandei knew was that she wanted to be ravish and fucked hard by her lover. She would give Missandei what she needed and craved.

Missandei had read the great sexual texts from around the world. The heterosexual texts had not interested her but the lesbian texts had spoken to her soul. She had learned so much and would use that knowledge to blow her lover’s mind. She knew she would. Missandei had also discovered reading those texts that she wanted to be fucked hard and deep. She wanted her lover to use a fraction of her might to fuck Missandei hard. Missandei wanted to be fingerbanged hard in her pussy. She wanted to be fucked in the ass hard and deep with a strap-on and with her lover’s fist. Missandei shivered when she thought those thoughts.
She had told the Queen of the hue and glow of her longed for lover’s eyes. Soon she would see them and fall into them for real. Missandei would shiver at just the thought. She could already feel her green eyed woman slamming her fingers hard and deep up her cunny and ripping her hymen asunder and making her a woman. Her lover would suck her off so good! Missandei now masturbated to visions of all the hot sex she would have with her still nameless lover. Gods she could taste the woman’s cunt in her mouth. Missandei would clean off her fingers after masturbating yet again dreaming it was her lover’s cream she was sucking off her fingers.

She had been positive that within a few nights her erstwhile lover would revel herself and they would fuck gloriously the night through and she would give her sweet lover her maidenhead. That most precious of gifts a woman can give to her woman. Then she would take her mate out to greet all her friends. The code had been broken. The day had been saved as the saying went. Her green eyed mysterious woman had given Missandei what she wanted. She had stroked the small black woman’s body with deep hot fuck hunger. Missandei had felt in the fingertips. The repressed hunger for her body. She wanted to lie with her woman and let their bodies twine in hot interracial love. Missandei was intoxicated with how her black body would twine with the pale body of her pale lover.

She had cracked the code at the beginning of the Neck of Westeros. They were now at the other end of the Neck and she had not felt her longed for lover since that magical night. It had been over three weeks since that sweet night. She had masturbated to multiple screaming orgasms ripping her body apart with ecstasy. Missandei would fuck herself to exhaustion and rest her body. The instant she had her strength back she was again fucking herself to mind blowing orgasms. Her cunt felt like it was tearing itself inside out while her womb felt like it was tearing out her belly as she shrieked and wailed in mind searing ecstasy. She had filled her wagon with her thick pungent musk and soaked her body with sweat and her girl cum. She had left the furs pulled up to only her lower thighs. Her pussy and breast exposed in offering to her dream lover. Her nipples and clit tingly with the sweet exhaustion of being fucked out. She loved the naughty thoughts of her breast on full display and her exhausted cunt exposed slavered with drying cum.

Her charms on full display for her green eyed lover. Missandei wanted her woman to see Missandei’s body soaked in cum and sweat. To see Missandei’s groin and mound thickly slavered with dried cum. To smell the thick musk her cunt had saturated her small wagon in. Her lover was weakening in resisting Missandei’s sweet charms. Gods Missandei wanted her cherry busted. She wanted to get a strap-on and have her lover fuck her so hard and deep. She wanted and needed to give her woman her sweet hot tight asshole. She wanted to suck her ass off that strap-on dick while looking up at her lover showing her what a hot depraved slut she would be in bed.

Missandei knew that once her lover came to her exhausted body she would instantly revive and she would give herself to her lover. She would feel her hymen ripped and taken and she would be a woman now. Missandei wanted to feel the pain a woman felt when she became a woman.

That had been the dream. That had been the fantasy. The reality had been harsh and devastating. By the third night she was getting nervous and by the sixth night she was agitated and the eighth night she was completely depressed.

Her dream lover had not appeared again. Missandei had been confused and then angry. How had she not come to her? She had succeeded in deciphering the code. Her secret lover had given her the necessary clues. Missandei even now shivered feeling the small fingers stroking her face. She was sure her lover was a short woman like her. In fact, Missandei could sense she was even taller than the green eyed woman. That seemed so perfect to Missandei.

Missandei had become totally confused. She had felt her lover shudder smelling her wet cunt and
the way her fingers pressed harder into her chest nearing her breast. Oh gods her pussy was still getting wet at the mere thought. She could feel her lover’s desire for Missandei’s body. It made her fucking angry. Why was she not coming to Missandei? Unfortunately, the answer was becoming clear. Missandei could no longer deny it.

She now knew she had been only a tool. Her supposed dream lover had only used her to get the message deciphered. She must have been a pervert stroking her body like that. A tool like a dildo to get her rocks off. Missandei was pissed being used like that. That fucking succubus had teased her! She had used Missandei to do her bidding and fucking abandoned her! She would scratch that bitches eyes out if she got the chance. The love she felt for her woman was boiling into an unassuaged anger.

So she had demanded to ride with the Queen. She needed to feel needed and wanted. Her fucking supposed lover had shown her true nature. She absolutely needed to ride up to Winterfell with her Queen. How bad could it be? She had ridden for short periods of time at a leisurely pace with the Queen.

Missandei had learned quickly. Within an hour she felt like she was bruised all over as her body was constantly jostled and jarred with the fast trots and short gallops the horses were doing. When she dismounted to get on the spare horse she had been stiff and sore. When they reached the first relay of fresh horses Missandei had had to grit her teeth to clamber up on it. Even with a boost from Dany it had hurt like hell.

By midday she was so sore in her pelvis and thighs she wanted to cry out in pain and frustration. Her pride prevented it. Instead she gritted her teeth and soldiered on. She felt the blisters Dany had told her about forming on her inner thighs and groin. The touch on cloth angry and hot. She had made it through the first day somehow. She had felt herself swaying on her feet once they started to make camp.

They had ate a meal of jerked beef, oats (spare from the feed bags) and tact. She ate her food sullenly. Her mental misery was great. Her physical misery was rising to meet it. She saw that a large circular tarp had been placed on the ground. Daenerys called all to sit around on the edge sitting on crossed legs Dothraki style.

Missandei had demurred but her friend had helped her hobble over and sat her down beside her on the opposite side of Arya. She was happy to be in a position of honor. It helped with her pain a little. She had put the ointment on the angry blisters that the Queen had given her. The blisters swelled with fluid and hot to the touch. She had whimpered applying the ointment. Her lover should have been soothing the ointment onto her body damnit! Those thoughts made Missandei sullen and angry.

“Eddard, I wanted to wait till we were separated from our forces to tell you this” the Queen told the Warden of the North. “Only the High Lords of the South and their most trusted generals know what I am about to tell you. I wanted to wait till we could talk and plan together. I have ideas but we will decide our response.

Missandei saw that this had Eddard’s full attention.

“I hate to tell you this Eddard” Daenerys paused “you have two traitors in your midst. They have made a pact with the Ice King”

Eddard stared at her for a long moment. He softly breathed out “Bolton.”

Missandei saw that Daenerys was as shocked as her.
“You knew?!”

Eddard squint smiled. “No my Queen I did not. I have had my suspicions of Roose but I would
never have dreamed he would be working for our enemy. He has always been a rouge force but I
never had the proof I felt I needed to bring him to heel. He is vile and a malignant tumor, but, to side
with such an evil. Cannot Roose see that such a force will never honor whatever agreement they
have?” Eddard said softly to himself.

“You are Warden of the North Eddard Stark” Dany told him. “That is enough.”

“My Queen I have had my fill of bloodshed as I sense you have. He may be vile and contemptuous
but he does inspire loyalty in his men. I have avoided open war and bloodshed. Without ironclad
proof I have been loath to call my banners against their house. You spoke of a second house?”

“Yes. The second house is in the Riverlands.” Dany did not give the name. Missandei knew Dany
was curious if Eddard had a suspicion of the second house.

Eddard had a look of deep thought on his face. He was obviously going through the houses of his
wife’s homeland.

He finally said in voice of self-questioning “The Freys?”

“Yes.”

Eddard blew out a breath “Walder is conniving and mendacious but … well he is a small man. He is
not brave in the slightest. I find it hard to believe this possible. He is vile but a coward. Are you
sure of this my Queen?”

“I am sure of this Eddard.”

“What is your proof if I may ask?”

“Missandei. Can you please tell them how we came to know this information?”

Missandei had felt her pride swell with the Queen putting her front and center. Since she had
insisted on coming on this trek the Queen was letting Missandei give the brief. This made the small
scribe’s mental and physical distress recede.

Missandei told Eddard how a spy had given them the satchel with the scroll from House Bolton to
House Frey. The scroll had the royal seal of the Lord of House Bolton. The Queen called out to
Aggo and he came to her with the satchel. She had him hand it to Eddard.

Eddard opened it and looked at the scroll and the broken seal. He carefully put the scroll that had
been curled up down before himself. He looked at the broken seal that Missandei had been careful
to preserve as much as possible. He looked at the seal closely.

“Yes. It is his seal. So this spy somehow got this scroll. I wonder. How long have you had it?”

“Over a six weeks now.”

Eddard considered. “I have seen Roose three times in that time. He has not changed his demeanor.
If he suspects they have been discovered he is playing it close to the vest. When is he to attack?”

“When the Ice King attacks and you are focused on him. He and House Frey will use that
distraction to attack you from the rear.”
Eddard started to read the missive and stopped. “It is in code.” He looked at Missandei. “You deciphered this?”

“Yes I did.”

“I’m impressed.” He smiled at Missandei and for a little while her misery became only a memory.

She then told Eddard the message that she had deciphered. The details of the deal that Roose Bolton had struck with the Ice King. The reward of control of the North while the Ice King would rule the South. Eddard had snorted at that and whispered “Fools”. They had agreed to work their forces to the rear of the forces or in their midst if they could not work that. The Boltons and Freys were to position themselves to do maximum damage to the enemies of the Ice King.

When the attack started they would then turn and sow confusion and death to distract the forces of the Warden of the North and enable the Ice King to more easily defeat his enemies. Missandei showed Eddard how she had deciphered the text with her compass and the square she had made. She showed Eddard the small dot between House Frey on page seven.

Missandei did not tell Eddard of the help from her benefactor. She would only share this knowledge with Dany and by extension Arya. Eddard was most impressed. “I am forever indebted to you for this Missandei of Naath. The losses we would have incurred would have been most grievous.”

He shook his head. “The Fools. To think they believe the Ice King’s lies. The Ice Wright means to kill us all.”

Eddard again looked at Missandei. “I and the North will forever be in your debt. I hope someday in some way to repay you for this service.”

The conversation had then moved over to the plans on how to thwart the plans of the Boltons and the Freys. Missandei had followed the conversations but her attention soon drifted. She was not interested in war strategy when it did not involve planning, tracking and the moving of forces. It was the numbers and equations they engendered that caught and held the small black interpreter’s attention.

She got up and made her parting remarks and slunk back to her sleeping furs by the fire. She was not inured to the cold too. Missandei crawled underneath the furs and shivered hard. Her sweet Shadowclaw snuggled into the furs with her meowing and purring as she rubbed her cat’s head. The cat riding a pack horse in a swath of furs that had been made into a nest for her. The caracal had quickly adjusted and able to sleep despite the gait of the horse she was riding on. Missandei was feeling so weak and like a failure despite the praise she had received. Her thoughts kept going back to the fact that she had been abandoned.

Her pain was returning with the elation passing with the giving of her brief. She was still proud of herself. She could still remember her sense of hopelessness she had felt in Qarth when Dany came swooping in saving her from a life of slavery. She owed her everything.

She slowly fell into a restless sleep.

She was awoken way too early. The sun was had not yet lightened the Eastern horizon. She staggered to the fire. Her limbs felt like stiff wood and her back ached. She sullenly ate her meal. She had fumed and fretted until she fell into an exhausted sleep. She again felt her anger and depression setting in. To be nothing more than a tool was angering her no end. She had felt so special and that feeling was nothing but ashes now.
Dany and Eddard tried to engage her in conversation. Dany wanted to fill her in on their strategy they had developed for the traitors and Eddard wanted to again thank her and hear her thoughts on their plans. She had demurred and turned away.

“Missandei, what is wrong with you? This is not like you!”

She had sullenly looked into the flames.

Her misery had been bad in the morning when they started out. By the midmorning it was beyond agonizing. Her blisters had burst and the raw skin rubbing against the riding leathers had been horrendous. She could not control the screams of pain that ripped from her throat. Missandei saw the looks of concern on Dany and Arya’s face. Eddard had looked alarmed as did the other high Lords. Her humiliation only deepened.

Dany had immediately called a halt to the march. She called the doctor and Maester with them. Daenerys had some horses circled around Missandei who they had put on the ground and put blankets on the horses sideways to make a screen. Daenerys had no problem showing her body but knew Missandei was shy. Missandei cried out feeling Dany starting to gently pull on the fabric and loosen the ties to her riding leathers. Arya put her head in her lap and stroked her hair singing a lullaby to her. Missandei writhed in pain.

Dany slowly peeled her riding leathers off Missandei. The interpreter cried out in pain and wept. Dany gently dabbed the ointment onto the burst blisters. The Queen then put bandages on the wounds and wrapped them in long strips of cloth. They then put on a louse line trouser on her body.

Dany insisted she take a few droughts of diluted wine. The drink made her drowsy.

They gently put her back up on her horse. Dany had Aggo and Rakharo on either side of Missandei’s horse to keep her safe on her horse. Missandei felt humiliated. She saw the concern on the Dothrak’s faces. She knew these men respected strength. Their looks of concern was just a mask she thought in her misery. These men must think she was a weak silly little girl. She could not see the truth of their genuine concern. They had come to treasure the small scribe. They understood her body was not inured to horseback riding. Missandei had simply not known what she was getting herself into. The column put out again but a much reduced rate.

Missandei did not remember much of the travel that day. The sun felt like a furnace on her body. She was feverish and a little delirious. She was a failure. She had insisted that she come on this journey so Eddard could get back to his wife as soon as possible and now she was hobbling that journey.

When it was time to change horses Eddard and Barristan had gently pulled her up out of the saddle and as softly as possibly moved her to the new mount. She had stilled cried out in pain. She saw the men and her Queen and Arya look on her with pity. Pity for the weak willed and soft bodied interpreter that had overstepped her limits. Gods she was so angry with herself. She was making a fool of herself.

It was late in the afternoon. She was feverish now. Through a haze Missandei saw Eddard regarding her.

Suddenly he called out that they needed to make camp early for the day. Many riding murmured wondering why.

“My horse has been favoring his right front leg.”
Stannis barked out “There is nothing wrong with your horse Eddard. Hell, we will get a new one at the camp.”

Missandei in a fog saw Eddard glare at Stannis and then motion his head at her.

Stannis then looked at her and she saw his jaw grinding. Gods he probably hated her for being so weak.

Stannis reached back and gripped his back “Now that you say it my back has been stiffening up for the last hour. I could use the extra rest.”

Missandei felt humiliated. They were only stopping because of her and were trying to not show it.

She had been lifted off her horse like a useless baby. She was put onto her sleeping furs by a hot fire. Her caracal crawled in with her after eating a bowl of chopped meat the Dothraki prepared for the small feline.

She whined and turned away from Daenerys when she tried to talk to her and give her some soup.

“Damnit I am getting tired of this Missandei” Daenerys barked at her in frustration. Missandei whined more. “Oh Missandei I am so sorry. I just wish I knew what is upsetting you so.”

Missandei stared at the fire. She was in agony in both her body and soul.

As the sun was going down Daenerys came up to her with a cup. It was the Milk of the Poppy. The liquid was white. It was full strength. Again the Queen was showing Missandei just how weak she was. The Queen saw just how weak her scribe was.

She tried to refuse but the Queen made it a direct order her violet eyes blazing. The two women glared at each other. Even in her much weakened state Missandei tried to defy her Queen in her misery. With a pain filled gaze Missandei watched Arya come up to her. Arya tried to get Dany to back off but Daenerys told Arya to back off herself. Dany had used her royal command tone. It broke no argument. Arya bowed her head and stepped back. They may be in love with each other but Dany was the Queen and Arya bowed before her Queen when she used that tone.

To prolong the contest of wills was useless. Dany was the Queen. With locked eyes Missandei drank her drink. When Daenerys was like this one had to obey her. She had already decided that tomorrow she would have the column move on without her. She was broken. With a sullen look Missandei drank deep droughts from the cup filled with the milk of the poppy. She was defeated in all ways.

Missandei sank into a deep sleep. The milk of the poppy doing its work. She knew her body would in time mend. She wondered if her soul would.

She drifted on rivers of dreamless thoughts and formless desires.

Then it changed. Missandei felt the presence. She was dreaming of her lover again. Her lover was stroking her feverish brow. Missandei frowned. She was tired of such senseless dreams. Her lover had abandon her. She did not let her love rise up at the soft loving caresses. Missandei kept her thoughts like this. Missandei felt the presence relax in her guard as she stroked Missandei’s feverish face. Missandei lulled her tormentor into a false sense of confidence.

Her hands shot up like striking cobras and gripped two thin small forearms. She felt alarm from the woman whose arms she gripped. The arms were jerked back forcefully. Missandei refused to let go. Her body was jerked hard but she did not care. This woman could shatter mountains. If she
truly wanted free herself of Missandei’s human grip she could with but a thought shatter every bone in Missandei’s body. Missandei felt sudden anger and hate boiling the very air she breathed. Missandei felt the power that her small hoped for lover kept buried in her small diminutive body.

“Let go of me! I will not be shackled!” Missandei heard screamed in her air and more in her mind. She heard the pain and fear. “I will never be chained again!”

She said the only thing she could with her mind. “I love you.” She let her soul be shown in those three words. She had to let her woman know just how much she loved and needed her.

The arms suddenly stilled. Then they jerked hard again. The small scribe’s body was jerked about lifted off the furs. Somehow Shadowclaw was rolled away but continued sleeping deeply. Missandei in her logical mind noted that this wild jerking about of her body was not increasing her misery.

Also, Missandei knew that no one sensed this tableau occurring in their midst as they slept. The guards working the perimeter of the camp saw and heard nothing. Her lover was truly a goddess bending the rules of nature to keep her unaware by all but Missandei.

“I can shatter mountains! Release me!”

“I know of your power. You will have to kill me first. I love you” Missandei replied calmly.

The arms stopped their fight immediately.

“You do not know what I am.”

“I love you. Make love to me.”

She heard the woman gasp and her body shivered. For a moment Missandei felt a raw hunger for her body and soul envelope her small black body. Missandei felt that desire immediately squashed. She felt the small woman in her grasp suppress her desires for Missandei.

“You do not know what I am. Let me show you.”

The world of the North simply faded away. All the people around her gone. Her Shadowclaw was gone as well. She was no longer in her world or her time.

She knew it was long, long ago when the world was a much younger place. Missandei looked around. Her lover still kept herself hidden. She was standing on a small circular platform. She was high above the world. She was standing on platform on a small spire of stone that rose over five hundred feet from the ground below. The air was crisp and pure. Missandei inhaled deep and felt the raw magic that filled this world.

“This is the Land” the woman told her. “This is in a time before man came to this world. Man lived to the South.”

Missandei looked around with magical sight and saw it was so. She gasped seeing a massive forest before her all around. The forest was alive! She could feel its consciousness. She looked to the north by east and saw shimmering on the horizon a massive volcanic mountain. In it she felt massive power throbbing and pulsing. On plains before the mountain she saw great horses running free and wild. Horses of great power and intelligence.

“This is the world I was born into long ago in the mists of the distant past. I am a Qualar. I was just coming into my maturity having taken my physical form. I longed to use my new found strength. I
longed to shape the world. A man came to me. He told me he could help me achieve my true destiny.”

Missandei saw this man. He stood before Missandei. The sunlight fell upon this man caressing his perfect body. Missandei knew she was seeing this man as her lover had seen him long ago. Missandei saw the man as she her lover had seen him when he first came to her. A man perfect in every way. He was the most comely man that Missandei had ever seen. He was perfect in every line of his form. His hair long and luxurious. His face a masterpiece of angles and planes. His shoulders wide and strong. His limbs long and perfectly formed.

Missandei saw all this as her green eyed erstwhile lover had seen him. But Missandei saw something that her lover did not. Missandei saw the man’s eyes. They were yellow. The color not the color of daffodils covering a hillside in the bright sun of a new spring morning.

No, this yellow was not that. This yellow was of rotting flesh. The color of disease and pure avarice and hatred for all things.

“I did not see what you so clearly see Missandei. I blinded myself. I fell. You are only human. I do not mean that as an insult but you do not have the senses I have. Yet I did not see. You saw at a glance what I missed through a long courtship. I was blind and a fool.”

Missandei felt what her woman had felt all those millennium ago. All these things were intoxicating but what truly snared her was his power. Strength almost shouted from his body. His body was impossibly strong but it paled to the power radiating off his id. His will was absolute. There was nothing that he could not achieve if given time. He was filled with magic and purpose. He was filled with raw will.

He had come to Missandei’s love promising her impossible pleasures. Those had attracted her attention. She wanted to know the sensual desires that she had with her newly acquired body. Her kind were born without bodies and only acquired physical form upon maturity of spirit.

She was in the first flush of power.

He asked her name. She refused. To know one’s name was to give one power over your spirit and body.

Long did A-Jeroth court her. He promised her the world and then the stars. They would rule all and bend all to their will. They would be King and Queen. They would be equals in all their endeavors.

She never noticed how his yellow eyes were filled with avarice and loathing for all things. She did not feel the disdain and evil humor he felt in seducing her. Her senses perceived but her mind did not process. In time, the new born woman came to desire that same power to control and bend all to her will.

Finally, one night she was drunk on special elixirs he had plied her with and stroked her body to a feverish pitch. She longed to be taken! She wanted to be fucked and enjoy the full pleasures of the flesh. She knew they existed but until this night she had never felt them. She was on fire.

The man had intoxicated her with desires. First they would consummate the desires of the flesh. Then they would enjoy the pleasure that only totally dominion over others could give to beings such as they. They would recreate the world in their own image. They would use this world to launch themselves into the universe.
“What is your name my sweet? Tell me your name my future Queen.”

She had spoken her name.

She had been chained and caste into the deep abyss beneath Mount Thunder. Her screams of rage and fear filled the heavens. She was gagged as her screams threatened to tear the mountain down.

She felt the man taking the power that flowed out of her in her rage, fear and despair and crafting it to achieve his own desires and goals.

How long she raged and struggled in her chains she could not remember. Eventually she slipped the bounds of her physical flesh and became her pure spiritual self. Her rage and loathing knew no limits. She could not flee her prison. The wards were to strong and purely constructed.

They started to come then. Men seeking to either to understand or enslave her further. Those she tore asunder without a thought. Women came to her. She ripped their souls from their bodies and ate them to make them one with her. Her anger, fear, rage and loathing filled them. Her very essence became the scream of the greatest agony and hopelessness on the Earth. In all things She Who Must Not Be Named as she was now named hated one person more than all others: Herself.

For countless millennium she killed and enslaved women into herself. Her hate knew no limits. Until Linden Avery freed her with only the purity of her pained spirit. Linden had caste off her purloined souls of lost women. Linden healed the women as she freed them. Linden shattered the runes and barriers entrapping her. She Who Must Not Be Named had fled to the heavens. She abandoned the world of her torment and agony.

All this she showed and fed to Missandei as hot tears rained down on the scribe’s face. Missandei felt all the anger and hate of all things. She felt the lust for power over life and choice. She felt the glee her future wife felt in killing men. Missandei felt the screaming and insanity she filled the women she captured. All of this Missandei felt in the marrow of her bones.

Missandei also felt something else. She also felt the women leaving her lover’s soul and being healed with the power that She Who Most Not Be Named allowed Linden Avery to purloin from her body. Her hoped for lover did not even realize she had allowed it. She would not accept that knowledge if Missandei tried to impart it to her.

More hot tears rained down on Missandei’s forehead.

“How you know why you cannot love me. I am something evil.”

Missandei pulled down hard on the small arms in her grasp. She Who Must Not Be Named gasped “Ooohhhhh.”

Missandei lifted her head and kissed the forehead her lips found.

“You are not that woman anymore” Missandei husked softly. “I see the true you. I see the woman you now are. You are good. Stop denying your true nature.”

“You do not know the anger and loathing that still burns in my body.”

“I do and I will help you control it. Make love to me. I give myself to you totally and completely. I love you and you love me. Do not deny it. Let our love for each other heal you. I will always be by your side.”

“Ohhhhhhh!”
“Let us give our virginities to each other. Let our companions hear our screams of pleasure and love. I will help you rise to your true self.”

“Ohhhhh Missandei I am not worthy of one such as you.”

The arms she had refused to release turned to mist. She suddenly felt fingers touch her head. She fell into deep slumber.

She had fled her again. It did not matter. Missandei would be patient. She Who Must Not Be Named would tell Missandei her real name. Then they would make sweet love. She would show her sweet anguished love that love can be such an exquisite thing.

Her love coming to her had restored Missandei’s faith in that love. She was happy once more. Her love had opened her heart to her. Missandei knew what that meant. She was in love with Missandei. She would have her woman. She may doubt again but in the end her pure love would win out.

Before dawn she woke up and kicked off her covers. The skin was healed. The ache was gone from limbs and back. She was completely healed. Her soul had been assuaged as well. She now knew why her lover had stayed away. She did indeed love her but did not feel worthy.

Missandei started to stroke Shadowclaw as she purred and snuggled closer to Missandei. The scribe reflected on her new found knowledge of She Who Must Not Be Named. She knew that name now. She would learn her true name in time. She would show her love what it meant to love and be loved. She would show She Who Must Not Be Named what true love truly was. That in opening oneself to love that one could receive so much in return.

Missandei could wait. She could now feel her love not far off watching her. She smiled. Then her presence was gone. She smiled. Their longing for each other was putting Missandei in tune with her lover. Her lover was mighty and could hide if she wanted but in time she would come to Missandei. She had felt the love She Who Mush Not Be Named felt for her. She felt the longing to lie with her and give her body to Missandei. She felt the fear from so long ago and her betrayal by A-Jeroth. She also felt a secret desire to be loved by She Who Must Not Be Named. A desire sparked and growing because of herself. Because of Missandei.

Dany came over to her with a wary look. Missandei jumped up and hugged her dear friend and asked for forgiveness.

Dany was nonplussed at her change in both spirit and body. Missandei had been most cross. She told Dany all that had occurred last night. How her future wife had come to her and healed her. She told Dany how she was confused and how she had been betrayed in the past. She did not see the need to tell her of the pits of Mount Thunder.

When Dany examined her thighs and saw them totally healed she looked stunned. “Will I guess you mystery lover did come to you last night. I can’t wait to meet her.”

“Nor can I!”

Daenerys and Arya who had come up to listen both laughed at her enthusiasm. Missandei smiled broadly up at them.

Life was good.
Eddard

What a difference a few days could make Eddard mused to himself. He had commiserated with the Queen’s small scribe. He had watched the woman’s body quickly breakdown with the fast pace they were making to Winterfell. He had assumed that woman was inured to horseback riding. He would not have allowed her to begin the journey had he known this was not the case.

By the end of the second day her misery was so great that he called a halt to the fast gallop back to his home. He was wondering what to do. The woman was strong willed but her body was betraying her.

He had looked at the interpreter. He had been shocked at the news that she could speak over twenty languages fluently. He could not understand High Valyrian but the woman spoke it fluently to the Queen. Arya had told her father that the small dark skinned woman had started to teach her the language of their Queen. In fact Arya felt she had mastered Valyrian but was having trouble still with Dothraki but was improving finally. Eddard had smiled at that.

The dark woman was stunning beautifully. Her skin was not as dark as the few Summer Islanders he had seen and her features were sharper and not as rounded in the cheek and almond eyes of the Summer Islander. The women of that seafaring nation liked to keep their hair straight in or in long braids. Missandei preferred to keep her hair in a loose curl of long twists. She was indeed beautiful.

He had read that the Queen did not have a consort or Queen while she was still in Essos. He now wondered why Daenerys Targaryen had not chosen the woman from Naath as her Queen. He was thankful that Daenerys had not. This left it open for his daughter to capture his Queen’s heart.

He had at first wondered about the scribe’s demeanor. She had seemed morose when he first arrived at the Queen’s party. The woman on the initial part of their journey had been quiet and seemed somewhat sullen. He saw the Queen trying to talk to her and be rebuffed. Then the girl had been in such agony he had called a halt to the ride for that day even though they had maybe three more hours they could have traveled on. Such misery called to Eddard’s soul. He felt great compassion for the woman.

He had been surprised to have Stannis give an excuse and say the ride had to quit for the day. Eddard had half believed the man’s back was acting up the way he gripped it and grimaced. The man was so fucking literal and hard spirited about everything. He would have expected him to bark at Daenerys that the small woman was dead weight. She needed to be left behind. Something had seemed to soften the man slightly. He no longer seemed to have an iron pole shoved up his ass. He was still Stannis just a slightly softer more rounded version of the man he knew. He liked the change.

Eddard himself had been anguished. He knew in the morning he would have to talk to Daenerys about the small scribe slowing down their march.

The next morning the girl woke up all bubbly and smiling. He had been shocked at her change in demeanor. He was more shocked in the change of her physical appearance. She could barely move the night before. Now the small black teenager was moving freely. She was smiling and giving everyone encouraging remarks. She thanked himself and Stannis for calling a halt to the journey the day before. That day she had effortlessly climbed up on her horse.

The ride no longer weighed on the woman. Her body seemed totally accustomed to riding now. He had rode to up Daenerys. She had told him that the teenager had a secret love that watched over her. He looked around. “Where is he?”
The Queen had quirked an eyebrow and smiled. “It is a woman Eddard.”

Eddard nodded his head. It kind of made sense. The Queen was gay. Arya was gay. Why wouldn’t Missandei be gay too he supposed.

“Does that bother you Eddard Stark? A woman loving a woman?”

Eddard kept his face neutral. He was still unsure why his daughter and Queen had not bonded yet.

“No. Should it?”

The queen had looked at him nonplussed. He rode back to the other Lords and caught up with house politics.

Again Eddard worked over in his head what he could observe between Daenerys Targaryen and his daughter. He was perplexed. Daenerys was always near her daughter or if not her eyes were constantly seeking Arya out. His daughter did the same thing. When together they moved just that little bit closer to each other than decorum dictated.

They were always touching each other to make a point. He would watch one or the other one of them let their horse slip back just a little way. When they did that they would let their face drop its guard and stare with long lingering gazes. They would lick their lips and eyes go all agog staring with open lust. Then when the object of their desire would turn their head to make a comment or find where they had gone he would see the mask come back up.

Renly had come up to him one time. “You want to join in?”

“Join in?”

“Yeah. The pool.”

“Pool?”

“Yes. The pool as to when your daughter and Daenerys start fucking … they got it bad for each other but for some reason they just don’t quite seem to get to the point of doing the nasty.”

Eddard had looked at Renly. The man smiled evilly at him. Eddard briefly considered punching him in the face for speaking of his daughter and Queen so coarsely. He had immediately paused though. Had he not sent Arya South for just that reason? The prophecy had been most clear. His daughter’s open infatuation and already strong love for Daenerys had been clearly evident.

He had actually sent his daughter South with the clear hope she would capture the Queen’s heart. In capturing Daenerys’ heart Arya would both ensure her safety and that the Queen would be predisposed to hear his pleas of the true danger.

Arya had succeeded it was clear. The Queen had fulfilled Arya’s hopes and dreams. They were clearly in love with each other. Then why had they not commiserated their love? He knew the Septons would harp about the need to stay a virgin till the wedding bed. He had but he knew for a fact that Brandon had been a regular Lothario.

Brandon had always teased his younger brother in his chaste ways. He had never worried about it till the night he had to fulfill his brother’s duty. He had not even kissed a girl. Cat may have been a virgin but she definitely knew how to kiss a lot better than he had.

“You know we are talking about my daughter don’t we Renly? I ought to really thrash you for such
language."

“Oh loosen up Eddard. We have all lost a fucking fortune betting on when your daughter would be bedding Daenerys. We keep losing and having to come up with new dates. They got it bad for each other but they just keep flitting around like a bee trying to decide which flower to land on. You can almost smell the sex on them they want each other so bad.”

Oberyn had come riding up. Eddard grimaced. He was not surprised. Whenever the subject of sex was involved that man could not be far behind.

“Come on Eddard. We all know you sent your wild child down to King’s Landing to seduce and bed the Queen.” Eddard glared at Oberyn for so blatantly laying his plans open for all to see. He glanced at the Queen and his daughter. No. She did not know his plans. Thank the old gods. Once she bedded Arya it would not matter. Till then though …

Eddard could not fully stop the blush that crept up his face. To hear it so boldly put forth was a little disconcerting. He still couldn’t help but wonder if the Queen had put two and two together yet. He looked at her again mooning over Arya who was looking over the landscape. The Queen had it bad that was for sure. Why hadn’t she bedded his daughter?!

“You might as well bet. Everyone in Dorne and here were betting on when Cersei and Obara would finally start doing the nasty.” Oberyn laughed hard. “I have heard Tyrion lost a fucking fortune betting my sweet Cersei and Obara would never fuck. I wish you could have seen the look on my Ellaria’s face when we went to the officer’s sauna to fuck.” Eddard saw the man smirk seeing him grimace. Eddard knew he was stiff when it came to sex. Oberyn knew it too and was playing his cards with open glee.

“We had come waltzing in and lo and beheld what do we see but Cersei sitting on her ass and nearly burying her whole face in my eldest daughter’s pussy gobbling it like her life depended on it. She was making all these obscene slurping noises and moaning like she had just seen heaven. Gods that woman can eat some mean pussy. Cersei made my daughter scream in almost agonizing pleasure.”

“Winterfell.”

“What was that Eddard?” Renly asked him with an evil look on his face.

“Winterfell. Within twenty-four hours. Ten dragons.” He rode off to get away from his tormentors as he heard the two men laughing.

Eddard grimaced. He had just laid a bet as to when his daughter would bed the Queen of Westeros and half of Essos. He would have never believed it he thought with a half-smile. Eddard Stark betting on his daughter having lesbian sex with the Queen of Westeros. The world was indeed changing.

Soon all smiles had left his face. Eddard again considered what he had heard from the Queen about Roose Bolton and Walder Frey. He had schooled his features. Never show your hot emotions was one of Eddard’s axioms. On the outside he may have appeared to be calm and controlled but on the inside he had been full of fury and rage.

He had never liked the man. His father had taught him and Brandon that the House of Bolton while strange and keeper of old ways but that they were loyal and savage warriors on the field of battle. His father had thought of them as valued allies.

Roose Bolton was three years his elder and had come to head his house one year before he had.
Eddard had quickly come to dislike the man immensely. Whatever taint ran in that family lineage had risen to the surface with the man. He was more bold and more contemptuous of the edicts of the Warden of the North. Roose made it plain that the new ways were rubbish. He said he followed the edicts that Eddard enforced. His father and he knew his brother would have been the same in not closely enforcing edicts outlawing the Ritual of First Right and the disgusting habit of flaying the skin off his enemies.

When Eddard became Warden of the North he had made it clear to Roose that the laws on the books would be enforced and those breaking them would be severely punished. Since that time he had been playing a game of cat and mouse with Roose. He knew the man was still doing the old traditions but he could never prove it. Victims would not provide testimony. Of course there were almost never any victims left to interview. He never could understand the grip that Roose had on his people.

On top of all that was Roose’s disgusting habit of leeching himself. The man was as a pale as fucking ghost and only spoke in a whisper. The man bled himself continuously. Misquotes would starve if they had to live off that man.

He had longed to have evidence to move against the vile man. Now he had been provided a godsend. Roose was going to hand himself into Eddard’s hand. The vile man was slowly making his own noose knot by knot. After the Queen and Missandei had informed him of Bolton’s treachery the Queen had told him she had an idea of how to handle the traitors.

Eddard turned to her. Arya was nearly vibrating at his side. She especially hated Ramsey Bolton the bastard son of Roose. The boy was rumored to have hunts that involved women. He hunted them like foxes. When he ran them to ground he would rape and kill them. Again it was only rumors. The young man was evil and vile tempered. He needed to be put down too.

His daughter had looked at him with fire and hate in her eyes. He knew that if they met on the field of the battle his youngest daughter would gut the cur.

“What is your plan my Queen?”

“I propose that we let them form their own noose and put their necks in them. We will be camping near the wall at Castle Black I presume?”

Eddard had told her that was his plan. The wall should provide a defense long enough for forces to move to a different point of attack if the Ice King should attack elsewhere.

The main path through the wall was at Castle Black. That was the weak point.

“I agree.”

“I propose to put them on the edge our encampment. We will watch them for treachery. Their plan is to lie low until the battle starts. I propose that we inform them they are the strategic reserve. Held back to be used where and when we need. There forces would be held to staunch any breach of our defenses or to exploit any breach we make.”

“That should play into their plans. They will think their gods are listening to their prayers. That we are playing into their hands. That we are fools. I think we should have a third house held back that is loyal to us. We don’t want them to become suspicious at them alone being held back. That should play into their plans so they should readily accept that proposal. It will put them in perfect positon to attack us from the rear.”
“The camps closest to them will be held at the highest alert. We will keep as much heavy cavalry as possible near them. We will have to keep the numbers lower than I like but we must maintain the subterfuge. We will have long lances and pikes hidden in the ranks to allow the soldiers to create phalanxes. I will position the bulk of my Unsullied that I have brought on this march with the heavy cavalry. Together this will hem in the traitors. Then as they are pinned my dragons will teach them the meaning of the word ‘Dracarys!’”

Eddard was most impressed. He could not have come up with a better master stroke. His only thought was to have some longbow men leavened in with the ranks. He wanted to beef up the archery ranks to be able to overwhelm the archery of the two traitor’s houses. The arrows would both find marks and keep the enemy pinned down. He asked if her dragons need fear arrows.

Daenerys informed him that dragon’s eyelids were able to stop an arrow. She explained that dragons had many sights. One seemed to be the very energy that bodies put off. When close they could use that to aim their dragon fire and keep their eyes closed. She told Eddard she had seen the equivalent while sailing her fleet off Volantis during its siege. She had seen a large shark come up on a seal in the water from underneath. As the shark moved it in its eyes rolled back into its head for protection. Her dragons had the same attribute.

“What will you do with the traitors if they survive the battle?”

“I would want to flay the skin off Roose before his men. But then I would be committing the same atrocity he commits. One crime does not justify another.”

He saw the Queen’s eyes go far away and a haunted look come over her face. Arya had seen it too and instinctively move to be close to Daenerys back and she rubbed it in small circles murmuring to Daenerys it was alright.

Eddard felt his heart warm. Yes indeed they were in love. Why had then not consummated their love? He did not worry. Bran’s prophecy had been clear. It would happen. Now that he thought about it, it made sense.

Winterfell.

Eddard saw the Queen lean into Arya’s touch with a soft smile on her face and she looked at Arya with unguarded eyes. Arya did the same.

Then the Queen suddenly stiffened and looked at Eddard with a worried look. Her face became guarded and she thanked Arya for her compassion.

Eddard now understood that the Queen feared his reaction to her feelings and desires for his daughter. If they could not find their way to each other once they got to Winterfell he would talk to the Queen. Strange how such a powerful and confident woman could be so timid in matters of the heart. In a way though it comforted Eddard. She would be so good to his little girl.

Daenerys was a strange contradiction in some ways. She was so passionate. It had led her to utterly crush her enemies. She had crucified over five hundred people for what she saw on the road to Meereen. Her rising up from the sewers of that City to throw it down was legend. Daenerys seemed to feel no fear and battle and always led from the front. This was something that had immediately called to the Warden of the North. He admired a Queen or King who led by example.

Her defeat of Volantis and its vaunted defenses was so audacious it made Eddard’s head spin. The chances she took staggered him. He now saw that those victories still haunted her. His victories did
too. He still woke up at night hearing the screams of the dying. He had seen to many men’s lives end on his sword.

Eddard resumed with telling the Queen what he would do with Roose Bolton. “If he or Ramsey are left alive I will chop their heads off with Ice the traditional sword of House Stark. It is a Valyrian blade my Queen.

“I know. I made a point of getting an inventory of all the known blades of Valyrian descent in Westeros. My Maester has been able to provide a list. In Essos I have Illyrio Mopatis doing that for me.”

“May I ask why?”

Daenerys chuckled. “You know I can’t really say. I guess it is just me being curious. So much of my culture disappeared with the death of my homeland.”

They had talked a little more of defense and the dealing of traitors.

“There is one more thing I need to bring to your attention my Queen. You will be told it is another myth and even I cannot be sure of its authenticity. But I believe it is real.”

“What is it?”

“The Ice King has found the true horn of Winter. It is only briefly mentioned in the oldest texts from the Age of Heroes but it was rumored to have been created by a great sorcerer from across the seas.”

“What does it do” the Queen asked curiously. “Does it invoke Winter at the blowers command?”

“I wish that was its power my Queen. If blown at the Wall it will bring the wall down.”

“How do you know this?”

“Jon’s witch wives have seen it on the Ice King’s throne or around his body. He put powerful rune magic on it to ward it. He definitely believes in its authenticity.”

“Strange they did not mention this while they were with us.”

“I think they had their focus elsewhere my Queen. They were focused on showing the truth to the Houses of Westeros in the South. That and the injures they suffered I think clouded that truth being reveled.

The night that Eddard had arrived to meet the Queen the wives had come to Eddard in the middle of the night. The camp was quiet as they came silently walking their horses to Eddard’s sleeping furs. He liked looking up at the stars. Eddard being a soldier was a light sleeper. He saw the witches and Daenerys with them. She looked sleepy but was alert with her sword on her back.

“We have come to bid the Queen and Jon’s father goodbye.”

Daenerys had asked them why they were leaving so soon. Had they fully recovered?

The witches had informed them they had fully recovered. They longed to be back with their husband. They did not feel complete without him.

Eddard had thought how fortunate his son was to have such loving wives.

They gave their salutations. The Queen had thanked them profusely for uniting her people. She
would forever be in there debt. The witches had told the Queen that John was one of her subjects and they therefore were her subjects too. They had been able to perform her a service and had been honored to do so.

They mounted their horses. Ygritte looked down at Eddard.

“When this war is over Jon will be handing in his commission. He will leave the Night’s Watch and we will leave the wall.”

“Where you go? Back to your homeland of Asshai. If so, I will miss Jon and I will miss his wives.”

“Oh hell no, we aren’t going back to that dark and dreary land. It sucks let me tell you.”

“We want to take our abode in the Sandhills. We want your blessing to live in his ‘nature preserve’ you have established. We can help protect and nurture the wildlife living in it. We can accelerate the return to health species hunted to near extinction. This way we can continue to serve in our own way.”

“Do we have your blessing in this Eddard Stark, father of Jon Snow?”

Eddard only had to think for a second. Once he would have been angered that his son was forsaken his vows. That was before his attempted assassination at the hands of the very Crows he was pledge to led and serve. This last year had forced Eddard to open his mind to new thinking. For centuries the Crows had only been populated with criminals and the destitute. With only a few nobles sprinkled in. There had to be a better way. He would talk to Oberyn.

“You have my blessing. Will you mind visits by the in-laws.”

Ygritte laughed. Melisandre sighed “It will be tolerated” but she had a soft smile on her face.

“Oh hell Eddard, I think we will be paying you some visits.”

With that they had ridden off into the rising morning fog.

“My Queen, with the Horn of Winter the Ice King will be able to bring the Wall down. A barrier that has existed for eight thousand years will be no more.”

“Are you sure it will ‘bring’ the wall down?”

Eddard paused. Now that he thought about he was not exactly sure how the wall would be destroyed. There was no scroll to reference that specially spoke on how the Horn of Winter would attack the Wall. Everyone just knew, or maybe the proper word to use was the word ‘assume’, that the Horn being blown would tear the Wall asunder.

“It has always been lore that the Wall would be torn down.”

Daenerys replied “I heard such a story in Essos. There was once a City called Heriocho. Their enemies marched around the City seven times and then sounded a horn and the walls came down. More probably a fortuitous earthquake. Have you ever laid siege warfare Eddard?”

“No I have not Daenerys (raised eyebrow) ummm Dany. My battles have always been fought on the fields of battle. Sieges are quite prolonged and messy. The causalities can be high if you do not starve your foes out.”

“I agree. I avoided siege warfare until I came to Volantis. Volantis has seamless walls of fused
black dragonstone, harder than steel or diamond. It was a symbol of my people’s power and might. The walls are two hundred feet tall and wide enough for dragons to land and traverse on and actually lie and sleep on. The walls meant to stand in mute testimony to Volantis’s origins as the first Valyrian Freehold and military outpost off the Valyria peninsula.”

“I brought down a five hundred foot section of that wall. Do you know what I had in front of me?”

“No.”

“I had a big, high nearly eighty foot high and one hundred foot wide pile of rubble that would take much effort to traverse. Your ice Wall is as hard with the magic in it like the walls of Volantis and over three times as high. Do you see where I am going Eddard?”

“Yes I do Daen—Dany but but … well I don’t know. The thought of the Wall coming down is very disconcerting. How can you be so cavalier about that possibility?”

Daenerys eyes twinkled. “I was not raised to be married to that Wall at the hip. I do not want to see it come down. It is a very effective barrier to keep the Land of Always Cold separate from the rest of Westeros. Also, with this senseless war with the Wildlings it has been an effective barrier against them.”

“When the war is over I will be allowing the Wildlings to freely enter Westeros. I know they don’t bend the knee but I can work with that. The wildlings of the North have many things going for them. They deserve to experience what they wish of the land below the Wall. I suspect they will more than likely visit and go back to their native lands.” Daenerys snorted. “For the Wildlings the land below the Wall will be their summer vacation.”

The Queen stopped. She saw Eddard smirk smiling at him. “You seem to be taking this very well Eddard. I just said that this eight thousand war with the Wildlings was to be ended.”

Eddard could not help but chuckle. Seeing the Queen puffing her chest out on the issue was humorous.

“What is so funny? I am not used to be chuckled at when I make Earth shaking pronouncements Eddard Stark.” Eddard watched her pinch her nose. “Okay. Out with it.”

“My son has already allowed the Wildings through the wall and given them the Gift. I have given him permission to allow them to settle the New Gift as well if they pledge to serve our military needs in time of war. They will form councils that meet with my Lords to discuss edicts. I am finding that they are most willing to follow well thought out and softly given edicts. They are having to get used to the concept of taxation.

“Once they were informed that this ‘taxation’ we would be health clinics, communal compounds and provide vets for their animals they suddenly saw the usefulness of this “taxation.”

Once the threat is removed many if not most want will most probably want to move back to their ancestral lands. Some of the youngest Lord’s sons want to live in the far north and are willing to follow the Wildling way. I am getting used to their “right of the hunt”. It seems when they have bedded a lass they will ‘hunt’ them and take them as their mate. I have heard that their women are quite adept at it too. This is taking some getting used to. It is strange to see a Lord’s daughter over some spearwife’s shoulder.”

“What happened in these events?”

“When the daughter breaks down sobbing she wants to be a “trophy” and the Lord is given large
dowries of furs, beautifully carved wood, jade, onyx and silver most are quite happy.”

“You are okay with this Eddard?”

“I am trying to be progressive my Queen. You have opened many possibilities to Westeros. I am not shackled to the past.”

He had almost asked the Queen about her thoughts on the right of the sexes to marry whom they wished but decided that the time was not now. He did not want to upset in anyway the bond between Arya and Daenerys. He could sense they were close to consummating their love. He was sure it would happen in Winterfell. It just felt so right. His wife would have her triple wedding.

Plus, he was almost ashamed to admit he really did want to win the bet he had placed.

“I must ask why you are not worried about the Ice King bringing the wall down Dany? It would seem to be such a strategic advantage.”

“Over time yes. But we and He are obviously gearing ourselves to have a decisive battle. This battle will be sharp and quick. The wall coming down will create a huge pile of jumbled ice rocks that will be hundreds of feet tall and several hundred feet thick I deem. Their dead would find the very hard to navigate. We will be able to pick off many with from range. Their awkward balance to begin with would make them easy targets.”

“We know they have some aerial ally but I have three dragons. I have a plan on how to deploy them. I will test this soon. From what I experienced when Jon’s wives were attacked it was only one entity. I am used to how my dragons fly and attack. The attacks on the Blood Phoenix was by one creature. I am sure of it. It flew by and had to bank to attack again. It is large with the time between attacks. I will kill this ‘thing’ and then my dragons will burn our foes as they cross the jumbled mess they created.”

“We will not be able to attack in mass but neither will they. We will have to abandon the Wall.”

“What?!”

Now it was Daenerys turn to smirk and chuckle. “Don’t be married to that three hundred mile long wall of Ice Eddard. The greatest benefit the Ice King would have in bringing the wall down suddenly would be in killing the men and women manning it. It would decimate the Crows and Wildlings. The loss of life and crushing of moral would be devastating to us.”

Eddard was stunned with how easily his Queen adjusted to new information and was willing to devise new tactics. Her conquests of so many diverse enemies and civilizations in Essos had given her this gift of forming the tactics necessary to fight her foes and not let preconceived notions stop her.

Eddard shook his head. Now that she had given him her reasoning it seemed so logical that he could not now hardly remember his objections.

He had one more worry. He told the Queen about how Jon’s wives had used dead animals to spy on the Ice King in his camp in the far North. With him on the move they would not be able to safely find more hosts so spy on them from up close. With the attacks on the witches and their Blood Phoenix it was now clear that the Ice King had a vile creature that could take to the air.

How would reconnoiter they enemy.

“I have been considering that very question myself Eddard. I feel that I have a way to safely use my
dragons against our enemy to spy on him. He will know it of course but I like that idea.”

She then explained to Eddard her reasoning. Again Eddard was impressed with how she had reasoned the problem out from all angels and come up with a solution. The Queen needed to write down her military theories and her battle tactics she used and make sure they were inscribed at the Wall, the Citadel and Battleborne Academy.

Her writings would be required reading for centuries to come.

As they rode further into the North Eddard considered this woman who was Queen of all of Westeros. She had organized her forces and provided logistical support like he had never seen or read of in all the annals of Westeros. He was sure there was no such annals in Essos.

How had this barely twenty year old woman become such a military genius? She was a great general but also a great warrior. She had been long in her tent this morning before they set out. When she had come out her hair was simply full of bells. She had well over a hundred bells in her hair. Her hair was ablaze with silver and the tinkling chimes with her movements made her appear like an elf from legends.

She was tiny enough to be a tall First People. All she needed were the pointed ears and arched eyebrows.

Eddard had complimented her on her many bells. She had told Eddard that his daughter had finally convinced her to wear some of the bells she had won in combat. She had halved the number she wore since she had felt her use of dragons should make her not show the full amount of bells. Plus, Arya had convinced her that she should not treat a battle as the only victory. But each kill and tactical victory in a larger battle was worthy of a silver bell.

Daenerys had also acquired rare copper, brass and gold bells that some Dothraki wore. She preferred the silver for it enhanced the color of her platinum tresses. She did not have them in her hair now because of it.

Arya was simply staring at Daenerys with open lust. The silver of the bells and white of the Targaryen’s hair was quite beautiful Eddard had to concur. He knew who Dany’s hair would be on come her wedding day.

The Queen informed Eddard that she had picked up on the hording Dragon Glass. She had massive stores heading North to the Wall. She fretted that she wanted more. He did too. When you are letting arrows loose in formation so many missed. But still when she told him of the many thousands of obsidian tipped weapons she had had made and he added those to his counts Eddard felt much more assured.

They now had the weapons to fight the Ice King. Jon fretted with the knowledge of what might have been accomplished if the Night’s Watch had these weapons five years ago. Eddard could not change the past. They had not had the weapons. The past could not be undone. He had done the best he could do with the options he had had at the time. Eddard knew he could not have done any better.

Eddard looked behind him. They were on a walk break to rest the horses. He saw Oberyn waving his spear butt in a circle in front of Nymeria’s face. The wolf’s head moving around in a circle following the spear. Her tongue lulling out and drooling heavily. Eddard could see chew marks on the fire hardened iron wood. Eddard was impressed. Oberyn really loved his spears. For him to be playing with Arya’s direwolf spoke volumes. The wolf’s tail was a blur of agitated desires.
Oberyn stopped moving his spear and the wolf bounded forward. Oberyn jerked it back and spun it over his head and now the spear was on the other side of his horse. The wolf howled and snapped wildly at Oberyn. The man just laughed at Nymeria which made the wolf go wild jumping and flipping in frustration. Arya was laughing and egging Nymeria on to get the spear which made her wolf howl and snap even more.

Nymeria kept chasing the spear and with a feint grabbed ahold of the spear and ripped it from Oberyn. He roared in anger at the wolf and then howled at Arya for urging the “confounding wolf on”. Arya grinned at him and spurred her horse forward to her wolf. “Let’s go Nymeria!” She stuck her hand down and the Direwolf let her master take the spear and they both took off at a fast gallop with a furious Oberyn giving chase screaming curses and threats.

Eddard heard his daughter’s laughter fading down the road.

Eddard had something on his mind and decided now was the time to bring it up with the Queen while Arya was riding down the road with her direwolf beside her. Oberyn giving chase howling curses as if he was the Direwolf.

Eddard took a deep breath. He trusted in Bran’s prophecy totally but seeing the Queen up close had created the smallest worm of doubt to enter his thoughts. She had the right to know. He was unsettled with the Queen and Arya not yet being lovers. Was he letting his desires cloud his senses and judgement?

He made a coughing sound to get the Queen’s attention. He took a deep breath. “Daenerys Targaryen—“

“Dany.”

“I think I should address by your full name for this Daenerys Targaryen. I need to talk to you about your throne and the matter of succession and ascension to the throne.”

Eddard say Daenerys eyes flare with doubt. He could see that he had better get straight to the point.

“I need to tell you the true lineage of my bastard Jon Snow.”

He saw Daenerys face show confusion. She spoke with hesitancy “you are going to tell me who you fathered your child with?” he heard the tone of Daenerys voice. Why are you telling me this?

“Jon Snow is not my son my Queen.”

Daenerys Targaryen stared at him. He could see her mental gears working as she tried to decipher where he was taking this conversation.

“I told everyone that he was my son because he obviously had the look of House Stark. My wife has always accused me that Jon looks more like me than our own sons. I have suffered greatly to perpetuate this lie.”

“Then why do it?”

“Jon Snow is the son of House Stark … (he saw the Queen looking at him with rising agitation) his mother was my sweet sister Lyanna.”

A long silence. “You slept with your own sister?”

“Jon’s father was Rhaegar Targaryen your brother. I claimed Jon as mine to spare him the wrath of
Robert Baratheon. Robert never could see clearly when it came to your family. If Robert had known the truth of Jon’s lineage he would have come to kill him. I would have protected Lyanna’s child with my life and I would have plunged Westeros into another war. I refused to do that. So I perpetuated the lie that Jon was my son. Jon is your nephew.”

“Oh my Gods” Daenerys mouth worked and closed. She looked around and then her vision snapped down the road looking for Arya.

“My Queen as you walked through fire to be reborn with your dragons my son too walked through fire. He tells me he made his decision thinking of you.”

“I had nothing to do with that Eddard.”

“When Jon came out of the flames he had been reborn. He is still my sweet son but he is also Azor Ahai reborn. He now has silver white hair and lilac eyes. I thought you should know. I know of the traditions of your family.”

The Queen looked at him for a long time. She looked down the road and in the distance she saw Oberyn and Arya slowly riding their horses back to the group as Arya held the spear away from Oberyn. They could not hear him but they both knew he was cursing her and her wolf.

Eddard saw the soft smile on her face. His heart beat slower. He had his answer.

“Eddard. This is between you and me. I don’t want Arya to know of this until I tell her. I know she will be fearful if she knows this with my family’s traditions.”

“Should she be?”

Daenerys laughed. “Eddard since I was thirteen I have been prophesied to endlessly. Prophecy this prophecy that. My brother was obsessed with the old ways. It got him a crown of molten gold.” She shook her head. “Don’t take this the wrong way but I have no desire to marry your son. I play for another team.”

Eddard knew the queen thought he did not know what she implied. He hid his smile. He had a bet to win.

“Remember to let me tell her Eddard. I know the history of my family better than anyone else. It is family history after all. I just wish people would stop trying to put me in one hole or another. I choose my destiny. Not man or the gods will direct my path. I choose for myself my path.

They turned their attention back to their companions. None were within earshot of their soft conversation.

Stannis and Renly were arguing about nothing. Willis was chiming in at random moments.

Yes. Eddard’s Game of Thrones had worked. He had brought a united South to the North.

“My Queen?”

“Yes My Warden?”

“Touche. Dany. I am curious. How did my Game of Thrones go down with you? I did everything I could to drive you crazy and yet give just enough reasons to not attack. You seem very calm.”

Dany laughed. “You made a very wise decision sending your daughter to me. Having royal
hostages in both camps calmed the waters all around. Of course your daughter did on our first meeting fire two arrows at my head as I sat on the Iron throne. The arrows I will have you know landed not an inch from ears. When I looked right and left I saw them quivering in the Iron Throne.” Eddard mouth fell open. “Then she beat the living shit out of me. She actually stomped on my cunt—that really, really hurt. Of course I gave back as good as I got. I hear it has become called “Love at First Fist”. Daenerys trailed off looking at his daughter with that love hotly flowing out her lilac eyes. Arya laughing at Nymeria did not see it.

Eddard did.

Yes indeed. His plans had been totally successful.

Ice King

He looked up into the cerulean sky. They had first appeared four days ago. They flew high up in the air. They flew so high that they could soar over the tops of the Ice Fang Mountains if they had so chosen. He stared up with icy hate. His true son on his back was filled with hate but great fear.

When the dragons had first lazily flew up from the South it had been his son who first saw them with his magically enhanced senses. The Croyel had felt them cross over the wall. The wall itself attenuated his true son’s senses. When the dragons had breached that border the Croyel’s limbs had trashed in remembered terrors. The sharp claws of his toes and fingers digging and ripping his father, the Ice King, icy flesh. The magical bond they had instantly started to heal the wounds but they were painful to endure.

He normally felt anger at his true son for such cowardice. Not with dragons. He too had felt their magical fire that had burned with the force of the sun. He and the Croyel had nearly died underneath the mighty black dragon’s savage attack. The Ice King’s body shivered as he repressed fear with hate.

Ice Fang was flying low over the forest hunting and he had sent his favorite pet away sending it away to the east. He told him to fly to the Antler River and hide in the valley along the ox box turns. He did not want to risk his pet with the three dragons flying as one.

Finally, his son pointed to the Southern horizon. His son let him slip into his skin and his senses. Then the Ice King saw them flying in. They were dizzyingly high in the sky. He doubted that his pet could reach such heights himself. His frigid nature was not inured to the cold of such heights. His body would shatter. Not these dragons. Their internal heat was like a raging forest fire even from this great distance.

Their magical fires enhanced their heat. He had found that out to his great determent. When he had first felt the magical flames of these beast of Valyria he had screamed in agony. His shields would have been blasted to shards if not for his true son strengthening his spells. Even then it had been a close thing. They had barely survived by fleeing in a desperate teleportation spell that Roger Covenant had helped a brother of his Croyel learn. Once a Croyel knew a new knowledge it was instantly shared with all his brethren through their shared racial memory.

He watched the dragons flying up the Fist of the First Men. He did not attempt to hide this time. He knew it was useless. In some way, that he nor his Croyel son could understand, the dragons were able to discern their true position despite any spells caste. The Ice King had learned that they could not hide from these dragons. The Ice King smiled. He would turn a weakness into a strength. The fact that he could not hide would be his advantage now.
He stood out in the open as the dragons approached. They saw him. He felt their hate and they felt
his. He knew that though they flew as high as the heavens that the dragons saw him as if he was a
short ways away from them. He unsheathed Ice Death and flashed it in the early morning sun. He
did not like the light of the hot sun but it no longer weakened him like it had before his true son came
to him.

Back and forth he ripped his sword above his head in defiance. His son bit harder into his neck and
drank freely drawing strength and a least a little measure of bravery from his father. The Ice King
used a voice he did not need with his kin and shouted threats up to the sky. His voice a shrill scream
of anger and fury.

The dragons flew up to the Fist of the First Men in a lazy crisscrossing pattern. He could see that the
dreaded Queen had heard of the fate of the Blood Phoenix his pet had nearly dispatched. It had been
a shame for the creature to escape. He had felt two presences inside the loathsome beast. He felt the
same pulse of magic that had filled the breast of Azor Ahai in that ancient past age.

The knowledge had led the Ice King to devise the perfect plan. He knew that the forces of the hot
bloods would need to know of his movements. He had merely waited for the means to appear. He
could feel the forces rising against him to the South. He felt them in the marrow of his frozen bones.
He waited. He knew that the eyes of the hot bloods saw best in daylight.

He had his pet flying high. When the blood magic of the Blood Phoenix came racing North he felt
the Shadowbender magic that had made Azor so mighty. He sent his pet even higher.

He had looked up at the Blood Phoenix with all his hate. He caught the vile beast’s full attention.
He had felt such elation when Ice Fang had dived down from above and attacked again and again as
the beast faltered but somehow kept aloft. He could sense that only one pass more or maybe two
would kill it and the witches inside it. Somehow they had escaped.

It did not matter. The trap had been sprung. Their deaths and the death of the Blood Phoenix would
have only made it all the sweeter.

Now he let the trap close tighter. He smiled up at the dragons. The dragons were drawing the noose
tighter around their necks and that of their silver haired queen and did not even know it. He flashed
his sword and roared his defiance.

He saw that the largest dragon was flying a thousand feet below the white and green dragons. The
two smaller dragons were constantly flying in tight figure eights a thousand feet above the black
dreed. Their flight pattern allowing them to watch over the black dragon below them and each
other. Their necks craning to look around and below themselves.

There would be no surprising them as the Blood Phoenix had been surprised. He felt the dragons’
anger. They greatly desired to dive down and rend his body and burn it to slag and melted glass. He
shook his sword.

He and his Croyel son had worked on their magical wards. The spells were much stronger now.
They were more attuned to the magical vibrancy of the Dragons’ fire. Their magical shields would
not hold for long but they would endure long enough. He had his Giant sons by his side with their
long thick ice spears. His many other sons of human origin had their swords drawn and they too
flashed them up at the dragons.

For the dragons to attack him and his true son they would have to come down and attack directly.
His shields would now protect him from passing attacks. He knew the dragons were too intelligent
to attack alone without their mother to guide them but it was worth the effort. If they came down to
They did not come down to play and die. He would wait. Time was now on his side. His trap had been set in motion. Nothing could prevent it springing shut.

Now he used his enemy’s senses and their power against them. He would no longer hide from them. It did no good. He had found a way to take a weakness and make it a strength.

The Ice King had waited for the dragons to visit him. He knew in time they would appear high in the sky. The hated Dragon Queen would need to know of him and his position. He merely had to wait. Once the visits started they did not cease. They may pause but they would not stop the Ice King knew. They visited mostly during the daylight hours but also at night. He could not see them but he felt their presence high above using their far sight. They never wavered in their staying high in the air. He had to admire the Queen’s iron resolve. She would not be tempted in bringing her dragons lower. She was not one to make rash decisions or act without thinking.

The Ice King hated her for being so wise. Her wisdom would only make her death all the sweeter. The list of denizens that needed to die by his hand was growing ever longer. It did not matter that his enemies seemed to be multiplying. He would kill them all.

He looked out over his great host spread out in the river plains of the Milkwater River. Much of his force was still hidden in the great Haunted Forest shambling forward to their eventual destination. He would not be rushed into attacking before he was ready.

He had been greatly angered when the hated Crow commander had killed a raiding and scouting party he had sent out before the wall. He too needed to reconnoiter his enemy. The Ice King had not been shocked that the crows seemed to have learned of Dragon Glass. It was the one thing beside fire that he feared. Still the Ice King was sure that they had exhausted much of their stores of dragon glass in this fight.

The loss of so many sons had enraged him but the Ice King knew that sacrifice was necessary. He still remembered that from when he was still human. When his blood still ran hot instead of icy cold.

He had actively scoured the lands under his demise seeking out and destroying what dragon glass that still existed from the previous wars against man and what the first people had left. There could only be so much left. He was sure that this Jon Snow the reborn avatar of Azor Ahai had hoped to defeat his party and teach him fear and hesitation.

But the Ice King knew the truth. Jon Snow would have exhausted his limited supply of Dragon Glass. He may have achieved a victory but it would cost him dearly in the end. He would make Jon Snow’s death most heinous. He would love it. The screams of Jon Snow as he was killed and then turning into a soulless dead

In times past he may have hesitated but he had grown strong with his true son. The Croyel gurgled feeding on his icy blue blood. He still had to wait for his expedition to get in place. He had to wait for the forces of the hot blood to form before the wall. He hoped they would pour their men onto the wall to reinforce it. When he blew the Horn of Winter it would bring the wall down. He smiled to himself seeing in his mind’s eye the falling of the wall and the death of most of the Crow’s and Wildlings manning the wall. Their shocked looks and screams of terror would be so sweet to witness.

His son began to cry out again. This fear angered the Ice King. He lashed his son with mental flails of anger and wrath. He withdrew his blood from his throat and the Croyel screamed in hunger and
fear. The Croyel subsumed his bleating and again quieted down. The Ice King would use this weapon. He was the mightiest force on the Earth. Even if he was weakened he would still be mightier than any other force left to oppose him.

He could live with that bargain. He would bring down the Wall. The Croyel had prepared spells to give them the advantage for when the wall came down. Yes his time was coming. He would kill all his enemies. He would raise them up again and let them led his next assaults on Westeros and if still mobile he would use them in the first attacks on Essos until their bodies were no more.

The Ice King smiled at that thought.

The dragons flew overhead for half an hour before they banked and flew back to the South still flying in patterns of self-defense.

The Ice King considered his human “allies”. The fools would die knowing that their betrayal of their brothers had not saved them from the same death.

They had been initially spooked when their emissary party form House Bolton to House Frey had come across a strange small woman. She was more a child than a woman from what he could gather from the garbled messages. They thought she had been after the satchel that was being carried back to House Frey by Merrett Frey from Roose Bolton.

It seemed that the men wanted some sport with the woman. How typical of hot bloods the Ice King sneered to himself. They had planned on raping the woman. Their plans of rape had evidently been turned by the small woman. She had decimated the Bolton party before their numbers seemed to have driven her off. The Ice King had paused at this news. The Boltons and Freys had gone to ground but no retribution was forthcoming. The satchel had made it through and their secret was safe.

Still, it did bother the Ice King that such an incident had occurred. The woman with her bare hands had crushed and killed with ease from the reports that Roose had been able to glean from the surviving Boltons and Freys. The survivors had been gathered along with patrons who had been present for extensive interviews. What Roose and the Ice King could not fathom was why this woman attacked so savagely and then seemed to just disappear without doing anything but kill men aligned to Roose and House Frey.

Had she just wanted to kill men for the act of attempted rape? That was all they could conclude. The satchel had been left untouched by the woman. This woman was a wildcard. She seemed to have satisfied her need for savagery and disappeared. Hopefully, she would remain so.

The Ice King sensed this woman had great magic in her. Strange how the fates worked. How paths crossed. The Ice King was frozen magic given life. He sensed other magical beings in the world. In time he would hunt them down and kill them. Only he would be allowed to reign on this Earth. He would not brook any possible challengers.

He had asked his true son if this magical woman was known to him. He described to the Croyel the small stature of the woman and the strange green eyes and her pointed ears and eyebrows. How her hair was green. Her great power.

The Croyel found the color green interesting. He knew of She Who Must Not Be Named but she was a true goddess. She had been an amorphous green entity. She had no form and was pure insanity and wrath. The Croyel told him that she had escaped the Earth when Linden Avery had awakened the Worm at the Worlds End. When it had devoured the world She Who Must Not Be Named had made good her escape. The Croyel told the Ice King the woman goddess had with one
It had taken the Croyel a long time to fully explain this A-jeroth who also called himself Lord Foul to the Ice King. It had angered the Ice King no end that despite his threats to his true son the Croyel insisted his might and power paled against that of Lord Foul. When the Ice King half entertained that this Lord Foul might be near his equal he insisted on knowing where this entity abided.

He had been informed that Thomas Covenant had taken the despiser into himself and thus garroted and controlled him. Lord Foul in effect was no more. He was controlled and placated. His self-loathing and hate of the Earth was tamped down.

As powerful as this Lord Foul had been, She Who Must Not Be Named was many times greater. She had been all green. She had long vanished from the Earth. She had been imprisoned in the Earth since near its birth and wanted no more to do with it.

The Ice King considered. His Croyel son allayed his fears. This strange woman was gone from the Earth. He would not have to contend with her. Even if he had to face her he would kill her in the end. None could stand before him he knew. All his plans were coming together. He had tasted defeat. Soon his enemies would know the bitter dregs of defeat. They would know it and then die.

The battle was looming between Ice and Fire. The battle was near on the horizon. The forces of light and dark would do battle and the forces of night would prevail. He could not fully discern his enemies but he felt their power coming North. He knew that the magically inclined among them felt his presence.

They were antithetical to each other. They called him evil but he was not. He was the natural order of true night. He most seek out this “good” as they must seek him out that they in their ignorance called “evil”. They must clash and do combat.

The current generation of men would fail as their fathers had failed before him so long ago. The Ice King smiled. His enemies needed to defeat the forces of “evil” again and again. He merely needed to succeed but once to achieve his aims and goals.

He felt it in the morrow of his frozen bones. This clash would be victory for him. This time it would be his forces that would be victorious. The forces of night would have the victory they had so long sought.

The Shadowbenders claimed that light overcame darkness. They were wrong. They could only hold it back. The time of ‘holding back’ was coming to an end.

A great “evil” from the Southern hemisphere had come to the North to align with him. Together they would first conquer the Ice King’s ancient homeland of Westeros. The magic in this land was near gone. Only the magic of Asshai and the hated god of light R’hllor was left to oppose him. Magic from the Far East. He had been weakened by the mages of Westeros before and then Azor had come upon him and his weakened body and slew him.

Those mages were dead and gone. The bleating hot bloods had forgotten their own weapons! A couple of witches from that cursed land and a human turned into a surrogate of Azor Ahai would not be enough.

This dragon Queen was mighty with her strange glowing sword and the sword of her accomplice was also mighty but the traitors in league with the Ice King had answered his inquiries into these weapons. That they were few in number. The kingdom that had produced them had exploded into myth five hundred years ago. Their magic ripped asunder with the destruction of their homeland of
Valyria.

No more weapons would ever be made. His traitors had been given specific instructions to seek and out kill all holders of such weapons. They were to hold onto them until he could arrive to take them. Of course they did not know that he planned to kill them with selfsame weapons. There would be a certain justice killing the traitors with their own weapons. He smiled at the “poetic justice” of it all as the humans called it.

Yes. All the forces were coming together in his favor. This time Ice and Darkness would overcome Sun and Light.

He had the “wildcard”. He reached back and petted his true son. His son cooed and wiggled his deformed small body into the back of his father. His teeth sinking deeper into his father both feeding and giving sustenance back to his father.

The Croyel knew that with his father he would in time take him across the Soulbiter and Soulcrusher to the Land. He had survived the journey when he was weak. He would be so much more powerful with his father. True the storms would rise in anger against their magic. They were tuned to such magic and sought to prevent beings such as he free passage. He and his father would prevail.

The denizens of the land had much to speak for. Only beings from the Land of Croyel’s birth had ever succeeded in killing what should never know death. He would avenge all his lost brothers. The Croyel drank deep from his father. They both worshiped and sought the same thing.

Soon night would cover the world.

Daenerys

Daenerys was sitting on the cushions in her little tent that was erected each night for her on their “forced” march up to Winterfell. She had decided to move to a tent with her beloved and healed trusted confident. She wanted to be near her sweet Arya and have her trusted scribe nearby. Having the Direwolf and caracal in the tent added foot warming warmth. Now that Missandei had developed her ‘horse’ legs she was back to her normal cheerful self and wanted to be near her Queen. She and Arya were not lovers yet so she was not sacrificing anything. Damnit!

Daenerys had visions of her days back when she was Khaleesi of Khal Drogo’s Khalasar. She remembered fondly the harem she had formed. For a little while her thirteen and fourteen year self had thought she had the best of all worlds.

She had conquered and subsumed Drogo to her will and his Khalasar was following her will. She did not mind fucking him as long as he allowed her to mount her fillies at will. He had found it amusing how his wife was so enthusiastic in her bedding her handmaidens. That was a pleasant memory of her former “light of my life.” It had cost Daenerys nothing to give the Khal the platitudes he craved. It kept him under her sway and control. Daenerys had considered it a small price to pay in fucking Drogo and giving him sweet platitudes. It allowed her to have her harem.

He would call her his ‘star and moon’. She had said the words back. He was convinced she felt the same. Maybe in a way she did. He was, for a Dothraki, remarkably progressive. Now, Daenerys saw that in the end he was still limited in his thinking and world view. He did not have the ability to think outside the box. He was brawn and cunning but lacked the sheer intellect to break his cultural norms.
Daenerys realized now with more life experiences few were. Men rarely thought beyond their limits thinking brute force and traditions gave them their rights to lead nations and the hearth. Women were conditioned to be meek and raised to be subservient by family and tradition.

Daenerys Targaryen had broken those chains. She would lead her own life as she choose. She had met on one like herself on her conquests. The closest she had met were Tyrion Lannister, Olenna Tyrell and Eddard Stark. Each of them were still bound to old ways and could see only partially new paths but they were the most observant of their environment and willing to change to meet the new world that was forming. They were willing to forge destinies that few others would grasp for.

Daenerys grimaced. Eddard Stark had definitely forced a reality on her she would not have chosen. It had in the end been for the realm that he had played his Game of Thrones. What she admired about the man was that he would never have played this Game of Thrones if not for the need to confront the Ice King. The Game of Thrones was the antithesis of Eddard Stark and yet he had played it when he needed to unite the realm to his just cause.

In fact Eddard had played his Game of Thrones so well it had been Daenerys on the end of his marionette strings. She grimaced at that memory. Best to move on and make sure that never happened again the Queen groused to herself.

He had thought outside his box. He had been willing to move beyond his comfort zone. So many would not even conceive of the thought. Daenerys smirked to herself. In many ways she lived outside the box.

She controlled herself around her two companions. Missandei and Arya were animated chattering as they wove the Dothraki bells into her hair. She sat there luxuriating in the feel of their fingers running through her long tresses and the feel of their bodies pressed into hers. She loved the feel of the female body.

Missandei was a beautiful woman, but, it was Arya’s body that set her blood to simmering with repressed lust and raging fuck hunger for her young nubile body.

Men were not ugly or abhorrent to Daenerys. Khal Drogo had been a damn good looking man. Once he stopped treating her as a mare to fuck and produce a son he had proven a good lover. He had made her cum hard and scream to the Khalasar in her gut wrenching pleasure. Daario Naharis had been a good looking man if banal. He had been pleasing to look upon until he opened his mouth and the male ego tripe had started to spew. She had quickly lost interest in him. Daenerys had quickly lost interest in men totally.

It was her fillies fucking her relentlessly night after night that the Khalasar heard. They made her scream as she nearly lost her mind with pleasure. Her mouth, fingers and strap-on had made her mares wail in delight. The Khalasar would gather around her as she fucked her harem to exhaustion with her long thick strap-on cock. She had started to plant the notion then she now realized that it was she who would mount the world to the Dothraki.

It had angered her that society and politics kept fostering men on her. She had decided that she would not accept that fate again. She was Queen of half the known world for crying out loud. She had thought of marring someone like Loras or Renly for cover so they could all pursue their true romantic and lascivious interests behind the proverbial throne curtains.

On her journey, Daenerys had come to a new conclusion though. Fuck that! Maybe Tyrion was right. She would not deny herself true love now that it had appeared before her. Delivered to her by Eddard Stark. The man had sent his daughter as her royal hostage as an act of good faith. He could not have known of her homosexual desires so it was pure serendipity. He had sent her the perfect...
mate. Arya was pure contradiction in many ways but she was deep down so good and decent that Daenerys could not help but fall in love with her. The sheer audacity to fire arrows at her on the Iron Throne and then to punch her head nearly off her shoulders had made her fall in love with teenager on the spot she now knew.

She had meet Eddard and he was so good himself that she had hope that he would allow her to woo and win his daughter’s hand in marriage. She was becoming more and more sure that Arya played for her team. Didn’t she? But then maybe she didn’t. Arrggghhh! She would be sure she saw Arya looking at her with wanton desire out of the corner of her eye but when her head darted around to look harder all she saw was friendly comradery of two women who had quickly become besties. It was fucking maddening. Feeling hope and elation and then having it dashed with leaden reality.

Like now. She would have never guessed Missandei was as gay as they come. Daenerys was a little sheepish considering that she had never thought of her precious interpreter as anything other than a valued friend. To be truthful she had thought of Missandei as almost asexual. She had never shown any desire that Dany could remember until her mystery lover had made her appearance.

Daenerys was a little embarrassed to admit it to herself but she had found Missandei to be almost mousy. She had not caught her eye because she had never looked at her as just a bed partner to fuck and forget. She did not want a harem anymore. She simply had thought of Missandei as almost a blank board when it came to things sexual. No more.

Missandei had proven her young teenage self to be a woman of raging desires.

Her little girl had grown up. She spoke openly now of masturbating hard and repeatedly thinking of how she was going to fuck her dream lover. Daenerys mouth had nearly unhinged and fell off when Missandei had shown great knowledge in lesbian love making. She had not been embarrassed just shocked. Arya had been shocked and blushed heavily though. Daenerys had immediately picked up that Arya was not repulsed and in fact asked questions on technique and style while looking at her nervously. “What girl is not curious about such things Dany!” she had exclaimed. She fanned herself and claimed she had the vapors all the while asking for more details.

Details Missandei was more than happy to give to give those details as her body shivered and her eyes glittered with repressed lust. Missandei went into great details from the texts she had discovered from the lands of Yi Ti. She really loved one book called the Karma Sutra of Sapphic love. It had pages and pages of very detailed drawings. Daenerys was trying to figure out how to get that book! Purely for curiosity sake of course.

Daenerys was sure she had mastered all aspects of lesbian lovemaking but it would not hurt so compare experience with what was in those books that had Missandei all hot and bothered.

Daenerys saw that lust in Arya’s eyes. She knew it was in her eyes. Daenerys knew she had to grip her courage and make her play at Winterfell. She had to stop being a spineless shit. What did she have to worry? Only that Arya’s father was the one man outside her two generals who could gut her on his sword. Any sword duel with that man would be a dicey proposition at best. Damnit! Why couldn’t he be a wuss like Mace!

So here she sat while bells were woven into her hair. Daenerys had always been partial to the silver bells since they made her hair glow she thought. Also, she had not worn them all thinking that a victory such as conquering Astrophor had only deserved one bell. When Arya heard the story and how all of Dany’s exploits that night and day she had told her “My gods Dany … you fucking kicked ass and kicked more ass … my gods that deserves twenty fucking bells!”

Now Dany had decided to start wearing more of her bells. She had too many really. If all were put
into her hair she would be nothing but bells. No one would be able to see her hair! So she had decided on one hundred and forty-three bells. With consultations with Arya and Andi they could weave that many in and make her hair a vision of loveliness.

Damn she sometimes wished she was six foot six like Drogo. She needed a bigger head for more bells. With her tiny head she was maxed out hair wise for her bells godsdamnit! Daenerys was also finding out it took a lot of time to weave that many bells in her hair! Her scribe and hoped for soon to be lover patiently stitched the tiny eyelets to her hair with fine silk thread. The teenagers giggling and gossiping about who was fucking who (Oberyn figured prominently of course) and laughed at the antics of Oberyn and Nymeria or the barbs between the Baratheon brothers. Arya twittered how her father blanched when Oberyn went on about his previous night’s conquests and did he want to join him for tonight’s debauchery. Maybe learn some new techniques to pleasure Cat with.

Her father would always blanche and run away like a wolf with his tail tucked between his tail as if he had been scalded.

Suddenly, Andi stopped sewing in the bell she was putting in Daenerys hair. Missandei gasped. “I got a great idea Dany. Let’s make flowers out of these bells. We can make the petals out of the silver bells and use the gold, bronze and copper as the pistil and the stamen. Arya squealed in excitement. Daenerys evidently did not get a say in the manner. The girls were excited as they worked in a very animated manner. She could feel many bells being sowed in back to back in various angles. The girls worked to create a flower over each ear. The spare bells they formed ribbons of braided hair and bells pulled back with a tie wrap.

They had now finished and Arya handed her Queen a hand mirror while gnawing her lower lip.

Daenerys gasped at what she saw. My gods it was beautiful. Over her right ear was a resplendent rose with petals with gold pistil and copper stamen. Over her left ear was an orchid with silver petals and bronze stamen and pistil. They seemed to be almost real and the tinkling they made with her head movements were almost magical. Daenerys felt a lump in her throat at the love and thought put into the adornment of her head with her bells.

Daenerys let her thoughts drift on the progress of the North and South coming together. She had brought with them ravens to communicate back to King’s Landing to keep her small council and Tyrion and Olenna up to date with the latest developments. When Eddard had made contact with her and she finally had his pledge of allegiance the Queen had sent ravens to King’s Landing announcing this. She had also sent ravens to all the major Lord holds. She wanted all to know that the North and South were united.

She was elated to finally know with one hundred percent assuredness that Eddard was not a traitor. That would have been very depressing to the young Queen. She was sure that it was impossible for House Stark to even conceive such a thing. She had especially enjoyed sending ravens to Casterly Rock. Whatever nefarious plans that old fox Tywin may have been hatching had just gotten more complicated.

She had told all the houses that Westeros was united. Eddard was and forever more would be the Warden of the North. She had ordered that all the Lords receiving her ravens would send their ravens to their fellow Lords in their lands that pledged alliance to them. She knew that most of the lords, their heirs and knights were in the field but she wanted their whole houses to be united.

Daenerys had told Eddard that she would like to meet Edmure Tully and Jon Arryn as soon as possible if that was possible. Eddard had told them they had come to Winterfell with is departure to meet her. In case the meeting had gone badly they would have to decide how to respond to the unexpected situation.
Dany knew she would have her meeting soon. She wanted to let them know of the traitors and to gauge the men. She knew they had sterling reputations but wanted to meet the great lords of the mighty houses of Tully and Arryn.

Daenerys had fretted about her lack of reconnaissance to Arya, Missandei and her trusted generals Syrio and Barristan. She normally relied on her dragons but with the attack on the Blood Phoenix she would not have her dragons flying over the lands beyond the wall unless they were together and protecting each other. This limited her ability to learn as much as she normally wanted of her foes.

She had her dragons fly over the Ice King at the Fist of the First Men several times a day. She varied the times her dragons always riding high up in the sky. She would then have them skip a day to throw off any routine the Ice King may pick up on. She would then let her dragons fly off to come back South of the Wall. It was a short flight for a dragon.

What she saw heartened her. The enemy was gathering in one place and not marching forward it seemed.

Eddard had told her that Jon’s wives had been spying on them for months. When he told her how she had to admire both their courage and resourcefulness. To walk again and again in the camp of their enemy had been so brave. She would have to thank them yet again for their bravery and service to the realm.

She had heard that they wished to live in the Sandhills they had traversed through. They wanted to help preserve and restore the wildlife that man had decimated. The instant Daenerys heard this she knew she had a new priority in her kingdom. She would do all in her power to help man and nature to live as one.

She had told her truest confidents her concerns over now not having her dragons to fly over the lands like she normally did. Her dragons had to focus on beyond the Wall. They feed and rested. Flying so high did drain them of strength. Even their heat at that height would in time dissipate. She asked for ideas. Missandei, Syrio and Barristan could not help. Arya paused and then spoke up softly.

“I can use Nymeria Dany.” I can communicate with her and convey our need. Nymeria can communicate to the wolves in the land around her. I will let her run free to the North. She will meet the local wolves and those wolves will run to their pack mates. They find ways beyond the Wall. How we have never figured out. With Nymeria’s will the packs will declare a truce. I can have them watch for us. It is imprecise. The wolves are free and wild but all wolves bow down before Nym.”

“Do you have to fully warg into Nymeria to see and hear what the wolves do?”

“Yes for that kind of information I would. I can get glimpses but when I fully warg into Nymeria I have her thoughts and instincts. When they communicate to her they will be communicating to me.”

“It will leave me totally vulnerable … will you watch over me Dany?” Arya asked Daenerys softly. Daenerys felt a rush of warmth with the trust and desire to have Dany look over her.”

That dusk as camp was made Arya had got on her knees and spoke softly to Nymeria as they pressed foreheads together. Soon the wolf was racing off into the gloom heading north. The direwolf howled and a distant mournful wail answered back.

Late that night and for the next two nights near midnight Arya laid down in Dany’s tent with her head resting in Dany’s lap. She relaxed and her body went limp. Her eyes slowly closed and Arya appeared to go into a deep sleep. If Dany had come upon Arya like this she would have feared she had slipped into a coma. Arya’s body would twitch and jerk randomly. Daenerys watched her
love’s eyes roll back into her head several times. Her limbs would thrash at times like she was trying to run like her wolf.

After several hours she would gently shake Arya out of her trance as they had agreed. Arya would slowly sit up and Dany gave her water for her parched throat. Arya told her that the wolves now had all the roads observed. On the second night Arya had seen through her direwolf’s eyes a group of northern pack men riding south with the banners of the fish and the falcon. House Tully and House Arryn was heading south.

On the fourth day the wolf returned. Dany would have her meeting two days out from Winterfell at the pace they were setting. The column heading South was moving at normal march speed.

Now Dany was sitting down with her handmaiden and soon to be wife (she was freely saying that to herself now. Daenerys always imagined victory in her mind and then made reality match her dreams and desires) as they chattered and talked about Missandei’s mystery lover and how hot Arya thought that was. Yes. Daenerys had rising hope.

Daenerys felt like a hedonistic cat being stroked as the two beautiful women ran their fingers through her hair lifting it and shifting it as they held up the gold, bronze and copper bells. She let them stitch the bells into her hair since they were receiving so much enjoyment from it. They were definitely getting faster at it. The soft tinkle chimes soothing to the ears. The girls would select a bell and a location and they would grab a needle and the fine silk thread. The two women would work as team one holding the bell in place and the other running thread through the eyelet and sewed the bell with the silk thread woven into her tresses to hold the bell in place. When the bells were to be removed small scissors with long blades would be run into the eyelet and carefully cut the threads to remove the bells.

In another forty-five minutes the last of the bells had been woven in. One hundred and forty-three bells weaved into her hair. She looked in the mirror and again gasped at the beauty of the flower creations they had sown into her hair. She had already decided that this was to be her “look” when in full regal mode. She stood and smiled hearing a symphony with each movement of her head of various notes of a sweet tinkled melody. It was a long tiring effort but it was worth it. She wanted to impress the Lords of the High Houses and their vassel lords of the North. She left her tent and put her sword on her back as did Arya.

Daenerys saw the admiring looks of the men as they again saw the beautiful flowers woven in her hair. Daenerys had learned early on to use her innate beauty to benefit her. She was beautiful and would use it help her achieve her ends.

Eddard and her Lords were a horse. They then lined up on the King’s Highway. Daenerys looked at the standards of the Lords aligned with her. Eddard waited patiently.

He had come to her the night before. He wanted to repeat his act of obedience to her before the other High Lords of the Riverlands and the Arryn. He felt it necessary to show her the respect she deserved. He wanted to show all again that she was the true Queen of Westeros and he but the Warden of the North by her leave.

Daenerys had refused. She had made clear in her scrolls sent out that all had been forgiven. It had been a simple misunderstanding and all were in alignment now.

They waited and soon in the distance Daenerys could see the host of the North coming down the King’s Landing. The breeze had picked up from the north. The cold wind gusting with sudden breaths. Her hair was caught in the gusts the light bells not heavy enough to weigh her hair down. The tinkling of her hair filled the morning air. The flowers created by Missandei and Arya glittering
in the sunlight. She felt like a faery from legend.

The men came closer now. She could see their large banners now of the houses as they approached. It seemed like the stuff of legends. The Lords and their knights had dressed in their plate armor that had burnished to reflections of the sun in the bright morning light. The angled sun striking the metal and sending off wild flashes and spangles of light.

Daenerys had always been a little girl when it came to seeing knights in their plate armor of burnished metal or enamel paint. She herself eschewed such metal. She wore her dark flat black dragon chain mail. She knew that the contrast with her pale skin and white hair made for a brilliant contrast. White and black in conflict and in harmony on her person. She knew the effect was enhanced by the bells in her hair catching and throwing off the sun in bursts of colored light.

The party advancing down the road was closer now. She looked at the banners whipping in the breezes. She saw the banner of House Tully with its leaping silver trout on a field of blue and mud red. The breeze actually had the fish seeming to leap out the water. She saw off to the side and behind the sigil of House Blackwood. Their standard a flock of ravens surrounding a black shield charged with a dead weirwood, on a scarlet field.

She had to smile at the flag of House Piper with a pink dancing maiden in a swirl of white silk, on a blue field. Daenerys leered at the pretty lass. She liked that house!

She saw the standard of House Arryn with its sky-blue falcon soaring against a white moon, on a sky-blue field. She knew the sigils but had not as yet learned the history of the symbols. She saw the flag of House Waynwood and could not help wonder why it was a broken black wheel, on a green field.

The Queen saw two standards that made her blood boil. The flag of House Bolton with its red flayed man on pink de sang. She saw the standard of the Frey’s. The two blue towers, united by a bridge, on a silver-grey field whipping in the breeze. Daenerys carefully schooled her features. The Houses had not yet committed treason. She wanted to catch them as much as possible in the act. They were a festering wound that she would make sure to cauterize from the Riverlands and the North.

As the knights and Lords came closer she inspected their armor. The armor was as varied as the personalities that wore the armor. Some of the armor was plain and almost drab while others were as colorful as a royal garden. Some knights had on heavy plate armor while others only had chainmail and some with a hybrid of both. Some wanted strength and protection while others valued speed and quickness.

Some wore full helms and others half helms while some chose to not wear any at all. She liked looking at some of the ornamentation on the helms. She saw various angry predators in repose of attack. Mauling bears and pouncing lions. She saw raging bulls and racks of rutting stags and elks. Some were of fanciful demons.

Much of the plate armor was burnished to a glittering shine. Others had painted their armor in bright colors of enamel paint. Some with images of the sun or various animals. Some of the paint was in colored patterns denoting their houses or personal attributes.

Daenerys had spent much time learning the meanings of such things being fascinated by the history and meanings of shapes and symbols. These schemes were on both armor and shield. She looked from mounted rider to mounted rider seeing what each man’s armor said about the man. What colors and devices they wore on their person and shields.
The queen knew that the helmet represented Wise Defense and the heart represented Sincerity or Charity. The crown was Authority while a Tower represented Society or Wealth.

She looked at the lines on the plate or shield. Zigzag Lines represented Fire; Wavy Line represented Sea or Water; Bumpy Line represented Earth or Land and Crenulated Lines represented a Town or Wall. The Diagonal Cross (Saltire) meant Resolve while Horizontal Stripes (Fess) showed one had Honor. The Vertical Stripe (Pale) denoted Military Strength but Diagonal Stripes (Bend) showed that the knight or lord was renowned for Defense. The Angled Stripe - (Chevron) was Protection or Faithful Service.

Even the colors had meaning. The color red stood for love and emotion; white peace and innocence; yellow happiness and energy; blue tranquility and calmness; green freshness and vitality; orange joy, creativity, enthusiasm and even revolutionary ideas; purple passion and wealth and last black darkness, mystery, power and strength. With herself it also meant “I kick ass!”

The combination of colors was dizzying in possible meanings. She would save that for another day.

She smiled at how some riders had no capes and some with shoulder capes adorned with animal fur. For some reason she thought it made them appear feminine. It seemed more a thing for the royal court and not the battlefield. Some knights wore long flowing capes of heavy velvet that flowed off the horses haunches almost down to the ground. The added fifteen pounds a waste she thought.

One man’s armor totally caught her attention and disgusted her. Roose Bolton. She grimly remembered her father’s past with the father of Eddard. She shuddered but could not stop that thought seeing Roose Bolton in dragon fire being roasted in his own armor. He had on a suit of dark grey plate armor over a quilted tunic of blood-red leather. Its rondels were shaped like human heads whose mouths were open in agony. His helmet had streamers of red silk which fluttered in the wind. With all this Roose was wearing his usual pink woolen cloak embroidered with droplets of blood.

He was totally unremarkable as a physical specimen. He was of average size with a soft and hairless body. Roose’s face was plain, beardless and ordinary. The only thing Daenerys found notable was his eyes. They were eerie, they were pale and strange as two white moons.

She hated this man intensely. She looked over at Edwyn Frey. Edwyn was a pale, slender man, with a pinched nose and lank dark hair. Daenerys folder on the man said his attitude was cold, according to Ser Daven Lannister, he is full of hate.

They would both receive the justice they so richly deserved. She would let Eddard and Edmure dispense justice if the men survived the coming battle. If they happened to get in the way of her shining sword then she would just have to apologize to Eddard and Edmure for robbing them of the satisfaction.

The two parties met and salutations were exchanged. She passed among the new party tilting her head in acknowledgement with the lords showing her obeisance. She liked their politeness and direct eye contact. She had become an excellent judge of character and liked what she saw.

With two notable exceptions. Edwyn was sullen and he radiated off an angry air. Roose looked her directly in the eye and talked to her in a thin whispery voice. He was silky in his demeanor but her skin felt like it was covered in the leeches that Roose was said to favor. The man literally made her skin crawl.

She had a parlay on the side of the road. They had dismounted and the Lords and Knights formed a three quarter circle around their Queen. She told them that they now understood the full gravitas of the situation and that the forces of the South would be marching straight to the Wall. There would be
no laying siege to any city of the North. She would have her blocking forces now move to the Wall too.

The united forces of Westeros would meet and fight the Ice King. They would stand united and defeat their common enemy. She looked at Roose out of the corner of her eye. Most men would let their faces slip at times with a tick of sly humor or show a contempt to the proceedings. Roose was good. He seemed the focused loyal subject.

It only took Daenerys and hour to give her speech and ask if all were clear on their stated goals. The meeting broke up. She asked to speak to the Lords of the Riverlands and the Arryn as the Titular Lords of their provinces.

The rest of the party was now stripping off their armor to have the baggage train pick up and take back to Winterfell. One only wore such heavy armor in battle or ceremonial situations as this one.

She had huddled around her Eddard, Edmure and Jon. “Keep your voices down and do not show any reactions. Do I make myself clear?” She looked at Edmure and Jon and they nodded in agreement.

She then told them of the treachery of House Bolton and House Frey. She saw the raw anger blazing out of Edmure’s blue eyes. He cursed under his breath and gripped the pummel of his sword. He wanted to exact vengeance now! Eddard told him to control himself. Edmure was angry that the men were not to be executed on the spot.

Eddard had to remind him several times that they needed more proof of these explosive claims. Any action now would result in unnecessary bloodshed. The House of Bolton and Frey would rise up if their Lords were assaulted. Daenerys was very thankful that Eddard was the Warden of the North and not Edmure.

The Queen laid out her plans for the traitors houses. Edmure was still sullen at having to wait but Jon Arryn whistled softly. “I like it. Give them the rope and let them fashion the noose to be fitted around their own necks.”

They then disbanded. Soon Daenerys and the Lords who would be joining her on her fast march North were ready.

The fast march to Winterfell resumed.
Daenerys

The day had finally arrived. She was about to arrive at Winterfell. She had been getting more and more excited at the prospect. She had been so full of throbbing energy and possibilities when she had flown into King’s Landing and disposed the Baratheons without bloodshed. She had achieved her dreams since they had awakened in the Dothraki Sea in what seemed like a different life time ago.

She was of course the same woman but in others way she was completely different. She had been sold off as a sex slave basically by her brother to procure him an army to invade Westeros. His dreams had far exceeded his grasp. She had entered the grass sea without any desires beyond to stay safe and sound at the house with red door and a lemon tree in the yard. She never wanted the life she was thrown into. She wanted to remain the small girl with no burdens placed upon her. She had wanted to hold onto her innocence.

Of course that had not happened. How she had changed.

Her brother’s dream had become hers. Khal Drogo had thought he or his soon would become the stallion who would mount the world. Both were long dead and riding the skies on their mighty steeds. It was not Drogo or his son that would be the stallion. It was she Daenerys Targaryen that was the stallion. She was so much more than a stallion. She was a dragon. She was magic reborn. She had dreamed to conquer her homeland. That she had done. Done so without bloodshed.

She had shed plenty of blood in Essos. She had conquered that continent from the land of Yi Ti east. She now held sway over all that continent from the Dothraki Sea to the Free Cities. She had become mightier than any other Valyrian before her. She was mightier than any ruler before in Westeros.

Others had the dream initially. Only she remained. She had taken all their dreams into herself and forged her own desire for greatness and destiny. The others did not have the reach or grasp to achieve the greatness they sought. She had taken their dreams and made them her own. She had both the reach and the strength to grasp ahold of what they could only dream of. She had conquered half of Essos. She had made Westeros her own. House Targaryen once more ruled Westeros. It was her rule and guidance that would lead her ancestral homeland.

She had far exceeded her brother or first husband’s visions. She was not only Queen of Westeros, she was the Khal that ruled the Dothraki Sea. All the major Khalasars were now hers. A few small rouge Khalasars still ran free on the periphery of the grass sea. One day she would bring them to heel. It had not been a Stallion that subdued and united the Dothraki. It had been the Mare Who Mounted the World that conquered them.

She had conquered the West and the East where no one had before. That had not been enough for Daenerys Targaryen and her ambition. Daenerys had conquered all the City States between Qarth and Braavos. Not one city state had not been conquered or surrendered in place. She had taken the
continent. Nothing was not hears from Vars Dothrak to Western shores of Westeros.

She had made allies of the Summer Islands and the lands of Yi Ti. They had no slavery in their lands. She had no reason to conquer them. They had seen her greatness and aligned themselves with the Dragon Queen.

Never had such a homogeny been created. Daenerys had made herself into the stuff of legends. She knew the bards would sign of her in future ages. She was not finished. She had taken what was hers. Now she had a vision to fulfill. She would remake the world into a better place.

Now she was flying into Winterfell. It was already part of her kingdom but she felt a buzz running through her body and spirit. Her flying into King’s Landing had been the restoration of throne. It had been the culmination of her dreams of conquest. Her flying into Winterfell was much more intimate and personal. This was about matters of the heart. This was about love. About a lovely comely wolf lass. A woman she would one day soon marry.

It was there she hoped to show the world the woman she would make her Queen. She had already found the girl of her dream. The girl had come to her with arrows and her fist Daenerys thought with a smile. The “wild wolf” she heard the men of the North call Arya when they thought no one was listening. Arya was going to be her Queen. She just had to be. It was time for Daenerys to claim what was hers by right. She had been thinking deeply of all the interactions between her and Arya and was now surer than ever that her feelings were reciprocated.

She squirmed as her indecisiveness again tried to jump up but she tamped it down. She was tired of being indecisive. She would trust her instincts. She had been sorely tempted to take Arya in her tent but wanted to have their first time in Winterfell now that they were almost at the home of Arya’s birth. With her new found confidence in her judgement Daenerys felt her blood run hot for Arya. But she would not take her love in a war tent. She would take Arya in her ancestral home of Winterfell.

Arya just had to love her like she loved the girl. She could feel it. She just had too. It was not her imagination and hope. She would no longer doubt those side glances she had seen from Arya. She would no longer doubt the touches and glances they shared that said so much more than familiar friendship.

Her father would just have to grant me her hand in marriage. He was wise and compassionate. Surely he could overcome any latent homophobia he would have. He seemed like a man who could rise above himself. Surely he would grant his permission for them to wed. He was a man that loved his children dearly. He could see that in the way he interacted with Arya.

They had had another conversation last night. He had again come to her saying it was important that he bent the knee before her at Winterfell. She had again informed her Steward of the North that once was enough.

She told him she would make her own appearance at Winterfell. It would get everyone’s attention. One advantage of Eddard being isolated in the North was that he was not yet familiar with all her signatures. “I will make an entrance that will captivate. We will meet together before your gates as Queen to loyal Warden. Your Lords know of your innocence and now the Lords of the South do too.”

“Innocence?” Eddard had said strangely. “Another said that to me recently. She was a strange woman. I doubt she was even human. Maybe a fairy. She did not think like you and me I think. How do you say I am innocent?”
Daenerys had smiled at her Warden of the North. “You are free of the avarice and lust for power that fills must great men and women. I am guilty of it. I work to control it. You simply do not have it. Thus, your innocence.”

Eddard shook his not sure he really believed what his Queen was telling him.

“I think you will see my point in my introduction to Winterfell. It is too bad about your fear of great heights.”

Eddard had grimaced. “I have gotten used to standing on the wall of castles. The thick walls help I think. I sometimes think I might pass out standing on my toes.”

Daenerys had looked at him askance. Was that a joke? Naawwww.

Daenerys was feeling more and more comfortable with Eddard. She had come to realize that all the Great Lords were special men except for Tywin Lannister and Euron Greyjoy. She had not found near this many good leaders in Essos. The men she had allied with in the South had been conniving and sometimes venial with each other but she found a basic honesty to them that was refreshing.

Eddard Stark was a paragon though. She had found her equal in moral rectitude and cunning. Her face grimaced at their finished Game of Thrones. She had lost that game. If he had been after her throne … she did not want to think of what might have happened.

The man had no desire for the power of the Iron Throne. He was more than content to be Warden of the North. She had the impression he would in the not too great future be giving that title to his eldest son.

She was not sure she would accept that. She needed his wisdom and firm guidance controlling the North of her far flung kingdom.

Arya was talking and laughing with Renly and Oberyn. They were both pleasure hounds and liked each other’s company. She saw Stannis talking with Mace and his sons. She cocked her head sure she could hear him grinding his teeth. She loved the purity of Arya’s laugh. It was like the girl herself. Arya was in so many ways still an innocent even though she was most definitely a grown woman.

She had first thought the girl was not interested in her or women even. But with months and her rising confidence Dany knew that Arya was just not worldly enough yet to go for what she wanted. She wants me Daenerys told herself. It was not arrogance just her resurgent confidence. Arya’s glances and touches told Daenerys the truth. She was tired of hiding from those truths.

Daenerys had been reflecting back on her interactions with Arya and was now sure she understood what had separated them. Much of it was her own blame Daenerys knew. She was the “woman” with Arya being the “child”. It should have been incumbent upon her to lead Arya to her bed. To seduce the teen who she was now certain hungered for her touch. She was not indeed a “woman of the world”. She had partaken of the sweet pleasures of the female body. She had become a master a plucking the female body to the heights of ecstasy.

It was now time to take those techniques and talents to her sweet wolf in their bed of amore. She would rock Arya’s world to the core of her very soul. She would blow Arya’s mind with overwhelming pleasure. The two would bind their bodies and souls together with the pleasures of the flesh. It was possible to love without the physical of course but the only way two could be become one was with great sex.
Daenerys shivered with her raging hormones. Yes. In Winterfell the Wolf would lie with the Dragon.

Arya had not had the confidence to show her true feelings to her Queen. The Targaryen could understand that. She knew she exuded worldliness and had been so forceful in her conquests of Esso. Yes, it was incumbent for her to lead her Arya to her bed, her loving arms. It was Daenerys that must lead Arya to her bed and to have Arya become her consort.

It seemed like another life ago when she herself had been like Arya. A young innocent unsure of herself and how to take what she wanted. She had been forced to travel paths she would never have chosen for herself. She had had to overcome so much. In many ways her sexuality was almost forced upon her being sold off to Khal Drogo as payment for an army. She had had to grow up fast.

Her Arya had been shielded and protected by Eddard Stark. She had not pried but it was obvious that the father had protected his daughter as much from her own mother as anyone else. Daenerys would have wished for such a father. She had thought on that. She would have to have refused such succor. It was only by going through the fire that she could become what she had become. It had been in the furnace of a cruel fate that forged her into Valyrian steel.

She knew she had one more slight hurdle to leap. Arya was confident in herself in one way. She was confident with her swordsmanship and her bowman ship. Arya had arrived to Dany as a bowman of supreme skill already. With the guardianship of Syrio and Barristan they had taken the raw ore of Arya Stark and molded it into unbreakable Valyrian steel. Arya was now on of the greatest swordsman in all of Westeros and Essos. Daenerys knew she was good but she was not quite that good. Arya had transcended herself. She had become some rare and precious blade when it came to the skills of swordsmanship.

Arya could hold her own when it came to giving shade and coming back with quick rejoinders. The girl able to converse with both the high and the low. She had the common touch that so many sought and never achieved. She did not have to pretend in her concern for all of the realm. She came by it naturally.

The one thing Arya did not have confidence in was her own beautiful body. Several times Daenerys had heard Arya mumble about her flat chest or lack of hips. Daenerys had tried to reassure her that she was indeed beautiful. One did not need large breast and ass to be considered beautiful. Compared to Arianne and Obara Daenerys was downright anemic compared to them. It did not bother Daenerys one wit. She was beautiful and knew it. So was Arya. Daenerys just needed the girl to be able to see it.

She had seen Arya naked many times now looking in her carefully positioned small mirror. She had felt guilty at first but she reasoned a girl had to do what a girl had to do. What Daenerys had seen in that mirror made her core clench in wanton need and her pussy flood with fuck nectars. It had made her masturbate to soul stunning orgasms that threatened to rip her cunt inside out.

She had loved everything about Arya. Her body was so fucking hot to Daenerys. She had loved many women with the classic hourglass shape. Women with flaring hips and large bosom. She loved them of course. They had been sweet.

But there was something about a warrior’s body that called to the marital spirit in Daenerys. When Arya had disrobed and reveled her muscular body to Daenerys she felt like her pussy was going to spasm itself inside out. She had to grip the edge of the dresser many times as her body folded over with her stomach contracting so hard as her womb flipped deep in her belly. Her body literally rocking with each pulse of her pussy. Her body shaking with her want for Arya.
The wolf girl’s legs were thick with muscle. Her calves so developed that it made Daenerys wet. Her belly was flat and ripped with muscles forming a washboard. Dany had moaned softly with thoughts of rubbing her pussy on that hard rippled stomach to orgasm. Her arms when fully exposed left the pale Valyrian almost panting. The way the muscles flowed from wrist to elbow and from elbow to shoulder.

Then there was Arya’s shoulders. They were thick for such a small frame girl. She had developed trapezes and laterals that gave Arya just that hint of triangle of her upper body. Daenerys loved muscles on a woman. Ayra had that in spades! Her back when she went to walk into the royal bath suite had made Daenerys nipples and clit hammer Daenerys to a near swooning state. The way her back muscles played and her ass cheeks switched with each step had the Queen’s mouth watering. That was her muscles. That had setup Daenerys to be nearly stunned by Arya’s nipples and vulva. Her pussy was big and a nice juicy slit with her inner lips all bloomed out her slit all brown and usually glistening. Daenerys knew she was stimulated by hard physical training and so was Arya. She loved how Arya must have followed her ritual and now shaved her pussy smooth. It made her inner lips so prevalent as they bloomed out her slit. She had a prominent clitoral hood that rode high and proud and was covered in folds of skin but yet her clit peaked through. It all made Daenerys nearly swoon.

Then there was Arya’s nipples. The girl did not really have breast. She had just the slightest of hillocks that was maybe a quarter inch up off her chest. The rest was all thick pulpy nipples. In the middle of their sparring Daenerys could see through Arya’s thin top how erect they became in her exertions and excitement of hard training. Her nipples engorged to thick plums that were about to burst. They swelled up and capped her breast several inches and were so large and pulpy looking.

Daenerys knew they would feel so good in her mouth all engorged as she vacuumed sucked and see-sawed her teeth into that pulpy sweetness.

Yes. Arya’s body was simply fucking hot. She was a warrior and yet all woman. She was perfect to Daenerys. She wanted Arya desperately. That had been Daenerys ogling Arya. The Queen surreptitiously looking at the body of her royal hostage.

Of course the shoe had been on the other foot. The royal hostage had been doing some spying of her own. Daenerys had caught onto Arya’s naughty wargging with Nymeria. The Queen had an affinity for animals. She had quickly deduced that her royal hostage was hiding in the Direwolf when the great beast began to visit her chambers at night. It had been too good a possibility to pass up. Daenerys had begun to masturbate in front of the Direwolf. She had fucked herself to near exhaustion night after night in front of Nymeria before she let the great beast out of her chambers.

Daenerys did not consider herself necessarily vain. She knew she was beautiful but did not preen or spend time in front of the mirror. That had never stopped the young woman from using her wily charms to help her achieve her goals. Her goals with Arya were simple. Make the girl fall in love with her and then bed the girl.

She had fun in King’s Landing working to achieve those goals. She knew she was being spied on by Arya and used that knowledge. She knew that the girl may only be a voyeur who loved watching an act of sex. She did not mind watching women and men couple when she was part of the Khalasar. Hot sex was hot sex.

What made it better was when she discovered that when warged into an animal the person became immobile. Daenerys could imagine the heat that must have filled Arya’s body with hot need. The need to relieve the pressure from what she was seeing. Arya was young, vital and strong. She must be a horny girl. What girl wasn’t? Daenerys could not wait to have Arya in her bed and watch her
new love fuck herself to wailing, screaming orgasms.

Daenerys just knew that Arya had the kind of orgasms she herself had. The young Valyrian was a screamer. The Dothraki women never hide their pleasure when fucking before the Khalasar. They would wail and scream their heads off. She always smiled remembering seeing those hot blooded women’s ankles kicking wildly over their stallion’s asses if on the bottom or wildly bucking and jackknifing when riding their stallion’s cowgirl.

That was how she hoped Arya cummed. Somehow Daenerys was sure that Arya was that kind of woman. That in her bed she would be screaming her head off in orgasm and flying all around their bed or furs like a fish out of water.

Knowing Arya was watching her masturbate night after night made it easier to spy on the Stark girl. It was just turnabout. Right?

Arya had grown more with their awkward dance. The girl was slowly loosening up and letting her true hot sexual nature slip out around her Queen. She started to hear Arya take advantage of the warm running water when she bathed in Daenerys royal quarters. Maybe the girl had discovered the advantage of hot running water under pressure. She would hear Arya splashing more and more wildly. Daenerys had excellent hearing. Hearing Arya’s half strangled wails of ecstasy were definitely intoxicating. She would here the water splashing out the sunken bath and splashing on the tiled steps. She felt too unsure spying on the girl to make a move on Arya at those moments.

She would have died from embarrassment if she went into the bathing quarters to fuck Arya and then been rebuffed. To offer herself and find out that Arya was masturbating to visions of some fucking odious man. No that vision would not work at all. Daenerys could maybe handle Arya masturbating to the vision of some other woman but not a man. That would kill the young Queen.

Daenerys had come to realize that Arya was probably throttled in her own desires for her Queen’s body knowing she was spying on supposed innocent Queen. Arya being an innocent probably felt a great sense of shame spying on Daenerys like she had been with Nymeria. She was too innocent to grasp the idea that the woman she was spying on knew this. The Valyrian was so blatant in her obvious stripping down and Jilling off she at first wondered how Arya could not see that Daenerys wanted to be watched by her.

Then she had started to realize that Arya was an innocent in the ways of amore and love. Daenerys would smile evilly thinking of the two of them spying on each other. Their masturbating while thinking of the other. Daenerys was more than ready to stop masturbating and start fucking! She was sure that Arya was as well. She just had to girl the hell up and take what was right before her.

Daenerys snorted at the thought. Both of them were being bad little girls. They were both too naughty and to honorable. That was going to end soon.

Daenerys had to show Arya just how hot she was. Daenerys had been right about Arya’s nipples. Several times she had spied Arya’s nipples after Jilling off under the water faucet. Arya had come out of the bath chambers confident Daenerys would keep her honor and not turn to look. All the while her Queen was spying on her with her mirror.

Daenerys had nearly cum seeing Arya’s still fully engorged nipples from her just finished orgasm(s). The girl would look at her making sure Dany was not looking at her. Arya would twist and pull on her spongy, rubbery plum nipples. Her face slashing with hard pleasure and her breath gagging out clenched teeth. Several times she had watched Arya cup her hands and strike her nipples hard pounding them into her chest pulping them into her ribcage. The look of shocking pleasure and how Arya’s body folded over as she sat or stood up from the pleasure had made Daenerys pussy gush
fuck nectars all over her mound and inner thighs.

This had told the Queen Arya liked hard sex. So did the Queen. Daenerys could not wait to pulp Arya’s nipples and have Arya throttle and pound Daenerys own tits into Daenerys ribcage. Daenerys wanted to fuck Arya hard and long.

Daenerys mind was hooked on boobs. Her mouth watered to have them. She saw those sweet delectable morsels in her dreams. Arya’s nipples were indeed like plums on her barely their breast that just rose off her chest the slightest fraction of an inch. The rest were nipples that bulged up nearly two inches all bulbous and dark brown with blood rush. When not excited her nipples were light brown with light brown nipples half buried in the thick pulpy areolas.

Daenerys mouth watered thinking about them now. She would suck and teeth those divine teats. She would roll them and mash them with her palms and hard squeeze with her fingers that itched to love the delicious bulbs of perfection.

After Arya’s little forays in the sunken tub or clawed tub masturbating had shown Dany something else. She had seen Arya’s cute fat pussy before sex. When Arya came out of the bathroom suite drying her hair now safe in the supposed knowledge that her Queen was not avidly spying on her she let her pussy be on full display. A pussy that was extremely happy.

Arya’s cunt would be all swollen and glistening with fuck nectars. Her pussy so wet looking even if dried off. Her inner lips all engorged out her slit and hanging down. She had long inner lips that made Dany’s mouth water with the need to suck and torment those lips. The girl’s pussy would be so red from arousal and blood rush. Her twat so lovely. Her inner lips medium to darker brown. Her clitoral hood all wrapped in folds but her excited clt still hard. All whitish pink and rock hard. That sweet clt all jutting out its sheath all shiny and begging to be sucked off to yet another orgasm.

That clit had Daenerys mesmerized. She would hurry to the bath suite and fuck herself to soul crushing orgasms fighting her need to scream by nearly swallowing her tongue. Then the need to not nearly flip out of the sunken basin had her limbs clenched to the sides of her body as her toes curled painfully and her fingers clawed into her thighs. Her suppressing her natural body’s desire to scream and wildly flip and jackknife made the orgasms so intense in their own manner.

She had been sure her eyeballs would pop out her head as her cunt tore itself inside out scalding her soul and brain with pure fucking bliss thinking of going down on Arya’s sweet pussy and hot asshole. She really, really needed to have Arya.

She had denied herself long enough. She would now let the confidence she normally felt win out and take her wolf. It was time.

Daenerys would make Arya realize just how fucking hot she was. She would have Arya soon loving her own body as her Queen ravaged that body.

The Queen knew once she ripped away the veils of self-deceptions that they entwined themselves in they would come together and simply ravish each other. Their love for each other would find perfect expression.

She just had to get them to Winterfell and a chance to be alone. She would confess all to her Arya and she in return would confess her love to Daenerys. It was written. It was almost prophesized she thought. It had a nice ring to it. The prophecy she had created for her and her wolf: And the Dragon shall lie with wolf.

It was time. The time for reflection had passed for now. Daenerys called her dragons. They were
only three hours out from Winterfell. She had instructed her sons to circle wide and come to her from the South. She wanted her arrival to be a surprise as she came up over the horizon.

Her sons had been watching the Ice King for weeks now. He was obviously gathering his forces at the Fist of the First men. He was cautious by nature by all reports. Her reconnaissance with her high flying dragons bore those reports out. He was gathering his forces and milling around aimlessly like he had for years in the far North. He still had the same proclivities. She had time to orderly march her forces north to the wall to join Eddard’s forces already marshalled there. She could afford to leave the Ice King unwatched for a day. His forces were slow moving at their best speed. The true dead could only shamble forward at their best effort.

Also, by gathering what was obviously the vast bulk of his army he made it clear what his target was. The wall was his target and Eddard and herself knew it would be Castle Black where the attack would occur. True the Fist of the First of was to the west near the Milkwater River. To come down the river basin would make sense in many ways. But it had one main drawback. His forces would be open to the sky and her dragons. No the best course would be to move through the haunted forest to come east and south under cover of the forest canopy.

The Ice King did not want to roll the defenses up along the Wall. That icy hoary host would not want to waste time rolling up the defenses of the wall from the Shadow Tower. Daenerys was sure that was not the Ice King’s goal. He intended to smash the traditional seat of power of the Night’s Watch. Legend had it that Azor Ahai slew the Ice King’s body eight thousand years ago on the spot that Castle Black had been erected when the Wall was first being raised.

He could not refuse that siren call.

She heard her travel companions getting excited. Her dragons had appeared on the horizon their wings beating hard and coming in low and fast. She saw that they were flying in a loose triangle with Drogon in the lead and Viserion and Rhaegal on each wing off fifty feet. They were flying over the grasslands and few low trees in their flight path.

The sun was out and the light glinted off the highlights of her dragons. Spangles of red off Drogon’s black body, the hint of bronze off Rhaegal’s green body and, finally, the gold bursts of light from Viserion’s body made the eye shine and face smile. The dragons flying fast and furious to come to their mother’s beckoning. She heard the Lords of the North excitedly talking and they were pointing to the black comet and glowing white and green stars on his wingtips coming low and fast.

Daenerys had definitely formed the opinion that they were indeed showoffs now. The Queen smiled. Her dragons were showoffs and relished any time they could show off their might and agility. When she had first sent out her summons her dragons had been flying high up in the sky lazily flying the thermals like the condors making slow circles below them.

This was not how they were flying in now. She had not asked them to fly in like this. They had been at fifty feet to keep from having to juke up over heavy cover of trees but the final distance between them and their group was only flatlands.

Her sons were being ostentatious. They kept lowering their flight path to now their wings were just stopping over the ground they were rushing over with each fast wingbeat. Their legs tucked to their bodies for aerodynamics but their mighty claws still only feet from the ground. She chuckled seeing the Lords and Knights getting agitated with some horses beginning to scream in terror and fighting their own frightened masters.

The grass underneath her beasts were like seas of writhing vipers in the wild whipping air currents the dragon wings stirred up. A host of dirt devils kicked up into the air trailing wildly behind the
mighty beasts. Daenerys and Arya marveled at their beauty. The way their bodies undulated slightly up and down as their wings pinioned to drive their large mighty bodies forward. Their necks fully extended their massive heads like arrowhead on longbow shafts.

At the last moment the dragons gained twenty feet of attitude. RROOOAARRRRRR! RROAARRRRRR! RRRRRROOOAARRRRRR! Three mighty dragon bugles filled the air as her dragons roared overhead. Men were cursing their bucking horses. Even her Lords of the South were wide eyed and fighting their horses. A hurricane of wind buffeted all. Flags and capes were sent into wild dances like writhing serpents. Horses cantered under the gusts with some knights and lords falling off yelling.

Only Eddard remained calm. He had stared down Drogon and herself when he had no idea if she meant to burn him to ash. Oberyn was his wild self, shaking his spear and laughing enjoying the spectacle immensely.

Her dragons roared overhead. It filled Daenerys heart that Arya was not the least bit perturbed. In fact she was up in her stirrups with her hand up trying to brush Drogon’s scales as he flashed over her and Dany. The Queen glanced back at Edward who was smiling at his daughter’s antics. Yes, daughter was very much like father. So brave and so grounded in the meanings of life and honor.

Her dragons flew on and then swooped up into the sky. It was so beautiful seeing her dragons angle their bodies to seemingly twist back on themselves to come swooping back down to low over the ground. They came back in but now backwashing their wings. They were slowing sending up mighty backwashes as they shed speed. Drogon landed near the Queen and Arya. The black behemoth roared his neck tilted back to bugle his dominance.

Viserion landed near Barristan his body bounding forward his head looking and finding his nemeses. Viserion roared his jealousy and ran forward his mouth hissing threats. Viserion immediately placed his body between the knight and Nymeria. Viserion glared at the Direwolf and shook his tail in warning. Nymeria sat down on her haunches and looked bored at Viserion who slowly lowered his head to Barristan for his scratching. The old knight complied scratching the scales underneath the white dragon’s lower lip. His tail was soon thrashing in pleasure.

Rhaegal landed and looked around. He spotted Belwas and roared his greeting. The big fat bald eunuch came over and petted the dragon who was almost cooing.

Daenerys had had the riding saddles and riding gear for Barristan and Strong Belwas pulled out. Her two champions were putting them onto their dragon’s backs. They had on their riding chaps and gloves supplied by Illyrio Mopatis. Daenerys mused that event seemed like a lifetime ago and in another age that no longer existed on this Earth.

Eddard came up to her. He looked at Drogon as the Queen scratched along his gums. The dragon’s lips rippling with pleasure and hot gusts blowing out his nostrils. Eddard looked from the Queen and then too his daughter. He gave them both a soft squint smile. The man was nothing if not a charmer.

“I almost envy you Arya not having a problem with heights. It must be exhilarating to ride with the Queen on her black dread.”

“Oh it is father. It is a rush to look down and see the trees and houses so small beneath you.”

“Does the Queen keep you safe and close to her body? We don’t want you falling off my daughter. It would cause much consternation between our Houses.” Eddard smile even bigger. Was his teasing sexual in nature Daenerys almost gasped? It couldn’t be could it?
“I will make sure Arya does not fall off my Warden of the North. I will pull her close to my body to keep her safe Eddard.”

Arya eyes went wide with hope and then a blush formed on her ears and crept down her throat.

Eddard chuckled with a squint smile. Arya was blushing too much to see her father first look at her pointedly and then tilt his head to Daenerys with a penetrating look. He marched his eyes to his daughter and nodded. Again Daenerys was almost stunned. Was he giving me permission? No it couldn’t be. Eddard turned his horse to the road.

He had a bet to win.

Daenerys stared at Eddard Stark as he rode off her mind racing with possible imports and coming up with only one answer. He knows. He knows and he smiled! Daenerys felt her heart beat harder. She was now even more assured that she and Arya would consummate their love at Winterfell.

Missandei came up to her and Arya. She hugged Arya and then came over to Daenerys. As she hugged the Queen close she put her mouth near Daenerys ear “Make your dream come true Dany. There can be no better place than Winterfell to take Arya. Stop this ‘Dance with Dragons and Wolves’ Dany. Consume your love. Now is the time.”

Missandei backed up and smiled her brilliant smile.

Daenerys smiled back. Even her best friend knew it was time. She returned her friend’s smile and shook her head ‘yes’ subtly. It was indeed past time.

The Lords, generals and knights saluted and bowed to the Queen in obeisance. They began their march down the King’s Road towards Winterfell. The Queen felt her heart beat hard again. Westeros was forming up behind her. She had indeed conquered her homeland and made it hers. She had one more conquest to make. A much more pleasurable conquest. She looked at Arya and stopped hiding her feelings from her face.

Arya stared at her and licked her lips and the nervously looked away and looked back and smiled tremulously. Daenerys felt her inner predator twitch and arouse itself. Yes. Soon Arya. Soon you will be mine. Mine in our bed making glorious love.

Daenerys eyed the object of her amorous thoughts. “Arya let’s eat a quick meal before we take to the air.” They sat down on Drogon’s tail as they ate some beef jerky, hard tack and radishes. Now Daenerys made sure their bodies contacted each other from hip to shoulder. Several times she reached out and pushed a few stray stands of Arya’s beautiful brunette hair behind her ear. Daenerys smiled feeling her young sweet wolf shiver at her touch. Soon Arya soon.

They washed down with swigs of water from a canteen. Nymeria had jumped up on Drogon’s back as the dragon stretched out and soon was asleep on her side. They had laughed at the mighty wolf padding around in a tight circle preparing her bed of warm scales. Instinct having the wolf pad out a bed where only hard scales were below her. The wolf did not care. Nymeria laid out absorbing the heat of Drogon’s body with her tongue lulled out in happy wolf dreams.

The group of horse and riders were fading down the road on their way to Winterfell. Daenerys was letting the riders move on up the King’s Highway. It would take the riders three hours to reach Winterfell where her and her dragons could be there in fifteen if not ten minutes easily. She and Arya watched the banners slowly disappear into the distance. She did not want to fly aimlessly. She wanted the exhilaration of a fast ride up to Winterfell. Daenerys was focused on her goals now.
She would impress Winterfell and the Lords with her dragons. She would meet the family of Eddard Stark and feel them out. She then would set about seducing a certain wolf girl and making Arya her queen. It was high time she thought to herself. In a way Daenerys was amazed at how all her plans were coming together. Her plans for Westeros and her plans for Arya Stark. Her body shivered again her belly clenching in wanton desires. *She had waited so long!*

The pale Targaryen looked over at Strong Belwas. He had tilted a big bag of salted pork belly chunks up to his face. Daenerys grimaced as the big eunuch filled his mouth with the pork bellies chunks falling into his open maw. He chomped noisily on the product with drool running down his cheeks and chin. Gross! Daenerys thought to herself but smiled. Belwas was cute in his rough bald, fat, eunuch way. All the while he stuffed himself yet again the fat eunuch groused that he was starving to death on this “death” march. *How could the Queen starve him like this?* Having asked his rhetorical question he stuffed a spiced slab of salmon into his mouth and took huge bits chomping and moaning in happiness.

Daenerys eyed Arya out of the corner of her eyes. She was dressed in tight riding leathers that hugged her hips, legs and torso. She love seeing Arya’s muscular body caressed by the tight leather. She loved the fact that Arya was small of bosom. It just fit her body. She knew Arya’s leathers were pressed on tight on those pulpy nipples. She longed to rip Arya’s riding vest open and siphon those nipples into her mouth and feel them swell up in her mouth all large and rubbery underneath her rasping tongue and seesawing teeth grazing those engorged nipples. She would show Arya just how much she hungered to suck on her bursting plum nipples. Arya would be screaming so hard in their bed as her cunt filled her mouth with hot cum or soaked her hard thrusting fingers as she tried to suck Arya’s nipples down her throat. Dany felt a delicious tension beginning to fill her body.

She would rock her wolf’s mind with her amorous skills. She could feel her body humping and tribbing Arya’s sweat soaked body. She would fist her wolf’s cunt so well with her twisting plunging fist. Then she would slam her fist up her love’s hot tight asshole so deep and hard. Then Arya would fist her cunny and shithole so hard and deep. Dany’s eyes glazed over slightly feeling Arya’s fist in her mind’s eye twisting deep into her belly. Their lovemaking would be *soooo* fucking good.

While the Queen lusted so hard for Arya’s sweet ripe body there was so much more to admire about her soon to be wife. Daenerys had to admire Arya’s focus and dedication. She had trained with Barristan and Syrio with total focus. She never once questioned her training but did it with rapt attention and complete focus. She had been extremely skilled when she arrived. Now she was a true master. Her skills were actually better than her own Daenerys determined. She had no problem accepting that. The greatest warriors knew their own limits and conversely could thoroughly appraise the skills of an opponent.

Anymore, Arya had her teachers on the defensive and they as often lost to her as she to them. In fact it had reached the point that a defeat of Arya by Barristan and Syrio was rare. It was them that were struck or slashed by Arya’s blade. She had become the master. Arya had told her that she had joked with Syrio one afternoon just before they left King’s Landing telling him “When last we met I was but the student now I am the master!” She laughed saying she had said it in a deep voice.

“What happened?”

Arya looked sheepish “The fucker got lucky!” She had gotten up making a show of slashing and parrying sword strokes crowing she would have her revenge!

It was that kind impish attitude that had so completely caught Daenerys heart. She girl was sweet but fiery. She was a warrior but still not hardened. With herself having Arya to love she would never
become like the bitter female warriors she had so often met in her march across Essos. Daenerys knew in her heart that Arya’s love would keep her from becoming a bitter harpy who found no joy in life.

Together they would keep each other’s spirits alive, healthy and full of love. Arya laughed gaily looking up at Nymeria on Drogon’s back. The wolf was in a happy dream. The direwolf was woofing and her legs twitching as her snout and lips worked.

Arya eyes went slightly unfocused. Her eyes came back into focus. Arya informed her that Nymeria was chasing an antelope in her dreams her tongue lulling out in the chase. Arya looked at Dany with a soft smile that made Daenerys belly clench. Soon. Soon she would make Arya hers. Dany touched Arya’s arm and smiled at the girl. The girl smiled back so big it made Daenerys heart tremble in her chest.

Daenerys idled away some more time. She looked forward to her campaign against the Ice King. She would finish what she had started at the Tree of Life. She hoped that some of the Boltons and Freys lords survived the coming battle. She would have no compunction severing heads from shoulders. They were vile villainous traitors who deserved death.

Dany and Arya leaned against the rear haunch of Drogon as he lounged on the ground absorbing the sunlight. The three dragons were half asleep in the bright sunlight. Daenerys found herself dozing off for a short while. She felt her mind wandering.

She pondered her meeting with the Stark family in Winterfell. She wanted to make a good first impression. She always wanted to put a sense of her greatness in her subjects. With Winterfell, she had additional motivation for the aerial ballet she planned to perform over the ancient castle. She smiled. She wanted to put awe in the people of Winterfell and the Starks. She wanted them in awe of her and her dragons. When people were in awe they were more pliable. She would start feeling them out on her taking their daughter and sister as her lover. She was confident that she could bend them to her will.

The Targaryen wondered if Margaery would cause any problems. She smirked in her mind’s eye remembering the parade of roses. Yes. She was sure Margaery was on her team or at least was willing to change teams. She wondered how the girl had fared being a royal hostage. Was she angry at being taken there? Had she made trouble? Was she sullen waiting to go back home? The Queen would find out.

It had been over two hours that had passed. It was time to leave now. They would need to gain some attitude to make their grand entrance. She wanted to arrive before Eddard’s party and have plenty time to have some fun before she landed to greet the party moving up the King’s Highway at the gates of Winterfell. Daenerys always planned out her efforts. She had been planning this for a week as they neared the home of Arya.

Also, she was anxious to look close upon Winterfell. She had either seen the castle from on high or the one time she came in low she had been on a mission and had sailed over the castle without truly noticing it except to not hit the castle’s towers as she flashed over the castle to land and confront Eddard Stark nearly a year ago now. She had been so focused on Eddard she hardly remembered the castle.

She had gone into her dragon’s mind when they had already landed to investigate the excitable girl that had called them down. They were already on the grounds of the castle though so she could not see its layout from up in the air low above Winterfell. Her attention lay elsewhere. She had been captivated by the brown haired girl that had no fear of her dragons. She had found the girl so alluring. Now she was in love with that selfsame girl. Soon she would make love to that girl.
Daenerys smiled thinking that her first times making love to Arya would be in her home of Winterfell.

She only remembered it was a large compound unlike other castles. It had large open spaces and the main keep was built up on a small rise of ground. She also remembered the walls and buildings were made of dark granite. She could not wait to buzz the castle.

“Come Arya lets mount Drogon. Belwas! Barristan! It is time!”

The men put on thick fur lined jackets for the cold. The weather was cold but not bitingly so. They would not be rising over two thousand feet. The temperature was in the lower forty degrees and the additional height would have the temperature in the mid thirty degree range. Not cold in and of itself but the wind chill would be much colder. The men put on scarves to cover their faces and tucked them in their jackets.

Belwas had complained of the leg leathers until he nearly froze his balless ass off the last time he had ridden in cold weather.

Drogon roused himself flexing and Nymeria went rolling down his back and off his side. “Whoof?!?” the wolf barked out twisting to land and roll on the ground. The Direwolf turned and barked furiously at the dragon for disturbing her dream. Slaver flung out her jaws as her howls of rage and affronted pride filled the air. Drogon ignored the Direwolf that only made her bark harder. She had been about to get that damn rabbit!

“Enough Nymeria” Arya gently scolded her wolf. The wolf immediately calmed down and panted looking up at Drogon. The dragon snorted at the wolf. Nymeria was all bark. Drogon still had not forgiven the Direwolf, Shaggydog, for pissing all over his claws!

The riders quickly mounted their dragons. They grabbed ahold of scales with hands and worked feet into ledges or rifts between the dragon’s scales to pull themselves up onto the dragons. Barristan and Strong Belwas gripped the reigns of their saddles and folded the straps tight in their hands. They used jerks of the reigns that were looped over scales forward of the saddles. The reigns came back to attach to the saddles to signal to the dragons their desires in directions. The dragons seemed to have a sixth sense in knowing their riders desires.

Dany and Arya being resistant to the heat of Drogon eschewed the need for a saddle. Dany sat down spreading her legs out and jamming her feet between large back scales on Drogon’s back. She wedged them in tight getting a tight snug fit. She had Arya get behind her and slide in behind her so their bodies were touching. Then Ayra slide her own shod feet into grooves along Drogon’s scales.

Ayra had a jacket that was open on the front. Her tight riding vest pressed to her Queen’s body. Dany’s body radiated heat that Arya would lean into to help keep her warm. The heat radiating up into Arya’s body from her bottom and feet would help warm her too. The heat from Daenerys and Drogon sufficient at these attitudes to keep her from freezing.

This worked at lower elevations but only Daenerys could survive the true heights that her dragons could fly at. This was especially true in the colder seasons.

Arya loosely fitted her body against Daenerys back. Not good enough!

“Lean into my Arya. Hold me tight. I want to feel your body against mine. We will be doing wild acrobatics and I need to feel your body tight to know you are safe.” It was a safety precaution to be sure but it was also to feel her woman’s body pressed tight to hers. It would be a prelude of what was to come. She would soon be naked with Arya their sweaty and cum soaked bodies entwined
Daenerys could sense that Arya was a total slut in bed who had the insatiable appetite for the female body that Daenerys herself had. Gods the cum the two of them would be drinking down each night as cunts ruptured and flooded out hot cum to be gulped down by greedy sucking mouths.

“Yes Dany!” was the deep sultry replay. Arya was showing her desires more. Good. Arya leaned in hard and snaked her arms around the Queen. Her cheek came to rest on Dany’s back and Daenerys was sure she felt Arya purr. Soon my love. She reached down and gripped Arya’s arms and pulled down to snake around her belly then synched them extra tight to her body. Yes. That felt much better.

Arya’s tight leathers felt so good against she blouse top. She did not need warmth and needed to feel Arya’s body against hers. She had waited long enough. The only thing better than this close contact would be such contact without clothing and in a bed or furs as they fucked each other senseless.

The Queen raised her voice “Drogon, Viserion, Rhaegal … Yn aderi, mōrī, aōt māzīli se hēnkirī īlvi biarvī manaerili!” With that the dragons took flight. Drogon flexed down his mighty talons sinking deep into the Earth. His body tensed like an overwrought spring. Viserion and Rhaegal took bounding leaps and then jumped up into the sky gaining attitude with their beautiful wings stroking the cold air. Drogon exploded up his legs extending and pushing off the Earth.

Daenerys loved the acceleration she felt with Drogon’s explosive take off. She was jammed down hard into Drogon’s scales from his powerful launch. Arya held her even tighter. The thin leather did not hide from Daenerys the fact that Arya’s nipples were fully erect and pressed into her back. The girl was rubbing her back with her nipples and her groin was flexing on her sacrum. Oh gods she was showing more of her desires. Dany smiled. Arya did not know she felt her nutting on her body. Soon they would be naked and rubbing while bodies pulled tight. Dany’s own nipples went rock hard and her puss was wet. She felt pure elation about to begin riding up the King’s Highway and Winterfell.

The dragons swirled around each other doing loose turns. The dragons’ bodies tilted over. Daenerys could see Barristan and Strong Belwas looking at her as the dragons swirled around in their circle. The bodies of the dragons rising and falling slightly with the pinon of their wings to rise the dragons up and accelerate their pace of flight. The dragons bulged to each other. The white and green dragon seemed to be almost chasing Drogon as he flew.

Daenerys almost wondered if this was some kind of mating dance. She remembered that dragons could change sex. She chuckled at her wayward thoughts. She was not sure if that was myth of not. The dragons suddenly half rolled out of the circular dance and now flew up the King’s Road.

They stayed at several hundred until they quickly came up on the party heading to Winterfell. Her dragons roared which was answered by the riders below.

Daenerys chest swelled. Westeros was hers! Her people accepted her as their ruler! She would be all that Rhaegar Targaryen was prophesized to be. She had known for some time that A Song of Fire and Ice had been her prophecy. Daenerys had no use for prophecies—unless they were right!

Now the dragons angled their bodies up as they gained attitude. The dragons now flying at near vertical as their wings beat furiously to claw for attitude against the pull of gravity. They were soon at two thousand feet and a minute later Winterfell was there on the horizon. Her dragons flew at two thousand feet. Dany touched her dragons’ minds and they moved close to Drogon and as he slowed
his pace. Daenerys looked to her right and saw Barristan on Viserion. The Queen’s gaze turned to her left and nodded to Strong Belwas on Rhaegal.

“Lo ziry arlī jaelāt, jemēlo syt ziry mazemagon jemo bēvilza.” What did I just call out Arya. She and Missandei had been giving her future wife tutoring in learning High Valyrian. Like everything else she put her mind to Arya was a quick study.

She felt Arya wiggling into her body hugging Dany again. “Ummm … you told them to circle for a minute … no for a short while … the word jemo has several meaning but here it means short duration.”

Dany’s heart swelled. Gods she longed to scream her passion in her native tongue and have Arya understand … she needed to hear Arya scream her orgasms in High Valyrian. Dany had decided she would reach for the stars in all her desires.

The dragons circled a mile off from Winterfell. Daenerys saw through Drogon’s eyes that the inhabitants of Winterfell were gathering on the walls. They were excited but not fearful. She looked behind her. Eddard’s party was steadily moving up the King’s Highway at a steady moderate pace. They were picking up their pace getting into the excitement of the moment. The Lords of the South knew the spectacular show the Queen would be putting on with her dragons.

It was time! Daenerys thought. She needed to make a grand appearance.

“Tell my dragons what to do Arya” she softly husked back making eye contact with Arya her lilac eyes unguarded showing her raw passion for Arya.

Dany smiled seeing Arya stare at her first guardedly then she let the raw passion burn in her orbs. The grey of her eyes catching fire. She pressed her chest into Daenerys. The girl actually moaned pressing her again swollen nipples into her Queen’s back and her eyelids fluttered shut. Gods this girl was so fucking awesome. She is letting her guard down and showing me her love! If they were not two thousand feet in the air …

Dany moaned softly herself feeling Arya’s thick nipples rubbing her back through the thin skin tight leathers Arya wore. Gods she wanted Arya! But she had other duties to perform first. Soon Arya. Soon.

Arya pushed back slightly her body tensing with concentration. “Zaldrizes!” All three dragons turned their head to Arya. Drogon’s head craned back on a neck half twisted half around. Daenerys felt her heart hammering again. Like Nymeria had accepted her, Daenerys, into her wolf heart her dragons now thought of Arya as their mother too. Daenerys smiled. Even Drogon loved the girl deeply now.

In a commanding voice “Drogon, Rhaegal, Viserion” they all stared at Arya with single minded focus waiting to do her will. “Winterfell el ātlis” she pointed at her home “Mirri ōdria uēpi dōri drēji zgiēñisi, sepār hen mibājyr udir ānogrosa anehussi Winterfell. Elēni ūhe jogeltigon sylutis, sepār jevon jogeltigon sylussi. Yn kostosy daor.

Daenerys felt such pride. Arya’s speak had been almost flawless.

The dragons roared as one and dove down towards Winterfell at a steep glide path. The air whistling by their wings as the dragons picked up speed. The dragons beat their wings to keep the camber of their wings tight as the dragons plummeted towards Winterfell. She gripped Drogon’s scales tight as she saw Barristan and Strong Belwas hunch down leaning forward gripping their saddles tight.
Drogon and his brothers were picking up speed as their wings beat with hard beats and gravity increased their speed fast.

Daenerys had her initial impressions of Winterfell. She had seen it from up high and once from low but then she had other matters on her mind.

Now she focused on the castle and its massive walls quickly coming up on her and Arya. She saw that the castle had an eighty foot high outer wall with the inner walls up to one hundred feet in height. She had noticed the dark granite before but as she raced toward the old castle she noticed just how truly black the stones were. The stones may technically been called dark grey but coming up on the walls they were black. She could sense their ancient age and the magic used to hewn them. The stones of the ancient keep distinct and well fitted but not with an imperfect fit unlike Highgarden or Casterly Rock.

This was a fortress for defense and the look and feel of the castle reflected that. The circular guard towers at the gate entrances were made of grey slate on the pointed turrets adorning the top of each guard gate tower. The drum towers projected off the wall in half circles that stood out roughly ten feet with arrow loops for archers to fire on invaders. The Queen saw that the base of the curtain wall had batters built along the base. The angled stone set in such a manner to make dropped stones bounce away from the curtain wall and into the enemy. The batters also adding strength to the base of the wall walk. These walls would be hard to breech and the damage done to the enemy attempting such a feat would be grievous to them.

Daenerys knew that her dragons were a glorious sight as they dropped out of sky like comets giving life from the celestial night sky. Her black dread in the lead with a white and green star on her wingtips. The highlights that adorned her dragon’s bodies were catching the sun and throwing them off in dancing spangles. The dragons bugled loudly their trumpets echoing off the castle walls and the surrounding trees.

They were almost on the castle now. The ground around the castle were kept clear of the trees. They were coming in from the opposite side of Winter Town. They were coming up the King’s Road. Her dragons had looped down to the cleared ground in front of the main East Gate in a sever glide path. The air pressure from the ground gave the dragons an uprush of air underneath their wings. Daenerys felt the tension in Drogon’s body as he strained his spine to begin angling his body upwards. His brothers mimicking his actions. The dragons immediately lifting their neck and pulling neck muscles pulling for altitude. The dragons jerked their front legs up into their bodies as their wings canted hard to gain altitude.

Daenerys, Barristan, and Strong Belwas had total trust in their steeds as the wall of Winterface raced up to greet them with a fatal embrace. The three dragons whooshed over the heads of the onlookers with only ten feet to spare. Daenerys and Arya glanced to right and left to see faces staring up at them in awe and shock at the audacity they were seeing. The raw skill and verve of the three dragons and their riders. The wind they generated creating small wind devils and unbalancing gusts of wind. The onlookers wildly buffeted and cast into the embrasure and merions on the outside of the wall walk. The Queen heard brief squeals and shouts of excitement as they winged by.

She and Barristan flew to the right of the great keep itself while Strong Belwas banked Rhaegal to the left and disappeared behind the Great Keep and the Great Hall that abutted it to the West. One would think that Rhaegal had plowed into the ground or ancient Keep itself. Then the great dragon appeared on the other side flying sideways as it passed over the other side of Winterfell only then righting itself and beating its wings furiously to gain altitude for another pass.

Daenerys flew her black dragon on straight ahead and whipped over the east wall in a streak among
cheers and shouts. She saw adults waving wildly and children jumping up and down in excitement. Barristan had peeled Viserion to the right and angled off over the corner of the castle wall and dove back down out of sight. Women were casting their favors up to the strong looking man with his flowing white hair whipping in the white dragon’s slipstream.

Past the castle she gained altitude fast. The black dragon’s body rising and falling with the beating of its long strong wings. Its tail swinging right and left behind him sometimes rising and falling slightly keeping his body in perfect trim. He had risen back to a thousand feet fast. Now the pale Targaryen had Drogon wing over and again she raced towards the castle. She saw that the castle was on a small rise that gave the walls additional height compared to the curtain wall. The Great Keep was the same black stone with four massive square turrets on each corner. The building had narrow horizontal windows with some filled with colored glass. She assumed that would be royal quarters.

Daenerys flashed by the Great Keep her dragon’s tail almost swishing over the edges of the north tower on the Great Keep. She felt the back pressure of the wind pushing against the ancient black stoned building and pressing into Drogon’s body. Daenerys used that to angle her dragon away and as the dragon angled over now flying upside down as she and Arya held on tight. They were over the curtain wall just twenty feet above it. Just beyond the wall Drogon whip barrel rolled back to normal horizontal flight. She had Drogon drop down beyond the wall and fly out half a mile before she gained altitude for another high speed pass.

She looked over her shoulder and saw Barristan and Belwas as they flew in a nose to tail flight path from the South and split at the last possible second to avoid the massive Great Keep. Daenerys saw that a stand of tall Fir trees near the Great Keep with their broad boughs covered by melting snow weighing the drooping branched down. She knew this was not the famous Godswood. She dropped her jaw seeing Rhaegal flying sideways between a gap between two mighty firs. His body totally sideways and his bottom wing nearly hitting the ground and his top wing near the tops of the trees. Now Rhaegal was rising again. She wondered if Strong Belwas still had his lunch. She need not worry. The Queen saw he was laughing in happy glee.

Something was not quite right but she could not quite put her finger on it. They had reached two thousand feet again. “Hold on!” she whooped to Arya. Her lover gripped her body tight and hummed rubbing her cheek into Dany’s back. Daenerys felt so fucking alive! Yes! Arya was her lover!

Her dragon dropped like a stone and pulled up at the last moment pulling what Maester Lape called G forces as the one hundred and ten foot dragon pulled up flashing over the Fir trees to the North of the Great Keep. Daenerys knew that the Great Hall could house over five hundred people. The great hall attached to the keep. She looked down at a massive square that had a wild growth of trees and in the center of it was a massive canopy of red leaves.

That was the Godswood with its ancient Weirwood tree with the face carved into it. She was slightly confused. She had developed a good ability to judge spaces and distances. She had read that the Godwood was only four acres. This massive expanse of wild seeming growth must be closer to fifty or fifty-five acres. There was thick luxuriant growth of trees and brambles that thickly covered the ground. She felt ancient power wafting up from those woods. The old gods had a presence her yet Daenerys thought.

She suddenly registered where Belwas was taking Rhaegal!

“What the fuck!” she shouted and Arya looked down and had time just to gasp.

They saw Rhaegal headed towards the covered bridge he was coming in fast from north his wings beating fast. Then fast the green dragon folded his wings tight to his body at the last second. The
dragon disappeared between the Great Keep and the Armory. They both gasped and held their breath expecting to see dragon parts flying out the other side. A split second Rhaegal appeared from underneath the other side of the covered bridge unhurt with a laughing Belwas.

“I kill that idiot!” Daenerys shouted. “If that wood had an extra coat of turpentine they would have crashed into it!”

“Easy Dany” Arya soothed up to her Queen. “Rhaegal will not do something he knows he can’t do.” Arya patted Daenerys stomach gently and Dany immediately calmed. Arya her sweet was right. Her dragons were very intelligent and like birds simply knew what they could and could not accomplish in flight. She had Drogon once more fly up to a thousand feet to prepare for another pass.

She saw Barristan flying down the south wall upside down waving at the people staring up at him. He had Viserion in a slow glide. The dragon’s wings flexing to keep its glide path perfect and smooth for his beloved rider. Daenerys groused to herself. Is everyone a showoff?! She would show him up! She idly flipped Drogon down into a spiraling dive only pulling up at the last moment passing over the First Keep and Broken Tower where she had first seen her future wife through Viserion and Drogon’s eyes. The dragon looking like a black red streaked spinning top in its tight downward spiral. Only at the last moment did she pull Drogon out of the tight spin. She banked hard as they passed the outside wall.

“HOLD ON TIGHT!” she roared as she bent down and Arya followed pressing her body tight. Now she flew inverted over Winterfell. Anything they can do I do better she thought directly over the Great Keep their hair nearly brushing he grey slate rooftops. As they flew inverted Daenerys and Arya looked down into the upturned faces of the people on the roof of the keep now. The two groups staring at each other. The men and women on the roof top whooping loudly with big smiles on their faces. The men laughing and the women swooning from the vapors! *Teach them to be a showoffs!*

As they flew over Winterfell more she was convinced of her initial observation. Whoever mapped out Winterfell simply did not know trigonometry. The measurements were all wrong. The person had simply under represented the true dimensions of the ancient castle.

She flew her dragon up into an Immelmann turn gaining attitude and turning one hundred degrees.

“Arya! The measurements in the books I read are all off. Way to small. Why?”

She heard and felt Arya chuckle pressed into her back. “About the time of Aegon Conquests a Maester from the Citadel traveled over Westeros to get surveys of the great castles and get the recent history to update their tomes. They had never truly survived the North and meant to make amends. It had been many, many years since the Maesters visited the great castles.”

“He came to use last. He was round and had a big beard. He came to Winterfell and looked around from the Great Keep. He started to write down distances and positions of buildings in the keep. He did not seem that focused on his work. He really did like to eat and drink though or so our legends say.”

“He told us that the Godswood was only four acres when everyone knew it was almost sixty acres. He just smiled and shook his head at us. He reminded us he was a Maester as he stuffed a turkey leg in his mouth while he wrote on his parchment. He got many things wrong for some reason when he did his measurements and wrote down our history. We were last on his journey. We thought that he was ready to go home to the Citadel.”
“We assumed he had grown tired of his task. He was sooooo sloowwww in his writing” It took him nearly two years to finish half way what he started. In fact we are convinced he never did finish his work.”

“Is his name recorded?”

“Yes. He had the strange name of George Martin. He was nice but as a scribe he left something to be desired. To get such simple things as measurements wrong. And when we tried to explain to him that military forces could not march as fast as he was writing down his eyes glazed over.

“Legends have it he was quite knowledgeable about Dragons and Valyria so I think he was cool. When you came out of the desert I reread the tome he left on old Valyria. I found it must illuminating. I mastur—I read the tome many times.” She felt Arya squirm in embarrassment. Soon Arya. Soon.

“I did read that the scribes and prophets, David Benioff and D.B. Weiss, who wrote A Song of Fire and Ice used his works as the text to craft the prophecy. I guess they didn’t care if many pages of his work was left blank.

“We just go with the flow. We know what the true measurements are and that is all that matters.”

Daenerys circled Drogon back around again. She noticed winter town. She found the town interesting getting its name from the fact that it lies mostly deserted during summer. It was where smallfolk gathered in winter. They would work their small holdfasts in the warm months raising crops to eat and sell and then moved into town with the coming winter snows which were always heavy in the North.

The town was located outside the walls of Winterfell on the other side of the King’s Highway on the east side of Winterfell. She saw that its market square was filled with wooden stalls for merchants, while its streets were muddy and lined with rows of houses made from log and undressed stone.

She saw that the roads, squares and rooftops filled with people wildly waving their arms many jumping up and down. She sent Drogon into a dive and angled towards the town. She made a hot, fast pass down low over the buildings of the backwash making children squeal, women clutch their skirts and men to stare. She zoomed up into the sky and half rolled out at a thousand feet.

She saw that Belwas had Rhaegal flying a tight circle keeping his circle within the circumference of the castle walls. The dragon flying on its side his wings flapping lazily keeping his circle tight. Barristan had Version leaping from tower to tower on the great keep. Viserion was keeping his talons on the top of the merions and away from the people on the tops of the towers howling with glee.

Show off! Daenerys roared to herself. She looked down at Winterfell. Inside the walls, was a complex of dozens of courtyards and small open spaces used for weapons training and practices that took place in those yards. Off to one side was an inner ward with its second, much older open space in the castle where archery practice took place. It was located next to the broken tower.

She looked at the buildings. She had seen something on the beaches of Volantis. She spotted the perfect building. She showed Drogon what she had in mind. She asked her son if he could do it.

She felt his fiery response. He was pissed. Of course he could do it! he raged back at his mother. He snapped dived down. Both women snatched forward as the dragon dove straight down. Dany held on hard to Drogon’s scales. She relished feeling Arya hugging her hard her body pressed into her made Dany wet. They broke out of the dive at the last moment as they headed for the peaked
roof of the Guest House. Drogon came in fast his body aligned with the apex line of the building.

The dragon extended his lower legs and his feet. He angled his feet back slightly to expose his toe pads. The black dragon arched his talons so they barely touched the roof slate sending out showers of sparks. The dragon spread out its wings for balance. The wings flitting up and down as they dragon moved down the line of the roof top. Arya squealed “What is he doing?” as the dragoon slide down the roof line keeping his weight fully off the roof.

“It’s called surfing!”

They reached the end of the building and the dragon dipped down and Drogon pumped his wings hard once more gaining altitude.

People were screaming in glee! The people had maybe caught glimpses of her dragons and that was with them usually flying on high but now the dragons were barely flying over their heads! She took Drogon back up to two thousand feet. She looked down the King’s Highway and saw Eddard’s party coming up the road. They would appear around the bend in the road soon.

She spoke to her dragons. Viserion and Rhaegal rose up to a thousand feet and all three dove down. They trumpeted and now bellowed out great gouts of fiery flame. The long tongues of flame reaching out seemingly to touch buildings and people but flaming out well short safely for the dragons had the ultimate control over their fiery breath. Now the people were in shock and awe at the power added on top of the crazy acrobatics on full display. The dragons continued to buzz Winterfell and Winter Town. She and her other dragons spun and pirouetted in the sky cavorting in fast dives, twisting spinning descents and wild twisting, turning rolls. The dragons bellowing long tongues of flame.

At one time Dany was doing a big loop in the sky. She had flown Drogon up and then over the top with negative Gs had their hair hanging down. They were in the middle of the loop at their slowest moment just before the descent. Daenerys and Arya looking back down at the ground. They began the down curve of the inverted loop.

“Fuucckkkkkkkk!” Daenerys screamed with Viserion flying just in front of Drogon’s nose and Rhaegal flying just over them. That was fucking close!

*Show offs!*

Arya cried out “I think I pissed myself!” with the near miss flybys.

Eddard was nearing the gates of Winterfell now. The three dragons now winged down to land before the gates. A huge crowd had gathered on the walls and in the area before the gates. The people were unsure seeing the behemoths coming into land. Their back peddling wings sending up huge gouts of convoluted wind currents and dust storms. The dragons landed lightly and looked around unperturbed. The crowd immediately relaxed sensing no danger from the great beasts as they settled down onto their legs and tails.

Daenerys smiled at the excited milling. She had succeeded. She slipped off Drogon turned and held up her arms. Arya had been about to climb down but smiled and slowly slid down to Daenerys hands as they gripped her ribs and brought her down to the ground. The two shared a smoky look of barely hidden desires. The time for subterfuge was ending. The two women were both tired of denying their desires. They stood side by side but separated when Eddard came up to them.

He slapped Daenerys hard on the back laughing at her audacity. “I loved it!” He did not normally show emotion so Daenerys took that as a compliment.
She heard a familiar voice “Your back!” Daenerys turned as Margaery and the tall red head she had seen in her dragons’ eyes: Sansa Stark. The Queen’s eyes shocked wide open. They were holding hands with interlocked fingers! That is how lovers hold hands. What!

“Father!” Margaery shouted and hugged Eddard as he swirled her in the Air. Daenerys saw Sansa smile with pure love at Margaery.

“How is my new daughter doing Margaery?”

Margaery began telling Eddard the recent news of Winterfell. Sansa came up and wrapped her arms around Margaery’s waist and bent down kissing her temple.

Oh Gods! Eddard looked over at Daenerys as he put his arms over both women’s shoulders and hugged the women to him.

Robb and Alys Karstark came up and hugged Eddard Stark. Robb hugged both Sansa and Margaery with obvious deep affection.

Daenerys was stunned. What is going on here?

Margaery was jumping up and down and kissed Sansa on the lips soundly. Sansa blushed but pulled the smaller woman to her and kissed her hotly on the lips. Now Daenerys mouth was hanging open.

No one even looked at them. It was as if everyone considered it normal! Sansa and Margaery continued to kiss as Sansa picked up a squealing Margaery and spun her in a slow circle still kissing her deeply now. Her aerial had definitely gotten everyone excited Daenerys mused.

She heard Rob and Alys telling Eddard and Arya about his wife. They both looked a little shaken at the news they were receiving. Arya looked at her and asked if she could go see her mother. She had not seen her in so long.

Daenerys smiled and told her to go see her mother. Daenerys started to meet and greet her subjects of the North. She had her duty as Queen to first perform.

Eddard came up to her. “Sansa and Margaery will be wed in the Godswood Daenerys. Robb and Alys will be wed at the same time. We are hoping for a third wedding my Queen” he told her softly and walked on to see his wife.

Daenerys stood there stunned. She suddenly saw that Eddard Stark had played a Game of Thrones within a Game of Thrones.

He had sent his daughter to her as both an emissary of the Warden of the North but also letting his daughter come south to pursue Daenerys Targaryen. He had sent his little girl who had been in love with the Queen. Her hopes had been right! My gods she whispered to herself I have Eddard’s blessing to romantically pursue his daughter. She turned to a knight talking to her not hearing his words as he talked to her excitedly about meeting the Breaker of Chains. Eddard wanted her to wed Arya!

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Margaery

Margaery was in her future mother-in-law’s room. She squeezed Catelyn’s hand gently. She was worried. It had been a very difficult pregnancy for the older woman. Her pervious pregnancies had been easy but this one had been anything but easy on the woman. It was clearly wearing the woman
Maester Luwin with his expert care had made sure that Catelyn stayed off her feet and had total bed rest. His care and potions had gotten the wife of Eddard Stark slightly through the middle of the third month of her third trimester. They wanted Catelyn to reach full term but the Maester felt that if childbirth came early now the child would survive. His answer about Catelyn’s health had been less than convincing to Margaery. She was very afraid.

Maester Luwin had given Cat potions to settle her stomach and to replenish her vitamins and minerals. Cat had a hard time keeping any food down and her digestive track was always upset now. She had had to clean her sweet mother-in-law many times. The woman weakly protested at being as weak as invalid or new born babe but Margaery and the woman she was to marry did not mind. Sansa gladly helped in the care of her stricken mother.

She would never had imagined herself ever doing something like that in her life at Highgarden. She did not mind. Catelyn had been so supportive of her and Sansa and their wedding to be in the Godwood. It made her smile at how Sansa’s mother had changed so much. She had once been hell bent on marrying Sansa off to some stupid insipid male Lord or even a Knight if necessary.

Now the woman had actively been planning her and Sansa’s wedding. She had come up with a beautiful ceremony. It did not matter that Catelyn was tired and worn with her difficulty pregnancy. Catelyn Stark spent much of her time when she had strength planning the marriage of her eldest daughter to Margaery Tyrell. This made the young scion of Highgarden love the woman fiercely. They had spent hours talking of the coming nuptials. Margaery had more and more time to be with Catelyn with the planning phase of the coming war being over.

The castle had largely emptied of the Lords, generals and knights that would be fighting the war. They had gone to the field. That had changed over the last few days. Her new father had ridden south to meet the Queen and fully explain to her his Game of Throne. When the ravens came winging in saying the North and South were united as one elation had filled Margaery’s heart. The news had been most excellent. All had been forgiven. Daenerys had made it clear that Eddard was still firmly ensconced as the Warden of the North. The local Northmen and closest young lords too young to go to war and thus not travelled to the wall had been pouring into Winterfell to greet their new Queen.

The news had been so good but it was tempered. Over the last few days her mother-in-law’s health had deteriorated. Her strength weakened further and her color had become paler. Now, Cat murmured in her sleep and grimaced with pain. Maester Luwin had preserved Cat and the baby’s life but he was worried. She felt the same fear. The Maester could not explain this slow deterioration of Cat’s health and that alone put fear in everyone’s heart.

Her mother-in-law looked so drawn and pale. Her face and hands were so deathly pale. Blue veins visible where none should be. Her face was lined with lines of pain and rue. She had not put on nearly enough weight considering she was heavy with child. Her cheeks were drawn and her hands had deep gullies between her knuckles. Her hair was lank and when she looked at you her eyes seemed hollowed out. She had the look of one fading away.

Catelyn spoke lightly of her condition expressing full confidence of delivering another healthy son to her beloved husband. Margaery knew she was doing it for her loved ones. Catelyn too had a haunted look in her eyes.

Maester Luwin hoped that if they could get Catelyn into labor they would then be out of danger. This would be her sixth child. Maester Luwin told the gathered family that each birth came easier for a woman. He put it that the “plumbing is primed. It remember the previous births.” He hoped that
now that she was nearing her due date that the dire danger was past.

She squeezed Catelyn’s hand and looked at her mother-in-law. She was so drawn. She squeezed the hand gently again. Her mother-in-law’s hand was too cold. Margaery pursed her lips and told herself yet again all would be well. She had come to totally love this woman. Catelyn had changed so much sense she accepted her daughter’s homosexual love for herself. Cat had been her biggest defender when the more conservative elements expressed their concerns.

Catelyn Stark made it clear she totally supported Sansa and her love for Margaery. When it was understood that both mother and father supported the union the protest quickly faded. Margaery was not naïve. She knew many still did not approve but they did not dare oppose the Warden of the North. The North was still not very enlightened in matters of the right to love whom you loved.

It had made her heart beat with pride for the older woman. She had worked out her opposition to her and Sansa’s marriage and was now their biggest supporter. She had in return been happy to support Catelyn in her pregnancy. She had been happy to care for and pamper the mother of Sansa.

She was happy to wash her mother-in-law’s body when she was too exhausted too. It put a big smile on her face to feed the woman her favorite ice cream or get her pickles and cucumbers slices long after dinner. She and Sansa would take turns watching over Sansa’s mother after they had made love. They sat with Catelyn so Maester Luwin could get needed rest and perform his other duties.

Margaery and Sansa had taken to staying long into the night with Cat. They had a small bed pallet setup in the corner of the room that they would sleep in. They were forgoing lovemaking to make time to be with Catelyn. Both young women loved being there to care and comfort the older women when she would wake up in pain or if she was craving some snack. They loved caring for her.

Margaery fretted worrying over her mother-in-law. If they could just get through this pregnancy then all would be alright. Once they had a new girl in the Stark fold then Catelyn would recover her strength and they could enjoy the new child and start planning their weddings. Margaery just knew that that the baby was in fact a girl.

Margaery’s thoughts turned to more pleasant thoughts. She knew the Queen and Arya would be arriving here back with Eddard Stark the man she considered her second father. She could not wait to see the queen wrapped around Arya’s little finger. The little she-wolf had that rouge charm that would capture a bad ass warrior like Daenerys Targaryen. The queen needed the fiery spirit heavily laced with innocence that was Arya Stark.

Then, when Arya had gotten her Queen in her bed and went down on Daenerys she would rock the Targaryen’s world. Margaery remembered the sage advice she had given Arya when she left to head south to her Queen and destiny. “Remember, first suck her clit slow and deep, then suck on it with harsh, fast sucks as you flutter your tongue over it, and then lap, still sucking hard so you can tongue lash the Queen clit’s with the flat of your tongue. When you do that, push your tongue down hard into her clit so you can rasp it with the length of your tongue as you lick it. Just keep licking and sucking hard - she’ll die from it.” There was so many ways to eat pussy but that was a guarantee love kill. Margaery wished she could have been there the first time Arya went down on the Queen.

Margaery heard the door quietly opened and then closed. Sansa came into the room. She paused looking at her mother lying in her bed looking so pale and weak. One thing Sansa never thought she would see was her mother so weak and frail. It was unnerving. Catelyn Stark was always a force of nature full of strength and vigor. Sansa took a deep breath and walked over to the chair that Margaery had had placed beside her mother’s bed. She looked down at her lover with a fond smile.
“How is she doing Margaery?”

“She is well considering everything. She has grimaced in her sleep but nothing untoward. I will just be happy when the birth has come. I worry for her Sansa. I truly do. I just found her as my second mother and I don’t want to lose her” Margaery spoke passionately.

She saw her love smile sadly. She motioned for Margaery to stand up. Margaery did quickly. Sansa sat down adjusting the chair slightly. She then motioned for Margaery to sit down on her lap. Margaery loved how Sansa was so much bigger than her and she could sit on her love and snuggled into her warm solid body. Margaery happily sat down on Sansa’s lap and leaned back into the taunt stout body of her lover. Sansa’s body always gave her a feeling of security when Sansa wrapped her long strong around her body like now.

“Do you think she will be alright Sansa?” she asked her love. She wiggled into Sansa as Sansa stroked her back and kissed her forehead. The Tyrell cooed feeling her lover stroke her body comfortingly. Normally, this would lead to sex but not in this room. Here it offered comfort for two frightened young women caring for a beloved mother.

“She has to be Margaery. She is such a powerful and dynamic woman. I feel that this pregnancy would have done in a less robust and strong woman. She should deliver any day now. You heard Maester Lewin. Once she has had the baby then Mother should recover.”

Margaery thought she heard the slightest worm of doubt in her lover’s voice. She knew she had the same fear. Sansa’s mother seemed to grow more wane and drawn every day. Catelyn Tully needed to have her child as soon as possible.

Sansa had turned so she could reach out her free hand and touch her mother’s arm. Margaery saw the grimace flash over her lover’s face. She had felt how cool her mother’s skin was to the touch. Something was gravely wrong with her mother-in-law pregnancy. All knew it and were hopeless to do anything about it. They could only hope that her mother would have her child sooner than later and her body could begin to heal.

That was Margaery’s hope. That was what her heart said. Margaery’s mind told her another truth.

They stayed that way for a half an hour. They talked softly about Cat and how she had come to support them so strongly. Sansa had told Margaery how adamant her mother had been that Sansa marry a man. It was Sansa’s duty to make House Stark stronger by marrying the right man. This made Sansa’s mother’s support for them now all the sweeter. They smiled talking of the wedding Catelyn had planned. It was truly beautiful. Neither of them could remember a triple marriage.

“Do you think my sister has wrapped the Queen around her finger Margaery?”

“I really don’t know how she couldn’t. They are both so passionate and impulsive. I only saw a little of Daenerys Targaryen but she simply exuded passion and sex. She definitely had control of herself but I just now that once your sister got under her skin it was conquest over and out. I can’t see either woman long denying their love. Your sister has wanted Daenerys since she was only a legend marching east across Essos. Her passion for the pale Targaryen only grew. Yes. They are lovers now” Margaery pronounced. One thing she knew was lesbian amore. Those two women were simply made for each other.

“I guess you are right.” Sansa chuckled.

“What’s so funny my love?”
“I was just remembering her defying our mother no end. Arya driving me crazy with her antics and refusing to sew, take etiquette lessons, refusing to wear dresses, her foul mouth when she wanted to, her running out and playing in the dirt and coming back covered in mud. I could go on for hours.”

Margaery chuckled. “Like I said Arya is definitely a wild one. It is that wildness that has by now long since captured a certain Targaryen’s heart. I offered myself to Daenerys along with my hens. We were rejected. I was pissed and hurt but I knew as we paraded before her it was a lost cause.”

“How so?” Sansa asked. Margaery had not talked of this to her before.

“I could see it looking at her Sansa. This was a warrior. This was a woman who still soft by appearances but she was also Valyrian steel at her core. I knew only a warrior could capture that woman’s heart. You and I are warriors of the bedroom. Daenerys Targaryen needs a true warrior of the battlefield. She needed a woman of marital prowess.”

“Thus, your sister.”

Sansa chuckled again nodding again at Margaery’s sage assessment of her sister and Daenerys.

“My father used to yell out ‘She is possessed by the wolf’. She is definitely half wolf. They heard a loud whine at the door and hard scratching.

Margaery got up and lightly stepped to the door and opened it up and smiled at the Direwolf that easily came up to her shoulder. The great wolf licked Margaery all over face with wolfie kisses. The wolf rubbed her flank into Margaery and whined in pleasure when her second master scratched behind her ears and rubbed her underneath her neck. The wolf shuddered in pleasure. Lady whined in pleasure and pressed into Margaery seeking even more contact with her other mistress.

Margaery walked back to her lover with Lady at her hip and sat back down in Sansa’s lap. Sansa reached out to pet and scratch Lady. The direwolf whined more in happy pleasure her long tongue lulling out. After a minute the direwolf gently stepped up on the bed and laid down beside Catelyn. The large wolf wiggled in close to Catelyn her body pressed into the side of her master’s mother. She shared her body’s heat with Catelyn. The pale woman murmured and smiled a small smile feeling the warmth on her side. Lady put her snout down on her forepaws and went to sleep.

It touched both young women how the Direwolf did all she could to bring comfort to Sansa’s mother.

They sat and murmured at the day’s events to each other and watched over Catelyn. They both knew that Sansa’s mother was very ill. They could only hope that Maester Luwin skills and medicinal poultices saw their mother through. Margaery had just come to know the woman and already loved her so deeply. She turned from such unsettling thoughts.

“Are you anxious to see Arya?” Sansa asked her lover in a conspiratorial tone.

Margaery smirked snuggling closer into her lover’s ample bosom. “Yeah. I can’t wait to hear how my cunninglingus advice worked. It sure has made you scream many a night” Margaery leered at her sweet love. “I want all the details on how hard the Queen cummed in Arya’s mouth.”

She felt the fingers in her hair stop massaging her scalp for a moment.

“You know you are a horndog don’t you Margaery” her lover chuckled down to her.

“Tell me you wouldn’t listen to all the juicy details. When you see my hens tell me you won’t want to watch them fuck?”
She felt a shiver run through her lover. “Yessss!” Sansa whimpered. The fingers that had resumed massaging her hair were just that little bit more aggressive. Yes her lover was coming along. She was slowly but surely getting Sansa to accept the possibility of a polygamous relationship. Margaery loved Sansa dearly but she also loved the women she had grown up with. She would sacrifice them if she must to have Sansa’s love. She had feared that but that fear was slowly fading.

Sansa was proving to be quite the voracious slut. Sansa would have the heart to love Margaery and her hens as well. It would be so glorious.

Margaery moved her mouth up and nipped her lover’s throat. Sansa gasped. So responsive. Now was not the time to let nature to take its course though. She had to ask though. She had been slowly opening up Sansa’s horizons on matters of sex and partaking of pleasure and accepting open relationships. She needed reassurance that her hopes were indeed based on reality and not wishful thinking.

“You know I got more letters from them don’t you? My hens.” Margaery had regaled Sansa with long descriptive tales of her past debauchery with her hens. It got Sansa so hot and aggressive. She always fucked Margaery hard after a few tails of hot fucking. Sansa simply wore Margaery’s pussy and butthole out with her 11” strap-on. Then there were the times Sansa filled Margaery’s cunt with her twisting plunging fist. Margaery then shivered remembering the feel of Sansa’s fist slamming up her asshole burying it so deep with twisting thrusts that had Margaery screaming so hard and falling into half comatose stated of hard cumming that tore her belly open with womb clawing out her belly the contractions were so hard and many.

“Yessssss!” was Sansa’s sibilant reply.

“They want you Sansa. They want us to be one big happy brood of hens. They want to bow down before you as I do. You are the cock and we are you hens if you want us. I am yours no matter and will forgo if you demand it. I’m yours totally.”

She wiggled into her lover sighing.

“It would be so beautiful. I grew up and came of age with them. I do miss them so but my life is with you Sansa. I will not jepord—“ she stopped when Sansa put her finger on her lips.

Sansa rocked her body to give Margaery the soft motions she liked and rubbed her back. Margaery cooed. She supposed it was too much to ask for.

Sansa brought her mouth to Margaery’s ear and traced the delicate shell with her tongue tip. Margaery shivered in primal want. Gods what this woman did to her. Sansa breathed warm breath into her ear making Margaery whimper. Then she spoke softly. “I can’t wait to meet your brood Margaery … and fuck them soooo good. I will suck them off in turn and claim them as I claim you my sweet slut! I am brave and sure enough in our love to share both you and myself with your brood. It will be sooooo good.”

Margaery softly wept in such happiness. Sansa tilted Margaery body away from her body. Sansa leaned down and kissed away Margaery’s tears of pure happiness. Sansa was her perfect mate! Sansa hummed rubbing Margaery’s back. Sansa was so happy but for her concern for her mother.

Sansa reached out and stroked her mother’s pale forearm. She had had her conflicts with her mother but she had resolved them when her mother accepted her homosexuality and her love for Margaery so completely. Catelyn had softened so much recently. Her father getting her mother to accept her daughters’ true natures seemed to have made her mother reevaluate so many things.
Her mother had literally thrown herself into her efforts when she had the strength on planning their weddings. Her mother just had to be at the weddings. Sansa knew life moved on and all must die but her mother was still so young. She could not go down that road with her thoughts.

She and Margaery sat in their chair and Sansa smiled feeling Margaery asleep her face snuggled onto her bosom. Her sweet love snored softly. Her lover helped her with castle duties, war planning when necessary and still carved out major portions of her day and nights to care for her mother. It only made her love Margaery all the more.

Sansa would be exhausted after intense lovemaking. She would snuggle with Margaery and go to sleep. When she would awake in the night she would feel Margaery missing. She panicked the first few times getting up and searching desperately for her love fearing she had grown tired of her. Her insecurities flooding her body and shattering her new found confidence like a dropped fine porcelain cup.

She found her lover with her mother comforting her and talking to her mother. A few times she had gotten on the bed and gone to asleep beside Catelyn gently holding her increasingly frail mother. Her mother had soaked up the love. Sansa was so grateful for her lover’s great big heart.

Sansa had decided if Margaery could love so many so could she. She was satisfied that Margaery’s hens and herself were the only ones that would touch Margaery’s heart and soul. Their sex was just a manifestation of that love. Margaery relayed how her hens were fucking the maid staff bowlegged in King’s Landing. Sansa had been at first shocked but her thoughts had changed totally. Now she hungered to fuck these women along with Margaery and their hens. Pleasure should be shared with many. The love would be for Sansa and her hens with Margaery being her Queen Hen.

An hour later Maester Luwin came in. He came up to Sansa who looked up at him. Margaery woke up and smiled at the kindly man.

He smiled gently. “Let me sit awhile with your mother. An outrider has just returned from the picket line. Your father is coming. He saw the Queen’s dragons take to the air. Rumor from my Maester brothers is that the Queen likes to make a grand entrance.”

Margaery got up and stretched. She helped Sansa up. Catelyn was still asleep. She slept too much Margaery worried. Still the Maester thought the gravest danger had passed with Catelyn reaching full term with the baby.

She and Sansa hurried to the kitchen and grabbed a chicken pot pie and a glass of milk each and took their food to the castle walls and stood over the main east gate. They chatted and feed each other. If their father was coming home and the Queen was with them then it could only mean Arya was with them.

Margaery was excited. Things between her and the wild wolf child had calmed down greatly since she had tried to rip Arya’s hair out for daring to pluck her sweet Sansa’s ear. The girl was charming and nice once you got past her rough tomboy ways.

They finished their meal and were drinking their milk when they appeared on the Southern horizon. People on the walkway were suddenly pointing and tension mounted in the air. Sansa’s breath caught. She saw off several miles a black star that swallowed the light with two glowing stars circling off to either side. The stars come down from the heavens floating effortlessly in the sky.

The dragons circled for a time marking time. Then she gasped as the dragons suddenly picked up speed and started a sharp glide down. The dragons were angling in their direction and she realized that the dragons were aiming for the East Gate. The gate they were standing over. The dragons now
were just over the ground and coming impossibly fast towards the castle wall.

They were too low! They were below the top of the curtain wall of Winterfell. Margaery had lost sight of them. The crash would be horrible! Sansa squealed and buried her face in Margaery’s hair. At the last possible moment the dragon’s glided up just over castle walls fast like crossbow bolts in a hurricane of wind that buffeted and shook the young lovers. The people around them were screaming in happiness at the audacity and skill of the Queen and her dragons. Margaery’s eyes had bulged out seeing the dragons’ bellies, legs and tails whipping by just above their heads.

The dragons roared over her head the heat from Drogon like hot summer breeze as he flashed past. “Holy shit!” she exclaimed. Sansa squealed again as Margaery turned her head to track the dragons split and zoomed around the Great Keep and disappeared for a moment only to appear further on gaining altitude. Holy snap they had balls!

For the next forty minutes the dragons performed wild acrobatics. Slowly Sansa got comfortable enough with the aerial feats to not constantly push her face into Margaery’s hair and not squeal like a stuck pig. That was reserved for their bedroom! Margaery groused to herself. She was the only who should be able to make Sansa squeal like that! Well her hens too but they were in King’s Landing.

On the third pass by the black dragon over the east gate they finally saw what they had hoped to see. The dragon’s body was tilted over flying between the bell and library tower. The black dragon flashing behind the library tower like a mirage and then it was over the south wall and again flying up.

Sansa was squealing again. “Did you see? Did you see?!”

“Yes I did my love!”

On Drogon’s back was the Queen with her long white hair whipping in the slipstream of the dragon’s fast flying body. On the Queen’s back was a woman with shoulder blade length brown hair hugging the Queen’s body tight as she leaned into the Targaryen.

Margaery was elated. Arya had bed the Queen! She couldn’t wait to hear all the juicy wet details. Gods she loved having sex described to her almost as much as seeing and doing it!

Sansa was squealing and jumping up and down in her happiness for her sister. Sansa’s breast bouncing on her chest was doing very pleasant things to Margaery’s pussy and nipples! Gods she was going to ab-so-fucking-ly devour her sweetie tonight!

Margaery and her sweet wolf were thoroughly entertained by the dragons and their riders. The way they dove and barely missed the edifices of Winterfell and Winter town. One time Viserion actually plowed a field in the compound he flew so low with his dangling claws. You would be looking at one dragon and suddenly from behind another dragon or maybe two! would swoop by.

One time the dragons flew in a loose triangle keeping perfect formation on several passes and then flew straight up and at thousand feet went off in different directions as they rolled to upright and flew off to gather speed for another pass.

Then the dragons stated to roar with near ear splitting roars and bugling. Soon long peals of fire filled the sky. Each mighty roar of fire made loud screams of joy erupt around the large Winterfell compound and in Wintertown.

All too soon her new father’s party had arrived at the East gate and the dragons were landing. Sansa
was filled with energy and passion. Gods she was going to be so randy tonight Margaery thought lasciviously. Margaery shivered at what sweet debaucheries she and her sweet would do tonight. She knew she would be on her knees giving head to Sansa’s thick long strap-on gagging on it as she did deep throat. She prided herself on her oral skills. She had thought that if she had had to marry some male she had better get good orally to make them come fast so she could get back to her hens.

Then Sansa would pound the living shit out her happy pussy and ass. Margaery shivered again as Sansa jerked her along behind her and down to the ground. Margaery loved it when Sansa controlled her body so easily. She looked at Sansa’s ass as her love dragged her along. Then they were hugging her father and he was so happy to see her. HER! Gods she loved that man. She looked over at Daenerys and Arya. She frowned.

Something was most definitely not right. With that wild ride they should be so pumped up they would be all over each other. Both women were flushed and covered with sweat from all the exertions of holding on for dear life from the wild gyrations of the dragons. Wild exertions got the blood to flowing and the libido a rocking Margaery knew. The two should be all over each other in a hot lover’s clench with arms wrapped around each other pulling each other tight to their lover’s body. Margaery was waiting to see some hot tongue actions and then … welllll … nothing? What the fuck!

They stood close but not close enough. Daenerys was eating Arya alive with her eyes but not her hands and mouth. Eddard said something to Daenerys and her mouth nearly unhinged but a look of elation quickly filled her face. Arya moved into Winterfell to go see her mother.

She left Sansa who was staring agog at Rhaegal who lowered his head and she was petting his head. Geez! Sansa was squealing again. She was only supposed to squeal like that for her and in the future with their hens. She sounded like she was having a freaking orgasm!

Arya was nearing the Great Keep entryway when she caught up to Arya.

Arya hugged her. While they embraced “What is wrong Arya? Why aren’t you and the Queen fucking … okay let me calm down … why haven’t you bed the Queen?” as they walked into the keep.

“Oh Margaery!” Arya exclaimed. “I have been so unsure. I was convinced she did not love me. Well I would think she did but then I was sure she did not love me! It has been so fucking frustrating.”

Margaery was godsmacked. Arya was not a wolf but a Chihuahua! This was unacceptable! Had Arya been all blather?!!

“But that changed today. She looked at me with raw lust! Dany looked at me like she never has before. It was direct and I felt a connection with her that was so fucking primal!” Arya nearly panted.

Margaery did not hear that. She was still processing that Arya and Daenerys had not been shagging for months.

“Arya my gods! She is eating you alive with her eyes. She wants you so bad it is almost painful to see.”

They were walking slowly moving up to the royal quarters talking softly.

“You think so? She seems to have really changed today! Am I fooling myself?” Arya asked with
rising hope.

“Arya one thing I know is desire … it pouring off her in waves and all of it directed towards you … my gods Arya when she fucks you—you are going to scream so loud. That woman exudes sexual prowess and animal skills … you do remember what I told you don’t you?”

Arya blushed hard “Yes” she replied bashfully.

“Good. I want you to give as well as you get. Make her scream and fill your mouth with her cum Arya. You hear me!”

**Arya**

“Yes! Yes Margaery. I feel more confident already. If I had had you in King’s Landing I would have bedded her long ago!” Arya spoke confidently but she feared she would wilt again once separated from her coach. True she had seen a fire in Daenerys eyes today that had her body on fire. It was just that Daenerys was so worldly and knowing while she felt so innocent, sheltered and provincial.

She walked deeper into the Great Keep heading up the stairs to the royal quarters. She already felt her confidence waning a little.

“Margaery? Why hasn’t Dany taken me if she is so hot for me? Shouldn’t she have forced herself on me if she wanted me so bad? Seduced me?”

The two walked on and Arya could see Margaery thinking hard on the subject. “You know I can see your viewpoint … but I think I know why not.” She looked at Arya with a thoughtful look.

“I have read all the files your father has gathered on your Queen. She was sold off to Khal Drogo at age thirteen and raped and taken as his wife. I think that would have broken much innocents as all the reports made clear Daenerys was at that point. She was small, sacred young girl sold into slavery basically. She was taken by a man she did not love every night. She was only a fuck toy for his enjoyment to begin with. The Willy woman soon bent the Khal to her will but that was not how that relationship started. No. To begin, Daenerys Targaryen was a scared little girl.

“I think that has made her extremely hesitant to ever ‘force’ herself on a woman. She knows to intimately what it means to be raped.”

Arya nodded her head. She could definitely see that in Daenerys. She was always so solicitous towards her. It warmed her heart just thinking on it. Daenerys was quick to offer support and give her shoulders rubs she did not need. She always wanted to hear her thoughts and share their meals. Daenerys listened to all Arya had to say and Arya could tell that Daenerys always gave Arya her full attention.

“What I can’t fathom is why she ignored your overtures?”

They walked down the hall in silence. Arya saw Margaery look at her with at first a questioning look and then one of rising frustration.

“You did signal your desires to her by flirting with her … shamelessly?” Margaery asked Arya with a tone of shocked wonder.

Arya continued to walk down the hall looking down and in silence.
Margaery slapped her forehead with her palm. “Arya Arya … my sweet little Chihuahua …” Margaery repeated Chihuahua several times under her breath shaking her head in disbelief.

“Stop calling me that!” Arya retorted hotly.

Margaery turned her head slightly and arched a perfect eyebrow “How many times did you show Daenerys affections or desires … did you ever flirt with her?”

“Nooooooo!” Arya whined. “I expected her to lead us!”

“Yes that is strange. I guess the ghost of the Dothraki Sea still haunts her. I feel though that the way I saw her looking at you outside the gates that she has decided to make her desires known to you Arya. … Please don’t blow it when she does.”

“Aarrggggg!” Arya ground out. She promised herself she would be ready.

They reached the door to her parent’s chambers. Margaery gripped her arm lightly.

“Arya. Your mother’s pregnancy has been rough on her. She is worn down but Maester Luwin tells us that the worst is passed. She should give birth at any time now. Then she can heal. Your mother is still young but somewhat old to be with child.”

Arya nodded her head and Margaery opened the door. She saw Maester Luwin sitting by the bed. He obscured her full view of her mother as she stepped into the room.

She noticed her father was gone. He must have done a quick check on his wife and seen her okay and then rushed off doing important Warden duties.

“Hhhuunnggggg!” Arya gasped stepping around the Maester and seeing her mother for the first time since she left nearly seven months ago. She shivered hard. When she had left her mother was full of strength and vigor and her body strong and pink with health.

This was not the woman she saw lying on the bed with Lady lying beside that woman. The wolf looking worried at the woman’s drawn sleeping face. This woman resembled her mother but was only a shadow of her. Her skin was pale and callow. Her hair lank and lifeless. Her eyes were sunken as were her cheeks. Her hands looked skeletal. Her belly was big with child but her arms and legs were too thin.

Arya felt alarm in the marrow of her bones.

Maester Luwin got up and came to Arya and gripped her shoulders gently. “Child it is not as bad as it seems. Your mother has had a difficult pregnancy but she has stabilized over the last several weeks. I feel that once the child is delivered she will mend.”

“The child is healthy and strong. It kicks constantly and changing positions. It has lowered in her womb positioning itself for its birth.”

“I cannot be sure but some Maesters have written of this condition. It is rare and not all believe in it. In some way the blood of the child and the mother is mixing and the baby is in effect poisoning your mother. All women go through this. This is why women have morning sickness and their stomachs as so nauseous. But the woman’s body adjusts. Unfortunately, sometimes it does not as in your mother’s case.”

“Once the child, the source of the ‘poison’ is removed, then the mother’s body can heal. Soon your mother will be healing.”
“Are you sure?” Arya asked worriedly.

“Nothing is certain in this life sweet child … but women recover from cases as severe as this. I don’t see why your mother should not be one of those women.

Margaery looked at Maester Luwin. “You never said this before. Why not?”

“I did not want to worry everyone with something we cannot change. I did not want to plant the seeds that the child itself was the malady. It would not have changed anything knowing this and some may have said to force the pregnancy before the baby was ready. No. Catelyn Stark will give birth soon and the crises will have passed.”

Arya clung to that. She sat down in the chair that the Maester had been sitting in. Her worries over Dany temporarily forgotten. She took her mother’s hand and stroked it gently.

Arya now felt extreme guilt for every cross word she had ever had with her mother. Maybe she could have been less angry and tried to at least see her mother’s side.

Margaery and Maester Luwin pulled over several more chairs. Margaery joined Arya and they made small talk watching Arya’s mother.

Half an hour later Lady raised her head and her tail swished excitedly. Sansa came in. She talked to Maester Luwin who had gone to meet Sansa by the door. They talked quietly. She then came into the room.

Arya stood up and hugged her sister tightly. Seeing her mother like this made her appreciate her sister like she had never before. Sansa sat in the chair on the other side of Margaery and joined in the vigil over Catelyn Stark.

After another fifteen minutes the Maester came over with a bowl of cool water and he gently toweled Arya’s mother’s forehead with it.

Catelyn’s eyelids fluttered and she came awake. She looked at the three women sitting beside her. She smiled weakly at Sansa and Margaery. Then her eyes registered Arya and her smile suddenly became stronger and brighter. “Arya” she spoke weakly “Oh my sweet child. You’ve come back in time to greet your new brother into the world. Oh how I have prayed for this Arya.”

Arya felt a lump form in her throat. “I would not miss the blessed event for anything mother. You are looking good.”

Catelyn smiled weakly. “I do feel better. I feel I am recovering. Maester Luwin has been taking very good care of me. But it has been Margaery Tyrell that has made this pregnancy bearable. She has been a godsend sent by the seven.”

Margaery blushed and then blushed harder when Catelyn gripped her hand with both of her bony hands.

“My daughter could never have made a better choice in a mate than you my sweet Margaery Tyrell. I will ever thank the Mother for sending you here to Winterfell.”

The Maester sat down on the other side of Catelyn. Lady jumped off the bed and sat down between Margaery and Sansa and woofed softly when both women scratched her head and ears.

Margaery, Sansa and Arya helped her mother sit up as they piled pillows behind her. Maester Luwin spoon fed their mother a warm broth of chicken soup and medicinal herbs. Some color returned to
Catelyn’s cheeks. Catelyn seemed to have her strength returning.

Maybe the Maester was right. Arya heard the door opening again and being gently closed. She sensed two presences that were a part of her. Her father and the love of her life stepped into view beside on the open side of the bed.

Arya’s mother saw her husband and reached out to her husband. Her eyes leaked several tears. “I can feel the baby kicking Ned. Your son is so strong. Just like you my husband.”

Eddard gave his wife his most winning squint smile and came beside the bed and got down on one knee and took her hand and gently kissed it. All the women in the room knew that this was true love between two souls. All longed for such love. Two knew they had it and two more longed to be sure of such love.

As her father talked gently to her mother Arya looked at Daenerys. She had seen the shock register on Daenerys face when she first saw her mother. She was sure her face had registered such a shock. She knew she had the same thought that she had first seen her mother.

She is dying. She had been rocked to her core. Dany had hid it immediately with her face of regal calm and control but Arya had seen. She watched Dany move to the other side of the bed. Her mother was indeed looking stronger. The broth was reviving her. Arya felt better. Maybe their initial observations had been incorrect.

The Queen of Westeros went down to one knee beside her mother’s bed. Catelyn looked at her and then registered who this must be. She started to try and get up.

“No Catelyn! Stay in bed and conserve your strength. I have come to pay homage to the wife of the Warden of the North and to give my salutations and my blessing on the miracle of life you are about to bring forth into the world.”

“When is the girl due?”

“My son should be born at any time” Arya’s mother replied. Arya sighed. Somethings never changed. Arya smiled softly. “I will give my husband another fine strong son. A son who will become a strong Lord or Knight. My husband deserves another fine son.”

“Of course my loyal Queen of the North. My mistake. I once had a daughter so I guess my heart always leans that way.”

All saw the pain that crossed the Queen’s face.

Arya longed to take Dany into her arms and kiss away her hurt.

Catelyn looked unsure afraid she had upset the Queen.

“Do not worry Catelyn. We all have our preferences for a child and it was a long time ago now.”

The Maester had brought over several more chairs. Eddard and the Queen sat down. Eddard near his wife and the Queen by Arya.

Dany took Arya’s hand and squeezed it. “I’m sure your mother will be alright Arya. She is under expert care. She is looking better” Daenerys spoke softly to Arya. The Queen went to release her hand and Arya reached over with her other hand to take Dany’s hand in both of her hands. She ran her thumb along the top of Dany’s hand. She watched Dany’s body relax and eyelids flutter closed. Yes. She needed to show Daenerys her true feelings.
The Maester was able to feed Arya’s mother two bowls of the medicinal broth and her mother did indeed look better. She now had color to her cheeks. She seemed stronger. Her voice talking to them was stronger. Her husband made her chuckle and his insights made her nod in agreement.

Arya was thrilled hearing her mother ask Sansa and Margaery if they were thinking of their bridal gowns. They then talked of that for fifteen minutes. Arya saw her mother looking at her and Dany. She saw her father catch her mother’s eyes and shake his head subtly ‘no’. Now was not the time.

Half an hour later Eddard and Daenerys had to excuse themselves. They had more war meetings to attend. He gently called to Sansa. She got up and left with them. Arya and Margaery moved in closer to be near their mother.

An hour later Catelyn had gone to sleep. Color had returned to her face and hands. Arya felt great relief. Maester Luwin must be right.

She went down to the kitchen and ate with the staff and some maids. Margaery had gone to join in the war meetings. All were getting ready for the final push to the wall and war. Arya knew that Eddard and her Queen were busy working on strategy. Her sister and her lover had gone to join them.

Those things did not interest Arya in the least. She heard a whoof and Nymeria had came bounding in and ate the chicken off Arya’s plate. With the wild acrobatics they had done today Nymeria had not been able to be on the ride. Arya had sent her wolf off the night before to run with her Northern brothers and sisters.

Arya picked out pine needles and brambles from her wolf’s fur. She then scratched her ears as she asked for a big plate of chicken legs and breast. Nymeria dug into the plate happily wolfing down the food.

As Arya scratched her wolf Arya thought she was like her Direwolf. She was a warrior and not a general. She wanted to be pointed toward her Dany’s enemies and she would dispatch them. She was more than happy to let her Queen, father and siblings plan the war. She would fight in it. That was enough for her.

Arya looked around the kitchen. All was as she had left it. The people were happy and full of gaiety. Her father’s realm was well. She knew that Robb would continue the good rule of the North.

Now Westeros had a chance to know the same type of wise benevolent rule. Dany would be a great Queen that minstrels would sing about. She only hoped that the minstrels would sing of her beautiful warrior Queen at Daenerys’s side who was always beside Daenerys in her Queen’s battles. Or off in on special mission serving her Queen.

She wondered again about what her mission in Braavos would entail. She did not want to leave Dany but she also wanted to prove herself to Dany. You can depend on me Dany to do your service Arya thought to herself. She wanted to show Dany she able to meet any challenge set before them.

Her talk with Margaery had bucked up her backbone. It was time for her and Dany to become lovers. She would try and not be a “chicken shit” anymore. She smiled at her derogatory term for herself.

It was hard to keep your confidence when the object of your lust is so fucking hot. She would grip her courage and not shy away when the opportunity arose again.
She was sure she would not falter. She was positive. Well pretty sure. Kinda sure. Arrragggggg!

Arya yawned. It had been a long day. She got up and a chambermaid greeted her.

“You are tired my lady. Your bedchambers have been refreshed and the fire lit.”

Arya shook her head. She was tired. Nymeria came up beside Arya as she walked out the kitchen. Tomorrow was another day full of possibilities.
Revelations

Chapter Notes

AN #1: had major brain freeze setting up to post next chapter and wound out deleting first two chapters. Had to restore so you may be getting prompt i have published today.

Posting chapter 45 a day early.

Revelations

Sansa / Eddard / Daenerys / Arya / Daenerys

Sansa

Sansa was standing on the walkway on the curtain wall over the east gate. Sansa loved looking out over the land of her birth. The air was cold and crisp. The air was still and she could hear the sounds of birds chirping in their roosts along the eves of the buildings. Other birds flitting in the bushes looked for any unpicked berries. She smelled wood and coal oil in the air. Sansa looked at the chimneys of Winter Town. Smoke curling out the brick chimneys. The smoke spreading out forming layers in the still air. She counted three layers

Master Luwin had told her that the reason for the different layers were the different properties of wood and coal oil. Each being different from the other and thus picked a different height to settle out. Each type of wood drifting out to its own layer in the damp morning air. She loved this smell. She called it the smell of ‘morning’. The air heavy with moisture from the previous night’s condensate trapping the night’s burn of heating fuel. She had always smelt this smell since she was a little girl. To Sansa this was the smell of home.

Sansa looked up at the bright sun burning low in sky. The rays of sunlight making the trees of the Wolfswood seem to be magical with how they glowed a vibrant green. The stands of trees marching off to the horizon. The conifers like pillars reaching up to the heavens. She had always wondered if magical creatures still walked those woods. She doubted it but she did wonder.

She agreed whole heartedly with her father’s decree that all predator species were to be protected. She hoped to one day have other Direwolves running wild and free below the wall. She felt Lady brush up against her leg. The wolf whined when she was not patted. Sansa reached out absentely and scratched Lady’s ear. The Wolf whined in pleasure pressing into the fingers. Her long tongue licking the hand giving her so much pleasure. The wolf sat down and leaned into the hand giving her the scratches she craved from her mistress.

Sansa had so much to be happy about. Her love had come to her and she would never have to worry about Margaery again being taken from her. Her father and now mother would have them wed. Sansa shivered just thinking of the triple wedding that her parents were planning. She rested her elbows on the embrasure and basked in the warm sun. She had on a cape of sable that highlighted her auburn hair that ran down her back.
Her mother had made a miraculous recovery it seemed. She had been fading away and it had set a pall over the castle. All had been so afraid that she would not bring her baby to term and both would perish. It seemed like Arya and Daenerys sudden appearance had caused her mother to rebound. Sansa smiled at the sight of her mother cooing and all lovey-dovey with Arya. It seemed the rancor of the past had been swept underneath the rugs. Sansa was happy for that.

Sansa again reflected on how much improved her mother’s health had become. She had been so wane. Her skin pallor made Sansa and Margaery think of death. Her mother had not been able to eat. Caitlyn Stark was eating the broth that she was fed and eating a little chicken now. Her color had started to return. Sansa had been saying prayers to both the old gods and to the Seven especially the Mother. She was not sure she believed in the gods but she was thankful for whatever had allowed her mother to rebound.

There had been meetings long into the night. Her father had wanted to work immediately to get the Queen up to speed on his plans and vice versa. She had been impressed with Daenerys. The pale Queen had immediately grasped all she was told. Her father had asked Sansa to give the Queen an update on her schedule on getting troops and material to the wall in the most expeditious manner. This was an honor and Sansa looked at her father gratefully. It was so nice to have her father fully supporting her and Margaery.

The Queen had smiled at her with a dazzling smile and congratulated Sansa on her excellent grasp on logistics and ability to schedule movements of troop and material. She told Sansa she wanted her to meet Missandei. She was sure they could assist each other. It was obvious from the way Daenerys talked of her scribe that she felt a deep friendship for the woman. Sansa wondered if this woman had somehow come between Arya and Daenerys. She had been able to dispel those doubts when she saw Daenerys devouring Arya with her eyes.

Sansa had felt the charism flowing off the small woman. She seemed much taller than her barely five foot stature. Her power and prowess made her seem much taller. She would never seem like six foot six inches though. Sansa still chuckled with how Arya thought Daenerys was some tall mythological warrior from the hidden isles off the west coast of Sothoryos. Supposedly, there was an archipelago of islands ruled by a race of Amazon women. The warriors fierce in combat. They were reclusive not wanting the interference of man in their Sapphic society. Sansa wondered if the legends were true.

She would have to talk to Arya about what she thought when she first met the Queen and her future wife. It must have been quite the shock seeing your future wife not quite what you had imagined her to be. Losing eighteen inches in height had to be a shock. Still, having eighteen inches difference in height would present challenges in the bedroom Sansa thought evilly. She loved the four inches in height with Margaery but that was quite enough. There was only three inches difference between Arya and the Queen.

**Perfect for hot sixty-nine pussy gobbling** Sansa leered. The bigger the height difference the more one had to work the angles and bend ones neck. Sansa was becoming the expert in lesbian lovemaking. She had definitely caught up with her sweet love. She did have a flock of hens to pluck and devour Sansa thought evilly. Margaery had totally liberated Sansa and she was thankful. Margaery and she had a great future together along with their hens and other women they would draw into their web.

She had talked to Margaery last night when they got to their chambers about her little sister.

“Did you find out why they are aren’t lovers? Gods they have it so bad for each other. They were undressing each other with their eyes. Their fuck hunger for each other is so evident.” Sansa had been almost flabbergasted at how such lust could not be consummated. She had so quickly fallen to
Margaery’s charms and the Queen was a known lothario when it came to seducing and fucking women while on her march across Essos.

Olenna moths had reported that Daenerys had worn out the whores of King’s Landing. That had stopped once a certain young Direwolf bitch had made an appearance. Margaery and Sansa had not received any reports of the coupling of a certain Dragon and Direwolf but assumed Olenna was for some reason parsing that information out in her missives to Margaery. Probably making the pair of lover’s stew in their juices wanting the juicy details. Sansa had learned she loved reading and hearing about great hot lesbo sex.

Margaery had told Sansa that Arya talked a good game but in some ways she was still an innocent. “Arya did not know how to bed Daenerys, Sansa. When I knew you were the one I set about seducing you. You were mine and I made sure you were soon in my arms and your sweet pussy in my mouth.” Sansa blushed at the sweet memories. Margaery was right. Margaery had strummed her like a minstrel playing his lute.

Arya was four years younger than the Queen and it showed. Daenerys was worldly in her manner and knowledge of sex. Arya was still innocent and a novice to matters of the heart and of the body. The young wolf cub did not have the knowledge or belief in her charms and wiles to seduce her Dragon Queen.

A smirk crossed Margaery’s face and Sansa cocked an eyebrow asking for an explanation.

“You family banner is the Direwolf. Arya is living up to your banner or should I say down in this case.” Sansa flexed up her eyebrow again. “Your little sister is all bark and no bite. She simply wilted around the Queen. I fear she is too much like you when I found you my sweet” Margaery husked stroking Sansa’s arm. The touch sweet and sensual. “I fear your sister is still a pup. She is not the mature bitch you are my sweet.”

Sansa smiled. Margaery said the sweetest things. Sansa had to agree with Margaery’s assessment of the situation. She too had been the shy pup when Margaery came to her.

Sansa could understand that. It had been Margaery that led her seduction into the beautiful world of lesbian lovemaking. Margaery had been so subtle as she built the fire in Sansa’s belly. Sansa had been so ready to give her woman her maidenhead. Sansa still cringed at her debacle at that moment but thank the gods Margaery loved her so much she forgave it.

**How could she have let her mother cow her so much she nearly threw away paradise!**

“Why hasn’t the Queen seduced my little sister like you seduced me? You had me so ready to spread my legs like a Lysian whore. I was so fucking wet for your baby!” Sansa could feel her nipples hardening and her pussy getting wet with desire. Merely thinking back to their first night together had Sansa’s short clothes sopping wet with her flowing twat juice. She wanted Margaery so bad. Sansa had been tired from the last day’s excitement but she felt her body reviving. All this talk of Arya and the Queen not having sex had ignited the fire in her loins. She ached to again have her sweet Margaery. She needed to fuck her sweet rose.

They had been sitting on the bed discussing matters. She stood up and started to take off her dress. She turned to face Margaery as she worked the laces and buttons on her dress. Her eyes telling her lover what she needed. Margaery slowly stood up and began to undress her own hot body. They maintained eye contact as they disrobed for each other. Hands trembled undoing buttons and knots of lace and fabric.

Margaery told Sansa her theory of the Queen’s strange reticence. “I am confused like you as to why
Daenerys has not seduced your sister. But I have been putting a lot of thought into it. You would have thought she would have led your sister to her bed and her mouth as easily as I did you.”

Sansa felt her body shake remembering with sweet shivers how Margaery had plucked her body like a minstrel plucking his lute. Like a minstrel made his instrument vibrate and produce sweet melodies Margaery had made her body sing a song of lust and love. The notes quickly scaling up to shrieks of agonizing fucking bliss. Gods Margaery always made Sansa cum so fucking hard!

“I think I know though. Daenerys was sold off as a prize by her brother Viserys to Khal Drogo as payment for his services. It is hard to think of the confident woman we see as a shy thirteen year old girl but she had been that when she was sold into slavery in all but name. From what my grandmother has found out, Daenerys was treated like shit by the Khal at first. He fucked her like a heifer. Viserys boasted how Daenerys was just a piece of shit in his designs to regain his thrown. Then Khal Drogo raped her night after night.”

“I shake in fear and ire to think of that Sansa. To be degraded by my brother. That is horrible. Loras has only been the best to me. Then it only got worse for the poor girl.”

Margaery shivered as did Sansa. “I think that would have broken me. To be raped like that night after night.”

Sansa saw the fire go out of Margaery’s eyes and she moved in quick to hug her lover. They wrapped their arms around each other tight. Sansa wondered if she could have survived that treatment herself. To be viciously attacked by Robb demeaning and demoralizing her and then selling her off as throwaway trinket. To be sold to a man who only viewed her as a toy for his cock. How had Daenerys done it? To be a whore slave in all but name and then to become the mightiest warrior and cunning leader of this age and maybe any age.

She kissed Margaery on the temple. Recovered they separated and started to undress again eyeing each other hungrily.

“Thank you love” Margaery cooed to Sansa “you always know when to give me some sugar to make me strong again.” Sansa dropped her dress and then shucked down her short clothes to stand naked and proud before Margaery.

“Uunnggggggg!!” Margaery moaned seeing Sansa’s long thick nipples so hard and waiting for her mouth. Sansa’s pale skin flushed around the throat with arousal for her. She looked down at a wet swollen bald pussy with lips swelling and blooming out her sweetie’s slit like a beautiful orchid. She felt her own nipples and pussy on fire. Her twat so wet.

With shaky fingers Margaery plucked at her buttons feebly. Her knees were wobbly with desire for her sweet red haired wolf. Margaery felt cum soaking her silk short clothes. Sansa came up to her and helped her to undo the sties, hoops and strings of Margaery’s dress. “I’m going to fuck you with my strap-on tonight Margaery. I’m going to plow you doggy. I love how our lips cling to my big thick dick as I slam it home deep up that hot tight cunt. I’m going to make you cum hard on my cock. Then I’m going to nail your ass to the bed with my big always hard cock.”

Sansa saw Margaery’s eyes go glassy her breathing hitched and was raspy with fuck want.

“I will bark at you to reach back and pull you ass cheeks apart so I can watch my dick slam balls deep up your shithole. I will fuck your ass so hard and then pull out and let you suck your ass off my dick. I will fist your hair and pull you around to my dick waving in front of you. I then will jam my dickhead into your pink lips demanding you to suck your hot sweet asshole off my dick. You love that don’t you my anal slut” Sansa cooed to her lover. She smiled seeing the lust hot in
Margaery’s eyes.

“Yessssss!” I love sucking my sweet shit juice off your love dick Sansa. I need it!” Margaery croaked to her lover.

Sansa loved seeing the love and lust shivers shake Margaery’s body. Margaery loved to talk “shit” and encouraged Sansa at every turn to talk to her like that. It made them both so hot for it.

“After your ass explodes on my dick I will then take your tight pussy again and fuck both holes back and forth. I know how much you love A2P and doing ATM over and over. I will mount you Septa and slam my dick so hard balls deep up your tight clinging cunt. My cockhead bashing your cervix. You will explode on my dick buried up your tight cunt.”

“Oohhhhhh!” Margaery bleated dazed by how good Sansa talked dirty and potty mouth now. Gods she loved it when her wolf took her and rode her like a bitch in heat. She loved how Sansa, her once shy wolf, now was so adult and grown up. She reveled in talking sweet hot slutty words to Margaery. It made her cunt sloppy wet. It made her asshole spasm in wanton need.

Sansa saw the effect her words had on her beautiful rose. She wanted to make things wait a moment and she did want to hear Margaery’s ideas on why her sister and the Queen had not shagged yet.

“Finish your theory my sweet rose.”

“Oh Sansa—you bitch you. Making me wait for it—but I like it you hot temptress you” Margaery took a breath to collect her thoughts … “I think Daenerys still remembers her vile treatment deep in her bones. She is overcompensating I think. She will never force herself on an innocent. Our Arya may be rash and aggressive but she is still an innocent in the matters of love. That comes crashing through. You were too but I had no crimes hindering my desires. I wanted you as my mate and claimed you.”

Sansa groaned at the hot loving words. She felt her nipples pulse and her pussy sopping wet with desire. Sansa felt cum begin to trickle down her strong muscular thighs. Legs that slightly spasm with the desire to start fucking. Sansa thanked the seven every night that out of all the women Margaery could have chosen she chose her.

“Daenerys fears to move to hard or fast on Arya because she herself was once that girl. She fears to impose her will on an ‘innocent’”.

“But Arya is soooo in love with her. She is practically drooling over Daenerys.”

“Yes. I asked Arya about that.”

“And.”

“Your sister talks a good game but she is really a wussee. I asked her if she had let Daenerys know of her love. Had she flirted or responded to any overtures from the Queen.”

“What did she say?”

“She basically looked at her shoes. I fear Sansa, that you little sister despite all her boasting is quite the shy flower when in the Queen’s presence. She told me she never flirted with Daenerys. She never let the Queen know of her carnal desires for her hot body. I can see Daenerys with her hesitancy wilting when in Arya’s presence and not having Arya respond to her overtures. I am sure Daenerys sent out signals and your fool sister either missed them or was too timid to respond to the Queen’s overtures.”
“Oh my gods” Sansa groused. “I am so going to rub her nose in it after all that trash talking about making the Queen hers!” Sansa started laughing. Her chuckles turned to groans seeing Margaery’s dress fall to the floor. They both eschew short clothes usually being naughty but they hadn’t because of the meetings with the Queen. Plus, it made it easy to cop a feel.

Margaery hooked her fingers at the top of her short clothes and jerked them first off her hips and then down her thighs were they fell to the floor around her feet. The Tyrell woman stepped out of them.

Sansa started to pant seeing Margaery’s hot body on full display in front of her. She looked at Margaery’s small up titled doves with their sweet brown nipples. The little nips rock hard and her areolas steeple. Sansa’s eyes traveled down the sweet lithe body. Her eyes devoured the swell of the Tyrell’s hips and then feasted on the shaved snatch all wet and swollen. Margaery’s pussy was slicked with cum. Her inner lips bloomed out Margaery’s slit. The inner lips medium brown with the mound all pink and swollen. Margaery’s cunt said only one thing to Sansa.

Devour me. She was up to the challenge.

They slowly walked together and pressed heated bodies into each other. Their arms started to snake around each other’s torsos and begin to pull each other into their bodies. Their perfect skin melding as they pressed into each other. Sansa looked down at Margaery as she snaked her arms around her rose’s slender waist. Her rose gripped her ass and breast possessively and roughly massaged Sansa’s ass cheek and breast filling her body with aching fiery heat. Sansa moaned hard feeling her loves hands roughly massaging her ass and tit. The fingers sinking in deep mauling her body like she carved it. Margaery looked up at her with pure lust.

“Oh more thing my sweet … something my grandmother theorizes.”

Sansa kissed her love on her face anxious for Margaery to stop talking so she could devour her with her mouth and then her cock.

“She feels that Daenerys confidence has been harmed by her running into such prejudice to her true desires. Her and Varys sparrows have heard tales of the young Mare Who Mounts the World boasting at the beginning of her conquests how she would take a Queen but got constantly beat down that she must take a man to rule as her consort if she expected to rule. My grandmother feels that has made Daenerys hesitant in the matters of the heart.”

“Her eyes did not say that today. They were on fire looking at my little sister.”

“I agree. I think our Queen has worked it out. Daenerys is now ready to say ‘fuck the world; I will take what I want and deserve.’”

Sansa agreed and had heard enough of theories about her sister and the Queen for now.

She took her rose’s lips between her teeth and nibbled on them as she sucked them in and out her lips. Her own hands now hooked her fingers into Margaery’s firm ass cheek. She roughly gripped Margaery’s ass and humped her rose into her body feeling their wet cunts start to press into each other’s bodies. Sansa dropped her head and claimed the lips she would never stop desiring. She kissed her Rose with soft nips and sucking in of Margaery’s lips. She started to rotate Margaery’s groin forward to grind her swollen cunt into Sansa’s hip. Margaery’s eyes flared with hot lust. The Tyrell hands gripped harder onto Sansa’s ass and breast. Both women latching onto their women with rising fuck hunger.

“Hhhuungg nnggg oohhhhh!” Margaery whimpered. They could discuss her sister in the morrow Sansa had decided. Now she was going to fuck her Margaery within an inch of her life. All this talk
of Daenerys and her little sister had put the fire in Sansa. They had fucked deep into the night. Both women orgasming hard over and over.

Sansa felt the warm sun on her face. Sansa smirked remembering last night as she looked out over the fields. She had moved to the south wall and stood over the South gate. She loved seeing the empty land and the Wolfswood off to the West. Her land was so primal and one could still feel connected to it.

She leaned against the wall and remembered last night feeling her nipples hardening. Margaery had cummed so hard in her mouth as she gripped Margaery’s hips hard to keep her mouth glued to her lover’s cunt as Margaery spasm wildly her body jackknifing with wild flips. Gods Margaery had tasted so good gushing hot cum into Sansa’s mouth. Sansa could still hear the loud noises her mouth made sucking off Margaery. She sounds of a sodden cunt devoured. Her loud gulps filling the room as she drank down the hot gushes spewing out Margaery’s rupturing cunt. Gods she was totally addicted to Margaery’s hot creamy cum! She never would tire of gulping it down again and again.

She had loved how Margaery planted her feet in the mattress the third time Sansa sucked her off last night. Margaery had arched her back to lift her ass off the bed. Sansa had gripped her loves flexing ass cheeks rising up on her knees to keep her love suck on Margaery’s exploding cunt. Margaery had wailed her head thrashing right and left. Spittle sprayed out the Tyrell’s clenched teeth her eyes squeezed tight shut. Sansa had relished each hard ram of Margaery’s snatch into her mouth as she sucked on the bursting clit in her mouth with long ragged deep throat love sucks.

She had then fucked her slut in doggy from behind. Margaery loved getting fucked from behind. She had groaned gutturally feeling Sansa slip her bulbous cockhead into her tight clinging cunt. She whimpered feeling her pussy stretched out tight on the leather sand filled cock sliding deep up into her cunt. Margaery felt so connected to Sansa when her lover slammed her ten inch cock balls deep into her cunt filling her with dick.

Sansa loved looking down and seeing Margaery’s ass and hips ripple with the power of her hips slamming into Margaery’s ass as she slammed her cock deep into her lover’s cunt. She pounded Margaery to a hard orgasm. As she had fucked Margaery, Sansa had pulled on Margaery’s hair with vicious hard neck snapping jerks and slapped the Tyrell’s ass so hard. Her sweet rose groaning and choking in ecstasy. Her hand smacks on Margaery’s ass so loud in the room. Those cheeks now fiery red. Margaery really loved to have her ass smacked and whipped. She also loved to have it fucked but Sansa would take it another night when they had both taken nice warm enemas to get them nice and clean on the inside as on the outside. They had gotten their bodies regulated but it never hurt to be safe.

Margaery had been her bitch as she writhed on Sansa’s dick as she slammed all ten thick inches hard and deep up her woman’s squishing cunt. She wished she could feel the heat and spasming tightness of her lover’s exploding cunt but she thought it a small price to pay. It allowed her totally focus on Margaery. The friction and pressure on her cunny from the harness was enough to keep her stoked.

Margaery had cawed and thrashed as her ass was smacked cherry red and hair pulled hard. The slut rubbed her clit furiously as the orgasm built in her belly. The animalistic groans cawing out from Margaery’s throat was intoxicating to hear. Margaery had simply exploded as she screamed so loud and sweetly as Sansa continued to pound her lover’s exploding box. She could feel Margaery’s cunt juice splattering out around the thick pole hammer fucking Margaery’s twat.

Sansa then decide to take her woman Septon style face to face as strong aftershocks gripped and shook Margaery so hard. Sansa had pulled out of the spasming love box and gripped her groggy lover and roughly pushed her down onto the bed. Margaery landing face first her legs spread
obscenely akimbo. Margaery mewled into the sheets her body hitching as strong aftershocks ripped out her slack cunny hole. Sansa smiled seeing creamy snail snot dribbling out Margaery’s pussy hole and soaking the bed. Her seam all bright red and open.

The sight filling Sansa with more raw fuck hunger for Margaery’s hot tight body. She gripped Margaery’s right hip with both hands and jerked Margaery over onto her back. Sansa looked down hungrily at the couchie she had just been fucking like a rabid rabbit. She wanted it again. It was so beautiful all dark red now with orgasmic blood rush. Margaery’s slicked cunt hole still partially open and begging to be fucked again. Sansa got between Margaery’s legs and kneed them out.

Sansa feel forward onto her palm as her other hand guided her thick shaft with its bulbous septon helmet to Margaery’s cunny hole. With a slow love stroke Sansa buried her prick deep into her lover’s belly. She relished seeing Margaery’s face twist with primal pleasure. Sansa settled down to her knees and elbows and began to slow stroke her dick in and out Margaery’s hot tight cunt. Her shaft sliding easily in and out the slicked buttery fuck hole. Sansa slowly picked up her pace now ramming her cock hard and deep up into her sweetie’s tight snatch. Her hips slamming down impaling Margaery’s belly with ram thrusts of hard pure love.

Sansa lowered her body slowly so their bodies melded and ground against each other. Their sweaty bodies slipped and slide as their tits mashed and flattened while their bellies slapped and wallowed against each other in a primal love fuck. Their nipples dug into their mate’s breast as their tits rolled over each other and on their sweaty chests. Sansa loved how their sweaty bodies worked against each other in slippery friction.

Sansa prided herself with just how good she had gotten. Sansa smacked her groin into Margaery’s working her clit with impact and friction. Sansa rotated her hips back and slammed forward to ram her cock hard into Margaery’s cunt balls deep. Her thrusts jerking Margaery’s body forward that little fraction. Margaery groaning deep in her chest. Margaery’s hands gripped Sansa’s body just behind her armpits. Her legs spread to let her wolf fully take her drooling pussy with savage strokes of slamming hips and plunging cock up into her tight snatch.

Sansa varied her technique driving Margaery wild. She had started face to face but had risen up on her palms stroking her lover’s drooling clam shell. She used the angle to slam her strap-on cock savagely deep into the groaning woman’s cunt. Margaery’s face slashed with primal bliss. Sansa then gradually lowered her body again so her weight was on Margaery as she worked her hips to spear her cock hard into Margaery cunt punching her cervix. Margaery had told her deep penetration triggered a response that numbed the cervix and triggered other nerves to kick in.

Sansa loved feeling her full cone shaped tits mashed flat into Margaery’s sweaty upswept doves. Sansa shook her head to get the sweat out of her eyes as it poured off her body in streams now. Their nipples digging and dragging over each other’s tits. Nipples sparking pulses of pleasure when their sweat slicked wallowing bodies had their nipples dragging over each other. The sound loud of sweaty bodies slapping into each other as the two women rutted and fucked each other with total abandon and pure love.

They kissed deeply. Sansa gripped Margaery and rolled the over so Margaery could fuck her top. Margaery rose up on her palms that were by Sansa’s head. Her little doves whipping around on her body as Margaery lunged back to take her lover’s strap-on cock hard and deep up her tight spasming cunt.

Sansa loved gripping Margaery’s waist just above her hips and holding her in place as she speared her cock so hard and deep into Margaery. Then she would relax and Margaery would take over. The slut rotating her hips and then slamming down on the back stroke impaling her trembling cunt on
Sansa’s cock. The force of her hips rotations so hot with that snapping motion Margaery had taught Sansa. Sansa reached up and cupped Margaery’s tits grinding them with her palm. The look on Margaery’s face showed the raw pulses of pleasure hammering her brain with ecstasy.

After five minutes Sansa rolled a squealing Margaery back underneath herself and proceeded to slam fuck her slut. Sansa’s hips flexing up, back and slamming forward to impale Margaery on her leather cock. Margaery’s thighs gripped Sansa’s hips and Margaery clipped nails gripped Sansa’s back. Sansa had been kissing Margaery senseless. Their tongues coiled and flipping around deep in Margaery’s mouth. Now Sansa pulled back to see Margaery’s eyes that were open but unseeing as she cawed in ecstasy.

Sansa pounded her lover and Margaery’s body began to spasm and buck her eyes now filled with almost anguished ecstasy. Sansa lifting her hips higher now to slam every inch of her love into Margaery’s trim. Margaery back ached grinding her small tits into Sansa’s heavier tits. Their bodies now sopping wet with sweat again. Their hair dark and lank with sweat that had their hair plastered to their faces, shoulders and back.

Sansa watched Margaery’s throat cording up. Sansa knew Margaery was on the precipice of falling off the cliff into shocking ecstasy. Sansa lifted her hips even higher and harpooned fucked the cunt of her lover. A cunt that now sloshed and slurped thickly as the thick dick plunged savagely into the swollen cum filled fuck hole.

Then Margaery was screaming and convulsing wildly as a harrowing orgasm destroyed her with fucking bliss. Her body surged up slapping and grinding into Sansa’s hard body pressing Margaery into the bed as she slammed fucked her baby like she needed it. Sansa enjoyed seeing Margaery’s face up so close as spasms and hard slashes filled her lover’s face as she kept spearing her dick into Margaery’s exploding twat.

Margaery had been so boneless afterwards. Sansa took her trembling and crying lover in her arms and soothed the overwhelmed Tyrell. Sansa kissed her lover deeply. At the end of the fuck Margaery had enfolded Sansa with her arms looped around Sansa’s sweat soaked back and her legs gripping Sansa’s hips as her lover had speared her dick savagely into the exploding couchie she was fucking. The legs falling off Sansa’s hips to land on the bed spread obscenely akimbo.

Margaery was fucked out for the nonce. That did not last long.

Soon Margaery had recovered and sucked Sansa off three times as Sansa wailed and her cunt exploded in her lover’s expert hot gobbling mouth.

Yes. Last night had been most fulfilling.

She had gotten up with Margaery and they both ate breakfast with their father. He had more meetings planned for the early morning with the generals and Daenerys. Sansa and Margaery sat in as they went over the chain of command. Eddard made it clear that Daenerys was in overall command of the forces of Westeros and the forces she had brought in from Essos.

The Queen told them that her main strategy had been in getting her forces to the North as quickly and efficiently as possible. Now those forces were moving up to the wall as fast as possible while maintaining fitness and moral.

She told them that as far as she was concerned she would let Eddard lead the specific tactics at the wall. She would only give ideas and counsel when she might add something useful.

Sansa had been impressed with Daenerys ability to cede control over the combined forces of
Westeros. It took a strong leader to not want to have total control. The Queen must have total confidence in herself and her ability to read people. Westeros was fortunate to have two great leaders ruling it at this time of great danger.

The meeting had been quick. They had gone to check on her mother again. She looked much better with color returning to her face. She would be drawn for a long time but once the child was born she could begin to heal proper.

Margaery stayed while Sansa had gone to walk the castle perimeter like she liked to do first thing in the morning before meetings and duties called her away. It helped her feel linked to her homeland. The North was still wild and primal.

She had noticed that the dragons were gone when she first went out with the sun still just over the trees. The Direwolves were all outside sleeping on a big pile of straw cuddled together in the courtyard by the Great Keep. Sansa found it strange to see such fearsome beasts in such a cute pose. They were all from the same mother and pack animals so it made sense but it was still an amusing sight to see all of them half lying on each other and asleep.

What was even cuter was the Queen’s interpreter’s Caracal curled up on Nymeria’s flank asleep too. The cat was snoozing happily her ears twitching. Lady had thrown her head up on Nymeria’s flank and her muzzle was pressed into the Caracal’s back feet. Who said wolves and cats can’t get along Sansa thought with a smile.

From the morning sun she soon saw three great black dots coming their way. The dots rapidly growing larger. It was Queen’s dragons coming back to Winterfell. She saw as they came close that each dragon came bearing a large deer in their claws. The deer hanging limp in the dragon’s large rear claws. The dragons bugled loudly while still a little ways out from the castle walls. She looked back into the inner yard. The Direwolves were rousing themselves. They stretched and looked around.

Shadowclaw jumped away with Nymeria getting up. She looked affronted having her pillow taken away from her. She walked around meowing while lifting her snout up showing her pique at being woken up.

As she watched, Sansa observed the dragons descend slowly into the courtyard their wings back beating creating a mini windstorm. The dragons landed lightly the deer in their hind claws.

Sansa wrung her hands moving down the wall towards the possible conflict. Suddenly, the dragons lifted off the ground leaving the large deer behind. Sansa stared dumbfounded as Rhaegal beat his wings until he reached the broken tower. He alighted lightly on the tower testing its soundness and seemed to find it suitable. The green dragon made a tight circle with its body. The dragon tamped down on the brick and broken timbers until he had made a nest and then settled down. He coiled up wrapping his tail around itself.

Drogon angled up and circled around the old castle grounds before he angled his body down to the Great Keep. The black dragon mirrored Rhaegal tamping down his feet testing his bed. He then slowly laid down curling his body up on the main tower his tail hanging down the wall swishing lazily. Slowly his red eyes lidded and then closed as he fell into slumber.

Viserion did not fly as far and spread his weight out on the roof of the Great Hall. His wings extended and legs sprawled out and his tail down the sloop of the roof. The tip hanging off the ledge. He breathed deep a few times as his body wiggled as he settled down. Soon he was asleep with his tongue hanging out. His lips quivering as he slept.
The dragons were sleepy and were obviously going into a deep drowsy state. She stared at them. Their trust of their environment was truly touching. They were willing to go to sleep surrounded by strange humans. Their trust must have been from their Queen. The dragons were said to be linked to their mother through a mental link. This seemed to be borne out by their current behavior.

Sansa looked back down into the yard. The four Direwolves were happily tearing into the carcasses. They were ‘wolfing’ down big chunks of meat. The other hounds had come over and were whining but knew that they had to wait their turn. Even Lady could get most un lady like when she was eating a nice juicy deer.

Sansa smiled seeing Nymeria tearing off a big chunk of thigh from the deer she was chomping on. The Caracal had been meowing afraid to get in the middle of the scrum. The small cat had been pacing back and forth giving cat wails of distress. She kept looking at all the food only a short distance away. The small Caracal had been giving her Direwolf looks of distress. She meowed loudly, pitifully. Nymeria paced over to Shadowclaw and placed the big chunk of raw meat in front of the cat.

Nymeria looked at the small cat as it excitedly came over to the chunk of meat. Now its meows were of happiness as it settled down and bit out a dainty chunk of meat and chewed it a few times before it swallowed the meat. What was name of Missandei’s cat? She thought the cats name was Shadowcat or something like that. The now happy cat had stretched out and meowed loudly. She tore off another chunk of meat and heartily chewed it in contentment.

Only when Nymeria saw that the Caracal was fully taken care of did she move off to rejoin the pack in their own feast.

Sansa went to look back to look out over the fields. She had inhaled in deep the clean air of the North.

Fifteen minutes later, Sansa had gone back into Winterfell for another meeting. The meeting did not last long. The meeting being on the logistics of moving all the supplies coming up the King’s Highway. She worked with Missandei and found her very nice and charming. She liked her dark skin color and the tight rings in her hair.

She told the small woman about how Nymeria was so kind to her cat. The woman smiled great big hearing that. Missandei told Sansa of the antics of Nymeria chasing the Caracal. Sansa had to laugh at the Direwolf barking up a tree that had no Caracal in it.

Sansa had found the Queen’s scribe, interpreter and handmaiden to be extremely smart and very quick to pick up all the information and stratagems that Sansa had developed. Most of the Lords had not been anywhere near as quick. Sansa found she liked the teenager immensely.

She realized she might have access to some inside info. Sansa looked around to see if anyone was close by. She asked Missandei about her little sister and the Queen. She was subtle trying to not to be too obvious. The small black woman looked at Sansa with a smile and cocked eyebrow.

The scribe had burst out laughing “Are you trying to ask me if they have made love?”

Sansa had not seen Margaery come up behind her. “She means have they fucked yet?”

Both Sansa and Missandei had blushed at that making Margaery chuckle at her ability to make her wife to be and this woman she already liked, Missandei, blanch. Sansa her sweet self still got so flustered when they talked sex in public. Margaery liked that about Sansa. She was such a Lysian whore in their bed and yet still innocent out in the world. The contrast was intoxicating.
She could not wait to set Sansa loose in her henhouse. To see this reserved shy almost twenty year old woman turn into the proverbial wolf devouring hens right and left. She felt herself shiver at the thought. She had every intention of being one of those devoured hens! She longed to have her direwolf consume her pussy and asshole with her tongue, fingers, cock and fist!

Missandei had told them how the Queen and Arya had been giving each other bedroom eyes almost from the moment they met.

“What was their first meeting like? Was it love at first sight? Even if they didn’t know it?” Sansa asked.

Missandei laughed great big she then gave them a big white brilliant smile. “You say ‘love at first sight’ I think it was more “Love at first fist!”

Missandei laughed again seeing the confused look on Sansa and Margaery’s face. Sansa was seeing that Olenna had definitely been withholding information from Margaery.

“If you call firing two arrows up at Dany while sitting on the Iron Throne love at first sight then yes it was. I can still see those arrows quivering half an inch from Dany’s ears. Then all hell broke loose.”

Sansa had felt her jaw nearly fall off and even her implacable Margaery was staring slacked jaw. Margaery winched when Missandei described the sucker punch Arya threw at Daenerys at the Queen’s attempted victory speech. They both covered their pussies and winced hard at the way Arya and then Daenerys stomped on each other’s cunts in the heat of battle. They winced at the vivid descriptions of savage punches landing in faces and bruising ribs.

Margaery had looked at her “Don’t ever get that idea Sansa!”

Sansa stared back at her lover Whattttttt! She thought. I’m a lover not a warrior. She may rough up Margaery and whip her ass and body till it was criss-crossed with red marks but she would never punch, kick, stomp and slam her sweetie into the hard marble floor like Arya and Daenerys had done to each other.

Missandei finished the tale. “Daenerys had your sister in a cross arm bar about to tear your sister’s arm off demanding for her to surrender.

“Let me guess—Arya refused to give in” Sansa said. That would be so Arya. To allow her arm to be ripped off just so she would not have to surrender. Thank the gods Daenerys had shown mercy.

Then a thought hit Sansa. If events had been reversed it would have been Arya giving up to save Daenerys. They both had that fire to win at all costs burning in their souls. Still, they had an innate sense of mercy and compassion for others.

“Yes. You are right. The Queen saw the fire in your younger sister. Daenerys surrendered and gave the victory to your sister. I am sure from that moment forward your Arya had captured my Queen’s heart! It is amazing how a left cross will win a woman’s heart. Even if it is her face taking that fist.”

They then asked her why they had not consummated their love for each other. They had their theory but they wanted to hear from a woman who had been with the two women in question from the start of their association. What the interpreter told them had verified that their hypothesis had all been on target. Arya and Daenerys were both chicken shits when it came to matters of the heart.

“I think something has changed though on our ride to the North. Dany has been much more
assertive and your sister is finally giving signals she wants Dany. I think it will happen here in Winterfell. I can’t wait!” the little scribe clapped her hands all excited.

Sansa was excited. She wanted her sister to find happiness with the woman of her dreams. Sansa had come to long for the triple wedding in the Godswood. Arya had to get her act together for that to happen. In a way Arya was even more lucky than Sansa. Sansa’s dream lover just sort of fell in her lap. It had almost been serendipity.

Arya went to go to her love and punched her love’s lights out. It did have a sort of Arya charm about it. Why give your love sonnets and flowers when you could beat the shit out of her and prove your love that way. Sansa shook her head at her silly thoughts.

After the meeting Sansa and Margaery had a light meal in the kitchen. Margaery was dispensing more of her advice. Mereya was slow and not following Margaery’s sage advice and it was royally pissing off her sweet rose.

“Damnit Mereya! How many times do I have to tell you to take what is yours. I have seen this lass in that shop making fine dresses for the nobles and merchants in Wintertown. I went two days ago and mentioned I knew you. She nearly creamed herself just hearing your name. Her dress showed her swaying breast and let me tell you her nipples were fully erect thinking of you! All she did was ask questions about you. I had gone in requesting measurements for a new dress. I got no measurements. All she did was ask about you. She is so mooning over you.”

“I want you to go to her at seven tonight. She closes up the shop on the midweek. I want you to fuck her in the fitting rooms. Got that!”

“Yeah! Yeah! Grow some cunt hairs. Got it. Uhhhh, how do I know she will let me in?” A look of concern crossed Mereya’s face. “What if she refuses to see me?”

Margaery glared her eyes at the comely lass. She was smoking hot but a little bit of wuss when it came to matters of the heart.

“Believe you me she will be throwing the door open for you. Since her husband died she had been waiting for you or some other lass. She was married off by her parents. Now she wants to choose her own mate. That mate being you!”

“Okay. Okay. Got it. She will throw door open for me. Uh, what do I do then? Tell me what to do Margaery!”

“Damnit get her on the padded bench. Use those expert hands to knead her big tits and rub her swollen pussy girl. Eat her out like your life depends on it. She is an obvious submissive. Sit on her face. She’ll love it.”

“Yeah! Yeah! Knead tits. Rub pussy! Eat out desperately! Sit on her face. Got it!”

The baker went off rubbing her hands in anticipation.

Sansa smiled at her Margaery. She gave such good love advice.

Margaery was going to see her father and eldest brother again. She told Sansa she would meet her on the curtain wall over the east gate in an hour.

Sansa was back on the wall waiting for her wife to be to join her on the wall. She shivered feeling so alive. The cold air only enhanced the sharpness of her emotions. These were great times and she was a major player in them. She again thanked both the gods of her father and mother for having
Eddard Stark as her father. She knew he was the only father of a noble house who would have thrown convention out on its head to let his two royal princesses to truly follow their hearts to become all they could possibly be.

Her father had pulled her and Margaery aside last night after they had grabbed a quick meal in the kitchen. They had waited for him to speak as he paused.

“I have been thinking. The coming battle that we go to fight will be decisive one way or the other. We cannot fail. We must stop the Ice King at the Wall else he will do nothing but only grow stronger and stronger. Each new victory will only increase the size of his army of the undead. This cannot be permitted.”

“And, the fashioning of dragon glass is time consuming to make and the supply is constricted with its import from the land of Asshai or from Dragonstone. I fear that a protracted war will deplete our resources of dragon glass.”

“The war must be won at the wall. I would take all of my valuable assets with me.”

Sansa and her love looked at Edgar leaning in waiting for him to continue.

He looked at them and waited. After a pause he added “The Queen will of course be taking Arya to the wall with her. She will not be separated from the woman she loves. They haven’t even consummated their love yet though I hope for that to change shortly.”

Sansa felt a thrill run through her hearing her father talk so openly of his hopes of her little sister bedding the Queen of Westeros.

Sansa watched her father shake his head in wonderment. “I have ten crown saying that today the Queen and Arya will make love. I would like to be proven right.”

“Father!” Sansa exclaimed shocked. The times were indeed changing for her father to make such statements!

Margaery had a different reaction. “You go father!” she had extended her hand up and palm out for a high five. Sansa’s father had looked confused and then understood and brought his hand forward to smack into Margaery’s palm.

Her sweetie was not used to such strength. She waved her hand around grimacing. Eddard apologized profusely. Sansa thought reasonably that she needed to be a bad girl a lot more often to toughen up Margaery’s palm. She would sacrifice her rump for the greater good. She really would Sansa thought evilly.

Chuckling Eddard got back to point. “We must win this war. Will you come to the wall with me?” he concluded looking unsure.

She had whooped along with Margaery throwing themselves in his arms. Her father had proven beyond a doubt that he truly valued her and Margaery’s judgement and wisdom. They had both jumped into her father’s strong arms. Sansa’s father easily caught them and held them up as he slowly spun them around. He was laughing as Margaery and Sansa squealed in giddy happiness. Sansa’s father had again proven just how wonderful a father he was. Sansa broke down and cried she was so happy.

Sansa’s happy reverie was broken when Margaery appeared and took her proper space beside her lover. Sansa felt Margaery press into her side. Sansa snaked her arm around Margaery’s waist and pulled her even closer to her body. They shared delicious body heat. The warmth lulling Sansa with
happiness. She again marveled how perfectly Margaery fit into her body when they stood like this together or when they were making sweet hot love all covered in sweat and cum.

Margaery looked up at her with a brilliant smile.

“What is it love?” Sansa asked getting excited. Margaery was literally vibrating into her side.

“I saw the Queen in the hall. She said she wanted to talk to us about the future. It makes me so happy to say she is extremely glad to hear that we would be going to the wall with her. Daenerys said she would need all the wise council she could get. She then remarked that she could never get enough good council in King’s Landing. She needed all the wise minds she could find when she returned to King’s Landing.”

Sansa took that in. “You mean she wants us to go to King’s Landing with her after the war.”

Margaery was grinning like the cat that ate the canary. “Yes! Oh Sansa we can go and help make a better future for Westeros and Essos.”

Sansa liked the sounds of that.

“And guess what my love?”

“What?”

“I had not told you this because it was not important really but now it is.”

“What is it my sweet rose?”

“My hens are already in King’s Landing. My grandmother brought them with her to King’s Landing when the Queen summoned my grandmother to her.”

Sansa looked out over the castle wall.

Margaery shivered and asked “Are you alright with that? I—I thought you wanted that.”

Sansa heard the rising fear in her lover’s sweet voice. She needed to dispel those thoughts. Sansa gripped her woman and gently spun Margaery to face her. She then pulled her lover tight to her body. Sansa’s hands drifted to Margaery’s ass cheeks and roughly massaged them and pulled Margaery’s mound into her thigh. She slowly rotated her love’s cunny into her hard muscled leg. Margaery jolted and mewled in sweet need to her Direwolf. The sweet rose of Tyrell looked up at Sansa with limpid eyes.

“I have some questions I need answered first?” Sansa coyly husked down to her love. Margaery’s eyes dark with repressed desires.

“Yes?” Margaery answered unsure. Desire was flooding her veins but fear still had her unsure.

With hot heat in her eyes Sansa asked her sweet rose “Will I be eating you and all your hen’s succulent pussies at my demand? Will I be fucking them and you with my strap-on banging tight pussies and hot tight assholes?” Margaery gasped and sagged into Sansa. Sansa gripped Margaery’s ass cheeks harder and rode her lover’s pussy up and down her strong thigh. She knew Margaery’s cunt was so sloppy wet and swollen now. Her nipples hidden in her bodice would be rock hard and begging to be sucked.

“Will you suck your ass and cunt off my dick I rip out your spasming fuck holes? Will you do the
same when I rip my dick out of your hens’ cunts and assholes—suck their pussy and ass juice off my dick? Will you love it when I drag you and your hens around by your hair and ‘force’ you all to clean your pussies and shitholes off my dick slavered with you and your hens fuck juice?” Margaery whimpered sagging harder into Sansa’s body. Her soft mewls intoxicating.

“Will I be tribbing you and your hens as we hump wet swollen cunts hard into each the other? Will I be lying on my back having your hens and you nesting on my face as I gobble sweet gash? Will I and your hens be fucking you in all your holes at once? Will we be ramming our dicks in balls deep fucking you air tight? Will you be cleaning your pussy and asshole off our cocks? Hummmm? I think I want some of that double vag and anal action you been telling me about to get me so wet and hot for you. I want to feel my cunt and asshole stretched out. I want to feel filled by my roosters’ cocks.”

She looked down at Margaery. She was glassy eyed. Sansa sensually rode Margaery’s swollen pussy up and down her leg. All Margaery could do was shake her head ‘yes’ up and down with a dreamy look on her face.

Sansa was proud of herself. Margaery had been after her to learn how to talk shit better when it came to sex. She had to say her marks were definitely improving.

She hugged Margaery to her tightly. Sansa jerked up with her hands that were clawed into her love’s ass. She rode her woman’s cunt hard up and down her leg. She was so in love with her sweet but nasty rose of Tyrell. She thanked both the gods of the North and the South for bringing Margaery Tyrell into her life and bed and not some stupid odious man.

Gods she wanted to throw up just thinking about it. How could she had ever been so delusional to want to be some stupid man’s cow and only think her self-worth was tied up in how many male heirs she could crap out for him. Thank the gods Margaery had come into her life!

Margaery wiggled into Sansa’s body with hot simmering repressed fuck hunger. Sansa raised a hand to stroke Margaery’s ribs and belly. This was an erogenous zone for Margaery. Sansa rubbed Margaery in that circular motion with one hand and while her other hand continued to ride Margery’s snatch into her leg. She knew her slut was so wet for her.

“Oh gods Sansa lets go back to your room. I want to fuck you sooooo bad!”

Sansa was about to reply when she was startled. Up on the Great Keep Drogon suddenly came awake. His eyes opened filled with roiling red light. Then his head shot straight up to full extension looking around. On the broken tower and on the Great Hall both Rhaegal and Viserion came instantly awake and obviously on full alert. All their tails were shaking like agitated snakes. Their nostrils flaring as they tasted the air. They rose up on their legs their wings unfurling as their heads looked around in agitation.

The Direwolves who had stuffed themselves with deer meat and gone asleep again awoke at the same time from their communal nest they enjoyed in the hay. They too sniffed the air. The hackles over their shoulders stood on end. Their tales down low in agitation. Nymeria lifted her head along with Shaggydog and howled to the heavens. Grey Wind followed suit and Lady too added her howls to the sky.

Sansa looked at Margaery. Their first thought was betrayal. That could not be though because Roose Bolton forces where in the far North at the Wall by now. That could not be the threat.

Sansa’s next thought was more frightening. All knew dragons were magical creatures. Anything that could fly and breath fire was by definition was magical. Sansa sensed too that the Direwolves
also had the hint of magical about them. Something had stirred their senses. Something magical. That thought led to one being.

The Ice King.

The three dragons were now on their feet on the structures they had nested on. Their wings were flaring wildly. Their heads swiveled around obviously looking for a danger they sensed but could not locate. Their tails swishing along the sides of the structures they were on.

The lovers looked out over the walls of Winterfell but they saw nothing. Had the Ice King ambushed them unawares!

Drogon’s body stiffened as he roared his anger at something. He roared again and then his two brothers joined in their loud bugles of angry. The dragons were clearly getting more and more agitated. Their screams of distress echoing throughout the ancient castle grounds. Viserion was partially lifting up off the Great Hall only to settle again.

The Direwolves had begun to snap wildly and run around in circles. Sansa saw that even Lady was snapping at her fellow pack mates. Lady never did that! The other hounds now had joined their larger brethren howling at the tops of their lungs. All were looking and barking to the east. Their howls filled the air. Drogon was up on his claws gripping the tower top his neck compressing and then stretching out as he roared up into the heavens. Rhaegal and Viserion were fanning their wings as they bugled.

The dragons had joined the Direwolves in scanning the eastern edge of Winterfell. Their gazes questing to see beyond the ancient granite walls. The very air was reverberating with the roars and howls of the dragons and Direwolves.

People were now running out onto the grounds and appearing on the curtain walls looking up and out over the walls of the castle. They saw nothing and turned to look at the screaming beasts. Confusion was beginning to run riot in Winterfell.

Sansa put her hand over her ears to try and occlude the roars echoing through the air and making the very stones themselves vibrate in distress.

Suddenly, Drogon gave forth a mighty roar and took off into the air with a mighty up thrust of his legs. He bugled another mighty roar. Drogon’s wings beat heavily as his massive body clawed for altitude. Viserion and Rhaegal also took to the air bugling loudly. Their wings beating hard and fast gaining altitude. The air now filled with the sounds of their wings creating a hurricane of wind and sound to add to the cacophony of discordant notes ringing throughout the ancient keep.

The Direwolves started to howl louder. The fur on their shoulder girdles and on their backs stood up on end bristled. Slaver flung from their massive jaws. Their eyes alight with urgency. They jumped around in circles snapping at each other. The dragons circled the ancient castle gathering speed and looking around to the east seeking what their arcane senses had felt.

For a minute the dragons flew in tight spirals over the castle grounds bugling wildly. The people outside gaped at the clearly angry dragons circling over the large grounds of Winterfell. The three behemoths circling low as they continued to roar out their deafening bugles. Then they as one, the three dragons banked over and headed east rising to gain attitude. Like arrows they dragons flashed over the walls of Winterfell and disappeared as they swung their bodies lower their long tails whipping in the air only to disappear also.

The dirwolves howled and pelted out of the courtyard yard they had been roosting in. They ran as
one their tongues hanging out their mouths. Their goal clear. They were charging for the open east
gate.

Now Sansa and Margaery were running down the curtain wall to get to the east side of the castle. They soon lost sight of the Direwolves. Their loud howls getting fainter as the wolves ran at full
gallop out the east gate. Sansa knew the mighty animals had by now disappeared into Winter Town
their howls echoing off the walls of the narrow allies heading east.

Suddenly a huge swatch of blue light erupted a half mile to the east of Winter Town. It exploded out
from nowhere. It was not large maybe a half mile wide and rising up several thousand feet. The air
-crackled with energy.

BBBOOOMMMMMMMMMM!

A mighty concussion of force rolled over the castle. The blue wall was gone.

Sansa and Margaery rounded the curvature of the castle walls. Sansa screamed. Drogon was
tumbling through the air backwards. Rhaegal and Viserion flew forward at reckless speed forward.

Then the blue light was back. It rippled and now the two women could mighty eldritch power
radiating from that blue wall of light. They could see hazily through the wall of blue. Margaery
pointed.

Suddenly the wall erupted into wild swirls and gyrations. The blue light intensified a thousand fold
as the two dragons crashed into the light. The two dragons roared as they impacted the blue wall of
magical force.

KKKKAAAAABBBOOOMMMMMMM!

Another shockwave howled into existence. The two dragons bodies seemed to be gripped in a vice
grip as the dragons kicked and thrashed. Then they were thrown back tumbling wildly through the
air. They roared their anger while they twisted their bodies to right themselves. Their mighty wings
pinioning hard to claw back the altitude the blue wall had stolen from the wall. The blue wall nearly
shimmered out but left a thin gauze film in the air. The blue wall almost vanished but left an
afterglow.

Again and again the dragons attacked down on something only to have the blue wall appear fully
formed again and rebuff their attacks. The dragons circled off their rebuffed attacks making them
hesitate.

Now Sansa saw before her beyond Wintertown a small force of men, horses and … and Giants! But
these were not like the Giants she had read of in Maester Luwin’s books. Sansa knew she was
gaping at these tall mighty men and … and women! Almost all of the Giants were women! The
horses now trumpeted loudly. The sound for some reason made Sansa’s heart beat hard in her chest.
She felt joy and triumph flare in her soul. Sansa turned to look at Margaery and it was clear she too
felt it.

War horns were sounding all over Winterfell as the call to arms was sounded. The plains were filled
with troops that were bivouac as they transitioned north. They too blew their war horns at the enemy
suddenly in their midst. Sansa saw the commanders calling men to formation. Confusion reigned
seeing this small group in their midst.

The commanders in the fields had the same thought crossing Sansa’s mind. How had this force
marched right through their ranks unseen or unheard?
It was the Giants that really threw all into confusion. My gods Sansa thought. Some of them were
fourteen feet tall if not taller. They were perfectly formed and comely to the eye. These Giant men
and women were not from the north off Westeros.

Margaery spoke Sansa’s thought “They must have journeyed here from some far distant land! But
are they friend or foe!”

Somehow the invaders had passed unseen by all. Confusion reigned in the camps and in Winterfell.

A woman was in front of the rest of the small force. She rode on one of the impossibly beautiful
horses. She stopped as did all her companions. They stood still before Winterfell and the forces
arrayed around them. They seemed to be showing they were no threat. The woman in front of the
main force was dressed in a simple blue tunic. She had a staff across her thighs. She looked around
her. Sansa saw the riders on these mighty horses had not saddle or tect. How did they ride the
powerful horses Sansa wondered?

The woman gripped her horses flank with her knees and rose up. In an impossibly strong voice she
shouted.

“WE COME IN PEACE! WE COME TO ALIGN WITH THE DRAGONTANE!”

The woman had a foreign accent but her words were clear.

Sansa looked at Margaery “I hear dragon but what is a ‘thane’?” Sansa asked Margaery.

“I am not sure but I think it must be an honorific. They must be friends come to aid our cause!”

Margaery jumped up and down smiling.

Sansa was not so sure yet. What better way to get them to lower their guard for an attack.

The woman below them on the horse took the staff up she had had on her lap. She now twirled it
above her head so fast it became a blur. The staff caught blue fire and glowed like the sun. Long
tongues of eldritch power flared off the wooden staff and whirled off to rise up and only then slowly
fade leaving spangles behind before completely disappearing.

The woman then gripped her staff smoothly at one end and slammed it down into the ground.

KKKAAAAABBOOOOMMMMM!

Another shockwave of power rolled over Winterfell and buffeted dragons in the air.

The dragons roared in challenge and again dove down at the interlopers. The curved blue wall
suddenly sprang back to full life again. Rhaegal had gained the most altitude and now he flew
almost straight down into the blue wall. The dragon trying to use height and momentum to crash
through the blue barrier. Like a green comet Rhaegal plummeted down. His body slammed into the
blue incandescence. This time his body hit the blue wall and his momentum was shunted up and
over the curved blue force. His claws tried to find purchase but found none as his body tumbled
over the curved wall. Rhaegal was stunned but otherwise unhurt as he flew off. Sansa saw the
Dirwolves appear out of the east side of Wintertown and run at break neck speed toward the force of
strange people before her.

Both women screamed at Lady to stop but the wolf could not hear them from such a distance and she
would not have stopped anyways. Her dander was up and the need to defend her home to great.

Shaggydog and Nymeria hit the wall at the same time. The translucent blue had dimmed with the
repulsion of Rhaegal’s attack suddenly surged a bright rippling blue again. The Direwolves were hurled back spinning wildly. They landed hard and rolled. They snapped back to their feet and shook their heads but were otherwise unhurt. They began to howl furiously at the wall and the people and giants beyond.

Drogon came down from the heights. His head cantered back and then surged forward as he bellowed a mighty fiery ball of white hot fiery death. His flames hit the blue wall and was instantly snuffed out. The dragon jet of flame was long as he continued to spit out fire as he descended. Finally, he was out of flame. Drogon banked off roaring in fury.

The other two dragons dove down and jetted huge gouts of their flame at the blue wall but it was absorbed and defeated. The mighty black dragon had flown up two thousand feet and now dived straight down his hind legs brought forward his talons extended. Drogon slammed into the wall his feet making the wall sag in. He roared in triumph as the blue wall vibrated and flared a brighter blue.

The woman wielding the staff had been singing it seemed. She changed the pitch of her melody. The wall strengthened and threw the dragon back. Drogon again tumbling back through the air.

For the next minute, the dragons roaring wildly as they now circled the blue wall of force that had stymied their efforts to defeat it. Drogon suddenly spun off and flew at breakneck speed back towards the castle.

The woman who had slammed her staff into the ground lifted her body up and stood on her beautiful horse. Sansa now noticed that the horse seemed to almost ripple with power and strength. This was like no horse Sansa had ever read of. This horse was imbued with strength, grace and agility.

The blue wall was still there but without assault it had dimmed to a shimmering force that was ready to flare up again to provide protection to this force if needed. Sansa and Margaery could easily see through the blue rippling wall.

“My gods look at how the star on the horse’s head glows!” Margaery exclaimed pointing at the horse the woman was sitting on. Sansa gasped seeing it too. Sansa knew she was looking upon something precious.

The woman looked at Wintefell. In an impossibly loud voice the woman shouted.

“I am Lustera! A Lord on the High Council of Revelstone! I repeat my early entreaty. I and my companion have traveled far to come offer our aid to the Dragonthane. We see her dragons. We have traveled far. I have come in peace and offer our strength against your ancient foe. I, Giants, Haruchai, Ranyhyn and Ramen have come to fight by your side.”

Her words echoed off into the distance.

Sansa and Margaery looked at each other. Could the last twenty-four hours get any more exciting!

Eddard

Eddard was running down a corridor in the cellar warrens of the Great Keep. He had just had a meeting with Daenerys showing her the craftsmanship of the dragon glass weapons he was making. There was a large warren of mainly unused rooms and several large chambers in the five levels of cellars below the Great Keep. The rooms located on the north by west side of the hill. The rest of the hill had the hot springs with water burbling up that kept the Great Keep warm even in the depth
of winter.

The Great Keep had been built into a hill that rose up roughly fifty feet from the ground level at the castle walls. The land sloping up to the northeast walls of the castle. The original construction had taken advantage of this to make a large underground complex that would be protected from any type of siege assault.

Eddard had converted the two lowest levels for dragon glass weapon creation with artisans he had hired from Essos. They had not worked with obsidian in their home cities but worked with jade, turquoise and shale that some cultures valued. They were thus used to working with rock one had to work with care.

He had made sure that the warrens had been thoroughly cleaned out. All droppings and rats that could be possibly eradicated were. He had extra torches installed and brazier pots put in each room and filled with coal and coke to provide light and warmth. He brought in hay and fresh cut peppermint sprigs to freshen the air.

He knew happy workers were productive workers. He was paying the artisans top dollar. He paid them as well he paid his local workers. He had heard of the practice of “sweat shops” being used. It had been long decreed by his Stark ancestors that no trade would knowingly be done with the Slave Cities. When his father had discovered the use of “forced labor” at barely subsistence wages he had outlawed trade with those entities.

Eddard had been more than happy to continue that policy. He would never countenance such practices in the North. As in all things he led by example.

The Queen had been most impressed with the high standards he had initiated and enforced. She informed him that she too had the same high quality of work being done. She had then gripped his arm in a surprisingly strong grip. She made direct contact eye contact with the Warden of the North.

“I also admire how you treat those you employee and how you eat with the common folk. I hope to one day institute that policy but things are still too new and untried in King’s Landing.” Eddard watched her sigh.

“What is it about the North?” the Queen mused in a tone that made it sound rhetorical.

“My Queen?”

“Dany please.”

“Dany.”

“Your people … I can’t put a finger on it. Your subjects are not more pure or noble than what resides in King’s Landing but … I don’t know … the avarice, the pettiness, the way the strong do not dispose the weak. I have to judge so many cases of this in King’s Landing. It can be depressing seeing so much avarice.”

Daenerys snorted and then chuckled.

Eddard asked her what she found so funny.

“There was this man who wanted to use my dragons to tow large banners across the sky advertising products for erectile dysfunction.” The Queen shook her head. Then she looked again at Eddard with a questioning gaze.
“Why do you not have such pettiness here in the North Eddard? Do you know? Can it be known?”

Eddard took a deep breath considering. “I cannot be sure my—Dany. I think life is harder in the North and that engenders working together more. Also, our cities are smaller and we have more room I guess I would call it. It helps reduce tension. But believe me Dany, we have our petty squabbles and thievery both between people and with businesses. It is just less and not out in the open like your situation. You are dealing with major trade and businesses.”

“Manderly in White Harbor has his fair share of such issues I assure you my Queen” he held up his hand when Dany started to protest. “I use your title Dany because I sense you feel you are lacking. You are not. I would not have survived very long in King’s Landing.”

“I would have to disagree Eddard.” The Queen cocked her head “I ask why you think not. You have proven must adept at the Game of Thrones.”

“I just don’t have the temperament. I am too lenient and I assure you forces that you control and even bend to your will would consume me. I feel it in my bones. I would have tried to work with Cersei Lannister and Robert to get them to fix what could not be fixed. Everything in King’s Landing was broken beyond mending. If I had tried to be Hand I would have been like a lamb among wolves.”

Now Eddard snorted. A wry smile came on his face. “I can just see it now. Robert gored by a boar. Cersei imprisoning me and that fool eldest son of hers chopping my head off.”

Dany chuckled “Such imagination Eddard. You should have been a scribe for the Murmurs.”

Eddard smiled “Maybe I should have … I doubt I would have the patience or fortitude to finish such a play though. I would only probably write five of seven acts.”

They had finished inspecting the dragon glass proclaiming it first rate. She asked his pardon and went to have a meeting with her Klatch of Confidents. She had explained who and why she had such a group. Eddard supposed he had the same thing with his son and two daughters.

He had gone up to the first level of the cellars. He went to the two large rooms on the south end of the Great Keep. He opened the door to the second the room. He looked down the room and the long lines of wine cellar racks. The varnished maple racks stretching down the room. There was fifteen rows of such racks. Each row of wine was made of racks on each side of the row. The racks themselves were six feet tall and four feet wide and nine inches deep. The bottles stored horizontal to the floor. Each rack stored one hundred and five bottles nearly four inches in diameter. The last two rack on each row had larger bens to hold bottles up to five inches 1/8 inch diameter. These slots were for Large Champagne, Magnum Bordeaux, Magnum Champagne, and Double Magnum bottles.

He saw the clipboard on the peg of the closest rack to the door. He took it down and looked at the bottle lists for the racks. He knew Winterfell had a first rate distilled spirits collection. He did not know of any of it. He had never drank, smoked or done any recreational drugs that some lords partook of. He looked at the selections of wines both red and white. He looked at the many types of champagne. He read the bourbons, whiskeys, vodkas, cognacs and other hard spirits.

He was not even sure what wines went with what. He looked at the charts to select wine or spirits for various meals and various situations. He studied it for a few minutes. He started to get a headache.

The campaign he rode in during Robert’s Rebellion was child’s play compared to trying to decipher
this arcane code. He put the clipboard back on the peg. He would have to ask Sansa and Margaery to help with this. He would have a banquet before they left for Winterfell to march north to the all.

Eddard feared that if he selected the spirits they would somehow be so wrong that the Queen would choke and spit out what he had selected.

He was just about to leave the wine cellar when he heard it. The whole building was shaking with the bottles in the racks rattling. The various bottle sizes and makeup of alcohol making various notes in a discordant symphony. He looked up at the ceiling. The bass notes of Drogon’s trumpets reverberating through the room. Eddard could feel that Drogon must have roosted on top of the Great Keep again.

It had been off putting at first to look up and see the mighty black dragon resting nonchalantly on the tower of his home. He had not been sure at first. He had quickly adjusted. The dragon actually looked domesticated all curled up on itself its tail swishing against the stones of the Great Keep.

Now Viserion and Rhaegal were joining in a cacophony of agitated notes of challenge. The walls were literally vibrating with all the trumpets filling the air. Eddard looked at all the bottle dancing in their bins. Fortunately, the construction was good and the bottles stayed in their private nooks. He walked out the cellar closing the door. He could feel the dragon’s anger in the very walls of the Great Keep.

The dragon roars did not stop. A sudden terrifying thought surged through his veins. Had the Ice King already come? Had he somehow ambushed his forces and annihilated them and now was at the gates of Winterfell.

**Had the final battle already begun! Was he already defeated!**

He felt a mighty bass trumpet from Drogon and the Great Keep shook hard. Eddard instinctively knew the great dragon had launched his body airborne. Eddard ran down the hall and up the stairs to the first floor and ran at a sprint down the hall and into the side hall that ran along the east side of the castle wall. He heard the dragons bugling but the sounds no longer vibrated through the stone. They had taken to the air. At first the sounds had been near but the mighty roars were fading in and out. He thought the dragons were moving off to confront what had made them take flight.

Eddard reached the entryway to the stairs leading up to the walkway of the inner bailey wall near the guard tower at the Great Hall. He ran furiously up the steps taking them two at time. He was thankful he was not wearing his chain mail. He would need it in combat and be terribly expose without it but he needed to see what the hell was happening as he bounded up the seemingly interminable steps.

He suddenly realized he didn’t have his **FUCKING SWORD!** No matter. He had to see what the hell was happening. He now heard the Direwolves howling as if the stars of heaven were falling from the sky. The dragons were still bellowing with mighty roars. Even with distance the bugles of the dragons echoed throughout the castle grounds. As Eddard rose up the compound he heard the dragon calls clearer now. The way the sounds of the dragons came and went he knew the dragons were circling their agitation in a circle above Winterfell. **What the hell was going on out there?!**

He was almost at the doorway thank the gods. The door was wide open. He saw men been running back and forth in a melee of cross purposes. He heard troops storming up behind him.

He heard Stannis roar “What the fucking hell is going on godsdamnit!”

Renly’s voice chimed in “Get your fucking ass in gear brother. You are blocking the stair!”
That made Eddard feel better calming himself slightly. It was what he needed to hear. If Stannis was cursing then it really was a frantic situation!

He burst up on the walkway of the inner wall. Just as he did so he saw the three dragons of Daenerys bank over the east castle walls. The mighty beasts just clearing the curtain wall and immediately dove down hard their tails whipping to counterbalance their sudden descent. In an instant their bodies were gone from sight. Their bugles of challenge still loud in the air.

He ran to a crosswalk and ran to the outer wall. He heard the Direwolves howling. He was still some distance from the east gate. He looked out past the castle and saw the dragons gaining altitude to the east. He leaned out an embrasure and looked to the East Gate. He spotted the Direwolves bursting out into view pelting furiously into Winter Town howling the whole way. He resumed running down the curtain wall.

He looked off to the east. What! The air rippling with a blue wall of light? Drogon came into view flying straight at the blue wall of rippling light. Then the light suddenly flared. Eddard’s mouth fell open. It seemed like blue lightening from wall of blue light enclosed Drogon folding around his body. Then the body of the mighty dragon was sent tumbling back through the air away from the blue wall of shimmering light.

Eddard at first had feared for the dragon. But Eddard saw Drogon right his body and flew up and away. His bugles of anger echoing in the cold air.

Stannis and Renly came up beside Eddard and then Oberyn was there and he pointed to what they all saw. The air seemed it was full of hanging rippling snakes undulating. Then the very air seemed exploded into bright dark blue light. All on the walls recoiled back. Did the Ice King have magic they nothing of? They all three watched slack jawed. The other two dragons of the Queen easily repelled by the shimmering blue light. The dragons screaming their rage as they flew off to circle back. The men watched several more attacks by the mighty dragons easily repulsed.

Was their defeat imminent? What could so easily defeat the dragons of Daenerys? If the Ice King could repel so easily the might dragons what chance did they have?

The blue light then seemed to explode into a million shards of sparkling light. A hard force slammed into Eddard’s chest staggering him. The dragons wobbled in the air but regained their balance and flew on. The first attacks had been survived.

Eddard and his fellow High House Lords ran again down the curtain wall of Winterfell to get to the east wall to see what was happening to the east. What force was attacking Winterfell? They finally ran around the curvature of the wall.

Eddard looked and expected to see Ice Wrights and undead to the horizon. WHAT?! That was not what he saw at all. Before him stood a very small party of men, horses and … and GIANTS but not giants like were in the far north. They were like regular men no wait—they were women in armor. He noticed a rider at the fore on an impossibly muscular beautiful horse. He saw other riders of normal dimension on other of the mighty horses.

The rider was a woman with a staff. She suddenly spun her staff that glowed light blue from end to end but the fire did not touch her hands. The staff seemed was spun so fast that Eddard could not follow it. The woman then slammed her staff into the ground. Another blue wall of flame rose up and circled over her and her companions.

A second detonation of mighty power washed over the castle staggering all making many fall to their knees.
“Go Rheagal!” Oberyn shouted jumping up and down like a little boy. “Death to the enemies of the Queen!”

Eddard saw the wall of blue had been erected just in time. Rhaegal dove into the wall meaning to attack the forces on the ground. Blue force gripped the dragon and then threw it back. He saw the Direwolves burst into view and beat a furious pace to the wall. The gathered men watched as the Direwolves Shaggydog and Nymeria slammed into the wall and were easily repulsed. Their bodies flung high and back. Like the Dragons, the Direwolves seemed unhurt when repulsed by the blue wall of light.

Men were cheering the attacks.

Eddard watched the attacks and the defense. This was not attack but a defense. These were warriors in armor and had slipped the defenses of Eddard but now had chosen to expose themselves.

The blue shield held up under the dragons breathing fire and slamming into it. The wall repulsed but did not kill.

Then he saw Drogon rise up and bank back towards the castle. Then he saw the Queen and his daughter come bursting into the inner courtyard from the great keep. The mighty black dragon swooped down to the ground and the queen and his daughter gripped his scales. Eddard was impressed with how easily both Daenerys and his daughter gripped the hot scales and worked up the black dragon’s body and seated themselves. Then the dragon roared and took to the air. She was flying to the confrontation.

She had reasoned it out.

He shouted at a man in the courtyard to hold his horse he was riding around in a circle. Eddard flew back down the castle steps. Stannis and Oberyn were right behind him. Oberyn was screaming he needed his spear and a fucking horse to ride into combat.

Eddard started again. He was too excited! He still didn’t have his sword! No matter! His queen had flown off without her sword. It was speed he needed.

He reached the courtyard and yelled at the man to get off his horse. The man riding the horse was wild eyed.

“Get the fuck off the godsdamned horse!” Eddard roared.

Eddard had heard the woman’s speech. It had a strange lilt but the words were clear.

He had been right. Damn the air was full of war horns. He needed to get there!

The man got off. Eddard was up on the horse in a flash and flew to the East gate and was out it in moments. He did not normally whip a horse but he did now slapping the horse’s shoulders with the extra reins on the bridle. The horse flew down the roads of Winter Town. Eddard saw the dragons were no longer attacking but circling moving up. Drogon was crisscrossing tightly above the blue wall with the Queen and his daughter on his mighty back.

The Queen was waiting for him he was sure. Thank you my Queen!

In a minute he burst out the other side of Winter Town and let the horse take its full head.

In another minute he was at the blue wall. The woman stood just behind the wall of blue rippling magical light. She held her blazing staff unhurt. Her other companions stared down at him. Eddard
looked up at them wonderment. He could not believe what his eyes saw. These giants were perfectly formed unlike giants of the far north above the wall.

The giants were smiling at him. Eddard saw the Giants were mainly women and covered with some strange style of armor made of granite if Eddard was right. There were other strangers to this force. The more normally sized humans seemed impassive. They looked at Eddard with unreadable faces. The woman who seemed to be the leader reminded him of Stannis for some reason. Her face was stern and her body rigid.

They looked beyond him. He felt the mighty backwash of wings behind and he knew that the Queen had arrived. Her heard Daenerys and his daughter quickly scrabbling down off the mighty black dragon’s back. Drogon roared a mighty bugle of challenge and soared back into the sky.

“Father!” he heard and then his body staggered with the impact of Arya’s body into his and her hugging him.

Eddard smiled and patted his daughter’s back. Daenerys came up beside him in full royal presence calmly looking forward and up at the woman who looked down at her from atop her horse with her staff blazing bright blue in her hands.

The woman’s lips moved and the blue wall simply disappeared.

A loud silence filled the air. Eddard had not fully realized how much noise the blue wall had been emitting.

Eddard stepped back and bent the knee facing his Queen. He wanted it made clear that Daenerys Targaryen was the leader of Westeros. He was not sure what the mores of these various people were. But the fact that women predominated spoke volumes without a word being said. It was clear that women were leading this strange party.

The woman on the horse slide off. It was then that Eddard saw that the horse had no saddle. He looked at the other mounted horses. None of them had saddles, bridles or reins. The riders were all bare of feet except for the woman with the staff and she only wore simple sandals. The women Giants wore war sandals. The two Giant men had on sailor deck shoes.

Eddard returned his gaze to the persons riding these powerful horses. How could they control their horses? Eddard started when he sensed the horse of the woman with the staff was looking directly at him. The horse he swore was laughing at him as it neigh loudly and shook its head.

A woman on the left spoke pushing her horse forward. “You do the Ranyhyn disservice” she barked “no Ranyhyn would ever let their rider fall off. You insult them!” There was outright anger in the woman’s voice. In fact her body was shaking with suppressed anger.

Eddard cocked an eyebrow at the woman. Her anger was totally uncalled for. He was nonplussed by such a hostile reaction when no offense was given. The woman with the staff held up her hand in the direction of the dark brown skinned woman. The woman seemed to control her ire with a visible effort.

His Queen spoke up “We are strangers. Please forgive our strange and seeming rudeness. I assure you no insult is meant. Teach us how to honor you” Daenerys spoke in a calm clear voice.

This was why Daenerys was meant to rule and not he. He was not a diplomat who knew how to handle such awkward moments. His Queen was able to handle this situations with easy aplomb.

One of the Giant stepped forward. He looked up and he could not believe his eyes. The woman
was at least thirteen feet tall and he saw that she was not the tallest by far. She came forward and her
eyes were alive with mirth. These were definitely not the giants of the far North covered in fur and
cub like limbs. They were totally human but were twice the size of a normal sized man and then
some. Their visages were beautiful to behold. The tall Giant woman’s face was filled with a gentle
smile.

“I am Braveheart Tillerkeel. I am first of this quest. First, I must apologize for Shapa of the Ramen.
They are tenders to the great horses of the plains of Ra. She is a Manethrall and is fiercely protective
of the Ranyhyn she serves. They are the sky and earth given flesh. They are as intelligent as any of
us and braver. They have always carried the Land’s defenders into combat for millennium for those
that they have deemed worthy. To ride a Ranyhyn is the greatest honor that can bestowed in the
Land.”

“We have journeyed across the world to join you. I and my people represent our races. We come
from the south of our world. We have crossed the Soulbiter and Soulcrusher to reach this far distant
land. We are anxious to serve the need of the world.” The Giant looked at Eddard.

Then her gaze shifted to Daenerys Targaryen and to the woman at her shoulder Arya Stark. The
Giant made a deep bow to the pale Targaryen. “We have journeyed far to meet the Dragonthane.
We assume you must be the woman prophesized of. You are white of hair and ride strange beasts
called dragons. You will fight Ice and Death. We are here to support you.”

The Giant and the Queen looked at each other.

“Would you tell us your name?” the Giant inquired softly with a smile still on her face. Eddard felt
that laughter and gaiety came easily to these tall folk.

“I am Daenerys Targaryen. I do not believe in prophecies.”

“As it was prophesized.”

The Warden of the North was impressed. The jibe subtle and given in a good natured tone. Eddard
smiled inside seeing the Queen start and then seethe. Her hatred of prophecies was well know.

“You will defeat the Ice King in this land. Then you will journey to the East and in the ruined land
of volcanos and shattered cities you will then restore magic. You will enable the restoration of the
Earthroot and renewal of the Blood of the Earth. You will take the Scribe to the One Tree and she
will somehow take from that hoary tree a limb and fashion a new staff of law. Then you will return
and fight the Demon Stone and the Raver who holds it.”

The words were spoken matter-of-factly.

“I know nothing of this.”

“You will in time. But first we must meet this Ice Death at the blue line in the sky.”

Eddard now spoke up. “What you call the ‘blue line in the sky’ we call the Wall. It is a solid wall of
Ice three hundred miles long and up to seven hundred feet in height. It is to protect us against the foe
that is named the Ice King by us. He is an elemental being of ice and cold.

The woman with the blue staff spoke up. “He has a Croyel with him. It is that vile pestilence that
called to us to come to your aid. This was added to by the prophecies concerning this time. One of
these Croyels was once paired with an Arghuleh in our Land to the far North of our Land. It too
tried to build a kingdom of ice that would have consumed the Land. Hamoko sacrificed his life
defeating and killing the Arghuleh and its loathsome host. The Croyels are a vile and noisome race.
They are evil personified.

Braveheart spoke up again. “We are representatives of the forces that serve and protect the Land. We have journeyed from the south of the world to come to the northern hemisphere to do battle against this bane of the Earth and its Croyel ally. If it is not contained and defeated her we fear it will try and consume the Earth. This Ice King must be met and defeated.”

“I speak for the Giants. Though the Giants home is far away we have always served the Land and now the Earth in its time of need. As Thomas Covenant and Linde Avery journeyed across worlds and time to save the world we have journeyed across the Soulbiter and Soulcrusher to come and lend our aid. We have been told by the old seers to align with the pale haired woman who rides beast that fly the air. You are that woman Daenerys Targaryen. We have come with allies who also align with you. We are mighty. They also are mighty.”

The giant looked at a woman maybe an inch taller than Daenerys. She had jet black hair that was cut in bangs and parted over her ears covering half the length of the woman’s ears. Hair down to her neck in the back. The other women of this race wore their hair similarly. The men of this race had very short haircuts. All this Eddard took in as he stood looking on passively. His instincts told him to trust these strange denizens from a faraway land but his caution still held him in check.

Eddard’s eyes took in the medium brown color of these peoples skin. These people in some respects seemed like they were from the land of Dorne but their almond eyes and facial features were not of Westeros. Eddard had met a few people of the far away land of Yi Ti and Leng. These people generally looked like them but the plains of their faces did match those people.

These people were not of Westeros or Essos.

Eddard could sense strength in the woman but she and the men with her did not have the build to be warriors that could fight anyone with a weapon. They had nothing on but tunics belted at the waist. He could barely see a strap lashed over the woman’s chest to compress her breast to keep them in place in combat. He subtly cocked his head to observe their feet. They wore nothing on their feet. They had no weapons on their persons that he could see.

Eddard wondered on these supposed warriors. They would not last long against any armed opponent.

The Giant, Braveheart Tillerkeel, motioned with her hand for the small brown woman to come forward. The woman brought her Ranyhyn forward. The woman had no emotion on her face. She stared flatly at Eddard. The giant bowed deeply to the woman with a large smile on her face. The Giant found humor in introducing with a flourish this taciturn woman. “This is Brail of the Haruchai. She is First Mark. She commands the Haurchai and is Bloodguard to Lord Lustera. Do not underestimate the Haruchai. Their strength rivals our own strength.”

Eddard wondered why the Giant was exaggerating these peoples strength. They were small of stature compared to Eddard and he was no giant like Stannis.

“You have met Manethrall Shapa and her Ranyhyn Fohn whom you accidently slighted.” The giant chuckled. The named woman looked at Eddard with a flat face too. Her body was rigid though. Eddard knew the woman still harbored ill will for Eddard’s unintended slight of the Ranyhyn.

Braveheart Tillerkeel looked back at Winterfell. “We would journey to the owner of the castle before us. The Giants respect the crafting of all rock and we see greatness in those blocks and mighty walls. There we can make proper greeting of all our members and come to know you.”
Eddard could not help but feel his chest swell with pride.

Eddard told the Giant “That is Winterfell. This is my home. We Starks have lived in this castle for almost eight thousand years. I am Eddard Stark and the Warden of the North. I am vassal to Daenerys Targaryen. She is the Breaker of Chains.”

The Giant looked perplexed. “Do chains have great magic here?”

“No it represents that she freed the slaves of Slavers Bay and in the Free cities.”

“What is this slavery?” Lustra asked. She clearly was confused by the word. “I have never heard the word before.”

“It is when men force other men to serve as chattel and all freedom it taken from them.”

Lustra looked at her companions who looked perplexed back at her.

“How is this possible? Wars are fought we understand but why does was one man take another man’s freedom after the war is over. The conflict is settled one way or the other. How do you allow such a heinous act to occur?”

It took Eddard five minutes to fully get the concept across. The queen watched this with silence. She never talked of her defeat of slavery.

The Giants seemed almost stunned. Braveheart asked “How long was this allowed?”

“Five thousand years.”

The giants started shouting and some pulled their swords out of scarabs on hips and backs all faces drained of laughter and now filled with fury.

The Manethrall ripped a length of rope out of her hair and gripped the length of rope in both hands. Her teeth bared in rage at this concept.

Eddard was both surprised that the mere concept of slavery could be so strange to these travelers from the South of the world. Almost as surprising was their visceral reaction to their new found knowledge of slavery.

The Haurchai First Mark on her Ranyhyn stepped her horse forward. She asked impassively. “How was this allowed to stand?”

“None desired to end it until my Queen put an end to it. What stood for five thousand years is no more because of her.”

The Haruchai tilted her head. She then dismounted and came to stand before the queen. She walked with a martial prowess Eddard observed. Another Haruchai came forward and jumped off his Ranyhyn. He stood beside Brail.

Brail acknowledge the other Haruchai with the slightest inflection of her head. They looked at each other. Eddard could have sworn they were somehow communicating without words. As one they turned back to Daenerys. In unison they came to stand before the Queen with rigid backs and flexed knees. They looked ready to meet any challenge that their strength could match. Brail turned to face the Queen. Her visage was flat and expressed no emotion.

“You have ended a great evil that others allowed to stand for five thousand years. This act must be
answered” Brail spoke in a flat voice that showed no emotion. Her tonal lilt suppressing her words.

“This is Bannor. He will be your Bloodguard as long as we are in this land of Westeros.”

“I do not need his service”

“Never the less you have it.” The man came before Daenerys. He looked at her impassively. He stood five foot six inches tall. His dark almond eyes regarded the Queen flatly. His bare feet did not seem to feel the cold Earth he was standing on. His body was toned and fit. He then bowed the smallest fraction toward Daenerys Targaryen.

He slammed his fist into his chest. Eddard was shocked at the force of the balled hand striking flesh. It sounded like his fist could crush granite to Eddard. Eddard began to wonder of his first impression of these brown skinned flat mien people. The man spoke with a flat voice that yet had a strange lilt to it like the woman. “Fist and Faith. There is only victory or death.” His speech and manner impassive. The repressed lilt of the man’s speech made Eddard think that the Haruchai found Westerosi a difficult speech to utter for these strange warriors.

“I refuse this service” was Daenerys prompt reply. Her tone broke no argument.

The two Haruchai cocked their heads toward each other fractionally. Eddard was somehow sure they were communicating somehow without words. Eddard noticed the ‘Lord’ looked alarm and now urged her Ranyhyn forward.

The two Haruchai turned and gave Daenerys their full attention again.

Brail spoke “You are the Dragonthane. You have broken the horror that is this ‘slavery’. You are the locus of much that is and will come. We offer our service. Bannor will be your Bloodguard. We find this necessary as our ancestors found it necessary with High Lord Kevin of the High Council.”

“I do not need it’ was the Queen’s short answer.

Bannor regarded Daenerys closely. Eddard saw that the rest of the Haruchai had slowly brought their Ranyhyn forward silently. Bannor looked fractionally at Brail. She nodded. “Need has nothing to do with our offer. We will serve. I am now your Bloodguard. I will protect you to my last breath if necessary. Service is necessary. High Lord Kevin attempted to resist our offer of service.”

Eddard saw the Lord, Lustra, start and he now saw fear for some reason on her face. She stared at Brail and Bannor gnawing her lip. The Lord was no longer taciturn in her agitation.

“I still must refuse your offer. I am touched but I will not accept this service” Daenerys spoke calmly. Arya touched her shoulder to give Daenerys her support.

Eddard saw that the Lord was becoming greatly upset now. She started to speak but hesitated. Lustra was truly fearful now for some reason Eddard could not understand.

The two Haruchai again seemed to communicate somehow between themselves. The other Haruchai had now dismounted their horses and formed behind their two comrades. It was obvious to Eddard the Haruchai were showing solidarity for and with Brail and Bannor. The Haruchai stood impassively but Eddard felt great tension in the air.

“Would you require us to speak the words of the Vow to show our intent? Must we invoke the Earthpower to prove our worth?” Bannor asked the Queen.
It was clear that Daenerys did not understand what the Haruchai were implying. He himself did not understand. What was this “vow”? Eddard could see Daenerys trying to understand what the Haruchai were implying.

“So be it then” Brail said flatly. Eddard watched as the Haruchai formed up behind Brail and Bannor. The Haruchai began to speak in unison in a loud voice. They spoke in a language never before heard in the land of Westeros.

“Auri kakneena na lesra lo—“ The air had begun shimmer and the ground to ripple underneath the feet of the Haruchai. “Urakane foralum zatum na kelialum—“ Eddard felt great power in the air.

Then the Lord screamed “NOOOOO!”

She rushed her Ranyhyn up to the Queen and dismounted in a smooth motion and came up before Daenerys. Her face filled with a panic that was sharp and intense. “Please Daenerys Targaryen accept their service. Do not require them to speak the Vow. The price is too horrible to contemplate. The sacrifice is too great! I beg you!” The Lord looked wildly between the Queen and Brail.

The Haruchai had stopped whatever they had begun. The ground beneath the Haruchai had begun to ripple and blue light glowed up from the Earth. The First Mark looked at Daenerys with absolutely no emotion on her face. Whatever had the Lord so upset did not seem to bother the Haruchai.

“I do not understand” Daenerys breathed out.

“If you force the Haruchai to prove their worth they will speak the Vow yet again as they did for High Lord Kevin. They will seal their lives to death. They will no longer age. Even here the Earthpower will answer their call and need. They will forgo love and life to serve you and your decedents to the end of time. Do not force them to do this! Their service knows no limits. Great harm will come of this!” the Lord nearly screamed. “Do not force them!” she pleaded.

Eddard saw the Queen rebound. She looked at Bannor. He stared flatly back at Daenerys. Eddard watched the Queen process all she had just heard. She bowed her head. “May I prove worthy of your service.”

“You have freed slaves. I will protect you from all harm to the limit of my strength” Bannor spoke without inflection. Brail nodded her ascent. The power that had been imminent in the Earth slowly faded away.

“It is good” Brail intoned.

Eddard wondered. One would never know the Haruchai had been about to sacrifice their lives for Daenerys to prove their worth. What kind of people are these Haruchai he mused. They show no passion and yet their souls are filled with it.

Brail spoke again. “To her mate we offer Jeertel as Bloodguard” a woman came forward from the group behind Brail. She repeated the same vow to Arya as Banner had to Daenerys. Arya blushed at the proclamation.

The Ranyhyn began to trumpet and rise up on their hind legs and paw the air. They too seemed to be giving promises of service.

Eddard had to smile. Daenerys beamed at the simple pronouncement made by these strangers while his daughter seemed stunned to hear her love so easily observed. Dany hugged Arya to her and kissed her temple. Arya nearly stumbled.
Yes Eddard thought to himself. I think I will be winning that bet. He would use the Gold Dragons for the wedding.

Daenerys

Daenerys had come out of the cellar complex below the Great Keep. She walked around looking at the massive stone blocks that made the castle. She was a little enthralled with the almost black stone that Winterfell was made of. It was amazing how the color of stone lent so much to the personality of a building. She ran her fingers along the seams of the stone. She almost felt she could hear the stone whispering to her. The pale Queen bent here head to the stone. She heard nothing. It was there. Ancient power and magic just out of reach of her senses.

The stones seemed to have a mindset. The stones were not angry. What was the word Daenerys tried to find? Then it came to her: Brooding. The Red Keep with its red stone seemed almost gay compared to these dark brooding stones.

It was not a depressing atmosphere but one of a brooding contemplation of the past. The castle of the Red Keep and the very city of King’s Landing was less than four hundred years old. That City was merely an infant’s first awareness compared to the history of this eight thousand year old castle. True little stood from the original castle but his spot had seen so much history. To think this existed before there was a wall made Daenerys head spin. She paused when she realized that his castle was older than the civilization that had given her birth.

Such age was almost impossible to grasp. She walked on down the hall hearing the murmuring always just beyond her conscious grasp. Did others hear it?

This very keep was over five thousand years old. It was still as strong and vital as it was when it was first erected. She reached out and touched the stone and listened. She sighed. She had hoped to feel and hear the history these stones had seen. The stones refused to tell her their secrets. They wished to hold onto them. She felt Jhogo and Rakharo on her shoulders. They too looked around reverently at the stones of this castle.

Her Bloodriders were bred for the open sky and endless grass seas felt the history of this place. It would be here long after all them had turned to dust back in the embrace of the Earth. She heard their bells tinkle as their heads moved looking at the ancient stones.

They walked down several more corridors. They entered the Keep proper. Now they started to find adornments on the walls. The Queen and her Dothraki gazed up at the tapestries on the wall. The cloth providing warmth to the cold stone and give the residents color to look upon. She saw several suits of armors on stands. She walked up to them and looked for weak points to attack. The warrior in her always looked for weakness. She chuckled. Once a warrior always a warrior.

She stopped at a tapestry. Her ridders did not know the significance of the scene that had been stitched into the fabric. It was a large tapestry that was on dark fabric. She walked up closer to the tapestry. It was well crafted with tight needle work. The colors were still vibrant depicting the scene the artisans had crafted.

The scene was on the side of the sea with the viewpoint out to sea. The tide was low with tide pools all round. The sun was still low in the sky and the sunlight shining brightly off the waves crashing to shore and the sea mist rising up from the impacting waves. The water slicked rocks glinting brightly.
A tall man with white hair and a tiara on his head looked down at a man kneeling before him. The man standing had armor that was silver and black. He had on a cloak synched on his shoulders that went down to his heels. His sword sheathed at his waist. The cape blowing in the wind.

The man kneeling had his head bowed down in submission. His wolf cape draped on his shoulders and running down his back. His attire dark grey and black. His armor with plate on legs, arms and upper chest with chain mail underneath. On the right behind the standing man who looked down calmly at the kneeling man where men on horses. They were mounted facing with red standards that rippled in the morning wind.

A dragon with black body and red wings the sun shining through his thin wings flew proudly beneath the bright sun. Low cloud banks were on the horizon and haze inland with rising hills behind the mounted horse. Low mountains jutted out in the horizon. A man dressed in North leather and fur stood with a lance. The kneeling man’s personal guard.

Daenerys stepped back several steps. The artisans had created a masterpiece of balance. The scene centered perfectly with the contrast of light and dark. The tapestry had a romantic feel to it. The scene was almost too perfect in its balance and symmetry.

Had it been that way she wondered. Did the tapestry reflect the reality that was? Had the submission of Torrhen Stark, the King Who Knelt, really been like this? It was the sun she determined. The way it glinted off the pounding ocean and water slicked rock. Those elements made the scene look like manifest destiny. That Aegon Targaryen had been meant to take this man’s sword.

Daenerys wondered about what she saw. This was a scene of subjugation and yet the Starks had commissioned the creation of an act that she heard snickers of in King’s Landing. The Starks had knelt when all of the other Great Houses had resisted. The other Great Houses said the House of Stark was a house of cowards. What had their bravery achieved? Daenerys knew.

The Houses of the South had been burned Daenerys thought for their supposed bravery. Or had it been stupidity.

True, Dorne was never conquered and took their “pound of flesh” but they had suffered grievously for it. Daenerys did not feel like snickering looking at the tapestry. She saw a profound wisdom sadly lacking in her house or the Houses below the North. Only the House of Stark tried to avoid battles and wars that others rushed into. They were not always successful but they seemed to avoid most of the petty squabbles that plagued Westeros. Daenerys with her conquest of Essos had learned it was not a malady unique to her homeland.

She had come to admire this restraint. House Stark was satisfied with its lot in life. They were warden of the North and that seemed to be enough for them. Only once had they involved themselves in matters of House Targaryen politics.

She remembered her history of the civil war during the time of Queen Rhaenyra when Prince Jacaerys Velaryon flew to the North to gain House Stark for the cause of his mother the Queen Rhaenyra Targaryen.

Daenerys grimaced that of course part of the alliance had called for a royal princess to marry into the family of Lord Cregan Stark. Why are women always battered off a chattel damnit?! Lord Cregan himself led a host to King’s Landing near the end of the war, but they arrived after the death of King Aegon II Targaryen.

Her mind wondered. She remembered her Maester bring up the question that some Maesters spent
much time working on. Which came first: The chicken or the egg.

How had House Stark evolved so differently? Was it the world they lived in and it fashioned them or had it been the Starks who came to be and then molded the world around them to be a reflection of their temperament and sense of self. This primitive land seem to engender a purity of spirit that was lacking in the South of Westeros. She wondered if the harsh life in this cold clime made the people living in it find something rare and precious within themselves.

Daenerys had definitely seen a difference between “South” and “North”. The people of the North were more taciturn and reserved. She snorted. Probably all do to statistics. There was a hell of a lot more people in the South and much more chance of associations to be formed and with people being people, well, as the great Maesters taught “shit happens”.

Eddard did seem different though. He had a calmness and sense of being centered about him. She knew instinctively that she could trust her life and her kingdom into his care and not worry. To be truthful she had come to feel the same with House of Dorne, and Baratheon. She could trust Highgarden as long as they clearly knew she was in control. They were honorable but opportunistic.

She could live with that. She would never give them a reason to doubt her rule or the surety of it. There was one House she could never trust with its current ruler. She knew she could never trust House Lannister. Its currently leader precluded that. Tywin was too crafty and conniving. His actions during Robert’s Rebellion told her all she needed to know. If he had performed his duties as she should have history would be so different.

She would not be here looking at this tapestry for one thing. She snorted again. Maybe things turned out the way they were supposed to. House Greatjoy was a problem until itself. One she would have to deal with. She had to worry about Essos and the Dothraki too. She still had a few Khalasars to bring to heel and with the City States she knew that believers of the old ways still thrived in the shadows. They in time would cause her problems.

Her mind returned to problems closer to home. She wondered if Lancel or Kevin would be more tractable if Tywin was no longer among the living. She toyed with the idea of hiring the faceless men again. Like before it must appear a natural death or accident. She immediately discarded that idea. The price for her one use of that order was proving to be too high.

Also she found that solution untasteful. It left a bitter taste in her mouth. She wanted to beat her foes herself. She wanted her fights to be in the open. She had come to hate court intrigue. Fights on the field of battle carried their own honor.

She would work this problem when things had settled after this war with the Ice Wright King. She needed Tyrion as her Hand. Unfortunately, he had no desire to be the Warden of the West. Cersei and Jamie had made it clear they wanted nothing to do with their ancestral seat of power.

Daenerys sighed. The siblings at one time were totally unworthy of such power and now that both were absolutely worthy of such power and responsibility they both shunned it. They were perfect for the high chair of their House. She smiled. They were happy and in love. She would not gainsay them that.

Still, maybe she could persuade one or the other to take the yoke of leadership. Only time would tell. They both had highly capable wives to support and guide them.

Daenerys looked again at the humility of Eddard’s ancestor. The same humility she had seen in Eddard. She needed him in King’s Landing but sadly rejected that idea. That court was full of hyenas in human form. Hyenas would at least attack honorably if in great numbers. Their human
brethren hid in the shadows and only attacked you in the back.

Unfortunately, it seemed as if House Lannister was more hyena at heart than the noble lion on their banners.

She had cleaned out the human hyenas though by using the Master of them all Varys. Slowly they had weeded out the unsavory souls from her court. With Olenna working with him she was safe on that front. They would ferret out any further rats and she would exterminate as necessary.

She had decided the North was the largest territory in Westeros and wanted to know that she could always depend on that land as being safe.

She thought again of what Eddard had said yesterday. It made her smile at what Eddard had whispered into her yesterday. She shivered. She had his blessing to wed his daughter! Her mind shouted to her. She had waited long enough. She would take Arya to her bed and make her hers. She felt her nipples throb and pussy aching with long suppressed desire. She longed to bury her face in her sweet love’s wet cunt and suck her off to screaming orgasms.

The pale Queen licked her lips tasting in her mind already the sweet cum that she would be swallowing when she sucked her sweet wolf off. Repeatedly! Her mouth watered thinking of swallowing the plum nipples of her sweet Arya. She would suck them down her throat as her fingers ram fucked the sloshing tight greasy cunt of her lover. The Queen would revel in feeling Arya’s cunt spasming and locking down on her plunging fingers in and out the pussy she would fuck to such sweet orgasms. Daenerys shivered thinking such sweet thoughts.

It was high time she take her woman! She had wasted too much time already. Everything had been so crazy the last few days. She had thought to invite Arya to her chambers last night but meetings and Arya wanting to spend time with her recovering mother had nixed that. She was happy that that Arya wanted to spend time with a mother who had not been the most supportive of Arya and her desires. Her Arya had such a big heart!

Daenerys had gotten up at her usual time but she was informed by a chamber maid that Arya was still sleeping from being up late. She wanted to see her sweet love’s face but she let her thoughts wander. Maybe it was a good thing. If the Queen had her way, Arya would need all her strength and rest for what the Valyrian had planned for her woman.

Daenerys chuckled. Yesterday had been a long one. She wanted Arya fully rested for when she took her. It was time for the … for the what … she thought and then she knew. *It was time for the dragon to lie with the wolf.*

She started to image Arya naked as she had viewed her in her surreptitiously hidden mirror. It was time to see her delicious Arya’s naked body without the imaged reversed in the mirror. She longed to see her Arya aroused body before her. To See Arya’s eyes filled with the same hunger for her body that she felt for Arya’s beautiful perfect warrior toned body. Daenerys Targaryen needed so see raw naked fuck hunger in Arya’s eyes. Fuck hunger for herself. She needed that passion from Arya. She absolutely needed Arya’s love.

She had just decide to stalk her wolf down and take her when she felt Drogon suddenly come wide awake sensing danger. Daenerys focused on her son’s distress. Now Viserion and Rhaegal had come awake. The Great Keep began to tremble with the loud bugles that Drogon roared from the tower he had rested on. The screams of rage deafening even through many levels of the keep. Now his brothers’ roars came echoing into the Great Keep.

The dragons sensed something that should not be there. They were unsure of the direction. They
were unsure what to do. The danger was still some ways off. Daenerys felt their minds questioning her for guidance.

The only problem at the moment was the fact that Daenerys only had one thought in her mind. Arya! If the enemy had somehow penetrated all the way to Winterfell unseen and not attacked she needed to reach Arya now. She had left her weapons in her quarters not wanting to wear her weapons in a bastion of safety.

Her dragons receiving no guidance from their Queen but her general sense of agitation had had risen up from their nests and roared their distress. They sensed danger only. They were not sure at first where the danger came from but their senses as they fully woke up sensed the danger was to the east.

Daenerys could feel her dragons coiling up with tense energy. She felt in her mind them fanning their wings in agitation. Drogon’s mighty bass drum bugles vibrated through the pale Valyrian’s body. Now all three dragon’s bugles echoed through the stone of the Great Keep. The sounds of three dragons bugling at full volume made it hard to think!

She started to run down the hall and skidded to a stop in her soft sole leather booties. Where the fuck is Arya! Daenerys thought urgently.

Then she felt her dragons launched themselves into the air. They would defend their mother as they went to confront the danger. They could feel her need to find her mate and they approved.

She looked back at her Bloodriders three paces behind her. “Jhogo, Rakharo—where is my Arya! I need my wife!” Daenerys realized what she had just said out loud. She would not take it back! Arya was her wife as far as she was concerned. It was time to take what was hers. Well, after taking care of whatever the hell had just cropped up. Damnit! The timing sucked!

They looked at her with big eyes. They had no answer. For the next few minutes were a whirlwind of running in fits and starts down halls. The three running up and down stairs. Daenerys had not begun to remember the layout of his ancient venerable castle. Her voice carrying down the halls “ARYA! ARYA!”

For the next several minutes Daenerys became more and more desperate looking for her Arya. She had seen a murmur play in Pentos when she cowed them and took their allegiance. The theater had been beautiful and had a large stage. It had allowed for a set to be constructed that was three stories tall. It had stairways between the floors.

In the second act it had the main characters running up and down the stage halls and stairs running in and out doors. They must have had corridors connecting all the doors behind the set since the actors would go in a door on the third floor and appear on the first floor only ten seconds later. Around and around the characters had run in a riot of confusion.

It had been funny then. Now it was not so funny she thought grimly as she ran grimly going up yet another set of stairs calling for her sweet Arya! Where was her woman! She needed her!

Dany would stop at intersections looking in all directions. She did not where the fuck Arya was! Her eyes darted down each hallway desperate to see her sweet wolf. She gnawed her lip. She again exploded into motion. You would never confuse her running for a damsel who flailed her pale, gangly limbs stuck in a changing amore. She was a warrior and ran with the grace of shadowcat pursing its prey.

She had heard her dragons take flight as she ran here and there. She had gone back down two floors
yelling for Arya. She was running fast when she skidded along the floor when she heard her heart’s desire. “DAANNYYYYY!” she heard Arya yell.

She yelled back and they collided hard rounding a corner into each other. Their hard warrior bodies rebounded off each other. The breath whooshed out of lungs. Both women tumbled back from the collision and fell back onto their asses on the castle floor. The hard stone bruising their asses. The pain unfelt with elation running through their bodies seeing each other. They smiled great big seeing each other for the first time this day. In a welter of confusion they helped each other up. Arya gripped Daenerys’ hand and she took off for a door leading to the inner court.

Daenerys could not help but smile. Her sweet wolf knew what her dragon needed. She wanted a good morning kiss but the situation would have to make that wait! They burst outside into the cold invigorating sunlight. They looked around. Dany felt her dragon coming back for her. Daenerys pointed to the east curtain wall telling Arya that Drogon was coming for them. She loved the feral smile she saw on Arya’s face. No fear in her face. She was ready to meet any challenge at Dany’s side. Arya was indeed the perfect woman to be her mate Daenerys thought as her heart beat rapidly both in love and in the anxiousness of this moment.

The mighty black steed flew fast over the curtain wall. Drogon came down to alight just in front of them. She and Arya quickly scrambled up onto his back. The two women gripped the black scales and stuck their feet between scales further down his back. Arya was now used to riding on Drogon. She hunched her body down as did Daenerys. The mighty dragon coiled down and dug his claws into the Earth. Then with a mighty push off from his powerful legs Drogon threw himself in the air. The force of his body surging up exhilarating.

In moments they were up and over the castle wall. Drogon beat his wings to climb up several hundred feet and then leaned over to gain speed gliding down to the force of men and women that had seemed to appear from nowhere.

Daenerys had not looked through her dragon’s eyes with her focus on finding Arya. That need had been paramount. She needed her Queen by her side. Then she been focused on running fast through the Great Keep and then the fast run out into the courtyard. Now she saw that had made her dragons so agitated. Below her and Arya was a wall of blue force. It was obviously magical in construction. The wall was thinly opaque and they could see the forces protected behind it.

She saw Shaggydog and Greywind throw themselves at the blue wall. The wall surged into brilliance at the impact point. Blue flashes of light gripped the Direwolves and threw the massive beasts back. Daenerys saw the beasts flips through the air and roll with the impact of their landing. At that moment Viserion came plummeting down and his feet struck the blue sphere. A hundred feet away Rhaegal’s body slammed into the blue wall with his hind legs. The impact frightful. They were trying to overwhelm the wall of blue with brute strength.

The sphere sagged slightly but held strong. Then the dragons were flung backwards. Their bodies tumbling through the air. The dragons twisted their bodies to right themselves to fly away for another pass at the wall.

Daenerys could see a woman beneath the sphere gripping a staff that blazed. The Queen saw blue strobes of light that lightening up out of her staff and into the blue wall. She was giving the wall strength. Her dragons came in for another attack on the blue wall. They were filled with rage at their lack of success of penetrating the wall.

They all struck the blue wall of light that rose several thousand feet up into the air and arched over the force that had appeared. Daenerys watched as blue light rode up over her dragon’s bodies as their talons and now striking teeth tried to work through the blue wall. Suddenly, the dragons were
hurled back and up with a surge of blue power. Their bodies tumbling in the air before they righted themselves and flew up to gain attitude for another attack.

As her dragons had attacked the wall the Direwolves had thrown themselves repeatedly at the blue wall with equal lack of success.

Daenerys had noted one thing. All the attacks on the wall by her dragons and the Direwolves of the Starks were repulsed without harm to the attacking animals. The force with which the dragons and Direwolves were thrown back could have easily harmed the beasts. Especially the much smaller Direwolves. The repulsion of the animals was only enough to prevent their success in breeching the blue wall.

"Zaldrīzes! Ōño jorepi, se morghūltas li qēlītsos slikagon!" Viserion and Rhaegal flew higher as Drogon circled lower over the blue magical wall to let his master see up close the forces below. Daenerys relaxed. She knew that Eddard would soon make his appearance. This was not an attack. It was his home and she wanted him to have first contact with what she sure were unlooked for allies.

She circled as her dragons looked down balefully. Having their will thwarted had put them in a foul mood.

She finally spied Eddard riding up. It had not been long but she was full of nervous energy at these strange visitors. She had Drogon fly down and she got off with her wolf. She relished gripping Arya’s waist to help her down and the way Arya flushed her body into hers as she got her balance. The little minx pressed her body hotly into Daenerys. The Queen wanted to moan at the delicious body contact. Arya was signaling her desires. Desires mirrored in the Queen’s body.

Soon Arya. Very soon I will take you as my woman, my mate, my wife. I will claim you soon. So soon the Queen thought. She would bed her sweet Arya and show her the pleasures of the flesh. Daenerys shook her head to clear such thoughts. She had this immediate situation to manager.

Daenerys let Eddard make the introductions and was again reminded of the humility of the Starks with how quickly Eddard made it completely clear Daenerys was the ruler of Westeros. He showed no hesitation in bowing before her to show his obeisance to her.

With their conversation it became clear to the Queen that these people knew of her. Sigh. Of course more damned prophecies! She was a “dragonthane”. What in the hell is a thane?

She had been offered personal service by these Haruchai. She had tried to deny that service. That denial had been rejected. Evidently, her refusal of their service touched some deep cord in these women and men. The chord once plucked and the note sounded could not be taken back. She had her Bloodriders and anyways she could protect herself.

First Daenerys had been taken aback when the these Haruchai started to speak in their native language and the very Earth began to ripple and glow blue as if answering some summoning. The Queen had been more shocked by Lustra’s outburst and the emotional words. What kind of vow were they speaking of and what could be so bad about simple spoken words. The Lord hand nearly become hysterical. She had sensed the situation required her to accept the offer and she had.

The power she had seen and felt manifesting itself beneath the Haruchai as they spoke in their own language had been shocking to feel in the marrow of her bones. She sensed something mighty was being invoked. The Lord losing it had convinced Daenerys to accept the offer of service.

She knew something horrible had barely been avoided. Service without end? No death? No love?
What kind of people would make such a vow of commitment?

She was not looking forward to her Bloodriders reaction. It would not be good. Her consternation was eased when the offer of a Bloodguard was offered to her “mate”. The feeling she felt surging through her body was thrilling. Gods even these strangers saw it. Her desire to move on her desire for Arya only grew. Arya’s shaken reaction and leaning into her made Daenerys body feel on fire.

The calling of Arya as her mate and Arya’s reaction fired up the Queen’s desires. She gripped Arya gently and spun the teenager into her body and snaked her arms around the beautiful girl’s waist. She looked deep into Ayra’s steel blue eyes with her lilac irises burning with desire. She started to lower her head and smiled hearing Arya whimper.

Their lips met and melded. They kissed sweetly with lips gliding and then the Queen sucked on Arya’s lower lip. Arya gasped and opened her mouth wide in offering. The Valyrian did not hesitate. She speared her tongue in deep into Arya’s mouth. Her tongue finding Arya’s where they twined and flipped around in Arya’s mouth. Arya’s hands rose up to grip the Queen’s hips tightly. Both women moaned gutturally as their tongues wetly wrestled in wet slippery love.

Their sounds of snogging was wet and sweet. Daenerys broke the kiss. Both women breathing heavy. The Queen was on fire for her young wolf. Kissing Arya for the first time in public felt exhilarating. She looked over to Arya’s father. She had to see his reaction to this obvious lesbian desires between her and his daughter. The approval in Eddard’s eyes made her feel shaky. He wanted this to happen! She was getting overwhelmed with emotion. She wanted Arya so bad! Damnit everything seemed to be happening at once.

The woman with the light blue tunic came before her. It was a simple garment. She had a severe face that could be very pretty if she did not look so aggrieved. It was clear something had robbed happiness from her life. The Haruchai and Ramen were taciturn by nature Daenerys perceived. Not so with this woman. Something had taken her happiness away. She had the quality of repressed anger and frustration about her. She reminded Daenerys of Stannis Baratheon. This woman did not have happiness in her life Daenerys thought.

“I am Lord Lustera on the Council of Lords at Revelstone. I speak for the Land. We are honored to serve the Dragonthane.”

“What is a ‘thane’?”

“It is a honorific. Linden Avery is the Ringthane as is her husband. They are named Giantfriend and Earthfriend. Thrice they have redeemed the world from ruin.”

“Yes! I know that name. She gave me the dirk that I summoned the Ur-Viles with.”

She saw Lustera stare at her “You know of Linden Avery? Ur-Viles? They died out over forty thousand years ago. The last of that sad race become the new Forsestals. They are no more.”

Daenerys was stunned at this news. Then she felt a shock as her memories of the day of her death suddenly came into greater clarity. She now remember facts of that day. How could the people from this Land be so mistaken? She felt Arya rubbing her back and leaning into her. “Are alright baby?!” she asked comforting. Arya’s gentle touched centered Daenerys.

The Queen then told Lustera, Arya, Eddard and the others gathered around her of her suddenly restored memories of the day of her death in the deserts of the Red Waste. As she told them her tale many of the other denizens of the Land came closer. The Haruchai on their Ranyhyn brought the steeds closer to hear what the Valyrian had to say. The Queen’s Bloodriders came pelting up on
horses and joined the audience.

All listened to her tale. She told all gathered of her battle in the Dothraki Sea and how the Ur-Viles came to her aid in her hour of need. Daenerys saw how the tale captured all’s attention. Lustera was stunned that Ur-Viles stilled lived. She was even more stunned to hear the name of Infelice.

“She was involved?”

“Yes. So?”

“The Elohim never involve themselves with humans. Only with Linden Avery have the Elohim communicated so directly. The Elohim hold themselves above the common cares of the world. They are an arrogant and fey race. They are Earthpower given form and sentience.” Daenerys watched Lustera look at Braveheart Tillerkeel.

The giant laughed gently. “It would appear that Daenerys Targaryen is a very important person in the future of the Earth. Infelice is insufferable and aloof and yet she came to you to give succor. You are indeed the Dragonthane.”

The Giant and Lustera came up to Daenerys and bowed to her. “We will give our lives if it is required to serve you Dragonthane. You have been touched by the Elohim. You are prophesized. Now we know that the Elohim also see your importance. We have chosen wisely.”

“Now we see why you are filled to almost overflowing with Earthpower. We were told we find three such females of this land. It makes sense that you would be one of them. You are the wise Queen of a mighty land and you are clearly a mighty warrior in your own right.” The giant woman then looked at Arya. “We can see why your wife is filled with Earthpower since she is a mighty warrior too.”

The Queen looked at Arya and saw the look of awe and wonder on her face.

“We wonder who the third woman is. Do you know Dragonthane? We were told to look for a Dragon and a Wolf. I see those two animals in you and your mate Daenerys.

“I fear I do not” Daenerys answered. “Hopefully, in time she will reveal herself.”

The Giant sighed. “A shame. I would like to meet this third woman. It is said she is a great Lion.”

Daenerys did not say anything but she looked over at Eddard and then Arya. She saw it in their eyes.

Cersei Sand was the other woman. By the gods. Daenerys was thankful she had not killed the then arrogant and vain woman. She would have to think on this. She was in Dorne far away. She could never arrive in time. She must be part of the later labors that the Lord and Giants had mentioned.

Lustera went back to the Ur-Viles. She told Daenerys that indeed these had to be the Ur-Viles of the Land’s past. They had the same appearance and their fighting tactics were the Ur-Viles of the past. The Lord told Daenerys how the Ur-Viles served Lord foul in the far distant past. They committed many atrocities and then stunningly had reformed themselves and chose to serve light and right. The Ur-Viles had totally redeemed themselves. For that service Lord Foul had annihilated the race during the Sunbane.

Lustera was happy to hear that they still lived and she was not quite as sever looking.

They started to walk back to Winterfell and Banner came up beside her as they all walked back to
Winterfell. She let her dragons fly off but they choose to swoop back to Winterfell. The Direwolves were lulling around the gathered giants smelling their sandals. The wolves’ tails were wagging as they sniffed hard at the new scents. The wolves were excited at all these people and scents.

Arya spied Shaggydog moving into position. He was looking around with a mischievous look on his face. He was starting to lift his hind leg.

“Shaggydog!” she yelled at the Direwolf.

The large wolf suddenly looked very innocent as he walked around spying the legs he dearly wanted to mark as his territory.

Daenerys was happy to see the gathered Westerosi talking to these visitors from the “Land”. The giants were laughing constantly making lame jokes that had Oberyn rolling his eyes and Eddard grimacing.

Bannor and Jerteel were at her and Arya’s shoulders. They had moved in like silent ghosts. They tread was silent. The Bloodguard matched the stride of the women they had pledge to defend with their lives. Dany looked over her shoulder at her Bloodriders seething on their mounts. Her proud Bloodriders could and would not accept this usurping of their cherished roles as the Khaleesi’s protectors.

She knew what was coming. She knew the two Bloodguards had to sense the rising tension in the three riders who were wheeling their horses around in front of Daenerys and her new personal protectors.

As one they dismounted their horses.

“Me laz odothrae kimi mae she Rhaeshi Ajjalani avvos” Aggo barked.


The Dothraki were filled with righteous fury and planned on dispatching these small framed scum. Only they belonged at the Khaleessi’s side. They pulled their Arakhs off the pummels of their saddles. They slashed the air with their weapons. They continued to shot curses and threats at the Haruchai.

The Haruchai only added to the Dothraki’s anger by not responding in any manner to the threatening behavior of the Dothraki towards them. The Haruchai only glanced at Daenerys Bloodguard. They seemed to be totally relaxed but Daenerys sensed the Haruchai were ready to confront her Bloodriders. The Valyrian did not want these Haruchai’s maimed or worse killed by her Dothraki. The Haruchai would be easy to take down with their lack of weapons.

The two Haruchai fractionally tilted their heads towards each other. Again Daenerys sensed they were communicating without words.

Banner moved from her shoulder and moved off into the flattened grass that had been trampled down by troops and their horses. He turned with a flat expression to face the Bloodriders. They had their Arakhs out and slashing the air in a very menacing fashion. They shouted and made slashing motions at the Bloodguard with their Arakhs that whistled through the air menacingly. As she watched Bannor did crouch down ever so slightly and moved to the balls of his feet. Otherwise he seemed relaxed. One would not think he was about to be in a fight where he could easily be maimed or killed.
Daenerys called out to her Bloodriders. “Don’t hurt Bannor. He does not know your skill and strength.” She did not want his death on her conscious.

She heard the Lord on her Ranyhyn snort.

Aggo shouted out in his thickly accented Westerosi “We will show this dog his place! He will rue the day he walked by your side in our steed.” The three Bloodriders clanged their Arakhs together sending out sparks. Aggo then charged the Haruchai screaming at the top of his lungs his Arakh ready to slash out mayhem.

He charged Banner and was upon him in a rush. Aggo pulled his shoulder back to deliver a blow that would be devastating to the Haruchai. The Arakh of Aggo swung in a tight arc in a blinding flash. Daenerys started to scream at him to stop but it was too late.

Bannor easily ducked away from the slash with a simple sidestep and slight duck of his upper torso. The blade whistled by his face. The Haruchai pivoted off to the right. Aggo off balance started to turn his body to match Bannor’s movement. Aggo was still off balance from his wild slash. The Haruchai moved in like a panther. Aggo tried to adjust his stance but he was too slow. A punch was lashed out by Banner so fast Daenerys barely followed it. The punch landed into his shoulder and Aggo was slammed off his feet. He landed hard and rolled to his feet.

Bannor adjusted his stance to face Aggo impassively. His breathing was still completely calm. His face betrayed no emotion.

Aggo grimaced in pain and rage and charged again in a bull rush. This time he slowed at the last moment. He gave a controlled half circle chop but the Haruchai ducked low and pivoted forward on his left foot while his right lashed out with a kick so fast again Daenerys barely followed his speed. The Bloodrider barked in surprise but he could not avoid the Haruchai moving shockingly fast into his personal space. Aggo was just barely beginning to react when the kick hit Aggo in the thigh. Aggo was flung backward as if kicked by a horse as he fell to the ground. The impact of flesh was shockingly loud. The power of the kick obvious to Daenerys.

The Bloodguard did not attack but moved back and with knees slightly bent. He awaited the next attack calmly. Aggo painfully got back up to his feet. When he got up he had an obvious limp. He moved in a very slow controlled manner now. He had learned a new respect for this foe. Still, this foreigner had dared to affront the honor of the Dothraki and he had to be shown his place. This dog’s place was not at the Khaleesi’s side. That was reserved for her Bloodriders!

Aggo now moved in carefully and attacked in a controlled manner. He swung vicious blows at Banner but he easily dodged the slashes. The Haruchai using minimal motion and effort to duck and juke out of the arc of the deadly Arakh. Aggo slashed to the right and then rotated his wrist and reversed the slash. Banner foot came up and kicked the Arakh flush with the ball of his bare foot on the blade as it whistled though the air. Daenerys was stunned at the perfect timing and form to hit the flat of the Arakh blade with Bannor’s foot.

The blade ripped from Aggo’s hand twisting his wrist cruelly. Aggo was spun around by the force of the Arakh ripped from his grip. The bladed weapon spinning off into the grass. Bannor was on him instantly a double punch to the face and Aggo was lying on the ground unconscious. The Haruchai then stepped back calmly. He turned to the other two Bloodriders. Daenerys now felt fear.

_Fear for her Bloodriders._ This Haruchai she realized could kill her Bloodriders in an instant if he choose. She started to speak to stop this but decided she needed to let this play out. The Haruchai was showing restraint and Daenerys now knew her Bloodriders could not touch these Haruchai.
Bannor was not even breathing hard. Rakharo and Jhogo came charging in with animal fury their Arakhs a blur in the air. They moved to come in on Bannor from his left and right. They hoped a pincer attack at once would quickly defeat the Haruchai. Daenerys watched dumfounded as the Bloodguard easily blocked, dodged and parried their blows. His speed was shocking. His control precise. Bannor seemed to anticipate each attack and be two steps ahead with his counterattacks.

The man seemed to use minimal effort in avoiding the swings and chops of her Dothraki. His hands and feet would strike their weapons at the perfect angle to deflect the weapons up and away from his body. Other times Bannor would strike the Arakh and slam the weapon into the ground throwing her Bloodriders totally off balance.

How the man did not shatter the bones in his hands and feet striking forged steel with such violence over and over perplexed Daenerys. It should have been impossible. Human hands and feet could not survive such repeated brutal impacts. The sounds of flesh striking metal shocking in its loudness and intensity.

In return to the attacks of the Dothraki the Haruchai launched attacks that were impossibly effective with him only using his body as a weapon. It seemed the Haruchai was able to launch assaults with his feet and fists from any angle that still had great power to the strikes. The Queen’s Bloodguards were soon covered with bruises and bleeding from cuts to their faces and both had two black eyes.

What truly frightened Daenerys was the gut understanding that Bannor was holding himself back. Not only was he holding himself back she thought he was greatly restraining his attacks.

Banner then in two seconds disarmed and knocked out her two last Bloodguard. He slapped Rakharo’s blade up when the Dothraki swiped at him with a sidearm swipe. Bannor’s foot came straight up and hit Rakharo underneath his chin sending him flying back unconscious. Jhogo used the opportunity to come in on Bannor’s side with a deadly down chop of his Arakh. The Haruchai had sensed the attack and pivoted to the right. Jhogo lurched forward with his mighty down chop finding only air. Jhogo’s missing Banner threw him off balance his body jerking down with the force of his powerful down swipe of his Arakh. Bannor chopped Jhogo on the neck and the Dothraki fell down unconscious.

From her Ranyhyn the Lord informed Daenerys “You must let your Bloodriders know that none but the Giants can fight the Haruchai one or a few to one. Their prowess is legendary in our world. They can actually use weapons with equal skill but choose not to. It takes great numbers or vast strength to prevail against them. They can be defeated and killed like any other living entity it just takes great effort and skill.”

“At the battle in the Cavewright warrens at the End of the Earth they died by the score but they killed by the hundreds and hundreds and then the thousands. A Cavewright is the size of a Giant.”

Daenerys would make her Bloodriders understand. My gods she thought. What kind of allies were these … who cares! They fight for me like the Ur-Viles before them!

Arya

Arya saw her Queen and hoped to be soon lover look over at her. They both turned to look at Jhogo’s horse that had their weapons hanging from the pommel of his small saddle. The Bloodriders performing their duties as always bringing the weapons the two women had not had time to acquire in their rush to meet these new now allies. They looked at each other again. The honor of Westeros had been impugned. They were two of the greatest swordsmen in all of Westeros and Essos. They
had to test themselves against these supreme warriors that fought with no weapons but their body.

They would challenge their Bloodguard. As one they dismounted their horses and walked towards Jhogo’s horse and took down the scabbards and removed their swords. Daenerys Foe Hammer instantly leaping to fiery blue life. The blade glowing incandescent.

Arya looked over at their Haruchai. They sensed the challenge. They stepped off the road and stood together looking at the two women with a neutral expression. She could feel them sizing them up. They were absolutely focused on them though you could never tell it be their demeanor. They seemed unimpressed by Dany’s blazing sword.

Arya would have to remember to ask why Daenerys would stare at the blade up close with a soft smile on her face like now. She knew the blade was rune etched but something about them always made Dany smile. Dany turned her head to look at Arya. She saw the Dany mouth “I love you” to her.

Arya did not remember falling on her butt! She was elated. She had said the words she had dreamed of her saying for years! Oh gods! She was pumped! She quickly got on her feet and they both swirled and swished their swords in the air in lightning fast strikes, blocking moves and ripostes.

“I see that you and your mate are filled with Earthpower as are the Haruchai” Lustera told Dany. She looked at her and nodded her head. “It will be interesting to see your might and skill. Know the Haruchai see it too. They will test your mettle. They consider it an honor.”

Arya looked over at the Haruchai. The only emotion she saw in them was … well … nothing. They stood with a nonchalance that would have exuded boredom if these people had any emotions they would display to the outside world.

Dany came over to her and stroked her cheek and ran her hand through Arya’s hair with such an affectionate look that Arya felt her heart thump hard in her chest. She nearly swooned when Dany moved in and kissed her softly on her lips. “Mmmmmnggggggg!” Arya whimpered. Gods the sweet tension was ratcheting up. Arya wanted Dany so bad!

“Let’s avenge my Bloodriders. Watch your attack. They are most effective counterpunchers. Don’t let emotion rule your attacks.”

Arya wanted Daenerys something fierce but she first needed to measure herself against these strange Haruchai that had attached themselves to her herself and Dany. Arya looked over at Jeertel. The Haruchai regarded her flatly. The woman definitely gave nothing away! Arya thought to herself.

Arya and her Queen marched resolutely over to where the Haruchai watched them with no emotions and with still bodies. The two women came up to the Haruchai.

She was before Jeertel as Dany was before Bannor. The Haruchai stood before them seemingly totally relaxed. She looked closer and saw that Jeertel was on the balls of her feet subtly. Arya knew she was coiled to attack. She slowly circled her Bloodguard as Dany circled Bannor. The Haruchai only moving enough to keep themselves centered on the circling Westerosi.

Arya felt her emotions running wild and adrenaline pumping hard in her veins. She was bouncing on her feet. Still Jeertel showed absolutely no emotion. She might as well have been strolling serenely through the Glass Gardens. How could she be so calm!

Arya studied her opponent. After a minute of circling she understood that the Haruchai was not going to attack her. She had the edge weapon and a commitment of attack would put the Haruchai at
a large disadvantage. If the Haruchai attacked her and Dany they merely had to block with the edge of their weapons to have their opponents harm themselves with their attacks.

So be it. Arya gripped her two swords in a vice grip. She steadied herself as her sword masters had taught her.

Keeping her body relaxed and face neutral she launched a sudden slashing attack with her broadsword and a fencing lunge with needle. She noticed out of the edge of her eye Dany launching her own attack. Her sword a blur as she moved forward slashing high and low. The rune sword leaving blue arcs in the air.

Jeertel blocked her broadsword slash with her palm hitting the side of her blade in mid-strike. The Haruchai dodged to the right avoiding her thrust of Needle. Arya advanced slashing right and left angling her blade towards her side stepping foe. Jeertel’s feet and hands whipped out almost faster than her eyes could follow. Only her constant practice with her sword masters and Dany had trained her mind to see these impossibly fast warriors. Arya was shocked at how easily the Haruchai struck her weapons in such a way as to not injury themselves. Her strikes on Arya’s weapons shockingly powerful.

She saw Dany’s head snap back from a glancing blow to her cheek. She swung her sword out and the up slice nearly catching Banner as he advanced on her making him juke to the left and then roll away as Dany down hacked at his body that was frustratingly just out of reach. He kicked up with a side heel kick that had Dany ducking and jerking back and now Bannor was back on the attack. Dany chopped down and then stabbed out with Foe Hammer. Bannor blocked the sword thrust with his wrist and let the fiery blade travel down his body.

Somehow his “Earthpower” shielded his body from the blade’s heat. He stepped forward fast and gripped Dany’s tunic. He then lunged his head forward for a vicious head butt. Dany had seen it and gripped his arm with her free hand she had released off her sword and stepped in herself and flipped Bannor over her hip.

The Haruchai used his free hand to grip Dany’s hip and flipped himself off and away from Daenerys to land on his feet eight feet away. He was in a crouch and immediately launched his next assault.

Jeertel blocked her own blows with her feet and hands. Arya was stunned at the skill Jeertel used to block her edge weapon on the non-edged side. How her toes and fingers were not all broken Arya had no idea. Again and again Arya attacked with her two swords. Both of her swords swiping deadly arcs in the air. She was not holding back. She did not need to with this Jeertel. The Haruchai body bent and flexed to avoid swords strikes.

Jeertel’s feet and fist either blocked Arya’s strikes or lashed out at Arya with lightning fast speed and shocking power. A blow hit Arya in the hip and she grimaced in pain. She did a double slash with both swords to drive Jeertel back who attempted to press her momentary advantage.

Arya saw that a large group of Lords had gathered. Her father, Oberyn, Stannis and Renly in the forefront. Her father watched with a small smile. It was obvious in his pride of her skills. Stannis watched intently while Oberyn and Renly wildly cheered her and Dany on.

“Kick their ass!” Renly called out. Stannis body was jerking as he fought with them with his body. His body moving with the counterstrokes Arya and Dany used.

“Don’t hurt her face—I want to fuck her!” Oberyn jibbed out. Hopefully, Jeertel had better taste than the blowhard Oberyn Arya and back stepped wildly to avoid a spinning heel kick that would have knocked her senseless if it had connected. She balanced herself. “I want a pretty face to look
“at when I fuck her silly!” Oberyn crowed. He was cute yeah but he was such a horndog. Her wandering mind was brought back to focus when she slashed out and cut the Haruchai’s tunic but received a hard chop on her upper arm just above her elbow.

She bit her lip at the pain. Gods the Haruchai woman was almost as small as Dany but she punched like her father or Stannis. How could such a small body generate so much power! Jeertel always seemed to be in perfect balance and ready to block all of Arys attacks and launch counterattacks from any angle.

Arya swung and Jeertel ducked underneath the slash and Arya lunged down with needle to stab Jeertel. The Haruchai side swiped her arm knocking Needle aside. At the same time the woman leaped up past Arya’s eye level and kicked out. Arya was able to react in time to juke back and lessen the blow but her head still snapped back as she yelped in pain. The Haruchai twisted in the air keeping her gaze on Arya till she landed on her feet. She instantly charged Arya again.

Pissed off Arya advance with both blades blurring in the air she swung so fast with controlled swings of her blades. The Haruchai blocked and dodged her sword attack always just out of range or knocking her blade aside throwing Arya just enough off balance she would have to change to a defensive stance and again work to the offense as the Haruchai circled her like a hawk looking for a dropping of Arya’s guard. Jeertel would launch attacks so fast that Arya barely had time to register them and block.

Arya knew they were moving so fast that most would perceive them as more a blur. The two assailants attacking now without abandon. Arya used her swords to chop high and low at the same time and still Jeertel was able to either avoid or block the attacks from the two vectors. Worse, she often blocked Arya’s sword strokes in such a manner that it allowed her to penetrate Arya’s defensive sphere and launch attacks that Arya had to work desperately to fend off with her blade striking the fast feet and fist attempting to punch her lights out.

The Haruchai somehow adjusting her blows at the last split instant to not cut herself on Arya’s blades and hit them precisely to knock the blades away. The blocks always immediately followed with complicated and swift counterattacks of kicking feet, stunning knee thrusts and hands that slashed and punched with lightning speed and devastating power if they fully connected.

As she and Jeertel circled each other with feints and blocking of each other’s forays of offense and then back to defense Arya was able to watch Dany and her opponent.

Dany was having the same problem as she was. Dany’s opponent was every bit as fast as they were. He too was impossibly effective at hitting the non-edged part of Daenerys sword. He blocked Daenerys’s sword and would move in for an immediate attack but Dany was able to counterstroke to keep Bannor at bay to forestall any attack and put him back on the defense.

The Haruchai were constantly prowling around the two women of Westeros. They would launch attacks when they sensed an opening. Their feet and fist were like sledgehammers when they connected even a glancing blow. Daenerys staggered when Bannor heel clipped her cheek as she dodged back. The glancing blow still sent the Queen whirling back. She dove to the left as Bannor leaped up in the air and landed down with a lashing kick striking the ground were Daenerys had been a moment before.

Arya saw that it was their speed and strength as much as it was their sword skill that were keeping the Bloodguard at bay. If the Haruchai used weapons they may have been unbeatable. Arya went to a water dancer attack mode using both swords like rapiers thrusting and making small swirling strokes. Jeertel watched with seeming disinterest her body lurching and moving aside from each sword thrust that only Dany, Barristan, Brienne, and Syrio had ever avoided. What scared Arya a
little was the instinctive knowledge that all the Haruchai were equally capable. This was the baseline for their whole people!

Jeertel seemed content at first to learn this new style of attack. That was until her body exploded into attack with vicious skill and speed. Jeertel’s body exploded into motion and Arya was hacking wildly to keep the Haruchai at a distance. The Haruchai woman threw punches in combinations always varied and perfectly executed. The flat mien woman launching kicks with no forewarning.

This went on for five minutes. The Haruchai had several red lines from blade strikes nearly finding their mark. Arya and Dany had aching bodies from hard kicks and punches that were mostly blocked or had been rolled with to lessen the impact. Their faces now had several bruises and contusions. Many more were hidden underneath their clothing.

Arya was circling Jeertel warily when she saw Dany move in fast swiping high and then ducking underneath a spinning kick of Bannor. She jabbed up with her blade and slashed down from her crouch to keep Bannor back. She then took her hand down to the ground and flung her blade up and out letting it go. The released blade spun up in a looping circle at Bannor. He leaned back to the left and struck up with his fist knocking the blade away.

In that moment, Bannor’s focus on knocking the blade away while leaned back on one foot had his complete attention. Dany used that brief heartbeat of time to grip her long dagger she always wore on her right thigh. In a flash, her hand moved in a blur stabbing down. The blade burying four inches into the ground beside the Haruchai’s foot.

Bannor looked down at the blade buried in the ground by his foot. His right eyebrow cocked up. He then stepped back and brought the heels of both hands to his forehead and bowed.

Lustera spoke up from her Ranyhyn “Bannor concedes that that injury would have compromised his speed and ability to use that foot effectively. Against your strength and skill he would fall to you. His wound would prove fatal if this contest was real. He concedes.”

Arya was so happy for Dany but could not spare a moment to contemplate her sweet dragon’s victory. She attacked and pressed her attack but could not break through Jeertel’s defense. Her own defense held firm and kept her from serious harm from the Haruchai’s attacks.

Ten minutes later “Stop! We can see that this battle is a draw!” Dany called out.

Arya was sweating profusely as was Jeertel. Arya was breathing hard but her strength was not close to being spent. She saw that Jeertel’s body was soaked with sweat though her breathing was only slightly elevated.

Arya was happy to call it a draw. She bowed at her ‘foe’ fractionally. The Haruchai observed her flatly. She then cocked an eyebrow and then bowed deeply. Arya was starting to see that such subtle signs were all the emotion the Haruchai were willing to show.

“I am honored that I was allowed to fight with you. Your sword process is impeccable. The Haruchai have always admired great martial skill. I am honored to be at your shoulder in the conflict to come.”

Dany came up to her and hugged her. Arya pouted. Where is my kiss! Then Dany swung Arya into her arms that enfolded Arya tightly. Their lips met and Arya felt giddy feeling their lips glide and smooch. She gripped Dany’s ass possessively and gagged when she parted her teeth and Dany wasted no time lunging her tongue down Arya’s throat.
Arya felt her knees weaken but Dany held her up as the Queen’s tongue explored Arya’s mouth hungrily. Arya cried out into Dany’s mouth her mewls swallowed by Dany’s devouring mouth. Then the kiss was broken and Arya was swooning. *Her body was on fire!*

Dany gave her nose a sweet kiss. Then Dany was moving off to be the diplomat with her new allies. This frustrated Arya mightily but she understood the duties that Dany had to perform. She easily talked to the Westerosi Lords and to the Giants. These Giants laughed at the slightest thing that was only marginally funny. They were so beautiful to gaze upon with their blond, brown, black and red hair. Their mighty statures had her neck hurting to take in their height up to fourteen feet tall.

Their legs were like tree trunks and their arms were roped with thick muscle but still had a feminine quality. She smiled seeing Giants with large bosom that their stone armor seemed had a hard time encasing the ample bounty while other Giant women had flat chest armor with no bosom to worry about. It was nice to see that all races had her lack of bosom in at least some of their women.

The Haruchai and Ramen were roughly of her and Dany’s height. The Haruchai extremely toned but did not have the musculature of House Baratheon. They had the wiry muscles of Oberyn or Loras. The Ramen were giving most of their focus to the Ranyhyn. When someone came over to look and touch the Ranyhyn the Ramen started to smile. The love of these people for these horses that seemed to radiate power and intelligence was obvious. The Ranyhyn allowed all to approach and touch them. The horses throwing their heads and shaking their manes as they nickered gaily.

Dany was with her Bloodriders and was consoling them and gripping their arms to prevent them from cutting off their hair. They were humiliated. She could hear Dany arguing with them in Dothraki.

Braveheart Tillerkeel came up to Dany and her Bloodriders. She slowly pulled her mighty seven foot flacheon out of its scabbard. The stone blade was so sharp it caught the sun and sent off strong spangles of light.

The Giant woman exploded into motion her sword swirling in an exotic dance of death. The granite of the blade glowing with red glints of quartz buried deep in the blade. The giant leaped around with perfect balance her blade now whistling through the air with her lightning fast slashes and blocking motions.

Arya thought it was impossible that such a large woman could move with the grace of Giselle. Her blade moved in motions that the eye had a hard time to follow. This woman was more than twice Dany’s height and many times heavier was still as fast and nimble as the smaller women. It was beautiful to behold and yet frightening at the same time. That such power could have such grace and speed was magical.

Braveheart stilled and looked at the Bloodriders.

“The Haruchai are our equals in fighting prowess. I challenge you now.”

The Bloodriders blanched. The blade was longer than their bodies.

The Giant’s grim demeanor then brightened into a soft smile. “Do not feel bad about losing to the Haruchai. Only the mightiest of physical warriors or warriors filled with Earthpower like the Queen and her mate are can fight against them and hope to win. Only great numbers can overcome them and give the attacker a reasonable chance to leave the fight alive. When Giants and Haruchai spar the victor is always in doubt.”
“Put aside this unseemly doubt and chagrin.”

The Bloodriders still looked crestfallen but were beginning to understand why they had lost. They put up their daggers no longer feeling the need to cut their hair. No other Dothraki would have won against the fierce Haruchai.

Everyone that had horses got back on their mounts. Dany and Arya held hands and walked down the road towards Winterfell. Arya felt her pulse hammering with Dany’s open affection. She looked back at her father as he talked to some of the Giants.

He saw her looking and smiled and then winked at her. Her face went red. He wanted her to take Dany as her lover! Gods she literally bouncing on her feet.

Oberyn was in front of her with two of the female Haruchai. Dany looked at Arya and rolled her eyes. Oberyn was in full hard come-on mode. He was looking for new partners to fuck tonight. Somethings never changed. She smiled at Dany. They both chuckled. Oberyn had to be Oberyn. They watched to see if he would be successful. He rarely did not get his mark into the sack.

He rode his horse up to the two Haruchai on their Ranyhyn. They looked at him with their typical flat expressions. This did not deter the Prince of Dorne at all. “What are your names my pretty warriors?”

“I am Ranrika.”

“I am Ferna”

The flat response did not deter the Lothario at all. Even Arya could feel the disdain flowing off these women even if they were showing no emotion at all.

“I am named Oberyn Martell.” He then went on laying it on thick about how skilled he was both on the battlefield and in the bedchamber. He crowed about his long cock and his ability to keep it up and he would love to fuck them. “I make my women and men scream in world shaking pleasure. My skills legendary. My endurance a marvel of the world. My ability to give pleasure is a gift from the gods.”

Ranrika and Ferna glanced at each other and continued to look ahead. They were obviously ignoring Oberyn.

Oberyn looked perplexed. He was not used to not having his marks immediately swooning from his attentions. Arya had heard enough tales from enough people. Oberyn was really that good in the sack. He did not let these taciturn women dissuade his blatant overtures.

“Well I see you have not heard of my legendary prowess though how this is possible I do not know” he spoke in a soft seductive voice.” He waggled his eyebrows. The women still stared back at him with no emotion.

Oberyn plowed on full speed ahead. “Come back to my chambers tonight for some awesome orgasms. I will fuck you two so well. I love to give head. I suck off my paramour again and again as she screams in ecstasy. I would love to bury my face in both of your hot wet muffs and suck you off again and again. I am not selfish. I will do both of you. I will make you die from it. I will make you both so grateful and dying to return the favors. I am really that good” this said with more eyebrow waggles.

The women continued on down the road with a bored air. Oberyn was not anything if not persistent. He kept his horse keeping pace with the slow walking Ranyhyn.
“Don’t play hard to get. I am a legend in Dorne for the pleasure I give my bed partners. None have ever left my bed with nothing but a beatific smile.”

Ferna turned to Oberyn. “We find you to be a pompous and overbearing odious man. Ranrika is my wife and while we do take partners back to our bed rolls we do not find you alluring. We will be choosing partners to share with our stay here at Wintefell. You will not be one of them.”

Ranrika spoke now “We are hungry for companionship.”

Oberyn started to puff up. Maybe they were just playing hard to get.

“Just not with you” Ranrika spoke flatly.

“Hey! Easy on the ego there lack of a personality. You are not exactly miss congeniality. You two have the personality of grains of sand in an hour glass! Fuck you! Who the hell do you want if you don’t want this hot burning hunk of love?” Oberyn asked hotly.

“We do find another of your group alluring though. We prefer women but sometimes we like to try a taste of cock. We see a man who we know will totally satisfy us. We long to have his cock buried in our hot tight cunts and clenching assholes.” Oberyn looked around truly perplexed as to who the women could possibly be speaking of.

Arya was sort of nonplussed. How could these two Haruchai women be talking about such hot sex and make it seem so bland and boring. Did they ever show any emotion or have any timbre to their voices?!

“Who the fuck is more alluring than me!” Oberyn barked out truly and genuinely confused at this turn of events.

Ranrika and Ferna turned Frohnhyn and Whrany away from Oberyn and circled back. Arya and Dany watched the two taciturn Haruchai pass by them and bring their Ranyhyn on either side of Stannis. Stannis was clearly shocked by their sudden appearance on each side of his steed.

Oberyn, Daenerys and Arya stared dumbfounded at this turn of events too. Even they would have chosen Oberyn over Stannis. Oberyn looked almost apoplectic.

“No. No. No this can’t be” Oberyn spoke in a small choked voice. He looked up at the sun as if he was afraid it might disappear from the sky. “Ain’t no fucking way they would chose him over me? This is not right. This is fucking heinous!” Oberyn strangled out through shocked clenched teeth.

Ranrika spoke to Stannis “We find your brooding quite certitude to be most alluring. We are enamored with your tall body and large muscled legs and arms. We feel that you could fuck us most pleasingly in our beds while we are here in your country of Westeros. We long to feel you large cock fucking us to exhaustion. We have examined your groin. You are most endowed. We need to feel your dick deep in our bellies.”

Arya grimaced. Ranrika made the sex sound more like a dissertation before the board of the Citadel. The two Haruchai still showed no outright emotion even talking about the most intimate act between two or more people.

“Hey! I’m endowed dammit!” Oberyn cried out. “Let me fuck you deep damnit! I got just the cock for you, you stupid bitches!” Oberyn was fuming hotly now.

Way to seduce them Arya thought wickedly. Arya looked over at Dany. She was clearly enjoying seeing Oberyn getting destroyed by these stoic women.
Stannis was spluttering at the sudden attention that had been totally unlooked for. He looked around confused. He looked towards Renly for support.

“Hey brother. I prefer the other team bro. You lucky dog. You got two hot babes waiting for you tonight! How do you like that Oberyn!” Renly crowed looking at Oberyn.

Arya agreed. The Haruchai were a most comely people. The men were drop dead handsome. The women could be pleasure slaves in Myr or Lys. The lack of emotion or personality would be a definite thrill kill though.

Oberyn glared at Renly and flipped him off still staring aghast at the tableau between Stannis and the two Haruchai women.

“We are most skilled in bed. We fuck mainly women but our skills with men are equally great. The Haruchai always master everything we set our mind too” Ferna told Stannis in a flat voice. One would think she was discussing the weather.

Oberyn was staring slacked jaw. “Are you two blind? That is Stannis Baratheon! He is a fucking prude!”

The Haruchai ignored Oberyn “We will give you endless pleasure” Ranrika cooed. Was that a hint of desire that Arya heard.

Oberyn was really worked up now. “You two have lost your fucking minds! That is Stannis fucking Baratheon. He has a rod up his ass!”

“I’m married!” Stannis barked looking like a trapped animal between the two Haruchai who had brought their Ranyhyn up close to Stannis’s horse. They started to stroke the tall man’s body. Their hands travelled all over his body. Their hands gripping his arms and manly chest and roaming down his back and along his tree like legs.

“Bring your wife to our bed. We will love her as well and make her scream. Haruchai are the most passionate of lovers. We are fierce in bed. We will take all of your cock in our hungry cunts and assholes. We will deep throat your massive cock down below our collarbones.” Ranrika spoke again.

Wow! Arya thought hearing that boast!

“My wife would never approve! She is an honorable woman!” Stannis barked out in desperation.

“When I get my mouth on her sweet cunt and suck her off to a screaming orgasm she will feel differently” Frena spoke up to Stannis. Finally, Arya was hearing passion in the Haruchai’s voices. They must be getting excited though you could never tell it by looking at their flat miens.

“Your wife will die from it when I ram my fist deep into her hot tight pussy ram fucking her cervix till she explodes and wails in shocking pleasure” Ranrika told Stannis stoically. “She will then beg to let us all three fuck her the night long.”

Now their hands began to stroke down to Stannis’ groin from his arms and stomach and up from his upper thigh. Their hands gripping and stroking his manhood. His eyes became large moonstones.

Stannis suddenly spurred his horse into a gallop back to Winterfell.

The Haruchai pursued on their Ranyhyn who easily kept pace with Stannis’s horse. The way the Ranyhyns shook their heads reminded Arya of laughter.
Oberyn stared at the rapidly growing smaller figures heading toward Winterfell. The Haruchai were gripping Stannis’s body pulling on him trying to make their point.

“Obviously, those two have suffered major concussions in past combat. Their brains have been severally addled” Oberyn groused. He shook his head still in disbelief at the turn of events.

The Lord on her Ranyhyn came up. “I assure you that they are in excellent health. I hope this Stannis Baratheon is in excellent health and stamina. The Haruchai give themselves totally when they fuck outside their people but they also demand greatly in their beds. They demand your all” the lord intoned seriously.

“Fuck!” Oberyn shouted. “They don’t understand he will never fuck outside his marriage. Hell, he won’t fuck in his marriage! This is fucking unreal.”

“I would not be so sure Oberyn” Lustra spoke in her grim way. “The Haruchai can be most persuasive when they set their minds to it. It is evident they want Stannis. I feel that soon Stannis and his wife will be happily fucking away in the bed of Ranrika and Ferna.

“Fuck! My gods, Ellaria will never let me hear the end of it! Fuck!”

Oberyn was brooding. He had taken the time to fetch and bring his spear that was lying across his saddle.

Out of nowhere Nymeria jumped up and snatched his spear off Oberyn’s saddle. She started to run off and Shaggydog bit into the spear on the other end and they ran off towards Winterfell. The wolves had slaver flinging out their mouths. Their faces filled with a happy smile with their jaws locked on the spear.

“Fuccckkkkk! I swear I will skin that godsdamned direwolf of yours Arya and hang her pelt on my bed post!” he screamed talking off after the wolves.

Arya saw the wolves looking back with the spear still in their mouths and put on a burst of speed easily keeping in front of Oberyn. The wolves running at a loop constantly looking back taunting Oberyn who cursed them loudly as they all three retreated back to Winterfell.

Arya and Daenerys followed at a sedate pace watching the forces around Winterfell relax after all the excitement. Dany took her hand and interlaced their fingers as they walked. Arya felt her heart race and her pussy get wet.

Oh gods she just knew they would soon be making love finally. She ached in her core to give herself to Dany and to devour that sweet cunt she had seen while Dany Jilled off over and over again in front of Nymeria. She had smelled Dany’s sweet cunt intoxicating her through Nymeria’s nostrils.

She wanted to be the one making Daenerys Targaryen screaming in helpless pleasure. Arya wanted to give Dany pleasure and not her own fingers. They would masturbate each other or together! Arya longed to feel Dany’s wet cunt in her mouth instead of dirty warging to see her women Jilling off or watching other women making love.

They slowly walked to Winterfell. A giant came up to them. She introduced herself as Morningmist Ironfist.

She told them that she was very happy to finally meet the Dragonthane. She found Daenerys dragons to be very beautiful. She told them that she could not wait to touch the stone of Winterfell. She could see the ancient age of the stone and yet it was so finely cut and fitted together. She
laughed telling them that Giants knew stone.

Arya had to agree with it. Both the Giant’s armor and their swords were made of it. Arya asked if she could see the blade that Morningmist used.

The Giant female gladly agreed pulling the mighty falchion sword out of its stone scabbard. Morningmist was nearly fourteen feet tall and her sword was eight feet in length and nearly eighteen inches across. The blade was impossibly sharp Arya could see just looking at the wicked edge. The top of the blade had a wave and then scallop down to the tip at a forty percent gradient.

She put the pummel by Arya’s hand. Arya gripped the pommel and gasped. The blade had to weigh two and half stone. Arya gritted her teeth adjusting to the massive weight of the sword. She swung it tentatively at first and then slashed it more forcefully before handing it back. It was simply too heavy for her or any man. Arya looked at the solid muscled frames of the Giants. They had the musculature to handle such a heavy weapon.

“How do you forge such a weapon? You can’t heat it can you?”

“We have forgers that use mallets and chisels to slowly carve the blades out of massive blocks of granite. They use song and magic so fuse the stone to itself and give it great strength. Never has one of our swords shattered in battle because of the hardness of the weapon it has fought. No magic has ever conquered one of our blades.

Arya could see the pride the woman had for her weapon. Morningmist laughed at the antics of Greywind and Lady chasing each other. Lady gripped Greywind’s tail and jerked on it playfully.

Arya bumped into Dany who had suddenly stopped. They saw a group of horses with two riders on them approaching the road.

Arya knew who they were but was surprised. They had said they needed to get back to her brother. They came up to them as they neared the gates.

The shorter woman pulled her hood back when they stopped. It was Ygritte.

Arya heard Daenerys tell Ygritte she was happy to see them but wondered why they were here. Was everything all alright with their desire to be back with their husband? Why were they not on their way back to Jon?

“A week ago we made a fire to look into the flames and see if R’hllor had any insights he wanted to shed on his humble priestesses. We saw Winterfell and understood that we need to be here at this time.”

Melisandre added “When the flames are so clear in their insight we must act.”

“Do you know your purpose?”

“No” Ygritte responded. “We just know that our services will be needed. Then we can return home to Jon. It will make him hornier anyways. He will tear us a new one when we get back home. I can feel his cock spurting hot and hard buried up my tight ass. Then Melisandre will be hungrily lapping up his jism leaking out my worn out slack but happy shithole.”

Arya felt her face on fire. She looked at Dany and was relieved to see her face scarlet too. Dany may be a worldly woman but Ygritte’s potty mouth had her confounded too. Arya looked at Melisandre.
She seemed unfazed. “This is true Ygritte. I do love sucking Jon’s cum out your pussy and your sweet ‘shithole’. Melisandre had made the comment with half amused look on her face. She must be used to Ygritte’s tart mouth. “Of course I remember your face buried in my ass cleft your mouth glued to my rosebud your tongue deep up my own shithole your mouth sucking out Jon’s sweet hot spunk. You sounded like a kitten nursing.”

Ygritte had a dreamy look on her face. “Yeah!” she said in a soft happy tone.

Daenerys and Arya shook their heads at the two redheaded witches. Jon definitely had his hands full with these two. He could see that these two redheads were as hungry for Jon as she was for Dany. Arya smirked. She hoped Jon got fucked as well as she knew Dany would fuck her.

They all entered into Winterfell.

The two Shadowbinder witches told them that they would find a place in the Godswood to shelter in. They wanted to be alone if the Queen did not mind. Arya could sense that the great numbers of strangers to them had them uneasy. Since the Godswood was available they would use it.

Arya knew the at least sixty-five acre expanse of the Godswood had many wild areas in it. This would let the two witches get lost in the Godswood away from the Weirwood and its pool. The women dismounted and took three large fur rolls each and moved off towards the Godswood compound.

Stable hands came out and got the witches horses and took them towards the stable.

“Let’s go visit your mother Arya. Then after that I want you to return with me to my chambers. We have much to discuss Arya.” Arya shivered at the smoky timbre to Dany’s voice. It dripped sex!

Arya gulped at the fire in the Queen’s eyes. The lilac color seemed to pulse with sexual hunger. Gods her cunt was so fucking wet. Arya’s nipples had swelled to aching plums that begged to be devoured.

Arya thought Dany was so considerate. She wanted to make sure her mother was still recovering before they consummated their love. Arya’s body calmed.

Arya led her Queen to her parent’s chamber. She slowly opened the door and smiled seeing her mother sitting up in bed. She was being fed spoonfuls of broth by Margaery and then small forkfuls of chicken. Her mother still looked weak but so much better. Color had returned to her face and hands.

She definitely looked like she was recovering. Arya was so thankful. She and Dany went to join Margaery at the bedside.

Catelyn smiled softly and asked the Queen’s forgiveness for not performing her duty as hostess of Winterfell. Margaery clucked and told Catelyn that she had more important things to do. She needed to give her husband another strong son to be a Lord or brave knight. At first Arya was slightly confused. Margaery was always telling her mother that the baby would be a daughter. Then she understood.

Arya admired Margaery. She knew how to distract her mother. With her mentioning another son for her father her mother smiled and beamed and started to go on how she could feel how strong her son was and he would make Eddard so proud.

Sansa came into the bedchamber. Sansa went over and hugged Arya and gently embraced the Queen. She then went over to Margaery and kissed her soundly on the lips. Arya felt a rush go
through her. Her mother did not bat an eyelash and in fact seemed happy that her eldest daughter so easily expressed her love for another woman freely. Arya saw that her mother had completely accepted her eldest daughter’s homosexuality.

If their mother accepted Sansa being gay then Arya knew her mother would fully support her union with Daenerys Targaryen the Queen of Westeros.

Arya shivered again. She was so close to achieving all she had dreamed of.

She begged her mother’s pardon but she and Daenerys needed to leave and discuss some personal matters.

Arya saw the three women look at each other and smirk. Arya felt her face flush.

Her queen gripped her hand and let her out of her parent’s quarters. “Take me to my quarters my sweet wolf. We have matters of the heart to discuss” she spoke in hot pulsing voice dripping sex. Daenerys still did not know her way around Winterfell and Arya led them forward down the halls. She kept glancing back at Dany who smiled at her with a sultry smile that promised so much great hot sex.

Arya’s nipples were so erect and swollen and her pussy so fucking wet. She could feel the tension in Dany’s body through their linked hands. Her pulse hammered in Arya’s veins. That pulse also in her dripping pussy and aching swollen nipples.

“Are you nervous Arya?” Dany asked her.

Arya did not try to hide her nervousness and rising desire “Yes! I am so fucking nervous. Is that a bad thing” she asked worriedly. She felt Dany squeeze her hand hard.

“No baby. That is a good thing. With the last twenty-four I feel like an overwrought spring about to break. It’s a good thing. It is desire. I want you with all my heart and soul honey. I have waited so long for you to come into my life.” Arya felt herself gulp at such sweet pure love.

Daenerys

Daenerys felt her body coursing with fire. This was so unlike her “wedding” night with Khal Drogo. Then she had been sold against her desire and raped against her will. True, Drogo had been surprisingly gentle in his way working to make sure he had aroused an inexperienced thirteen year old girl. He could have just taken and fucked her virgin vagina without arousing her and fucking her dry. He had had at least that amount of decency.

She had had to endure his nightly visits and treated like a piece of meat. He may not have beat her but he fucked her hard and without any emotion. She was just a receptacle for his sperm and womb for his son who would mount world.

Fortunately, Doreah had come to her and taught her how to use her body as a weapon. Very soon it had been her leading the Khalasar through Drogo. She was the puppeteer and he the puppet.

She still remembered that first night. This would be so different. Now she was freely giving her body to the woman she loved. A woman. Tonight would be about desire. Tonight would be about love.

Arya had her at her door, no, their door. Daenerys took a deep breath. She had not been lying to
Arya. She was wrought up and felt like she might explode. The pale Valyrian had so much pent up love and passion in her body. The events of the last twenty-four hours had only built up the throbbing in her body. Daenerys felt like she might explode. She was going to love Arya so good!

They entered the guest bedroom that had been given for the Queen’s use. The room was nicely adorned but not ostentatious. Just like her sweet wolf. She spied the large king sized bed. The bed they would be fucking in soon. Her body jolted in acknowledgement of that fact. The thought also flashed through her mind. Eddard Stark wanted her to use this bed to deflower his precious daughter and make Arya’s hers.

This she would do so. Now.

Arya fidgeted as did Daenerys. Now that the moment had arrived she was herself suddenly dry mouthed and feeling so nervous she was momentarily nonplussed and not able to move. Her long desire to have Arya in this way overwhelmed the confident Queen.

Arya fidgeted and her eyes darted around. Then they light up. She turned and went over to the head of Daenerys bed. It had not been desire that had taken Arya over to the bed. Daenerys had seen what had captured her attention. She had been working her wet stone on her sword to calm herself this morning. She had then pulled Aegon’s sword, Blackfyre, out to sharpen it. There she had left it when finished sharpening the Rune Sword.

She saw Arya move over to it. Daenerys rolled her eyes. She would have to delay her lovemaking to her wolf just for a few more minutes. A warrior simply could not refuse the sight of a fine sword.

“Can I?” Arya asked Daenerys with hope in her eyes. Daenerys came over and gripped her sword and grabbed the oil rag and oil bottle. She smiled at Arya. “Please do.” Daenerys turned to walk to a chair so she could care for her own sword while Arya played the warrior. Daenerys smirked. She could wait a few minutes before she took her wolf.

Arya whooped loudly and picked up Aegon’s sword and ripped it out the scabbard. Daenerys watched Arya slice and hack with Aegon’s sword pretending she was attacking and defending herself against unseen foes. In Arya’s hand the sword was only a normal sword.

Daenerys sat down and pulled her sword out and felt it light up bright blue and begin to pulse with heat. She began to wipe it down with oil. She started to focus on her sword making sure it was well oiled and needed no nicks to be ground out. It never did but she never stopped her inspection. It calmed her.

She had heard Arya whoop and slice Aegon’s sword through the air. “Whoa?” she heard Arya call out.

“What is it? Did you pull something?” Serve her right Daenerys thought with a smirk for delaying their lovemaking.

“No. It’s just my hand is tingling.” Arya looked at the pommel in her grip. “That is so strange. Cool but strange.” She again started to go through the intricate steps her sword masters had taught her.

Daenerys smiled seeing Arya enjoy the sword so much. She began to consider the fate of her progenitor’s sword.

Daenerys mind drifted back to a conversation she had with Viserys shortly before she had been bartered off to Khal Drogo. Her brother had been obsessed with finding a rune sword. "Sister, they
say that as the ghost runes bind with its owner their power becomes greater and greater ... the blade
burns truer and hotter ... that the blades knows the heart of its owner ... that even ones soul mate
could grip and use the sword ... you have become so beautiful Daenerys ... (his index finger traced
the line of her jaw as he leaned in) my lovely dragon qu--"

"There you two are Viserys" Illyrio appeared suddenly in the empty hall. "come we must discuss
Daenerys forthcoming marriage". Her brother distracted allowed Daenerys to make her escape. She
had learned more from Illyrio and then more from the Maester Lape about her sword and its
properties. She discovered that House Targaryen had never had known a Dragon Lord. A dragon
rider so powerful that they could fire up another’s rune sword. Each sword tuned for its owner. This
tuning would reject any other’s grip. Only the most powerful of Dragon Lords could overcome the
initial binding of owner to sword.

There had never been a true Dragon Lord in House Targaryen. That was until the birth of Daenerys
Targaryen. Finally, a Dragon Lord had come to House Targaryen.

Daenerys had not been nonplussed at this news. She easily accepted that she would be the first in
her House to have that power. Since Drogo had awakened ambition and desire for greatness in her
breast she had accepted that she was meant for a great destiny. When she was told that she had true
greatness to fire up the sword that was now hers she had not been surprised. She merely accepted it
as a further representation of her greatness.

Daenerys was looking at Arya’s back. It was time to put these swords down and make love
Daenerys thought. She saw Arya thrusting and parrying with Aegon’s sword. Suddenly Arya
stilled. In a playful tone Arya called back over her shoulder at her.

"You lied to me Dany!"

"What do you mean Arya?"

"You told me that only a true dragon lord could see the runes Dany! That a great Valyrian could
make the sword glow blue." Arya was talking in a sarcastic tone. Daenerys wondered why.

"Of course you can Arya, the sword is covered in runes" she laughed back. Don’t be obtuse. All
can see the runes not etched in magic. You see my sword all the time. I have shown you the runes
all can see no matter who grips my sword and the ones only I can light up."

"Not those runes Dany ... The blue ones ... the ones buried in the metal" Daenerys could tell Arya
was turning her hand slowly twisting the sword to look at. “And I am not holding your sword silly.
Anyways blue runes are starting to glow on Aegon’s sword.”

"Wh - what did you say?" Daenerys asked stunned. She had many times held Aegon’s sword and
never had any hidden runes fired up. The blade had ignited but no runes were raised.

"You told me only a "Great Dragon Lord" could make the ghost runes light and the sword glow
blue," Arya said laughing as she turned around. Daenerys felt her eyes go large. The sword of
Aegon was afire. It blazed as bright as if she was holding the hilt. Oh sweet gods! This was
impossible. The blue fire was licking high up off the blade and leaving blue ghosts behind. My
gods! Arya is firing up Aegon’s sword as if I held it!

Arya with a gleeful look slashed and stabbed with a rune sword now blazing blue in eldritch fire.
That should have been impossible. Blue lightening arcs left in the air.

Arya walked over grinning.
“I guess that makes me a great Dragon Lord!” she crowed playfully.

Daenerys looked at Arya aghast. *Arya was a great Dragon Lord! How was this possible?!*

Arya had come to show Daenerys the sword. On Foe Hammer above the double entwined Ouroboros and the runes of love and commitment between Visenya and Rhaenys Targaryen was an exquisite etching of two female dragons circling each other with clouds backlight with a setting sun. Female dragons had wings slightly larger but with more scoops on the trailing edge of their wings. Those had been the runes on her rune sword.

Daenerys had seen when she fired up Aegon’s sword that he had no Ouroboros or runes of love or the traditional etching that showed something of importance to him. She had assumed, that for Aegon, the sword was merely an implement of war and the maker of the sword had not felt the need to have additional runes added other than stating the greatness of House Targaryen.

“Owwwww … damn my palm is tingling again! … I mean it is really tingling!” Arya called out looking down at the sword she had impossibly light up.

As she and Arya looked at Aegon’s sword the bottom of the sword where important runes would be engraved to owner of the sword begin to shimmer and glow even brighter. What had been barely seen and not truly able to be deciphered they had been so ghostly suddenly began to glow brighter growing stronger and brighter.

Daenerys felt her eyes bulge. She had not fired up what was now beginning to come alive. She stared aghast at Arya. *What the hell was happening!* She was a Dragon Lord and even she could not fire up the runes that Arya was now easily lighting up.

“Arya reach out and take my sword. Be careful it gets hot in my hand. I don’t want you to burn your—noooooo!” she cried out when Arya snatched her sword from her hand. It blazed as if she held it.

Arya was not burned and … and the … her runes was still alight and all her runes were alive and dancing. Even the Ouroboros were dancing. Only great love and passion could fire that that rune alive.

Arya crowed “I’m making the two snakes dance and the runes dance!” Arya was hopping around proud of herself for lighting up the runes and the Ouroboros. She did not understand that what she was doing was simply impossible! Arya was using both swords now play fighting her unseen enemies.

She did not understand what she was doing. Daenerys head was beginning to spin.

Then an even greater shock made Daenerys eyes bulge yet again

Before her and Arya’s eyes more runes and icons that even Daenerys had not been able to fire up began to emerge from deep within the metal.

On Aegon’s sword where there had been no Ouroboros, now had two that danced and writhed together. The two female snakes sensually twined and flowing over each other in obvious longing and lust. *Just like on her sword!* Her eyes went to two images that now glowed an ethereal bright blue.

“That is so fucking cool! I did not know the Direwolf was an image of importance to Valyrians” Arya gleefully called out seeing the dragon and direwolf now blazing a bright blue. Runes and images that even she herself, a true Dragon Lord, had not been able to raise from the metal. *This was
impossible!

Now on Aegon’s sword, *Aegon’s fucking sword!* Daenerys saw the impossible. A female dragon was flying banked over in the sky and below it the stylized head of the Stark Direwolf howling up to the dragon in obvious longing and love. The metalsmith had somehow made it plain the Direwolf was female with just its pose. The dragon’s head canted down to gaze upon the howling Direwolf with desire evident. Its body angling down to join the wolf on the ground.

It was the runes below that finished her shock.

*The dragon shall lie with the wolf*

Over four hundred years ago a great sword smith had fashioned a sword and hidden runes from the person who was merely the caretaker for the sword until the true owner could come to claim it as her own.

Arya Stark.

“Dany! Why are looking like that!” You should be happy!

Daenerys was going into shock. Her own culture had foreseen this. She would marry one Arya Stark. It was her destiny. She who did not believe in prophecy had been given swords that spoke of sheer prophecy.

How could that smith have known to make these swords and carve the images and runes that would speak to two women in deep passionate love over four centuries later?

“How you’re scaring me! Is this something bad! I thought this was something wonderful!”

Daenerys heard Arya’s distress but she was simply overwhelmed. She wanted and needed to reply but her mind was trying to process what was impossible. She had been wound up tight by events of the last twenty-four hours and now seeing that her own people had called for this union with a non Valyrian. She had felt herself doomed. Now she felt pure elation. She was totally discombobulated and shocked.

Dany’s soul and body overwhelmed hiccupped and fainted dead away.
Daenerys

Slowly Daenerys climbed back to reality. Her mind was lightly clouded, but it was a pleasant feeling – her body woke aglow with love. She now knew the truth; her wolf’s love was every bit as intense as her own. Her intuition had been true after all. Arya’s heart beat only for Daenerys Targaryen, an unquestionable certainty her rune sword had revealed to her.

Not only had Arya’s true desires had been revealed but so had her might. Daenerys was still stunned at what the sword of Aegon—No … the sword that now belonged to Arya had showed her. Arya was as powerful as she. She had known it but to see it so evident in a Valyrian rune sword had been world shaking to the Valyrian Queen.

“Arya,” Dany called out softly, stretching. She felt the light weight of covers on top of her. Her wolf had taken care of her, though she found it unfortunate that she was still clothed. “Arya,” Dany called, stretching again with a soft smile on her face. She wondered how it was possible for everything to change so completely between one heartbeat and the next.

Between two beats of her heart, her life had been utterly changed. Dany had been working her way towards the wolf girl since she had first met Arya but events of the past hour had brought everything to crystal clarity. It was like on the first beat of her heart her life was dread, dread of unwanted caresses, and a passionless marriage bed. A life with no love, and a bleak hopeless future. On the next beat, she suddenly saw a future of boundless love and possibilities, full of sweet caresses and intimate touches that would ignite her very soul.

She was not a woman of doubts but if there were any they had been burned away by the glow of the rune swords that Arya had alight by the power of her passion and magic. Yes. Her Wolf had proven every bit her equal. An equal she longed to take as her Queen in body as well as spirit.

Dany shivered at the thought in hungry anticipation.

“Arya, Arya, to me my love.” Dany called out. She wanted to forever caress her love’s ears with sweet endearments. She would whisper her love and be always be gentle with her sweet wolf. “Arya!” she called out more forcefully. Where was her love?

She slowly opened her eyes and looked to the window, seeing sunlight beaming through the panes of glass. Her martial training told her by the change in angle of light that less than an hour had passed since her wolf had innocently overwhelmed her. She had seen the lust in Arya’s eyes, but her body had given away her trepidation. This was proven by Daenerys waking alone. The girl is so raw and passionate, but, so virginal, Dany thought with a wicked gleam. She planned on changing that immediately.

Dany looked over at the bathroom suite, then the large alcove at the front of the room. Where was the girl? She slowly sat up and looked around more closely. Surely Arya had not fled after what they had just shared?
It had been so such a revelatory moment. There had been such passion and love in Arya’s eyes. Her eyes unguarded – eyes that showed burning love for her Dragon. The time for lovemaking had arrived. There had been such love in Arya’s eyes when Daenerys looked into them now. The time of hiding emotions was gone. It was time to consummate their love. She had seen it in Arya’s eyes. She hungered for her Dragon as she hungered for her Wolf.

Looking around at the emptiness of the room a stray thought entered her mind and refused to leave. Did Arya trust her instincts as Daenerys trusted her own? Or did she doubt them and run? She found she already desperately missed her love. It was so easy to say that now! It was time to say the words aloud. Repeatedly. Loud and clear for the whole world to hear.

“Arya… Arya! Where are you?!” Dany called, her voice rising in frustration and the strain of rising trepidation. She got up and went quickly into the bath suite. Had she fallen asleep taking a bath while waiting for her Queen to awake, making her body ready for sweet lovemaking?

No. The room was empty, no hot bath drawn from the hot spring water. She walked quickly to the large alcove and found nothing as well. Daenerys pinched the bridge of her nose. How could the girl run away? She had seen the raw desire in Arya’s eyes. True, the Direwolf pup had been distracted by Daenerys’ swords but that was past now.

Daenerys remembered the overwhelming shock of seeing Arya light up the rune swords. Then reading the runes that lay hidden for over four centuries. Dany had seen the truth in those runes. So had Arya. They both had seen the perfectness of their love. Daenerys ancestors had foreseen it. The smiths had definitely known the truth.

Who had told them? That did not matter now. The Queen remembered almost sobbing and shaking with the intensity of her love for Arya and seeing the truth that lay written and for four centuries hidden in Aegon’s former sword. But did the girl see the truth? Did the innocent accept what her eyes told her? These questions circled in Daenerys head with no sight of Arya.

I have been fooling both her and myself from the moment I saw her Dany thought to herself. For too long she had been willing to accept she must see Arya as only a friend and not as her Queen and lover. That was no more! She was Queen of Westeros and she would take what was hers. The insights she had heard whispered in her ear had taken flight and come to fruition.

She would now openly declare her love for Arya Stark and take her as her Queen.

She went back to the bed and sat down on it. She longed to have Arya in her arms. She wanted to kiss her - kiss her deeply and roll her onto the bed beneath her as she stared into those steel grey eyes, falling into them as she lowered herself to kiss Arya’s beautiful face until the girl was crying out for her more intimate touches.

She had waited too long! It was time to be a Queen and take what was hers!

Frustrated Dany slammed the palms of her hands down onto the bed. She wanted Arya! All of Arya, and she wanted her now! A few strands of her platinum hair had fallen across her face and she blew them to the side. She was frustrated and horny. She pounded the bed again.

How could Arya do this to them? She had run off and only delayed the inevitable. Why had she run? Arya had learned to read the runes of Valyria from her and Missandei. The destiny was clear to them both. In the last few days they had finally allowed each other to see the love they had kept hidden in their breast. True. Daenerys had been overcome. Overcome with joy.

Daenerys fumed again. Out loud she groused, “And all this time wasted when we could have been
making love!” Why had they hidden what they had felt?! There would be no more hiding of their true feelings. “This is so—so fucking unfair!” she finished with a shout, her fists slamming down on the bed again. She wanted her wolf and she had run off!

Then the Targaryen’s shoulders hunched slightly and a sheepish look came over her beautiful features. Daenerys was acting like a five year old. She needed to girl up and go find her woman. She was coming to realize that maybe fainting dead away had spooked Arya. Daenerys was now remembering Arya calling out to her worried by her actions. She couldn’t help it! She had been overwhelmed by the shocking revelations of the Valyrian swords.

Why had Arya run off? Dany’s insight continued to press thoughts into her mind. *I am over four years older than my sweet Arya*, Daenerys thought, perusing the roiling scenarios and memories she held in her mind. *I have seen so much more, done so much more … I have taken lovers … been scared and hunted … all Arya has known is safety and love. I am in so many ways more worldly than Arya, and more in tune with my thoughts, my body … my sexual hungers and desires…*

She must have misread the situation.

Even with all of her experience, she too had missed the obvious signs of Arya’s growing attraction to her for too long. She had fooled herself. Deluded herself by listening too much to the counsel of men. No more! Dany continued her train of thought. *Could Arya truly have somehow seen what just happened as a negative? No non Valyrian had ever done what she had just done … she did not know that.* Daenerys pondered over what had just happened.

*Surely, the sword revealed the truth to Arya, as it did to me. The Targaryen gave pause. I am of Valyria. I understand what exactly the portents of the ghost runes would mean. But would a person of Westeros? …a sixteen year old innocent girl? A girl who was still unsure of herself. A young woman who had just seen the woman she loved freak out and faint dead away on her.*

She realized that she had been thinking of Arya in sexual terms ever since she had acknowledged her hunger for the wolf. That hunger from their first meeting. Daenerys rubbed her chin smiling at the fist punches of her sweet lover.

*Sweet innocent Arya - a condition the Targaryen planned to change, very quickly.*

Daenerys sat back and reconsidered her view on fate. How she, a worldly woman, had deluded herself. Allowed herself to play a fool, sure that the gods were against her desires for the wolf girl. She had wasted too much time overcoming those stupid fears and doubts. She had listened to supposedly wise counsel harping in her ear to find a man to make her rule complete.

*Fools!*

*She was a fool too! She felt her body become rigid. The gods had not sent her signs to deny herself but had actually been slapping her in the face with portents of her destiny. The dream of the snarling Direwolf that she had thought threatened her, but instead jumped over her to fight some faceless man. Even then she had instinctively known the wolf was female, but disregarded it as unimportant.*

She had assumed that with Eddard racing North to fight for her kingdom, this was what the wolf had symbolized. The wolf bending down and submissively bowing to her seemed to be House Stark making obeisance. Now she clearly understood it was Arya submitting to her. Two becoming one.

She suddenly felt a hot rush race through her body. That was right. The dreams had stopped the day she had discovered Eddard Stark was calling his banners - but, that was also the day Arya had appeared in her court. Appeared in her court, and fired two arrows at her on her own throne! The
day they had clashed swords, and the day Arya had given her several left crosses that left her with a
split lip and black eye. Punches followed up with kicks, head buttes and vicious flips onto hard
marble floors.

Yes, that had been the day Arya Stark had totally captured her heart.

Then there was the way Nymeria would hunch down on her mighty haunches and launch herself
onto Drogon’s broad back. Her dragon would launch them both into the air, flying them through the
sky as the wolf howled long peals. Drogon had always taken care never unseat his precious
passenger. She and Arya had both smiled and laughed, missing the obvious.

The dragon and direwolf were acting as one. Their animals showing their mistresses the truth. The
Dragon and Direwolf metaphorically lying together.

Daenerys shook her head sadly. So much time wasted. She remembered back to the first day she set
down on Dorne as Westeros’s true queen. She had asked Tyrion then, “Cannot the Dragon learn to
lie with Direwolf?” She herself had been speaking prophecy.

So if she had deluded herself, maybe Arya still was? That she would have to change, and change
now. She felt her smile curve into a leer. She would have her wolf girl. Their love would no longer
be delayed or denied.

Energized and determined, Dany sprung off the bed and went to the door, swinging it open. She
started to step out, then spied her sword on the chair by the window, back in its scabbard. She was
in Winterfell and had nothing to fear. She started to walk out again, hesitating. Dany’s instincts told
her to bring her sword, and she would listen to them. She had survived countless battles listening to
her instincts.

She pivoted and retrieved her sword, then rushed out the door.

She stopped. She looked at Aggo who was standing guard at her door. The Queen started sensing
someone at the other side of her door. This person was not a Dothraki. She whipped around with
her hand on the pommel of her sword. She started seeing who it was. It was Bannor of the
Haruchai. He seemed unperturbed at her actions. He cocked an eyebrow at her hand on the pommel
of her sword.

Daenerys relaxed. She turned to Aggo.

"Where did Arya go?" He looked at her surprised. The Queen's Dothraki Bloodriders primary duty
was her safety. She had never tasked that one of them always stay with Arya. There had been no
need with so much of Arya’s time spent with the Queen. She turned to glare at the Haruchai. Again
he merely cocked an eyebrow at her.

"I am your Bloodguard" was his answer to the Queen's glare. His voice bland and with no emotion
in the timbre of his response. The Queen remembered Jeertel was Arya’s Bloodguard.

"Jeertel. She is with my Aray?" she asked Bannor.

:"Yes.” The simple answer delivered with no emotion made the Queen glare at Bannor. She wanted
to snap at the taciturn man. She held her tongue. The Haruchai simply did not show emotion.

"Let's go!" she called out running down the hall. Her Bloodrider and Bloodguard following in her
wake like leaves in an autumn storm. Daenerys headed to the lower levels of Winterfell. Maybe she
had gone to the kitchen Daenerys thought. Or maybe she has sought out her father in one of the
meeting halls. She sought Arya out but she had not been to any of these locations. The queen tore
down the halls calling for Arya but she did not find her love. The Queen then headed out to the grounds.

She had heard Arya talk wistfully of the solarium called the Glass Gardens. She had noticed the structure the day before doing acrobatics on Drogon’s back. Daenerys ran all the way there. She entered the beautiful glass structure. There she had found Sansa and Margaery walking around the rows of flowers, vegetables and fruit trees holding hands. Arya had not been there. They told her to try the Godswood.

The pale Valyrian Queen tore out of Glass Gardens and ran full out to the entrance to the Godswood. She found a group of Giants and Haruchai sitting around a bonfire. They were eating a meal. The Giants laughing and jesting with each other and their Haruchai compatriots. The Giants laughing at their own jests and the Haruchai politely answering quietly. Daenerys again noted the very reserved nature of the Haruchai.

The Queen noticed how the Haruchai sat looking at each other. They did not speak among themselves. The Queen was sure now the Haruchai spoke mind to mind.

She was informed that Arya had not come this way. Daenerys thanked them and ran off at full tilt running to the stables. Arya had not been there to take a horse. The Queen ran to all the grounds. No Arya. Stratified that Arya had not come out of the Great Keep tore off back to that structure.

Ten minutes later, Daenerys was about to blow like an erupting volcano in her ancestral homeland. She had looked everywhere she could think of that Arya may have hid. Unless she was down in the crypts or up high in the turret of a tower she could not fathom where the girl had gone. She asked everyone she passed if they had seen the wolf princess. None had seen the girl. She was feeling the blood of the dragon surging frustrated through her veins. She took a moment to stop and calm her mind as Syrio had trained her to do in moments of great stress. Where would she hide … what if she was not hiding? … Daenerys ran down the hall.

As she ran she had a sudden thought.

"Do you know where Arya is?" she asked Bannor.

"Yes."

She wanted to scream at the man but controlled herself. "Why the hell did you not tell me!"

"You did not ask" was the answer. An answer delivered with no emotion. The man felt no guilt at withholding the information from the Queen.

"That is all you have to say?!"

"She is in no danger. Jeertel is with her."

Daenerys was furious but controlled herself. Not only was the withholding of information pissing her off but it also angered her that she and Aggo were sheen in sweat and breathing heavily while Bannor had no sweat on his brow or was even breathing heavily at all. It was as if he had been standing still all the time. She would chew his ass off but she knew it would be useless on the reticent man. Anything she could hurl against him would bounce off his granite like countenance.

She would have to remember to ask very direct questions in the future when dealing the Haruchai.

Arya
Why? Why had Dany acted like that? Arya worried that thought over in her mind. It was like she had seen a ghost … or the new runes had some metaphorical meaning she did not grasp. She had been so happy but Daenerys had been seemingly in shock! Dany had refused to answer her cries!

Arya buried her face in the pillow already soaked in her tears. She had been alright hiding her love from Dany. She had been happy to just be in Dany’s presence, to love her from afar …

No. No she hadn’t—she had been dying by degrees each day she was in Dany’s presence; uninvited to caress and stroke her beautiful body. Her beginning time with the Queen had been so dreadful.

She cringed every time some new male suitor arrived at the Red Keep to woo Daenerys. Dany never seemed to pay them much mind, and was stiff and formal with them but Arya knew that one day the right man, she sneered, would appear and take Dany away from her forever. Each time she thought ‘this is it’, was like a knife going through her heart.

Why couldn’t things just stay the way they were? It was a slow death to be sure, but at least she could have another day in Dany’s presence.

Then everything seemed to have changed over the last few days. They had crossed some invisible barrier and Arya had been sure Daenerys was in love with her. Now something in the rune swords had changed it. Ruined it! Arya pounded her fists in her pillows.

Arya couldn’t help but think about how her beautiful Queen always made time for her. She practiced with her every day as Arya felt her body and mind melding with her weapons - becoming one with them. At first, Dany had pushed her, and beat her. Now Ayra pushed, and beat the queen. The Targaryen had always extended her hand to be pulled up when Arya had unarmed and threw her to the ground. Always with equanimity, saying ‘next time, Wolf Girl!’ It always made Arya laugh. The queen had always laughed at her jokes, moaned at her pitiful puns, listened intently to her stories of home and laughed at Nan’s old tales right along with Arya.

As Arya remembered, she smiled into the pillow. Her love for Daenerys only grew each day. Grew with each interaction with the pale beautiful Valyrian.

Over the last few days, Arya had become sure that the Queen loved her and was about to take her. The incident in the Queen’s chambers had shattered that belief. Strange how a few minutes could change ones destiny and one’s surety.

A sad smile crossed Arya’s features. She remembered her special times with her Queen.

Arya remembered the thrill of practicing with Dany, or when they rubbed liniment into each other’s tired bodies, the Northern girl could almost feel like they were bonding and becoming more than companions. But then Arya reminded herself the queen was a chameleon.

Arya had watched Daenerys charm nobles and bewitch the heads of noble houses. The queen had reduced hardened emissaries from the Iron Bank to docile kittens. A few moments with her, and their roars turned to quiet purrs.

Dany had mastered the mummer’s dance. She could make anyone think they were the center of her universe. She truly was the center of Arya’s universe. The wolf loved her dragon Queen completely. Occasionally she had seen Dany almost catch her longing, heartfelt glances and had to quickly school her features, just as she learned from her queen.

It seemed that the time of hiding had passed. Now she knew better. All was lost now. The rune swords had revealed some terrible truth to Dany.
“I ruined it!” Arya cried into the pillow she had buried her face into as her sobs wracked her body. *Why did I ever pick that sword up?!* Arya’s mind cried out to the distressed teenager.

Dany had been her legendary Targaryen queen come down from the heavens of legend. Gods, she had loved the woman from the first moment she had stepped into the Iron Throne audience chamber.

For a few more minutes, Arya cried inconsolably. Everything had seemed so close. Now it was gone! When she finally cried herself out mostly, Arya sat up, her face swollen and eyes red and puffy. Tears still ran down her cheeks randomly as she hiccupped and tried to control her weeping.

She thought back to earlier that afternoon. She had been so happy practicing with the Valeryian swords. Dany’s sword was so incredible with the slowly dancing runes before watching Dany with her sword. For the life of her, Arya could not figure out her Queen’s frightening behavior when Arya somehow fired up some hidden runes in Aegon’s sword.

She had seen, but not really understood Dany’s unnerved behavior. She had fretted and worried about it ever since she covered up the unconscious queen and fled, knowing she had ruined everything. Something about Aegon’s sword had shown the Queen a horrible truth. A truth that had destroyed Arya’s world. Arya felt her heart quiver in her chest. She felt like she was underwater and could not surface. Her heart ached!

She had wanted so badly to shake Dany awake and make love to her. Just as she had wanted to from the first moment she had met the beautiful dragon queen. She wanted to make love to Dany and erase whatever fear had been instilled in her Queen’s heart.

All of Arya’s old fears and insecurities were flowing hot in Arya’s veins. The queen who now knew how Arya felt towards her. Arya had been so sure that her love was reciprocated! It just had to be but it had been so easily crushed by those damn runes!

Arya paused in her sobs. She had seen Dany’s face in her room. She had been so sure she saw her own love reflected back at her the last two days. It had all changed so fast. The way Daenerys had stared aghast at those damn swords Arya stormed! Daenerys had looked terrified … then she had fainted. The spell had been broken.

The runes had revealed some terrible truth Arya was sure of it. All of Arya’s insecurities came rushing in with a vengeance. *Her Queen no longer loved her!* The sword of Aegon had shown her some terrible truth. *Maybe she was indeed destined to marry a man!* The thought made Arya ill.

Arya Stark also couldn’t but help remember how she had used the Queen for own selfish pleasures. She had accidently stumbled upon Nymeria visiting the Queen when she was late coming back to her. She had reveled in feeling the Queen’s hands scratching and rubbing Nymeria’s belly. The way she rubbed noses with her direwolf.

It had started out so innocent. Who could blame her for sharing these sweet moments between wolf and Queen. Arya smiled at those memories.

Then everything had changed. The Queen not knowing Arya was hidden within the beast had masturbated in front of the wolf. The Queen felt so safe and comfortable with the wolf that she started to take care of her needs in front of Nymeria.

That first time had been a revelation. The beautiful Queen was such a primal beautiful creature stroking her body with expert skills. The way Dany had screamed and screamed her body in convulsions from searing orgasms. The way her body had flipped and jackknifed so violently had intoxicated Arya.
The first time she had been unprepared to see the Queens naked body being so hedonistically self-pleasured. If it had only been the once, then she could be forgiven. But it had not been the one time only. The old gods were punishing her for her sinful behavior!

Night after night she melted into Nymeria’s flesh and encouraged the direwolf to go to her Queens’s suite. The Queen always accepting her wolf with open welcoming arms. She would play with wolf and scratch underneath the wolf’s ears and stomach like the wolf craved.

Then the Queen who was now comfortable with the wolf in her chambers while she self-pleasured her body would drop her silk robe and climb onto her bed. Arya learned her Queen had an insatiable sexual hunger. Fortunately, the Queen never questioned the wolf sitting up watching her intently masturbating to wailing after wailing orgasm.

Arya was hooked on the Queen’s body. And who was she hurting she had reasoned. Now she knew she had invalidated the very integrity of their relationship spying on her Queen’s desires and needs. Her father would be shamed by Arya’s behavior.

More hot tears ran down her face. She had known it was wrong but she just couldn’t control herself. She desperately thought that this was the only way she could have even a sliver of her Queen.

Arya miserably gnawed on how everyone at court whispered that Daenerys was going to marry that high Lord, or that mighty Knight. What chance did a young, skinny daughter of Stark have against the Knight of Flowers? Or some high lord or other mighty knight? Tears fell in pain and frustration.

Worse yet, she knew the Queens secret. Her voyeurism had revealed the secret the Queen held close to her beautiful bosom. The Lords and Knights did not have a chance. When the Queen masturbated and fantasized about her dream lover it was not ‘him’ or ‘he’ it was ‘her’ and ‘she’.

The queen had Arya’s desires.

A part of her sneered at the foolish men who made fools of themselves seeking the Queens attention. The Queen was waiting for her fair Princess to come to her. But the simple fact remained, she had violated a basic trust between her and Dany. She had soiled the very core of their relationship. These thoughts had helped propel her out the door after the Queen fainted.

When she had first swung Aegon’s blade, and then Dany’s own blade she had felt so alive so wild. She had felt anything was possible. Seeing the runes shift and the Ouroboros writhing in their sibilant, entwining dance had both set her blood on fire and wet her core. She felt intoxicated with love for Dany. She felt like even Dany’s swords saw they were destined for each other.

It had been almost magical. It was almost as if the sword itself had put her under a spell. That magic had first waned and then flamed out seeing the look of almost horror in Dany’s eyes. Something about her being able to do what she had done to the magical swords had filled Dany with horror. The look of shock and disbelief on her face had ruined the elation that Arya felt. Then Daenerys had been so aggrieved and horrified by what she had seen she had fainted with fright!

Even now Arya felt a thrill run through her body remembering those dancing runes and Ouroboros had her blood boiling again for Dany. Oh by the Old Gods, she wanted her so bad! Why had her love reacted so badly!

Then the Queen had fainted, and the spell was broken. Just like that.

Arya knew it as a warning from the gods. She is not for you, little girl!
Dany had seen something in her swords that had ruined everything! Arya had lost! Arya knew Dany would continue to be kind to Arya. Probably pity her, and try and make her understand that their love could never be. Her ancestors had showed her the truth. She was to be a mighty Queen with a mighty King by her side. Dejectedly, Arya reflected that Dany may have thought she wanted Arya at her side as Queen but reality had showed its ugly head. Dany had to marry a man to make her kingdom whole. Arya felt her heart break little more, her shoulders slumping.

That was something that Arya absolutely could not take. Dany’s pity. Dany now knew the depths of her feelings, and she would not be treated like a lovesick teenager. Her feelings were the feelings of an adult, and just as powerful. Arya would not accept expediency in her relationship with Dany. She would not stand there and watch Dany take a fucking man as her King! She was supposed to be Dany’s side!

She could not stay here anymore. She would do the adult thing. She would do the noble thing, the Stark thing. She would stay here in Winterfell and let the Queen go back to the Red Keep and her destiny. A destiny that did not involve her she now sadly understood. She would leave tomorrow morning for the Wall and prepare to fight the Ice Wrights and the Others. No longer would she burden the queen, forcing her to deal with someone whom she saw as a child rather than an equal. Obviously, the Queen valued duty over love.

Arya felt tears brimming in her eyes again.

Yes. That is what she would do. She was so tired, but she had to find the strength. She would need to bind up some clothes and provisions, then fly to the Wall. She would let Daenerys have her destiny. It was her duty to let her queen, her sweet beautiful queen, find her fate without feeling like she had to deal with a girl who had nothing more than a hero worship complex. The little wolf girl who tried, and failed, to love the dragon queen.

Yes, she would walk out that door

SLAM!

The door flew open.

Daenerys

“There you are!” the white haired Targaryen roared at the younger teen as she surged into the room. The Queen saw shock and surprise in Arya’s eyes.

The door slammed shut again with a loud boom. Daenerys was worked up and needed to work out some of her agitation. Her running all over Winterfell had her on edge. She had run up to Arya’s door. Jeertel stood beside the door to Arya’s room stoically. She had glared at the Haruchai as Bannor joined her and Aggo took guard at the other side of the door. She wanted to rant at the Haruchai but knew now that it would be wasted. These people were simply immune to invective. It did not matter now. She had finally found her Arya. She rushed into the room of her sweet dear love.

“What the fuck are you doing?!” the Queen barked at the shaken wolf. Dany’s agitation had her barking at the girl, even as it tore at her soul. She was so filled with adrenaline after chasing endless halls looking for her sweet love! Her love for Arya had her emotions racing, unchecked.

The Targaryen stood in front of the door in an offensive stance, the sword in its scabbard held in her
left hand by her hip. Arya would never get past her guard of the door. Daenerys would never let her love flee from her again.

“Dany—I mean Daen—My queen” the Stark said meekly, bowing in deference. Dany stared at the girl. It was obvious she had been crying - the teen’s face was red and swollen; her eyes bloodshot and puffy, with dark bags beneath. Her hair was an unruly mess like the monsters from the stories a nanny told their charges at night in order to scare an errant child.

My gods she is beautiful, Dany thought to herself.

Daenerys saw that she had frightened her love, and her ire was gone in an instant. “Arya,” she breathed out a shaky breath, running her hand through her long tresses. She walked over to the table in the middle of the room, setting her sword down. She took a long, calming breath. Obviously, something had upset Arya greatly. What it could be she had no idea. The runes lighting up at Arya’s touch had been a gift from the gods. The prophecy of her elders divine.

Once she was steadied herself, Daenerys turned around to look at the Stark princess. The girl had visibly relaxed when she saw all of the anger had fled from the Targaryen’s face, leaving a soft, vulnerable, expression.

“I didn’t mean to bark at you, Arya. I have been running up and down and all around this damn castle for seems like an hour. I was most distressed.”

“Why? I have been right here.”

Dany laughed gently, coming to stand before the young Stark girl. “That you have Arya, that you have,” she chuckled. She sensed she had to go slowly with the wolf or she might bolt, judging from the way she was looking past her at the door, longingly.

Dany had to remember that the girl, though a fierce fighter and emerging as a passionate woman, was still innocent in so many ways. That something had upset her greatly. She had to find out and put to rest her wolf’s fears and doubts. She loved Arya so much with every beat of her heart.

“Why did you leave me Arya? …I was upset to awake alone.” Daenerys asked Arya softly, looking directly into her eyes.

“What do you mean?” the wolf girl answered shakily, trying to be evasive and failing miserably.

“No more lies, Arya.”

“Lies?”

“Why did you leave me, Arya?”

“I don’t kn—“

“No more evasions, Arya. Why did you leave me?” Dany asked, calmly moving to stand right in front of the trembling girl. This had to be resolved now. “You felt it Arya … I saw it in your eyes.”

Arya let out a quiet gasp, her face betraying her fear.

“You know what I saw Arya … say it Arya … tell me what I saw in your eyes … what has frightened you so … what the runes showed us was something wonderful Arya’” Daenerys softly told the young woman she loved with all her heart. She saw Arya start.
“Something wonderful?” Arya spoke with a soft almost surprised tone. She looked up at Daenerys questioningly.

The Queen was beginning to have an idea what was troubling Arya. It pained her greatly to know she was the cause of Arya’s pain. She had been overwhelmed.

“Tell me what has upset you Arya. Tell me” Daenerys softly pressed her love.

Arya began to tremble slightly. “The look on your face. It frightened me Daenerys. I kept asking you what was wrong and you did not answer me. I assumed you must have seen something in the sword that told you that we could not be. That my love for you was doomed.”

Daenerys noticed Arya using her full name. She really was upset.

“Did I say such to you Arya” Daenerys spoke softly still. She saw hope and fear warring in Arya’s face.

“You don’t have to. I know what is to be Dany … you are to marry some great Prince, or some Lord or some mighty Knight. Not some plain little girl from the North. The very gods have spoken. I can never have you Dany.” Arya answered, broken, to the woman whose face radiated love that the Stark could not see in her distress.

Dany looked at her with a knowing glint in her violet eyes. “Gods, omens and portents …” the blond Targaryen mused as she smiled softly. “Are you telling me that the gods tell us our destiny through these things, Arya?”

“Yes. You are meant for another. I know I have no right to expect your love.”

“I see.” Dany said. She slowly walked back towards the table, keeping her eyes locked with the Stark girl. She did not want to risk her bolting, followed by another long chase.

She picked up her sword and walked back to the younger girl. She slowly pulled the sword from her scabbard and it lit with fiery runes, causing the blade to glow brightly. They could both hear the sword humming as a wisp of magical ether coiled up from the Ouroboros. Daenerys smiled at Arya. The snakes responded, feeling the passion between the two.

“I love you, Arya Stark.”

The girl briefly glanced at her with hope but, then shook her head ‘no’, refusing to believe, only to have it crushed.

Dany moved in to stand just in front of Arya, showing her the love runes and Ouroboros dancing gaily. “You see these runes and Ouroboros dancing?”

“You know I do, Dany.”

“They are so beautiful the way they dance. Did you know that they did not always dance? …”

“What..? Haven’t they always danced? What changed?”

“I received these swords a few months past my fourteenth name day. When I first pulled this sword out of its scabbard these ruins,” Dany pointed at the love runes and the dancing snakes, “were as still as the rest of the ghost runes. They were inert.”

“For four years…?”
“Yes.”

“What changed?”

“I fell in love with you, Arya … more should I say that I fully let me myself love you … that is the day they started to dance. And when you hold the sword, they dance because you love me just as fiercely, Arya.” the Targaryen told her love softly. “The same with Aegon’s sword. Not even I rose those runes hidden in the metal. You did Arya. Your love for me rose the runes out of the metal. The swords speak of our love. They are not omens of ill my love. They are omens of our eternal love.

The sixteen year old felt tears well in her eyes, and broke down into a quiet sob. Her entire body shook, the love she felt again burning brightly through her eyes. “I love you so, so much, Dany…” she husked through her sobs.

Daenerys put the sword slowly back in its scabbard and bent down while keeping eye contact with her soon-to-be-lover. Dany placed the sword on the floor, then slowly rose back up before the wolf as lust began to surge though her body, making her loins ache. She was already sopping wet for her intended lover.

Arya watched, hypnotized as Dany slowly worked her hand into her trousers, the fabric bulging as she worked her fingers slowly up and down. The Targaryen’s head rocked back with hedonistic pleasure as Dany let out a guttural moan, rocking her groin into her grinding fingertips in her drenched trench. Arya watched as the Dragon Queen slowly pulled her fingers up and out her trousers. All four digits were smeared with creamy dollops of cum. They were sopping wet, and glistened in the soft sunlight from the window to Arya’s room.

Arya felt her entire body set ablaze. She let out a quiet groan as she saw clearly and without doubt the searing love from her sweet dragon. Her fears had been groundless. Dany longed to love and fuck her! Arya watched the Queen slowly push her middle finger between her sensual lips. Dany softly sucked her middle finger with a quiet wet sound, gasping lewdly as her lidded eyes locked with Arya’s. Then slowly Dany withdrew her long finger from her mouth and pink lips.

Dany now extended her hand to her new lover. Arya’s nostrils flared and her body shook with a primal desire as she caught the scent of Dany’s musk on Dany’s hand. Dany’s index finger traced Arya’s lips. Arya moaned as she flicked her tongue out and tasted her lover for the first time. The young wolf’s eyes began to burn with their own rising lust. The scent inflamed her body as she parted her lips and Dany’s sweet taste exploded on her tongue. The Queen subtly pushing her index finger in and out of the lips that nipped and sucked greedily on the offered digit. Arya’s entire being was on fire!

Arya watched as the Targaryen slowly pulled her finger from Arya’s mouth, her lips instinctively chasing the digit. The hand that coaxed and teased now slowly moved along Arya’s cheek, caressing it. Then her palm smoothed the hair over Arya’s ear before cupping the back of Arya’s head and bringing her head down. Their eyes met, and the intensity of their raw passionate need arced like lightening between them. Their lips came together slowly as they melded and nestled one to the other. Two souls becoming one, as their lips sought each other.

Breath heavy, Dany broke their kiss for a moment. “I’m home now, Arya” she told her wolf.

“Where is home, Dany?” Arya asked, smiling against Dany’s lips.

“It’s wherever you are, Arya.” Dany answered huskily as she took her lover in her arms and kissed her deeply with all of the love she had for her wolf as their tongues met and swept over each other.
Their bodies melded one to the other as arms and legs pulled the new lovers tight, their breaths ragged with need as they fell onto Arya’s bed.
The Dragon Shall Lie With the Wolf

Chapter Notes

AN #1: The Dragon and Wolf have finally consummated their love. I will be taking a cycle off.

The Dragon Shall Lie With the Wolf

Daenerys and Arya were on their sides kissing with the Queen gently sliding her lips over Arya’s lips and gently nibbling on her lower lip. The sixteen year old was almost vibrating in Daenerys’ arms as the Queen held her lover in loosely enfolding arms. How good to finally say those words! She worried Arya’s bottom lip between her lips and gently nibbling teeth. Arya was whimpering like a puppy wiggling forward to get her body closer to Daenerys. They chuffed as they felt dragon fire flow through their veins.

Daenerys slit her eyes open and Arya had a dreamy look on her face. Dany ran her right hand down and jerked on Arya’s top to get it out of her trousers. She ran her fingers up underneath the fabric and slowly traced her fingers up Arya’s heated flesh. Her fingertips made small circles on Arya’s back. The sweet girl jerked and moaned hard for her new lover. Dany ran her fingers in circles first in one direction and then the other. Her other hand came up and slide underneath Arya’s shirt over her stomach. Her fingertips gliding over heated flesh. Her wolf juddering feeling her body stroked both on her back and belly.

Daenerys smiled into her kiss. She released Arya’s lip and ran her lips over each of Arya’s lips with hers and licked them making Arya whimper again.

Daenerys pulled back slowly and Arya eyelids slowly fluttered open. Dany’s felt a shock run through her body seeing the pulsing fire burning in Arya’s grey eyes. She looked both so innocent and yet so full of lust. Dany felt her pussy get so wet with instant soaking heat. Gods she was going to devour her sweet wolf and make her wail and scream in helpless pleasure. More juice gushed out her cunny weeping over her perineum and down her ass crack soaking her anus. Feeling herself getting so sloppy wet only inflamed Daenerys passion for Arya.

Dany started to move her face forward for another sweet kiss. Arya surged her head forward with the same idea. A loud thunk occurred when foreheads rapt together. Dany grimaced pulling back her forehead stinging. She smiled and moved forward again this time Arya led with her mouth and their teeth clinked hard into each other.

Both pulled back with stinging lips and teeth.

“Oh gods I’m ruining it!” Arya wailed in rising destress and worry.

Dany ran her fingers more sensually along Arya’s back trying to calm her. “I’m a fucking idiot!” Arya whined in frustration and fear of running the magical moment.

“Arya, Arya calm down sweetie!” Dany spoke softly moving into Arya to kiss her nose. Her hand
running soothing circles on Arya’s body. Fingertips that promised scorching lovemaking to Arya.

“I want it to be perfect Dany!”

“It is perfect my sweet.”

“But I am ruining it!”

“No. You are not my sweet. Why are you so anxious?”

“I am so nervous!”

“That is a good thing my love—we’re supposed to be nervous …”

“I want you so baddddd!” Arya trilled out.

Dany smiled hearing that “Arya, It makes me feel so fucking sexy to be desired this much.”

Arya smiled tremulously at Dany. Dany now moved her other hand to Arya’s back underneath Arya’s top and circling her fingertips on her back soothing her over anxious wolf. Arya was purring in pleasure. Dany slowly pulled their bodies closer. Their body heat igniting a fire deep in their bellies. Daenerys knew she needed to lead the lovemaking for a while. Her sweet Direwolf was still a pup when it came to the carnal pursuits of women making love to each other. Arya a neophyte to actual lovemaking. Dany would lead her into the sweet world of sweet lesbian lovemaking.

“I have a suggestion … let me lead for a while … let me love this hot sexy body … let me make you cum so hard Arya!”

“Ummhhnnggggg!” Arya whimpered her grey eyes almost black with her blown pupils.

“I’m going to fuck you so good Arya … I have dreamed so many nights of burying my face in your hot wet cunt and devouring your sweet wet cunny till you scream” Dany softly husked to her new lover. “Let me pleasure you with all my skills my sweet.”

“Mmmmmnnggg!” whimpered again shaking all over. She watched Dany move in and kiss her all over her face with sweet wet lips. Arya felt her core on fire for her Dany. The teenager felt her cunny pumping out hot wet slimy fuck juice soaking her mound and running down her perineum.

“I’m going to make you mine Arya. Totally. I’m going to rock your word” the Queen softly told her lover putting her deeper under her spell. “Just relax for now and let me fuck you my love … then it will be your turn to make me scream … to feel your mouth sucking me off Arya. I have dreamed of this from the moment I first saw you in the throne room” Dany told Arya softly.

Arya moaned loudly again and her eyes rolled back into her head. So passionate Dany thought feeling Arya’s hot skin underneath her fingers.

Dany gripped her love’s back and brought Arya forward again slowly. Arya was now plaint. Dany kissed her love gently on the lips gently lipping them and running her lips over Arya’s lips and then using her lips to suck and nibble as Arya mewled and body jerked in helpless pleasure. She pulled Arya hard against her body. The sounds of smooching and wet kisses filled Arya’s bedroom. Dany moved her head back and loved the soft light in Arya’s eyes. She moved in and kissed Arya sweetly again. Their mouths made wet smacks and slurps as their lips melded and sucked on sweet pouting lips.

Dany groaned hard feeling Arya’s plum nipples all swollen and bursting ripe pressed hard into her
full rounded breast. She had one hand on Arya’s upper back pressing her fingertips into the firm hot skin. Her other hand ran all over Arya’s lower back and exposed ribs. Arya mewed and started to wallow into Dany’s body in primal want. Arya was pressing her body into Dany’s body her body instinctively undulating her hips sweeping her mound against Dany’s hip and upper thigh. Arya’s throat cawing.

Dany kissed Arya sweetly for another few minutes enjoying the closeness and breathing in finally up close the essence of Arya. The Queen relished the feel of Arya’s body pressed into hers. Arya instinctually humping her body trying to meet the rising need in her core and belly. Dany longed to smell Arya’s ripe cunt as well. She wanted to see Arya! but controlled her rising ardor. She loved how Arya was instinctively grinding her muff on her thigh now with harder sweeps of her hips. Dany was so happy! Arya had calmed down and was letting Daenerys guided their lovemaking but Arya’s body and soul were instinctively seeking the Queen’s body out. They were truly made for each other.

She lowered her one hand to Arya’s lower back and the other hand left from underneath Arya’s blouse top and reached down and gripped her lover’s firm ass cheek and urged her on to nut on her thigh. Dany’s fingers digging into Arya’s taunt ass cheek. Arya moaned into Dany’s mouth louder as she short jerked her hips putting pressure on her muffin her body jerking in rising pleasure. Dany needed more. It was time to increase the heat of their lovemaking. The Valyrian slithered her tongue between Arya’s lips and brushed her teeth. The gates remained closed. Dany smirked into the kiss hearing Arya mewl. Dany withdrew her tongue so she could again launch her assault against the closed gates of Arya’s teeth. Again Dany ran her tongue between Arya’s lips and gums slowly sensually back and forth as the teenager began to jerk and writhe against her. Dany clawed aggressively into Arya’s ass urging Arya to grind her cunt through the fabric separating their skin into the Queen’s thigh. Dany moved her hand up and jerked on the bindings to Arya’s trousers loosening them. Then her right hand snaked underneath the hem of the pants and gripped the hot flesh of her lover’s ass. Her fingers roughly massaging the taunt muscular ass cheek. Arya’s moans becoming more harsh.

Arya was moaning constantly now in a guttural way. Dany gently chuckled as she swiped Arya’s gums more aggressively and Arya chuffed harder. She knew it was time to knock the door down. She took her tongue and aggressively pressed into Arya’s teeth hard her tongue slipping back and forth seeking entrance into Arya’s sweet mouth. Dany loved the wet heat and the taking of innocence. Dany was about to make Arya a woman. Her woman!

Arya finally understood. Dany had been denied to long. The instant Arya’s teeth parted, Dany’s tongue surged into Arya’s mouth lunging in deep and wrapping around Arya’s tongue squeezing. Dany mated their tongues tight as they flipped around in Arya’s groaning mouth wetly wrestling. The Dany shoved Arya’s tongue down to wetly explore Arya’s mouth. “Ummmmggggppff!! Mmmpphhhhfffff!!” Arya chuffed hard into Dany’s mouth. Dany explored Arya’s mouth swiping her gums, tongue and cheeks. She enjoyed the feel of Arya’s body hard undulating against hers.

Suddenly, Arya’s hands were in her hair. Arya threaded her long fingers into the queen’s blond white tresses. Then her fingers gripped into Dany’s scalp. The young Direwolf pulled their mouths tight surprising the white haired Queen. Arya’s tongue had been passive but no more. Their tongues now coiled and flipped around in Arya’s mouth wetly entwined. Dany thrilled to Arya’s instinctive aggressive nature. It made Dany’s core melt in burning need and want. Her short clothes soaked now in slimy snail snot.

Dany felt her blood catch fire feeling her wolf come alive with want and confidence. They kissed deeply trading spit. Dany pulled Arya tight to her and wetly shoved her tongue down her teenager’s
lover’s throat conquering it. She slit her eyes open and lunged her long tongue down Arya’s throat again and again. Dany felt her body sing seeing Arya’s face slash and crunch up in ecstasy. Dany tilted her head over to meld lips as tight as possible. Again and again she speared her tongue down Arya’s throat. She enjoyed seeing her lover’s body jolt with fervid need. Arya’s swallowed cries and mewls filled her bedroom. Daenerys relished the sound of her lover in her mind. She loved making Arya sound like a wanton slut.

“Mmmggfff uumpff ummppffff!” Arya chuffed hard into Dany’s conquering mouth. Dany moved her right hand from Arya’s ass cheek to ass cheek massaging the hot globes. The sweat building. She glided her fingers down into Arya’s ass cleft stroking the depths of her ass cleft. Her fingers almost brushing the girl’s anus.

The Queen smiled seeing Arya’s eyelids bulge and roll as her eyes rolled into her skull and short jerked. Arya fingers clawed into Dany’s scalp to keep their lip lock hot and tight. Dany finally broke for breath gasping. Arya was gasping too her mouth open and spit covering her chin and cheeks. Dany moved in again locking lips and slamming her tongue again down Arya’s throat. She was on fire for Arya. She had been denied for too long! Their lips made wet slurps, sucks and smooching noises as they kissed fervidly.

Arya’s tongue wetly pushed against and wrestled with hers. Dany slowly pulled her tongue back wiggling it as she pulled her tongue back into her mouth. Dany moaned hard when Arya’s tongue flowed into her mouth after Dany’s retreating tongue. The Valyrian so happy her Arya was growing in confidence and fuck need. Now their tongues were wetly wrestling in the Queen’s mouth. Dany was ecstatic feeling her wolf growing bolder. Now Dany’s eyes rolled back when she discovered Arya had an equally long tongue that flowed down over her tonsils and into her throat thrusting deep.

The two young lovers snogged fiercely with dueling tongues that slip and slide over each other. Nostrils flared with their chuffing breaths. They were still on their sides but now the lovers were pressed into each other. Their legs skittering against each other’s legs. Their breaths getting ragged with rising need. They broke for air several times panting getting breath back. They gazed deeply into each other’s eyes before mouths mated tight again and tongues wetly wrestled as they shoved from mouth to mouth. Heads tilted over now to let noses glide against each other so mouths could try and push into their mate’s mouth. The deep intimate lip lock letting tongues surge deep into groaning mouths. Tongues exploring with wet licks and spearing thrusts down groaning throats.

Arya’s room was warm with the hot water flowing through the pipes in the walls. The warm air heating up their bodies that had begun to film with perspiration. Their clothing trapping their rising body heat.

“Oh gods baby” Dany panted when they broke for oxygen again. “You are making me so fucking wet!” It was true. Her silk short clothes were soaking wet in her snail snot. Her ass and pelvis soaked in her weeping fuck juice.

“Uuummmgggg!” Arya whimpered hearing Dany’s heated words.

Dany reached down and gripped Arya’s right wrist and brought the hand to her face and kissed the fingers with locked eyes with Arya. Dany brushed Arya’s fingers over her face and smiled as did Arya. Then Dany trailed the fingers down her chest and then her stomach. She worked Arya’s fingers underneath her blouse top and first circled the teen’s fingers over her hard muscled stomach. The Queen guided the fingers up and down and in loose circles. Then Dany pushed the fingertips down to her lower belly.

Arya’s breath caught when she realized where Dany was taking her fingers. She whimpered when
the fingers went underneath the waist band of Dany's pants that the draw strings had come loose with their rolling around. Dany slowly worked Arya's fingers right and left above her mound before guiding them lower to her soaked mound. "Oohhhhhh!" Arya gasped when her fingertips rubbed first felt the wet clitoral hood and then slit of her woman. Then with Dany's guiding her hand, Arya rubbed up and down over Dany's wet bald slit.

Arya looked at Dany with large eyes as Dany rubbed her fingers up and down her cunt working Arya's fingers into her cunny working her labia lips open. Arya was in heaven feeling the greasy thick lips work between her slow up and down rubbing fingers. The lips oily and rubbery working between her stroking fingers.

"Feel the truth of my desires for you Arya. Feel it in my sopping wet cunt. My cunt wet for you Arya. Only for you baby." The Queen's face grimaced and slashed with the sweet pleasure her wolf was giving her. Her throat beginning to moan softly at the sweet sensations Arya was stroking from her core.

Arya whimpered feeling her fingers soaked in Dany's flowing fuck juice. How greasy her fingers felt, creamed with Dany's slimy beautiful cunt cream Arya thought. Arya knew what she liked. She started to circle Dany's clit rubbing into the hard nodule hidden by slimy folds. Dany's hips bucked into the fingers pleasuring her so sweetly. Arya thought with a smug remembrance how she had seen the Queen pleasure herself so many nights while warged into Nymeria. She knew what the Queen liked too. Arya enjoyed feeling Dany's hand guide hers as their hands rubbed the Queen's kitty.

Dany rolled the fingers over in her drooling snatch soaking both hands with her hot flowing twat juice. She rubbed her clit with Arya's fingers making it jangle with pleasure. Their fingertips jacking her clitoral hood sending scalding pulses of pleasure to Dany's brain and throbbing nipples. Dany angled Arya's fingers to jam her clitoral hood harder making her gag in raw pleasure. Their fingers masturbating the Queen. The Queen relaxed her grip on Arya's hand. She wanted to see if Arya would take the lead now.

Her hopes were rewarded when Arya started to jerk her pussy off so fucking good. "Mmngggg uunnggg oohhhhhh ohhhh Arya what you do to me … mngggg hhnggggg!" Dany whimpered feeling Arya's fingers work her cunt lips and rub into her clitoral hood as she gasped. Arya teased the tip of Dany's clit making Dany jolt and her throat cry out in pleasure. Then her fingers forked Dany's clitoral hood and jerked up and down shooting ecstasy into Dany's clit. Arya was a fast learner!

The Queen wanted to slow things down for the moment. She then drew their hands back out. They both looked at their fingers that were glistening with Dany's juices. Dany released Arya's hand and extended her hand to Arya's mouth. Arya understood and extended her hand to Dany's mouth. The two women traced lips teasing them with cum soaked fingertips. They slowly pushed their long glistening wet fingers into each other's mouths. Loud moans filled the room as both women tasted Dany's hot sweet pussy on the other's hand.

Then they were kissing ravenously rolling around on the bed with legs around legs and ankles hooked over the other's ankles and claves. Each woman enjoying the taste of Dany's on their lips. Their arms looped around strong backs. They kissed deeply with battling tongues swallowing hot moans of pure passion. The bodies rolled first from one hip to their other hip as they kissed ravenously. Their bodies wrapped tight. Perspiration now beading on foreheads and upper lips.

Then Dany sat up pulling Arya up with her. The two stared at each other with pupils blown with raw wanton fuck hunger. She gripped the bottom of Arya's top. She saw Arya's eyes flare with
fear. Dany knew now was not the time to let Arya know she had been spying on Arya as the teenager had been on her through her dirty warging with Nymeria. Arya had no idea the Queen had seen her beautiful tits and needed to feast on them with her staving mouth. Her many times watching Arya through the mirror in her room had given Dany an intimate knowledge of Arya’s body.

“Dany—my breast—well you can see I’m flat cheste—”

Dany placed her index finger on Arya’s lips to quiet her. “Sshhhhhhh my love … you are so beautiful to me … I think your body is perfect … let me see baby—pleaseeee!” she softly pleaded.

Arya melted raising her arms. She was still nervous. She looked at Dany intently as the Queen slowly pulled her top up and over her head. Arya felt her hair being caught and pooled in her top above her head. The shirt went higher the hair fighting its way free. She felt her brown hair cascade from the neck onto her shoulders. She had closed her eyes with the top going over her head.

When she opened them Arya gasped. Dany was staring at her small breast with her plump bursting plum like nipples so swollen they felt like they would burst. Dany was so thankful to finally see her love’s breast up close. They were fucking perfect. Arya had only a small line of breast that merged with her pulpy nipples that jutted up almost two inches her areolas all plump and rubbery. Arya had a thick stubby nipple jutted out the sweet pulpy areola. The color of her pulpy areolas medium brown with darker nips poking up the rubbery cones. Her nipples were shaped like plump rounded cones so thick and circular. Dany felt drool run down her chin.

“Gods Arya thought to herself. Her own fingers had never made her nipples feel so good!

“Oh! Unnggg hhnnggg!” Arya gasped in shocking pleasure. Gods the pleasure flooding Arya’s nipple nearly overwhelmed her while hard pulses arched to her clit in a direct line of want and need. The pulses shocked Arya with pure fucking ecstasy. Arya whimpered, tossing her head, as she watched Dany move her head over to her other engorged nipple and siphoned it deep into her mouth and wolfed sucked with cheek hollowing sucks while her tongue slithered all over the sweet puffy nipple. "Unh! Unh! Unh!” Arya gasped with helpless pleasure.

She watched Dany’s hand come up to pinch and stretch out the nipple she had just been feasting on. The spittle letting Dany’s fingers glide over the wet bulb she pinched and squeezed in pulp squeezes. Her fingers squeezing in hard on her nipple as the Valyrian pinched her fingers into Arya’s swollen bulging nipples. Her fingers pulling and stretching Arya’s nipples and then compressing the engorged teats with hard squeezes. Then Arya cried out when she felt Dany’s lips hook underneath the edge of her bursting nipple on her breast. Hooked in with her lips, Dany vacuum sucked voraciously stretching out the plump plum nipple in her mouth filling it with heat and suction friction. Her other nipple worked with Dany’s fingers. Fingers that now sunk into the rubbery wet nipple compressing and bulging the nipple out around the squeezing fingers.

Arya’s face twisted with shocking pleasure. Her legs scissor on the bed as her hips jumped up helplessly feeling arcs of ecstasy shooting straight from her nipples to her hard throbbing clit. Dany moved her head back and forth sucking with cheek hollowing sucks hooking her lips
underneath the edge of Arya’s double bottle cap nipples and pulling her head up as she sucked with deep fuck hunger. "Unhh! Oh gods ... oh yes, Dany! Oh shit ... that feels so good! Yes ... gods, I love it when you do it hard! Unhhh!" Arya mewled in helpless pleasure her head thrashing as burning pulses hammered out her nipples flooding her body with sweet hot ecstasy. Dany’s hands working the nipple not currently being sucked hot and hard. Her fingers pulling and squeezing on the rubbery teats.

Arya’s body jerked and writhed at the dual assault of mouth and fingers moving back and forth between the spittle soaked nipples. The wet suction and pulping pinches were shocking Arya and filling her body with pleasure. Pleasure that rivaled her masturbatory pleasure. The love between them making the pleasure so much more intense!

Dany looked up loving the way her lover’s face twisted with primal need and pleasure. Pleasure that she was giving her sweet wolf. Arya’s body quaked and had sudden flips of searing ecstasy. Her back arching to drive her nearly two inches of nipples deeper into Dany’s hot sucking mouth. Dany decided to up the heat. She looked up at Arya’s face. She needed to see her love’s face react more to her loving. She started to gently teeth the pulpy bulbs she sucked on voraciously.

She was rewarded seeing Arya’s face slash as if in agony her head snapping forward her eyes squeezed tight shut in helpless searing pleasure. “Aawwgggg augggg uungg gods don’t stop— aarruggg! … Hunnnnggg hhnnnnggg Fffuuuccckiinnnggg good! … harder harder uunnggg uunngg … harder aarrunngg uunggg hhnnnggg!”

Dany complied to her woman’s needs. She sunk her teeth deep into Arya’s pulpy nipple and see sawed her teeth. Arya threw her head back and cried out loudly her face slashed with helpless pleasure. The pain and pleasure making a heady aphrodisiac. She cupped the back of Dany’s head pulling her tight into her bosom. Dany loved hooking her lips underneath the crown of Arya’s bursting nipples. She sucked so hard her head lifted with the force of her deep throat love sucks. Her teeth biting into the pulp nipple with moderate hard force.

Dany pulled back and raised her head and hungrily brought her mouth to Arya’s mouth and gave her a long scorching kiss. She went to move back down to Arya’s breast again but Arya gripped her arm stopping her. “Take your top off. I need to see your breast Dany—ppleaseeeeee! I have dreamed of seeing them with my own eyes.”

Dany caught the ‘with my own eyes’ remembering Arya’s warging in Nymeria to watch her masturbate night after night. Dany shivered at the want in Arya’s voice. She had dreamed endlessly of hearing this tone from Arya; the want and the desire. Dany loved that she had driven Arya so wild with need she did not even catch herself letting out her not so secret.

Dany slowly reached down and pulled her top out of her trousers and then slowly lifted it up her body. She smiled as the material rose up to cover her face and she heard Arya moaning seeing her pale skin come into view. Her skin beaded with sweat that was dribbling down her pale flesh. She felt the fabric of her top catch on the bottom of the swale of her rounded tits. Dany was a natural tease and let the material bunch underneath her tits. She worked the fabric back and forth but did not pull her top up higher.

“Danyyyyyy ppleaseeassseeeee! Don’t tease me!” Arya whined.

Dany relented and pulled her top up her torso.

“Ooohhhh yeeeeessssssss! Mmmnnggg!” Arya whimpered seeing Dany’s full rounded slightly upswept nearly C cup breast come into view. The fabric slowly rising up still exposing more and more of the Queen’s milky breast. The breast lifted up as the fabric was rolled up her upper chest. The fabric
rising up to slowly reveal Dany’s engorged nipples and steeple areolas. Dany’s tits flopped down on her chest falling out her top. Arya saw Dany’s gold dragon sized light brown areolas and hard erect nipples that stuck out a quarter inch were on full display. Her areolas in their excitement were covered with little steeples around her nipples. Dany pulled her top off and threw it to the floor. The movement made her firm breasts jiggle invitingly on her chest.

Arya started to move in but Dany put out her hand on Arya’s forearm to stop Arya who pouted cutely. Both of their breathing elevated with sensual need. Their eyes devouring each other chests. “Let’s remove the rest of our clothes why don’t we. They are in the way I would say.”

The Queen reached down and gripped the waist band of her trousers and stared to shimmy them down hers hips. She loved watching Arya watch her with hot hungry eyes. Keeping her eyes on Dany, Arya jerked up to her knees. Dany smiled seeing Arya lean and nearly topple over in her haste. Arya caught her balance. Dany had shimmied her pants down to the top of her mound. Dany watched Arya rip her pants down to her knees in one hard jerk her eyes staring at Dany’s groin area with hot pulsing eyes. Dany finished the job of pushing her pants down to expose her mound clasped by her short cloth that was dark with her cunt cream soaking it.

Arya had no short clothes on. Dany’s own eyes flared with fuck hunger. Arya’s mound bald a beautiful sight to the young Queen. Arya’s pussy was so swollen and glistening with wetness. Her mons pubis was dark pink trending very light brown to her outer labia lips were light brown and her inner dark pink and brownish lips blooming out her slit and a nice fat clitoral hood. Cum was already slavered over her mons and groin. Arya whimpered. “Dany pleeeeeease! Get you fucking short clothes off! I need to see your cunt baby!”

She saw Arya looking at her silk covered slit with her own hot fuck hunger. The fabric pressed into her wet seam in an indentation in the shimmering darkened with cum silk. Dany smiled at Arya and snaked her fingers under the edge of her short clothes and ripped them down to her knees jammed into the bed. Arya moaned loudly seeing Dany’s cunt for the first time with her own eyes. Dany’s mons was nice and pink and her lips were long and dark pink with a hint of brown on the thickest parts of her cunt lips.

“Mmmnuuuunngggg!” Dany moaned smelling Arya’s sweet cunt for the first time. Her musk intoxicating and nearly driving her insane with want for Arya. Arya’s eyes were fully blown now and her breathing ragged. Her own senses overwhelmed by the scent of Dany’s musk. “Oh gods Dany you cunt smells soooooo fucking hot—sooooo good” Arya softly husked breathing deep as she stared at Dany’s twat while finishing removing the rest of clothes as Dany finished stripping naked.

They both remained motionless for a short minute. Eyes traveling all over the other. Eyes taking in the pale body of their lover. Their eyes feasting on swollen pussies and breast with engorged nipples full of hot pumping blood. Nipples rock hard. Arya’s nipples like overripe plums ready to burst as they bulged over the barely there breasts.

Dany scooted over to Arya and got her to sit back down and enfolded her love in her arms pulling her tight to her body. The Queen sitting down beside her love and half turning her torso to face her love. She moved in to press their heated bodies together. They both shivered hard feeling naked skin for the first time. Their arms coming up to enfold their lover and gently stroke and caress the body of their mate.

Dany’s full breast mashing into Arya’s torso and side as her own pulpy nipples squashed into Dany’s hard but oh so feminine body. Dany loved looking up slightly at Arya. Arya cupped the back of her head pulling it back slightly so they stared hard into each other’s irises. Their bodies melded as
heated flesh pressed into heated flesh. Their lips meet in sweet pressure. Their mouths parted and wet tongues came out to play and writhe. Their tongues slipping and sliding over the other as they twined between their lips. Then their lips locked and both tongues wrestled wetly in Arya’s mouth.

Arya moaned hard feeling the sweet slippery tongue of her sweet Dany wetly wrestling her tongue. Their tongues flipping wildly in her mouth. Then Dany’s tongue explored the depths of Arya mouth. Her tongue tracing the gums, tongue and roof of Arya’s mouth making her cries chuff into Dany’s mouth. Then Dany’s tongue wormed underneath Arya’s tongue drilling hard. Arya’s muffled squeals swallowed by Dany’s mouth.

Then Dany pulled Arya hard into her body feeling the hot bulbs of Arya’s nipples pressed hard into her firm tits. Her tits flattened and compressed into Arya’s body. Her nipples digging into Arya’s nipples and chest. They kissed ravenously as they mewed and hitched feeling naked skin on skin. Their arms around each other and pulling heated bodies tight and kissed so deeply. Dany could feel perspiration starting to bead on their bodies and she felt it on her upper lip and forehead as raw naked desire pumped in her veins. Arms pulled bodies tight. The women’s bodies adjusting to face each other more fully. Their bellies wallowed and pussies found hips and thighs to mash and jerk on. Hot snail snot drooling out on hard muscled bodies.

Slowly Dany tilted Arya’s back and down until she had Arya on her back looking up at her as she broke their kiss. Dany half lying on her new lover. At first Dany only backed up an inch. Spittle roped between their lips swaying. Arya’s eyes full of such love and desperate fuck hunger that it made Dany’s heart pound in her chest for her love.

“I’m going to love you so good Arya … I’m going to make you scream”

“Ooohhhhh yeessssssssss!” was Arya’s sibilant reply.

Dany leaned in and kissed Arya deeply again their tongues deep in Arya’s mouth as Dany pressed into the Stark teenager and her right hand came up to trace her fingertips up and down Arya’s body. The Queen’s tits pressed into and dragging over Arya’s sweaty flesh. The friction on her nipples exquisite. First her fingers running along Arya’s arms and then her belly and ribs, back to her arms and then around her huge nipples and then her upper thighs and back to her belly. Slowly she mapped out Arya’s body with her feathery fingertips brushes. All they while they kissed deeply only breaking long enough to gulp oxygen before mouths mated tight yet again. Tongues wetly wrestling from mouth to mouth.

She loved how Arya’s body jolted and jerked feeling the feathery touch of her lover tracing her firm tight body. The feel of her nipples dragging on Arya’s body making her chuff hotly in Arya’s mouth. Arya humped her twat up in the air in instinctive fuck need. Dany moaned into Arya’s mouth smelling Arya’ rich thick cunt musk flooding the room along with her own excited scent. Dany so loved the smell of her own pussy and the intoxicating scent of other woman’s cunts drove the Queen wild with the need to fuck hard and long.

But all paled compared to the sweet musk of her one true love’s sweet swollen snatch. Arya’s rich musk was intoxicating. Dany was already permanently hooked on it. She was hooked on Arya Stark.

She had stopped kissing Arya as she plied her lover with her fingertips. Arya was writhing on the bed moaning and cawing. Again Dany thought how she loved Arya’s response to her slightest touch. Her breathing was getting ragged. Dany slowly traced her fingertips around and around Arya’s nipples all bursting and so dark pink swirled with all hues of medium and darker brown.

“You have beautiful tits Arya … my gods I going to devour them” Dany said lowering her head and
siphoning in the right bulb and wolfed sucked with cheek hollowing deep throat love sucks. “Uunnggg! Unnggg! Awwoggg!” Arya cried out with the friction and suction on her nipple. Dany sunk her teeth deep into the pulpy mass of Arya’s plum nipple. She gently see sawed her teeth filling Arya’s nipples with squirts of pain that merged with pleasure driving the girl wild.

After a round of sweet gnawing, Dany soothed the love tormented nipples. The Queen’s tongue lathing the engorged rubbery teats circling and slapping them hard. Dany’s hand pressed and speared into the other nipple she was not orally loving and rolling her palm over the engorged bulb. Arya’s legs scissors on the bed with snap jerks and her heels kicked the bed as raw aching pleasure flooded her body. Dany kept glancing up to see her lover’s face. A face slashed with harsh fuck bliss. Her head jerking up her tendons jutting out her throat as Arya’s neck jerked up in spastic jerks.

Dany moved her head right and left sucking in the nipple and teething it and sucked so hard on the nipple anchoring her lips at the base of the bulb and pumping her head filling it with hot heat and wet tongue swipes. Her hand compressing and rolling the pulpy nipple not in her mouth. The slimy salvia letting her palm rub smoothly on the nearly two inch bulb of sweet nipple and areola. Dany jammed down with her palm to wetly rub and compress the thick nipples. Arya’s head jerking up and her face twisted with searing ecstasy burning and pulsing out her expertly worked nipples.

“Dany pleaseeeee!” Arya cried out. “My pussy my pussy pleeeaseeeee!”

Dany thought of teasing Arya but that would be denying herself. In a flash she was between Arya’s legs pushing her legs out. The Queen’s body settling down onto the mattress. She breathed deep her face mere inches from Arya’s wet swollen cunt. Her lilac eyes taking in the beauty of Arya’s pussy up close for the first time. The smell up close intoxicated Dany with Arya’s rich thick musk flooding her nostrils with the heady scent of Arya’s quim. The smell from Arya’s wellspring so pure and intense this close. Dany looked at the engorged mound and wet lips all gnarled and waiting for her tongue and mouth. She loved the different hues of brown flowing to pink along Arya’s labia lips. The lips splayed out on Arya’s mound all wet and slimy.

Dany moved her head down and slowly licked up and down the gooey slit and moaned tasting her sweet wolf for the first time. The Valyrian dragged her tongue slowly up and down Arya’s slit tonguing the slimy labia lips. Her mouth sucking lightly on the lips as she licked. Dany moaned deep in her chest tasting the sweet elixir of Arya’s cunt. The taste pure and exquisite. Arya whimpering rotated her groin up into Dany’s mouth. Dany wagged her head opening up her love’s slit with her long tongue. She teased out Arya’s inner lips working them out to lie splayed out on Arya’s big camel toe.

Dany lifted her head a moment to look at the sheer perfection of the center of her woman’s essence. A woman’s pussy the center of her womanhood. The Queen had never tired of looking at a woman’s pussy. Each one a masterpiece to her eyes. Dany sucked in each labia lip and rolled it in her mouth and pulled on it gently. Arya moaned gutturally her hips jolting up in helpless pleasure. Finished with Arya’s lips she spit out her left rubbery pussy lip. Dany then licked up fast so her tongue touched Arya’s clitt. Arya’s eyes flared with her hips jumping up cutely and a loud moan filled the room. Arya’s face looked like she had been branded with an white hot iron poker. Arya’s pussy smelling so sweet and overpowering her musk intoxicating the Queen.

Dany licked over Arya’s clitoral hood. Her tongue slowly teasing out her Direwolf’s clitt from its sheath. The tip all shiny pinkish white and slimy wet. The Queen slow licked her tongue over the throbbing nubbin. The sweet wet friction making Arya cry out in shocking ecstasy. Dany drooling out ribbons of spit to baste the hard clitt and clitoral hood in her spitte. She siphoned in the spit only to drool it out again all over her woman’s clitt. Her lips sucking in spit and siphoning on the clitoral
hood of her slut making Arya whinny in helpless pleasure. The queen lifted her head spying the sweet clit of her Direwolf.

“Unnggg hhnnng hhnnng … oohhhh Dany! You suck pussy so fucking good! Unnggg hhnnngggg!”

Dany was in heaven as she slowly sucked in Arya’s clit deep into her mouth for the first time. Her eyes rolled into her skull as she suckled on paradise. Her tongue wetly explored the cum slicked clitoral hood. The Queen’s pink tongue lathing all over the slimy hood. Dany expertly teased back the folded labia lips more fully exposing the shiny nubbin beneath.

Dany rocked her head to suck and lap at the nodule she had teased out its hood with long ragged love sucks. Dany groaned gutturally deep in her chest. Dany loved the feel of Arya’s clit between her lips and underneath her rasping tongue. Her lover’s sweet pungent taste filling her mouth and throat for the first time. This was heaven Dany thought as her lips suckled on the rigid clit of her soulmate for the first time. She jetted Arya’s hard clit in and out her hot sucking lips. Arya’s moans so sweet to Dany’s ears.

Arya was swirling her hips instinctively up into her mouth lifting Dany’s head that small fraction. Dany had her hands on her lover’s thigh and hip holding her lover in place so she could dine on sweet wet cunt meat. The taste so divine in her mouth. The Queen’s tongue drilling and slapping the hard nodule that was Arya’s essence. The teenager’s hands were scrabbling over the bed and then one found her nipples and Dany saw that Arya was roughly rolling her palm into her nipples mashing them half flat and lifting her palm and smacking down to fill them with heat and friction. She likes it hard and rough. Good. I love my sex hot and hard.

"Ohhhnnn gods ...ohh gods!" Arya moaned, swirling her wet quim into Dany’s mouth. Her face slashed hard and her teeth clenched with fierce pleasure. Dany sucked Arya’s clit hard in and out her lips and then locked her lips on Arya’s clitoral hood and rolled it with her lips and tongue. She gigged the hard nubbin with spearing thrusts of her tongue into the clit. "Ungghh! Oh! Unhhh! Oh yes! … ungg Dany you sssuuucccckkkk sooooo goooodddd!!” Dany had been short sucking with vicious sucks and now went to long ragged sucks with slightly loose lips to add more friction. Arya was crying out constantly in pleasure now. This technique had Dany’s mouth making wet slurps and smooches on the clit meat in her mouth. Dany working to make the noise louder and more obscene. The pure sounds of a woman devouring her woman’s cunt.

Arya’s hands now had her fingers pinching and rolling of her nipples with hard squeezes. Arya’s face twisted and clenched with the shocking pulses filling her thick rubbery nipples and shooting straight to her clit which made her legs scissor in spastic jerks. The teenager’s head jerked up off the bed and thrashed from side to side feeling such pleasure filling her drooling quim. Her pelvis and ass crack soaked in her cum dribbling out her love box. Dany loved the wetness now soaking here lower face and running down her throat.

Dany backed off on her oral feasting. This made Arya cry out in want. She gently lathed Arya’s snatch running her tongue up and down the creamy slit licking up sweet cum. Dany’s tongue plowing the wet trench licking out sweet creamy girl cum. She then lowered her face extending her long tongue and slowly buried her tongue into Arya’s fiery core her face moving in till her nose was pressed into Arya’s slit and clit. Her mouth engulfed by Arya’s swollen mound. Arya’s wetness and heat divine feeling on the Queen’s mouth and lips.

Dany groaned deep in her chest feeling Arya’s heat and her taste flooding her taste buds. She slow tongue fucked Arya’s love box. Dany loved the wet slippery folds sliding up and down her tongue as she tongue fucked her love deep. She had started out slow but soon Dany was pounding her head up and down spearing her tongue deep into Arya’s honey hole her tongue scooping hot dollops of
sweet cum she gulped down. Her nose plowing and jacking into Arya’s slit and clit driving her woman wild with pleasure. Dany wiggled her tongue as she speared the slippery folds and whorls of her slut’s cunt hole.

"Ohhhnnnnn god ...unngghhh ...oh shit!" Arya gasped. She was up on her elbows looking down her now sweaty torso and belly her face slashing with hard pleasure. She watched Dany tongue fuck her cunny hole with strong strokes of her head. Both of Arya’s hands now pinched and pulled her own nipples hard. "Ohhhnnnnn ...oh shit, I’m going to cum Dany!"

The Valyrian smiled hearing her Direwolf cry out the obvious. She could feel the tension filling Arya’s body. How her sweetie’s body was stiffening and her face slashed with such harsh rising ecstasy. The juices flowing out of Arya’s core was heavier and creamery now. It was time to take Arya and make her cum so fucking hard. Dany needed to show her woman how exquisitely skilled in bed she was.

Dany moved her head up in a flash and sucked Arya’s clit deep into her mouth and vacuumed sucked with harsh deep throat love sucks. Dany wormed her hands palm up underneath Arya’s flexing ass cheeks and her clipped nails clawed in deep into firm taunt ass cheeks. Dany pulled and jammed Arya’s pelvis up with hard up jerks of her clawed fingers in Arya’s ass to grind her love’s swollen muff into her devouring mouth.

Arya was squealing now her head jerking forward and back a stricken look on her face. Dany loved helping Arya hump up into her gobbling mouth. She felt Arya’s cunny compress into her face as the teen’s pubic bone ground Arya’s cunt into her mouth. Dany slapped and gigged the diamond hard clit in her mouth. She looked up at Arya looking down at Dany. Arya’s head thrashed and contorted with ecstatic slashes and grimaces.

Suddenly Arya’s head jerked hard forward. Her eyes squeezed tight shut. Her face had frozen in a slash of almost horrible pleasure. Her features all contorted with the dire pleasure filling her core and belly. Pleasure ready to explode throughout her body. Then Arya’s head snapped back as shrieks of almost agonizing pleasure filled her bedroom.

“AAAWOOOOOGGGGGG! HHHUUUUNNGGGGGGGGGG!" Arya screamed as her body flipped and jackknifed violently her body flipping back onto the mattress and convulsing. Dany sucked with a pure deep throat love suck on her lover’s exploding clit. Her grip tight on Arya’s body to keep her mouth glued to Arya’s exploding snatch. "MMMMNGGAUUUNNGGGGIIIEE!" Arya cried out, now flipping and surging even more wildly up into Dany’s mouth. "Ohhngggggmmngg! Oh shit! AUUNNGGGHHH!" Arya’s head lifted off the mattress and slammed down again and again as pure fucking bliss throttled her with burning ecstasy.

Arya’s face looked like she had had boiling oil poured down on her head from on high. Her small tits jerked in their stiffness as her body bucked and jackknifed violently. Arya’s eyes had shocked wide open as her head thrashed. Dany saw a sweet loving stricken look in her love’s eyes as her tongue slapped Arya’s clit and her lips glued to her clitoral hood. The Queen gripping Arya’s ass cheeks hard with clenched fingers as she pressed her head down hard to control Arya’s groin so she could continue feasting on exploding gash. The Queen’s lips glued to Arya’s exploding clit.

“Uunngghhiieeeeee! Mmmngghhhhiieeeeee! Mmmmmhhhiieeeeee! … unnggg hhnnggg oohhhhhhhmm Aaaawwwwooooggggg!!” Arya continued to scream as searing fucking bliss poured out her ruptured cunt and searing her veins in ecstasy. Dany knew that Arya’s inner whorls and petals were clenching down hard with each orgasmic wave crashing through her love’s body.

Dany kept her love suck on hard for the height of Arya’s orgasm. She swore she could feel Arya’s pulse hammering through her clit as each orgasmic wave hit and hammered the sixteen year old so
fucking hard. Dany backed off when she felt her lover weakening as her orgasm began to wane. Dany now gently ran her tongue up and down the cum filled trench of her lover’s slit and dipped her tongue deep into Arya’s honey hole scooping out hot tongue fulls of sweet hot creamy cum.

The Queen could feel the dying pulses of Arya’s orgasm in her pussy as it weakly sucked on her deep probing tongue. A tongue that found a thick creamy butter of hot girl cum that she was eagerly scooping out and swallowing greedily.

She looked up Arya’s now sweat soaked belly and saw Arya’s head lulling form side to side as she cawed and gagged in strong aftershocks. Dany watched Arya bring her palms up and roll crush her nipples and her legs now stiffened and her heels kicked the bed. Good Dany thought. Arya is a greedy slut milking her orgasm for all the pleasure she could. Arya listened to her body and went for every drop of pleasure possible. Just like Dany.

After several minutes of licking and kissing Arya’s mons she softly started to lick Arya’s clit again and was happy to see that Arya was responsive her clit recovered. She suckled on the slimy morsel that rapidly went rock hard again under her loving oral ministrations. Dany lapped her head to run her tongue over the hard clit and its hood. She bent down and gave it hard sucks before again tongue raking with her firm tongue.

Arya was moaning deep in her chest again swirling her hips up into Dany’s mouth grinding her sodden trim up into Dany’s hot gobbling mouth. Her vulva engulfing the Queen’s mouth as Dany pleased her lover’s swollen slimy couchie. The smell of Arya’s excited cunt filled the room thickly with her musk. The smell of a woman in the throes of soul deep passion. The teen’s face scrunched up and her throat gagged out helpless caws of shocking pleasure. Each hard spasm rocking Arya’s body twisted her face into a beautiful mosaic of sweet pleasure.

Dany was in heaven swallowing every drop of Arya’s sweet cum she could. She tongue raked Arya’s clit making the sixteen year old’s hips buck and shimmy underneat her tongue. She brought up her right hand. She slowly ran her fingertips over her baby’s honey hole and massaged the opening and lips around Arya’s fuck hole. The teen’s hips bucking harder instinctively seeking sweet penetration like the wanton slut she was. Dany’s fingers instantly soaked in the slimy effluent leaking out copiously from her baby’s hot fuck hole.

Dany smiled seeing her honey’s body striving for more and more pleasure. Pleasure she was eager to give. Dany brought her long fingers up to Arya’s fuck hole her fingers aligned with the drooling fuck hole. She slowly pushed her first two fingers deep into her lover’s cunt. Arya gagged and whimpered in pure pleasure and Dany moaned hard feeling the wet heat grip down tight on her invading fingers. She had known that Arya’s hard physical warrior training and avid horseback riding would have taken her hymen and she was right.

That mattered not one wit to the Queen. She relished the hot cauldron her fingers were now buried in. The wet slimy heat of Arya’s inner cunt petals gripping and squeezing tight her long digits she began to slow pump her long fingers in out the buttery cunt hole of her sweetie. Dany moaned feeling the oily slimy coating instantly soaking her fingers as she finger fucked her lover’s fuck hole. Arya’s face had been twisting and grimacing from the pleasure from her lover. But it now ratcheted up feeling Dany sinking her fingers deep into her drooling honey pit. Her face started to slash and grimace harshly with intense pleasure filling her love hole from her Queen’s fingers pumping in and out her hungry cunt.

Dany slowly stroked her fingers in and out the wet fiery cauldron of Arya’s cunt. Her fingers greasy instantly with slick cum coating the digits pumping harder now into the wet twat. Arya moaned sweetly “Uunnggg mmmngggg mmmnhhh unngg ohhhh dannnyyyyyyy!” Dany loved the hard
squeezes on her deep probing fingers from the contractions deep in Arya’s core. Arya looked at her with hot throbbing eyes conveying the intense pleasure being given to her by her hot Dragon.

Dany was in heaven now ramming her fingers hard and deep up Arya’s hot twat. She loved the feel of her knuckles ramming Arya’s vulva. The Valyrian loved the feel of Arya’s slimy wet cunt folds sucking and gripping her pumping fingers. The Queen had been watching her Direwolf’s face slash and jolt with pleasure from her hard driving fingers now plunging deep into Arya’s belly. Her hard strokes making Arya cry out in ecstasy.

"Ohhhnnn ... yes yes! Aarruuunngg uuunggg hhhhhnnn!" Arya panted now swirling her hips to lift her pussy up into the long fingers now slam fucking her drooling clamshell. Her face twisted with primal fuck bliss. "Ohhhhhnn shiit yeah baby! Pound my cunt good Dany! Aarruuunngg hhnnnggg hhnnnn hhnnnnnnn pound my cunt hole!” she gasped. Dany smiled at her wolf expressing her naughty needs. She slammed her fingers even harder into Arya’s sloppy wet quim that squished and sloshed. "Ohh! Unngghhhhh! Ohhhhhnnn! Ahhhnnnnn!" Arya moaned, her pelvis shaking, her hips churning up into Dany’s hard driving fingers as her knuckles pounded Arya’s mons. "Oh godddsssssss!” Arya whimpered.

All the while the Queen was wolf sucking on her wolf’s rigid clit and upper slit. Dany lashed the hard nodule with rapid and then slow tongue licks and gigs of Dany’s strong tongue. The Queen alternated her sucks between quick and fast and slow and long. The friction intense on Arya’s clit. Dany loved the feel of that divine nubbin between her lips and on her tongue.

Dany slowed her finger stroke and then paused. Arya lifted her head and looked at Dany with a stricken look of raw need. With a smirk Dany pulled her fingers back till only the tips were in Arya’s hot cunny hole. Then the Queen slammed her forearm forward and harpooned Arya’s cunt with a spearing thrust. Her bent knuckles pounding Arya’s mound denting in the pink mons with violent force of her slam thrust. Dany slammed fucked Arya with four savage strokes. Arya cried out in ecstasy. Loving the rough fuck. Dany slowed and moderately stroked Arya’s tight sleeve and then paused again. After the short pause Dany harpooned stroked her fingers again slam fucking Arya’s cunt with four or five savage strokes of pure love.

Dany rose up to watch Arya’s body react to her to her loving ministrations. Dany enjoyed the feel of her fingers fucking Arya hot and hard. Her fingers pounding in deep up her baby’s belly. She loved seeing the stricken look on Arya’s features feeling her pussy pleasured by Dany’s long fingers.

The Queen was making Arya cry out in savage joy. The pale Valyrian slowly lowered her face back to her woman’s pussy. She slide her lips down the tent of Arya’s clitoral hood. She began to suckle on the knotted clitoral hood with steady loving sucks. "Ungghh!" Arya groaned. "Gods yyeessssss ... suck suck it hard Dany! Ohnnn!" Arya’s head jerked up off the bed. Her face twisted with primal fuck pleasure. "Mnnng! Unh! Oh yes!” Arya gasped. Dany smiled and sucked hard on her baby’s clit giving it the friction and suction Arya craved. Arya swirled her hips up harder into the mouth making sweet love to her pussy. Dany sucked and tongue lashed the rock hard clit in her mouth. The Queen loved the feel of Arya’s clit on her tongue. She relentlessly gigged the shiny nodule.

Arya lifted her head to watch Dany lap her head to rake her tongue relentlessly over and over Arya’s rigid clit. The flat tongue licks raking her clit relentlessly. The Valyrian’s eyes watched Arya intently enjoying her effect on her woman. Dany would move her head down to give short vicious love sucks on Arya’s clit before lifting her head to stab and tongue rake up and over Arya’s clitoral hood. Her fingers twisting as she rammed them home with loving force. Arya whimpered and cried out in shocking roiling pleasure. Arya’s cunt was making wet slurps and gurgling splattering sounds now. Dany felt Arya’s cunt getting watery with her next approaching orgasm.
Dany wanted to see Arya’s orgasm up close. Arya was whinnying loudly throwing her hips up and forward to grind her clit into Dany’s mouth and thrust her cunt into the fingers finger fucking her third knuckle deep.

Dany lifted herself up on her knees and lifted her left hand and placed it by Arya’s head. Dany shifted her body forward so her face was near Arya’s. She was snuggled close her breast pressed into Arya’s side. Her right hand was hammering her first two fingers into Arya’s streaming hot tight cunt with slamming thrusts. Dany looked down at her hand pounding Arya’s fuck hole. Her fingers were creamy colored slavered with Arya’s fuck batter. Her cunt filled with buttery cum.

“Cum on my fingers Arya … let go and cum so fucking hard on my hand Arya—cum for me” Dany husked to her lover. She slowed her motion to a crawl and wormed in a third finger. She moaned feeling the tight heat on her fingers as her fingers stretched out Arya’s quim. The hot cauldron of Arya’s cunt soaking the Queen’s fingers. Dany quickly built up her rhythm slamming her fingers hard and deep in her love’s tight sucking pussy.

Dany grunted and chuffed as she started finger banging her lover’s hot splattering box. Dany slammed her fingers home into Arya’s cunt that splattered cum everywhere. Her pounding knuckles compressing the sweaty cum soaked vulva of her lover. The Queen adjusting her posture to allow her really slam fuck Arya’s slurping cunt. Sweat was dripping off Dany’s face now and off her tits that swirled and jerked with her hard pumping harpooning fingers pounding in deep up Arya’s trim and knuckles slamming into the girl’s mons.

Arya’s face had again a stricken caste her face scrunching with soul deep pleasure. Her head lifted off the bed staring up at Dany with eyes squint but staring hard into the lilac eyes of her woman. The tendons in her neck jutted out with the harsh up jerks of Arya’s head as her throat was taunt with strain. Her breathing was labored now. Sweat poured off Arya’s face and down her ribs with sweat pooling on her belly.

Then her head surged up as her shoulder blades lifted off the bed an inch. “Auuunnggghh! Hunnggg hhnggg uunnggg! Oh gods …Dany! Oh gods, it's so good. I ...I ...yes yes ...AUUNNGGHH!” Dany slammed her three fingers in all the way into Arya’s couchie. Dany paused a moment. She now violently jerked them around in Arya’s cunt that sounded like someone was splashing their feet in a puddle of rainwater. Dany gritted her teeth jerking her hand in a blur back and forth. Her fingers churned deep in Arya’s cunt vibrating wildly Arya’s inner cunt folds and whorls. Dany loved the feel of Arya’s oily inner cunt lips churned by her fast ripping fingers buried in Arya’s cunt. “Fffffuuuccckkk!” Arya cried out slamming her head back down hard on the mattress her head now lulling first right and then left her face still slashing as if she was being garroted.

Arya’s back arched high off the bed and her fingers clawed the sheets and pulled them up into her balled up fists. She chuffed harshly her body rapidly scrabbling up the ladder of shocking ecstasy. Her heels jammed into the mattress her body shaking violently all over now. Her eye were shocked wide open with searing agonizing pleasure staring up at Dany with pure love.

Dany brought her thumb into play lowering it and now it too bashed Arya’s slit right to left and back in a blur as the Queen’s fingers churned her inner cunt petals in relentless blender motion. Her thumb squirting the hard nubbin of Arya’s clit first one way and then the other. Dany glanced down to see the rock hard nubbin being tormented by her mashing thumb. Her eyes traveled up Arya’s body jerking and stiffening in raw need.

Dany saw Arya’s eyes pulse as they opened wide as possible in shock with scalding bliss. Her head jerked up off the mattress and jerked up in the air on her spasming neck. Arya’s womb exploded. “AUUNNGGHH! AAARRRRUUNNNGGHHHH! UUNNGGHHHIIIEEEE!” Arya screamed
in raw agonizing pleasure. Her body bucked and flipped as Dany continued to pound hard Arya’s pussy with her churning fingers. Her lover’s exploding cunt gripping and squeezing Dany’s churning fingers with vice like squeeze of soaked love. ”Ooouuuugggnnhhhhh! Ahhnngggg uunnnn uunnggg OOWWWWGGGGG GGGG! Mnnnggg! Hhnngnnngniieeee!” Arya wailed, jackknifing wildly beneath Dany as she continued to cum in a torrents of crippling spasms.

Dany was in heaven feeling the hard hammer blows of Arya’s orgasm making her cunt grip and squeeze at the fingers wildly jerking around in the sloshing cunt petals deep into Arya’s twat. Arya’s face looked like she was being boiled in oil it twisted and slashed so hard. Again and again, Dany wildly jerked her fingers savagely into her lover’s exploding twat. ”Fffuuuuucckkkkk! Aarruuunnnggggg! Oh oh … shit—fuckkkk! Hhhuuuurrrnggggggg!” Arya shrieked feeling her womb seize up and spasm deep in her belly.

Arya shrieked and flipped like a fish out of water as stunning crippling hammer strikes of her orgasm wrung her out. Dany’s rammed her fingers forward and buried them in Arya’s twat to keep Arya’s body anchored down on the bed in place. Arya suddenly collapsed to the bed soaked in sweat her belly that been clenched into rippled steel was now relaxed with her harsh breathing. Sweat was pouring off her body. Her head lulled to the side as she mewed feeling strong aftershocks ripple out her ruined womb. Her breathing hitching as fierce aftershocks had her clit jangling mightily and her nipples throbbing hotly with spent fucking bliss.

She looked up at Dany with a beatific smile plastered on her face as strong aftershocks still gripped and shook her body hard. Dany with buried her fingers in Arya’s cunt, felt the pulses of Arya’s fading orgasm drift away. Dany slowly churned her fingers around in Arya’s buttery cream filled cunt hole loving the wet slimy feeling of a cum drenched cunt. Dany could not but help feel so proud of her herself making her sweet Direwolf cum so fucking hard. The first of countless more Dany thought to herself with a smirk.

Arya weakly lifted her left hand and caressed Dany’s cheek. ”I love you. I love you with all my heart Dany” Arya softly spoke with solemn eyes. Dany pressed her cheek into the softly caressing fingers. The love she felt for Arya radiated hotly like the sun in her body. Her soul was even more in love with Arya if that was possible.

”Ohhh Arya I love you so much too. I have waited my whole life for you to come into it.” Arya hiccupped and shed a tear. Dany slowly removed her fingers from Arya’s worn out quim and brought her hand up as she settled down half on Ayra. She brought her cum soaked fingers up between them. The two new lovers looked at the digits smeared thickly with creamy buttery cum. The feeling slimy on Dany’s fingers. It felt like heaven to the Valyrian.

“I want you to su—auuannggggg!” Dany moaned hard with Arya not waiting to be told to suck the cum soaked fingers of her Queen Arya’s hand came up to grip the Queen’s wrist and draw her hand down to her lips. Her head came up off the mattress and her lips parted to slide Dany’s cum soaked fingers into her mouth. ”Mmmnnnggg mmmmmhhhh mmmnnngggg!” Arya moaned sucking her own cum off Dany’s fingers with slow sensual pumps of her head. All the while looking heatedly into her lover’s eyes. “Oh Arya you are so fucking hot. I love you baby.”

Arya smiled lewdly around the fingers she sucked up and down her tongue. Dany settled more into Arya and played with Arya’s sweaty hair pushing it back off her forehead. She kissed Arya on her forehead and cheeks loving to see her lover slurp on her fingers like the pure slut she had always known Arya to be. Her dirty warging had proven that.

Arya pulled Dany’s fingers from her mouth. Arya looked up at Dany with pure love. “I love the taste of my own cunt so much Dany. I am total slut for you Dany” Arya softly husked up to her
Queen and mate. Arya’s hand then moved up and threaded her fingers into Dany’s sweaty lank hair and pulled the Queen’s mouth to hers and melded their lips. They kissed sweetly for a minute as Arya having learned her lessons well nibbled and sucked on Dany’s lips. Arya pulled on the sensual lips of her woman pulling and rolling them between her lips. Her tongue tracing the bee stung lips of Daenerys Targaryen. The sweet sensations made the Targaryen mewl in pleasure.

Then Dany squealed with Arya suddenly moving her hands down and gripping the Queen’s body and rolling her onto her back. The teenager straddling her Queen’s body supporting her weight on her knees and elbows. She looked down at the woman she loved with all her heart. Their bodies resting gently against each other. Arya reveling in feeling Dany’s breast pushed into her plump nipples. The fell of their sweaty bellies lightly brushing and wallowing against each other. Arya’s wet mound resting on Dany’s lower belly just above her mound. Arya’s wetness slicking the skin of the Queen.

“It is time I now get to have some sweet gash Dany. I want—no—I need to feel you cum hard in my mouth. I have dreamed of you since that first report of the Dragon rising in the East. I have always loved everything about your House Dany. Now I love you. Totally. Completely.”

“Huunnggg mmmnngggg!” Dany whimpered looking up with her lilac eyes into the steel grey of Arya’s showing her complete giving of her body, mind and soul to her Stark lover. Arya’s words were like the fabled words of her long lost first brother. In the heart of Arya Stark beat the heart of a poet.

Arya lowered her face and started giving feathery kisses to Dany all over her face. The light kisses had the Queen wiggling her ass into the bed in pleasure. She reached up to grip Arya’s head but Arya gripped Dany’s hand and put it back on the bed.

“I’m in control now sweet dragon. It is the wolf’s turn to make her dragon wail in pleasure … uuuhhhh that is alright isn’t it?”

Dany beamed up at Arya “Devour me any way you want Arya. I surrender my all to you” Dany spoke softly letting her eyes speak the truth of her submitting to Arya. “Making love is about giving but also about taking Arya. I submit to you. Ravish me.” The Queen took Arya’s hand and moved it down to her groin and ran Arya’s fingers up and down her drooling slit. Arya feeling the wet heat of her lover copiously soaking her hand and her lover’s cunt mound.

“Feel the truth of my desire in my wetness for you Arya Stark!” Dany softly husked.

“Uunnggrrrr!” Arya growled lowering her head and now locking lips with Dany. Her tongue licked and her lips worked Dany’s sweet sensual lips in turn making Dany mewl and her legs scissor on the bed. Then Arya aggressively wiped her tongue along Dany’s teeth and leapt her tongue deep into Dany’s mouth the instant Dany parted her teeth for her lover.

Arya moaned hard into Dany’s mouth when she speared her tongue in deep and found Dany’s tongue and they wrapped around each other flipping around in Dany’s mouth aggressively. Arya pressed her body down into Dany’s as they kissed heatedly. She groaned feeling her engorged nipples pressed into Dany’s ribs and tits. She pulled Dany up into her body seeking more delicious skin contact. Arya loved the feel of their tits mashed into each other’s bodies. Their tongues flipping and rolling around in Dany’s mouth. The wet slippery heat of their mated tongues filled Arya with fire for her Dragon.

Arya settled more of her weight down onto the Queen’s body jamming her engorged bulb nipples into Dany’s breast and now mashing their bellies together. Arya swirled her cunt all over Dany’s lower belly just above her mound. Their sweaty slicked flesh easily slipping and sliding against each
other.

Arya worked her arms underneath her woman’s upper back and looped them up to grip Dany’s trapezes. Arya dug her fingers into the muscled area between the Valyrian’s neck and end of Dany’s shoulders. Arya pulled Dany up into her down pressing body to wallow and hump their bodies tighter. All the while Arya kissed her slut in heated love.

Now bellies slapped into each other as they began to hump in instinctual love. Their mounds now finding each other directly and rubbing up and down in sweet trib rocking sweeps of their hips. Both women worked their bodies to more perfectly align their drooling quims to let their camel toes hump and jam over their mate in rising desperate need. Arya settling down between Dany’s spread legs. The position allowing the young Stark girl to hump her pussy over her Queen’s drooling clamshell.

Arya wetically wrestled Dany’s tongue and jammed it down and rammed her long tongue down her woman’s throat. “Mmmgppfff mmppppfff uummmppppfff!” Dany gag chuffed into Arya’s devouring mouth. Arya slit her eyes open and smiled seeing Dany’s eyelids jerking her eyes rolling in her skull. She reveled in feeling Dany’s body spasming beneath hers as she supported her weight just enough to not put too much weight on her small boned lover. The Queen spreading her legs fully exposing her charms to so as to let her wolf take her fully. Dany’s submission to her made Arya feel so sexy and powerful.

They kissed heatedly with Arya now pulling her hands from underneath Dany. The two women had gotten their rut humping in sync. Arya ran her hands up and down Dany’s ribs and along the sides of Dany’s back with her fingers enjoying he skin contact pulling her lover up harder into her body. Her fingers massaging the firm muscles. She loved how Dany’s full tits mashed all over her engorged bulbs smothering them. Her nipples digging into Dany’s full nearly C cup tits. She kissed down Dany’s face and licked and nibbled on Dany’s ear making Dany whimper before she started to lick and nip the Queen’s throat.

All the while the two horny lovers gripped each other. The Queen had looped her arms over Arya’s muscled back and pulled her woman down harder into her submissive supine body. She humped up with her hips to roll and drag her aching drooling cunny up and over Arya’s down riding humping cunt. Their pussies flowing out snail snot letting mounds easily slide and jam over its mate. The two cunts basted in mingled flowing twat juice.

Dany was moaning like a Lysian whore turning Arya on no end. She nipped Dany’s throat and loved how the woman jammed her wet camel toe up into her wet humping cunt. Their humping becoming more desperate. Muscled stomachs flexing so both women could lift and grind sodden cunts over their mates. Their groins swirling in harder tight circles grinding cunnies over each. Arya now slamming her twat down into Dany’s twat and grinding down hard so her pussy worked up over the full length of Dany’s pussy grinding up over her clit and her lower groin. Then swirling her hips up and back instinctively to again surge forward and down to slam cunts into each other and once again sweep up Dany’s sloppy wet cunt. Arya loved the heat and wetness and how sticky their skin was getting as stomachs wallowed and jerked over the other.

She really wanted to mark Dany as her slut. She had dreamed of it—thinking of Dany submitting to her … being her complete slut in her bed … Queen out of it and whore in their bed Arya thought hotly. Arya would gladly be Dany’s love slut giving Dany every orifice she may desire freely and often. She wanted the same offered in return.

Arya nibbled on Dany’s throat afraid to mark her with her mouth but needing to so bad! She lifted her head slightly from Dany’s throat with her face still just above Dany’s neck. “Dany I want to mark you as my bitch. Is that right to—“
She felt Dany’s hand worm into her hair and claw in. Dany clenched and jerked Arya’s head to still her speech. She lifted Arya’s head to make hot eye contact with her teen lover.

“I love you Arya … in our bed the dragon will lie with the wolf and submit to her desires and needs … take me Arya … I am yours. I want—no—I need you to mark me as your bitch.” The Queen’s purple eyes pulsed with hot throbbing need. Her face sheened and now streaked with dribbles of sweat.

Arya felt fire surge through her veins with raw desire to take what was hers. She felt the Direwolf of her House’s heritage howl in her soul in power and lust. She loved the wanton whorish look in Dany’s hot throbbing eyes. Yes! She did want to submit to Arya! Arya felt elation running hot through her veins.

Arya was on fire and need. She would not be gentle marking her dragon as her slut. She growled moving her head down the short distance to Dany’s throat and locked her mouth on Dany’s throat and sucked a mouthful of sweet tender throat flesh deep into her mouth and viciously see-sawed her teeth on the pale flesh marking Dany as her slut. The tender flesh cruelly bruised and crushed between grinding teeth.

“UUNNGGHHHIIIEEEEEEE! FFFFUUCCKKKKKK! Yes yes oh gods yeeessssssssssss!” the Queen shrieked as raw pleasure hammered her near senseless with pleasure. Her body spasm rigid in raw honeyfire sweeping through her veins scalding her in primal fuck bliss. Arya now lathed the bruised flesh with her tongue. Dany mewled with pleasure. “Ooohhh Arya I love you so much … I give myself to you totally baby!” she softly whimpered.

Arya’s earlier awkwardness was gone. She smiled as she brought their mouths together again and slithered her tongue deep into Dany’s mouth and their tongues again wetly slithered and dueled deep in Dany’s mouth. She stroked her dragon’s cheeks, gums and teeth while her lover whimpered and wallowed her naked body down into Arya’s strong warrior body. Their tits mashed with Arya’s plum nipples digging and jamming down into Dany’s firm breast filling both tits with hot pulses of pleasure.

Arya was lifting her hips higher getting into the fuck rut. She had established a hard thrusting groove jamming her trim into and over Dany’s swollen runny cunt. The Queen mewling as Arya rode her like the total slut she was. Her fingers grasping Arya’s back with her clipped nails digging into and dragging over Arya’s back. Arya feeling those nails raking her back had Arya in a frenzy now jamming her pussy down into her sweet fucking slut. Arya felt fire in her veins as she took her Dragon. Sweat dripped off her face and down off her back and along her ribs to drip off onto Dany and the bed.

“I am your Direwolf, Daenerys Tragaryen” she softly husked down to Dany. Dany looked up at her with her lilac orbs pulsing with hot passion. “I will feast on your body … I will consume you and take what I need and deserve” Arya husked down to her lover.

“Uummmggeeeeggg!” Dany whimpered. “Yes baby yes! I need you to take me … no one has had the strength and passion to tame me … only you Arya only you can truly claim the dragon only you!”

Arya was in the rut now. She could hear her pussy hitting Dany’s slurping trim. Each jamming thrust hitting Dany’s now sloshing trim rising up to orgasm. Arya feeling her woman’s cunt flood with fuck juice inspired Arya to lift her hips higher and slam down harder with her groin pounding her snatch into and over Dany’s swollen cum slavered cunt.

She felt Dany’s legs come up to clasp her hips while the Queen’s head lifted from the bed and jammed her forehead into the crook of Arya’s neck. The Queen held her body close to Arya as the
teenager slammed her cunt down into and over the Queen’s now wildly spasm cunt. "Oh gods, yes yessssssss unngg hhnnnggg! Ohnnng gods ... yessss!" Dany gurgled her body shuddering and jolting as ecstasy multiplied deep in her belly and now clenching her watery spasming fuck hole. “Huunnggg uunggg uuhhnn—ooohhhhh fuuuuuucckk! Aarrnnggg oohhh shit yeah! Fuck me baby fuck me!” Dany chuffed to her lover.

Arya slammed fucked Dany with her snatch hard as she arched her body to more forcefully pound her pussy into Dany’s. Dany’s head kept jamming Arya’s neck. Arya felt Dany pulling her body closer to hers. The Queen’s body constantly jerking and spasming beneath Arya now. Dany locked her ankles over Arya’s back her legs kicking as she both opened her pussy to Arya’s down slamming cunt and lifting her sodden trim up to Arya’s hard tribbing couchie.

Dany was chuffing hard now her face jamming the crook of Arya’s neck.

Arya gripped the back of Dany’s head threading her fingers into Dany’s long white locks. She jerked Dany’s head back from her neck with a sharp back jerk. Dany’s eyes were wide at the show of dominance. Arya needed to see her woman’s face when she made her cum hard. Arya was swirling her hips up and back and then jerking down and forward with tight swirls of her hips. Their cunts slamming into each other with Arya’s trim riding over and grinding Dany’s sodden cunt with hard crushing sweeps of Arya’s cunt down into Dany’s cunt.

Arya watched Dany’s head jerk in her tight grip in Dany’s hair. The Queen’s face jerking and her eyes open but unseeing as her body skyrocketed up the slopes of orgasm. The Queen’s face froze up and then her face shattered as her womb exploded deep in her belly.

“AAARRGGGGHHHIIHHAAAAAAA! AAARRUUUUUNNGGGGGGGGGG!
UUUNNGGGGNNNNNNNN!” the white haired queen screamed her cries of pure joy and love filling the room. Her body flipped and jackknifed violently up into Arya’s down pressing humping body. Dany’s face slashing as her eyes half rolled back and her eyelids fluttered softly. Her hands gripping Arya’s back with clawed fingers spasically. The Queen’s body slapping up into Arya’s down surging body. The two young women surged and pressed into each other as they fucked sweetly with intense surging bodies into each other. “Anngghiiiiieee! Anngghiiiiieee!
Mmmnnngggiiiiiiiiiee!” Dany shrieked out over and over in shattering bliss. Her orgasm finally started to abet.

Arya reveled in seeing her woman cum so hard from her loving ministrations. Dany’s eyes were unfocused and her breathing ragged and deep. Sweat dripped off Dany’s features as her throat cawed out soft mewls. Arya stilled her hips and rested her swollen puss down into Dany’s wet swollen trim and let her pussies baste in sweet fuck juice. Arya looked down at the Queen stunned from her womb rending orgasm.

“Oohhhhh Arya … so good so fucking good baby … unngggggg hhuunnggg … yessssssssss—aaauugggg!” Dany gurgled as strong aftershocks gripped and shook her sweaty body.

Arya smiled down at Dany. This was but the start Arya thought to herself. She bent her head down and found Dany’s mouth and kissed her slut deeply. Dany chuffed into her mouth. For several minutes they kissed with languid tongues wrestling from mouth to mouth. Arya loved the feel of Dany’s sweaty body all pressed against her body beneath her.

Arya needed more. “I am going to suck you off now Dany” she softly husked down to Dany. “I need to have you come in my mouth Dany” Arya softly told her woman.

“Oooooohhhhhhhhh!” Dany mewled.
Arya smiled and moved her body down. Her pussy missed its intimate kiss with Dany’s pussy but she had work to do Arya thought to herself with a smirk. Arya’s hands now roughly throttled Dany’s tits and moved her head down. She gave long sucks on the rigid stubby thick nipples. The teen moving her head right and left sucking voraciously on sweet rigid nips. Her lips gliding over the steeples of Dany’s areolas. Arya’s head pulled up with her vacuum suck tenting her slut’s areolas with her loving sucks. She tented Dany’s areolas making her keen her face twisted in primal fucking pleasure. Her nipples pulsing arcs straight to her rigid throbbing clit. A clit recovered and hungry for more pleasure. Dany whimpered as she humped her wet cunt into Arya’s lower stomach sliming it with love snot.

Dany jammed her swollen camel toe urgently into Arya’s muscled stomach. Arya felt her eyelids flutter with both ramming her tongue down Dany’s throat with spearing thrusts of her tongue and feeling Dany’s cunt sliming her stomach with hot pussy juice that was soaking her belly in flowing cum. She could feel their bellies sticking together with Dany’s cum.

Arya stretched out to kiss Dany deeply for another minute as the Queen mewled and moaned. Arya pulled her tongue out of Dany’s mouth and kissed up her cheek to Dany’s ear and sucked in an earlobe and nibbled on it. She felt Dany jam her cunt harder into her stomach and swish it around. Arya felt more cum soak her belly. Arya breathed into Dany ear with hot air.

“Uummmnggg!” Dany cried out in pleasure. Arya drilled her tongue into Dany’s ear and tongue fucked her ear softly. Dany started crying out and wallowing all over Arya. Arya encased her love in her strong arms holding her wiggling lover close. Arya breathed in her ear again and then nibbled her earlobe before tongue fucking her ear again. She loved the constant mewling and humping from Dany nutting on her stomach. Gods Arya thought to herself. Dany is such a slut!

Arya kissed down Dany’s throat again and licked it sensually before lipping it. Dany humped harder still into her stomach telling Arya what to do. “OOOWWWGGGGGG!” Dany screamed with Arya again sucking her throat into her mouth and rolling her tender throat through her gnawing teeth. Dany spasmed and moaned so deep in her chest. Arya kissed all over Dany’s gasping throat loving the spasms underneath her lips. She kissed up Dany’s throat and over her chin to again mated mouths tight. Tongues finding each other and wetly wrestling in hot love.

Arya was ready to taste paradise. She started to slowly scoot down Dany’s body to get her mouth over Dany’s full firm breast again. She now gripped the warm globes and with her hands and gently shook them drooling.

“Oh gods Dany you boobs are so fucking huge!”

Daenerys grinned great big at her. “You think so.”

“Well show me then wolf—auuugggg uunngg mmmmmmmmmm!” Dany purred feeling Arya suck in her right nipple between her lips and starting to wolf suck as her tongue swiped the nipple stuffed into her mouth. Arya purred finally feasting on what she had fantasied about when rumors first surfaced of the Dragon rising from the deserts of the Red Waste five years. She sucked with feverish sucks and fast tongue licks and stabs of steeple areolas and rock hard nipples.

To finally be making love to Dany was heavenly. Arya sucked fiercely on Dany’s nipple with long hard sucks before she moved her head over and swallowed the nipple of the other breast. She had her legs and arms outside of Dany’s body with her lover beneath her. Arya making sure to keep pressing her weight down onto Dany to mash her into the bed with her weight without crushing her slighter lover. She slip and slide their sweaty bodies over each other enjoying the wet friction.
really was in heaven devouring her dragon who tasted so sweet in her mouth. She pulled her head back stretching out Dany’s breast with her hard love sucks. Dany’s hand gripped Arya’s shoulders as her body writhed in pleasure.

"Unnhhh ... ohnnnn!" Dany moaned her face twisted with harsh pleasure. Her head thrashed from side to side as raw aching pleasure filled her breast with fire. The pleasure so intense it felt like her tits were on fire with honeyfire! "Yes! Ungghhh! Gods ... yes, suck it hard! Ungghhh!" Arya smiled around the teat in her mouth. Her hands gripping Dany’s tits harder and jerking them with her throttling grip. Her mouth making wet slurps and suck noises as she feasted on swollen nipples and steeple areolas.

Arya moved back and forth sucking thirstily on engorged light brown nipples. Dany cried out in helpless pleasure. Cries that were covered by Arya’s mouth when she moved up to fiercely kiss Dany again. Dany mewled and opened her mouth wide to let Arya’s tongue surge deep into her mouth and down her throat. Arya slammed her tongue repeatedly down her lover’s throat. She moaned feeling Dany enfold her in her arms and thighs coming up to clasp her hips as her hands threaded in Arya’s hair and clawed her scalp.

Her mouth moved from Dany’s mouth and her lips. Her lips found the thin almost invisible scar that ran from Dany’s hairline down to her jaw. It was like a birthmark. She murmured kissing down the line of that long scar. She murmured how it added to the allure of Dany’s natural beauty. She licked it gently with her tongue tip the full length of the scar making Dany shudder in pleasure.

Then Arya was back at Dany’s mouth and locked their lips tight again kissing her love ravenously as they both groaned around their tongues flipping wildly in Dany’s mouth in a serpentine dance of love. Arya had settled down so their bellies wallowed hard. Their bodies jerking and sliding with the sweat lubricating skin and allowing sweet skin to slide along skin creating sweet hot friction.

Arya was intoxicated with how Dany only held onto her head and did not try to control her. The message was clear: I submit my body willingly to you Arya. Arya excitedly kissed down Daenerys throat and then along her collarbones and up to her shoulders and down her chest to the slopes of Dany’s breast. The Queen chuffing. The Arya kissed up the slopes of Dany’s firm breast with soft kisses and little licks.

“Oohhhh hhnggg hhnggg—Arya suck my nipples please suck my nipples! Ooogggggggg!” she cried out feeling Arya siphon a nipple deep into her mouth and pump her head to suck fiercely on the turgid nipple. Her tongue swiping and stabbing the pebbled areola and rigid nipple. Arya glanced up and saw that Dany had her neck cantered up looking down at her with pleading eyes. The purple in her irises throbbing with sexual need. She lifted her head and surged up kiss Dany hungrily again as Dany melted underneath her again claspng Arya to her own writhing body.

They snogged deeply for a long time. Arya wetly wrestling Dany’s tongue and swiping the roof of her mouth and drilling underneath the Queen’s tongue exploring her mouth fully. “Mmggppfff! Uumppffff! Mmppppfff!” Dany cried out into the mouth devouring hers with ravenous fuck hunger. Arya broke their kiss and brought her head back slightly and smiled seeing spit roped between their lips swaying as they looked deeply at each other.

Arya was ravenous for Dany’s sweet cunt. “I’m going to suck you off now Dany. I’m going to make you scream! You find I am a very fast learner … I love you so much!”

“Ohhhh yeessssssss!!!” Arya saw tears track from Dany’s eyes. “How I have dreamed of hearing you say those words to me Arya … say them again.

“I love you Dany … I always have”
“Then show me … show me your love for me like only women can … I give you my body and I give you my soul.”

Dany simple declaration of such pure love made the breath catch in Arya’s throat and tears run from her eyes. With locked eyes Dany reached up and gripped Arya’s shoulders and with feathery pressure pushed down urging Arya south to her love aching cunt. Arya gave Dany her most brilliant smile. Her steel grey eyes pulsing with promises of raw passionate lovemaking.

Arya was intoxicated with how easily Dany had acceded full control to her. She was only suggesting with her feathery pushes on Arya’s shoulders. “Arya pleaseee eat my pussy!” she whimpered.

Her head was up again her eyes pulsing with aching need. “I need your mouth on my cunt baby—I need to feel you sucking me off Arya! I need to cum again so bad” she pleaded in a soft urgent voice.

Arya smiled great big feeling like Nymeria! She was about to devour Dany. Dany her fucking slut! She slowly kissed down Dany’s body. She kissed and nipped the perfect pale flesh. The small scars she found here and there only adding to the allure that was Daenerys Targaryen. She sucked in sweet pale flesh and siphoned sucked the sweaty slicked firm flesh leaving little red love bites as she slowly worked down the firm muscled belly of her Queen. Instead of complying to Dany’s immediate wishes Arya detoured to the ribcage line of Dany’s torso and kissed along it and nipped leaving more read love bites. Then she kissed up Dany’s ribs to get to her quivering sweat soaked tits.

She was a Direwolf. She decide when she would pleasure her Dragon’s core she thought mischievously.

She slowly kissed up each slope of Dany’s perfect breast and gave each beautiful nipple more hot hard sucks and tongue lashings. Her tongue circling the steeple areolas again and again enjoying the feel of them underneath her slithering tongue. Her head lifted high tenting out sweet tit meat and siphoned on engorged teats. Arya then kissed around the perfect splayed out globes and sucked in the hot breast flesh and nipped leaving red marks on both breast of the Queen.

Dany was writhing in need while Arya nipped back up to the engorged nipples of her lover and thirstily sucked on the stiff rubbery teats while her hands pulped squeezed Dany’s tits throttling her tits that flared dark pink with the throttling squeezes as Arya long sucked back and forth between the rubbery nipples. Her hands moving up at times to pinch the nipples not being sucked. Squeezes that pulped nipples she jerked up hard to tent Dany’s areolas as the Queen cried out in helpless fiery pleasure. Her face twisted and slashed with such great pulses of searing pleasure pulsing hotly in her tits.

“Mmnnggg mmmnngg Annhh! Oh!” Dany cried out her head thrashing in helpless pleasure "Gods, yes!” she growled hoarsely. "Ungghh ...oh!” her head lifting off the mattress and thudding down as pleasure made her neck weak. Arya continued to throttle the sweet full firm breasts the nipples flaring out Arya’s hands that cruelly gripped and jerked the Queen’s tits stuffing nipples deep into her mouth.

Arya feasted on succulent breast flesh for another minute moving her head right and left siphoning in a turgid nipple and wolf sucking like the Direwolf she was. She feasted as Dany cawed and whinnied.

“Arya plleasseeее! Ppplleeasseeее baby!” Dany cawed again pushing on her shoulders. Not commanding but pleading.

Arya smirked around the nipple she as sucking on so feverishly. Arya released her love suck on
Dany’s left nipple and started to kiss down the curved slope of Dany’s beast and then kissed along her sternum and then down to the top of her slut’s flat stomach.

“Aaiiiinnggyyyyeeessssssss!” Dany whinnied feeling Arya give her stomach a hard love nip and leaving a red mark on her pale flesh.

“Your mine Daenerys Targaryen. No other person shall touch you from this day hence forth—only me!” Arya softly declared.

“Yeessssssss!” was Dany’s sibilant reply. Arya smiled feeling Dany’s heels dragging around on the sheets as her legs scissor. “Only you my sweet wolf … only the wolf can lie with the dragon.”

Arya smiled as she continued to kiss around on Dany’s stomach as she wiggled back on her elbows and knees to work her face toward paradise. She left more red marks on her lover’s belly and then her groin as she slowly worked south. Then she moved back up to tease Dany who pleased and mewed sweetly for Arya. Their musk had filled her bedroom with their arousal all mingled and intoxicating.

Arya breathed deep as she kissed up to Dany’s belly button and licked the cute innie and then drilled it making Dany whoop with hip lurches of raw pleasure. Arya began to lick Dany’s lower belly and give it little love nips making Daenerys’ hips jack up in helpless pleasure. Arya kissed, licked and nipped pale succulent pale perfect skin.

Her Dany was perfection giving flesh she thought to herself as she kissed back to Dany’s belly button and tongued it passionately. Arya was breathing in deep taking in the scent of Dany’s festering wet cunt. Dany whooped feeling Arya drill her belly button with hard stabs and twisting tongue motions. Arya loved how the hot pungent musk made her lightheaded with love and need. Gods Dany smelled sooooo fucking gooddddd! Arya thought to herself intoxicated by Dany’s hot wet musk. The scent so heavenly in her nostrils and deep in her lungs.

“Aryaaaaa pleasssssee! Baby stop teasing me! Eat my cunt baby! Baby please eat my hot wet cunt!” Dany now desperately humping her pussy up begging to be devoured by her Direwolf. The wet heat sliming Arya’s throat and upper chest so sweetly as Arya still teased Dany’s belly button and belly beneath.

Dany had said the magic words at the proper time. Arya’s confidence was flaring supreme now. Arya had Margaery’s advice, Dany’s sweet perfect lovemaking and with all her naughty warging she had observed women fucking through Nymeria’s eyes. She felt so full of confidence now. Her early awkwardness a long ago fleeting thing. She was soaring with confidence that Dany filled her with. I am so in love with this woman!

In a flash Arya scooted back to settle between Dany’s legs. Her swollen nipples mashed into the mattress. Arya stared at what she had desired for so many years even if it had started as mere fantasy. She loved the fact that Dany shaved her pussy and she had started to shave hers since the first night Arya had warged into Nymeria to spy on Dany and her masturbation. She had become addicted to the sight of Dany’s bald puss and the baby smooth look. Arya had become addicted to the soft feel of her own vulva shorn of any hair. The smoothness around her asshole when she rubbed around her starfish and then fucked her asshole hard.

She knew eventually she would need to come clean to Dany. That she would need to confess her “dirty warging” but that could wait into the future. Now was not the time to mention spying through one’s wolf to the woman you love with all your breath and heart. She stared at Dany’s lovely cunt all swollen and wet. Her pussy swollen and dark pink bordering on red on her mons. Her lover’s labia lips all dark pink with hues of brown mixed in and jutting out her slit and her clitoral hood
sheathed in folds of her inner lips.

Arya breathed deep looking up at Dany. She was on her elbows again looking down at her with those gods beautiful violet eyes staring down at her intently. She was breathing in sharp shallow breaths. She had sweat running down her body and face. Dany watched Arya breath in deep and smiled seeing Arya shudder in primal want.

“Oh gods Dany! You cunt smells sooo fucking good baby!” She breathed deep again drunk on Dany’s rich thick musk. She lowered her head extending her tongue. Her eyes feasting on the cum soaked mound of her woman. Dany swirling her hips up lewdly inviting Arya to bury her face in her wet drooling quim.

Arya finished lowering her face to Dany’s drooling slit and licked up the groove worming her tongue along the juiced filled seam. “Mmmnggggg!” Arya moaned at her first taste of Dany. Her body shuddered in raw lust and love tasting the essence of Dany for the first time. The wet slimy heat was so sweet on her extended tongue.

She licked slowly up and down Dany’s dripping snatch savoring her first ethereal sip of Dany’s ambrosia. Arya using slow flat tongue licks to savor the feel of Dany’s labia lips she worked to splay out on her mound to open Dany’s pink seam fully. Up and down Arya raked her tongue along the inflamed slit of her lover. She had always loved the sweet elixir of her own cunt; a taste so rich and pungent. It always reminded Arya of a slightly salty taste of the marge of the sea that rich pungent mix of raw life. A taste of earthy exotica, salt and a stab of rich mixed up life.

The taste of Dany was as sweet. No sweeter. It was the taste of her woman. The sweet intoxicating juices and direct musk flowing into her nostrils inflaming her need and want for Daenerys Targaryen. The feel of Dany’s cunt was heavenly underneath Arya’s dragging tongue.

"Ungghh!” Dany groaned as Arya teased her labia lips back opening her juicy red slit for Arya’s tongue. Arya licked harder slurping up more of Dany’s sweet cum and essence. "Gods ...lick me harder baby! Ohnn!” Dany’s purple eyes throbbed with fucking need looking down at Arya. Her sweaty body vibrating with the pleasure Arya’s tongue was giving her drooling snatch. "Mnngg! Unh! Oh yes!” the Queen gasped as she started to instinctively swirl her drooling clamshell up into Arya’s face. The motion driving the Queen’s cunt up into Arya’s licking mouth her vulva flaring around the licking tongue. The pussy flaring out showing the path of Arya’s licking tongue up and down the drooling clamshell.

Arya sucked in Dany’s inner lips one at a time and sucked / lipped them clean of Dany’s twat juice. Arya swallowed in convulsive gulps the sweet pussy juice of her lover. Yes her Dany had a sweet taste. She tasted like herself and yet totally different. An ethereal mix of rich musk so pungent and intoxicating. A sharp tang of salt but with some other sweet qualities. She tasted other sweet elixirs in Dany’s running cunt juice. She caught hints of the sweetest, richest red wine her father sometimes let her drink a goblet of. Arya considered for a moment and remember the sweet tastes of a handful of juicy raisins she would eat in King’s Landing. She then thought she would need to seal it, and let it ferment in a dusty, cobwebby Dorne attic for a couple generations.

The taste was ethereal and elusive. And totally fucking awesome as she stopped analyzing and simply enjoyed.

She looked up Dany’s belly and locked eyes with Dany. “Hhhhuullrrrrrrppppp!” Arya slurped Dany’s clit deep into her mouth and began to suck softly as her tongue lathed and then speared the hard nubbin she sucked out its sheath. Her head rocked as she sucked harder on the Queen’s clit and tongue lashed with hard wipes of her tongue. Her tongue polishing the pinkish white nubbin all rigid and throbbing.
"Unnhhh ...ohnnnn!" Dany moaned her neck going weak her head lulling back on her neck her Adam’s apple convulsing as she groaned deep in her chest. Her sweaty lank hair flagged down to the bed. Sweet whinnies filled the room. Then Dany’s neck gave out and her head fell to the mattress with a thud. "Yes! Ungghhh! Gods ...yes, suck it hard! Ungghhh!" Dany trilled out feeling fierce flashes of ecstasy sucked from her clit. *Gods Arya was a natural!*

Arya felt like she had truly come home her head now lapping as she raked her tongue up and down Dany’s slit raking up and over Dany’s clit on the top of her stroke and licking hard the goopy pink trench of her woman’s clit and over her honey hole. Arya moaned constantly tasting the sweet essence of her woman. She circled Dany’s cunt hole and felt the wet heat as Dany’s hips jolted. She spied that Dany had cupped her breasts squeezing the full firm globes. Her pale fingers sinking deep into even paler breasts. Her hands clenching digging her fingers in deep. Gods Dany liked it hard like she did! She sucked Dany’s clit deeper into her mouth and rhythmically sucked it in and out her lips. Her tongue spearing the hard nubbin.

"Mmmmmm uungggmmmm!" Dany moaned as her clit was sucked so hard and good. "Oh baby ...ohhhhhh baby!" Dany whimpered, yelping softly as Arya’s tongue stabbed her rigid shiny clit. "Unnhhhhh!" Arya sucked the hard nubbin in and out her lips. The feel of the stiff nodule between her lips and underneath her tongue was simply heaven on Earth. She again sucked and licked to feel the hard nubbin in her mouth and underneath her rasping tongue. Her mouth filled with spit and cum leaking into her mouth. Her head lifting and lapping as she worked Dany’s clit in her hot sucking mouth.

Arya gripped Dany’s hips to lock her face tight to her lover’s quim. Her lapping so she could work her tongue hot, hard and fast over her slut’s clit. She gripped Dany’s leg and hip to anchor her body down. Arya rocked her head lapping the hard clit in her mouth. She then worked her mouth down the trench that had enfolded her mouth. She loved the divine wet heat enveloping her mouth, lips and area surrounding her mouth. She felt Dany’s vulva bulge out as her tongued worked Dany’s trench as she wiggled her head down. Her tongue tracing the folds and whorls of Dany’s set of slimy inner lips. Her pink lips gliding through and over even pinker cunt petals.

Then Arya slowly pushed her tongue deep into her lover’s hot cum filled cunt. “Oooohhhhhh yeeessss!” Dany gurgled feeling Arya’s tongue slide deep up her cunny. Arya eyes had lightly lidded feeling the fiery heat of her woman’s cunt clench and suck on the tongue she thrust deep up the tight fuck hole. The teenager reveled in the sharp guttural groans croaking out of Dany’s love stricken throat. Arya moaned loud and long pulling out dollops of sweet cum that she swallowed gleefully. Her face mashing into Dany’s mound to sink her tongue as deep as possible into the cauldron that was her woman’s womanhood.

She was in love with the wet heat of Dany’s cunt and *hooowwwwww* fucking good she tasted. She started to pump her head harder and harder ramming her tongue deep and hard up Dany’s love box. Dany’s cunt pumping copious love juice into her hard sucking mouth and all over Arya’s long tongue she slide deep and hard into Dany’s spasming cunt. The wet heat of Dany’s core basting the tongue fucking it hard. Arya loved mashing her face into Dany’s cunt and feeling the wetness liberally coat and soak her lower face with juices now starting to dribble down her chin and jawline and run down her throat.

Arya lifted her face. Dany lifted her head that had lulled over to gaze down at her with eyes on fire. “Dany you cunt tastes so fucking good. I can’t get enough!”

Dany said nothing but reached with her right hand and clawed her fingers into Arya’s scalp. “Suck!” was her plea jamming Arya’s face back down deep into her vulva burying Arya’s face in her cunt. Arya wasted no time sliding her tongue deep up Dany’s hot honey hole. First she Dorne
kissed Dany’s honey hole and sucked as commanded sucking in a sweet mouthful of slimy wet inner folds and whorls. The cunt meat so sweet in her mouth as she munched and hummed devouring Dany. Arya pumped her head in and back as she sucked on the sweet cunt meat in her mouth. Her tongue worming through the slimy wet folds sucked into her mouth.

"Oh by the seven gods ... yes! Unngghhh!" the pale Valyrian gasped. Her hand in Arya’s head grinding her face down into her swollen snatch. Dany swirled her pussy up into the mouth sucking hot and hard on her cunt hole. Hot cum flowed into Arya’s greedy slurping mouth. “Unnggg oh oh yeeessssss! Baby suck meeееее!” Dany keened in helpless need. “Unnggg hhnnng hhnnngg … oohhhnnnnn fuck yeaaahhhh! Arruunggg!”

Arya now began a sensual tongue fuck of Dany’s love box as Dany urgently swirled her hips running her cunt up into Arya’s mouth. Arya’s tongue sliding deep and hard up into Dany’s creamy cum filled cunt. Her tongue sluicing through oily inner cunt lips. The wet heat sucking on the tongue probing deep for sweet honey creamy cum. Arya had one hand on Dany’s hip the other gripping her thigh as she worked her head up and down tongue fucking Dany’s snatch that burbled out hot sweet cum she swallowed greedily.

Arya built up the force of her head motion until her tongue was stabbing hard and deep into Dany’s muffin that was beginning to make sweet watery sounds. Dany was writhing with both hands now on Arya’s head jerking down with her warrior’s strength.

Arya remembered Margaery’s words. She sucked in a mouthful of cunt petals and munched on them happily licking and slurping off the rising creamy cum. Arya now fought the pressure of Dany’s hands and moved her head up and sucked in Dany’s upper cunt deep into her mouth. Arya’s mouth using a voracious deep throat love suck to fill her mouth wet slimy cunt meat. Dany’s clitoral hood now deep in Arya’s mouth. The slimy hillock so sweet tasting in her mouth Arya mused.

Now Arya thought. Use what Margaery taught me for the love kill.

She had Dany’s clit deep in her mouth. She started with long ragged deep throat love sucks on the divine rigid nubbin. Dany was whooping clearly ramping up to orgasm. Arya felt a wild thrill run through her body knowing it was her doing it. It was her mouth sucking off her sweet dragon. Dany’s fingers in her hair clawed and jacked Arya’s head down hard. Arya waggled her head as she voraciously sucked to add tension and friction to Dany’s clit. She loved the feel of her tongue whiplashing from side to side over Dany’s rock hard clit sucked out its sheath taking the full brunt of her loving vicious tongue lashing.

Dany was rolling form shoulder to shoulder now her head up off the mattress an inch thrashing. "Unngghh! Owwnnnggg! Oh! Yes! Unngghh ...Arya, do it ...harder, unngghh! Yes! Please! Owwnnnggg!" Arya knew Dany was on the precipice of cumming hard in her mouth.

Arya moved now to give fast and harsh sucks on Dany’s clit. She added the Tyrell tongue flutter striking the clit in her mouth hard and fast all over like a snake’s darting tongue. What next? Yes! Arya started to rock her head hard and fast and sucked with cheek hollowing deep throat love sucks. Her lapping head let her tongue lash the Queen clit’s with the flat of your tongue. The suction on the clit locked between her lips intense and focused with Arya’s cheeks hollowing out with the force of long ragged love sucks. Arya wiggled her head like a dog with a bone tongue lashing the clit in her greedy hard sucking mouth. She was running the length of her flattened tongue all over Dany’s clit as she wildly waggled her head all around. Like instructed Arya kept licking and sucking hard.

She slightly varied what she was doing to assault Dany with sensations constantly changing and morphing slightly to hit the throbbing clit with sweet unexpected sensations.
She felt Dany’s body start to stiffen and spasm all over. Dany’s hands left Arya’s head to grip two handfuls of sheet and pulled them up in her fists. She used her grip to grind her love aching cunt up into Arya’s hot gobbling mouth. Dany’s head had risen up and jerked up and down as her orgasm strove to burst her womb and cunt. Sweat was pouring off Dany’s face and throat. The tendons in Dany’s throat so rigid and taunt they looked like they might snap out of her throat they jutted the skin up so high. Dany’s upper body flushed scarlet that went down almost to her breast. Dany chuffed “Unng unnggg oohh ggunnmmunnggg …” her body froze up.

Arya took a deep breath and sucked with all her strength on she shiny clit in her mouth fully exposed from its sheath and furiously ran her tongue over the shiny clit polishing it.

Dany’s head slammed down and her body went stiff as a board for a second. Dany’s womb convulsed deep in her belly shredding itself. Then her body exploded into wild jackknifes and flips. Cum seared out Dany’s womb and tore her cunt inside out in searing spams of fucking ecstasy.

"MMMNGGGNNIEEENNMMGHHH!" Dany cried out in scalding cunt searing ecstasy. “OOOWGWGGGGGGG! AAWWOOOGGGG!" Dany screamed as her body jackted and flipped. Arya hurried to run her right arm over Dany’s lower stomach to hold her place. Her upper body rose a foot in the air off the bed. Her muscled stomach accordion up to lift her upper torso high off the bed. Dany slammed down twice into the mattress hard. Arya glance up to see Dany’s face slashed with agonizing pleasure twisting and throttling Dany’s beautiful features.

Her body rising up again to slam down. A fourth time Dany’s body jerked up and spasm up off the bed and then she slammed back down into the mattress with a loud whomp. Her full firm tits whiplashed with the throes of her throttling orgasm. Arya sucked hard moving her mouth down fast now and swallowed the hot gushes of cum sloshing out Dany’s cunt. She felt her nose jack into Dany’s clt and her cum flowed up into Arya’s nose intoxicating her with the heady musk.

"AAAAWWOOOOGGGGGG! Unngghhhhaaiiggghh!" Dany screamed feeling her cunt tear itself inside out scalding her with agonizing ecstasy. "Ohhhh! Aunngghhmmnggg! Oh! Oh! Oh sweet air gods ...oh shit! Auunnmmgghhaanrrmnggg!"

Dany’s hips kept jamming her cunt up into Arya’s hot gobbling mouth now glued to her gushing honey hole gulping down the mouthfuls of sweet divine hot cum filling her tummy with ambrosia. Dany’s head rose up and she looked down at Arya with a blasted look. “Hhhuunnnggggg! Mmmnnuuuunnngggggggggggg!” she cried out as the hard spasms of her orgasm throttled her senseless her lilac eyes rolling into her skull her head thudding down hard into the mattress. Her body convulsed with weakening spasms.

Arya’s nose had been rubbing Dany’s clt with her mouth drinking down the hot snail snot flowing hotly out Dany’s love box. Cum filled Arya’s nostrils soaking her nasal passages with Dany’s cum. The musk making Arya’ nearly drunk with its sweetness. Arya had seen while dirty warging into Nymeria that Dany would most often not be satisfied with one orgasm only when she started to masturbate. Dany would skim for a minute and then masturbate furiously to a second orgasm and often a third orgasm as she jilled off to multiple soul searing orgasms. Dany liked her first orgasms fast back to back when she first fucked herself.

Arya smiled into the drooling cunt hole she still slurped creamy cum from. She had made Dany scream and die from it. A woman knew how to make her own body sing but Arya had made Dany reach all the high notes her body could make like Dany had made Arya’s body shatter in notes of pure ecstasy. They were simply perfectly in tune with each other’s bodies. They were indeed soul mates.
Dany was softly weeping. “I love you Arya. (sobs) I love you so much. I have waited (sobs) my whole life for you to come to me (sobs) and now you are with me.”

Arya wanted more pussy but slide up and enfolded her trembling lover in her arms. They looked at each other with locked eyes.

“Yes I am here Dany and I will never leave you. Direwolves when they take a mate it is for life. You are mine.

Dany sobbed stroking Arya’s cheek.

“Yes I am. I give you my body and soul Arya.

“As I give you mine Dany. The dragon shall lie with the wolf. We are what Rhaegar and Lyanna should have been my sweet Dragon.” She smiled as Dany sobbed again. She lowered her head claiming Dany’s mouth and aggressively swiping her teeth open and lunging her tongue deep into Dany’s mouth and coiled her tongue around Dany’s letting her taste her cunt on Arya’s tongue. Their tongues wetly wrestled deep in Dany’s mouth.

Arya pressed her body down into Dany’s sweat soaked body. Arya loved the feel of her bulb nipples all swollen digging into Dany’s breast as she wallowed their bodies together. Arya pressed her cunt into Dany’s groin and tribbed their pussies over each other with short jerks of her hips. Dany chuffed harder into her mouth her hands again in her hair fingers threaded in her brown locks.

Arya had seen much while warged in Nymeria spying on Dany and her masturbating. The Queen most often jilled off twice or thrice quick to begin with so she knew her Queen revived quickly just like her kitty did. She felt Dany moaning in her mouth. It was time to get some more sweet succulent pussy.

She broke their lip lock and smiled seeing spit roped between their lips.

“I’m going to suck you off again Dany” Arya softly husked to Dany.

“Mnnngggg!” Dany whimpered.

“Oh gods Dany you cunt tastes like nectars from the gods baby!”

“Oooohhhhhhh!” Dany whimpered.

Arya moved her head down and gave Dany another scorching kiss. The teenager kissed her Queen all over her beautiful face moving over to suck on her left earlobe making Dany whimper and her legs kick along the covering sheet. Arya kissed down Dany’s convulsing throat flesh through her seesawing teeth marking Dany as her slut bitch. Arya smiled at the way Dany’s body convulsed beneath her. She felt Dany’s right balled up hand pounding the bed in her ecstasy.

Arya then kissed down between Dany’s breasts. Her lips making sucking kisses. Then the teenager worked her head left kissing up the Queen’s jiggling titty with love bites making Dany mewl. The young Direwolf sucked in the turgid nipple nursing fervently. "Anngghhh! Oh! Anngghh!” the pale Valyrian groaned, wincing as stabbing spasms of pleasure wracked her lovely, straining body. Arya kept kissing as she nipped and licked the sweet flesh. Her mouth working over to the other quivering hillock of perfection that was Dany’s jiggling tit. Her mouth sucked in the turgid nipple and sucked feverishly.
Satisfied for now with her feast of breast flesh Arya started to kiss down Dany’s ribcage with wet smooching kisses and hot tongue licks. Her teeth clenching and sawing pale flesh leaving red bite marks. Dany’s body bucking with the pained pleasure besotting her with sensations and hot feelings of ecstasy. Arya’s mouth moved down to the planes of the Queen’s hard muscled stomach. She loved how Dany’s stomach clenched underneath her lips. Arya detoured and kissed along the line of Dany’s ribcage from left to right lips giving hot kisses along the ridge.

“Ohhhhh Arya!” she cooed “oh baby suck my cunt again baby … I need to cum in your hot sucking mouth Arya. Hhnngg uunngg uunnhh … ooohhhnnnnnn! Oh oh shit! Uunngg hhnnng hhngg!”

Arya growled as she started kissing down Dany’s palpating belly. Her nostrils flaring smelling Dany’s sweet cunt intoxicating her with needy lust. Her descending body allowed her to take Dany’s musk into her nostrils directly from the wellspring of Dany’s font.

“You love my cum don’t you Arya—you love drinking my sweet hot creamy cum from my gushing cunt don’t you my sweet wolf?”

“Uummgggrrrr!” Arya growled and nipped Dany’s lower belly. “Gods what you do to me Dany!”

Arya quickly settled between Dany’s legs spreading them out and pushing Dany’s left leg up and back and hooked her arm around her leg and gripped Dany’s inner thigh. Arya kissed Dany’s belly and inner thighs licking the sweet skin.

“Aaarryyyyaaa! Pleasseeecceee—auuugggggggg!” Dany cried out feeling Arya lower her head and start lapping hard in her slit and raking her tongue over Dany’s cltit with confident strong tongue strokes. She lapped and then glued her mouth to Dany cuntly hole and sucked in a succulent mouthful of hot slimy cunt folds. Arya munched and Dany cried out in raw guttural pleasure. "Suck hard ...ohhhhhn! Suck hard, please!” Dany whimpered, twisting and squirming.

Dany surged up to one elbow and gripped her breast with her other and roughly massaged it watching Arya move her head up slowly sucking and slurping up Dany’s wet trench. The teen sucked in both her long inner lips and sucked on them in her mouth. She rolled and munched on the rubbery labia lips savoring their texture and thickness in her mouth. She pulled her head back stretching out the cunt lips making Dany cry out in shocking ecstasy.

Then Arya moved her head up and sucked Dany’s cltit deep into her mouth and tongue lashed it hard. "Ohhnnnn ...gods, that's ssooo good!” Dany gasped. "Unh! Unh!” Arya then pursed her lips around the clitoral sucked into her mouth. Her tongue gigged and rolled the cltit stuffed into her mouth. Her tongue shoved and wormed all over the shiny nubbin jutted out its sheath. Arya’s tongue gigging and tormenting the cltit with hard tongue bats that had the Queen crying out in pleasure her hips bucking her mouth up into Arya’s mouth.

Arya spit out Dany’s cltit. Her cltit swollen and soaked in cum and spit. Arya ran her hands up along Dany’s trench and pulled her pussy open. Arya pulling the lips back and out totally opening her woman’s fuck hole to her hot gaze. She moaned seeing Dany’s wet fuck hole clenching. Arya watched the deep red inner folds and whorls clench and pulse underneath her gaze. She saw wet creamy cum pooled among the folds of Dany’s inner fuck petals.

With a happy groan Arya lowered her face back down to Dany’s festering trim. Arya locked her lips on Dany’s cunt and sucked and tongue fucked the sweet cunt hole clutching hard on her deep thrusting tongue. Dany was groaning constantly now her hips rocking mashing her pussy into the mouth devouring her throbbing pussy. Arya surged forward to press her mouth deeper into the plump camel toe of her sweet Dragon. Her tongue spearing deep into the slippery wet cauldron of her love’s hot cunt.
The Queen jerked herself up to her elbows to watch her Direwolf gobble her drooling snatch. Dany’s mouth fell open into a big O of helpless pleasure crying out in ecstasy. Her head fell back her sweaty lank hair jerking below her head as her neck spasmed hard and jerked her head up and down. She felt Arya spearing her tongue hard and deep into her burbling couchie. Dany pulped her tit in her hand folding it over with her cupped palm squeezing hard. Her other hand played with Arya’s hair as she raked Arya hair while her teen lover worked her tongue up and down Dany’s cunt bulging out her vulva with her raking tongue.

Arya was in heaven slurping down sweet creamy cum. “Oohhhhh Arya … godsdammnnnnn you suck pussy soooo good baby!” Arya had her face as deep as possible in Dany’s pussy and tongued Dany’s gooey slit and then shoved her tongue deep in Dany’s love box and fluttered her tongue working the slimy cunt meat in her mouth. Arya softly pumped her head and punched her tongue deep into Dany’s cunt. Her mouth engulfed by Dany’s vulva.

Dany slowly brought her knees up and worked her pussy harder into Arya’s hot gobbling mouth. Her ass cheeks flexing to lift and swirl her pussy up into the teen’s hot sucking mouth. Arya was now raking her tongue in Dany’s pussy and sucking fiercely on the rigid clit at the top of Dany’s slit. Dany’s head was back on the bed. The Queen’s neck arched jamming her head into the bed. “Ohhhhhnnn ...ohhhnnn ...gods, it’s so good!” Dany moaned, twisting, her head jammed into the bed her firm breast jiggling with her quaking body.

Arya moved her head slowly up and down. When high she wolfed sucked on Dany’s clit like the wolf she was. She loved the feel of her lover’s clit in her mouth and now working in and out her lips as she polished it with her swiping tongue. Arya worked down the Targaryen’s slit sucking on labia lips making Dany whoop and then her mouth was back at Dany’s honey hole and she shoved her tongue deep up the festering twat scooping out more sweet hot flowing cum.

Arya moaned and groaned feeling her woman’s wet heat sucking and spasming on her tongue. She was filled with sublime happiness drinking down her lover’s hot sweet cum. Each gulp made her nearly swoon with love for Dany. She had so longed for over five years to go down on Dany and have her cunt explode in her hard sucking mouth.

Dany’s legs lowered back to the bed and straightened out. Her arms spread out and Dany’s hands clawed into the sheet. “Hhuunng hhuunngg hhnnggg ... oh gods oh gods ... Arya keep sucking baby! Oh gods your going to make me cum so fucking hard!” the Queen gasped to her lover. Arya looked up Dany’s flexing muscled body. Dany’s head was lulled over her face twisted with primal ecstasy.

She was sucking and tongue stabbing Dany’s clit relentlessly now. Her mouth made loud obscene slurping noises constantly as she sucked with pure love on her lover’s snatch. Dany was humping her pussy up into Arya’s mouth. Her face was scrunched with her body tensing up towards a soul crushing orgasm.

Arya remembered Margaery other secret weapon in lovemaking. She brought her left hand up to just above Dany’s wet swollen flushed mons. She glanced up at Dany again. Her chest and throat was flushed bright pink and her breast were swollen with blood rush her nipples hardened into diamonds.

Arya sucked on Dany’s clit with all her strength and waggled her head fast right and left her tongue roughly rasping the clit exposed out its sheath. Arya’s cheeks hollowed out with her deep throat love sucks. She sucked again and again her tongue polishing Dany’s clit relentlessly.

“Hhuunnggggg!” Dany’s breath whooshed out her lungs. Her body stiffened tight into a board. Arya jammed the ball of her hand deep and hard into Dany’s belly just above her cunt. The palm
putting direct pressure on Dany’s womb. Dany’s arms and legs started to convulse her elbows and heels hammering the bed.

“FFFFFUUCCCCKKKKKK! HHHHHUUNNNGGGGGG! GGGOOOODDDSSSSAAMNNNNN! Dany screamed as if she was being garroted. Arya sucked voraciously on the clit spasming wildly in her mouth and her left hand jamming down on Dany’s lower belly pressing in on her exploding womb. "Unngghh! Oh! Angghh! Anngghiiioouunnggghhh! Unnggghhiieeeeee! Mmmngghhiieeeeee!" Dany screamed as her elbows and heels continued to hammer the bed as raw agonizing pleasure pulsed out her rupturing womb.

Arya was in heaven knowing she was giving Dany such blistering soul searing pleasure. Her face was soaked in Dany’s cum. She felt slimy tendrils of cum dribbling down her throat in several streams. Arya slurped down what she could but still focused on giving Dany all the pleasure she could. She sensed Dany’s orgasm starting to wane and backed off sucking fiercely on Dany’s clit knowing to back off from her observing of Dany’s marathon masturbation sessions.

Dany’s body had been having full body convulsions for over twenty seconds and suddenly her strength fled leaving her spent. Her legs spread out akimbo and her arms slack on the mattress. She was whimpering and out of it. Her face was soaked in sweat and sweat ran off her body in rivulets.

Arya gently tongued and licked the slack satiated cunt of her lover. Arya loved each creamy smear of cum she licked up into her greedily mouth. She looked up and saw that Dany was softly crying again.

She scooted and enfolded her lover in her arms and gently rolled them on their side.

“Sssshhhhh baby … I’m here. I’ll never let you go baby!” Arya softly husked.

“I was so terrified I would have to marry another man to solidify my kingdom … I was so terrified …”

“Your mine Dany … any man comes near you I will gut him … no man will ever touch you again … you’re mine Dany … this wolf has claimed her dragon as her own.”

Dany smiled at her and stroked Arya’s face. “You say the sweetest things Arya. Yes I am yours now and forever. I am the dragon and you are mine Arya Stark. I will never let you go or suffer anyone else to touch what is mine. You belong to me Arya!” Dany finished possessively.

Arya looked at Dany and shivered. She loved hearing Dany laying claim on her body. She was ecstatic that the Queen had made it clear that she would submit to Arya in their bed. Arya felt the wolf in her howling. She would often submit to Dany and feel the dragon’s fire. She smiled. Often the dragon would submit to the Direwolf. Direwolves were passion given flesh and took what they wanted and what she wanted with all her heart was Daenerys Targaryen.

Dany looked at her sweet wolf lying down facing her. She and her lover were dripping sweat and the smell of their musk was thick in Arya’s room. Her sweet wolf was proud of herself the Queen could tell. Well she should be. She had sucked Dany off with exquisite skills. Once she had calmed her nerves and followed her instincts Arya had proven a natural lover. Her mouth had been so divine sucking her off to wailing orgasms.

She reached down and gripped Arya’s left hand resting on her hip. She brought the hand slowly up to between their faces. Dany slowly closed the fingers and formed a fist. She saw Arya’s eyes register curiosity at her actions. Dany slowly brought the fist to her mouth and gently kissed it and then ran her tongue between the knuckles. Arya shivered her grey steel eyes igniting with renewed
lust.

Dany smiled. Her wolf was easily aroused as she was. Her nipples had just started to lose their swelling but now were getting all pulpy and sweet. Dany kissed Arya’s fist again and then lowered it “You won my heart with this fist Arya. I had seen you through my dragon’s eyes and been enamored but it was your fire in my throne room that completely captured my heart.”

Arya’s eyes had slowly filled with subtle mirth. “Well you know. The way to a Queen’s heart is through her chin” she softly chuckled.

Dany smiled at her lover’s humor.

She snaked her arms around Arya suddenly and pushed her lover over and straddled her sweet wolf with her elbows and knees supporting some of her weight but she had already seen that Arya loved feeling her weight on her. She loved feeling Arya’s pulpy nipples digging into her breast and chest. She looked down at Arya with her in fire lilac eyes.

She threaded her fingers into Arya’s hair. “I am your Queen Arya Stark. I willing submit to your direwolf desires but when the dragon is ascendant she will claim and take what is hers. Do you agree and submit.”

Arya’s pupils were completely blown. She shook her head slowly ‘yes’.

“I will fuck you hard and often Arya when I am in the rut. I will take what I want and need. I will consume you Arya. I will take you with my fingers and my mouth. When we return to King’s Landing I have dildos and strap-ons that I will mount you with. I will bang the shit out of you Arya. I will pound all your holes. Do you understand what I mean?”

Arya shook her head yes with enthusiasm. A wicked smile on her face. Dany shivered seeing what a lustful slut her Arya was.

“Do you want that Arya Stark? To feel me slamming my large cock deep into your cunt. To have me plunging my dick up your hot tight ass. Pulling my dick out your ass and making you suck your ass juice off my dick like the filthy slut you are!”

Arya’s eyes fluttered shut. A hard shiver ran through her body. Arya opened her eyes staring hotly at her Queen. Now Arya shook her head very enthusiastically yes again.

“I will fuck your ass hard and deep and then pull my cock out your ass and slide it over your perineum and bury my dick balls deep straight into your cunt from your asshole Arya. I will fuck your back and forth between your fuck holes. You will clean both your pussy and ass off my dick Arya. Do you want that Arya? Is that what you want my Direwolf?” Dany asked her woman.

“Yyyyyyyyyeeeesssssssssss!” Arya sibilantly croaked up to her lover shaking her head yes looking up at Dany with total wanton submission and love.

Dany felt her belly clench at the slut of a lover her Arya was proving to be. Dany needed to fuck hard and repeatedly to satiate her dragon’s hunger.

She shifted over to her left over Arya and brought her knee into Arya’s pussy and wiggled it urging Arya to spread her legs. She rested her swollen cunt down on Arya’s muscular thigh. She subtly flexed her knee and pressed it harder into Arya’s pussy. Her sweet wolf groaned in pleasure feeling the pressure on her cunt.

Dany gripped her wolf’s hair and lowered her mouth. She first lipped Arya’s lips with her own and
sucked her lips between hers and nibbled on them. She then pried open her lover’s mouth and stormed her tongue deep into Arya’s mouth and engaged her tongue. Their tongues coiled and flipped in hot love in Arya’s mouth. “Unggmmffffff Mmmpphhfff Mmpphhfft!” Arya chuffed into the mouth that was devouring hers.

Dany started to flex her hips and drag her knee up her lover’s swollen pussy and jammed in grinding her lover’s swollen cunt. Dany moaned into Arya’s mouth feeling her lover’s labia lips riding up and down her flexing knee and lower thigh. Arya’s juices soaking her leg lubricating it allowing her more easily grind it hard into her lover’s muff. She could feel Arya’s hard clit riding up and down her leg.

The rocking motion the Queen setup had her own pussy starting to flex and ride on Arya’s thick muscular legs. Her pussy compressing and mashed into Arya’s strong leg. Her pussy riding up and down the Arya’s muscled thigh. Her pussy leaving a trail of snail snot lubricating the leg she was using as a fuck post.

Arya was grinding her cunt up into the thigh grinding into it. Arya looped her arms around Dany’s back pulling her down to wallow their bellies into each other and to jam her swollen nipple plums into her Queen’s full firm titties. Their tongues rolled and wetly wrestled deep in Arya’s moaning mouth. Both of their bodies jolted as they felt the hot sweet pulses flowing from their rubbed and compressed nipples.

The Valyrian loved the feel of Arya’s trim riding her leg she was jamming and working up and down the drooling slit. She started to feel the clit that was jutted out its sheath now. The hard nubbin riding up and down her leg. The cum soaking her leg let Arya’s cunt ride easily up and down her upper leg she was pounding into her lover’s open quim she was fucking harder and harder with her thrusting leg.

Dany’s own clit was being mashed and dragged on Arya’s upper leg by her fucking of Arya’s cunt. Her clit jangling hard and sending searing pulses of ecstasy to her brain. Dany broke their kiss to get some needed oxygen. She looked down at her wolf. Her face was twisting and jolting with shocks of ecstasy. Dany forced her body lower and now used her upper leg to slam down and up her lover’s cunt. Arya’s drooling clam shell instantly soaking Dany’s upper leg with hot sweet cunt slime.

The Queen lowered her head bending her neck so she could suck in a full bulb nipple. The Queen hard sucked locking her lips beneath the double bottle cap edge of Arya’s nipples. Dany sucked with cheek hollowing long love sucks. Her head lifting with the sheer force of her long hard sucks. Her tongue slapping and gigging the blood engorged pulpy nipple. "Ohhhnnnn ...yes!" Arya panted her face twisting with ecstasy.

Dany smiled and lifted her hips higher and slammed her leg down into Arya’s swollen snatch and dragged it up her woman’s cunt. She lifted her leg swirling her hips back and up and slammed her leg down and pounded Arya’s cunt and hard dragged her leg up Arya’s now opened up quim. She slammed her leg down again and again into Arya’s swollen drooling cunt. "Ohhhnnnn!" Arya gasped her eyes squeezed shut in ecstasy. "Oh! Unngghhhhh!" she cried out. "Ohhhnnnn! Ahhnnnnn!" Arya moaned, jacking her shaking pelvis up into the down slam thrusts of Dany’s leg. “Oh gods! Unggh!” Arya groaned, her eyes going briefly glassy. "Ohng!"

The motion of fucking Arya was pounding her pussy into Arya’s leg. Her sweet Direwolf had felt Dany’s cunt slamming and riding up and down her leg. Arya had cocked her leg slightly so she could angle her thigh up with her bent knee. This allowed Arya to jam her leg harder into the pussy humping her leg as Dany worked her quim up and down her leg like a bitch in heat. Her cunt
soaking Arya’s leg with her flowing effluent.

Dany was in love how she was able to hook her lips underneath the crown of Arya’s overripe bursting plum nipples. She sucked voraciously with cheek hollowing deep throat love sucks. Her head lifting with her forceful sucks. Arya’s cries of pleasure constant. Her tongue slapped and gigged hard the bursting plum nipple filling the Queen’s mouth.

She was slam fucking her woman with her thigh now. She loved how her forceful ramming of her leg into Arya’s gooey trench and jamming in deep mashing her vulva spreading it out on her thigh muscle. She adored seeing Arya’s body jerk forward that fraction of an inch from the force of her thigh slamming into her slit’s cunt. She felt her woman’s labia lips pulled, stretched and rolled on her sliding thigh. She could feel Arya’s clit pulled from its sheath riding up and down her rampaging thigh pulverizing Arya’s clit with hard forward jams of her surging thigh.

Dany looked down at Arya’s face as Arya’s head jerked right and left constantly now. Her face looked like she had put her foot in boiling water with the way it twisted and slashed like she was in agony that was only pure ecstasy. She felt Arya’s claw into her ass cheeks with her fingers and dig in with her clipped nails (good lesbian Dany thought in a stray thought). Arya helped Dany lift her hips higher on the back stroke and then slam down and forward with the next up stroke of her leg up Arya’s drooling pulped clam shell.

"Aoowwnngg!") Arya cried out as her fingers dug deep into Dany’s ass helping her to fuck her cunt harder and harder. "Oh ...oh! Please! Unnghhhh! Oh yes ...harder! Unngghhh! Do it hard! Hard!"

And Dany did do it harder. She was in a fury of hard fucking her slut. Her leg pulping the now watery cunt she was fucking with pure love and passion.

The Queen arched her back to increase the force of her leg jamming and riding up Arya’s cunt. The teen’s labia lips splayed out as the lips rolled and folded on the leg pounding up and down the drooling slit. Arya helping the Queen to fuck Arya’s cunt with her hands clenching to claw Dany’s ass to help her Queen slam her leg into her spasming cunt. Dany chuffed and moaned working her hips to surge her leg up and over baby’s slit and clit. Again and again Dany swirled her hips up and back so she slam her thigh into her slit’s drooling clamshell pulping Arya’s slit and clit. Dany’s leg roughly riding up her woman’s cum soaked slit and clit.

Dany felt intense pleasure in her pussy that was riding on Arya’s leg but she was totally focused now on making her Arya cum hard yet again.

Dany lowered her head eyes locked with Arya’s that struggled to focus on her. “Take it slut! Unngggg uuunngggg uuunnggg! Cum on my leg like a bitch in heat slut!” Dany rose up on her palms and arched her back deeper and slammed down with even more force into her Stark’s sloshing cunt. Arya’s eyes flared with the surge in pleasure in her fucked cunt. Her head lifted off the mattress an inch and pumped up and down with her racing pulse. Dany felt Arya desperately clawing her ass and down jerking urging Dany on with her hard thigh fuck of Arya’s swollen watery quim.

“Oohhhhh … oohhhh fuuuuccckkkkk!” Arya’s head thumped back to the mattress and lulled over and her face slashed with the twisting grimaces. Her pussy filled with fierce pleasure. “Oh godssssss yeeessssssss!” Arya’s fingers were like talons sunk in Dany’s ass cheeks jerking down with maniacal force urging Dany on with her pulverizing fuck of Arya’s swollen pussy.

“Cum you fucking slut! Your Queen commands that you cum bitch!” Dany surged forward with her impacting thigh in Arya’s flooding quim made Arya’s body jerk forward that small fraction that was so hot to see to Dany. Gods she loved fucking Arya hard! It was so hot for Dany to feel the jerk forward of Arya’s body with her hard tribbing body. Arya’s face froze up with her eyes shocked wide up with a surge of crippling ecstasy. “CUM SLUT!” Dany now screamed down at
Arya to hurtle her sweet wolf off the precipice of ecstasy. Arya’s body tittering on the edge of shocking bliss. “CUM YOU GODSDAMN SLUT!”

Arya’s body stiffened up like a board her face twisted with horrible ecstasy and then dissolved into wild spasms of agonizing cumming. “MMMNGGGGHHIIIEEEEEE! NNNGGGHHIIIEEEEEE! Anngghnnmmggieee! Aaaauuggghhiieeeeee!” Arya shrieked in agonizing ecstasy. Arya exploded in a rupturing orgasm, gagging and squirming uncontrollably on the bed as wave after wave of shattering pleasure broke over her shuddering body. Her head slammed into bed and rose up and slammed back down hard. “Nnggmnnnggiiieee! Mmmngghhhiieeeeee!” Arya wailed her face clawed with gut wrenching ecstasy. Arya cummed in hot spasms, her body churning and grinding into Dany’s still surging thigh muscle. "Oh! Unngghhiiieee!" "Anngghhiieeee!" she cried. "Oh! Oh gods, Dany! Yes! Unngghhiiieee!

Dany was in heaven feeling her woman cum so hard on her leg. She felt hot cum pouring out Arya’s spasming couchie and totally soaking her leg in hot oily slimy cum. She watched intently the body of Arya shudder and convulse beneath her as she still slammed and dragged her thigh up Arya’s gushing cunt. She felt her leg soaked in her so fucking hot woman’s effluent. Arya’s face twisted with soul crushing pleasure. Dany felt her medium sized full tits whipping around on her chest as she hard tribbed her leg into Arya’s groove.

She felt Arya’s body weakening as her orgasm began to wane. Dany backed up and stopped riding her leg in Arya’s flooded trench. She loved the look of swooning on Arya’s face. Her body was streaked with running sweat that flowed down her body with her strong aftershocks. Her mouth was open and slack drooling down her cheek. Dany looked down further and saw the wet open cunny of her sweet Arya. Arya’s pussy swollen and slimy looking with all the cum slicking her seam, labia lips and her groin. Her labia lips all hues of brown with sweet pink and slicked with glistening cum. Arya’s mound and slit flushed red with blood rush.

Dany smiled. She had given her woman supreme pleasure. She felt so fucking hot and sexy giving her new lover supreme pleasure.

Dany looked down and suddenly felt the need rising in her own snatch. She needed to cum hard herself but her sweetie was out for the count for a few minutes as she mewled and her body hitched with the strong aftershocks running through her body.

In her finishing off Arya, Dany had risen up breaking her pussy’s lock on Arya’s thigh. She looked down at that leg all wet and glistening with her flowing snail snot. The Queen licked her lips feeling rampant fuck hunger coursing through her veins.

Dany rose up and moved her body over and fully straddled Arya’s akimbo leg with her swollen shaved cunt. Her labia lips bloomed out her slit and soaked in runny clear cum. She started to work her hips and run her swollen couchie up and down the akimbo leg of her lover. She mashed down with hard flexes of her hips working to pulp her cunt. “Hhhuunggggg! Shit!” Dany cawed out feeling her cunt pulse hard with pleasure as she worked her cunt up and down Arya’s upper leg. The Queen’s stomach flexing and her hips churning to grind her pussy up and down Arya’s thick muscled thigh.

Dany felt her tits start to swirl and jerk as she fucked her cunt like a cat humping a fuck post. She gagged with helpless pleasure. She dragged her cunt roughly up and down Arya’s leg from her knee up six inches and back down as she worked her hips to grind and slide her pussy hard on Arya’s muscled leg. Dany’s hands came up to cup and fold her own tits and hard jerk them squeezing hard filling her breast with aching fire that arched to her clit. She cried out feeling her clit jacked out its sheath and now rubbing hard directly on Arya’s thigh.
The Queen had already laid a base of cum on Arya’s leg that had her pussy easily gliding up and down the thickly muscled leg of Arya. Her excited pussy now liberally pumped out cum that quickly smeared Arya’s leg with fresh cum that slavered Arya’s upper leg and began to run down in trickles on both sides of the leg Dany was actively humping like a cat in heat.

Dany’s head lulled back and she whimpered with hard pleasure as her hands continued to clench in hard with pulp squeezes on her boobs. "Ohunngghh oh gods ...oh shit!" Dany groaned as she lulled back her head on a neck gone weak. She thrashed her head with helpless pleasure. Her face twisted with sublime pleasure. "Oh! Oh! Unghh!" She felt a recovered Arya’s hands grip her hips and helped her increase the force of her rubbing of her pussy on Arya’s leg. The increase in friction gagged the Queen with sublime fucking bliss.

Dany’s head lulled back and forward and then hung down on a neck weak with pleasure. Her head jacked down hard with stomach clenching pulses of raw pleasure flowing out her cunt as she tribbed Arya’s leg. She saw Arya looking up at her with pure fire in her eyes. Gods Dany thought. Arya looked so fucking hot with her hair plastered all over her forehead, cheeks, shoulders and upper chest. Arya’s eyes pulsed with hot hunger for Dany. Dany shuddered seeing that fire in her sweet love’s steel grey eyes. Arya jammed down with her clench on Dany’s hips pulping the Targaryen’s camel toe into her thigh she now clenched hard and surged up into Dany’s cunny.

The Targaryen Queen whimpered feeling her cunny pulped. Her clit dragged and mashed on the leg Arya now flexed as she jerked it up into the pussy riding it. Dany felt her long labia lips being dragged, folded and stretched on the leg she was hard humping her hips jerking in harsh jerks. Arya let Dany guide her hips with Arya only adding intense pressure and helping Dany ride the full length of Arya’s upper leg. The cunt juice soaking Arya’s leg letting Dany grind her cunt easily up and down the thickly muscled leg.

Dany saw her lover’s face smile feeling her cunt drool out copious fuck juice to lubricate the thigh she was tribbing wildly on. Her tits whipped up and down. Dany now was running her hands hedonistically up and down here body squeezing and rubbing her striving body. “Huuangg uunnggh hhnnnggg … oh gods Arya my cunt is going to explode aaugggg uunnggg ungggg!”

“Cum all over me like I did you Dany!”

“Call me a slut! Ppplleeeaseeee! I love it when I am talked rough too!”

“Cum on my leg you fucking godsdamned slut! Cum hard for me you cunt!”

Dany’s eyes flared wide. She sagged forward and gripped Arya’s shoulders and surged down arching her back down to increase the force of her tribbing. Her tits circled on her chest with the force of her fucking. Her breathing a labored desperate thing. Her head thrashed as her face crumpled in almost harrowing pleasure. Dany gagged as she jammed down harder with short spastic jerks of her hips to pulp her camel toe. Arya providing the impudence to help Dany grind her cunt up and down Arya’s leg Dany was tribbing on manically.

“Nut your cunt on my leg you fucking Valyrian cunt! Cum all over me like the Lysian whore you are! Show me what a godsdammn slut you are Dany! You fucking cunt!”

“Aaaarruuunnggggg! Yes yessssss—aauuggg uunnggg yessssssss!” Dany groaned out sibilantly. Her sweat drenched body soaked in rivulets of running perspiration. Her face striving and stricken looking. Her tits whiplashing up and down as her body desperately humped Arya’s leg.

Arya clenched her fingers deep into Dany’s hips to grind her swollen now sloshing snatch up and down her leg. She looked up at Dany’s face desperate in its need to cum. Arya lifted her leg
instinctively to increase the pressure grinding Dany’s cunt. With her foot on the bed Arya savagely up jerked her leg into the trim roughly riding up and down her leg. The heat and wetness divine to Arya. The look on Dany’s striving face sublime.

“Cum hard Dany! Cum on my fucking leg you slut! Cum hard cum hard cum NOW!”

Dany’s head snapped back her mouth wide open. “AAARRUUUUUNNGGGGGG! OOWWWWGGGHHHHH! AAAUUUWWOOGGGGGGG!” the Queen roared as pulverizing shocks of a horrifying powerful orgasm exploded out her rupturing womb. Dany’s head snapped down and back her face filled with killing shocks of burning ecstasy. She felt Arya throwing her leg up into her cunt increasing the pressure on her cunt that felt like it was tearing itself inside out. Her womb spasmed so hard she thought it might tear out her belly “HHHHUNNNGGGGGG! OOWWNNGGHHIIIEEEEEEEE! Auungghh! ” she screamed. “Ummgghnnghh! Ungaaungghhhmmnngg!” her wails of the purest ecstasy possible on Earth filled Arya’s bedroom as Dany’s body convulsed sharply. She jackknifed violently her body snapping up and down so hard she feared her spine might shatter. Her tits almost violently snapping up and down on her chest as each convulsion ripped through her body.

The Queen’s pussy gushed out hot waves of cum that soaked and creamed Arya’s leg. The searing pulses of cum running down Arya’s leg and soaked the bed beneath. Dany gradually weakened and sagged down onto Arya’s body as her body still convulsed weakly with killing pulses of her dying harrowing orgasm. "Oh yes ...oh yessss! Oh! Oh! Gods, Arya, unghhhh! … never has it been like this—sooo good! Arrurungg hhuunngg hhnnnggg” Dany gagged out feeling intense aftershocks begin to grip and shake her body. Her clit and nipples pulsing to the intense aftershocks rippling out her spent womb.

Dany started weeping again with pure love. She felt Arya reach down and pull the covers over their sweat and cum soaked bodies. Dany was still hitching and crying out as powerful pulses of her dying orgasm throttled her.

“I love you Arya—hhoowwggggg uunggggg … gods I love you so much!” whimpered snuggling into her love half lying on her lover putting her head underneath Arya’s chin her left arm and leg thrown possessively over Arya’s supping body. She felt her cunt pulsing out hot cum still. Her pussy was soaking their bellies and groins in her hot cum. She started to worry that Arya might not want to be coated thickly with her creamy cum as they snuggled.

“Gods Danyyyyyyy—I can feel you cunt soaking me in its cum—ooohhhhh gods I love it soooooo! I always want to feel your cunny soaking my body in your sweet cum.”

Dany felt her eyes roll back into her skull. Gods Arya was born to be her lover.

She jammed her face into Arya’s throat and cooed. She was spent for the moment. She wanted more of her sweet lover but needed to get her bearings and recharge.

“I love you Arya Stark. So so much!” she sleepily cooed.

“As I love you Daenerys Targaryen. I fantasied about you for five years now my sweet Queen.” She kissed a drowsy Dany on her temple. “When I was only eleven and you came out of the Red Wastes I dreamed and masturbated to you being in this bed. Now, finally you are in my bed making love to me. I have masturbated to so many orgasms in this bed dreaming of this. The reality blows my fantasies to dust. You are my soulmate Dany. I was born to be your lover Dany.”

Dany whimpered and fell into sweet dreams of her Arya. She smiled thinking of triple weddings.
Dany slowly swam back up to the surface of consciousness. She was lethargic and her body filled with sweet lassitude. She stretched a little arching her back. She had that pleasant ache of a woman well fucked. Well fucked by her sweet wolf. She wiggled and was disappointed to not feel Arya beneath her cheek and her body not under her arms and legs. She heard snorts and snuffling.

The Queen slowly rolled over and looked into the room. She saw from the windows that it was late in the afternoon now. Arya’s room was on the east side of the Great Keep. The sunrays did not strike this wall and the windows were full of shadowy gloom. The gloom of the room had been ameliorated by a fire that had recently been stoked and the flames were hungrily consuming thick logs of popping pine.

She saw that two oil lamps on wall hooks had been turned up to fill the room with a soft gentle glow. She then noticed that on the table six candles burned with several big bowls and plates on it. She saw fruit in the bowls and a big pitcher of some liquid. She looked again at the fireplace. Her mouth turned up at the corners. Dany saw the logs filled with cankers that glowed red hot that added warmth to the room always kept warm with the hot water running through the walls. She smiled. It was what was before the large fireplace that made her smile great big.

Woof woof woff! she heard. On her back was Nymeria with her forelegs running in the air. A naked Arya was on her knees bent over and roughly scratching the great Direwolf’s in the area between her front legs with her clawed fingers. Up and down Arya ran her clawed fingers digging deep into the fur of her Direwolf. The wolf jerked her head back and forth her tongue lulling out her mouth. Nymeria’s tail wagged furiously right and left.

Dany saw Arya’s nipples were not erect. They were not even half their normal size of arousal her areolas ridged and her nipple seeming buried in the rolls of her crinkly areolas. She would change that soon enough!

Arya continued to work her wolf now rubbing her belly as the wolf whined in pleasure. Dany was up on her forearms watching the show and smiling great big. She saw a big empty plate covered in meat juice. Nymeria had obviously eaten well recently. Dany thought back to when she had used big plates of chunked meat to entice Nymeria into her room so she could continue masturbating in front of Arya’s wolf knowing that her master was warged inside the wolf seeing, hearing and smelling her masturbating for Arya.

The wolf had noticed Dany awake and watching them with a soft smile on her face. The great beast woofed in greeting. Arya looked over and a big radiant smile filled her face. “Your awake! Cool!” Then a concerned look came over her face. “I hope I did not wake you … I was just having fun with Nym.”

Dany sat up and got on the edge of the bed. She sat so her legs were draped over the edge of the bed. She tousled her hair and slowly spread her legs wide in front of Arya. She then arched her back working the kinks out. She knew her wetting cunt was on full display in lewd invitation and her full firm tits jiggling on her chest her nipples already rigid with fuck hunger for her sweet wolf.

“You did not awaken me Arya …” Dany brought her head back down from her hard stretch “It was hunger to fuck you again that awoke me Arya” Dany softly husked to her lover.

“Oh!” Arya softly squeaked. Dany found the mixture of carnal and innocence of Arya Stark to be a heady wine. It was absolutely adorable. Arya recovered with a soft smirk on her face. “If you have other hungers I have had some nourishment brought into my room. You see I have had fruit, bread, sliced pork and roast with cheese on the table and a pitcher of ice tea brought to us. I was famished
and thirsty. I made sure to have enough for you too Dany. I then a special treat for you my love.”

A sly smile now graced her face as she continued rubbing her whining wolf whose tongue was lulled out.

Arya eyed the Queen’s charms hungrily. Her eyes traveling up and down the body of her Queen with famished hunger that had her pupils already blown with desire. She licked her lips like the animal on the standard of her House.

“Partake of sustenance my Queen … then I will partake of you” Arya said in a sultry tone her eyes on fire and nipples again becoming engorged with want and need. Their pussy musk was still thick in the air from their earlier fucking but Dany smelled her own pussy flooding the air with sweet new musk. Arya’s flaring nostrils told Dany that Arya smelled her own puss juicing liberally.

It was then that Arya’s fresh hot cunt musk hit Dany like a tidal wave. The Queen inhaled deeply taking her lover’s pungent sweet musk deep into her lungs with full breaths. She felt her own pussy wet with need to be consumed again. Dany’s body shook with need and want. She looked at Arya who was up on her knees now. She had one hand still rubbing her wolf’s belly while the other hand played with her now swollen labia lips and brushed over her clit making Arya groan as her pussy got visibly wetter. Her puss and labia lips getting the oily sheen of cum soaking her mound and labia lips.

Dany loved being naked with her lover with no inhibitions between them. She went to the table and made herself a large sandwich of chopped pork, cheese and bread. She had several large handfuls of grapes and washed down with two large glasses of ice tea. Dany had a physical hunger satiated she did not even now she had.

She now looked over to Arya and Nymeria. Nym had now laid on her side and luxuriated in Arya running her fingers through her fur. Dany lifted up the one covered dish and smiled great big. In it was a big thick ox thigh bone. Arya had other hungers in mind as well. Arya being thoughtful of Nymeria’s need had the perfect treat for her Direwolf. Dany picked up the covered platter. She walked over to her lover and her wolf. She put the covered dish down beside the Direwolf.

Dany joined her lover in running her fingers through the long fur of the direwolf. Nymeria was in wolfie heaven being pampered and spoiled. She woofed softly her tongue lapping along her gums in contentment. Above her Dany made hot eye contact with Arya as she let her eyes bore in on Arya’s engorged nipples and her labia lips hanging out her slit all wet and cum slimed. The Queen smiled seeing a hard shiver run through her lover’s body.

“I have other hungers that need to be satiated Arya” the Queen told her woman in a hot sultry voice. She stood up and walked to the wall in Arya’s room that had a thick curtain hung to it to give color and cover the cool stone. In a regal tone “Give Nymeria that thigh bone and then come over to me on all fours wolf. Come over in servitude to your Queen!” Dany almost barked at Arya. She stood before the curtain and tapped her foot impatiently.

She saw Arya’s eyes go glassy and her body shook with fuck hunger. She woodenly opened the dish and Nymeria immediately snapped over to her belly and stared at the ox bone with her mouth watering in anticipation. Arya pushed the dish over with her foot to slide the dish to her wolf and forgot about her. Nymeria had her hunger and Arya had her hungers that needed to be satiated. Her eyes riveted on the regal pose of her Queen. Gods she is so fucking beautiful Arya thought to herself.

Nymeria head snapped forward to get the thick bone in her happy maul and started to chew on it. Arya took several steps away from Nymeria. Slowly she sunk down till she was on her hands and knees. She stared hotly at her Queen. In her mind she went submissive and wiggled her ass. She
may be submissive but that didn’t mean she couldn’t shake her ass. An ass she couldn’t wait for Dany to fuck.

Arya saw the Queen staring hungrily at her ass. She shook her ass again for her lover loving how Dany’s breathing accelerated slightly just looking at her big firm ass cheeks flexing.

Arya slowly moved over to Dany on all fours. Her steps slow and measured as her body undulated forward in subservience. In her mind now, Arya was totally submissive to her Dragon and was ready to be fucked however Dany wanted to take her. Those thoughts had Arya’s belly contracting in need as her pussy jerked squeezed in primal want.

Her eye glued to the wet swollen trim of her Queen Arya slowly advanced. She was then before Dany and inhaled deeply and groaned hard smelling her Queen’s wet swollen cunt. The musk intoxicating. She stared up at the drooling clam shell enviously. Her tongue licked her lips. Her mouth was salivating heavily. She wiggled her ass showing her excitement.

“How much do you want me Arya? I need to see how much you need me. I need to see the slut in you.” The Queen stared down at Arya with a regal arrogant poised look.

“Woof woof –pant pant pant – woof!” Arya panted looking up at Dany.

The Queen’s stern look wavered with Arya’s antics as she stared hard at her cunt. “Now that I did not expect!” Dany laughed. She smiled down at Arya. She was looking all round like a hound her mouth making panting noises and letting slobber drool down her chin to wiggle in strands off her jaw before breaking off. Arya loved seeing Dany smile with childish joy down at her.

With a mischievous light in her eyes the blond woman started to sensually swirl her hips before her woman. Dany humped her pelvis in front of Arya showing her lover her swollen snatch that ached to be devoured. Dany felt her pussy drool slimy trickles down both her thighs. Arya’s eyes tracked the glistening trails that slowly wept down the thin but muscular legs of her Queen.

Arya started to whine like a dog who is frustrated. Panting she moved up to get just before Dany. Arya pawed at Dany’s cum slicked thighs and whined licking her lips. Her eyes stared enraptured at her lover’s swollen trim all wet and dark pink. Dany loved Arya’s playful mirth. She was so fucking precious!

Arya lifted her left arm and pawed at Dany’s muscled leg up and down with her fingernails and whined pathetically staring and drooling at the Queen’s wet quim. Arya inhaled deeply. Aaawwwooooo! Aaawwoooolo!” she howled in primal fuck hunger.

“That’s right bitch! Howl for what you want. Let me hear you howl and growl for my pussy cunt!”

“Aaawwwooooo! … Gggggrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
so bad. Her eyes roamed the perfection that awaited her. Her head slowly moving up and down
staring with longing at Dany’s beautiful perfect face, her high firm breasts and her shaved cunt right
in front of her face. Arya breathed deep and moaned smelling her woman’s hot sex. The sweet
musk so intoxicating.

“My sweet wolf. I do think that you are in so many ways the physical avatar of your namesake.
You are the wolf given human flesh. Even your mannerism are like your Direwolf Nymeria.” Arya
sat down on her ass like a dog healing. Her head rocking with her dog pants. Arya turned her head
back and forth looking around but always glancing back at her master like a dutiful dog does for its
master.

More than willing to play the part, Arya panted drooling and started to paw at Dany’s leg whining
again. Arya whined like a distraught wolf. Arya now stared hard at her Queen’s cunt as more hot
trickles of cum trickled down the Queen’s legs. Dany’s mound was swollen now and bright pink
with blood rush. Her inner labia lips bloomed out her slit all knotted up and wet with weeping fuck
juice from her leaking clamshell.

Her musk was flowing off her pussy and intoxicating the sixteen year old shaking now with her
hunger for her woman. She loved this teasing before the feast. Arya looked up at Dany’s perfect
sized tits so firm and high. She saw the flush of excitement on Dany’s neck and around the hollow
of her throat. Nipples were engorged and rock hard on the Queen’s firm tits. The tits rising and
falling with Dany’s excited breathing.

Arya got back up on her hands and knees and brushed her body against the Queen’s body like
Nymeria did to show affection. Arya turned her body around again and again to rub her face and her
body from her shoulder to her hip along the Queen’s thighs wetting her face and body in her
Queen’s trickling cum. Arya moved in to lick the sweet trickle of sweet cum.

“Mmmuunnggg! Uummmgggggg!” Arya purr moaned her tongue licking up the sweet cum her
tongue could find on Dany’s muscled legs.

“Heal!” Dany barked. Arya obeyed going back to sitting on her heels and ass. She whined looking
up with pleading in her steel grey eyes. Sitting back on her heels Arya looked up at her master and
lulled her tongue out and panted up at her true master. She whined again and pawed at Dany’s legs
with her palm and fingers like a wolf’s paw.

“As I was saying wolf—you are so like Nymeria. I will have you know your wolf spied on me
many nights Arya. You have been a bad master that I will punish thoroughly in the future for these
transgressions!”

Dany smirked to herself hiding her amusement seeing Arya’s eyes flare and she swore she saw steam
coming out her ears as she processed the ramifications of this.

“Yes Arya … a Queen expects privacy in her chambers at night but your wolf would barge into my
room (conveniently forgetting the big trays of sweet chunks of meat she used to bride the wolf into
her chambers when Arya tried to be good). She would come and not leave. I was most put out!”

Dany saw Arya starting to sweat and look guilty. Time to let up a little she saw. She was not angry
in the least of course but the dynamic they were playing now required her to act the part of the
aggrieved Queen. She had learned how to put on many faces in her march across Essos as she
conquered that continent.

“But, I am forgiving Queen Arya. I will punish you later with my flogger and cattail and cover your
body with red marks from your master!” Arya was shivering in anticipation. The slut was looking
forward to her punishment! Dany thought. *Let's see how she truly felt about her approaching defilement* “I will then take my long thick dragon cock and ravage your pussy till it is stretched out and fucked inside out. I will fuck your pussy and stretch it out with my big thick Dragon cock! I will then take your asshole my Wolf. I will fuck your ass so hard and deep and make you clean your shit juice off my dick! You understand me Wolf!”

Arya was panting heavily now. Her face glistened with a sheen of sweat. Dany thought that was much better. Arya had a glassy look now and was shivering her nipples about to burst with excitement.

“Will you submit Wolf? Will you enjoy me fucking your shit hole hard and deep? You will love sucking your ass off my dick Wolf. Right Arya?” the Queen asked in a regal sneering tone.

“Woof Woof!” Arya weakly bleated out her head snapping harshly up and down in her eager consent.

“Yes. Your wolf was most bad Arya. Believe me. You will suffer! Will you take your punishment my sweet wolf?!

Dany had to break her stern look seeing Arya shake her head ‘yes’ so hard she was afraid Arya might hurt her neck. It was so cute Dany had to smile. She quickly put her royal stern visage back on her features.

“I will never ever expect for you revolt against me in the bedchamber and wrestle my implements of punishment from my grasp. You will never whip me mercilessly as I beg for you to contin—I mean for you to stop you defilement of my sweet innocent nature and body. You will must definitely not cover me with the red marks. I will cover you with marks of my punishment and thou shall never rise up and do the same to me. You shall never slap my face, ass, tits and cunt viciously as i will do so to you my wolf. Conversely, You will not drag me around by my hair with vicious jerks making me scream in pain as I will do you—you fucking slut … will you Arya? You will never ever slap my face, tits, cunt and ass cruelly with harsh cruel cupped hand slaps”

She saw Arya’s head turning and her eyes squinting and calculation coming into Arya’s grey orbs as she tried to science out the proper answer. *She would figure it out* the Queen smirked to herself with a leer on her face. Dany would make sure of that. She had always wanted to surrender her body to her female lover she had taken as her wife. But she had never trusted anyone enough to completely let go of her emotions and soul. She had played the physical games but never let her heart truly open to another to get the truly deep connection of full submission.

Dany had never loved someone enough for that. Now she did and she would submit to Arya totally. She would lower all her personal and emotional shields to experience the full sensations and pleasures of being completely and totally dominated. She would feel the whip lashing her mercilessly as she wailed in pain that would lead to so much pleasure. She would relish Arya slapping her face so hard and tying her up in ropes to strangle her tits and dig deep into her pussy and up her ass cleft. She had many games to play with her wolf girl.

Dany was both a sadist and masochist. She was a total switch. She sensed that Arya was too. She would coax out her Wolf’s truly dominate side. A side she would seek when Arya mounted her with her strap-on cock and fuck her like a Direwolf birch in heat. Yes, Dany had many such desires to play out with her sweet but savage Wolf.

“I will have you know Arya that your confounded wolf simply would not leave me quarters even though I had the most pressing needs. I would be so wrought up with desires to fuck you that I simply had to masturbate. I couldn’t help myself.”
She saw Arya looking shifty again. Dany knew Arya was trying hard to feel guilty but was not really succeeding at it. They have both loved the spying game and both new it. They just had to admit it to each other.

“I could not stop myself from masturbating again and again, night after night, in front of Nymeria as she sat or lied on her paws watching me flip and jackknife from the orgasms I stroked out my kitty and asshole. I could not stop myself of dreaming of you. I had to make myself cum seven or eight times at night, each night, to relieve the ache you put in my belly and fuck holes (Arya whined loudly at that) I never said your name. It was my secret. To fuck myself and keep it secret in case any fucking sparrows or moths were around. You did that to me Arya … and my sweet wolf never even knew it … now you do!”

She saw Arya glance back at Nymeria. She did not look too guilty about it. Good. Dany had enjoyed each night of her masturbating in front of Arya as she warged into Nymeria to watch her Queen fuck herself. It had felt so glorious to fuck her pussy and asshole hard and deep and know that Arya was watching her fuck herself nearly bowlegged each night. That avid attention had to have meant the girl wanted Dany’s body the Queen had hopefully deduced. Her thoughts and desires had been proven right!

“The way you are staring at me is how Nymeria stared at me. Such focus. It was almost as if you had been warged into Nymeria. But you would never do that would you Arya? Spy on me like that? Watching my cunt gushing out hot cum and my face, chest and breast scarlet with blood rush from orgasms thinking of you. I know you too well to even conceive of that thought.”

Arya gulped and shook her head ‘no’ weakly. She was not so successful in not looking guilty at the moment.

“Gods I wish you had been warged into Nymeria so you could have watched, heard and smelled my orgasms. It would have been so hot. I so loved fucking my cunt until it burned with spent passion for you. I fucked my cunt so hard I had to walk gingerly sometimes the next morning.”

Dany sighed theatrically. “The things you make me do Arya Stark.”

She saw Arya squirming big time now. She was keeping a secret and was so busted and did not even know it! Dany was so enjoying this moment.

Suddenly Dany’s demeanor changed and was in commanding royal mode again “Now it is time you make up for the past sins of your wolf Arya Stark!” Dany had had her fun but now it was time for pleasure she thought to herself!

Arya gulped but stared at Dany’s cunt with her tongue out her mouth panting in raw lust. “You will suck you Queen off and make her howl like your name sake. Do you understand wolf?!”

Arya woofed and pawed at Dany’s knee again while staring with hot lust at Dany’s bright pink swollen snatch. She inhaled deeply again and whined shivering smelling her woman’s hot musk flooding her flaring nostrils. Arya did not have to fake her body shaking all over from primal want for her sweet Dragon. Her mouth was truly drooling in thirst for more of her Queen’s sweet drooling gash.

Dany slowly snaked her hands down her hard muscled belly enjoying hot hotly Arya’s eyes followed her hands. The girl’s eyes were nearly crossed she stared at her Queen with such focus and want. The Queen enjoyed the feel of her fingers gliding down her belly. The Valyrian rubbed her belly and stroked her ribs taking her time to get to her cunny. Dany saw no reason not to pleasure herself a little before she proceeded in her drama play with Arya. She had always loved stroking her
perfect firm young body.

After a minute or two of slow detours around her belly, along the crevices between her ribs and up to trace the outline of the globes of her breast making her breath hitch the white haired blond moved her hand slowly down her palpating belly to her mound. Arya had been whining the whole time and pawing the Queen showing her impatient need to devour some sweet pussy. The Queen slowly ran her fingers up and down her drooling slit as her fingers became soaked in her running effluent. Arya was truly panting now. Her face sheened with fuck perspiration as her body shivered waiting to feast.

Dany slowly hooked her fingers in her slit and pulled back slowly tilting her pelvis forward. Her hot bright red sopping wet cunt hole was opened up. Her inner whorls all folded over each other in her honey pit. Her inner folds slimed with creamy smears of white fuck cream. Her breathing made her inner flower part and clutch before Arya’s again glassy eyes.

“Do you see something you want Arya?” Dany softly husked looking down at Arya rising up on her knees getting her face closer to Dany’s drooling clam shell. Dany loved the smell of her own cunt slamming into her nostrils. Her nipples pulsed and her cunt ached for attention. The Queen lewdly rotated her hips to lift her pussy to her lover. Her cunt hole wide open to Arya’s mesmerized eyes.

“Do you see something you want wolf? Huuuuummmmm? Tell me Arya—say lewd and nasty words for me … prove to me you want my hot wet cunt in your mouth. Show me you want to devour my aching quim and feast on my sloppy camel toe.”

“Ohhhhh Dany!” Arya shivered and gasped finding her human voice. She shook hard gathering her wits. “I want to suck your beautiful swollen cunt so good Dany. I will munch on and tongue fuck it deep with my tongue. I will suck your clit down my throat and ram my tongue deep into your hot wet twat … I will make you scream so hard Dany … I will make your cunt explode and tear itself inside out in my mouth …” Arya softly mewled looking up at Dany’s orchid all swollen and deep pink. Arya was slowly inching her face closer to Dany’s festering quim.

Suddenly Dany put her right palm on Arya’s forehead and pushed her head back. “Whine for it Arya. Show me you are my bitch! Beg for it!” The Valyrian adjusted her left hand so her split fingers between her ring and middle fingers pushed her cunny open still showing her hot wet clutching fuck hole.

“Dany puuhhhleasseeeeee! Give me your pussy plleeasseeeeee! Let me suck your beautiful hot wet cunt meat—IIIIII need it so baaaaddddd! Plleeasseeeee!” All the while Arya pushed her head harder against Dany’s palm jammed into her forehead.

Arya did not force her head up overpowering Dany’s resisting palm. She was enjoying the game way too much for that. Gods she loved being submissive with Dany. This game of submission had Arya in a lather. She was finding she deeply enjoyed submitting. Of course, there was two sides to any coin the teenager thought to herself smugly. She smirked evilly in her mind with that thought. Paybacks would be a bitch!

“Yeseee Dannyaayyyy! You’re just being mean to me!” Arya pouted like a three year old her bottom lip stuck out. She pushed up harder with her head but Dany pushed her head down. She whined and pawed Dany’s inner thigh. To have Dany’s pussy so close to her mouth and not being able to devour the sweet pussy humping before her face was putting Arya into a frenzy of want and need. She shuddered and pushed up harder against the Queen’s hand. Arya made sure though to not use too much force. She was to submit not conquer.

Her bitch master smiled down at her serenely enjoying Arya’s torment! Dany made a show of
pushing Arya’s head back and down showing her dominance. Arya whimpered while she pushed up against the force pushing her head down. She let Dany easily push her head back away from her pussy.

“Dany pleaseee baby I need to suck your cunt … to drink down your cum … gods I love your slimy wet cunt meat in my hot sucking mouth baby! Pppllleasseeeee!”

“I don’t know Arya. I’m not convinced!” Dany sing-song down to a very frustrated Arya. She felt Arya pushing harder up with her head again against Dany’s resisting palm. Arya’s mouth literally drooling with want and need.

“DDDAANNYYYYYY! Pppple—“

“Suck” was Dany’s simple soft spoken command lifting her hand off Arya’s forehead.

“Aawwoogggg!” she cried out with the force of Arya’s face slamming into her wet cunt and burying itself deep into her vulva. Arya worked her head furiously lapping hard opening up Dany’s slit and sucking her clit deep into her mouth and voraciously sucking on it with cheek dimpling harsh deep throat love sucks in her ravenous fuck hunger. Her forced postponement of her dining on slimy cunt meat had Arya in a frenzy of hot sucking.

"Hhhhnnggg hhhnnnn hhnngg auugggg … Oh gods, yes! Ohnngg gods ...yessss!” Dany gagged in helpless pleasure as she felt Arya move her hands behind Dany’s strong legs and grip hard anchoring her body. Arya lapped furiously licking and sucking in on Dany’s labia lips making the Queen whoop and shake with raw pleasure. Dany’s hands came up and cupped her breasts and ground the palms of her hands into her nipples. The pressure and friction making her nipples burn with hot flushes of heat and pleasure. She used her fingertips on the inner side of her breasts and the ball of her hands on the outer side of her breasts to squeeze in hard pulping her firm tits. The pressure sent arcs of ecstasy to her screaming clit.

Arya was licking her slit furiously her nose brushing into and jacking her shiny clit nubbin out its sheath. “Ohhhh Arya … fuck baby—eat my gash honey! Slurp up my cum!”

“Hhhhuurrssslllppp! Wwwwwhhooouurrrrssllllppp! Sssuurrrpppppp! Sssuurrrrrpppp!” Arya sucked with a loose lip lock on Dany’s upper cunt her tongue flailing the sloppy wet quim sucked deep into her mouth. Her tongue slapping and gigging sweet sopping wet pussy meat. The sweet nectars filling her mouth with ambrosia that she gulped down in gleeful gulps. Her slut groaned deep in her chest her cunt circling aggressively up into Arya’s hot sucking gobbling mouth.

Arya loved the feel of her head rocking back with the force of Dany’s instinctive humping of her pelvis up into the mouth devouring it. Arya was so much in love. She had dreamed of this every night for over five years and the reality was so much better than her vivid dreams. Her face was soaked in Dany’s flowing snail snot. The Queen’s vulva totally engulfing Arya’s mouth her lips hidden from Dany’s eyes. Arya’s tongue bulging the vulva out of the Queen as Arya hard licked her tongue up and down the drooling slit and tongue lashed the hard nubbin of her woman.

She released Dany’s upper cunt and lowered her head and shoveled her long tongue up into the fiery cauldron of Dany’s cum filled honey hole. She stabbed her tongue in hard and deep. Her face and nose pounding Dany’s now dark pink mons as she curled her tongue to scoop out hot tongue fulls of slimy hot wet cum. Arya’s mouth filled with the sweet heavenly elixir before she swallowed in convulsive reflexive gulps of elation. Each hot mouthful of Dany’s cunt juice made Arya moan deep in her chest in gluttonous glee.

Arya moved her head forward even more and locked her lips on Dany’s love hole with a tight Dorne kiss. Her tongue flailed and churned the slimy petals in Dany’s hot burbling cunt. Arya’s feasting
making obscene wet slurps and suck noises as she feasted on wet gash.

“Oh Arya! Oh baby! Aaaggggg unngg hhnnggg … Keep fucking my cunt baby! Goddssdaamnnnn you tongue feels so good deep in my cunt baby! Ohhhhhnnn ...ohhhnnn ...gods, it's so good!” Dany moaned, twisting, looking down at Arya's head hammering forward and back slamming her tongue deep up her drooling clam shell. Suddenly Arya mashed her head into Dany’s vulva again flaring it around her mouth as it worked in deep and she sucked in a big mouthful of hot sopping wet red cunt meat.

Arya munched on the sweet slimy folds sucked into her mouth as her eyelids fluttered closed in pure happiness eating her dragon out like she had dreamed of for so long.

Arya thought of something she liked to do masturbating and worked out how to do it eating out Dany’s steamy sweet fuck hole in her current kneeling position. Her head was jacked back hard now as Dany worked her swollen muff more and more desperately into Arya’s mouth. Dany’s hands that had been pleasuring her tits and rubbing along her belly and ribs hedonistically had a new quest. She now had one hand resting on Arya’s head her other hand running all over her own face and purring with pleasure.

Arya had seen Dany many times while warged into Nymeria stroke her face with a hand soaked in her own cum smearing her cream all over her face before sucking off the cream on her fingers while purring.

Arya brought her right hand up and pointed down placing it on Dany’s belly and slide it down. She forked Dany’s clitoral hood and squeezed in hard squirting her Queen’s clit fully out its sheath all shiny pinkish white and wet.

She saw Dany’s eyes bulge out at the sweet friction and pressure as Arya scissor Dany’s clitoral hood with her slow pumping in pressing fingers. "Unhhh! Unhhh!” Dany panted, tossing her head, squirming, her hips jerking spastically in phantom fuck-motions. "Oh gods! Please! Arya—auuuggg unnnngg hhnnggg ...please!"

Arya smirked into the cunt meat she was happily tongue stabbing. This always slew her jangling clit and she knew it would Dany. She sucked more fiercely on Dany’s cunt hole siphoning sweet cunt meat and creamy cum into her mouth as her woman’s body began to spasm and clench with the rising pulses of orgasms rising from deep within her belly. Arya forked squeezed Dany’s clitoral hood putting friction and pressure on the shiny nubbin jutting out its sheath.

Arya constantly glanced up. Dany’s mouth had fallen open into a helpless O of soundless cawing as her face slashed constantly with spasms of fucking bliss. Arya watched Dany’s head move in small circles on her jerking neck. Dany started to chuff had. Sweat was running down her body in rivulets. Arya loved how Dany’s tits jiggled and swirled on her chest with her body jerking and spasming.

Arya brought her left hand up and rolled her fingers over Dany’s twat lubricating her fingers with her lover’s fuck juice. Her fingers now slicked, Arya placed the flat of her fingers on Dany’s clit. The clit standing out its sheath tall and proud from Arya’s squeezing fingers of her right hand. With no warning she started to rub her fingers in blur right and left will pressing in with her hand’s fingers squirting Dany’s clit high out its sheath. Arya’s fingers were a blur whipping right and left jacking and brushing hard into and over squirted up clit from the fingers pressing in on Dany’s clitoral hood.

The affect was immediate Arya’ happily saw. The breath whooshed out of Dany’s lungs “Hwwwoogggg! Hhuu huunn!” Dany’s body began to shake violently as her body stiffened at the same time. Her eyes then shocked wide open and her womb exploded deep in her body.
"HHNNGGGEEEEEIIII! MMNNGGHHIIEEEEEE!" Dany screamed an unadulterated wail of fucking bliss. Her body half folded over and jerked up and down as Arya continued to wolf suck on the Targaryen’s fuck hole. Hot pulses of sweat cum filled her mouth with hot scalding dollops of delicious cum. Arya’s fingers jacked off her sweet wailing Queen’s clit mercilessly. “OOOWWWGGGGGGGG! HHHNNNGGGGGGGGGG!" Dany screamed in almost agonizing pleasure. Arya was convulsively swallowing the sweet cum flooding her mouth. Arya watched the queen’s breast swirl and flip on her bucking torso.

"Ohhhhh! Ohhhhhnnnnnnn!" Dany moaned, Arya could feel Dany’s ass cheeks clenching as Dany slammed her back into the curtained wall and spasmed with horrendous convulsions of agonizing pleasure "Ohnggg! Mnnnggauuuunngguuuu! Oh! Unghh! Auuungghhiiiiii!" Dany’s lean athletic body convulsed by sharp spasms of bucking fucking bliss "Ungghhhmmnnnggiieeeeee!" she cried out, her lovely young body straining, arching, and shuddering as she continued to cum hard.

Arya was in heaven drinking down what cum she could. She could feel thick smears of cum on her chin and cheeks and rivulets running down her throat.

Dany began to weaken as her body still shook with pulses of her orgasm that was only now beginning to fade. Her body leaned against the wall for support. The Queen’s legs wobbly and shaky. Her belly hitched and spasm with harsh aftershocks rippling out her spent womb. Dany’s head lulled to the side as she gulped for breath from her hard exertions. Sweat ran down her body all over in trickles that dripped off her jiggling breast and down her face.

Arya pushed Dany’s legs wider with her shoulders and released her love suck on her lover’s swollen drooling couchie. Arya got a grip on Dany’s sweaty ribs and gripped her lover’s body hard and pushed Dany’s limp body up and wormed Dany’s legs onto her shoulders. She loved the sweat on Dany’s body and her wet clamshell pressed into her throat. She ran her hands up and gripped Dany’s body near her armpits. Then she ran her grip up underneath Dany’s armpits.

Arya had a stout build with thick warrior legs and wide hips and wide shoulders. Her body muscled from her years of warrior training. With her warrior’s strength she slowly rose up to her feet carefully holding Dany against her throat. She felt Dany’s cum as it trickled down her chest from her slut’s still pulsing cunny on her throat.

“So strong—oohhh my baby is so strong” Dany weakly mewled her hands clenched in her lover’s sweaty lank hair. She clench her thighs on her lover’s ears holding on with a languid smile on her face her belly all warm and filled with sweet buttery pleasure.

Arya turned around and duck walked to her bed being very careful with her precious cargo holding onto her head. Arya gripped Arya’s head with her sweat and cum soaked cunt and inner thighs from the front and Dany’s fingers were threaded into Arya’s brown locks from the rear and fingers clenched into her scalp. Dany cooed and swayed in sweet happiness at her so strong wolf.

Such strength had the Queen melting deep in her belly. She could not wait for Arya to mount her like a bitch when she was in the rut. To feel Arya abusing her when they let their lovemaking take a hard sweet sadistic turn.

Arya got in front of her bed and reversed herself slowly kneeling down in front of her bed. She slowly settled Dany onto the bed. Dany leaned back in happy bliss. Dany purred stretching out and wiggled her sweaty body down on the bed. Arya settled down onto her ass on her heels before the bed. She leaned forward burying her face in her lover’s sopping wet cunt and started to lap up and down the gooey trench. Her tongue plowing sodden folds and raked over a clit that had only begun to lessen but immediately pulsed and harden to diamond hardness with the sweet tongue caresses and harsh love sucks on the hard nubbin.
"Unh! Unh! Oh! Unngg!" Dany panted softly, her hips already rotating her aching quim up into the mouth lapping up and down her trench licking and sucking wet red cunt meat. Arya now giving Dany’s clit short and then long hot sucks and then licking over it with her tongue. "Ohhhnnnnn!" Dany moaned, twisting and quivering with excitement. "Ohhh yes ...Arya oh!" Arya now sucked Dany’s clit in and out her lips and tongue stabbed Dany’s shiny nubbin hard.

Arya remembered Margaery’s instructions. One needed to vary ones technique when making love. They were new lovers but why not put into practice Sansa’s lover’s sage advice. Arya loved the feel of Dany’s clit underneath her rasping tongue and the hard nubbin squirting in and out her sucking lips.

Arya brought up her left hand and slowly slide two fingers deep into her slut’s tight clenching cunt. Dany whinnied feeling her twat stretched out on the two fingers working deep up into her tight cunt pumping in and out gagging her with pleasure. Arya slowly pumped her fingers in and out the greasy creamy cum filled fuck hole. The sixteen year old loving the oily slippery folds of Dany’s fuck hole slithering over her deep probing digits. Arya slowly ramped up the speed and force of her fingers plunging deep into Dany’s love box her knuckles now rapping hard the Queen’s vulva shocking it. The shocks going straight to the Queen’s clit.

"Oh! Ohhhhhhhnnn!" Dany moaned, twisting and churning her hips up into the mouth and fingers of her teenager lover. "Oh Arya! I ... I never felt like this! Oh Aryaaaaaa—uunnggggghhhngg hhnnngg oohhhhhhh fffiuuccckkkkkkkl! You make me feel so good. Do it to me. Please. Oh ... do it to me, yes! Huunnggg oohhhhh shit! Aarrruunngggggg! Baby baby fuck meeeeee!"

Arya again brought her right hand into play. The teen Wolf forked the Queen’s clit again to put pressure and friction on her woman’s clit to add to her pleasure. Arya loved the feel of her fingers squeezing and squirting Dany’s clitoral hood between her pressing jerking fingers of her right hand.

Arya heard the hot words of her love slut and now slammed her fingers hard and deep into Dany’s belly her knuckles slam fucking the Queen’s vulva shocking it hard now. Arya looked up Dany’s belly and saw that Dany’s head was lulled over her face slashing constantly with ecstasy. Arya loved feeling her lover’s hot tight pussy gripping her fingers with hot spasms as she buried her fingers deep into her lover’s belly.

In and out Arya pumped her fingers the heat of Dany’s core intoxicating. Her right hand still jerked up and down forking Dany’s clit putting pressure and friction on the rock hard shiny nubbin. The pressure pressing the clit up and out its sheath letting Arya suck fiercely on the fully exposed nubbin. Her lips riding up and down the hillock with her tongue tip polishing the clit tip. She sucked fiercely on Dany’s clit her cheeks hollowing out her with her loving sucks on the shiny clit in her mouth. She rocked her head adding hard tongue lashes on the shiny nubbin. “Aaauggg unngg hhnggg ... oohhhhhh gooodsssss sooo fucking good!” Dany’s whimpering inspiring to Arya suck even harder on the clit sucked deep in her mouth.

Dany’s hands came up to her breasts and her fingers pinched and rolled her nipples and jerked on them. Her breath hissed out her lips with the fierce pleasure her pinched nipples filled her breast with. She was humping her pussy hard into Arya’s mouth.

For the next several minutes Arya feasted on Dany’s hot festering trim that drooled and spasmed hot fuck juice over the fingers fucking the Queen’s hot cunt. Arya now slipped in a third fingers stretching out the pussy she was finger fucking. Arya moaned as she sucked off Dany. Dany’s pussy was so hot and tight on her pumping fingers. She felt Dany’s core spasm and grip tight her fingers stretching out the Valyrian’s tight snatch. She felt cum running down her wrist and forearm. The cum dripping off hallway down her hard piston fucking forearm plunging three fingers deep into
Dany’s cunt with harpoon strokes of pure love.

Arya ramped up now and slammed her fingers into Dany’s cum filled muffin. Her knuckles slamming hard into the vulva she was fucking. She slowly twisted her hand churning her fingers through the slimy fuck folds. Her right hand was jerking manically up and down working the Queen’s clit. Arya thought randomly being ambidextrous definitely had its advantages. A smirk filled her face as the thought tickled her. Her two hands and mouth working in perfect concert to fuck her sweet loving Dragon.

Dany’s spread legs began to twitch and spasm. Arya took her right hand and pressed down on Dany’s belly above her clitoral hood with the heel of her hand and started to jam down as her fingers slammed fucked the greasy fuck hole of the Queen. Arya’s cheeks sucked in and out as she sucked and tongue gigged the shiny hard nodule in her mouth.

Arya harpooned her finger violently into Dany’s honey pit that now sloshed and slurped with cum splatters now splashing out the flooding pussy. Arya watched Dany cup her hands now and slam them down into her firm tits again and again pulping them before rotating her palms down hard into her rigid nipples and crinkled areolae. “Hhmmfff uummmngg uunngg ooh oohhh FFUCCKKKK— AAWWOOOOOGGGGGG!” Dany screamed as her mind was shocked with scalding pulses of shattering ecstasy. Her womb felt like it was trying to tear out spasming camel toe.

Arya now slowed her pumping fingers to pause a fast heartbeat on the backstroke so she could slam her and forward to fully harpoon her fingers into the now exploding spasming trim of her woman. Dany’s cunt hot spasming hard sucking tight on the fingers pounding Dany’s love box. Arya’s fingers felt like they were broiling in cunt oil in a velvet sharply squeezing fist.

Arya felt hot gushes of cum spasming hard out of Dany’s immolating cunt. ‘OOOWWWGGGGGAAAAA! FFFUCCCKKKKKKKK!’ Dany roared her body flipping up off the bed and slamming back down on the bed again and again as her fists slammed the bed wildly. Her tits flipped and whiplashed in on her chest. "Oh! Nnnnnggeeeeee! Oh ...uummmmmmnggeeeeee!” she cried out, flipping and straining, shuddering violently as the spasms ripped through her.

Arya was moaning herself around the clit and cunt meat in her mouth. She had removed her right hand from Dany’s pussy so she could fully suck Dany’s clitoral hood and pussy deep in her mouth. Her mouth sucking with starving voracious sucks of pure love. Arya’s tongue slapping and gigging the rigid shiny clit.

Arya felt her face soaked in cunt juice flooding out around her fingers pumping Dany’s spasming snatch. Dany’s clit was diamond hard underneath her polishing tongue. Dany’s body flipped up off the bed high and bucked in the air her tits whiplashing. The Queen’s strong abdominals holding her body at forty-five degree up off the bed as her body jolted as if she was gripping an electric eel. Her eyes had rolled into the back of her head as a second orgasm exploded out her expertly fucked cunny “Oh My Fucking Gooddddssssssss!” Dany screamed a high pealing wail of fucking ecstasy. “MMNNGGHHHHIIIEEEE! Unngggeeeeeeieeeeee! Uumngggghhhiiieeeeee ... FUCK! FUCK! … Owwnnnnggggghhhhhhhhhhh!” the Queen of Westeros screamed in shattering ecstasy. Her beautiful lissome body convulsed wildly her whole body convulsing. Legs stretched out on the bed stiff and juddering like she was being electrocuted. Her heels now slamming the mattress with her toes curled up hard.

Dany’s face was torn apart with dire slashes and contortions of pure fucking bliss. Dany lost it as her womb exploded and ripped apart deep in her belly. Her head snapped up and then back slamming the mattress as her legs were kicking wildly now. “AAAARRRRRRGGGGHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU
her. Her legs were kicking helplessly jerking her sweaty body in convulsive jerks.

Arya saw her lover’s body flushed pink from her throat to her breast. Her beast swollen with blood rush. Dany wailed as her orgasm still hammered her body and then her torso thudded back down to the bed as her orgasm suddenly began to wan and now fled.

Arya released her love suck to not overwhelm her love’s rock hard clit. Arya slowed her finger pumping and slowly wormed them in all the way in to enjoy the dying spasms working and gripping her buried fingers. Dany’s body was limp her legs spread obscenely like a Lysian whore. Dany was spent and Arya loved knowing she had done it to her lover.

Arya licked up and down the spent slit of her woman and slowly pulled her fingers out Dany’s cunt and watched a flood of cum hotly gush out her woman’s cunt and soak her perineum and asshole. She shivered at thoughts of being nasty.

She got up and gripped Dany’s legs and slowly pivoted her lover onto her bed and moved her to the middle of her bed and crawled up on the bed. Arya lied on her back. She pulled Dany onto her body as the Queen’s body still shook and shivered with strong aftershocks. Arya loved the feel Dany’s relaxed body pressed down onto hers. Dany’s sweat soaked body soaking Arya’s skin with her slut’s sweat and cum. It made her feel even closer to Dany.

“I love you so so much Arya” Dany weakly mewled kissing Arya’s neck. Arya held her trembling lover and reveled in the closeness of their bodies all sweaty and Dany’s groin and belly soaked in cum.

“Open your mouth and suck you cum off my fingers Dany.” Arya smiled seeing her woman tilt her head back opening her mouth. Arya slide her cum soaked fingers into the Queen’s mouth and watched the fingers closed on with Dany’s greedy sucking lips. Dany moaned sucking her own cum from Arya’s fingers she slowly pumped up and down Dany’s tongue. Dany sucked fiercely her body recovering from her stunning orgasm.

Tasting her own cum always did that to Dany.

She mewled when Arya removed her fingers from her mouth. Arya held Dany to her own sweaty body. Dany nestled into Arya’ throat and kissed Arya’ sweet flesh and murmured licking it. Arya cooed.

“HHUUNNGGGGGGGG!” Arya screamed when Dany sucked in her pulse point and viciously sucked on the tender flesh of Arya’s throat marking her as the dragon’s slut. Dany chewed on the sweet flesh and then lifted her mouth to near Arya’s ear. “AARRUUNNGGGGGGGG!” Arya wailed again feeling Dany mark her again as her slut. Arya felt her belly turning to jelly and her cunt flooding with fuck nectars.

Dany had been hammered and felt spent. That changed the instant she felt her Direwolf’s body pressed into her body. Arya’s wet cunt pressed into her hip and the feel of Arya’s bulb nipples jammed into her tits revived the groggy Queen. She looked down at her slut with burning purple eyes.

“Now the Dragon feasts Wolf!” Dany declared hotly scooting up and locking lips with Arya. She pried open Arya’s lips hungrily and slammed her tongue deep into Arya’s mouth and hungrily sought out Arya’s tongue wetly wrestling the slippery appendage and shoving it down to ram her tongue down her woman’s throat. Arya convulsed her eyes rolling into her skull and short jerking as Dany pulled Arya’s body tight to hers.
Dany felt hot hunger fill her body. Her wolf had pulverized her with ecstasy and now it was her turn to feast on sweet succulent female flesh. Gods it felt so right to love a woman’s body. Especially when that body was her sweet passionate wolf Arya Stark.

They had rolled onto their sides still kissing deeply. Dany brought hands up and dug her fingers into Arya’s pulpy plum nipples and mashed in hard rolling and squeezing the pulpy mass of Arya’s plum nipples. “Unngggmmmff Mmpppggggff!! mmuuuummm!!!” Arya cried out into the mouth devouring hers as her Queen filled her nipples with white hot ecstatic heat of broiling pulses of fucking ecstasy. Arya writhed as her breasts filled with hot pulsing ecstatic heat. Dany’s tongue speared down Arya’s throat as her eyes jerked back into her skull again and rolled around in helpless pleasure.

The Queen swiped Arya’s tonsils before finding Arya’s tongue again twinging them again. The wet slippery tongues flipping around in Arya’s mouth. She drilled underneath Arya’s tongue and licked the roof of Arya’s mouth. “Aaaunffffff! Mmpphhhfffff! Uummppppfff! Ummmppppffffff!” Arya chuffed loudly into the mouth devouring hers.

Dany moved one hand behind Arya’s back and pulled her into her body so they tits mashed and rolled into their mates. Their hands found each other’s hair and pulled mouths tight as heads tilted over to let tongues wetly wrestle deep in Arya’s mouth. Dany then gripped Arya’s body and pushed Arya onto her back and mounted Arya’s. Arya was bottom now and Dany avidly topped her. Arya found being submissive with Dany was equally a turn on as dominating her woman. They humped into each other. Their drooling clam shells leaked hot slimy cum all over each other’s groins and hips. Their bodies rolling right and left slightly as Arya rocked her body as the two lovers snooged fiercely.

Dany felt Arya pry her body back and push Dany up. Arya urged Dany to sit up and straddle her waist with her wet cunt resting on Arya’s hard muscled body. Arya took Dany’s hands and urged her to open her hands up. Arya then brought the queen’s hands to her mouth and drooled copious spit all over them till spit was dripping of the Queen’s palms.

Dany looked at her with throbbing eyes wondering what Arya had in mind.

“I love to abuse my nipples. To crush and pulp them. Then rub them so fucking hard. It makes them fill with fire and sets my cunt to flooding” she softly husked to her lover. Dany watched Arya lean back her upper torso back into the bed as Arya looked up at Dany with want and need. She pulled the queens hands forward to six inches over her swollen nearly bursting plum nipples. Arya moved her hands to put them over Dany’s hands.

They locked eyes.

Thump! Thump!

Without warning Arya’s fingers clawed into the back of Dany’s hands and slammed them down into her swollen stiff rubbery nipples. Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Arya cried out in ecstasy. Arya lifted and slammed the queen’s hands so hard into her nipples pulping them.

She then rubbed the Queen’s spit soaked palms back and forth over her wildly pulsing nipples.

Awwnngggghh! Oh! Oh yes! Harder! Unghh! Aungghh!” Arya released her hands and Dany knew what to do.

Now solo, Dany lifted her hands and slammed her slightly cupped palms into her slut’s nipples so engorged and medium brown with hot pumping blood her nipples rock had jutting out the engorged areolas all rolled and rubbery. The Queen loved the feel of Arya’s plum nipples compressing and
flattening underneath her hard striking palms. The spit making the contact so obscene wet and loud.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Ohhhnnnn ...ohnnnnn god, Dany, oh! Yes! So fucking hard! … unngg unggg! Yes! Ungghhh! Ohhnnnn ...aannngghhiieeeeee!" Arya shrieked in scalding ecstasy.

Dany needed to give Arya some loving to leaven the pain she was giving Arya. Even if it was pain that Arya craved. Dany lifted her hands away and siphoned Arya’s abused so swollen left nipple deep into her mouth and sucked on the abused teat and rolled her tongue over the abused nipples. She worked her head right and left soft suckling on engorged teats. Arya gagged in helpless pleasure her eyes rolling back into her skull and short jerking feeling Dany move from nipple to nipple and loved sucked the pulpy plums deep into her mouth and tongue lathed. Arya’s face seeming to crumple in shocking ecstasy from her abused and loved titties.

"Oh gods ...ohhhh baby yes oh oh!" Arya gasped, writhing again as the hot bliss flooded her body. Arya threw her head back and keened in ecstasy her plum nipples were so sensitive and hotly throbbing with sheer pulses of searing bliss. The painful whacks of Dany’s palms striking her engorged plum nipples had primed them to pulse out shocking waves of ecstasy with Dany’s loving sucks. She watched as Dany moved her head right and left and feasted on Arya’s plum nipples. The Queen stroked Arya’s bursting nipples with her tongue and fiercely sucked on as she watched Arya’s face slash and hard grimace with ecstasy.

“Again Dany again” Arya grunted her body writhing. Dany smiled. Her lover was such a slut who liked her loving rough. Dany brought her hands to her mouth and soaked them in more bubbly spit.

Dany backed up to a sitting position and brought her hands up and slammed down on Arya’s chest pulping her lover’s nipples filling them with fire with her striking palms for a few seconds of hard down slaps and then rubbed the spit soaked palms on her lover’s squirting nipples. The sounds of her palms smacking down onto Arya’s tits and chest shocking loud in her bedroom.

Then Dany sucked on the abused nipples making her lover squeal in pleasure arching her back. Arya cupped the back of the Targaryen’s head. Arya jacked her woman’s head and stuffed her nipple deep into Dany’s mouth. Dany short sharp sucked with cheek hollowing love sucks on the abused plum nipples. Her tongue gigging the bursting plum nipples relentlessly from all angles.

Arya’s body bucked and her face slashed with almost crippling pleasure. Her head coming up to look down at her lover working her tits so sweetly.

Dany ran her hand down her slut’s belly and slowly slide two fingers up into the soupy cauldron of Arya’s hot buttery cunt. Arya groaned at the sweet penetration and now slow pumping of Dany’s digits in out her slurpy cunt. Dany moaned feeling Arya’s hot heat gripping and milking her slow pumping fingers in and out the hot cunt she slow fucked. *Gods Arya’s pussy was so hot, tight and creamy with sizzling cum!* Dany thought.

Arya worked her hips in a tight swirl working her pussy up to be fucked by Dany’s fingers to drive them deeper up into her spasming cunt. Arya chuffed and mewled feeling her pussy squirred and pumped with pure fucking ecstasy. She felt Dany’s fingers sliding so deep into her bubbling leaking fuck hole.

Dany worked her wrist slowly pulling her cream soaked finger out her lover’s wet cunt and twisted them back in deep with moderate force. "Unh! Oh ...unh!" Arya panted, her body beginning to tense with desperate fuck need. Dany was in heaven feeling the pussy on her fingers that she had dreamed of since their fight in the throne room. All that violence was just a prelude to this moment.
Their passion ignited then and consummated here in Arya’s bed.

The Queen watched for a minute her fingers pumping in and out the hot tight pussy of her teenage lover. The hot tight slippery heat so exquisite on her deep pumping fingers. Dany adjusted her body to come forward and up beside her slut as she pressed into the side of Arya’s body.

Their lips had melded again and Dany worked her tongue into Arya’s mouth and wetly wrestled her love’s wet long tongue. Their nostrils flared and mouths chuffed. Dany picked up the pace and now slammed her fingers hard and deep up into Arya’s spasming cunt. Arya broke the kiss. She looked at Dany with big eyes pulsing with hot fuck need. Her body quivered in helpless want. Arya’s body quickly started to buck, clench, and then stiffening. "Fuck me, Dany, do it! Do it now ...oh god! Oh! Eat me out Dany! I need it so bad!"

How could Dany deny such a sweet entreaty? She pulled her fingers out her lover’s twat the long pale digits soaked in creamy effluent. In a flash she scooted over her sweet wolf’s quaking body and settled between Arya’s legs. She pushed Arya’s right quivering leg out and back and mashed her head down. Dany moaned filling her mouth with sweet sopping red cunt meat she sucked deep into her ravenous mouth. Dany hummed in contentment dining on sweet inner cunt petals she tongued and then speared with her tongue as she started a slow fuck motion with her head in and out.

"Unhh! Oh!" Arya gasped, her hips churning frantically as she felt Dany sucking her cunt meat in and out her voracious mouth. "Oh gods girl yes oh god yes! Oh Dany! Yes ...you know how to eat me out so good babbbbyyyyy, unggghh hhnnnnn hhnnng g hhngg!"

Dany had removed her fingers changing position but reinserted her first two fingers into her woman’s hot slimy fuck canal and pumped them in hard and out. Her mouth moved up and sucked hard on Arya’s clit that was jutted out its sheath. She stabbed the hard nodule like a harpoon hurler. Dany rolled the clit around in her mouth giving it deep throat love sucks and spearing it all over as she rolled it between her sensual lips. All the while her right pumped in and out as the Queen lunged her first two fingers hard and deep into her sixteen year old lover’s cunt.

Dany smiled into the drooling clam shell she was devouring. She slowly twirled her fingers around in the slimy folds of Arya’s quim. She rubbed along Arya’s vaginal walls and fluttered her fingers scissoring through slimy wet inner cunt folds. The digits churning creamy snail snot. She smiled when Arya gasped when Dany’s fingers brushed over her sweet spot. Dany ignored it for the moment now having mapped it out.

Arya was writhing again on the bed her hips swirling up grinding her cunt into Dany’s hot gobbling mouth. Dany loved the strength of her lover. Arya jammed her pubic bone up into her mouth lifting it a fraction as Dany mashed down with her own strength burying her mouth in Arya’s vulva that swallowed her pink lips and hungrily hugged her cheeks and soaked Dany’s lower face in cum. Cum that now trickled down her throat and to her upper chest.

For the next few minutes Dany fucked her woman’s hot steamy cunt and dined on sweet clit and clit. Her knuckles hammered into her sweetie’s mound compressing it with her hammer thrusts of pure love. Her fingers burying themselves fully up to the webbing of her fingers soaked in creamy cum that slavered the Queen’s digits and palm now as she harpoon fucked Arya’s frothing fuck hole. The Queen stroked Arya’s cunt hot and tight as spasms had her cunny gripping hard on the long digits ramming hard and deep up the whorls and folds of Arya’s fuck sleeve.

Dany was in heaven drinking down Arya’ now creamy effluent. She felt the tension rising in Arya’s body. She was slamming her fingers into the twat that hungrily sucked on her hard penetrating fingers. Arya’s cunt slurped and splattered as it got so wet. Dany’s own mouth making wet slurs and smooches of a woman devouring her woman’s cunt.
It was time for the love kill Dany thought to herself.

Dany flipped her fingers over and angled them up. Her rubbing fingers instantly zeroed in on the spongy hillock they had earlier traced out. She loved how big and pronounced Arya’s g-spot was. She now slammed her up angled fingers into the rough textured spongy bundle of nerve endings on the frontal wall of Arya’s love canal. She grunted spearing the sweet spot and sucked with all her force and love on Arya’s clit she had sucked deep into her mouth.

Dany’s head lifted with her voracious love sucks and her right hand upside down showed her ring and little finger flexing hard as she now churned her first two fingers deep and over her lover’s g-spot.

Arya’s head jerked up off the bed and stared at Dany with one might think was horror. Her mouth was open and working soundless a stricken look on her sweet wolf’s face. Her arms and legs shot out stiff as boards and now juddered wildly. Dany smiled down at Arya and jammed even harder into Arya’s g-spot.

Arya’s head snapped down and slammed into the bed and her hands clawed into the sheets and ripped up with maniacal jerks of her wrists. Her heels started to hammer the bed making it quake.

Arya’s womb exploded as the tension shattered her cunt tearing it inside out. "FFFFUUUCKKKKKKKKK! OOOOWWGGGAAAAAA! AUUNNNGGHHHHH!" Arya screamed out, with earsplitting intensity. Her body bucked and flipped up and down as her hands tore at the sheets. Her heels stopped kicking and dug into the firm mattress. "Auunnggghhhhh!" Arya cried out, her body shuddering and convulsing with agonizing and beautiful spasms, her body bucking up off the mattress in her throes of ecstasy.

Dany continued her love assault with her fingers and lips still attached to Arya’s throbbing pussy. "Ounnggghh! Oh yes! Oh ...Dany!" Arya’s lovely lean body arched deep her spine threatening to shatter. Her feet lifted her ass up and Dany cupped her lover’s ass with her left hand to help Arya left her exploding cunt into the air a few inches off the mattress. Again and again Arya heaved her exploding love box up into the mouth trying to suck it inside. Then her hips snapped down to the mattress where Arya writhed in a fit of killing spasms. "OHHMMMNNNGGGG! AUUNNNGGHHIIIEEEE!" she wailed her head jamming into the mattress as her wails continued.

Dany felt scalding waves of hot cum gush out her lovers fuck hole and had her palm soaked in cum that ran down over her hand and splattered off and ran down her wrist. Arya began to weaken and Dany backed off for twenty seconds letting Arya think the love assault had stopped. Dany had stopped gigging Arya’s g-spot. She only lightly lathed the diamond hard clit. Arya whimpered her body jolting with hard aftershocks that burned Arya’s clit and throbbing nipples with fucking bliss.

Then the Queen launched a sudden flanking assault sucking Arya’s clit down her throat and again harpooned the spongy raspy hillock of Arya’s g-spot. The Stark girl was still skimming down from her first orgasmic high. The renewed assault hit her like sledge hammer blows from a black smith.

"Oh! AUUNNNGGHHH! MMNNNGGHHIIIEEEE! Oh! Oh! GGOOODDDSSDDDDAAAAAMNNNNN!" Arya let forth an earsplitting roar and arched her back high again jamming her feet into the mattress to lift her cunt up off the bed. Dany scrunching up folded over on her knees to keep her mouth and fingers doing their loving all to give Arya heaven on Earth. "Anngghhh! Mnnngggiiiiieeee!" Arya shrieked. "Unggh! Mmnngggiiieeee!" Arya wailed in soul crushing ecstasy. All the while Dany harpoon fucked Arya’s g-spot with relentless hammering strokes of pure love. Arya’s body after fifteen seconds collapsed back to the bed and then her body flipped and surged as a third fierce orgasm rocked her. "Anngghhhhh!" she groaned. "AAAARRRUNNGGGG! OOOOWWGGG!
AAAUURROOOGGGGGG!

Arya screamed high pealing shrieks of killing ecstasy. "Oh...sweet gods! Oh...shit! Unngghhh! Oh gods!"

Dany's fingers raked hard and fast with quick jerks of her fingers into Arya's raspy hillock of nerve endings. The Queen's exposed fingers jerking hard showing how her first two fingers jammed into and raked over Arya's g-spot relentlessly. Dany felt hot gushes of cum spasming out Arya's exploding cunt. Arya was flopping like a fish out of water now making choking sounds of helpless ecstasy. Arya still trilling high pitched wails of crippling ecstasy. The Queen was intoxicated with Arya's hot musk flooding her nostrils as her pussy sloshed out hot gouts of steamy creamy cum that was soaking her hand and wrist. A huge wet spot now on the bed. Dany needed more. She needed to show Arya only she could pluck her body and fill it with screaming ecstasy.

Dany scooted up fast onto her knees folded over. She had her face over Arya's swollen cum soaked cunt. Arya's labia lips medium brown and her mons dark pink with blood rush. Her nipples looked like they might burst. Her face, throat and upper chest pink with her orgasm rush. Dany brought up her left hand and slapped Arya's cunt hard again and again and then jammed her fingers onto Arya's clitoral hood and wildly shook her hand right and left masturbating Arya's clit wildly.

Dany's right hand still buried in Arya's slimy wet twat. The Queen had slowed and then stilled her gigging fingers in her woman's fuck hole. Now Dany again hard gigged Arya's g-spot with relentless hard pounding strokes. The Queen's fingertips slamming into and compressing the spongy raspy hillock of Arya's g-spot.

Arya's neck arched high jamming the back of her head into the mattress. Her legs shoot out wide and her arms joined her legs shot stiff as wood. Arya's fingers clawed into the sheets and her toes curled painfully. Her face slashed with agonizing womb rending ecstasy. Her whole body was convulsing wildly and her heels dug into the mattress lifting Arya's ass off the bed offering her cunt up to Dany. The Queen took the love offering of Arya's wet swollen cunt. Dany gigged Arya's g-spot and swiped her clit without mercy.

A fourth orgasm exploded overtop the still jangling waning third orgasm with Dany's full on frontal assault of pure love. "AAARRRUUUNNNNGGGGGG! HHHHNNNGGGGGGG! Auunnghh! Ohnggg! MMNNNGGGGIIIIEEE! Oh! Oh! AUUNNGGGHHH!" Arya roared, her lovely face torn by excruciating spasms of intense pleasure. Arya's lean muscled body convulsing with micro tremors up and down her muscular frame. Her cunt heaved up onto the fingers fucking her hard and relentlessly prolonging her pleasure.

Arya went multiple orgasm as Dany did not relent in pleasing her g-spot and clit with her fingers. Her epic strength allowing her to keep working her fingers with wild flexes and swipes of her fingers. "Annnmmmgghiieee!" Arya cried out, very loud, very piercing. Her left fist slammed the bed and her right hand tearing at the sheets. "Aaaawwwogggggg! Unngghhhiiieee! Mmmmmngghhiieeee!!" Arya shrieked her pussy now on fire as it tried to tear itself inside out as her womb shredded itself deep in her belly. Her face contorted with what almost amounted to horror at the fierce shock of her new orgasms, but then quickly overspread with a sublime smile of ecstasy. "Ommwwmmggg! Oh sweet old gods oh shit oh shit oh gods ohhhhhhhh! Ummngghhiieeee!" she squealed again, her body now undulating instead of convulsing the long undulations rolling through her quivering flesh like shockwaves, her yelps and squeals melting into moans of bliss.

Arya went boneless and she was nearly comatose with pleasure. She hissed and her pelvis shied away from Dany's fingers. Dany knew she had taken Arya's pussy to its limit for now. She ceased her loving ministrations.

Arya was hiccupping and weeping softly her body overwhelmed with pure pleasure and Dany's
love. Dany removed her cum soaked fingers from Arya’s tired slack quim. She scooted up and snuggled into Arya’s body melding into her side. She had pulled the covers up with her.

Arya swooned. Her body overwhelmed with the raw overwhelming pleasure Dany had filled her body with. She said in a weepy voice “I love you Daenerys Targaryen. Please don’t ever stop loving me—I couldn’t live without your love now.”

Dany now cried. She held her lover tight to her body and threw her leg over Arya possessively. She threaded her cum soaked fingers into Arya’s brown tresses. She was marking Arya as her. She snaked her left hand down Arya’s sweat soaked belly and cupped her swollen puss and let the weeping pussy soak her hand.

“I will never leave you my sweet wolf. Only the Dragon can truly love the Direwolf. Our families are linked by history and passion. We will be what Rhaegar and Lyanna should have been.”

Arya cooed and looped her arms around Dany and pulled her tight to her body.

“My pussy and nipples are on fire. What did you do to me babbbyyyy! My belly feels like it is filled with melted butter. I have never felt so content, at peace and in love.”

She bent in and kissed Dany’s temple.

“I gave you g-spot orgasms Arya. No one can love you like me Arya. Only I can pluck your body like that and fill you with ecstasy! Only Me!” the Queen almost snarled with her passion.

Arya was hers and hers alone!

Arya cooed and wiggled into Dany’s hot sweet body. “Yes Dany. Only the Dragon will ever touch me. No other person will touch me. Only you Dany. Only you.”

Dany stroked her lover’s scalp with her cum soaked fingers. She hummed an old Valyrian lullabye from her childhood. Back when Viserys was still a brother capable of being loving. Arya was soon asleep pulling Dany’s body closer into hers.

Dany’s left hand was absolutely soaked in cum from Arya’s swollen puss still leaking out cum from her ruptured womb.

Dany brought that hand up and threaded her left hand into Arya’s hair working down to her scalp. She felt the cum on her fingers soaking into Arya’s hair matting it. She was marking her woman as her slut and hers alone.

She smiled. She would love washing Arya’s hair in the morning.

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Arya felt so alive. Her soul was floating on a sea of happiness. Her very pours were invigorated. Her and her love had spent the entire day and evening making love. It had been everything she had dreamed it would be. Her dreams had come true.

She was walking down the hall back to her room. They had stopped off in Daenerys room that she had been given. The Targaryen and got out some breeches, Dothraki high laced sandals and a dress top. The Queen and Arya were in simple shifts. They had met a flushed Margaery and Sansa coming out of the royal bath as they were going in.

They were wrapped only in towels. The towel on Sansa did not reach all the way down her ass
cheeks. Arya turned her head to see that only half of Sansa’s ass was covered. Sansa saw both her and Dany literally checking her assets. Sansa was glowing from within. Margaery was also glowing but had a knowing glint seeing the Queen and her lover.

Sansa turned beet read. Margaery did not help reaching down and using the short towel length to cup and squeeze Sansa’s camel toe possessively. “Unggg—Margaery!” Sansa whined. Sansa went brilliant red now. Arya’s own face went hot turning red at the blatant sexuality before her.

Her sister had been boning in the royal bath chambers. She bent over to look into the room and saw a vast amount of water splashed all over the floor. When Arya looked back at her sister, somehow her sister had turned even more red if that was possible.

Margaery and Dany both laughed at Sansa who whined and looked scandalized.

“You have to forgive my Sansa” Margaery chirped “I am still trying to instill in her that fucking is totally okay—to do so in public and let others see our love—it’s how we express our love for each other Sansa” Margaery intoned. “To not be embarrassed when other’s see us and know we have been fucking heatedly and repeatedly.”

“Margaeryyyyy!” Sansa whimpered looking around scandalized.

Arya was furiously trying to suppress her own embarrassment but felt the flush slowly creeping up her neck and now flushing her face.

Dany and Margaery were so comfortable with their sexuality. Arya looked around trying to look worldly. At least she wasn’t dying like Sansa.

Margaery asked if they could share a light meal together in her and Sansa’s bedchamber later. Dany accepted for all. Sansa was still fretting and trying to subtly fan her heated face. Arya would follow Dany wherever she went.

They had parted with an agreement to meet later in the evening. Dany was anxious to get to know the couple better. Sansa and Margaery would be her sister-in-laws very soon. She couldn’t wait to marry Arya and into the Stark family.

Sansa and Margaery went down the hall hand and hand. They watched Margaery saddle into Sansa’s side and her hand move down to Sansa’s rump and squeezed it.

“Margaeryyyyy hehehehe” Arya heard her sister twitter. Arya noticed that Sansa did not try to remove the Tyrell’s hand. Yes, there was hope for her prudish sister yet. Arya hoped to shred her inner prude as soon as possible.

Dany and Arya smirked at the retreating couple. They had not told the pair of lovers that they had arrived earlier to bathe in the royal bathing chambers. They had heard loud moans coming out of the chambers and had snuck in to peak around the corner to the sunken bathing pool. Dany watched intently with carnal pleasure on her face. Arya looked in at what was occurring with an open mouth.

Arya had known that Sansa and Margaery were in the room fucking but seeing their naked bodies wet and glistening with water had them looking like river nymphs come out of the springs of Winterfell.

Sansa had her body laid out on the wide tiled border that surrounded the bathing shallow pool. Her body nude as her name day. Sansa’s back was arched her cone shaped tits splayed on her chest and compressed by her forearms as her hands reached down to thread in the long brown locks of her lover. Margaery nude body sitting on the last step leading up to the border of the pool.
Her body leaned down with her face pressed to Sansa’s clitoral hood. The Tyrell’s mouth glued to the base of the knotted hood. She had sucked in Sansa’s clit deep into her mouth. Her cheeks hollowing out and showed her tongue whiplashing over the wet clit sucked deep in her mouth.

Arya was shocked by what she was seeing. Not Margaery’s sucking her sister’s cunny. It was what the Tyrell was doing with her right hand! It was completely buried in her sister’s pussy! Arya stood slacked jaw looking in on her sister and her woman. She watched Margaery pull her arm back so she just saw the bottom of Margaery’s hand pulled out her sister’s cunt hole. She could tell that Margaery had balled her hand into a fist.

Then Margaery grunted as she slurped on her sister’s clit and rammed her twisting fist deep into her sister’s belly. Sansa’s head lurched up her face filled with seeming fierce agony. Arya knew better. It was the agony of ecstasy. Again and again Margaery pulled her hand back after violently ramming it up Sansa’s stretched out cunt and slam it back up her sister’s birth canal. Sansa’s cunt riding up three or four inches up Margaery’s wrist. A wrist creamed thickly with cum and a cum ring where the deepest penetration was on Margaery’s forearm.

Arya was slacked jawed. She had spied on all the lesbian and bisexual women at Winterfell and had never seen this. Had never imagined such a thing. Now that she had she was stunned. She felt warmth on her ear.

“’It’s called fistin Arya’ Dany whispered into her ear. “It is divine. It makes you cum so hard. Soon we will fuck like that Arya. I can see that Margaery is a total slut like me. You know where else I am sure Margaery has fisted Sansa, Arya?”

Arya turned to look at her lover with a look of question.

“Up her ass” Dany softly husked to Arya.

Arya felt her face flush, her eyes wide open like saucers her mouth hanging up she looked at Dany in shocked wonder.

“I can’t wait for you to bury your fist up my shithole Arya. You will bury your fist and forearm up my ass and make me die from it. I will cum so fucking hard for you my wolf.”

Arya looked at Dany watching her with a look of mirth and wanton hope.

“Do you want that too Arya?” Dany asked in a soft questioning tone. Her face hopeful.

“Yyyyyeessssss!” was Arya’s sibilant hiss. Her asshole clenched in wanton need.

“Do you want to feel my tongue, fingers, strap-on and fist plowing deep up your ass my sweet Direwolf. I can promise you will being doing all those sweet things to me my wolf.”

“Ohhhhh Dany yeesssss! I will take your asshole as you will take mine” Arya croaked.

They both ceased talking as they watched the sweet end fuck between Sansa and Margaery.

“Hhrrruullllppp! Hhrrrlssllrrpppp! Sssluurrrpppp! Sssluurrrrrppp! Hhhuurrlllpppp!” Margaery’s love slurs on Sansa’s clit and its hood was almost echoing off the stone walls of the bathing chamber. Margaery’s head moving up and down as she loosely lipped Sansa’s clit. Her loose lips making obscene noises her loose lips vibrating filling Sansa’s clit with ecstasy.

Sansa was chuffing hard and crying out. Her head lifted up to look down over her flat belly. She watched Margaery suck her clit so hot and furious. The tall redhead felt her lover’s fist slamming
into her cervix over and over. She could feel her lover’s fist bulging her pussy hole wide open with Margaery nearly pulled her fist out her slut’s cunt only to ram it viciously up into her baby’s belly twisting her fist to ram it home into Sansa’s cervix.

Sansa could only do one thing. Explode and die from it.

“SSHHHHTTTTTT! OOOOWWWGGGHHHHHHHAAAAAAA! Oohh ohhh Unngggghhhhhhhh! … Awwwoooogghhhhhnnmmn! Aargggghhhuuuuuuuuuu!” Sansa screamed her pelvis bucking up and down as she jerked and flipped in the throes of her blistering orgasm. Margaery kept ramming her fist savagely up into Sansa’s exploding love box. Each vicious thrust of her fist into Sansa’s cervix prolonged her killing pleasure. Sansa was nearly pulverized with full body convulsions that seemed to be tearing her body asunder with crushing ecstasy. “Unngghhhiiieeeeeeee! Mmmghiiieeeeeeeee! Nnnhhhiieeeeeee! Uuumnnhhhhhiieeeeee!” Sansa had wailed and wailed as her womb immolated itself and her snatch tore itself inside out.

Arya was seeing in her mind’s eye as she and Dany at each other as Sansa and Margaery turned the corner to go down the adjoining hall. Margaery aggressively palming Sansa’s ass and Arya’s sister’s moans wafting loudly down the hall. Arya and Dany smirked at each other. The both knew the lovemaking was only starting between the two beautiful women.

“Are you sure want to spend a meal with my sister and her fiancé? They will only be talking about stitching and what the current fashion is at court.”

“She’s my future sister-in-law Arya and stop being so catty” Dany said without thinking as she continued into the royal bath talking still. Arya had felt a rush of pure love hammer through her body. Her Dany loved her so much! “They are both very intelligent and crafty. I sense they are both excellent practitioner of the Game of Thrones. They will be mighty emissaries for the throne.”

Dany looked at Arya and batted her eyelashes making Arya’s stomach do funny things. “Your sister is very beautiful as well as Margaery but neither hold a candle to you my little wolf” Dany told Arya and rose up on her toes and kissed Arya on the nose cutely.

Arya still sometimes reflected on how she had assumed that Dany would tower over her. Now it seemed so perfect that her Queen was three inches shorter than her. Her body fitted so well into her body when they made love! She would love feeling her Queen pressed into her body when walking hand and hand with her head on her shoulder as she clutched her body possessively.

They went into the royal bath chambers leaving the door open as had Sansa and Margaery. Dany looked at Arya with an evil leer. The Queen liked being nasty. They dropped their clothing to the wet floor. Daenerys put the stopper in the large sunken tub. Dany opened the stops letting in hot water from the springs. The right side had two steps leading up to the sunken rub with a large border about eighteen edges on three sides and the fourth side against the wall. There was plenty room for two people. The steps and borders were cute light pink granite with veins of red and gold flowing through the stone.

Arya watched the naked woman unstop several bottles before selecting one and pouring a lavender liquid that soon had a pleasant sweet smell in the air. Dany came to her and they kissed ravensively as they waited for the tube to fill.

They walked around slowly with bodies pulled tight as they snogged hotly with tongues wrestling from mouth to mouth. Dany’s medium sized breasts jammed into Arya’s body just below her plum nipples again swollen to bursting with arousal. The top and middle of Dany’s breast smothering up into Arya’s swollen plum nipples.
When the water was up to near the top Arya put the stops back in the faucets.

The lovers entered the water. They sunk beneath the water and came up giggling and were soon kissing deeply again. They washed and shampooed their hair removing the sweat and cum from their extended lovemaking. They then washed each other’s bodies clean.

They soon were adding their own water to the floor. Dany had leaned on the edge of the tub with her shoulder blades and her thighs on Arya’s shoulders who was sitting down in the tube. Arya dined on succulent pussy and soon had Dany wailing and her legs kicking the water hard as water splashed everywhere. Gods she tasted so good as Dany’s pussy gushed so hotly into Arya’s mouth.

Then Dany had Arya get one foot on the ledge the other planted on the tub floor. Arya braced herself on the wall with her palm. Dany knelt behind her wolf and got on her knees and jammed her face up and buried her face into the sweet camel toe jutting out between Arya’s parted legs. Arya cried out in shocking pleasure.

The dragon had slurped and snuffled licking and tongue fucking Arya’s wet love hole and juicy slit. Arya whimpered feeling Dany’s fingers gripping her ass hard jamming her couchie back into Dany’s hot gobbling mouth. Dany’s head bending down at times to slurp and lick Arya’s jutting clit. Arya reached down after five minutes and began to rub and flick her clit. Arya had screamed like she was being garroted her body thrashing and bucking back into the mouth gobbling her core. The wolf forked her clit and pressed in and rubbed furiously on her clit to prolong her orgasm.

Arya sagged against the wall sweating profusely and her breath ragged. Dany licked her drooling slit and then stood up behind Arya. Dany scooted up to Arya and her left arm looped around the wolf. Arya cried out when the dragon slipped two fingers deep into her twat and started to pump hard in and out her drooling cunt hole. Arya moaned and gibbered. Dany moved her other hand up and plucked and pulled on Arya’s engorged rubbery nipples. Dany moved her left hand right and left pinching pulpy nipples.

Dany kissed and nipped Arya’s pale skin leaving red bite marks all over her love’s ribs, back and shoulders. Dany’s fingers were slamming in deep up Arya’s twat. She slipped in a third finger in stretching out Arya’s pussy. The slicked slimy folds were flowing around the plunging fingers. The fingers gripped by Arya’s hot tight pussy. Creamy cum was leaking out Arya’s twat sliming the hand and wrist fucking it hard and deep. Arya was whimpering in ecstasy as the hammering digits pounded her drooling love box.

“Cum for me Arya ...cum on my fingers ...cum hard on my hand baby” Dany softly husked her fingers slamming the vulva of her hot beautiful wolf. Arya’s head rolled her face constantly slashing and Arya’s breath chuffed hard. The sound of a hard fucked snatch was so loud in the room. Now Arya’s sloppy wet cunt was splattering and making such sweet watery music.

Arya’s snatch exploded on the fingers working her wet swollen pussy. Arya’s repeated screams echoed back and forth off the stone walls as her body convulsed from her curling toes to her snapping head. Arya’s cunt gripped tight on the slamming digits up her snatch in rhythmic gut wrenching spasms of shocking bliss.

Arya was in a dreamy satiated state. They washed off the fresh cum. Dany led her out of the tub and let the water out. They wrapped several towels around themselves.

They left the royal bath that was only accessible to the royals after putting on shifts and gathering Dany’s garb to wear for the day. Aggo and Jhogo greeted them as they came out of the royal bathing chambers. Normally, the Queen was only guarded by one of her Bloodriders. Today was an exception. As they walked down the hall the Bloodriders walked behind the two young women.
to guard and shield them from any roving eyes. The two women leaned into each other as they walked hand in hand with intertwined fingers.

Arya had known that there was more to the actions of the two Bloodriders walking with them besides guarding their Queen. Arya still had some difficulty with the Dothraki language. She could understand the Bloodriders well enough though. They were making salacious comments of the Queen being “porked” “ridden like a mare in heat” “she had howled like a Lysian slut whore” “Soon the Direwolf will be fucking our dragon in both her hot tight cunt and spasming asshole”. Arya was not nonplussed by what she heard. For the Dothraki these comments were compliments. Dany was beaming at the lewd comments.

Both women were looking for their Haruchai Bloodguards. The Haruchai had made it clear they were to be the women’s personal bodyguards. They had followed them down to the royal bathing chambers. They were nowhere to be seen. Dany turned to look at her with a questioning look. They both wondered if their Haruchai Bloodguard had already lost interest in their supposed sacred duties.

The two women gasped when from seeming shallow shadows Bannor and Jeertel materialized like demons from a Stygian Hell. They simply appeared from nowhere from within the slightest of shadows. The man and woman walked like ghosts from the grave. Their faces betrayed no emotions and spoke no words. They were not speaking any ribald comments about the sex trysts between Arya and Dany.

Arya looked at the two Haruchai who were ten feet in front of them. The Haruchai showing they trusted the Bloodriders to guard the rear of their progression. Arya noticed yet again the Haruchai making absolutely no sound. Their footfalls and clothing totally silent.

Dany was carrying their towels they would use to dry off their bodies the rest of the way when the returned to Arya’s bedroom. She was also carrying her garb to wear. Arya was carrying their dirty shifts. The two talked of their coming dinner with Sansa and her fiancé Margaery. Arya still chuckled seeing Margaery caring for her very pregnant mother. The Tyrell had made her mother a big supporter of gay marriage. Arya’s mother now defending them like a hawk.

For once her sister was the one breaking the rules and setting new ones.

Arya felt like she was walking on air. She looked down to see if her feet were indeed off the ground. They were not but she felt like they were. Next, she looked at her fingers in the hand that Dany was clasping with interlocked fingers. Arya felt a goofy look on her face. They were holding hands just like lovers do. She looked at her fingertips. Nope. She had expected to see magical fairy dust sprinkling out her fingertips and wafting and swirling into the air to surround them in a dance of magical elixir of love and beauty. When had she gotten so sappy?

They reached her door. There stood Rakharo on guard and a drowsing Nymeria laying on her front legs with her head on them. Her lips quivered as she chased some stag through the woods.

The Bloodrider greeted them. The Dothraki greeted their brethren but ignored the Haruchai. The stoic people did not acknowledge the Dothraki. Dothraki spoke to their Khaleesi. Dany laughed and Aggo clapped Arya hard on the back staggering the small Stark girl. She looked up at him grinning down at her.

The two silent Haruchai took station on the side away from the Bloodriders. They stared straight ahead betraying nothing. One would think they were statutes standing at rigid attention.

“You make dragon scream good wolf girl …now Dothraki have two mares who mount the world
...Fuck her hard wolf girl—make her happy” he told the stark teenager in his rough thickly accented voice. His smile on his face broadened.

Arya couldn’t but help smiling back. Dany had opened the door and Rakharo had stepped back. He made eye contact with Arya and winked at her with a big smile on his face. Arya couldn’t help but smile.

In a slightly less accented voice “Remember she is the Khaleesi ...when she is ready to mount you get on all fours and show her your wet camel toe so she can take you—understood?” Rakharo asked in a totally serious voice.

Arya thought back to the royal bath. That was exactly how Dany had taken her. From behind and taking what was hers. “I will always let my Khaleesi mount me Rakharo ...I am her mare who will be mounted” she told him seriously.

His smile made her feel so good inside. They only wanted the best for their Khaleesi and Khal wrapped in one woman. She entered into her bedroom behind her Khaleesi. She was Dany’s. That was all there was to it.

Arya put their dirty shift on their bed. The bed was a total mess. Arya smiled at that. She moved to her chest of drawers to get fresh short clothes.

Dany went to the dressing screen and unfolded her clothes and put them over the top. Dany moved over to the mirror on the end panel. She looked at herself in the mirror and chuckled. She looked at the several hickies on her throat. “You marked me as your bitch girl! I love it—being marked as your bitch. Your bitch Arya—only me Arya” she spoke softly.

Arya turned from her dresser. She had dropped her towel and pulled out her drawer for undergarments to give Dany one.

“I am only for you Dany ...I belong only to you.”

“And I you Arya ...only you.”

Dany turned around and ran her fingers threw her hair straightening it out working out the worst of the tangles so the silky strands could be combed out by Arya. She knew she would love feeling her love work the tangles out her hair and then comb it till it sheened.

Arya picked out the silk garments and turned around. She stopped in her tracks. She stood staring at the bed. It took her a few moments to process what she was seeing. She felt a thrill run through her body. She could have sworn the bed had been a mess but now it was back in shape the sheets and covers perfectly aligned. She saw something else. Wow. She most really be in the clouds to have missed what she now saw clearly.

Then she chuckled.

“Hey Dany.”

“Yes love.”

“You need to reprimand your Bloodriders and Bloodguard.”

Arya went over to the bed. The sheets were pulled up and covered a small girl that was sleeping on her side. How had that girl got in here?
Arya felt an unease settle on her. This was not possible. Arya shook her head. That girl had not been there a few minutes ago. *Had she?* Arya moved closer to the bed and the sleeping girl, uneasy. Even if Dany’s bloodriders had been distracted or careless, Nymeria would not have been. The direwolf wouldn't have just allowed someone to enter their chambers and lie in wait in their bed, even if it was only a child. She was far too protective. Nymeria was a light sleeper. Her senses always attuned to any possible danger.

“They let a small girl get in here. She’s sleeping in our bed.”

“Then you need to scold Nymeria too” Dany chided back.

“Who is it?” Dany asked and reached up and picked up her britches shaking them out.

“I don’t know.”

Arya moved closer to the bed and the sleeping girl. She had long jet black hair. Arya started trying to place the girl.

She considered jerking off the covers and startling the girl awake. Arya stopped that thought immediately. She would not scare the child to give herself a chuckle.

Arya slowly pulled the covers back and gasped at the beauty of the child. She appeared to be five maybe just turned six years old. Her hair was straight and fanned out over the girl’s shoulder and down her back.

Arya’s breathing accelerated. Her mind racing. Something was on the edge of her consciousness.

Arya’s eyes squinted and she pulled back slightly. The girl’s skin was bronze and her face had high cheek bones and she knew the girl’s eyes would be beautifully almond shaped and jet black. What was even more startling was the girl’s attire.

She was wearing Dothraki attire. Why would a girl of Westeros be wearing such garb? And where was this girl from? Was the girl from Southern Dorn with her swarthy features?

Then it hit her. *No it couldn’t be! It was impossible!* Her mind tried to deny what her eyes told her. But she could not deny what her eyes saw.

“Who is it Arya? Do you know her?”

“Never seen her before.”

The girl started to awaken.

It was then that Arya suddenly started to understand fully what she was seeing. For her mind to catch up to her instinct.

She had heard from Dany many times the tale of the loss of the daughter she had adopted on her march through the Red Waste. Dany’s sweet Kisseri.

The girl in the bed was obviously Dothraki and the age that Kisseri was when she died. Then her eyes shocked wide open. Kisseri’s clothes. They were more than Dothraki. The girl was wearing the attire that Dany kept in her bedroom back at the Red Keep to remember her sweet lost daughter by. This girl was wearing an outfit that was over sixteen hundred miles away as the crow flies safely tucked away in a closet in King’s Landing.
In a state of shock Arya heard her lover walking up to her.

Dany walked to the bed from behind her. Arya moved to the side so her lover could see the interloper.

Arya turned to look at her lover and gasped. Dany had turned deathly pale. _Oh my gods it was Kiserri!_

Dany staggered and Arya helped her keep her upright. The little girl rolled onto her back.

Dany gasped again harder and whimpered “Kiserri!!” and promptly fainted dead away her body pivoting and thudding down onto the bed. Twice within twenty-four hours Arya had witnessed Dany faint dead away on her.

The impact woke the girl up. She sat up and rubbed her eyes. “Mai. Mai. Mai?” the girl asked looking around. Her voice was calm at first but now getting slightly agitated. “Mai. Rekkaan anha yer Mai?”

The girl look around. Arya could not understand the words. The girl like most children slurred her words and had her stress marks in the wrong place. This threw Arya and her ability to understand the child. The meaning was crystal clear though. “Where is my mother?” The girl saw Dany passed out on the bed. The girl exclaimed. He eyes went large and Arya saw the child unsettled seeing her mother unconscious beside her lying on the bed. She scooted over to Dany “Mai! Mai!” The small girl shook the shoulder of the woman she thought of as her mother.

Arya wondered how this could be. Her mind worked furiously. This was impossible and yet here was Dany’s long lost daughter.

Arya was totally flummoxed. Then inspiration hit.

Science could not explain what her eyes were telling her but magic could. Dany had been brought back from death. And now over five years later so had her lost daughter. Who or what had the power over death?

Arya felt frightened at the sheer power that she suddenly felt was present. Dany had been brought back from death. This was totally different than Dany’s resurrection. Dany had not been dead but for a short while at the most. This was five years later. Still, Arya could not deny what her eyes showed her.

Kiserri was alive.

Was that distant chimes she heard? Was something dire coming for her; for them? She looked around but could find no reason for her discomfiture. She shook off her seeming childish fear of the unknown or unknowable.

The small Dothraki girl shook Dany with more and more urgency. The little girl had first looked at Arya askance trying to wake her mother. The girl was filled with obvious fright at her situation and seeing the strange woman who was Arya. At first the girl looked at Arya with fright and then determination. She reached behind her belt and pulled out a little ceremonial fake dagger. The girl tried to get a good grip on the small fake blade. The girl fumbled the blade dropping it. She cried out in frustration.

Arya watched bemused as the little girl reached for the ‘dagger’ on the bed and knocked it away from herself. The girl harrumphed chasing the blade. Arya suppressed chuckles seeing the small Dothraki girl. This was most definitely the girl Dany spoke of with tears in her eyes. Dany had told
her the tales of Kiserri always dropping her blade when trying to be Dany’s Bloodrider. How this
girl could be Kiserri she did not know but Arya’s soul told her this was the girl long thought dead.

Another thought crashed into Arya’s mind watching this precious girl. How did she feel about this?
Dany’s daughter had somehow like her mother come back from the dead. *How was this possible?!*
Was she going to be a mommy too? How would Dany feel about this strange twist of fate? Would
Kiserri want two mommies?

The girl was shouting little curses chasing the blade and now knocked it underneath the sheet. The
girl dove underneath the white sheet tenting up the cotton fabric. Arya watched the sheet move as
the girl moved around on all fours grasping for her fake dagger. Finally a shout of success from
underneath the sheet. The girl crawled back out but faced the wrong direction. She looked around
confused until she spotted Arya. The girl wheeled around on her knees.

Kisseri slashed the blade clumsily. She spoke in a frightened little girl voice but trying hard to be
brave. She had her body between Arya and Dany.

“Ma yer adothrae tith; ma yer athzalar ma yae nakhoki valshtith. Fin kisha fonoki, zhey khaleesi?”
the little child asked in a demanding voice.

“Oohhhhh!” Dany groggily moaned. Dany pushed herself up to sit up.

“Mai! Mai! Mai!” the girl squealed throwing herself into Dany’s arms that enfolded the now sobbing
child.

Arya watched with a lump in her heart. Dany was holding the child and stuck out her hand out to
Arya. Dany had a shocked look of wonder on her face. Arya saw that Dany, though confused, was
ecstatic to see her daughter again. To again have her sweet Kisseri in her arms. Arya came over
slowly and took her hand. Dany pulled her down.

The girl had been talking to Daenerys constantly.

“Kisseri Kisseri athtihar chal giz” she said in a gentle commanding voice.

The girl looked at Dany with big eyes.

“This is my wife” Dany said pointing at Arya. “She is your mommy now too. You have two
mommies now baby” Dany told the child gently.

“Two mommies?” the girl asked. Dany shook her head ‘yes’.

The girl turned to look at Arya more fully.

“Mommy?”

“Yes ...I’m your mommy too.”

Arya felt her heart go pitter patter seeing the big smile on child’s face.

“I have two mommies!” the girl exclaimed hugging Dany tightly.

Arya’s was nearly ready to burst. Her body thrummed with happiness. How did she feel about
Kisseri coming back from beyond the pale? How did she feel about becoming a mommy overnight?
She felt AWESOME!

It was only then Arya wondered how she suddenly understood Dothraki perfectly! Dany was
speaking to Kisseri in her mother tongue but Arya understood her and Kiserri perfectly! It had always been so difficult for her.

“Arrrrgggggrrrrrrrrrrrr!” Arya cried out in sudden pain her hands covering her ears.

“Arya!”

“Mommy!”

“What’s wrong?!” Dany asked in fear hugging her child to her.

Arya had a hand down on the bed. Her head was on fire with music. Her balance knocked off center.

“Something is coming!” My gods something dire is coming Arya’s mind screamed.

In her head she heard the chiming of a thousand thousand chimes ringing wildly in her head. The sound at once both ethereal and slamming into her very being.

My gods the power ...the ringing bells could shatter mountains into rubble—boil the sea dry ...and they were coming here!”

They all turned to look at the outside wall of Arya’s room. The wall had started to ripple and then an infinite multitude of glittering diamond stars exploded on and within the wall. Stars roiling in the thick stone. Then stars started to peel off the wall and flash around in Arya’s bedroom. The stars whirled around wildly in Arya’s room in gyres of swirling motes that glittered with unfathomable might. The stars racing through their bodies and the walls as if they were not there. A rush of power whirled through Arya’s body as the stars raced here and there through her body. She saw that Dany felt it too. Kiserri was clapping her hands gaily.

The wall seemed to fall in on itself and more stars chimed and shimmered into existence. A mighty detonation of silent power erupted through the room but left them impossibly untouched.

“Auntie! Auntie!” Kiserri cried out.

A figure walked through.
The Miracle of Life - Part 1

Chapter Notes

AN #1: I apologize for the long delay in posting this story. When I posted the last chapter in early Sept. I changed strategy. This story has become so large that I decided to finish it. It's size is wrecking my writing new stuff and posting other stories and this story. I have been working on this story except for short breaks since then. I finished the 'writing' in August 2017. I write in a white hot rush. No writer's block for me. I am left with a scaffolding that I then need to fill in. Then I have to edit. I have worked through all the chapters one time. I also had not written the final battle but now have. That took a month.

About a month ago I knew that it would take me 6 or more months to finish the total editing. I have made you all wait long enough. I decided to work the next four chapters to get them ready. That required four more edit read through for each chapter. They should be pretty clean and say what I want them to say.

I will publish at the end of each month. Hopefully, when the fourth chapter is published plus one month I will be close to done and can get the rest of the chapters posted on a schedule.

AN #2: The chapters are so big that I had to chop the next chapters into two parts.

AN #3: Some graphic masturbation in this chapter. Talk of graphic kinky lesbian sex.

The Miracle of Life

Part 1

Arya / Missandei / Oberyn / Sansa / Margaery / Eddard / Daenerys / Arya

Arya

Arya saw the wall seeming to fall in on itself. It looked like the stars had come down from the night time heavens. They glittered and exploded in the swirling well that had formed in the wall. From the depths of the well, more stars whirled up and spun into existence. The glittering motes of light flashing blue, white with reddish and green tints. The stars flowed up the wall to then traverse back and forth on the ceiling. More of the stars spread out onto the floor shimmering and bubbling up and erupting into the air. The glittering orbs flashing and pulsing with magical might.

The chimes in Arya’s head was a cacophony now of discordant notes. The notes were high and low pitched with scales that were at cross purposes. There were many melodies in the air echoing in Arya’s head. The notes conflicted and discordant. The tunes weaving around and through each other. The polyphony of melodies full of counterpoint. The music was chaos and yet Arya sensed a vast calm resonance underneath it all. There was order here she just could not grasp it.
Arya moved in front of Dany and Kiserri. She would protect her mate and new child with her life. Arya and Dany had their swords against the far wall. The swords were mere feet away and may as well have been in Asshai. It would not have mattered had they had their swords in hand Arya realized. The figure stepping through the wall could swat them down with but a thought. Melted their Valyrian swords with a shrug of their brow. The Stark teenager somehow knew it was a woman coming impossibly through her wall.

No matter. Arya would defend her wife and daughter with her dying breath. She would gladly sacrifice her life for Dany and Kiserri. Arya felt her eyes tearing with the magical might flooding the room through the portal in the wall. The notes rose in discordant chimes and more stars now pulsed and wildly glittered flitting around in Arya’s room and shooting out through the walls, floor and ceiling. The stars taking no account of any barrier. Their passage through the room causing wind devils to swirl the drapes and bed coverings.

Behind her, Arya heard Kiserri clapping her hands and shouting “Infinnie! Infinnie!” The child happy, not sensing the dire peril they were in. A silent concussion of force washed through the room. Arya staggered back. Kiserri was still shouting out the strange name.

A tall woman stepped through the gyre in Arya’s wall. The instant the woman walked through the thick walls of Winterfell the portal winked out with a bright flash of light and was no more. Arya was staggered by the might of the woman now standing before Arya and the loves of her life. Diamonds flowed off the tall woman in melodious strands of glittering jewels that wafted in the air and spun around the tall regal woman. The stars spinning off to join its siblings whirling around in Arya’s room. The woman looked around with an imperious air that would do Dany proud.

Arya looked at the stunning woman before. Dany was beautiful but this woman was sheer perfection. Each line and angle of her face was exquisite. The lines of her arms and legs regal and like those of a Dorne Sand Steed. Arya gaped at the perfection standing regally before her. The teenager also gaped at the seven foot height of the woman. The Stark teenager knew that such sheer perfection could not exist in the world. This woman was capable of sheer fluidity and poetry of motion and yet was filled with a power to shatter mountains and fell forests.

The tall woman stood before her and her family. The woman was so tall. At least seven tall and yet she seemed to be no taller than a woman of normal height somehow. Her being only pure grace. She was incapable of any flaw. She had on a full length gown that twisted and fluttered on currents of air that were not there. The gown seemed to glow like the summer sun was shining from within it. The air was filled with scent of Spring and new growth. The rich loam of life suffused Arya’s room.

Kiserri was squirming wildly in Dany’s arms “Kiserri calm down!” Dany scolded her child.

“Auntie Auntie!” Kiserri shouted. Arya glanced back at Dany and their daughter. Kiserri had her arms out and seeming to reach for the tall woman before them. Arya turned her focus back to the woman who had entered her room. Through a solid wall.

The woman had long flowing sun kissed locks that were brown but filled with wheaten highlights. Her hair gently swirled on the diamonds that flowed out of the woman’s body. More diamonds rippled and were birthed from the woman’s hair and glittered in constellations of perfection in the air. The stars lifting off the woman’s hair and then joining the stars still flowing out the wall where the portal had slowly closed. The woman looked around taking in her surroundings before looking down at the women before her.

Her body was utter perfection. She had a bosom that was neither large nor small but just perfect for her large body. Her hips swelled in perfect lines of femininity.
She woman’s eyes regarded them coolly. They were like pools of rippling silver. Lakes of placid calmness and yet their seemed to be a storm roiling underneath. The chimes hummed and the discordant melody lessened. The woman looked around the room again and then settled on the three women before her. She stared at them. The look could only be called arrogant Arya thought.

“How strange” the tall woman spoke. “You hear my thoughts …” she bent down and looked at Arya closely. Arya felt the savage might of the woman before her. “I do not see a white gold ring on your finger … you have not been tempered with the heartache that Linden Avery was stamped with …” the woman looked at Dany “It should be only you that hears my thoughts and yet you do not… how strange. You are the Dragonthane. Around Daenerys Targaryen flows the events of this time.” Her tone was haughty. Her bearing imperious. The tall woman regarded Arya and Dany coolly.

Suddenly Kiserri pushed away from her mother whose grip had slacked at the strange apparition before them. Dany reached for her child but the Dothraki girl scampered out of her mother’s reach in an amazingly fast move.

“NOOOOO!” Dany screamed as her child scampered off the bed just out of reach of the Queen’s clutching fingers.

Arya wheeled around but the little girl was past her. How had she moved so fast! Her daughter was running to this woman who was an unknown to her. This woman who could kill them with but the slightest thought.

“STOP!” Arya screamed as the little girl ran up to the tall woman. She started to move along with Dany but it was too late.

“Infinnie! Infinnie!” the little five year old ran up to the tall imperious woman.

Kiserri obviously knew the woman! Arya realized. She turned to look at Dany. She too had the same realization.

The woman ignored the small girl. She looked around imperious and with a haughty manner. Her pool of silver eyes looked around unimpressed. Kiserri gripped the woman’s flowing gown and tugged hard on it. “Infinnie … I am down here!” Kiserri called up to the tall woman her hands now up her little fingers clearly evidencing she wanted to be picked up.

Dany and Arya were frozen. The tall woman did not seem to realize their small child was wanting her attention. They both sensed that Kiserri was safe. For the moment.

Arya looked more at the tall woman before her. Yes! Arya eyes had not deceived her. The woman before her was not breathing! She was some kind of magical being. Their danger had just risen Arya thought.

“Why you humans adorn these wasteful corporal constructs around yourselves I will never understand. It is a waste.”

“Infinnie! Infinnie!” Kiserri stomped her foot at being ignored.

With Kiserri being so impudent with this powerful magical creature in her presence Arya decided she needed to act. Arya tried to move forward and grip the girl’s shoulder to draw her back but she felt an unmovable force holding her back.

“Why are you ignoring me!” the little girl whined. Kiserri was now stomping her feet and crossed her arms over her chest and was throwing a full on pout her lower lip stuck out and quivering.
The tall woman looked down. Her imperious manner seemed to crash down. She suddenly seemed almost human in her demeanor.

“Kiserri. I am trying to import great knowledge here Kiserri. It is unseemly to interrupt the Queen of the Elohim.”

The girl looked at the seven foot tall beautiful woman. She lifted her arms up and her little fingers wiggled in a clear pleading to be lifted up. She locked eyes with the Elohim. Kiserri started to jump up and down with her excitement. “Pleaseeeeee! Lift me up Auntie!” Kiserri clearly expected to be picked up.

“Kiserri. Can’t this wait?” the tall woman looked down at the Dothraki child. Her tone aggrieved. “I am here to talk to your mothers.” The woman turned her gaze back to the adults in the room. “I am Infelice of the Elohim. I am the Wurd of the Earth.” The tall woman tried to sound imperious but instead sounded a little flustered. She glanced at Arya and Dany seeing if they saw her losing control of the situation.

The little girl’s little arms jerked up again in clear supplication. This Elohim tried to ignore Kiserri but she failed miserably. She looked down at the child clearly flustered now. Arya’s eyes widened seeing this beyond powerful woman blow a lock of her hair off her forehead and harrumphed.

“O Alright!” the tall woman huffed and bent down and picked up the little girl and hugged the girl.” The imperious caste evaporated. This Infelice pulled the child to her body and rubbed her cheek to the child’s cheek. Her eyes glittering with diamonds, rubies and sapphires now. Little stars flowed out of Infelice’s eyes to swirl about her head.

The tall woman was smiling softly. She started to walk around the room seeming to forget about the adult women in the room.

Arya looked at Dany. Clearly, Kiserri and this woman had a relationship that was based on love.

“Mommy Mommy this is my Auntie! Auntie Infinnie!”

The tall woman grimaced “This is so embarrassing” the regal woman sighed in consternation but did not go to put the little girl down. She adjusted Kiserri and placed her on her hip as she turned her gaze back to Arya and Dany.

Arya saw her lover stiffen with a start. “YOU!” Dany yelled. “It was you that came to me when I was killed.”

The tall woman gently caressed Kiserri’s cheek with her hand. Kiserri literally seemed to purr in happiness. The small child tugging and playing with the folds of the tall woman’s gown. The tall woman cocked an eyebrow at Dany.

Arya turned to her lover. “Why didn’t you tell me this? You said you did not remember anything?” Arya was a little hurt that Dany had been less than fully truthful.

Dany came up to Arya and hugged her fiercely. “I did not hold anything from you my love. This woman’s presence is bringing that event into focus. Memories I did not know I had in me are coming to the surface.” Dany kissed Arya’s lightly on her mouth to show her lover her heart. Arya felt comforted from her moment of doubt. Dany turned her gaze to the tall woman “You lied to me!”

“I am Elohim. I never lie.”

“Bullshit!”
The tall woman went to cover the child’s ears “Language” she gasped out.

Dany did not look chastised.

“You told me she was of no import. Her life meant shit to you!”

“Language!” and the tall woman’s voice boomed knocking Dany to her ass but not touching Arya. “Control yourself in front of your daughter. I will not have such language spoken in front of Kiserri!” the Elohim snarled out.

“Don’t hurt my mommy!” Kiserri shouted up at her ‘auntie’.

Infelice was thrown off her equilibrium by Kiserri’s declaration.

“I would never hurt your mother Kiserri. I was just chastising her for her use of inappropriate speech. You ears are still young and virginal my sweet Kiserri.” Kissei was struggling to get down. A now confused Infelice looked around nonplussed.

Arya smirked. Emotions clearly confused this tall magical woman.

Arya watched Dany slowly get up onto her feet again. She looked warily at the tall woman who set Kiserri back down to the ground. The little girl ran back to her mother and Dany picked her up and put her on her hip. The Dothraki hugged her mother snuggling in. Dany stroked Kiserri’s back and hair comforting her daughter.

Dany pinched her nose. “Forgive me. You were quite clear in what you told me.” Dany had controlled her ire and was once more being the diplomatic Queen.

“I was right in my statement to you. I did not lie. Kiserri was of no portent to the Earth’s safety. She would have only led your focus astray at the start of your campaign if you had had your child at your side. You could not have accomplished what you did if she had been by your side. You had to have a single minded focus to succeed. With your supposed knowledge of Kiserri’s death you had that necessary focus. I did what I must. I did what was best for the Earth’s safety. The needs of the many outweigh the needs of the few. Or the one.”

“That is such bullshit!” Dany cried out.

Infelice’s eyes flared with anger. “I told you about your foul mouth in Kiserri’s innocent presence!”

Dany glared at the tall regal magical woman. She was clearly fuming. “You would have let her die if it had not been for Linden Avery” Dany snarled at the tall woman.

The woman regarded her with now cold eyes.

“I did what was in the Earth’s best interest.”

“And now you are her Auntie?”

The woman suddenly looked uncomfortable. Infelice looked at the child like she was afraid she would understand what the woman had supposedly been willing to allow. Infelice gnawed her lip with worry.

“You told me she was dead and could not be brought back.”

“You were brought back from the dead. You could show the proper gratitude” Infelice spoke in a haughty voice. The Elohim’s confidence once more in ascendancy.
“You. Lied. To. Me.”

“I cannot lie.”

The Queen of Westeros glared daggers at the Queen of the Elohim. It quickly turned into a Dorne standoff. Kiserri reached out for Arya. Arya took the child from Dany. It was obvious the little girl was becoming upset with the anger in the room. Kiserri hugged Arya fiercely for reassurance. Arya hugged her tightly.

Arya was not afraid of this Infelice anymore. This woman could have burned them to ash if she chose. She was haughty and arrogant but Arya sensed no violence in this tall strange woman. That did not mean she was not shooting her own daggers at Dany. The Elohim’s eyes glowing with suppressed magical might.

Suddenly in the middle of the room a blinding white light appeared. It was pure white and should have hurt the eyes but it did not. The light grew into a whirling cyclone of light that twisted and turned but did not move from its spot. The fissure of light pulsed and grew stronger till it looked and felt like the noonday sun had come down into Arya’s room.

Arya was again in the presence of great magical might.

A woman stepped out and the light folded back into itself and was gone in a flash of argent. This new woman before them was five foot seven inches tall. She had honey blond hair and a voluptuous build. Her eyes were a soft gentle green. Her face lined with lines of worry but also lines of peace and happiness. She wore a simple white tunic synched with a white belt and plain sandals.

Arya felt great power in this woman but it was totally different than what she sensed in the Elohim. This woman was merely a woman. She was filled with magical might but she was only a human woman. She looked at the woman’s left hand and saw a silver looking ring on her ring finger. Arya looked at the woman. She was powerful beyond measure. She felt that power was channeled in the ring on her hand somehow.

“Infelice and Daenerys Targaryen; cease this rancor. It achieves nothing.” The new woman spoke in a calm reassuring voice. She did not raise her voice but spoke in a calming tone.

Infelice tilted her head. “As you say Linden Avery.” This woman who could crush mountains clearly ceded control of the situation to this new woman.

Arya watched Dany jerk as more memories came to her. “It was you that came to me and convinced me that I had to come back. That I had to sacrifice Kiserri. You lied to me too.”

The new woman sighed and a look of pain came across her features. The lines of rue on her face for a moment becoming prominent before her inner peace resumed. “Daenerys Targaryen, I fear I was not fully truthful with you but it was necessary.”

“How can lying ever be necessary?”

“You had to have a single minded focus when you came out of the Red Desert. Your daughter’s seeming death fueled your desires and gave you the strength to proceed forward. You had no fear with no child to worry your thoughts. Your initial campaigns required you to be reckless and headless of risks. You would not have taken those risks with the thought of leaving Kiserri with no mother. You would not have taken the risks you did to secure your kingdom.”

“Also, Infelice in her way speaks the truth.”
“How so?”

“You had truly died Daenerys Targaryen. Fortunately, in this matter, High Lord Elena had broken the Law of Death resurrecting Kevin Landwaster and over three thousand years later Caer-Caveral the Forestal of Andelain broke the Law of Life to restore Hollian to life. The Laws of Life and Death can never be completely made whole again. Through those cracks, we were able to slip you back to the land of the living. You are filled with Earthpower as is your wife to be Arya Stark. We were able to gently pry those broken laws apart enough to slip you back to the land of the living. There is always risks in this but we did it. The Earth’s need overcame our fears.”

“You are the Dragonthane Daenerys Targaryen. Around you much revolves.”

“How is that my daughter lives?”

“I told you had to choose to live. Do you remember?”

“Yes?”

“Fortunately, your love for Kiserry had endowed her with the aura of your Earthpower.”

Daenerys considered the words she was hearing. Arya saw her lover turning the words over in her head. “You are implying I chose life over death. How is it that a five year old girl could make that choice? She does not have the concept of life and death yet.”

“This is true. We merely asked Kiserry if she wanted to be with her mother. The answer was yes. It really was the only answer possible so we asked it. There can be no purer love than a child for its mother and vice versa. When we burned you to life with Wild Magic and the Earthpower of the Elohim channeled through the Krill it burned your daughter to life too. Her desire to be with her mother gave her the strength to cross over the divide too.”

“But you said you could not bring her back to life. I lost all those years with my daughter.” Dany still accused her benefactors. Her anger still gnawing at her bones. She had lost precious years with her daughter.

Arya could feel and understand that but she realized no time had been lost. Kiserry had not aged a day.

“I fear we played sophistry with you Daenerys Targaryen.”

“How did you lie to me? How did Infelice lie to me? She did not want to bring Kiserry back!”

Infelice crossed her arms over her chest. Arya could feel the woman wanting to retort. The chimes that had receded were ringing louder and more discordant. This Infelice did not like having her honor impugned.

Linden Avery sighed. “Yes, I did obfuscate the truth. I told you Dragonthane: “Only then that which has been stolen from you can be given back. Only then, that which has been lost can be found. You must take back what is yours by the right of birth.” The woman looked the Queen in the eyes and spoke again “Reach and grasp what is rightfully yours. Only then can you achieve your destiny, and restore that which has been taken.”

The Queen stared at the woman with her mouth open working soundlessly. Arya walked over to Dany. Kiserry instinctively reached out for her mother. Dany took her back from Arya now that she had calmed down. The little precious Dothraki girl snuggling into her mother’s body finding comfort there again.
“So I told you exactly what you had to do to have your heart’s wish given to you. Your child has been restored to you. We did not have to do this but we chose it. The risk is great but we deem it worthy. You have so many burdens to overcome and tasks to achieve.”

“For this we were willing to open the door between life and death for this sweet innocent child.”

Arya saw the little girl continuing to snuggle into her mother not truly realizing how the conversation was centered on her.

“Mommy. Don’t be mad. I am so happy to be home with you. And with my new mommy” the girl held out her hand to Arya.

Arya felt her heart lurch and she went quickly to stand beside Dany. The little girl held out her hands to Arya who felt her world spin in a delightful way taking the sweet girl back in her arms and placing her on her outside hip and pushing her body into Dany’s as she smiled great big feeling Dany snake her arm around her waist claiming her as her wife and soulmate.

Infelice harrumphed. “Why do they listen to you and not me!” the tall woman whined.

Linden Avery sighed looking up at the woman who was magic made flesh.

“Infelice. The Elohim have learned many things but clear speech is not one of them.”

“I beg to differ” the woman snooted. Her nose up in the air.

“Need I remind you of Azor Ahai?”

“That was not our fault!” Infelice cried out in dismay. “How many times do I have to tell you that Linden” Infelice spoke in a clear huff. Her voice filled with half heard chimes. Her blazing diamonds that wafted out her irises radiating dark red and blue with her distress.

Arya had heard the story many times growing up. She recited the story she had heard “He was prophesied too that he must kill his wife on his sword to give it the strength to kill the Ice King. Twice he had forged the sword but it broke. Only with his wife’s death could the Lightbringer be truly forged.”

Linden sighed and Infelice looked defensive.

Linden glanced at Infelice who looked set upon “What Infelice was supposed to get across to the man, Azor Ahai, was that he was to throw himself on the blade. His act of self-sacrifice would have forged the sword to its mightiest pure form. He would have been restored by his own faith. His wife being pierced by the sword gave it the power and strength to kill the Ice Wright's body. If Azor had done as he should have the sword would have killed both the body and the spirit of the Ice King.”

“I could not have made it any plainer!” Infelice whined. “You know as well as I Linden Avery (the name said in a very snooty manner) that I could not just tell him else I would evoke the paradox of lore. It must be earned and not granted! It is not my fault the man was obtuse and stupid!” Infelice finished in a defensive whiny tone. Her face looked aggrieved and beset upon.

“Infelice” Linden growled at the Elohim. “Only your kind has truly mastered the art of speaking out of both sides of your mouth at the same time. You have added to that talent by being also able to speak out your ass while also talking out both sides of your mouth. It is truly impressive really” Linden ended in a sarcastic tone.

“You asshole!” Infelice growled out. Then her eyes went large and her hands came up to slap over
her mouth as she glanced at Kiserri to see if she had heard the bad word. She breathed out in relief when the child did not appear to have heard the bad word.

Linden smirked at the Elohim’s antics. She continued on with her narration “Jon Snow figured this out when he stepped into the fires of his own free will.”

“Jon did what!” Arya exclaimed.

“Fear not” Infelice told Arya calmly having recovered her equilibrium. “He was unhurt by the flames. His faith protected him. His sword has truly been re-forged into the lost blade of Azor Ahai. Unfortunately, the Ice King is more than he was and the blade can no longer kill both spirit and body. First the body must be garroted and only then can the spirit in turn be killed.”

Arya felt the tension leave her wife who was pressed into her body. She accepted that what had to be done had been done nearly seven years ago. There were indeed great forces at work that she had to accede too.

Arya was just thankful that Dany had been brought from the dead by these two women. If they had not, Arya would not have the love of her life in her arms and in her bed. She would not have Kiserri as her daughter. Arya was thankful for these women intervention in Dany and Kiserri’s life. Arya’s life would be so empty now without these powerful women’s intervention in Dany’s past.

Kiserri started to squirm again. Dany put her down to the ground. The Dothraki girl ran up to the Elohim who pretended to not see the little girl back at her feet. Kiserri looked up at the tall Infelice. “Butterfly. Butterfly!” the little girl squealed up at the tale regent of the Elohim. Kiserri started to jerk on the Elohim’s gown again. This made the Elohim look down.

The woman looked mortified. Arya watched the Elohim as she tried to pretend she had not heard the child’s strange words.

“Auntie! I want to butterfly Auntie Innie! Butterfly, butterfly, butterfly!” the child chanted out her hands reaching out to the tall magical woman. The whole girl’s little body literally thrummed with barely concealed excitement at this prospect of ‘butterfly’. Arya and Dany exchanged glances. Dany shrugged. Neither knew what Kiserri wanted from Infelice but Arya knew it must be good. The tall Elohim looked totally flustered by the child’s request.

Infelice looked at the others present in the room and then down at the pleading child. Kiserri looked up with big eyes full of hope and clutching fingers. Then in a whisper that all could hear “Kiserri, this is not the time … we are in the middle of important portents. Not now child.”

Kiserri held out her arms. Her hands spread out her fingers grasping the air. A big hopeful look on the girl’s face. She was jumping up and down now. “Butterfly! I want to butterfly! Butterfly, butterfly!”

The Elohim threw her shoulders back and lifted her nose snootily. She slightly turned her body. She acted like she did not hear or see the child anymore. Though Arya could see the silver pools of the tall woman’s eyes looking askance at the child. The pools of her eyes glittering and pulsing deep blue and purple.

Kiserri started to chew her bottom lip and it began to quiver and her eyes brimmed with tears.

A panicked look came on Infelice’s face. The Elohim’s whole haughty demeanor gone in a flash and a much more human posture was taken on by the magical being. “Okay! Okay! Butterfly! Butterfly it will be!” the tall woman suddenly trilled out in a near panic turning her body back around
to face Kiserri. Diamonds, sapphires and emeralds wafted out of the body of the Elohim and pulsed in the air. Arya could see that Dany saw it too. This strange woman loved their daughter in her own strange way.

“Yeah!” Kiserri chirped the storm passed and her face sunshine once more.

Infelice picked up an excited Kiserri underneath her arms and easily picked her up. The Elohim walked slowly up to Arya and Dany. In a soft kind voice “May I answer your daughter’s request?” she asked with a clear question in her voice. Dany and Arya were being given the right of refusal.

Arya could tell by the chimes she heard in her head that her new daughter was totally safe with this enigmatic woman. Arya looked back at Dany who nodded her ascent.

Infelice smiled a genuine smile. “Kiserri, you are very demanding you know” she told the girl softly.

“Butterfly! Butterfly!” the excited child chanted. She looked around with a big smile on her face.

Infelice tightened her grip on the child underneath her armpits and turned her around so she was facing out from the tall Elohim’s body. Kiserri’s parents waited to see what was about to occur. Clearly, Kiserri was looking forward to it. Her little feet were kicking in excitement.

“I’m a butterfly! I’m a butterfly! Look mommy—mommies!” Kiserri was flapping her arms as Infelice effortlessly walked the little girl around as she flapped her arms and beamed chirping how she was flying. Arya looked at Dany. This was no big deal. Hell, she and Dany could easily do this for their daughter. She would show Infelice!

Then Arya and Dany gasped seeing Infelice rise up into the air slowly. Her body shedding diamonds of magic as she rose up off the ground. The diamond were not the violent jewels of earlier but winked and circled before slowly fading away. The diamonds now a soft green, blue and yellow pulsing out of the tall woman’s lower body. The woman was literally walking on air and shed diamonds. She floated around in the room first rising and then her body floating lower. All the while Kiserri was flapping her arms as if she was in reality a butterfly. “Look at me mommies! I am a butterfly!” Dany and Arya shouted up to their daughter that she was indeed a butterfly. The little girl squealed in happiness. The two mommies watched the Elohim take their daughter higher in the high ceilinged room. The two women stared.

The Elohim was clearly headed towards the high ceiling of Arya’s room. Arya and Dany craned their necks up as diamonds wafted down from rising form of the Elohim. They kept waiting for the Elohim to begin a descent as the distance between her and Kiserri and the ceiling closed rapidly now.

They both gasped when the Elohim’s body passed through the ceiling as if it was not there and then Kiserri’s body easily slipped through the solid wall. They looked at each other with wide eyes and slack jaws.

Linden Avery chuckled as she looked where the Elohim and Kiserri had disappeared. “Infelice and the Elohim are magic given flesh. Little is beyond them except maybe talking in a coherent manner that all can understand. It is strange indeed. The Elohim are very self-absorbed but Kiserri has brought out the best in the Queen of the Elohim. I would not have thought the woman had it in her.”

Linden smiled and turned to the women. Her face became somber. “It is good that Infelice is playing with your daughter. When it comes to She Who Must Not Be Named she gets distraught.”

Arya looked at Dany and she had no clue either.

Linden Avery sighed. “It is difficult to explain. She is force for evil. I contended with her in the
distant past. She tortured the souls of thousands of women. She tried to consume me but I was able to resist her and free the women she had consumed. When the Worm was awakened and destroyed the world she slipped the bonds of our dying world and fled to the Universe."

"Universe?" Dany asked.

Linden paused. "Do you see those points of light in the nighttime sky?" Linden asked looking from woman to woman.

They both nodded yes.

"Those are suns that shine like our sun in our sky but far far away. Most of those suns have planets that have life. Some of with intelligent beings that may or may not look like us. She fled our dying world for those environs. She smote Lord Foul down with but one backhand. She is powerful beyond measure. For some reason she has returned. I feel she has some unknown purpose but the Elohim are convinced she has come back to destroy all life. I have my doubts on this but I can conceive of no other reason for her return. She was quite insane when I knew her. Maybe Infelice is right. She Who Must Not Be Named is a most dangerous force in the world. Over forty thousand years ago she killed all who came upon her."

Arya asked "You are saying she is like the Ice King?"

"Yes and no" Linden replied. "He wants to kill but also to control. She Who Must Not Be Named is insane." A thoughtful look came over her face and more to herself "or she was". Linden Avery had a distant look on her face before she focused on the present. "She merely sought to kill and torture. If she has returned for this purpose we are doomed."

"If we can defeat the Ice King we can defeat her" Dany confidently spoke up.

"I wish it was that simple. The foe I fought twice over forty thousand years ago was Lord Foul or A-Jeroth of the Seven Hells. Your Ice King would be but a Colonel in his army."

The beautiful woman looked off into the distance seeing events form long ago "At the end of the old world Thomas Covenant my husband, my son Jeremey and I confronted Lord Foul as he attempted to flee out into the Universe. My husband and I are the White Gold and my son the true Heir to the second Staff of Law."

"We were not enough against Lord Foul. He was slowly overcoming all our combined might. He was still more powerful than our combined might. If he had fled, this world would have dissolved and faded into mere memory. His blight would have moved out to the stars you see up in the sky at night. His plague free to infect countless worlds."

"How did you stop him then?" Arya asked enthralled by the story of events long ago.

Linden smiled ruefully. "We did not. He would have won."

"Who stopped him then?" Dany asked confused. The world still existed so it was clear that he had been defeated somehow.

Linden Avery smiled. "I told you but you did not hear. It was She Who Must Not Named who defeated Lord Foul. She had freed herself from pit she had been chained to for countless millennium. Her green unformed body came boiling up from the depths underneath Mount Thunder. She fled the pit of her imprisonment. In doing this she passed through Kiril Threndor a chamber of great power deep in the depths of Mount Thunder. It was here that Lord Foul had setup his new throne. As she passed by in her bid for freedom she backhanded Lord Foul. It was almost
causal that blow she hurled upon Lord Foul. We were fighting desperately with all our flawed might and we were not enough. With one passing blow she crushed him down to the floor. We could not really affect him. We could merely slow him down. He would have won.”

“She Who Must Not Be Name crushed Lord Foul with but a thought.”

Dany looked at Arya. They thought they were fighting mighty forces and now they were being told of forces that dwarfed what they fought.

“We easily defeated Lord Foul after that.”

“Did you kill this Lord Foul?”

Linden Avery smiled. “That would have been disaster. He is part of the Earth. He is either the Creator’s brother or a dark aspect of his soul. One cannot cut him out. All great belief systems make it clear that there must be evil for good. The universe demands balance.”

“Then where is this Lord Foul?”

“My husband took him into himself. They are now one. We achieved immortality through that act. As long as we remain the world is safe. Lord Foul has become one with us. He is quiescent.”

Dany looked at Linden Avery. Arya thought they were dealing with great magical concepts and powers. What this Linden Avery spoke seemed to make the Ice King almost pale. “Can I ask a question?” Dany inquired of Linden Avery.

Linden tilted her head in acceptance of the request.

“You said the Worm was awakened and it destroyed the world. How is it we are here?”

“My husband, son and I recreated the world from the template of the old.”

“By the old gods!” Arya whispered.

Dany whispered “Who woke the worm?”

“You know the answer to that question Daenerys Targaryen. I did.”

There was shocked silence.

“Much was lost but much has been regained. Some of it bad and some precious.”

Again the beautiful woman looked off into the distance. She shook her head.

“She Who Must Not Name has returned. We sensed her arrival but sense then she had cloaked her presence. We cannot sense her now. She has hidden herself from our sensibilities. We are mostly helpless against her. But we will give you two weapons that can used in tandem to kill even one such as her.

Dany shook her head “Why do you come to us? This woman seems to have nothing to do with our cause. Has she aligned with the Ice King?”

“No. She could easily destroy him if she so chose. That decision may speak volumes. I feel that for some reason She Who Must Not Be Named has taken a corporal form. Why I do not know. I cannot be sure but my womanly intuition tells me I am correct. This limits her but it does not matter. Even with a Croyel on his back her might outstrips your Ice King. I feel she has come back for some
other purpose. I feel it may not be nefarious but I have come to agree with Infelice on this. We simply cannot take the risk.”

“There are always options” Dany told the White Gold Wielder. Arya smiled. Dany was the master of having options.

“This woman, even if she is in her human form, can destroy all life if she chooses. It would take her time travelling the world but she could annihilate all life if she so chose. We feel she has taken her human form again which keeps her from affecting the whole world at once. Why this is we cannot fathom. It weakens her might and control. In her incorporeal form we would have no way to avail ourselves against her. Even if she has not chosen to end life now she might tomorrow. She is like Esmer. I hated to see his death but it was necessary.

Linden put her hands to her stomach and they disappeared into her body. Both Arya and Dany gasped. A pure argent glow lighted in the woman’s core. Mighty magic was buried deep in the woman Arya knew.

Linden pulled her hands back out of her stomach. In her right hand a very large dagger resided. It was beautiful. It was so sharp you could see the edges of the blade. It was brilliant with a white glow that boiled out the opaque gem that was located in its cross-guards.

To Dany it looked like a Royal Seax that clan leaders of the nomadic mountain tribes of Norvos had. The lines of the blade were perfect in every way. Argent flowed out of the blade like the diamonds did from Infelice’s body. It shown like the sun come to Earth. In her left hand hung a set of manacles.

“This is the Krill of Loric Vilesilencer” Linden spoke holding out the large dagger. “It took him over four hundred years to create it. He crafted sheer perfection. Every line and angle of this weapon is perfect. It was with this blade that Loric undid the Viles and Demondem. They are no more. This blade can support any might. With this weapon She Who Must Not Named could have killed the Worm of the World’s End. It can kill her. It will end her sad life and the insanity that fills her soul.”

All the while as Linden Avery spoke, the Krill radiated power like a burning sun. Arya swore she could see the actual sharpness of the blade before her. The blade pulsed with pure white argent magical might. Linden Avery’s body moved as she spoke. The movement of her body made the Krill move with her. The blade seemed to cut the very air with the sharpness of its blade.

“It will end her torment and cease the green glow that suffices her body. I can still see her rising from pit filling the dark demises beneath Mount Thunder with her green glow of hate and insanity.

Arya saw Dany jolt. She recognized the description. Linden was lost in her musing. She had not seen the shock of recognition in Dany. Dany looked at Arya and motioned for her to be quiet and not reveal Dany’s insight. Arya trusted Dany completely. Arya looked on with a bland look on her face.

“I am curious Linden. Why green?” Dany asked.

“I do not know. She was merely green is all I can say. It sufficed all when she was upon you. It was intense. Her mere presence produced terror in your being.”

The brilliance of the blade had made Arya and Dany not truly notice the chain with two manacles in her other hand. Linden Avery held the chain in the middle. She now brought up her hand that held the chain to clearly reveal the chain and manacles. “These are the manacles used to shackle and neuter Esmer. They will do the same to She Who Must Not Be Named. The Ur-Viles have
refashioned them just for her. One who travels with you will shackle She Who Must Not Be Named with these and then plunge the Krill into her heart and kill her.

Linden walked over to the outside wall of Arya’s room. She brought her right hand back. The Krill’s gem flared and even more argent might radiated out the white gem at the heart of the blade. The whole room was flooded with the pure argent light. Linden’s body leaned back and then her arm arced forward to slam the blade into the wall.

A concussive force boomed in the room with a blinding flash of pure white light flared out the gem of the Krill. Arya and Dany were blinded.

When their vision had cleared they saw that Linden had rammed the blade into the wall burying all twenty inches of the blade in the dark granite. The cross-guards touched the stone wall.

The gem in the cross-guard no longer glowed but was inert and dull. The gem lifeless. The edges that could have cut through mountains were now dull and inert as well. The blade had looked beautiful and immaculate now appeared dead and of no value.

Arya and Dany stared slack-jawed at the now dead blade and the manacles that hung over the cross-guard.

“We do not who will garrote She Who Must Not Be Named but we sense this person is part of your retinue. They will be able to use these weapons to accomplish her demise. They will save the Earth from the blight of She Who Must Not Be Named. We have studied your companions but see no else with great magical might. Nor does anyone else possess the White Gold.”

“You mean the ring on your finger?” Dany asked.

Linden Avery smiled with a soft almost resigned smile. “No. That is merely the manifestation of the White Gold.”

“Then what is white gold?” Dany asked again.

“I am the white gold” Linden answered them quietly. Dany and Arya shut up after that with their questions. This woman was pure magic!

“Again, I ask do you know who this hidden person might be?” then Linden’s head jerked down at the floor to Arya’s room. Arya knew why. She heard the chimes coming back.

Dany caught Arya’s attention while Linden’s attention was drawn elsewhere. She used the opportunity to tell Arya again with her eyes to guard her features. Arya had begun to suspect herself who the hidden person was.

The floor began to bubble and ripple and diamonds erupted up in a multitude of constellations. The stars flashing around in Arya’s room. The stars swirling slowly before fading away. Infelice came up through the floor holding Kiserri still flapping her arms.

“I’m a butterfly mother!” Kiserri chirped. She stopped flapping her arms and held them down to Dany. Infelice smiled down at the small Dothraki child. Dany quickly walked over and took her child back from Infelice. The woman stared after the child with an inscrutable look on her face.

Linden gathered up the Elohim. Infelice quickly put her haughty face back on her features.

“Don’t think I don’t know who you were talking about to the Dragonthane and her wife Linden Avery. She Who Must Not Be Named. She must be killed. She threatens us!”
“And the world?”

The Elohim paused with a look of confusion on her face and then angry righteousness “We are the World!”

Linden sighed “We still need to work on that ego thing Infelice. It is time to leave.”

“Wait!” Infelice called out in an imperious voice.

She walked over to Dany who looked up at the towering woman. Infelice looked around furtively and quickly bent down and kissed Kiserr on the forehead.

Kiserri beamed.

“You humans are way too emotional” Infelice announced haughtily and rejoined Linden Avery in the middle of the room. Linden Avery rolled her eyes. “Fortunately, I am above such mundane things.”

An explosion of argent light and diamonds filled the room. When it cleared, Infelice Queen of the Elohim and Linden Avery white gold wielder were gone.

Arya turned to Dany “You recognize who this She Who Must Not Be Named is don’t you.”

“Yes” Dany said softly. The note in her voice was sad. “I have not seen her but Missandei has a silent benefactor who gave us the traitorous correspondence of House Bolton and Frey. I have told you of her of course. When Missandei could not figure out the code this woman gave her what she needs. All Missandei can really tell me about this woman is the fact she is sure she had green glowing eyes.”

“What? That is it? That could be anyone Dany. She might be imagining it all. Green eyes and a green glow that fills the world. I don’t see the connection Dany.”

“This is the person that Missandei has been interacting with. I trust me instincts. They led me to you.”

Arya felt a warm glow come over her. “Why would this woman help us if she is so evil?”

“The answer is evident.”

Arya sighed. Her Dany could be cryptic. “Can you enlightenment me then, please?”

“She is not evil. She would not help us if she was evil. She would not keep coming to Missandei if she was evil. Missandei is the very portrait of goodness and what is right in the world. This She Who Must Not Be Named is drawn to her. That can only mean she is good.”

“Dany … maybe she is trying to be good but in the end will not be able to turn from her true nature. You saw how powerful those two women are. This She Who Must Not Be Named makes them nearly shake with fear. We are dealing with forces beyond our kin.”

“What will we do? What are you are going to tell Missandei.”

She saw Dany face harden slightly and her back straighten. In her royal voice “We will do nothing. We will not say a word of this to Missandei. We will let Missandei follow her heart. I can feel it. She will choose wisely. She will tame the “beast”. This woman of green is enamored with Missandei. Missandei in turn is sure this woman is her mate. I trust Andi and so should you. I will
trust her heart to discern the truth. I feel this Linden Avery and Infelice are letting the past cloud the present and the possible future.”

Arya thought for a moment. She knew she loved Dany with all her heart. If this “She Who Must Not Be Named” loved Missandei like she loved Dany then they had nothing to worry over. Missandei’s pure heart would win over this supposed monstrosity.

That was if this goddess come to down to Earth could truly love as a flesh and blood woman could love another woman. Arya knew she had not the strength to contend with this force. Maybe in this case it was the gentle touch of the timid lamb that would win the day.

She went to the Krill buried deep in the wall. It was dead. The gem inert and the blade that had once been so sharp it could cut anything on this Earth was dull. She gripped the blade. She jerked with all her might. It did not move in the slightest. Yes this was beyond her kin and abilities.

Dany came to her. They smiled at each other.

“I like it here. I like my new mommy” Kiserri told Dany.

Arya shook her head. She still could understand Dothraki. This filled Arya’s heart with happiness.

Dany put Kiserri down on the floor and the child ran around the room giggling. She went to Arya’s desk and climbed up on the chair and moved around the clothes and parchments on the desktop.

“You have a messy desk mommy” Kiserri told her new mommy.

Dany and Arya laughed at their daughter’s antics. They discussed for a few minutes the events of the last ten minutes. Arya agreed to follow her Queen’s lead. She was the Queen after all. They called Kiserri to them and she scampered off the chair and came over between them. The little girl held her hands up and her two mothers took a hand squeezing it. Kiserri beamed up at her two mothers with a perfect toothy smile.

They left Arya’s room. They walked for a ways before their child withdrew her hands now feeling loved and secure.

Kiserri looked up at her mothers rubbing her tummy. “I’m hungry! Can I have something to eat mommy?” she asked Dany and then looking at Arya hopefully. Arya felt her heart pitter-patter seeing Kiserri asking her too after saying ‘mommy’.

“That is a splendid idea!” Arya replied and Kiserri skipped down the hall.

They walked down the halls heading toward the kitchen. They came to the tapestry that showed Torrhen Stark kneeling to Aegon in surrender. Kiserri ooed and awed at the dragons and how real it looked. The Dothraki girl getting up to the tapestry to look at it up close. Arya started feeling Dany slip her hand on her trousers and cup her ass cheek and massaged it.

“Does it bother you that my family subjected yours Arya?” Dany asked unsure.

Arya leaned into Dany. Arya reached back with her hand and put it into her pants and put her hand on Dany’s hand possessively cupping her ass cheek and slowly pulled it around her hip and cupped her Queen’s hand on her now dripping wet snatch. “Do you feel that Dany?” she asked looking hotly at Dany.

Kiserri was busy checking out the “cool” tapestry before her looking at all the details. She did not notice her mommies behind her being intimate and naughty.
Dany whimpered.

Arya smiled at the Queen. “Only if my great grandsire knelt to Aegon would you be here now Dany” Arya rubbed her woman’s hand on her swollen slick cunt. “If he had fought Aegon, your forefather would have killed him. I would not be here now. Only that matters to me.” She pulled Dany’s hand out her pants and slowly licked her shiny juices off Dany’s palm and fingers while chuckling seeing Dany’s eyes dark with desire.

Arya finished cleaning her juices off Dany’s hand. Kiserri turned around. “I’m hungry!” The two women looked guilty almost being caught in their sexual play. They then chuckled getting away with their indiscretion.

They went down the hall with Dany pressed into Arya’s side. They would have to figure out Kiserri’s sleeping arrangement. Arya was thinking of the other young children Kiserri could play with and give them alone time. There was a spare room next to hers that would be her daughter’s bedroom when they were at Winterfell. They separated to let Kiserri walk between them. The little Dothraki girl feeling secure being between her two mommies.

Down the hall they saw Eddard Stark walking towards them. His eyes registered the little girl walking with an impudent strut between her mothers. The little girl reaching up to touch her mommies legs for reassurance seeing the big man walking towards them.

He stopped still ten feet away to not unsettle the little girl more. He knelt down to one knee smiling.

“And who is this pretty little girl with my daughter and her wife to be.”

Arya saw Dany’s eyes flash with happiness at her father’s words. It made Arya feel good inside seeing Dany anxious to be a part of her family. Dany had no real family beyond her close friends.

“This is Kiserri” Dany told Eddard “I had thought her dead near seven years past but she has been restored to me.”

Arya watched her father process the information. He asked no question.

“Kiserri is it. You are a fierce Dothraki I see by your garb.” Eddard looked over the precocious little girl. “You are armed with a most dangerous dagger. Can I see?”

Dany translated for Kiserri. The small girl looking unsure still.

“I would be humbled.” Dany spoke still translating. Arya watched her father drop to knee and partially bowed his head to Kiserri. The action by Arya’s father filled the little girl with a new confidence.

Kiserri thought about it nodding to herself and slowly pulled her fake dagger out from behind her belt and shyly went forward and handed it to Eddard.

He made a show of turning it in his hands marveling at the blade. He ran his thumb along the edge and winced and jerked his thumb and then sucked on it. Arya chuckled seeing Kiserri’s pride swell at the show that her father was willing to put on for the little girl.

“You are a most fierce Bloodrider I can tell Kiserri. Will you allow me to be near your mommies?”

Dany translated and the little girl’s chest puffed out.

“I am indeed fierce and will protect my mommies.” She paused. “I like you. You are nice.” She
held up her hands.

Eddard, laughing picked up the little girl and placed her on his shoulders and handed up to the dark skinned Dothraki girl her ceremonial dagger. She proudly put it away behind her belt and ran her fingers into Eddard’s hair and held on.

Eddard smiled and softly chuckled and patted the girl on her leg. Kiserri beamed.

“Lets go introduce my new granddaughter to everyone.”

Arya watched Dany’s heart melt more for the kind man that was her father. Arya’s own smile beamed. She was indeed a lucky woman.

Back in Arya’ room all was as it was when they left.

In the middle of the room a green dot bloomed in the air and quickly grew into a windless cyclone of wildly spinning green gyres of unspeakable power and dire force. The gyre was boundless and yet was as thin as follicle of hair. Black and green bands forming deep in the depths of the anomaly. The bands rotating out counter clockwise. For five seconds the bands radiated out from nowhere. Then the dark singularity at the heart of the gyre flared.

She Who Must Not Be Named stepped out of the cyclone and looked around as the singularity disappeared.

She spied the inert Krill and the manacles. She would destroy these talismans that threatened her existence. Her fury raged and seethed within her but she somehow controlled it. It did not matter to her that the Krill had been fashioned into sheer perfection. She sneered at it. The mere withdrawal of Wild Magic had rendered it inert. She spied the manacles. The Ur-viles had fashioned it for the half-breed Esmer. He was a mote compared to her might. She contemplated making the Ur-viles pay for this affront to her august might. For those Demondim spawn to even think they could thwart her will offended She Who Must Not Be Named.

She contemplated again visiting Linden Avery and this time finishing what she had started. She had long ago learned to hate the Elohim for not freeing her from the pit. They had known of her plight and yet chose to not come to her aid. She had tried to forgive them and was on the road to this but his development was kindling her ancient rage.

She stepped up to the Krill buried in the wall. She felt its perfection even in this listless state. The manacles were created by the Ur-viles. Her magic far outstripped theirs. She reached out and gripped the handle of the Krill. No force in this world could withstand her power. No construct could thwart her will.

She pulled back and her angled eyebrows flexed up. The blade had not move. This is not possible! Her eyes narrowed at this. This was impossible. Her hand adjusted its grip on the Krill to pull harder. Nothing could resist her might. She jerked again hard. Her body jerked forward when the blade did not move. She Who Must Not Be Named paused at this development. She looked within herself. She was hale and whole. This Krill was more than she had first assumed. It did not matter. Was she not supreme in her might?

The Krill had her focus now. She again adjusted her grip on the blade to exert maximum effort. She jerked with a small force of her full might. Again her body jerked forward. The blade had not moved a fraction of a millimeter. Now anger began to rage in her soul. She started to jerk wildly on
the blade. Each jerk she exerted more and more force. Soon a green aura was radiating out her of form as the ancient Quaylar asserted her full might. She jerked back with strength to shatter the very castle walls of Winterfell and all within miles. Still she had no effect on the Krill. It did move in the slightest. The dull inert blade buried deep still into the stone wall.

The goddess paused in her efforts. She stormed to herself that this was impossible. She could break the wall to dust but that would defeat her purpose. She would best this blade yet! She would show her supremacy over this mere construct of man. She took a deep breath she did not need and adjusted her grip on the handle to again exert her full might. Her knuckle brushed the chain that held the two manacles.

“Aaaaarrrruuunnggggggggggggg!” She Who Must Not Be Named screamed in agony. Her body jerked violently. Her teeth clenched tight and her green eyes pulsed out pure green magical might in one heartbeat and the next her green eyes flared and went black.

She collapsed to the ground. Her body jerked and spasmed in searing pain. Her strength had fled but even now was returning. She slowly levered herself back to her feet.

Her strength had returned. One brief momentary touch had robbed her of all her strength and magic. No not robbed. Suppressed beyond her reach. It would appear the Ur-viles Wurd had in some say surpassed her. They had rendered her magic inert. This was impossible of course and yet she could not deny what had just occurred. The magic and might of the Ur-viles had garroted her power.

This was most unsettling. She would contemplate on this.

In a flash of green light she was gone.

**Missandei**

Missandei was busy looking over the troop movement schedules and cross referencing the movement of supplies moving up the King’s Highway. Eddard was supplying as much as possible the troop movements moving to the west from the beachheads. These troops were moving their own supplies but Eddard supplying aid to them was increasing their troop speed several miles a day which provided slack time in Missandei’s schedules.

She was in her elements working numbers and making equations to solve various logistical problems. It made her feel useful. Her weapon was her intelligence and not the strength in her arm or how much weight she could carry on her back.

The scribe was scribbling a note in the margin when she felt it. She suddenly sat up her eyes wide. She had felt her! She had felt her love and she was in pain. Pain that was agonizing and tore at the core of her longed for lover. The small interpreter could almost feel the searing agony her lover was feeling. Missandei jumped out of her chair and wrung her hands. She had felt a bolt of pain and shock run through her to the very core of her being. She had felt panic in her lover.

Missandei had grown accustomed to thinking of her shadow lover as being invulnerable. When her shadow lover had revealed her past she had made sure to not show Missandei her true form. But what she had let Missandei feel if not see was her might. Missandei’s sought after lover had the power of a true goddess. She had seemed invulnerable to all but the most powerful of beings. She now knew better. For just a moment, Missandei had seen a strange looking long dagger in a wall with manacles draped over it. The sight was strange but Missandei knew those two things had caused her utmost and hoped for lover severe agonizing pain and anguish.
It thrilled Missandei in a way she felt a little guilty over. The pain she had felt through her connection to her love was intense but it showed that they had formed a connection. A connection that had allowed the small scribe to feel what her love had felt in her moment of need. That connection, that feeling of oneness, had to mean something. Didn’t it?

The feeling was now fading and then gone. Missandei cursed herself. What had seem sure and solid was now turning to ethereal mist. Had that flash of intensity even been real? The connection had come and disappeared in less than a fleeting minute. Now she felt forlorn and bereft. She felt like a little hormonal teenage girl feeling like this. She was wringing her hands in distress. She looked at her papers and sat back down and picked up her quill. She picked up the sheet she was working on and put in the numbers into her equation. She started to put the tip of the quill in her lips and run her mouth up the quill. The repetitive motion and sensations calmed her.

With her mind calmed Missandei felt her body reacting to her mental touch with her ‘shadow lover’ she now called her erstwhile longed for lover. She had much rather be soothing herself sucking her green eyed lover off and having to hang onto her lover’s hips for dear life. Missandei longed to feel her woman grinding her cunt up into her hot sucking mouth. She longed to feel the wet heat of her woman engulfing her mouth. Her woman would be screaming in the agony of shocking bliss and would buck wildly filling Missandei’s mouth with hot gushes of sweet cum!

The daydream both soothed and riled the small interpreter. Thinking of making love to her shadow lover caused a feeling of connection in Missandei. It also made her wet for her love. This waiting was really plucking her last nerve!

Her shadow lover may be a goddess capable of great deeds of strength but she would be the sweetest of lovers in Missandei’s bed. Her strength not too great for her slight human lover. The small scribe knew in her heart that her sweet lover would make love to Missandei on a human level that would rock both of their souls. They would be perfect together. Missandei just knew it.

Missandei sighed. She looked behind her at her bed that was again in pristine condition. That had not been the case a short while ago. It had been a total wreck. The sheets twisted. The covers half twisted off the bed with most of the pillows strewn on the floor. She had masturbated wildly last night and again this morning before the chambermaid had changed her linens with a smirk. Soon, the ache of her need for her shadow lover rose up in Missandei’s belly. Just thinking of her had her pussy spasming in want and need.

An ache that she had to answer. Missandei thought of all the wasted motion of again taking off the clothes she had recently put on. The small black teenager smirked at herself stripping naked yet again so she could masturbate. Her pussy quivering in wet need. She did take the time to put them over the back of her chair to keep the wrinkles out this time though she thought with a smirk. She flopped back on her bed as she spread her legs out wide. She was soon fucking her pussy wildly only making sure to keep her virtue intact for her shadow lover. Her fingers only exploring in her sodden fuck hole to her hymen. No further! That was for her shadow lover.

Missandei’s fingers had long ago learned how to pluck her own body like a viola da gamba from the orchestras of Essos. Her body quivering and bowing taunt as she pleased her fevered flesh. Fingers working her flowing twat and plucking her aching nipples. A hand throttling her tits hard as she worked her pussy to ecstasy.

After four more soul crushing orgasms and screams filling the room Missandei felt the fire banked in her couchie. Her pussy purring like Shadowclaw. Somehow the chambermaid had realized her services were required again. She had appeared at Missandei’s door knocking discreetly. The room was still thick with the musk of Missandei’s repeated Jilling off to gut wrenching, womb rending
masturbatory orgasms.

Still sweaty from her recent orgasms Missandei had shouted for the girl to wait. Missandei hurried around her room hopping on one foot getting her attire back on. She needed to look like an official of the Queen. She opened the door acting like all was normal. The chambermaid made a show of looking at the again wrecked bed. She smirked at Missandei cocking and eyebrow. The young lass then made a show of breathing in deeply. Missandie’s cunt musk so thick in the room you needed a knife to cut it.

The chambermaid turned and made hot eye contact with the interpreter licking her lips. Missandei could see the young woman’s dilated eyes throbbing with carnal desires. Flustered, Missandei fluttered around her room pretending to straighten up her papers, knickknacks and acting important. The chambermaid was trying to corner her! The lass was quite comely. Fortunately, Missandei had gotten some recent information correlated for her Queen. Information that Missandei decided had to be delivered to her Queen. Now!

The chambermaid started to speak to Missandei and reached out for the scribe but Missandei bleated out she had to perform her royal official much necessary duties for their Queen and bolted out the room. The woman had definitely a predatory look in her eye. Missandei had felt like a mouse before a starving cat.

The small black teenager rushed to Dany’s chambers. Dany had not been in her chambers this afternoon. This was not surprising since the Queen had many duties. She left the notes for Queen. Missandei decided to roam the hallways to make sure the chambermaid was finished with her duties in Missandei’s chambers. Gods it was embarrassing being caught jerking off like that. Her pussy musk flooded in the room. The chambermaid knew exactly what Missandei had been doing.

For the next half hour Missandei looked at paintings, wall tapestries and coats of armor. History and antiquities always fascinated the interpreter. They were like windows into times past. She loved analyzing such things. Her Caracal came prancing down the hall looking self-satisfied. The cat spending time with the Direwolves. The wolves seemed to have accepted Shadowclaw as a pup. The Direwolves protecting the cat and letting her sleep on them. Shadowclaw now rubbed against her master’s leg.

They walked down the corridors back to Missandei’s room. Shadowclaw yawning as she walked by her master’s side. Missandei always found it funny the shapes her cat made when yawning. The way her face twisted and her teeth were bared. Clearly the cat was looking to take a nap in her mistress’s room. When she arrived back at her quarters there was a basket by the door with her freshly cleaned and pressed clothes. The woman had finished thankfully. Missandei opened her door and froze in shock.

She knew her chambermaid had a name but Missandei had tried not to learn her name though she did that as a rule. It personalized a stranger and made them more accessible. Missandei did not want accessibility with this pretty young woman. Yes, she had learned the woman’s name despite her best efforts but she dare not use it. She had seen the fuck hunger in the beautiful twenty year olds eyes. The woman wanted to bed Missandei.

That had been obvious with her open perusal of Missandei’s charms and brushing by the small black woman when she was in her chambers beginning to straighten and clean the scribe’s room. Every morning the bed was a wreck and the smell of pussy thick in the air. No wonder the woman eyed Missandei with longing. It was obvious that Missandei was a hussy with a fire in her pussy. A fire the small black woman from Naath had given top priority to putting out every night and again usually at the crack of dawn.
Missandei was sure she had the strongest wrists and fingers known to mankind with all her Jilling off.

With the opening of her door Missandei had made a startling discovery. Missandei’s chambermaid had decided to forgo innuendo and safely crouched offer of a dalliance for a full on knight’s charge into the fray.

“What are you doing Klissa!” Missandei exclaimed. As Missandei stared at her chambermaid, Shadowclaw sauntered into the room meowing regally her walk a strut of possession of the room. The beautiful dark haired brunette with high C cup breast stood naked before the small scribe. Her feet spread showing off her mound that looked freshly shorn of hair. The woman’s nipples were rock hard and her pussy was swollen and slicked with glistening cum. Her maid uniform lay on the floor discarded. Klissa Skipperth stood proud before the small black teenager. Klissa was only five foot five three inches tall but she was so much taller than Missandei’s four foot almost eleven inches.

The chambermaid walked up to Missandei with fire in her eyes. She brushed Missandei’s cheek with gentle strokes. She looked upon the scribe with clear longing in her eyes.

“I see you are in need my sweet scribe. I love your black skin; it is so alluring and soft. I would sleep with you. I will show you my Sapphic talents my beautiful woman. I have been fucking the other maids and cooks since I was fourteen years of age. You will find I am very skilled Missandei. I have learned from every woman I have lain with. I can make you scream if you let me my sweet scribe. I have seen the way you look at women Missandei. You look at the women around like I do. With desire. With longing.” The teenager saw the raw pulsing need in Klissa’s eyes.

She dropped to her knees and started to lift Missandei’s dress.

“No!” Missandei stepped back.

The comely lass looked extremely hurt. Missandei felt immediate guilt. She had no desire to hurt this woman. “I am saving myself for someone! She is the love of my life. I want her to be the first.”

“Is she here?”

“No. Not at the moment.”

“Should she not be here with you? Why is she not here to love you Missandei? To fuck you?” Klissa asked in a sultry voice. Her body moving closer to Missandei’s again.

Missandei edged back from Klissa whose eyes pulsed with a predatory gleam. She knew the woman wanted only to love Missandei and give her great pleasure. Missandei looked around flustered again. Her pussy ached with need. Her chambermaid saw the conflicted desires in the teenager.

“Then let me love you. I will leave your maidenhead intact for her if that is your desire. You can give that to the woman who is not here for you. I will suck you off so good Missandei. Again and again. You can learn how to pleasure her by pleasing me. I cum hard, fast and easy. My pussy can take a licking and keep on purring. You can practice your skills on me. My cunt aches for you Missandei. You see how wet and swollen my cunny is. You smell my sweet cunt thick in the room.”

Klissa was right. Her pussy was so beautiful all wet and swollen her labia lips all bloomed out her slit medium brown and soaked in sweet cum. Her cunt musk intoxicating. Missandei should have been tempted but she was not. She wanted and needed for her green eyed lover to be the first. She needed to show her erstwhile lover that Missandei accepted the past she had shown Missandei. Her
love’s past did not matter one wit to the interpreter. Her love was no longer that woman. It only mattered to Missandei that she knew she was good now.

Her soon to be lover would never ever do what she had done in the past. This Missandei knew to the core of her being. With her love Missandei knew she would soothe her goddess. She understood instinctively that this woman was a goddess. She was not afraid. She would love her wife to be and bring happiness to her distressed physic.

Missandei’s resolve stiffened. The woman before her was beautiful. It did not matter the woman’s body was lovely to look upon. Missandei meet the dark brown gaze. “I am humbled by your offer. If I was not already in love I would happily lie with you.”

The girl looked at Missandei. At first her visage was stiff and filled with consternation. Then a soft smile came upon Klissa’s face. “I can’t stand against such a declaration. I have sensed your frustration. If your woman continues to not come to you I will be here. I find you beautiful physically and I know that I would love you spiritually too. You are beautiful on both the outside and the inside.”

Missandei watched the woman quietly pick her dress up from the floor and slowly but the dress back on. Klissa left giving Missandei a soft smile and smoking eye contact.

Missandei had felt strong while making her declaration of selfless love. She looked around. She knew that her lover could pass through mountains if she chose. She did not come to Missandei now. Missandei had proven again her love to her distant longed for lover. Missandei looked around her room and still no secret lover appeared. The scribe sighed. She knew of her love’s past. That past left her woman conflicted. Missandei understood this but she was still frustrated. She knew she had to be strong waiting for her lover.

Missandei took a deep breath. She would keep strong. She would prove her love to her hidden lover.

Klissa offering her sweet body to Missandei had the scribe’s juices once again flowing. It did not matter she had masturbated to a frenzy of orgasms little more than an hour ago. Missandei felt the pressure building up like a volcano about to blow. Her nipples once more throbbed with need and her pussy pulsed. Her womanhood again slicked with sweet slimy snail snot leaking out her pulsing cunt.

Missandei closed her eyes and saw her lover. Though she had never “seen” her Missandnei was getting more and more a picture of her lover. She was not fully human. Her hair and eyes were vibrant green. She was sure her ears were pointed and her eyebrow angled up to her hairline like the fairies of legend. Was she a fairy?

She doubted it. She had the power of a god in her small frame. There was the other thing Missandei was now very sure of. She was taller than her woman! She knew she was several inches taller. For some reason that really, really turned her on. She felt her lover had the look of a small girl about her. She was small and petite. Missandei had a full bosom but her lover did not. That made her drool!

In fact the teenager from Naath was sure her lover had a body like onto a child. She knew her longed for love was countless thousands of years old. Despite that age she would to all appearances still be a child. That did not bother Missandei. She would love the woman as she was. The more Missandei thought of her small lover the more her slight childlike body excited the small scribe.

Her love was flat chested. Missandei was sure of it. I did not matter. She would suck so hard on her
lover’s nipples she would pull the skin up off her lover’s ribcage. She would suck her little nips down her throat. Her lover’s slender body would buck and jackknife violently from Missandei’s loving ministrations. Missandei was now certain also that her lover had no body hair below her head. Her pussy would be bald and her anus shorn of any hair. Missandei liked that. As per her people’s customs she shaved all her hair off her pussy and around her anus. Her underarms and legs kept baby smooth.

Missandei smiled to herself. Her love’s pussy would be so baby smooth and supple as she devoured it. Her wet coughie engulfing the scribe’s mouth as she sucked off her sweetie again and again had Missandei near panting in want of carnal pleasures. Such thoughts had the interpreter in a wet lather now. Her short clothes sopping wet.

Missandei quickly stripped. Her dress thrown haphazardly over the back of the chair before her work desk. Her wet silk cloth she removed and shoved into her face. Missandei moaned hard smelling her own cunt. Missandei breathed in deep and moaned intoxicated by the smell her own festering pussy. The wet fabric soothing on her skin. She sucked in the silk fabric and chewed on it savoring the sweet taste of her own snatch. Missandei felt her skin flushed and her pussy drooling cum down her thighs.

Missandei was a hedonistic slut she knew. She ran her hands up and down her sleek black gleaming skin luxuriating in the feel of her silky skin beneath her roaming hands. Her hands tracing her flat belly and over her ribs making her gasp. Then her hands worked up over her bosom stroking and rolling her full rounded globes that had her breathing rising and hitching. Then Missandei stroked her face all over and finally ran her fingers through her ringlets. Her cunt was sopping wet now. Her nipples diamond hard and aching to be plucked and rolled.

Missandei ripped the covers off onto the bed and flopped down on her back. The small teenager smiled wiggling around on the cool sheets. The fabric felt good on her body. Black fingers came up to roll and massage Missandei’s full tits and pluck her rigid throbbing long black nipples. She pulled on her nipples tenting her areolas making her belly clench as the breath hissed trough her teeth.

Slowly, the small black woman spread her legs wide. She rolled her tits pulping her heavy globes with her long black fingers. Her fingers moving up and down to roll her firm tits in her clenching fingers that throttled her firm mounds. Her fingers then moving up to pinch her nipples jerking on them gagging the small black teenager with sweet pulses of pleasure that travelled north to her mind shocking her and south to her clit making it spasm in want and need.

Slowly the scribe’s nimble fingers snaked down her palpating belly that was already beginning to film with perspiration. Missandei stroked her belly and pressed down on her lower belly. This was a bigtime erogenous zone to the black teenager. The pressure on her woman had her pussy rotating up her ass cheeks clenching to lift her hips off the bed. Her womb spasming deep in her belly. Sweat now filmed the scribe’s body with rising droplets of sweat. The warm room heated by the hot water running through the walls.

The small interpreter now breathing in ragged breaths. Her cunt so wet and distended aching to be fucked.

Her head lulled over her face slashed with pleasure her fingers moving onto her mound and moving up and down her drooling slit. Her fingers rubbed up and down her slit and flicked her clit. Her lubricated fingers sliding easily up and down her drooling clamshell. The long fingers rolling and stretching her labia lips and swirling around her fuck hole teasing her virginal hole. Up and down Missandei’s fingers travelled pleasuring her wet pussy stroking and rolling her labia lips and pinching them to squeeze and roll. The pressure and friction had the scribe’s face contorting with narcissistic
self-pleasure.

She then had both hands stroking her kitty her fingers blurring and jamming into her clit. Her hands had started slow but quickly moved into a blur pleasuring her rigid clit all shiny jutting out its sheath. The exposed sheath all pink and glistening wet. Her pussy made sweet wet sloshing noises as she juices flowed and slavered her mound her opaque fuck juice gleaming on her mound, groin and inner thighs as her twat leaked sweet slimy snail snot.

"Unnhhh ... ohnnnn!" Missandei gurgle moaned her hips jerking up into her swiping cum slicked fingers. Her belly clenched hard. Her neck jerked up off the bed in reflexive spasms from her pussy seizing up in ecstasy. She forked her clit and squeezed in on her clit squirting it up more fully out its sheath. Her other hand rubbing back and forth whiplashing her rigid clit. Each battering stroke of her blurred fingers filling her clit with shocking ecstasy.

Her face slashed with pleasure her body jerking and spasming in rising fucking bliss. Missandei moaned "Yes! Ungghhh! Gods ... yes, shittttt fuck that feelss so fucking goodddd! Ungghhh” the scribe whinnied her heels now kicking the bed in helpless pleasure. Her belly clenched with raw spasms of pure fucking pleasure. Her head jerked up off the bed her face slashed with gut wrenching bliss. The tendons in her neck rigid with her head pumping up off the mattress. Her throat warbled her caws of ecstasy her face twisted and slashed as the spasms ripped through her groin and flooded her veins with ecstasy.

Her legs spread out slightly more and she planted her feet on the bed. She pressed them into the mattress and pushed her groin up high into the air. Her legs straining and her ass cheeks dimpling with her lifting of her cunt up high into the air as an offering to her sweet lover. Missandei’s heavy rounded tits sloshed back on her chest to rest on her upper chest by her throat. Her gyrations of striving had her heavy full tits wallowing around on her chest near her throat. The interpreter loved the feel of her tits sliding down on her chest. Her tits heaving around as she humped her groin up into the air.

The black teenager jammed her right hand fingers into the base of her clit pressing in hard. This had two effects. First it put pressure on her bud that was excoriating the blood engorged nubbin. The pressing fingers filled her clit with shocking tension. Second it pushed her clit out its sheath fully exposing the sweet nubbin all wet and shiny. Her left hand whipped her cum slicked fingers back and forth over her throbbing clit in a blur of striving.

The shocks and friction on her clit had Missandei jerking her hips with her legs lowering and then heaving up to throw her quim high in the air as her fingers worked her clit furiously. Her wet snatch made slobbery noises as her fingers jerked over her throbbing clit. Her fingers working her pussy contorted and jacked her pussy so it made wet squishy obscene noises. Her face locked up in a rictus of striving her eyes squeezed shut in need her teeth gritted as her ass trembled holding her pussy high in the air. Her cunt flowing heavily and her whipsawing fingers had her cum splattering in all directions her sodden quim squishy and sloshy loudly in a wet song of primal want and need.

Then the ‘shock’ hit Missandei as her womb exploded and flew apart deep in Missandei’s belly scalding her with fucking ecstasy. “AAARRUUUNNGGGGGG! AAAWWWWWOOOGGGGGG! Huunngggeeeé huunngggeeeéggggggg! FFFFUUCCKKKKKKKKK!” the small black sixteen screamed as her hips flexed first lowering her cunt and then throwing up high again and again as shockwaves of feverish ecstasy tore her belly open and ripped her trim inside out. The pleasure so intense it scalded her nearly senseless with bliss.

Again and again the black beauty heaved her cunt up as it continued to shred itself apart with broiling contractions that made her womb claw out her belly. Missandei’s head was stiff on her neck
with tendons gone taunt and jutting out her neck. “Uunnggghhhhiiiieeee! Mmmnnngghhhiiiieeee! Nnnnhhhgggieeieeeeee! Oh oh fffffuuuuuucckkkkkkkk! Aaaaaawwwooggggggggggggg!” Missandei gave out one last torturous wail of soul crushing bliss seeing in her mind’s eye her lover’s face buried deep in her couchie sucking her off with total focus and pure love.

Her body spent, Missandei crashed back down to the bed her body jolting with the impact. She had a loopy smile on her face. Her pussy was purring and her belly felt so warm and buttery. She felt cum oozing out her happy fuck hole. She wallowed her ass in the wet spot underneath her. She moaned and mewled with the strong aftershocks rippling out her spent womb.

For a minute she luxuriated in her orgasm and the sweet lassitude it always brought. She smiled at her sluttiness. Already she felt her belly aching and her clit throbbing again. She was an insatiable slut. She worried that her lover might not be, but, then smiled. She was a goddess. Of course she would be an insatiable slut as well. They would be perfect for each other. Her mouth watered at the thoughts of sucking her green eyed lover off again and again each and every night and having her suck Missandei off in return in gluttonous glee.

From the floor, Shadowclaw had witnessed her mistress pleasure herself yet again. She found the displays mildly interesting as she resumed chewing on her rawhide toy.

Missandei’s hands that had been lying on the bed now lifted up and snaked back to her sweat soaked belly and cum slavered groin. Her fingers loved the greasy slimy feel of her copious discharge of hot fuck juice that had soaked her groin and ass in cum. Missandei lifted her tired neck to see her cunny and groin soaked in creamy white slimy cum. She started to rub her fingers up and down her slime soaked slit reveling in feeling her distended labia lips all soaked in love drool.

Her head thudded down onto the bed. She was a lesbian slut and loved the idea of it. Soaked in her cum and soon her lover’s cum. Missandei lifted her head again and smiled at her groin. It was soaked in both glistening opaque effluent from masturbating and her orgasm had gushed out creamy cum that slavered her again spasming pussy in need of more stroking.

Her fingers again sought out her sweet spots to again take her the heights of ecstasy. She decided to start as she had ended her last great fuck. First though, she soaked her fingers in her cum from the tips to her third knuckles. Only then did she bring her left hand up to slowly pump her cum soaked fingers in and out her pursed lips. With happy moans Missandei sucked her own cum off her fingers. Missandei had been masturbating since she was eight and had always loved the taste of her own cum.

Missandei now circled her clit with her right hand jamming her fingertips into her clitoral hood putting direct pressure on her engorged diamond hard clit again. She loved making herself cum like this. The pressure had her clit jutted out its sheath. The exposed clit was flicked by the jerking left hand of the scribe. Her body rocked with ecstasy. She brought her left hand up and licked her fingers clean of her sweet cum. “Mmmnggg uummmm uummmggg yeeeeesssssss! Gods I love the taste of my cunnntttt!” Missandei gurgled. The whole time her face slashed with harsh pulses of fucking bliss.

Then she was rubbing her pussy hard again. She would press in on her vulva squeezing in hard the pressure and friction of her clit and slit exquisite and then back to rubbing her fingers fast over her now throbbing hard aching for release clit. Then she cupped her palm and used it as a fuck pad to press down and mash her vulva and jack hard up and down over her clit. Her hands soaked in her cum let her palm slicked with her lubrication jerk fast up and down her snatch shocking her with hard pulses of gut clenching pleasure.

Shadowclaw grabbed her chew toy and crawled underneath the bed. It was the safest place to be she
had discovered. The cave dark and occluded the sounds somewhat of her master’s cries of seeming anguish. The cat gnawed on the rawhide. She felt the bed shake and the mattress above her buck up and down. She was safe. The construction of the bed was strong. It was a nice cave. Many a storm she had sheltered in her safe warm cave.

Missandei’s body was stiffening as she rubbed her clit she had jacked out its sheath. Her left hand blurring as she rubbed furiously up and down over her vulva and shiny nubbin. Her right had been wandering around on her small body rubbing and pressing her sweet spots. Now she slapped it on top of her left hand rubbing her muff to add additional pressure and friction in her spasming pussy. Her juices flowing out in a torrent signaling her body ramping up to nirvana yet again.

The small black teenager felt the first pulses deep in her belly and throbbing out her clit that her orgasm was forming quickly deep in her clenching belly. The pleasure was intensifying and the pulses harsher in her small body. Sweat now pouring off her frame in the room heated by hot water running through the walls. Each harsh rub of Missandei’s palms over and into her clit sent shockwaves of bliss through her small body. The scribe groaned gutturally jerking her hands up and down in a maniacal fast jerking motion. The pressure on her clit torturously exquisite.

Her chuffing became labored. Her legs were spread out in a wide V stiff and juddering. Her face now twisted up in a mask of seeming agony that was really ecstasy. The teenager’s head jerked up off the bed with her striving as hot pulses hammered her clit with ecstasy. Her hips worked in a tight swirl humping up to lift her drooling cunt up into her masturbating cupped palms.

The interpreter’s ass cheeks clenching hard to lift her pussy up to be rubbed hard. He belly clenching with her swirling hips with the tension hitting her womb hard. She pressed her right hand down as hard as she could into her cupped left hand to torment her clit with extreme pressure and friction. Her clit tormented; the tip jutted out its sheath to be jerked over by cum soaked slicked palm. Her eyes bulged and her body was soaked in sweat now. Her breathing labored with harsh gasps as raw aching pleasure pulsed out her swollen sopping wet cunt.

Her black skin gleamed showing her flushed skin. Her nipples fully painfully erect and throbbing out hot pulses of pleasure that arched straight to her jacked clit. Her tits wallowing and giggling on her chest as her shoulders jerked manically up and down to jerk her cunt off. Her body now spasming all over as her orgasm gathered speed.

Pleasure flooded her body but it was only the harbinger of ecstasy. Her legs began to spasm stiff her heels kicking the mattress. Her head jerked up off the mattress in short sharp jerks. The tendons in black throat jutted out standing in stark relief. Missandei gasping like a fish of water her head jerking right and left up off the mattress. Her face twisted in the agony of bliss. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head and rolled violently in spastic jerks. Her hands a blur as she jacked herself off. Missandei’s world was all green in her mind’s eye. The pressure built for another ten seconds gripping her womb in a fist. Then that fist squeezed hard and her womb exploded scalding her with soul crushing agonizing ecstasy.

"AAARRUUUNGGGGG! OOWWGGGGGGGGGGG! FFFUUCCCCKKKKKKKKK!" Missandei screamed as her womb ruptured and nearly tore out her belly.
Awwwoieenggghehmnnnggiiieee!" Missandei shrieked her hips bucking now, shuddering above the mattress. She coiled her hips and jerked her cunt in the air all the time rubbing her clitty furiously prolonging and intensifying her pleasure. Her feet again pressed into the mattress to lift her groin up into the air high as her snatch tore itself inside out. Her fingers still expertly pleasuring her clit with pressure, friction and hard slippery jerks of her cupped palms. Her heavy tits again rolling back on her chest to rest all titled back jiggling and sloshing around on her upper sweaty chest.
“AAARRUUUNNGGGGG! Uunngg hhnngg oohhhh oh AAWWWOOGGGGGGGG!”

Missandei screamed her body flpping and jacknifing as she strove to keep her rupturing cunt up in
the air with spastic up jerks of her hips as wild spasms throttled her with shocking bliss. Hot cum
flooded out her fuck sleeve and ran down her groin and ass cheeks and started to slaver her ass cleft
and soak her clenching starfish. More of her flooding cum now started to flow down the plain of her
down titled stomach. The slicked cum making her skin glisten and now creamy tendrils of slimy
cum trickled down her flexing hard belly. Her face slashed and contorted with shocking bliss. Slimy
cum beginning to drip off her ass and lower back. Her eyes rolled back into her skull and rolled
violently in helpless obscene jerks of searing bliss the red capillaries on the whites of her eyes jerking
violently with her pummeling spasms of fucking bliss.

Her strength weakened and her body slammed back to the bed. She was still rubbing her clit. Her
body flipped up and down violently. "Oh ... gods! Aunnngghmnngghiiie! "Unnhhhhh . . .
unhhhhhh ... oooouuuuaauunnhhhhhhhhhh!" she moaned, twisting, clenching her teeth, hissing,
twitching as each wave of shocking bliss passed through her shaking body. She suddenly went limp
totally wrung out from her orgasm.

Missandei’s eyes had rolled back down and she gasped her body limp with pleasure. Strong
aftershocks rippled through her body. The edge had been taken off. Her right hand came up and
roughly massaged her breast clenching and compressing them between fingers and palm. She folded
her breast and pumped hard as aching pleasure filled her breast and arched to her already reviving
clit.

This had her aftershocks throttling the whimpering small scribe. The hard squeezes of her folded tits
hitting her rock hard nipples with exquisite pressure that had searing pulses flooding her veins with
searing fuck bliss. Again her eyes rolled back into her skull and rolled in harsh jerks.

Thinking of her green eyed and haired lover always filled the small scribe with insatiable fuck
hunger. Her lover may be a goddess but she would fuck her silly Missandei knew. Her erstwhile
lover’s little body would be overwhelmed with ecstasy and Missandei would conquer her love’s
heart making her Missandei’s forever.

The eye of the hurricane passed and raw aching need again filled the teenager’s body. With her
breathing only beginning to calm Missandei shook her head to get the sweat out of her eyes. Her
body covered in rivulets of sweat running down her sleek dark black body.

She forked her clitoral hood with her first two fingers and see sawed them up and down pressing in
on the sides of her clitoral hood jacking her clit with shocking sweet pleasure. Missandei’s eyes
bulged as harsh pleasure flooded out from her groin and filled her body and limbs with raw burning
pleasure. Pleasure so intense it hammered her with ecstasy. The pulses already scalding her with
burning pleasure that had her gagging. Her fingers soaked in her drooling cum. The slicked fingers
pressed in on her clitoral hood and her fingertips rubbing up and down her drooling slit. Missandei
thrashed her head as pleasure again soared in her body.

“Oh oh yessssss … godsdammmnnnnn shit! It feels so fuckinggggg good … unngg hhnnggg
huunggg hhhnggg” the little scribe moaned. She was rolling her tits in turn with her right hand.
Her palm rasped over her rigid nipples. Her hand clenching her nipples, areolas and breast with
pulping clenches of her cupped hand. Her nipples filled with raw aching pleasure that flowed hotly
into her veins.

Missandei’s head jammed the mattress as she felt cum soaking her perineum and asshole. She
desperately needed her lover! She longed to give her lover all her fuck holes! She wanted to give
her green eyed lover her virginities she had read about in the texts from Dorne and Yi Ti. She
wanted her lover to bust her cherry and then slam her dick balls deep up her tight virgin ass making Missandei scream in pain that turns to pleasure that nearly makes you pass out it is so intense when your asshole explodes in agonizing bliss. She wanted desperately what she had read about.

She had been squeezing her clit with her forked jerking fingers. Her right hand now hard squeezed her full almost D cup tits back and forth. Her fingers sinking deep into her tits pulping them as her palms rotated grinding over her rock hard nipples and the steeple of her areolas. Missandei’s eyes squeezed shut. She started to chuff again her body jerking and spasming hard. “Oh gods … Ahhnnn! Oh shit ... that feels so fuckiinngg good!” Missandei gagged in helpless pleasure. She moved her left hand and again blurred her fingers rasping her clit jerking it off.

Her body began to shake all over as if she was having a seizure. Her head lifted again off the bed her head rotating on a stiffened neck. Her mouth worked soundlessly as her head twisted and her face slashed as if being garroted. Her right hand gripped her left nipple and jerked the teat tenting her areola with hard jerks. She rubbed harder and faster over her spasming clit feeling her womb quivering on the precipice. Her clit screaming in wild spasms and shrieks of ecstasy. Then she fell off the precipice. Her cunt exploded as hot gushes of slimy creamy cum flooded out her spasming fuck hole soaking her cunt and ass cleft in milky cum. Her jerking left hand soaked in her hot slimy flowing cum. Missandei’s screams filled the room.

"HHHNNGGGGGGGG! HHNNGGRRRRRRRRR! OOWWWGGGGGGGG! … hhngg unngg hhnggg … Unghh! Aunnnggghhhhhhh! Aungghhinnnieeee!!" Missandei screamed her cunt tearing itself inside out. Missandei’s body flipped and jackknifed wildly but the focused scribe kept jerking her clit. Her right hand came down from her tit to jack into her clit with her fingertips hitting the base of her clit and jamming in hard. Both hands working furiously to increase and prolong her orgasm.

Her left hand fingers whipsawing back and forth. The cum soaked digits jacked over her own fingers and juddering clit. Missandei body went rigid straining and striving. Spit sprayed out the Naath teenager’s mouth. Her eyes shocked wide open while her hands worked furiously on her clit seeking more hedonistic pleasure greedily.

Her body calmed for a moment and then another orgasm exploded out her cunt overtop the first orgasm. Missandei felt her sloppy wet couchie twist and spasm trying to rip itself apart. Hot gushes of creamy cum poured out her cunt hole. "OOOOOWWWAAAGGGG! AAAAAWWOOOGGGGGGGG! … Awwonnnggg ... ahhngghhiieeee! Mmmnnngghhiieeee! Mmmuunngghghiieeee!!" Missandei cried out, arching her body, quivering helplessly as one wracking spasm after another shook her small lean body. Missandei continued to cry out, feeling her body shattered by pleasure so intense that she could only clench her teeth and wait for it to pass. "Ohhhngggg . . . ahhngggg!!"

Finally, her orgasms passed leaving her body filled with sweet aftershocks and sweet lassitude. She had rested fifteen minutes and then she was jerking off again screaming full throated screams of ecstasy fantasying going down on her lover.

Missandei thrashed her head. She should now be basking in sweet post coital bliss but she was not. Now she was filled with confusion. She felt her mind vacillating between a calm waiting for her lover and then filled with agitation over her lover rejecting her freely offered love. Missandei knew she was being unfair. She sensed the angst and torment of her lover but she had so much love to give. She had seen her lover’s past. It did not matter. That woman was no more. Missandei loved the woman her ghost lover had become. She would show her lover that love also existed in the world. She would make her happy. She just needed to be allowed to love her.

*It was extremely frustrating.*
She eyed her again wrecked bed. She felt the pressure building up in her swollen puss. No! She
would not masturbate yet again. The small scribe hesitated. What would it hurt? No! She would
go outside and get some fresh air. Her room smelled thickly of her pussy and it was intoxicating
her. Gods she loved the smell of her own pussy. Her fingers twitched to again masturbate. Her
pussy was really hungry for more. Missandei wanted more. No! She needed some fresh air to clear
her head and sooth her troubled thoughts of her sought after lover. She was so tired of waiting. She
wanted her lover!

Missandei got up and put her clothes on. She went out into the hall. She had a good memory of
layouts and started down the left hand hall. She had learned her way over the last few days and now
she started to pay attention to the items that lined the corridor. She came across a suite of armor. She
gravitated to it. The armor and sword were eye catching in their all black motif. She looked at the
plaque that was on the pedestal. She whistled.

It was a Braddock Stark’s armor that graced the pedestal. The armor was a dark flat black. It
seemed to absorb all light. The helm was adorned with an exotic bird plum that stood up two and
half feet. It had a cute curl at the top. The blade itself was all black painted with a black enamel
paint. Braddock had had it buffed, polished and then painted again. It did make for an eye catching
motif. It was an intimidating look for sure Missandei mused.

But that was not what made her whistle. It was the fact that the armor before her was over twenty-
three hundred years old. This armor had existed when Valyria was still a thriving Kingdom and
before the Rhoynar had come to Dorne. Missandei was in the presence of history. Winterfell was an
edifice of history. Missandei knew all the halls of Winterfell were filled with such edifices. She
shivered at the thought.

She went down the hall and on the opposite wall she witnessed a painting of a noble knight, Kierat
Stark. He was a third son of Alix Stark. He was much younger in history. The plaque had his time
two hundred years before Aegon’s conquest.

Missandei shook her head. So much history. This painting was done two centuries before King’s
Landing was even conceived. The Targaryen household had not left Valyria yet.

She snorted at the subject of the painting. She hated the premise of the whole painting. It showed
Kierat in a noble pose fighting off two snarling circling Direwolves. He was surrounded by a dark
brooding forest. Both the Stark and the wolves showed wounds. The plaque said the brave Stark
had killed both wolves. She doubted it. He had probably lied his ass off. He probably had come
across the wolves in the Wolfswood. The wolves had snarled at him and he shouted and waved his
sword. The wolves moving on. They both had known the likely hood of death or grave injury if
they fought. Made for a great story though and an even greater painting.

She had read a book in King’s Landing that had just been written. She had one of the first copies.
Wolves and Woodland Ecosystems. It had been written by a young scientist from Myr studying the
reintroduction of wolves into the border lands of the Hills of Norvos and the edges of the Forest of
Qohor. The wolves had been exterminated from this land from organized hunts about a hundred and
seventy years ago. The sheep and goat herders felt the wolves had killed their animals. It had been
observed that the valley floors and hillside had lost their tree covers and no brush or brambles
existed. No reason could be found for this.

This had caused landslides and the land to become barren. The rivers once full of life were now
empty of much of their previous life. Many species that had once been in abundance were no more
in that land both in the water and on the land itself. No specific reason could be found as to why the
whole eco system seemed to have collapsed.
Then a disaster had struck the Hill tribes of Norvos on its Eastern range. Several Wendigo had appeared and ravaged the local populace. This had occurred fifty years ago. The local populace were decimated and the survivors had fled.

Then twenty-five years ago a savior appeared. A Giant who wore a helm with giant bull horns had appeared. With a war hammer forged of Valyrian steel the man had come to the decimated scattered Hill tribes’ aid that lived on the marge of the hill country. He had killed the Wendigo one by one. He had disappeared into the forest of Qohor after that.

The book Missandei had read spoke of Trophic Cascades. Those occur when predators in a food web suppress the abundance or alter the behavior of their prey, thereby releasing the next lower trophic level from predation (or herbivory if the intermediate trophic level is a herbivore). The humans fleeing of the Eastern hills of Norvos had allowed the wolves to return.

What had been discovered was shocking.

The wolves set to preying on the deer and elk of the highlands and the mountain valleys and hillsides of the eastern forest of Qohor. What was discovered that the killing and harassing of the herbivores had in fact given life to the valleys and hillsides. This was both for animals and the plant life too.

With no hunting of the deer and elk population by predators their population had exploded. The humans did not see them as a threat and only hunted them for food in the fall. The rest of the time the men and women of Norvos focused on farming. No deer and elk were hunted out of season. The wolves hunted their prey all the seasons. The kills were few in number when taken in total but the wolves kept the herbivores on the move. They could no longer overgraze an area and many places in the valleys, gorges and open hillsides they avoided out of fear of the wolves.

Before the wolves return, the elk and deer had reduced the vegetation to nothing almost in many places. Now with their behavior radically changed the vegetation was recovering at a rapid rate. It was found the height of new trees had quintuple in just five years. They were no longer grazed down. New forests of aspen, willow and cottonwood were taking root.

The numbers of birds had increased year by year. Songbirds and migratory birds returned to the land. In the last years the numbers increased greatly. Beavers had returned. Again it had not been understood why they had disappeared. It was the lack of trees. With new trees to eat the beavers had returned. Their ponds creating new dynamic environments for other animals.

Now weasels, muskrats and ducks were back living in the environments that beavers had created. Fish, reptiles and amphibians had returned to these once barren hills and valleys. The wolves killed coyotes that allowed mice and rabbits to rebound. This brought back birds of prey, wolverines, foxes, badgers and small predatory cats.

Ravens, vultures and bear now thrived living on the carrion of the wolves. Now bears had berries to eat off the regenerating shrubs. The bears killed some of the calves of deer and elk and this helped in turn to control their numbers.

The really exciting find was the wolves changed the behavior of the rivers. The rivers meandered less, there was less erosion and the banks narrowed. More pools and switchbacks formed which created new environments for varied wildlife. The rivers had changed in response to the wolves. The regenerating forest had stabilized the banks. The ecosystem was healing itself.

Why?

Wolves.
Missandei had been much taken in by this report. It was so forward looking. Shortly after she had arrived at Winterfell, she had sought out the library of Winterfell the next day.

She had found Eddard in the library. He stood to greet her and smiled at her with a kindly friendly smile. He was polite, a little shy like herself and very mannerly. She thought to herself this was what a real man looked like. More so, this was how a true man should act. Many might strive for it. Most failed. This man lived it. He was strong but restrained. He seemed to radiate goodness.

She had looked at the book he was reading and gasped. It was Wolves and Woodland Ecosystems. She looked stunned at the man. She was even more stunned to find he had already outlawed all hunting of predators throughout the North. He would compensate for the loss of livestock. He was setting up nature preserves huge in acreage.

Missandei knew then this man was a true visionary. She had finally found an equal to Daenerys Targaryen. She smirked to know that soon his daughter would be married to the Queen. She had picked up the vibe that the man would fully support the union.

They had talked for half an hour on the book and what it could portend for the future. Eddard told Missandei he had looked at ancient manuscripts and maps of the North. The Wolfswood while still extensive had had a greater range. He would begin the work to restore the forest to its former range. The North was thinly populated. The two could coexist together.

Eddard spoke of the desire to help the forests of Karhold and Hornwood to expand their territory to their original ranges. They would only need to grow roughly fifteen percent to achieve this increase. The North was vast and could easily accommodate more forest.

Then Eddard spoke of Weirwood trees. Missandei knew little of these trees. Eddard told the scribe how the trees once populated all of Westeros except for the Iron Islands. The trees tended and carved by the Children of the Forest. The trees would live forever if not harmed. A grimace had come over Eddard’s face at that. When Missandei asked why he was in pain Eddard had told her the sad history of the Weirwood’s destruction.

The man wanted to begin their restoration as well but was stymied in how to do this. He had never seen a young sapling of a Weirwood tree. He feared the trees in some way needed the Children of the Forest to propagate. They seemed to be no more. They may exist above the wall but not below. Eddard whispered to Missandei his recent readings led him to believe his House had led in their slaughter at the beginning of the Age of Heroes.

Missandei could see the pain on man’s face and in his voice. He took a deep breath. He knew of no way to make those past sins right. She had left the man sitting back with a thoughtful look on his face.

Her mind back in the present Missandei went down the hall and turned to the right. And stopped. In the hall were Dany and Arya along with Arya’s father and a little girl was on his shoulders. It was a strange sight. The little girl was dressed in Dothraki garb. She was dark like the Dothraki. Most strange indeed. The little girl playing with Eddard’s hair and happily chirping in her native language. Eddard smiling and tickling the girl’s leg making her squeal in happiness.

She walked down the hallway toward the knot of persons who were laughing and smiling. She saw it immediately. Dany was beaming and her feet seemed to be barely touching the floor. Her hand was in the pocket of Arya’s trousers holding her possessively. They were pressed into each other. Dany’s face was beaming and she was almost thrumming with energy.

Missandei smiled. They had finally consummated their love for each other the small scribe could
clearly see by Dany and Arya’s body language and direct looks of love for each other. She was happy for them. Arya kept looking at Dany with big eyes full of love and tenderness. She saw a lock of Dany’s snow white hair had fallen forward and Arya had tenderly fingered it and put it behind Dany’s ear. Dany leaned in and kissed the hand of Arya and smiled with a radiant happy smile. Yes indeed they had made love the night before.

It was also clear that Eddard Stark saw all of this. The man saw and could not care less. No. That was not right. He was happy for his daughter and the Queen. The man fully supported their love for each other.

Missandei was happy for her two dear friends but could not stop a flash of jealousy stab trough her. She should also be celebrating life and joy with the love of her goddess come down to Earth. She should be putting a lock of her green hair behind her pointed elven ears. She pouted but controlled herself. She would not let her angst dampen the happiness of the new lovebirds.

She moved to join the happy family unit. She wanted to know who the seeming Dothraki girl was. The little girl was chirping “Itte oakah! Itte oakah!” She looked around happily. Eddard Stark was bouncing the girl on his shoulders making her giggle.

Missandei came up to them and looked up at Eddard “It seems you have a rider on your shoulders Lord Eddard. She is most demanding.”

He squint smiled. “I know but my granddaughter is a fairly harsh task master” Eddard answered with a chuckle.

Granddaughter?

She looked at Dany with a question in her eyes. With a beaming smile Daenerys answered “Kiserri has been given back to me. It seems the Elohim have given me my daughter back. They raised her from the dead unbeknownst to me when they resurrected me from death. I am so happy!” Dany jumped up and down clapping her hands like a little girl. Arya hugged her and Eddard Stark smiled. The little girl beamed knowing instinctively she was the source of all the happiness.

“Anha asshilak jin azh shafkea haji rekoon et shafka” Kiserri made a pronouncement.

Eddard smiled. “Could someone translate please?”

Missandei was stunned at the news but she was a translator.

“Your rider is hungry and she wants to meet her new grandmother” Missandei translated.

She was stunned to actually meet Kiserri. She had heard many times from Dany the stories of her lost daughter and how much she had loved the little girl. Her death had taken a piece of her soul Daenerys would tell her scribe.

Missandei looked again at the precious precocious black haired girl. She was beautiful and her eyes radiated a keen intelligence. Missandei could understand how her Queen had so easily fallen for the girl. Any woman with a good heart would.

“Tell her food is being brought to her grandmother’s quarters and we are heading there now” Eddard replied with a beaming smile. He was obviously enjoying being a grandfather. It did not matter the girl was Dothraki and not of Arya’s body. The girl was with Arya who was with Dany. Thus, this great man easily accepted the girl into his heart. Again Missandei was touched by this man’s true greatness.
“Anha vaddrivak mahrazhis fini ondee shałkea khogar shiqethi ma vohharak okrenegwin mori”  Missandei told the happy excited girl. The sweet girl bounced on Eddard’s strong broad shoulders and rubbed her tummy licking her lips.

Eddard laughed glancing up. Dany and Arya beamed. It was clearly obvious that Arya had already taken Kiserri as the daughter of her heart.

“Anha laz rhelak dothrakes vezhvena ha zisoshaan mae” Kiserri laughed out.

“She says she is ready to be fed and see more of her new home.”

Eddard shook his head at the child’s precocious nature. “I wish I could understand her.”

“Mommy mommy I like my new grandfather. He is so nice!”

The room went deathly quiet. Kiserri now spoke Westerosi fluently.

“I’m hungry! Lets go see granma and eat!” she said smiling great big and fingering Eddard’s hair.

They all stared at Kiserri. It would seem her time with Elohim had given her strange powers. The laughed and giggled. The child was sweetness given form. There could be no evil in her.

Eddard shrugged and smiled. “Makes my life a lot easier. I am too old to learn Dothraki!” He accepted Kiserri strange ability and all. Dany and Arya looked at each other and smiled. Their daughter was extra special! Kiserri chirped and thumped her heels lightly on Eddard’s shoulders. The girl looked around and said again her stomach was hungry!

They started to move down the hall. Missandei had met Catelyn Stark yesterday. She had immediately liked the woman. She made the scribe feel welcome. She looked ill but was told she looked so much better than she had just a short while ago. She was getting stronger. Once she had given birth she would quickly regain her full health and vigor. She hoped so. The woman seemed nice and was excited to be planning three marriages for Arya, Sansa and Robb.

Missandei begged off visiting with Catelyn. She told the Queen she wanted to work more on the numbers for the combining of the North forces with those of the South. The Queen eyed her seeing through her lies but smiled softly and tilted her head in acknowledge. She had waited long enough to take her sweet wolf to her bed. She understood her best friend’s plight.

Missandei did go back to her quarters but did not sit down. She went to the closet and pulled out her sable cape and draped it over her shoulders. She looked on her again wrecked bed. Shadowclaw had padded down a nest in the sheets and blankets kicked onto the back corner of the bed. She was curled up tight her ear tufts standing up cutely. She left her room again. She took the halls down to the large court of Winterfell. She breathed in the cold crisp air. The sun was beating down and the breeze was slight. She looked up at the clear light blue sky that was clear of clouds.

The interpreter looked up at the Great Keep and smiled seeing Drogon curled up on one tower snoozing. His gigantic from curled up to fit neatly on the parapets and roof of the tower. His tail and neck looped around to form a tight circle which he rested his head on.

She walked past the Great Keep and came to several other large buildings she had not learned the names of yet. She had not had time to study this castle in detail as of yet. She was still focusing on the logistics of the troops and supplies surging up to the North. She glanced around. The broken tower was easy to see at least. She smiled. The small black teenagers liked this place of ancient stones and trees in the compound. So unlike the Red Keep.
She walked forward. Against the Guards Hall she saw Viserion curled up asleep. He was being slept on by the Direwolves of the Stark children. The great Dirwolves seeming to share Nymeria’s immunity to the heat of the dragons. They were draped all over the dragons back and flanks as the dragon slept his lips fluttering with his breathing. On his tail Barristan Selmy sat talking to Marleya Blackmyre. The woman was standing in front of the older knight in an animated conversation.

Missandei smiled ruefully. The woman had been part of Dany’s party since her time in the Red Waste. She had been one of the first mercenaries who came to Dany looking for purpose and a destiny. Missandei knew the woman had been with her Queen for nearly a year before Missandei. The small scribe felt a little guilty not getting to know the woman better. Missandei was just so busy performing her duties for her Queen. She was dedicated to doing her tasks with great skill and meticulous care.

Missandei looked around. She edged closer to the couple focused on each other. What woman did not like to innocently snoop on a possibly juicy conversation? The small black woman edged closer.

The woman was an active Lieutenant in Dany’s army. She had always been keen on Barristan Missandei had seen but she had been restrained. She probably felt it was useless. Marleya’s plight the same as hers. She too had a love she found to be out of reach. But Barristan was not out of reach and something had changed for Marleya. She had become aggressive in her courtship with Barristan. She was constantly coming onto the man.

He had resisted saying he was too old. She did not care about the twenty-five year plus difference in their ages. He was as strong and spry as men half his age. She was in love with him and wanted to take him as her mate. She had started her pursuit on their Journey on the King’s Highway heading north. Maybe she thought that Barristan had nowhere to run and hide here in Winterfell.

She was gesticulating wildly now in front of the man. He shook his head in a sad way. Missandei heard the woman hotly declare her ardent love for Barristan. Suddenly, she jumped up and threw her body around him knocking him back onto Viserion’s body. The dragon opened one eye and watched the human woman attack his father with her tongue and hands. It was not that vile direwolf sleeping on his back with a twitching tail. Viserion could not tolerate that. Humans could love their own kind he reasoned. Barristan could love this female who was an excellent warrior herself.

That was acceptable. *Nymeria was not!* Viserion watched the woman get her tongue in his father’s mouth and her hand stroking the male sex organ of humans. His father was becoming excited. They got up off his body as the human female wrapped her body around Barristan. The dragon closed his eye. He was happy his father was finally mating with the woman. Her scent had shown her desire for his father since her arrival.

Missandei watched Barristan carry Marleya as she continued kissing him deeply her groin trusting her mound into his hard stomach. They were headed to the armory that had bunks for the guards on duty.

Missandei felt another surge of jealousy. Everyone was pairing up but her. She could have handled that but for the fact that she too had a woman in her life. A woman who should be giving herself to Missandei instead disappearing for months a time. *She was getting fucking tired of it!* She felt the tears begin to run down her cheeks. Missandei sniffled. She tried to see if from her shadow lover’s perspective. She knew her hoped for mate was conflicted with her past filled with pain, rage and evil.

She saw a Direwolf jump off Viserion’s body. The wolf gambled over to her and she saw it was Lady. She was the smallest of the Direwolf and her eyes was still just above the level of her head. She had to look up at the Direwolf. The wolf brushed into her and muzzled her head into Missandei
offering comfort. How the wolf sensed her need she could not tell but she was thankful for it. She
wanted, no needed, her lover to come to her and show herself.

“Oh Lady … where is she? Where is my lover?” she cried harder cursing her weakness. She felt the
wolf pressing into her. The wolf shaking her head and woofing. Lady looked out over the north wall
of Winterfell and the broken tower. Missandei patted the wolf looking at the ruined tower that still
stood seventy-five feet tall. The top ragged with jutting broken stone and rotting timbers. Lady
barked at the broken tower and wagged her tail excitedly. What had gotten into Lady Missandei
wondered?

Missandei whipped her tears. The broken tower seemed apropos to her thoughts and desires. Her
love life was like that tower. It lay in ruins. She would feel better in the morning she supposed. She
wondered if she was going through menopause at the age of sixteen with her emotions first up and
then down. She sighed.

She walked off towards the Great Keep with Lady walking beside her. The great wolf pressed into
the small scribe offering her support to the woman her master liked so much.

Missandei felt so alone.

On the top of the broken tower She Who Must Not Be Named stood as the strong breeze blowing at
that height blew into her. She hid herself from the woman she loved with every fiber of her being.
She could no longer deny it anymore. Her long green hair whipped and snapped in the air. Her
green eyes bled green tears that fell down her cheeks and splashed onto the broken stones. Each
splash of tear drops sending up a blizzard of emeralds.

Missandei could not see her as her body pulsed out tachyon particles that poured out her pores. The
particles meeting and bending the light waves in the visible spectrum around her small body. The
light waves meeting again beyond her body thus rendering her body invisible. She watched
Missandei walk off into the Great Keep.

Her eyesight easily saw through the thick granite stones and watched her scribe walk sadly alone.
She wanted to go to her but she was frozen with fear both old and new. Once before she had
thought she was in love and she had suffered countless millennium chained in the pit in agony and
insanity. Lord Foul had plied her with sweet platitudes and strong drink to get her to tell Lord Foul
her name.

Missandei had done nothing but be her sweet innocent self and She Who Must Not Be Named was
being driven nearly insane with the desire to give her true names to Missandei. She was still a virgin
and longed to give her maidenhead and to take Missandei’s. Her heart was quaking with fear. Fear
she knew was misplaced. Missandei was everything that was good in humans. Missandei would
never betray her. She Who Must Not Be Named could love her in complete safety. She knew this
and yet fear pounded trough her body.

She cried harder. She was a coward. She was a goddess she supposed and yet she was terrified to
give her heart to the sweet young woman that was Missandei. Her past kept whispering to her. The
past whispered of betrayal. The past whispered of her own weakness and evil desires she still felt.
All had them she now knew but if she acted on them she could kill in numbers undreamed of by
man.

Now she had a new fear. When she had touched the manacles she had experienced great physical
agony. She had also suffered a great mental shock. She had seen an image of herself in the chains
of the Ur-viles surrounded by animated skeletons. Some had flames flaring off their skulls with one
whose flames was much greater than the rest. All their skulls wreathed in red flames that did not
burn.

She Who Must Not Be Named knew she was seeing the future.

She had somehow known that Missandei had put the manacles on her. She was helpless looking up. Her strength was a memory and agony filled her body. She watched Missandei lifting up the Krill. It was bleeding off waves of Wild Magic that burned the very air. The heat did not touch Missandei’s hands. She plunged the Krill down aimed at She Who Must Not Be Named heart.

The tears splashing down on the stones splattered and the fine droplets ran back over the stones and up the green haired woman’s toes and feet and were absorbed back into her body.

A green flash no one saw burst into a nova of green light. When it was gone so was She Who Must Not Be Named.

Oberyn

Sweat poured down the forehead of the spearman from Dorne. He had been practicing with Stannis and Renly attacking them with his spear. They both were both amazingly fast considering their large frame. Their sword work very good. Renly was very competent while Stannis was exemplary in his handling of his broadsword. He kept himself under control. Oberyn always kept himself in control waiting for the inevitable opening to appear. Then the Red Viper would strike!

He had been able to get two kill shots in on Renly but had had a draw with Stannis. He gave out constant snarky comments to the man. Renly had fallen prey to his pithy comments but Stannis just ground his godsdamned teeth and kept plowing on methodically. He had to give it to the old coot. He was damn good. He normally got his opponents so worked up they let their guard down. Not ole I have a stick up my ass Stannis. It pissed Oberyn off!

Stannis surviving against him was bad enough but now he had to watch those two damn hussy Haruchai women slinking all over him. Or should he say … he wasn’t sure what! Ranrika and Ferna were still at Stannis’s elbows offering their bodies to him. The women did not slink. Oh No not the Haruchai! They were focused and persistent though. It was ab-so-lute-ly disgusting. How could they have set their sights on Stannis with Oberyn standing right here was beyond the comprehension of the Red Viper?!

With a sour face Oberyn remembered their last foray in Stannis seduction. From Ranrika “Sleep with us Stannis” spoken with no emotion. “We will take your large thick dick deep up our tight cunts and clenching assholes. We long to feel your cock deep in our bellies.” Her voice was flat but the intensity in her eyes more than made for her flat voice.

Ferna had added “Yes. You are a bull in his prime. We long to rut with you. Again and again you dick will fire off long ribbons of hot semen up into our wombs or flooding our shitholes with you sweet pearly jizm. We want to suck your semen out of each other’s stretched out pussies and ravaged assholes. I long to lap up your seed dribbling out of Ranrika’s slack asshole.” Of course all this salacious talk had been recited as if the women were bored out of their gourds and not trying to seduce someone.

Stannis was staggering under the verbal assault. Damnit! Oberyn would be lapping up that talk! He was the stud NOT Stannis!

The man was still being strong though, keeping to his silly marital vows but it was clear he was
weakening. The women had made it clear to bring his wife to Winterfell and they would fuck both Stannis and Selyse Florent. Fuck! Were these women blind? The woman was a prune and Stannis was … well … boring! He doubted Stannis and Selyse ever fucked out of the Septa position.

Oberyn could hear them now in his mind. “You did not enjoy sex tonight Selyse.”

“But I did Stannis. Why do you ask?” Their voices boring and flat in Oberyn’s mind.

“You moved.”

Oberyn ground his teeth in frustration.

It was amazing how the short brown skinned women could be so alluring when not being alluring at all! He had studied the Haruchai. They were a taciturn and reserved lot for sure. They gave just the smallest hint of facial expression and tonal inflection and that was only rarely. Normally, they were reserved like a freaking statue! Their movements sedate and calm except when fighting and then they were a whirlwind of death. Their limbs striking out at blinding speed from all angles.

How the hell did these boring stick up their ass people even reproduce?! Oberyn stormed to himself. He knew he was being unfair. He would not be complaining one word if he was the focus of the Haruchai’s women’s advances. Seeing Stannis fumbling all over himself at their advances made Oberyn see red. He was the Red Viper after all! He would have long ago bedded the fucking Haruchai women. The only problem with this sad situation was the fact the Haruchai women felt the need to insult all of his repeated overtures. He was pissed! Of course the insults were delivered dead pan. That only made it worse!

So these two hussies were pawing at Stannis. Again damnit! Touching him and offering him their bodies like they were talking about buying strawberries at the market! How could so much sexuality be oozing off these two women with their unsmiling faces and flat atonal voices but oh brother it was there!

He looked up at Viserion flying by. The dragon had been off to hunt most probably. Yes, he spotted a small deer clenched in its left front talons. The dragon circled a few times. The denizens of the land looked up in wonder at the dragon. They were unknown in their world completely. Not even legends. Viserion came down to an open area in the yard by a small stand of aspen. The dragon released the small deer. Some of the hunting dogs came running out and fell on the deer.

He then landed with a regal grace. The dragon rubbed against the trunks of the trees scratching himself before he curled up wrapping his tail around his body and resting his head on this tail and began to snooze.

Yesterday he had seen Dany and Arya practically hanging all over each other. The Queen was groping Arya’s ass who squealed most cutely. Arya returned the favor and the Queen in comparison only wiggled her butt into the groping hand. They were so disgustingly cute stealing sweet little kisses and wrapping their arms around each other. Twice he had seen them snogging deeply. Sigh, young love.

He had turned his thoughts away from them. It was obvious that Daenerys Targaryen was now a one woman woman. She had found her soulmate and would never again see or even want another woman in her bed. She definitely did not want a man in that bed. She had found her other half. It was obvious the Stark girl felt the same way. On their travels north it had become quickly clear that the girl worshipped the ground the Queen walked on. Arya lusted after the Queen’s body but it was deeper than that. The girl loved every aspect of the Queen.
With the Stark tenacity and loyalty the Queen had found a woman who would be totally committed to her forever. Dany needed that kind of love and she had found it.

He sighed. It would have been nice to fuck both of them in his and Ellaria’s bed. That was not to be. He hoped for bedding Cersei. He had been convinced she would not let any man every touch her again but maybe just maybe if he was patient he would get lucky. Ellaria was sure of it. She was a beautiful woman and now he found her so alluring. His paramour, Ellaria, was besotted with her. The people of Dorne were a swarthy people. Brown of skin though in various shades and generally black of hair with shades of brown thrown in.

Sunspear, was filled with many merchants, traders and artisans from the rest of Westeros and Essos. Also, many of the brothels had women and men of fair hair and blue and green of eyes to satisfy the itch the people of Dorne had for the fairer skin.

Ellaria had a steady stream of blond whores and women she had seduced from the merchant and aristocratic class that filled the higher economic strata of the Sunspear. She sucked and fucked the women into comas of spent bliss. She was feverish with desire for Cersei. She told Stannis soon she would be dining on Cersei’s succulent cunt and she would persuade the former Lannister to fuck them both along with Obara. It would happen. Ellaria was sure of it.

It if did Oberyn would be extremely happy. If not he would still be happy for his daughter. Cersei had proven herself to be an exemplary mate. Cersei worshiped the ground his eldest daughter walked on. Oberyn still found it hard to believe this new Cersei. It was real though. That Oberyn was sure of. Maybe Cersei would eventually find it in her heart to share love with Obara with other women and hopefully with Obara’s father. Obara was convinced she was weakening Cersei’s silly old ways of monogamy and worse being a prude about sex. He still fucked his eldest child regularly. Cersei had proven to not be the jealous type. She seemed happy to let Obara fuck Ellaria and Oberyn.

Cersei had laughed when Obara asked if Cersei was upset with her continued desire to fuck her father and her in all but fact mother. Cersei had laughed “Woman! I started to fuck my twin brother when I was ten years old and bore his three children. I think I am okay with incest. You love me completely don’t you Obara?”

“Yes!” Obara had declared.

“Well there you go. Go fuck them baby!”

“But I want to share their love with you Cersei!”

“Maybe one day Obara. Just not today.”

When had Cersei got so wise Oberyn wondered?

His thoughts turned to other pleasant thoughts as he avoided thinking about the stupid Haruchai women and their stupid desire for one STUPID STANNIS!

This morning Oberyn saw the Queen and Arya at the table in the dining hall with their new daughter. He had heard of the magical return of Kiserri. The child his Queen had silently mourned. He was so happy for Daenerys and Arya. He had gone over to visit them. He looked at the little girl who looked up at him. She eyed him and then smiled great big. She had asked him if wanted to join her. He could not help but laugh at the precious girl. She was cute and very happy. She turned her head to be fed by Daenerys and Arya in turn. She would open her mouth and harrumph if not fed in what she considered the appropriate amount of time which was immediately.
“This is your uncle Oberyn.”

“Are you a Bloodrider?” Daenerys translated for the little girl the little tyke asked Oberyn. Strange. He had heard the girl could speak Westerosi. Maybe she only spoke it for certain people.

“I am better than a Bloodrider!” Oberyn crowed “I’m the best warrior in the land!” Daenerys rolled her eyes as she translated.

The Queen gave him a white eyebrow. Well, he was but sometimes discretion was the better part of valor. “Well one of the best.”

He saw the small ceremonial dagger behind Kiserri’s belt. “Are you a Bloodrider for you mommy?”

The little girl’s chest expanded and a fierce look came over her face. “I’m the best warrior in the land!”

The girl learned fast Oberyn mused. He watched the girl go to grip her dagger and fumbled the handle and the fake dagger fell down between the bench and the table. The little Dothraki girl cried out in frustration. Her hands had tried to grab the blade as it fell but merely made it tumble out of sight. She dove underneath table and he heard he grumbling chasing the blade around on the floor.

Everyone leaned back to watch the cute girl moving around on all fours. She kept knocking the blade just out of her reach. She harrumphed in anger her face set in a look of extreme concentration. Oberyn heard a cry of success and her small head appeared between the table and the bench. She had a triumphant look on her face. She forgot about being fierce. She sat back down and opened her mouth to be fed again by her mommies.

He watched the two women love the child and love each other. The kingdom was in good hands. He had worried for the Queen. She was well balanced but it was obvious she needed a mate on her arm to help her shoulder the heavy burden of ruling Westeros. He had hoped maybe it would be he and Ellaria. He would have let Ellaria rule with Daenerys. He would have taken their enemies out.

Oh well. Arya Stark was a fierce warrior in her own right he saw. She was not much seasoned yet but she would be fierce on the field of battle. He knew warriors and Arya was definitely one.

Kiserri looked at Oberyn. “Can I have some juice?” she asked him and batted her long eyelashes. Daenerys still translating. Oberyn snorted. She was wrapping him around her little finger and he didn’t give one wit. He poured her some apple juice and she took the cup.

“Say thank you” Dany told Kiserri.

“Thank you!” she chirped and happily started to drink the liquid. The little girl looking around her environs with a happy look on her face. Oberyn shook his head. The girl was definitely a cutie and would have all the women and men she wanted wrapped around her little finger.

Oberyn was looking out over the training field.

He watched the Haruchai fighting each other. He was still in awe at their sheer speed and agility. When their fists and feet struck each other he could hear the sheer power of the impacts. It had shocked him to see these shorter in stature people compared to the people of Westeros had so much power in their bodies. The impact of their blows on each other sounded like granite slamming into slabs of ribs in a butcher’s shop. Oberyn winced knowing those blows had to be filled with the power to deeply bruise and break bones. The Haruchai made no reaction to the blows they
received. Their faces remained stoic.

He had fought Harrnor earlier this morning. He had learned enough from observing the Haruchai sparring to not underestimate his unarmed foe. They had stood six feet apart. Harrnor simply stared at him. Oberyn had circled the man making a show with his spear. The Red Viper did this to distract and put awe in his opponents. Harrnor seemed unimpressed. Oberyn had expected this. These Haruchai seemed obsessed with showing no emotions to their opponents. The two eyed each other as Oberyn circled the standing still man.

Then in the blink of an eye the Haruchai launched himself at Oberyn and was upon the spearman in a flash. Oberyn cursed and whirled his spear up and blocked the Haruchai’s fast kick barley knocking the kick away from his head. Oberyn swiped at the feet of the Haruchai with his spear but he had jumped up high. He twisted his hips and his right leg swiped out and grazed Oberyn’s shoulder as he lunged back. He swirled his spear up to his shoulder and lunged forward trying to squire the Haruchai with his practice spear. The man swiped up with his forearm knocking the spear up and away and came in with a short punch to Oberyn’s ribs.

Oberyn gasped in pain and cursed loudly. It felt like he had been hit by a battering ram. He spun and brought his knee up and hit the man in the hip. The Haruchai did not register the solid strike. This probably bothered the fierce man from Dorne the most about the Haruchai. The Giants and Ramen were like the warriors of Westeros and Essos. They groaned in pain, cried out in exertion and cursed as they practiced and fought.

Not the Haruchai. It was like fighting shadows. He fought Harrnor for ten minutes. He had been upended once and Harrnor came down with a killing strike to the throat if he had not pulled his punch at the last moment. He had gotten three or four good strikes to the Haruchai to counterbalance the ten he received. He had almost squired Harrnor one time with his spear tearing the man’s tunic near the body.

The Haruchai had bowed deeply to him and told Oberyn he was a great warrior. He looked forward to fighting him again. Oberyn tilted his head in return. The compliment had been delivered with no emotion on his face or in his voice. The Dorne man knew the man had been sincere in his compliment. This was one people truly incapable of lying. These people respected martial prowess above all else it seemed.

He now watched Stannis fight Ferna. He had at first demurred the challenge of the Haruchai woman. Stannis had come to fight Daenerys and Arya with a fury. Those two women had proven that they were any man’s equal in combat prowess. Daenerys and Arya were armed and had shown they knew how to use their weapons with expert deadly skill. Ferna had only her feet and fist as weapons. Stannis told the woman it would be unseemly for him to fight an unarmed woman. “I would easily dispatch you.”

“I will still fight you Stannis. I will prove my worth to you. You will see my prowess. A prowess mirrored in the sleeping furs I share with my wife and those we bring into our furs.”

Stannis per his usual self was flummoxed and stammered. He still tried to demure.

Finally, in a voice with a hint of a timber of passion Ferna barked out “Fight me! I demand the right to prove my worth.”

Glaring and grinding his teeth Stannis finally had accede to the unarmed woman’s entreaty. They circled each other with Stannis only halfheartedly launching attacks at the Haruchai woman. The woman easily knocking aside his practice sword. He was not really fighting the woman. That was until Ferna in a blur moved in on Stannis. She jumped up and snapped his head back with a solid
right cross to his chin that sent Stannis reeling back and falling on his ass. He rubbed his chin slowly getting back up on his feet.

Oberyn could now see the man had a new found respect for the Haruchai. He now circled the Haruchai with his body tense his eyes gauging his opponent with new respect. Also, Oberyn saw, the fire had been ignited in Stannis. He wanted to teach the bitch a lesson. She was snooty in a totally deadpan manner.

Stannis ground his teeth. He bellowed and surged forward his blade a blur. He swiped his wooden blade like a whirlwind of death. The blade made complicate patterns of slashes and hacks at the woman. The man was controlled in his attack. Oberyn whistled to himself. Stannis was constantly constipated going by his face but he was a great swordsman. The Haruchai somehow knocked the blade away with her hand perfectly angled to strike the flat of the blade again and again. She would knock the blade aside and step in to strike out with foot, shin, elbow or fist.

Stannis wore armor and it definitely absorbed some of the power of the Haruchai but it slowed him. He was almost able to strike the woman but she constantly juked just outside the arc of the sword or slipped to the side. He did make two strikes on her torso but he had received a fist and a foot to his face that had him reeling. Contusions rising on his face.

After fifteen minutes they stopped. It has been draw. Fuck! Oberyn thought. Life sucked sometimes. *He had wanted to see Stannis get his ass kicked!*

Ferna came up to Stannis looking up at his height. “You fought extremely well. Have your wife brought here. We will fuck you and your wife the night through. We are losing our patience.” She spoke like she was strolling through a grassland looking at the clouds. How could a woman say she wanted to fuck like a rabid rabbit and make it sound boring! Oberyn again wondered to himself. Eerna turned and walked away side by side with her wife Ranrika.

Life was not fair sometimes Oberyn realized.

He watched the Haruchai and Giants continue to practice. He was in awe of the Giants. They were twice his height at the minimum and some were up to fourteen feet tall. They were at least three times his weight if not four times his weight. Even the more svelte among the Giantesses were of solid build. Their cores thick and their limbs like tree trunks corded with muscle.

Despite their great height and solid builds they moved every bit as fast as he or Stannis. They were not as fast as the Haruchai but they were still frightening fast. What made them so deadly was their blades of granite. The blades were every bit as strong and sharp as Valyrian steel. He asked to see their blades which they had been happy to do. He smiled at that. So many warriors did not anyone to touch their weapons. Hell he did not want anyone to touch his weapon! *Or a certain fucking wolf!*

The blades were amazingly light for being eight to ten feet in length. The blades up to three inches thick. He noticed each blade was sculpted slightly different. He had been told that each blade was made for the specific warrior and would be buried with her upon her death. The body of the dead warrior and her sword caste to the sea if at all possible. The Giants wanted their final resting place to be the sea they loved.

He had been surprised when he discovered only women were in the Swordmainnir. The Giants had chuckled at Oberyn reaction. They had told him that while it was not carved in stone that only females would serve but it was generations between when a male entered the Swordmian. There was just a natural desire for the men to man the ships and for the women to fight. Many women were also sailors with most crews half and half between the sexes. The Swordmainnir liked to say
they were “the few, the proud the Swordmainnir.”

The blades when they collided hummed and chimed with almost musical clarity. The notes would have been pretty to listen to if each note was not also deadly. Oberyn saw that the blades even when they collided violently edge to edge the blades never seemed to nick or form any imperfections on the blade edge. The Giants blades were like Valyrian steel in that way.

The blades slammed into each other again and again as the Giants fought laughing, jibbing and cursing gaily. Oberyn was not easily intimidated but he was with the Giants and their fighting prowess. It was the speed of the Giants married with their prodigious strength that put pause in the Red Viper. He had witnessed Gregor Clegane fight in several tourneys. He was nicknamed the Mountain but now he was just a foothill.

The man had been intimidating to most with his close to eight feet in height. His massive shoulders and arms thick as the trunk of small trees. Gregor’s limbs were extremely large for a man. Compared to the Giants he now seemed like a young teenager. Gregor weight of over thirty stone. The man was nearly all of it muscle, making him near inhumanly strong. Gregor's strength allowed him to wield a six-foot, two-handed great sword with just one hand, giving him enormous reach while still wielding a shield. Such was the power of Gregor's strength that he has been known to hack men in half with just a single blow.

Oberyn had no fear of the brute. While fast he was still to some degree ungainly. His brute strength was, well, brutish. Oberyn would easily dispatch the man by constantly circling him and jabbing at the joints of his armor slowly wearing him down and bleeding him out.

This he would not be able to do with the Giants. They were every bit as fast as himself! A six foot sword was something to behold. A sword that was eight to ten feet long was the stuff of nightmares in the Giants hands. He had felt great astonishment when he first wielded one of their greives. The blades were amazingly light. The blades were not that much heavier than Gregor’s blade. He had held its ilk in armorer’s shops. These blades felt perfect for his hand even though they were made for a woman twice his height and greater.

With the Giants, the blades were poetry in motion. Their speed and prowess was simply stupefying. How could people so large move so fast and adroitly? They were as skilled as Barristan and Eddard and that was a truly horrifying thought when the blade was up to ten feet long!

The Giant warriors held nothing back. They fully trusted in their skills and their granite armor that he had discovered was fashioned by the same magic as their swords for each warrior. It was almost molded to fit them perfectly. It flexed with the women as they fought. It was said to be almost impenetrable except with the greatest of force or magic.

It was said only the Krill could easily defeat their armor but they knew of nothing else. All else would take great strength, skill and probably more important great magic of which the Krill was supreme. Oberyn had no idea what this Krill was.

They fought with whistling swords that seemed to hold nothing back. Blades struck breastplates, grieves, gorget or gauntlets. The blades sending up sparks but doing no damage. The Giants grunted and cursed and kept on fighting. Wavesplash Rimeshoal took a vicious chop to her helm that knocked it askew and sent her tumbling to the ground but she rolled and came up fighting. That blow would have pulverized any man’s brain to pulp.

Oberyn had no desire to ever fight a Giant.

The Giants fought with laughers and jibs. He found he liked them immensely. He then saw Brail the
First Mark of the Haruchai come up to Braveheart Tillerkeel the First of the Giants. She slammed her fist into her chest “Fist and Faith. There is only victory or death.” She spoke in a flat voice. Her fist striking her body sounded like granite slamming iron.

To Oberyn it looked like an oak tree versus a stunted ornamental pine like he had seen in Highgarden. He had learned looks were deceiving. They stood facing each other. “Today I will cleave you in two!” Tillerkeel shouted and swung down with a deadly two handed swing of her blade. Oberyn knew instinctively she had to be holding back a little but one could never tell it. The blade was invisible as it cut through the air to slice the Haruchai in two.

The sword buried itself two feet into the ground. Brail had stepped aside fluidly at the very last moment with no effort or fear of death and now aimed a vicious heel kick at the Giant’s knee. The Giant pivoted away on her other leg her left hand leaving the sword as she rotated for balance and her right hand ripped the sword out of the ground and used it to block the straight left coming into her upper thigh. The Haruchai’s fist slammed into the flat of the blade but the woman did not flinch in any pain.

The Haruchai launched repeated assaults at the Giant. The Giant absorbed harrowing kicks on her breastplate and other armor covering her body. The Giant grunted. She had one sword chop she pulled at the last possible moment to hit the Haruchai in the shoulder sending her rolling. How the Giant could hit the Haruchai and not injure Brail, Oberyn did not know. The skill to do that was unfathomable.

The two women fought with whirring blade and blinding fist and feet strikes. The Haruchai landed a blow flush to the Giant’s chin when she had folded over to strike at the crouched Brail. She had sidestepped again and launched herself straight up. Her fist slammed the granite breastplate. Braveheart’s breath whooshed out her lungs and she staggered back. Brail jumped up on the Giant hooking her fingers in the small gap between helm and gorget. Her right fist slammed fast into the Giant’s face twice snapping her head back. The Giant had released her sword with her left hand and it slammed into the Haruchai’s ribs sending her flying. The Giant had cried out in pain but the Haruchai accepted her blow in silence.

They continued to fight for another five minutes. Oberyn had learned that for them to become the First of their respective people they had had to fight and defeat all their peers who wished to challenge them for supremacy. They were in essence the best of the best. Oberyn could not believe the fighting prowess of the two women.

He was impressed and really, really turned on. He was horny. Gods fighting prowess did that to him. He had struck out with Ferna and Ranrika but they were merely guppies and minnows. They were beneath the Red Viper. He had his sights on the trophy bass!

The two women had come to some unspoken truce. The sparring match over.

Brail bowed deeply before the Giant. “It always gladdens the heart of the Haruchai to contend with the Giants. It is always a pleasure.”

Braveheart rubbed her cheek and chin where Brail had landed her savage punches. “I would say your pleasure is a weighty matter that carries quite the impact.” The Giant then moved to join some of her fellow Giant warriors. She lifted a heavy jug and took several large swigs laughing and jibbing her fellow warriors.

Oberyn moved to Brail as she used a towel to calmly wipe the sweat off her face. Her breathing was barely accelerated.
“You are one hot momma Brail” Oberyn started laying it on thick. “Seeing you fight the First to a standoff is truly impressive. You are filled with fighting prowess and great beauty Brail.” Oberyn spoke truly. All of the visitors from this “Land” were beautiful to behold. Their bodies perfectly proportioned and tight.

The woman merely cocked an eyebrow at him. She turned her back to him. Her demeanor and body language spoke two words. Buzz off. Oberyn was undeterred. His previous rejections by the Haruchai fueled his desire to succeed this time!

Oberyn walked around to get in front of the reticent woman. “Don’t be like that Brail! You are a beautiful woman and I’m a hot stud. We could make such sweet love. I defiantly have a broadsword in my trousers and I know how to use it!

“I was warned of you” Brail spoke in a flat tone looking him square in eye. She had to tilt her head up with her barely five foot three inch frame.

Oberyn knew he should not ask but he had too “What did those two bitc—lovely warriors have to say of the Red Viper of Dorne!” puffing out his chest. A good offense was the best defense he reasoned.

“My compatriots told me you are a ‘pervert’”. It was said with finality.

“Hey! I resemble that remark. What is wrong with that? All that means is that I am the life of the party. I am a bundle of joy to be around and I can reaalllyyyyyy fuck” Oberyn informed the First Mark with an earnest look and much waggling of his eyebrows.

“I see. Obviously we should use another word for you.”

“That is my thinking.” The woman was coming around Oberyn thought smugly.

“So many words to choose from” Brail mused with dispassion. She paused a moment. “Corrupt, degenerate, base, deviant, polluted, geek, depraved—“

“Hey!”

“Sicko, asshole, twisted, miscreant, bastard, wrongdoer, malefactor, offender—“

“Enough already!”

“Villain, lawbreaker, evildoer, delinquent, hoodlum, reprobate; malfeasant—“

“I’m really getting pissed off here!”

“That is enough Brail” Oberyn heard a soft feminine voice speak at his shoulder.

Lustera came into view. She was a small woman with soft brown hair and beautiful brown eyes. Oberyn had observed her several times. She was beautiful of face and body. Unfortunately, the woman had a constant pained pinched look to her face. It robbed her of her natural beauty. The woman walked with a stiff manner.

Oberyn knew instinctively that the woman had been harmed spiritually in the past. She still carried within her heart a great pain.

The Haruchai immediately ceased her verbal assault. Brail turned to face Lustera. Oberyn could not believe what he saw. The Haruchai had softened. Her warrior body had almost imperceptibly
relaxed and leaned towards the Lord.

“He is a pompous fool.”

“Lustera—make her stop!” Oberyn whined to the Lord of Revelstone.

“You are putting a bad light on us Brail.” He could see Brail was about to protest.

“It would please me if you leave him be. We can see his aura. He is merely braggadocios.

“He is a buffoon.” With that she spun on her heel and started to march away. She suppressed her emotions but Oberyn could tell she was pissed.

He flipped her off and jerked his hand hard giving her some spice with his bird.

She immediately spun around and marched up to Oberyn.

He gulped.

“What?! I didn’t do anything.”

Lustera spoke up and he heard a hint of mirth. “The Haruchai are telepathic and more. They share their thoughts but also all their perceptions. Look behind you.”

Oberyn turned and blanched. He saw three Haruchai behind him staring at him. They had relayed to Brail his actions.

He hung his head. “Guilty as charged.”

“Their mind to mind speak is unique.”

“I’ll say” Oberyn muttered loud enough to be heard.

Brail suddenly spoke up and Oberyn was surprised to hear desire “Lords can join our mind speak. You have the lore of Kevin Landwaster.” The sudden expression of emotion by the Haruchai had Oberyn’s focus. This was a first.

“Yes” Lustra replied clearly confused. “But I am not Haruchai. I will not violate your sacrosanct thoughts.

“What if I wanted you to?”

“I do not understand.” The lord was getting clearly nervous with the direction of the conversation. The Lord shuffling her feet and plucking strands of hair and shoving them behind her ear and making nervous sounds. Her eyes looking everywhere but at Brail.

Well, I will be Oberyn thought to himself.

“We have accepted Lords and Unfettered into our clans.”

“That was long ago. None have done that in the last three hundred years. I am lord of the council.”

With that she turned and walked away. Her back ramrod straight her face carefully composed.

“She is a lot like your people isn’t she Brail.”

The Haruchai said nothing for a minute watching the Lord slowly walk away. Then she sighed
“How long have you been in love with her?” Brail slowly turned to face Oberyn. He thought she might walk away. Brail took a deep breath. Again, for a Haruchai this was a shout of passion.

“For twenty years. I came to Revelstone with my parents as they served as Wards to the Lords. I loved her from the first moment I saw her. But she was married so I considered it a hopeless cause and looked among my peers for a mate.

“But?”

“In our Lands divorce or infidelity is almost never heard of. Many take others to fuck but never behind their mate’s back. Our people are polyamorous. Though, of course, you have a wide range of temperaments. One finds a mate that matches one’s own desires and demeanor. Her husband was a lively man full of laughter and a zest for interactions with strangers. Lustra is very close and guarded. It is said opposites attract but in time they can repel. For Lustra this is what happened. Her Lord husband could no longer stay married to her.”

“She has been bitter and angry for the last ten years.”

“You should tell her you love her. That is why you mentioned this melding of mind speech?”

“Yes. We can only form a true permanent bond through the mind speech. We would be so good for each other. I would love her true to my last dying breath.”

“Tell her. Go for it.”

“No. She would request another Haruchai. I could not survive that.”

“You are not being fair to her. Maybe she would surprise you. Maybe she thinks no one could ever love her after her rejection.”

The Haruchai looked at him for a long time.

“I did not know perverts had a good heart or that they were perceptive and gentle of heart. No matter how much of an asshole they may act.” Oberyn smiled softly. For a people who were so stoic they had sarcastic sense of humor. He liked them all the more.

Oberyn wanted to jest but he was actually having a bonding moment and did not want to ruin the atmosphere.

Unfortunately, that only lasted another ten seconds. Ferna and Ranrika came walking up at a fast clip. They exchanged glances with Brail. She nodded her head. Was that a suppressed smirk? His two hoped for paramours turned to Oberyn.

“We have come to share our joy with you Oberyn. The great Red Viper. You who would contend with Stannis Baratheon for our affections.”

Brail stood rock still with her Haruchai rectitude but he could she was enjoying this.

A sour look came over Oberyn’s face. “Yessssssss?”

“He has gone to your Queen.”

“Anndddddd?”
“She was most sympathetic to the request.”

“Come out with it already!” the Red Viper shouted out. Oberyn was not sure how he knew but he was sure he would not like what he was about to hear. “Enough with the suspense already!” Oberyn cried out flinging his arms out wide. He might as well play his part.

“In helping our two forces to more fully integrate she has sent her green dragon Rhaegal and one Strong Belwas to Dragonstone to pick up Selyse Florent.”

“Fucckkkkk!” Oberyn yelled out.

The two Haruchai somehow looked very smug while not showing any emotion. Fucking cunts!

He threw his spear down and stomped on it; the spear rolling on the ground from the abuse.

“I’ll have you know the only person that has a bigger shaft up their ass is his wife. She is a fucking prude. Ha! Try getting her to sniff your beaver. Be prepared for major frustration bimbos!”

“We are most persuasive. We did get Stannis to agree to have his wife brought here. He is nervous with anticipation to fuck us. He will get his wife to submit.”

“Ha! In your dreams!”

“All women are gay Oberyn.”

That stopped Oberyn in his tracks. That was true. You just had to get them to accept their innate desires for the female body. His wife was always seducing a bevy of suppressed women when they were away in other parts of Westeros. The women declaring hotly they were straight to the core of their being. Then his sweet Ellaria started to work her charms. His paramour was always saying that all women were lesbians deep in their hearts and souls. She then went to work proving her pronouncement correct.

But surely not the human prune … no, it was not possible Oberyn thought to himself. If the Haruchai could actually get that stiff, uncompromising woman to fuck like a banshee the world would come to a crashing downfall. Such an unnatural occurrence would spin the Earth off its axis.

“We will succeed. The Haruchai always succeed.”

Out of the corner of his eye Oberyn saw his spear twitch.

No! He whirled around just as Nymeria bit his spear and took it up in her slavering jaws and looped off her tail up high swaying. Oberyn had had enough abuse for one day. This time he would not rise to that damn Direwolf’s bait. Damn that beast! The wolf seeing him not pursuing put some wiggle in her hips as she slowly strutted off. The wolf clearly waiting for the chase to once again take off afoot.

The fucking wolf was daring him to chase her. He was a bigger man than that.

Nymeria turned her head pausing her retreating gait. She scratched the ground with her hind feet kicking up dirt and grass.

Fuck that Wolf! It was on! Oberyn tore off after the wolf cursing.

He is a must strange man Ferna spoke to her wife mind to mind he is strong and virile.
Yes. But he pales before the hotness of Stannis … I talked to one of his general’s. He told me his wife is quite hot … I get to go down on her first and suck her off the first night until I wear her cunt out … after that they will both be ours Ranrika spoke

So greedy …

That’s the reason you love me so Renrika spoke in a cheeky tone

Yes it is … yes it is

Sansa

The feast hall was filled with gaiety and spirit. Sansa looked at the tables filled with platters of ham, turkey and trout. Their bowls filled with tomatoes, peppers, cucumbers and various beans from the Glass Garden. Sansa had always loved the Glass Gardens. It was a place of calm. A peace imbued the place. It brought peace to the heart. It was beautiful with its eight sides to the central rotunda and then the two long wings. The rotunda was reserved for the flowers and exotic plants for their beauty. The two wings were reserved to grow the fruits and fresh vegetables to liven up the food prepared by the excellent cooking staff.

There was a large boar that had been roasted with the traditional pear in its mouth. There was also large braces of tender cooked aurochs. Also on the benches were cooked lambs and goats for the Lords of the South.

There was huge baskets for fresh baked bread both leavened and not on the tables of the feast hall. Some loaves had spices backed into them. Some of the spices were sweet while others had a bite to them. She saw the bowls of various jam and serving platers of butter.

Large pitchers of mead, tea and water were on the tables for liquid refreshments.

Sansa looked out over the sea of faces and again marveled how the cook, maids, stable hands and smiths of Winterfell were sitting with the Lords. The room still had many Lords as they cycled back down from the wall and those with Dany. All were equal here. Sure, the high nobles were on the raised dais but the common man filled the rest. Sansa knew how her father insisted that with informal meals he and his family were usually down with the “people”. Her father felt it helped connect the Warden of the North with his people.

It was said that there must always be a Stark in Winterfell. The people of the North thought this deep in their hearts. Sansa knew it was in large part because the Warden of the North for many generations worked hard to connect with the people they governed. His father was everything that was best about her family’s line. His ‘subjects’ adored him.

Margaery had first found it unsettling to be with the “lowborn” and she had mentioned this to Sansa. She had actually gotten upset when she had first come back to Sansa. Margaery told her that the nobles needed to keep their distance from the lowborn. One needed distance to see clearly Margaery said. Sansa had tried to explain that to breed true loyalty you had to get on the same level as your subjects. Margaery had scoffed at her hearing that. This had truly upset Sansa. For the first time she was truly angry with her lover.

She had turned her back on Margaery when they went to bed. The Tyrell had attempted to snuggle and pull Sansa to her body but the tall redhead had rebuffed her lover’s efforts. She heard Margaery gasp when she realized that Sansa would not relent. The bed shook with the shock that went
through the slender brunette’s body. Margaery had started to sniffle and then she wept with broken sob.

Sansa was around in a flash holding and kissing her Margaery sweetly all over her love’s face. She begged for Margaery for forgiveness. Sansa had not meant to hurt her lover. She told Margaery that her father had taught his children that the Starks were to serve the people and to never feel privileged and entitled. They had to form an intimate bond with the people to fully serve them.

Sansa told Margaery she had not put near enough effort into explaining to Margaery the Stark views on ruling. Could Margaery ever forgive her? Her debacle their first night together still haunted Sansa. Margaery had sniffled and told Sansa she would try and understand “the Stark way”. It was just so foreign to how she was raised to look at the subjects of the Reach.

With a tremulous voice Margaery had asked Sansa to make love to her. She needed Sansa to show her that she indeed loved Margaery. With a brilliant smile Sansa took her lover in her arms and kissed her first sweetly and then took what was her. She rammed her tongue down Margaery’s throat making her slut her total whore. She knew she needed to dominate her lover like she needed it.

Sansa had then gone down on Margaery again and again. Gods Margaery’s pussy tasted so good cumming hard in her mouth flooding it with sweet hot cum that spasmed out Margaery’s rupturing womb. Her screams of sweet rapture music to the Stark’s ears. They had then tribbed classic scissors. Their groins locked and legs held onto tight as they rammed and wallowed their pussies into each other with shocking force. Their mutual orgasms ripping through their bodies.

Then Sansa sat on Margaery’s face and rode her hard just like Margaery loved it. She swept her cunt hard up and down Margaery’s face riding her drooling clamshell over the hot gobbling mouth of her lover. Her snatch jamming down on Margaery’s chin on the down stroke and using her nose as a fuck post on the upsweep. Sansa had wailed and wailed as she rode her Rose’s face hard. Twice Sansa had cummed so hard on Margaery’s face. Her womb had felt like it shattered deep in her belly. Her orgasms ripping her cunt asunder as almost agonizing waves of ecstasy tore through her long strong body.

Then she had slowly wormed her love fist into her sweetie’s tight trim. She loved the feel of Margaery’s tight fuck hole stretching out as she slipped her wedge in Margaery’s drooling clamshell. Sansa fucked Margaery hard with her fingers in a wedge pounding her lover’s box fast and furious. Sansa fucked Margaery hard to another orgasm and then as Margaery swooned she worked her thumb and then knuckles into the rim of her love’s vagina. Then with one last push her hand sunk into Margaery’s pussy. The wet tight heat gripped her hand tight. Sansa always loved the feel of wet heat riding down the back of her hand feeling Margaery’s tight trim worming down the back of her hand. Margaery keened in fucking ecstasy.

She jabbered for Sansa to fuck her hard. Sansa smiled down at Margaery as she got on her knees to get height and leverage. She slowly formed her love fist. Starting slow Sansa worked her fist in and out her woman’s cunt and started up a twisting motion letting her knuckles work her slut’s folds and whorls. Her knuckles rubbing the slippery vaginal walls of her lover and slut.

Soon Margaery’s juices had soaked Sansa’s wrist and ran down her lower forearm. Margaery whirled on the bed warbling and groaning like a Lysian whore. Slowly, Sansa stretched out her lover’s pussy with her pumping fist sinking deep into her baby’s belly. With her slut’s fuck sleeve loosened up Sansa ramped up the force of her forearm pumping into her baby’s hot hungry cunt.

Quickly, Sansa worked up to ramming her twisting fist savagely into her slut’s cunt. Her fist sinking in deep into the hot cauldron of Margaery’s spasming clenching twat. Sansa loved the wet heat
sucking and spasming on her slamming fist. She watched Margaery’s pussy clinging tight to her forearm as it rode in and out her couchie on the deep thrusting in stroke. Cum slavered Sansa’s wrist and lower forearm with a thick coating of snail snot that dripped off and hung down in quivering slimy tendrils.

Margaery’s face was twisted with ecstasy that was so dire it looked like agony. Sweat poured off the Tyrell’s body and face. Her hair dark and matted with sweat. Margaery swirled her pussy up into the fist plunging deep into her quim. Sansa’s fist twisting in to ram Margaery’s cervix gagging the sweet princess of Highgarden ecstasy. Cum dripping off of Sansa’s fist on the out stroke.

Then Margaery’s womb had ruptured and ripped out Margaery’s cunt. Margaery’s body heaved and jackknifed violently as her sweet screams echoed in Sansa’s bedroom. The bed’s headboard slamming the wall loudly as Margaery’s body strained and bucked violently. Suddenly spent her body collapsed boneless on the bed. Margaery wept with pure love as did Sansa. Sansa slowly removed her hand from Margaery’s tight clenching in aftershocks cunt.

Sansa ran her hand front and back all over Margaery and her own face soaking them in Margaery’s sweet slimy love snot. It made them feel so close when they soaked each other’s face in their cum and then snuggled up close with bodies soaked in cum and sweat.

They had lain in post coital bliss and used the sweet bonding time to come to an understanding. Sansa patiently teaching her Tyrell how rule was applied in the North of Westeros. They had gone to sleep with entwined limbs and whispered words of complete total love.

The hall was even more lively than normal. The Giants were in the hall. She noticed that the Giants did everything communally. They always came in as one group and left as one group. They were a people that laughed and jested continuously. A room even as large as the feast hall could not help but be filled with gaiety with Giants in it.

The Giants listened to each story told them with complete attention that bordered on this side of rapturous adore. They laughed at all the punch lines no matter how bad or cheesy. They hung on every word. They wanted to hear the stories again and again. They would interrupt begging for more details and to repeat sentences so they could laugh at them again. If Sansa ever put on a comedic murm’s play she needed to have the Giants in attendance. They would have everyone else laughing their asses off. Even if the play was not funny!

The twenty-two Giants were literally the life of the party as the saying went.

The Giants ate all the food in large heaping on their plates and in their bowels. They wanted to compliment all the cooks on their most outstanding culinary efforts. The Giants drank all the wine and ale offered. The Giants enjoyed the drink but said they needed something more substantial they announced bombastically. Some of the Giant warrior women and the two sailor men had large jugs tied to their belts.

The Giants and taken the jugs out and pulled out the stoppers to their jugs. They had put the massive jugs on the crooks of their arms and drank from the large jugs with loud gulps wiping their faces with the back of their hands. Jory Cassel and Rodrik Cassel had asked for a cup of this Giant’s drink. The Giants told the men and several other takers that Diamonddraught was a potent drink that most men found overpowering and most intoxicating.

The men had begged to differ. The Giants had looked at each other with mirth in their eyes. They filled the proffered cups to the brim with their Diamonddraught. The men drank deeply and slammed their empty mugs down on the tables saying rather loudly that the drink was rather tame.
Soon the men were babbling and making drunken passes at the Giants and the serving maids. They stumbled and slurred their words and were for five minutes almost the life of the party. They got up to dance jigs but instead had to be pushed and shoved to be kept upright. Then they were on the benches their faces on the table snoring loudly passed out. All laughed good naturally at the turn of events.

Sansa noticed something else almost immediately. All the Giant warrior women were paired up together. The Giants ate and lived communally but they were definitely doing this in pairs of two. The two sailors were not a couple but the women were. They sat side by side and were always stealing kisses, rubbing thighs, hugging each other and gazing longingly into each other’s eyes.

The women put their armor aside when not practicing or in the field. They wore simple tunics and trousers synched tight around for them slender muscled torsos. She had spied several of the women copulating on their mates bosom, ass and down the front of trousers. Foamsurge Oakenspar had snapped the table top off in her clenched fist feeling Forecastle Starkissed rub her slit and flick her clit.

Margaery had taught Sansa to be very attuned to women loving women. Margaery had called it “gaydar”. That was a strange name for being attuned to lesbians but it did have a ring to it. She had missed so much before but now she had her butterfly antenna for lesbian sex always flicking and twisting. Margaery had addicted her to lesbian sex. Her horndog loved fucking and now so did Sansa. Margaery equally loved watching women fuck and hearing them talk of their fucking. She had told Sansa many tales of Margaery’s debauchery with her hens. Sansa could not wait to start writing her own chapters with them and Margaery. The sex would be so good.

Olenna had told her granddaughter that the Hens were fitting well in King’s Landing. The hussies were fucking the chambermaids and the female stable hands to exhaustion. The female courtesans at the Court of King’s Landing had gotten wind of the “hens”. Needless to say the little sluts were bunging many a knight, lord and visiting merchant’s daughters and young wives. Sansa was shocked at that but Margaery poo pooed that saying those married women were ignored and treated like mere possessions. Her ‘hens’ were bringing joy and pleasure to those women. When it was put that way Sansa had to change her thinking.

The men were busy themselves breaking their supposed marriage vows. Olenna and Tyrion were spying on everyone of course recording all the dalliances. The two did this to protect and further the Iron Throne. The men and women compromised dare not move against the Queen or the royal court with all the dirt that had been accumulated. One lord had caught his wife fucking two of the ‘hens’. He demanded justice until a ledger was presented with all his dalliances and how he had cheated the Iron Throne of several hundred gold dragons.

The dalliances of his wife with the hens were afterwards judged by the man to be a trifle. The man was most thankful to have a fourth of his debt forgiven and was given much time to make up his Arrears. If he kept his mouth shut and took no actions. The man had been most happy to comply. His wife’s family had supplied much needed land and gold dragons to the man’s family. He could not jeopardize that. He had not been so pissed off when he thought about it in that light. She was only fucking a couple of ‘whores’ after all. The man said “it is not like she is fucking a man.”

Olenna had let that slip to keep the peace.

Typically, the man was now chiseling his wife to let him fuck the hens with her. She had laughed at that saying that the ‘hens’ were for her alone. They were gold star lesbians anyways. The wife had to explain that to her husband as the hens had explained it to her.

She did ‘volunteer’ to fuck his mistresses with him. The man had at first been stunned. He had
fumed and bitched but he was a man after all and soon he found the idea extremely intoxicating. Both were now extremely happy. He now gave his wife permission to seduce all the women she could and *oh could you please share them with me.* He got to fuck his wife and other women in two and three on ones and his wife was getting even more pussy!

Margaery and Sansa would instill some control when they arrived in King's Landing. There was plenty of women to fuck without messing with a man’s wife. Unless he didn’t care or he was a cheat then that changed everything or the man was dominating his wife trying to crush her will and he refused to change his controlling ways. It burned up Sansa that men thought that they could ‘cheat’ and their women could not. That women had to be docile slaves in all but name to their men. She would work to balance those scales of sexual injustice.

Margaery had told Sansa about the wild swing parties in Highgarden. They were sure a hot blooded lot in the Reach Sansa thought. The tales of multiple pairings and sweet endless fucking had Sansa longing to participate in full blown lesbian swing parties.

At first such new ideas had been shocking to the Stark but now she couldn’t wait to partake of such events herself. She got wet thinking of participating in these lesbian ‘swing parties’. Sansa found her mouth watering at thoughts of all the pussies and sweet assholes for her to devour. Having women willing giving themselves to Sansa made the tall redhead smile sultrily. She had many women to consume as the wolf in the henhouse.

Margaery told Sansa it was her right. She was the dominate wolf after all. Sansa liked the sound of that. Yes. She would be the Queen of her roost.

Sansa found herself anxious to reach King’s Landing and partake fully in her newfound sexual liberation. Winterfell was her home but she had in some ways outgrown its provincial ways. She wanted to spread her wings in King’s Landing. Her sexual mores had totally changed and she longed to start devouring Margaery’s hens and the various women that they brought back to their nest.

Men bored Sansa now. Their bodies left her unaffected. Not so women and their bodies! She really wanted to become a total lesbo slut as Margaery liked to call it.

Sansa watched the Giant woman, Forecastle Starkissed, rubbing her woman’s pussy with her hand in Foamsurge’s trousers. Forecastle may be a Giant but she was all bad girl. She kept rubbing Foamsurge’s clit and slit till her body thrashed and spasmed hard in orgasm. The Giant woman’s eyes bulged open as she clamped her teeth tight so swallow her screams of ecstasy. Sansa beside the Giant female loved hearing the strangled muffled wails of lesbian bliss right beside her. The loud boisterous environment of the Feast Hall clouded the sound of Foamsurge’s cries of swallowed ecstasy. With all the back slapping and gesticulating around them most missed it Sansa thought but she had sure seen it. It was hot! Seeing women over twice your size being naughty was hot!

She had then been more shocked when Forecastle took the table top from her wife’s still clenching fingers and fitted the granite back in place and hummed a tune and traced the rock break with her index finger. In ten seconds the break was no more. Foamsurge leaned into her wife her eyes unfocused and sweat beaded on her face. A big beatific smile on her face.

They had then gotten up and begged their excuses. Foamsurge’s trousers dark now in the front and her ass cleft with her soaking cum juices. They hurried out. The Giants had staked out a spot in the woods by the Godswood where they had setup low tents or in the horse barns with their high ceilings. Their screams of sex during the night were loud and deep. She and Margaery had listened to the Giants two nights ago. The Giants had no problem expressing their pleasure and love. It had gotten them all wet and horny before running back to their quarters.
Yesterday Sansa had asked Braveheart Tillerkeel about her observations. The Giant smiled brilliantly down at Sansa. She had laughed and told the Stark that yes indeed all the Swordmainnir under her command were paired and married. It was not so in all other companies of Swordmainnir. She liked the extra cohesion and comradery it brought her command. A lover always fought hardest to save their lover from harm. In her command the women fought back to back when needed the women seeking out their mates to press their backs too.

Sansa asked if they were strictly monogamous. Braveheart looked at Margaery and Sansa appraisingly. “Most of us are monogamous but not all. Would you and Margaery care to join us in our tent tonight? Zephyrstar Forecastle and I are in an open relationship where we share beautiful women at times.”

Sansa graciously declined the offer. She was frankly intimidated in making love to a woman twice her size and many times her weight. Plus, she and Margaery were still new in their relationship. She had shed a lot of her prudish nature but she not ready for that. She wanted to fuck just Margaery while still in Winterfell. That would change once they were reunited with Margaery’s hens but they were family and had a history with Margaery. Sansa was not jealous of them. They had helped make Margaery into the loving wonderful lover she was now.

Their sweet dispositions had helped Margaery to also be a sweet loving woman.

She and Margaery had discussed it at length a few nights ago after intense lovemaking. Sansa had become sure that outside of Margaery’s hens waiting them in King’s Landing and the women they had in their claws and beaks that Sansa did not want any other women in addition to her future wife as part of her brood. They would share their hens and conquests. They would have one big happy extended brood.

Margaery had smiled and agreed only asking Sansa to keep an open mind. Who knew whom might come into their communal nest? Sansa had found that a reasonable request. Sansa was finding herself opening up more and more from her strict prudish upbringing. She now knew she would be sucking off all the women her ‘hens’ brought to her to be devoured. She wondered more and more if she herself might not be bringing sweet sluts to their nest for hen consumption. She liked that thought more and more.

Where the Giants were gaiety and had faces full of emotion and mirth, Sansa saw that the other visitors from this place called the Land were of a different temperament. The Haruchai and Ramen were in many ways the exact opposite. They did not necessarily come into the feast hall as one. They would stream in small knots or individually. She noticed roughly half the Haruchai were partnered up with all manner between the sexes.

She could feel the bond between the pairs but you almost never know it by looking at them. They ate quietly with a minimal use of energy or limb movement. Their faces were like stone and did not interact with those around them. She at first felt they were snooty but threw that out almost immediately. They were just bluff and taciturn. They seemed too deliberately to want to not show emotion or any expression.

Sansa also had noticed that the Haruchai had seemed to setup a loose patrol of Winterfell. She would notice a Haruchai in a hall or out on the squares on the grounds of Winterfell. She would look away and when she looked back they would seem to have disappeared. She had asked Wavesplash Rimeshoal of this as she walked from the Great Hall to the Glass Gardens to see them again with Margaery. Margaery could never get enough of the exotic sights and sounds of the solarium. The Giant also wished to see the “fabled Glass Gardens” she had heard so much about.

“The Haruchai are most adept at blending into their surroundings. We have grown accustomed to
his skill and more often than not spy them out, though, I must admit often we don’t. They are on guard.”

“Why? There is no danger her in the seat of my father’s power.”

Wavesplash had chuckled at that. “The Haruchai have a saying ‘We know caution.’ It is in their nature to protect those that they value. Trust me in this. We are warded and protected.”

The conversation then turned to the Haruchai themselves. Braveheart told her that among themselves in their dwellings they were much different. They were renowned for their hot passion and extreme sexual prowess. They would show that with lovers that they took to their bed outside of the Haruchai. The Giant with mirth in her eyes informed Sansa of the arrival of one Selyse Florent. Sansa herself had heard that Stannis’s wife had arrived last night.

Oberyn had been most sour about that for some reason. Then she had found out why he was in a put off mood. She had had to laugh hard with that knowledge. The idea that Mr. and Mrs. Prude were going to get evidently lots of hot wet pussy and he wasn’t had to hurt the vainglorious man.

Her reverie came to an end. She looked over at a table that the Ramen were sitting at. They did not come in a group all the time like the Giants. They were short of stature like the Haruchai. They were quite but their faces did show emotion and their voices had inflections. They kept to them themselves she had heard. They spent most of their time caring for the Ranyhyn and with the great horses settled the Ramen were also tending the multitude of horses currently housed in Winterfell proper or in corrals setup outside on the gassy plains surrounding the old castle.

The Haruchai kept their hair short no matter the sex though the women wore it down to the bottom of their ears while the men had close cropped crew cuts. The Ramen men had hair about as long the Haruchai women. The female Cord had hair to her shoulders. Her Manethrall, Shapa, had long brunette hair that came to the middle of her back when she had pulled her garrote out her hair. She tied it back up into her hair twisting and weaving it to put her hair up.

Sansa had been told that as the “Cord” approached their ascension to a Manethrall they let their hair grow out so they could weave their cord and healing flowers in their long tresses.

The Manethrall had yellow dried flowers in her hair. When Margaery had asked her two days ago what the flowers were she had been told they were Amanibhavam. The flowers were too powerful for human consumption. They brought insanity to man but gave healing to the Ranyhyn. Only the Manethrall with their extensive study could safely administer the powerful drug locked in the dried flower petals.

Sansa had looked at the Manethrall as they talked and wondered what weapon they used in combat. She had heard the tales of them coming to the Ranyhyns’ aid against large wolves that had waged war on the Ranyhyn. She knew the Giants fought with swords and the Haruchai with their fist and feet. Sansa asked the Ramen how they fought. The Manethrall nodded to Trami.

He had stepped away from Sansa in the hall. In a deft motion he unbound the cord tied around his waist. He ripped the cord he had tied around his wrist in two loops of the rough hemp rope. He started his wrist rotating and the long cord started to circle in a whirring blur. Suddenly, he snapped his wrist and the cord which had fists knotted into the rope whiplashed like a bullwhip. The rope snapped a foot off to each side of Margaery’s head. He then pivoted and ran down the hall and jumped in the air. He twisted his body and made a loop of his cord and snapped it shut with a quick flick of his wrists.

“That would have snapped the neck of a Kresh and any human.”
“Kresh?”

“They are similar to your Direwolves though only about up to our shoulders and not over our heads like your Direwolves. The Kresh have yellow fur and yellow eyes. They are filled with ancient hate and hunger from the time of Lord Foul. They long to rend the flesh of the Ranyhyn as they roam the plains of Ra. We will ensure that will never happen!”

Sansa saw that the great horses of the Plains of Ra brought out the passion in these quiet people. These people were filled with fiery passion that they allowed to bleed through at times. She noticed that where the Haruchai were dark brown and black hair by birth the Ramen seemed to have brown and almost dirty blonde hair. Their skin was more pale but was dark brown because of their time in the sun. The Ranyhyn were in the sun and, thus, so were the Ramen.

Sansa was brought out of her reflections seeing her sister walking into the feast hall. On her shoulders was Kiserrri looking around like she was Queen of the world. The child spotted Sansa and waved great big. Sansa felt her heart go pitter-patter looking at the sweet little tyke. Arya spotted her and walked over with her new daughter running her fingers through her Arya’s brown hair that she had pulled straight back like her father kept her hair. She thought the look looked good on Arya.

She sat down across from Sansa.

“Auntie Sansa!” Kiserrri cried out and held her hands out. Sansa laughed taking her niece and pulling Kiserrri onto her lap as the girl snuggled and laughed. They talked about the current events. Their conversation turned to their mother. It was time for her to deliver. It was past time actually. Maester Luwin was worried that the birth had not happened yet. Maester Luwin thought the birth was still several days off. Still their mother looked so much better than she had when Arya had arrived. Margaery had bowed out of the meetings to be available for Catelyn when their mother went into labor.

Two Giants came up to the table. Kiserrri quickly held out her hands for Arya and the young Stark took the girl back from Sansa. Sansa was not upset. The girl wanted her mommy. Kiserrri hid pressed into Arya looking up at the Giants from Arya’s neck. The little Dothraki girl looking up at the Giants with big eyes of wonder and a dose of fright.

“We are Oakentree Harborchannel and Crestdancer Shipsprov. We hear you are the Queen’s Bloodrider and a most fierce warrior.” The Giant women spoke in fluent Dothraki.

The little girl lost some of her fear and nodded her head ‘yes’.

“We have heard you are armed. Can we see your fearsome dagger?”

The little Dothraki girl shyly pulled out her blade only fumbling it slightly.

Crestdancer whistled. “It is a deadly weapon. We tremble before it” The Giants acted fearful of Kiserrri. “Will you grant us permission to remain in Winterfell?”

Kiserrri made a show of considering her options and then “Yes. I will allow you to stay.” Sansa then saw the little girl’s face fill with a calculating look. “Can you make me a butterfly?” Sansa smiled having had heard Arya tell her that story.

The Giants looked at each other wondering what the girl meant.

Arya pipped up and explained to the Giants how to make Kiserrri a butterfly. They laughed gaily and Oakentree held down her hands. The little girl marveled at the shovel size of the Giant’s hands. Kiserrri looked at Arya and she gave the child a reassuring smile. The girl held up her little arms and...
the Giant gently picked up the girl and held her facing away from her body.

Kiserri giggled and whooped when she was lifted over fifteen feet up into the air. All around the feast hall the Giants carried the extremely happy child. They took turns lifting up Kiserri and swaying her body like a butterfly in flight. The Giants walked back to the tables where their countrywomen sat. They handed the squealing little girl among them letting her be a butterfly flying high in the air and spun her around slowly as she chirped and beamed. The Giants gently hefted the girl up throwing her up a foot and their large hands totally enfolding the laughing girl protecting her as she wildly whooped she was flying. Kiserri flapped her little arms energetically.

Sansa looked at Arya who had a sufficed smile on her face looking at the little girl asking for apples slices to be handed up to her as she flew around her little arms flapping and now her right hand pushing apple slices into her mouth that she chomped on and swallowed with big gulps.

“How does it feel to be a mother? You move fast Arya. Hell, Margaery has been fucking me for months and Margaery has not knocked me up yet.”

Arya blushed profusely. She then gaped at her former prudish and staid sister. “What happen to my conservative and prime proper sister? You never talked like this before!”

“Margaery came into my life. I am learning to be free about sex Arya. It is a wonderful thing. One should enjoy it fully.”

Arya looked at her sister as her blush faded. She smiled at her and Sansa felt a love for Arya growing. They were finally putting the rancor of their past behind them.

“I love her with all my heart Sansa. It is a little shocking to be a mother on the same day you finally consummate your love with the woman you have loved for six years.”

Sansa laughed and Arya joined in.

They discussed how cute Kiserri was and how precious the little Dothraki was. The little girl was so sweet and loving.

Twice Arya had come to her and Margaery during the day and asked them to play with and occupy Kiserri for a few hours. Sansa had smirked at Arya who blushed a little. Sansa then cocked an eyebrow and Arya blushed more. It was so nice now that she was the more liberated one. Arya was still so fresh and innocent when it came to sex. Sansa fully understood that the Queen and Arya needed some alone time. They needed to cement their love with great lovemaking. She felt closer to Margaery after they had fucked themselves to exhaustion.

They had been happy to bond with their new niece. The girl was a little blossom of light and laughter. She was easily entertained and happy to be around her new aunts. The girl just ate up affection and was so well mannered. It was obvious that Dany was a great mother and Sansa knew that Arya already loved the little girl dearly and would be a great mommy too.

Dany and Margaery were meeting with Eddard and his war council. Margaery had been missing meetings being ready to be there with her second mother when her water broke and the birth of her child began. Sansa wanted her future wife to keep abreast of events so she had a maid ready to run to her and then she would run to the war council meeting and have Margaery and herself go to her mother. They would be there for Sansa’s mother when it was time for Catelyn Stark to give birth to her child.

“I have wanted to ask since you returned but wanted it to be just us. How did Margaery’s technique
work on the Queen Arya? Did it work as advertised? How hard did she cum in your mouth?"

“Sansa!”

“What?!” Sansa asked in a false innocent voice looking equally innocent.

“I just can’t— … well—uh”

“You can’t believe I talk so dirty and act like a fucking slut?”

“Sansa!” Arya gasped “why do you put yourself down like that!”

“I’m not Arya. Margaery is teaching me that it is man’s world trying to keep us under their thumb to think ourselves dirty when we love sex; especially the love of our own sex. Our father is such an exception. Most men are intimidated by our power and sexuality. They try and make us feel guilty for loving sex. I am not guilty anymore. I love sex and want all of it can get from Margaery and when we get to King’s Landing her hens.”

“Hens?”

Sansa explained to Arya Margaery’s brood of cousins and close family friends she had been fucking for years. Sansa made it clear so that Arya understood the incestuous nature of the ‘hen’s lovemaking.

Arya just gaped at her for a minute. “It won’t bother you sharing Margaery with her cousins. I could never share Dany with anyone. No one!” she declared hotly.

Sansa reached over and gripped Arya’s hand. “That is good for you and your Queen. It is obvious that you two will only ever sleep with each other. Only Dany will be your Dragon Queen and only you can be her Direwolf. I love Margaery with all my heart and I know she would give up her cousins if I demanded it but I find I don’t want too. It just feels right in my soul to love them too. I can and I will.

“Wow. You have become quite liberated in regards to love and sex … wow. I am happy for you Sansa. I was so sure you would get married to some prince and have a brood of babies and be miserable.”

Sansa looked within herself and shivered at what could have been. “Thank the gods Margaery came into my life. Otherwise I would have fallen not into a fairytale but a nightmare. Men are so banal. No one is as good as our father or the man Robb will become. She saved me from a life of rue and despair. I was a lesbian and had no idea. I have been liberated and I have Margaery to thank for that.”

Sansa paused and looked at her sister “You were way ahead of me there sister.”

Arya smiled at her again. Sansa was so happy that she and her sister could share their intimate selves now that they had become adults.

“So tell me! How did Margaery’s advice work?!”

Arya looked at Sansa and her shy smile turned radiant. “Ohhh Sansa! Gods, she cummed so hard. Having Margaery’s advice gave me the confidence I needed when first making love to her. I was so green! Our lovemaking started a little rough. Dany took the lead and made love to me and took me to the heavens. Then she guided me to take her. Once I calmed down and got my confidence I rocked her world Sansa. Margaery’s advice centered me. I need to thank her so much. Please tell
her! I so loved sucking Dany off and feeling my tongue working her clit with all those techniques she taught me. Gods I love the feel of her clit underneath my tongue and how her clit and hood squirted around in my mouth as I deep throat sucked it. She filled my mouth with her sweet cum as she screamed.”

Arya had a dreamy look on her face.

“Tell me what you did last night. I love hearing about fucking. Will you share?”

Arya hesitated.

“Its hot Arya. Talking about sex lets you relive it and makes you and I both hot for our wives. Margaery is always telling me about the hot sex she had with her hens. I fuck the hell out of her when she gets me so hot for it.” Sansa paused. Gods she couldn’t wait to get her mouth and fingers on Margaery’s cousins!

Arya looked around and saw no one was listening and leaned in with a big smile on her face. “After Kiserri went to sleep we put her in the bed across the hall. Aggo was her Bloodrider for the night. We hurried back to my room. We sucked each other off again and again. Gods Margaery she cums so hard filling my mouth to overflowing with her hot cum. She tasteeessss so good!”

“Then I scooted off the bed. I got on my knees and pulled her to the edge of the bed and put her legs on my shoulders. I hooked my fingers into her seam and pulled it slowly open. Gods it was so fucking beautiful Sansa. Her cunt was so red and wet. I watched her inner folds clutch and her fuck hole open and close as she breathed and her stomach flexed. I buried my face in her cunt and started to tongue fuck her sweet wet pussy. I hammered my head to pound my tongue in and out her pussy. Her pussy was so wet and it slurped as I fucked it.”

Sansa’s eyes went glassy listening to the sweet details from her sister going down on the Queen. Margaery was so right. Listening to great sex described was totally hot and rad!

“I would bury my face in her muff and suck in her inner twat meat and munch on it as I slobbered on sweet red cunt meat. I loved feeling her wet pussy in my mouth. I sucked with all my strength my cheeks hollowing out. I went back to tongue fucking her until she screamed and screamed. Her hands tore at the sheets and her thighs clamped so hard on my ears and squeezed so long as I watched her body go so rigid. She would buck and flip grinding her hot wet cunt into my sucking mouth.”

“Sansa, Dany’s spams would last so long. She would relax for a few heartbeats and then more spasms ripped through Dany’s body and she would go rigid and spasm again and again. I loved how her thighs squeezed my head. She used that grip as a fulcrum to lift her ass rise off the bed grind her exploding cunt in my mouth. The way it rocked my head back. Gods I love her cumming so hard in my mouth” Arya spoke in a dreamy voice.

“I know Arya. Last night I was going down on Margaery and she was near orgasm. I wormed two fingers up her hot tight wet shithole.” Sansa loved how Arya’s eyes bulged at that fact. “We both love it up the ass Arya. I slammed my fingers up into Margaery’s asshole with hard vicious strokes of my forearm. Gods I love the feel of her shithole clamping down on my fingers as I squire her butthole.”

Now Sansa had the dreamy eyes “Gods I loved how she clawed her fingers into my scalp and she had her legs spread out and her feet jammed into the mattress. When she cummed she rammed my face so deep into her exploding snatch and her feet surged her hips up off the bed ramming her pussy deep into my mouth. Her cum overflowed my mouth.”
“I loved the feel of her asshole gripping my plunging fingers as she orgasmed. It feels so hot feeling her shithole spasm and suck on my pumping fingers.”

“Wow Sansa” Arya gasped. “You have developed quite the potty mouth … shithole? Why do you use such dirty words? You make sex sound so base.”

“No Arya. It make sex sound nasty and hot. Again that is man’s world trying to crush our natural desires. They want us to control ourselves and submit to them by being demure and suppressing our natural desires to want to cum hot, wet and hard. They want us to be the pure angel in the proverbial kitchen and whore in the bedroom. They want us to be their slaves and cater to them. We are to be pure as they fuck around. They want us to act dirty but only as much as they allow. Fuck them! I like talking nasty Arya. It makes both Margaery and myself hot for it. Saying ‘shithole’ excites me Arya. It will excite you my little sister. Once you let yourself be free you will never go back.

Sansa saw her sister considering her words. Arya was a rebel. She would soon be talking like a drunken sailor on leave when fucking Dany. She needed to make sure that Arya progressed in other ways.

“You need to start doing anal Arya. I cum so hard when Margaery fucks me up the ass with her strap-on cock or rams her fist so hard and deep up my ass Arya.” Sansa smiled seeing Arya with a glazed look in her eyes.

Arya sighed “I will let Dany guide us to when we do anal. I trust her completely. I do want to be fucked up the ass Sansa. I warged into Nymeria and through her I have seen het couples doing it and the lesbian couples with strap-ons fucking each other up the ass. They cum so hard! Still. I will let Dany control that. She wants us to enjoy fucking ‘straight lesbo’ first.”

Arya sighed again this time in total happiness. “I love it when her cum runs down my cheeks, throat and runs down to soak my breasts.”

“Does the Queen love your little titties Arya?” Sansa knew the Queen did but wanted to get Arya to say it. Her sister had the hottest unique nipples. She was really lucky.

Arya got a dreamy look again. “Three nights ago she spent almost a candle sucking on my nipples. She just loves them and can’t get enough of them. She calls them her “sweet plums”. She sucked so hard on them I thought she might suck them down her throat! She hooks her lips underneath the rim of my areolas and anchors her mouth to suck so hard! I love how her cheeks hollow out as she sucks so voraciously on my nipples. I can feel her stretching them taunt in her mouth. Her tongue like a gig batting and slapping my nipples all over. It is so heavenly Sansa” Arya said in a dreamy voice her eyes unfocused.

“She reached down and just flicked my clit and I exploded and exploded. My tits throbbed so fucking hard and felt full of fire. I don’t how to describe the pleasure it is so intense. She made me feel so good Sansa. She makes me proud of my breast.”

“I know what you mean.”

Arya looked at her confused. Sansa told her how she had always felt ashamed of her cone shaped breast and how her nipples were so puffy and capped over her breast. How Margaery had made her feel like the most sexy woman in the world and how she now loved her own breast. She squeezed Arya’s hand. “You have great tits little sister.”

Arya beamed.
“Tell me more.”

Arya’s eyes lidded like the slut she was quickly becoming with her Queen’s tutelage. “When Dany recovered from my suck off she got us up on the bed. She positioned our bodies so we could scissor fuck with me for the first time. Gods that is so fucking hot Sansa. I loved hugging her leg to my body and using it to hold me down as I humped her pussy hard and fast feeling our pussy lips rolled and stretched and our clits ramming into each other. Our twats were so sloppy wet that our pussies just slipped and slide so easily against each other.”

“I loved feeling our cunts soaking the other’s quim in hot pussy juice. The shock of our groins colliding and grinding against each other was pure heaven Sansa” Arya spoke in a soft husk. “Dany was working her hips like a bucking horse. Gods Sansa … she screamed so hard again and again as her body flipped and jackknifed so wildly. I kept ramming my cunt into hers prolonging her orgasm as she shrieked she loved me … gods that was so hot …”

“How did you get off?”

“As she twitched and jerked with aftershocks I pulled away and straddled her face and shoved my cunt down onto Dany’s face … she likes it hard Sansa. When I first started riding her face I was afraid to ride my pussy hard on her face. I was afraid I would hurt her or turn her off humping like a whore in heat.” Arya smiled. “That was most definitely not the case! She kept urging and then commanding me in a false regal voice to ‘ride my fucking face hard godsdamnit!’ I rode my pussy hard up and down her face. She snuffled so obscenely and sucked on my clit so hard and then tongue fucked my cunt hole so deep with her long tongue. She slapped my ass hard making me fuck harder into her mouth … Sansa—the pain felt so good.”

“That is a good thing Arya. The right pain adds so much to sex. Margaery loves for me to spank her really hard and slap her face and tits savagely. I pull her hair so hard stretching her neck taunt. I pull her around my room by her hair as she weeps and pleads. She actually has me punch her in the stomach. I have thrown her into the furniture and doors to my closets. She really loves physical abuse. She keeps wanting to play games where I ‘rape’ her and take her as my worthless slut. She is into it big time Arya.”

“I asked her to do that to me. She hesitated saying not everyone likes it and that I did not have to do it just because she craved the pain and humiliation. I told her I wanted to experience what she was experiencing. She told me all the hens love to be dominated and fucked hard by Margaery and the Septa Nysterica. She kept telling me that rough sex was not for everyone. I did not have to do it just because she craved it so.”

“What happened?”

“I talked her into it.”

“Annndddd?” Arya was sure she knew the answer. She secretly craved that kind of rough sex and thought it ran in the family hearing and seeing Sansa’s flushed face.

“I love it Arya. The pain goes straight to my clit and nipples. It is strange to say but I crave the humiliation with Margaery. It makes me feel powerful to give my body so totally. Pain can be such a powerful aphrodisiac. It is a nice spice to use from time to time. I love it and want more and more of it.”

“Yes you’re right. Dany gets off on it when I fuck her hard. When I was riding her face I whined and gripped her forehead and rode her face harder and harder as she smacked my ass so hard. She blistered my ass and then brought her hands up and cupped my tits and pulped my nipples pounding
them into my chest. The pain was so fucking gooooodddd! I loved it! I threw my head back and screamed and screamed as convulsions tore my cunt apart. I felt my cum gushing out my cunt and filling her mouth. Gods it was so hot seeing my juices overflow her mouth and flood down her cheeks and throat. She had one hand on my ass now helping me hump her face and her other hand’s fingers rolled and squirted my clit out its sheath and squeezed it so hard. The sharp pain was so fucking good! I had a second orgasm overtop the first. I screamed my voice hoarse.”

“Oh Sansa. Sex is so good with her.”

“That is exactly how I feel when I fuck Margaery. Our lovemaking is simply divine.”

“Sansa, she kept sucking so hard on my cunt and now she was rubbing my clit furiously—my cunt exploded again in Dany’s mouth as I screamed and shrieked. I was sure my womb was going to tear out my belly as spasms hit me so hard. I flipped and bucked up and down driving my wet cunny so hard down on Dany’s hard sucking mouth. She sucked my cunt so deep into her mouth.”

“I love how Dany wants me to ride her face so hard when I sit on her face. I don’t always ride her face hard but when I do I don’t hesitate now. Gods the variations are so fucking rad!” Arya gushed in her enthusiasm.

“Its heaven Sansa—it’s pure heaven making love to a woman.”

“Amen Arya. I feel that every time I make love to Margaery. I feel it every time I bury my tongue or fingers in her wet twat.”

“Hearing you tell me of the rough sex play between you and Margaery makes me want that too. I want to experience Dany fucking me over. I want to do that to her. She is hinting that she is ‘tough’ and likes her sex ‘hard’. She keeps telling me she wants to be ‘ridden hard and hung up wet’. I have heard the maids talking and know what that means. I warg into Nymeria and she spies on them as they play with their toys and implements of pain. Dany wants me to slap her face, tits and ass. She wants me to pull her hair and whip her with a riding crop, flogger, whip or cane her ass, tits, belly, back, ribs and feet.”

“She has told me of these desires. She is letting me know what she craves. I feel she is waiting till after the campaign against the Ice King to explore anal sex and BDSM with me. I know she is wanting to show me the soft side of lovemaking before she shows me the harder edge to hot lovemaking.” Arya paused and took a breathy breath. “I can’t wait!”

Sansa smiled and told her sister that she would die from it when she and Dany finally explored anal sex and sadomasochism. Arya was truly eager to explore these aspects of lesbian sex which Sansa was very happy to hear. It seemed both sisters shared a very kinky streak in their personalities that had been hiding waiting to coaxed out by their lovers.

They talked for another fifteen minutes about fucking their mates. Arya was impressed when she found out how hard Sansa was fucked by Margaery at times. Arya was excited to know that her sister and Margaery partook in the sex she hoped to share with Dany. She kept asking for more information on the rough sex.

“You really like the pain? I mean spanking is one thing but …”

“Yes. I crave it when it is a woman abusing me. Knowing I can be safe with them and I know they will only give me what I want and need. Margaery knows how to give me the pain and humiliation I crave. She craves it too Arya. I am not surprised to hear that Daenerys Targaryen has within her breast the desires to be fucked hard and ‘roughed’ up by her lover. She is a switch like me Arya.
She wants to give and take abuse. She definitely wants to be dominated. Many people in power seem to crave being dominated. I hope you explore that dynamic if and when she offers it to you Arya. It is a sign of trust and love to fully submit to your woman.”

She saw Arya avidly turning it over in her mind. A smile on her face. Good. Let the seeds germinate. Arya wanted to. Sansa knew what kind of woman the Queen was. She would be offering herself to Arya to be taken in sadistic sex in the not too distant future. It was clear to Margaery and Sansa that Dany was a pain slut and longed to have Arya totally dominate and humiliate her in the privacy of their bedroom.

Sansa knew that Arya had her own desires to be the bottom and have sweet BDSM visited upon her own body. Arya had within her own breast the same desires as her older slutty sister. Both Stark sisters had the very strong desire to be topped and topped hard.

The giants brought Kiserri back to Arya. As they had discussed fucking their mates they would glimpse to see what Kiserri was up too. They had been a little shocked at what they saw. The Haruchai had joined in letting Kiserri be a butterfly. The stoic people lifting Kiserri high and swinging her gently as she squealed. Five of them had lined up and swung the laughing and clapping girl from Haruchai to Haruchai. The stoic people were totally focused on their butterfly chain making sure the child was safe. Around and around they passed the squealing happy child. They had then handed the girl back to the Giants and sat back down as one resuming their meal as if nothing had happened.

Arya took the excited and happy girl back from Crestdancer Shipsprow. She took the excited girl and got up to take her to the nursery the castle had for the young children of the staff. Arya wanted Kiserri to play with kids her age to learn how to interact with them and more importantly have fun.

Arya paused then and wagged her eyebrows. “Plus, it will wear her out and make her sooooo sleepy. We have discovered she is a very sound sleeper.” Then she leaned her mouth close to Sansa’s ear and whispered “We have the whole night to fuck!”

Sansa smiled. She and her sister had come a long way.

Sansa watched her sister leave with her knew daughter. Sansa went up to Crestdancer and asked her politely how it was she could speak Dothraki so fluently. The Giant laughed. She told Sansa that it was a gift from the Elohim the faery people who were the Weird of the Earth. Sansa left the Giant still now exactly sure of this gift and how the Giants came to have it.

The tall redhead had left the hall and went to the curtain wall and looked out over the fields to the South of the castle. She smiled at what she saw. Down below four of the Haruchai were throwing a large exercise ball around that was filled with sand. It was a heavy ball she knew having played with them a few times until she had discovered just how heavy they were. Knights used it to build up strength lifting them and throwing them between them.

The Haruchai definitely didn’t have to worry about staying fit. She had seen enough that these small people who were the most fit people she had ever seen. They had annihilated all their opponents except for the most skilled swordsman like her father and Stannis and of course her sister and their Queen. Oberyn and his spear had been able to survive without too much damage inflicted on his person and gave out a few good strikes himself.

No, the Haruchai were throwing the ball around for another reason. Long angry howls filled the grasslands. Nymeria and Shaggydog were running after the ball as it was thrown fast between the Haruchai. The taciturn men and women would throw the ball on the grass and kick the ball between them. How they had the strength to do that Sansa had no idea. How they did not break the bones in
their bare feet with the strong kicks to the hard ball was a mystery to the tall redhead.

The Direwolves bounding after the ball that was always just out of reach. The balls snatched back up by Haruchai before the wolves could get the ball and make it their own. The wolves going insane with rage at being bested every time. Shaggydog and Nymeria snapping at each other savagely slaver flinging. It seemed to Sansa the Direwolves were blaming each other for their inability to get the ball.

Then the wolves would remember they were not supposed to be fighting each other and would be back after the Haruchai howling and snapping at their tormentors. The Haruchai would throw the ball to another just before one or both of the wolves got to them. Sometimes they would run with the ball and they were faster than the Direwolves which pissed them off making them bark and snarl.

Then they would throw it to another compatriot. The wolves were now trying to tackle the Haruchai and press them to the ground but the Haruchai stepped aside or threw the wolves over their hips and ran off with pissed off Direwolves giving chase snapping at their heels.

All were having a great time.

She saw walking down the walkway to the two witches who were wives of her brother Jon. They stood gazing out over the land beyond Winterfell. She was so happy for her Jon. She was still angry with herself for not supporting her brother and the way her mother had treated him. Now that Catelyn knew his true lineage Sansa’s mother felt so bad and hoped to make amends to Jon.

The witches had disappeared deep into the acreage of the Godswood when they had first arrived. To the right of the Godswood was a wattle of birch and aspen trees with thick brambles but they were not the true Godwood. They did double the acreage of wild growth though and made for a separate world if you wanted to get away from the world of man for a while. You could feel the border between the Godwood and the thicket on its border. It was almost like a knife’s edge the delineation was so sharp between Godswood and regular wood.

The serenity and deep brooding nature of the Weirtree and its influence on its environs was intense. The center of the Godwood was thick with brambles, vines and shrubs with big oaks and tall pines, firs, spruces and hemlocks. The shrubs grown to a height over Sansa’s head with many woven thick with vines and swaths of various berries so delicious in the fall.

She and Margaery had many times gone to the Godswood to commune spiritually. In her youth Sansa had always gravitated to the gods of her mother but as she had matured she more and more felt the connection to the gods of the north. The old gods seemed more in tune with nature and the inner human spirit. Sansa and Margaery felt more at peace underneath the Weirwood than in ostentatious edifices raised for the seven faced god.

An evil glint came to Sansa’s eyes. There were other reasons to go to the Godwood. There were certain areas where the hot water from the underground springs were near the surface within the Godwood. These areas before the wild growth. The hot areas near the pool by the Weirwood tree. Many had discovered these areas. The places a secret rendezvous for lovers. She and Margaery had fucked their several times. The sex mind blowing doing it there in the Godwood. The woods were always warmer than the air outside the groove and the hot water underneath the ground only made those areas warmer.

She couldn’t wait to fuck there again with Margaery.

Of late the two had gone to commune with the Weirwood of course but also to snoop on the witches they had to admit to themselves. They had walked to the edges of the wild growth. The area around
the Weirwood on the side that faced the Great Keep was sparsely covered with vegetation compared to the wild area and the path that led out to the castle was more like a path in the woodlands that abounded outside the walls of Winterfell. The stand of the trees that rimmed the Godswod was to the north and west side of the Godswod.

Not so the heart of the Godswod that was to the east and south of the Weirwood tree. Here the growth was luxuriant and intertwined. Sansa and her lover knew that the witches had gone into that tangled wood but could not see how. They walked along the marge of the wild growth but saw no path into the growth. There were narrow and low to the ground animal tracks but no human could have used them.

The two walked along the edge bending over looking for a way in. They found none. The two were frustrated in finding no way in. They wanted to see where the witches were camping but they could find no way in. They had to give up. Being witches obviously gave them means to get through the wall of out of control growth. They left hand in hand.

Now the witches approached Sansa from down the curtain wall. They walked hand in hand. For some reason the fact that the witches were lesbians who happened to love Jon made Sansa happy. Her memories of Jon were of a teenager and young man who had many feminine qualities. Some might find that a weakness but Sansa knew they were a strength. Like her father and Robb, Jon had seemed to be free of the defect that most men seemed to have. An overweening male ego. It was really a major turn off to see men strutting and preening when they had no reason too. It made them look stupid and vain.

Sansa knew Jon had made a great husband to the two witches.

She had seen them twice before as they made a few circuits around the grounds and had meals in the feast hall. The tall one was quiet and the short one talkative. The touched by the sun short woman was nothing if not outgoing. She was most talkative. She always had something to say it seemed. She was always boasting with Melisandre rolling her eyes good naturedly.

Sansa liked them immensely. They exuded an air of calmness and goodness. They came to stand beside Sansa. Melisandre lifted up Ygritte on a stepping stone so she could easily look over the outer castle wall. The way she had done it just bespoke such great love. Ygritte immediately started to laugh and whoop seeing the frustrated Direwolves being frustrated even more. They were definitely not use to being on the short end of the situation. Shaggydog was howling furiously and Nymeria seemed to be throwing a fit spinning and snapping at the air and her own tail in frustration.

The Haruchai had to feel superior but they looked becalmed and like of course they were winning. It was the order of things for these warriors who only fought with their bare feet and hands.

Sansa made small talk with the witches. She had learned that their god of R’hllor had guided them to be here. To delay their return to their husband.

Sansa watched Melisandre start to rub her wife’s butt sensually and Ygritte wiggling her butt back into the caresses. She moaned softly.

Sansa smiled. She was really getting to love seeing women loving women.

Sansa was becoming more and more confident but not yet around women she did not know well.

“Ummmmm … can I ask you two a question?”

“Yes” Melisandre hummed still rubbing her wife’s rump.”
“What is it like being married to man when you both are clearly lesbians?”

Ygritte turned to look at Sansa and smirked “You know nothing Sansa. Jon is a woman trapped in a man’s body. Mind you he is all man but he must have been a woman in his previous incarnations.”

“Yes. Jon was always a gentle and giving soul growing up.” Sansa smiled with her memories of Jon from her growing up years. Jon was so good and gentle.

“Yes he is. He gives us plenty let me tell you” Ygritte smirked at Sansa. “He is a natural pussy gobbler and sucks us off so fucking good. But he can also bone. We both love feeling him cum deep in our bellies filling our pussies and assholes with his pearly seed. We love to lap out his cum from our slack pussies and assholes.”

Sansa felt herself blush. She did not blanch like she would have only months ago. She was happy that Jon and his wives enjoyed each other bodies so intimately and with obvious great joy. She might be a lesbian but she had no problem with women being bisexual or even heterosexual though for the life of her she could not understand how a woman could not crave other women more than men. Men were banal and boring … well … except her father and brothers.

“He is the only man we could be attracted too …” there was pause “and your father … Jon is a mirror image of your father.”

Sansa had to agree. They all watched the Direwolves barking furiously at the Haruchai who held their balls on their heads out of reach.

The wolves now stormed back to the castle howling in disgust. But that had only been after they got their revenge in some small way. The three women had watched the Direwolves marking the grass with long streams of urine and scratching up a storm of grass blades and dirt. The Haruchai stood stoically letting the Direwolves coat their bodies with dirt and grass. The pissed off wolves gave one last round of angry barks and walked back into the gate. The wolves’ tails held high as if they had been the victors and not the total losers.

The Haruchai had only raised an eyebrow.

The witches moved off holding hands and now Ygritte was pressed into Melisandre and looking up at her wife with eyes glittering with pure love.

As they left she saw her love coming up the wall from the opposite way. The meeting was over. Margaery came up to her swaying her hips. She knew she was hot. They had fucked heatedly last night for hours and yet Sansa felt her body tingling looking at her love walk up to her. She longed to make love to her woman again. Her mouth salivating with the desire to suck her woman off and ram her tongue deep up Margaery’s hot wet pussy and tight asshole.

When she reached Sansa, she roughly enfolded Margaery into her arms and pressed her ripe body against hers. Margaery mewled loving to be controlled. She looked up at her lover with limpid eyes. Sansa jammed Margaery into her body feeling her slut whimper and look up at her with fuck me eyes.

Sansa lowered her head and claimed her wife’s mouth. Their lips melded and sucked on each other’s full lips before Sansa’s tongue aggressively brushed Margaery’s teeth. The Tyrell opened her mouth wide and groaned so loudly like a Lysian whore. She melted into Sansa as she felt the Stark’s long tongue wetly wrestle her tongue and then spear down her throat again and again. Margaery convulsed in want and her eyes rolled back into her skull. Her body sagging into Sansa’s her knees gone weak.
Sansa opened her eyes a slit to see Margaery swooning her eyelids bulging showing her rolling eyes in her skull. She roughly massaged her slut’s ass her fingers digging into the taunt moons. Sansa jerked Margaery’s pussy into her leg. She loved being in Winterfell where she was free to show her love for her woman. She was sure that she would have the same freedom in King’s Landing with Dany as the Queen.

She broke the kiss and Margaery sagged harder into her and wrapped her arms around Sansa burying her face in her tall love’s bosom. “I want you Sansa.”

“Soon my love. I am going to suck you off so good and then pound your pussy and asshole with my fingers and then my strap-on cock.”

“Mmmnnnggggg!” Margaery whinnied in raw slut need.

Gods Sansa loved her wife.

They stood toe to toe kissing and snuggling.

They heard an “ahem”.

They turned and started seeing their Queen beside them. She was smiling great big.

She joined them and they talked of the coming battle at the Wall and then about the day to day life of Winterfell. Dany confessed she was anxious to marry Arya and become part of the North.

That made Sansa’s heart beat harder in her chest. Life was so good for the Starks.

Sansa was feeling very naughty and the Queen was such an open loving person. She felt safe in asking her next question.

“Dany can ask you a personal question?”

The Queen smiled an evil smile. “I accept all challenges. Fire away Sansa.”

“When Arya sucked you off the first time did you die from it? That was Margaery’s gift to you teaching Arya how to do the Tyrell butterfly kiss.”

Dany burst out laughing. She shook her head smiling.

“I owe you big time Margaery. That is a fucking fantastic technique. I am a fast learner though. Last two nights I have had to chase Arya all across the bed as I “butterfly kissed” her pussy—she died from it as I did and do.”

“Margaery can I ask you a question?”

The Tyrell nodded her head yes with lidded eyes. Margaery knew she would like the question.

“Is Sansa a depraved slut in bed? Does she like it up the ass? I am bringing Arya along slowly but I am hoping she loves anal sex as much as I. I can’t but wonder and hope that Sansa is an anal whore?”

“She dies from it Dany. She screams and punches the bed as I pound anal ‘gasms out her tight ass.”

“Does she do A2P and ATM?”

“She can’t get enough.”
“Good. If the elder sister craves it the younger should too. You agree Sansa?”

Sansa could not help blushing having her lover and the Queen talking like she was not even there. She loved the humiliation. In fact her pussy was getting wet even now. She loved it up the ass but so did Margaery. Every bit as much if not more Sansa thought snidely. Sansa was definitely getting in the mood for some hard give and take anal sex tonight.

She was going to pound Margaery hard tonight for this. The smile on Margaery’s face told her that was exactly what she was hoping for.

She looked at the Queen. “You will be most satisfied with Arya’s hunger I assure your my liege. She and I are both Direwolves. As Margaery awakened my inner slut I am sure you have awakened Arya’s. But my Queen.” That got the Queen’s attention. “We expect and demand that we mount and take our mates hot tight assholes as well. Are you up for that my Queen. Are you ready to have Arya pound your ass and then thrust her cock deep into your pussy straight from your asshole? For her to feed you her cock soaked in your ass juice. Again and again.”

She smiled. Dany’s breathing had become erratic and eyes gone glassy. Yes. The sisters had sweet sluts for wives. Life was indeed good.
Margaery

Margaery was walking a little gingerly this morning. Sansa had truly been in Direwolf mode last night. The Tyrell smiled and then grimaced. Her booty had definitely been ravaged. Just like how she liked it! The conversation with Dany had put the heat in Sansa. She had nearly ripped the clothes off the Rose of House Tyrell. Sansa then threw Margaery onto the bed. First, Sansa had sucked her off several times to satisfy her need for hot pussy. Sansa’s gulps so obscene and hot.

That had only been the opening overture last night.

Sansa had mounted Margaery again and again last night. Margaery body felt worn out and ached but it was the good ache of a well fucked woman. A woman fucked expertly by her wife. Margaery shivered. Sansa boned better than all but the best cocksmen. She had worn Margaery out last night.

Sansa had quickly mastered the techniques of using a strap-on. It was all in the hips. Add in a little imagination and you had a hot cocksmen ravaging your fuck holes so sweetly. Margaery had been pleasantly surprised how quickly Sansa took her instructions from Margaery. She had fucked Margaery first standing beside the bed slamming her cock up Margaery’s cunt lunging her hips forward and up to fully bury her thick long shaft deep into Margaery’s sloppy wet quim.

Sansa had hooked Margaery’s left leg behind the knee jerking it up to open up Margaery’s cunt for the shaft slamming up deep into her belly. Margaery loved being fucked ballerina. Sansa so strong as she held Margaery to her body. Then she placed Margaery against the wall and lunged her prick savagely up into her drooling fuck hole. Her hands on Margaery’s hips to keep her in place for her plunging cock up into Margaery’s spasming belly. Sansa had kissed her heatedly and mauled her tits with hard squeezes.

With the end fuck, Sansa had mashed Margaery up against the wall and hammered fucked her spasmning drooling clamshell with vicious up lunges of her thick strap-on cock. Margaery had cummed hard screaming and convulsing her body slapping into Sansa’s body and then into the wall back and forth. The strong tall redhead easily controlled the smaller woman she was fucking to the heavens.

Sansa had been so filled with fuck hunger last night. She had thrown Margaery onto the bed like a cheap whore exciting Margaery even more. It made her cunt even wetter if that was possible. Sansa’s hunger to fuck the hell out of Margaery running hot in her veins. Sansa had Margaery’s heels on her shoulders her arms looped around Sansa’s legs holding her in place. Margaery was totally in Sansa’s control and the Tyrell loved it. The feel of Sansa’s dick slamming home balls deep into her tight cunny. Sansa arched her back slamming her cock home and Margaery’s body began to buck and spasm and she screamed as she had a ferocious orgasm.

Margaery shivered remembering the ecstasy she felt as her tits whiplashed on her chest up and back
as Sansa slammed fucked her to heaven and back. Sansa growled and snarled fucking her wife to be. Margaery loved Sansa’s power and willingness to use it in fucking her. The look on Sansa’s face had been feral. Her sweaty hair darkened by her running sweat. Strands of her read hair plastered all over her face and shoulders. The hair hanging over her shoulders jerking lankily.

Margaery was stunned and dreamy from her gut wrenching orgasms. Sansa pulled out of her cunt the sensations had the Tyrell crying out in pleasure. The Stark woman crawled up on the bed and fed Margaery her cock soaked in Margaery’s cum. She hummed sucking it clean murmuring as her head bobbed up and down the bulbous dickhead and realistic shaft. Margaery’s lips glued to the shaft sucking tight and hard savoring the taste of her own cunt on the thick shaft.

Then Sansa mounted her twice more on the bed Septa position nailing her ass to the bed as she pounded out two more orgasms from Margaery’s willing pussy. Margaery helping herself along rubbing her clit when Sansa was up on her palm or fists slamming her cock so hard and deep up into Margaery’s tight cunt. Sansa’s cone tits whiplashing on her chest as her body coiled and lunged down and forward nailing Margaery’s ass to the bed.

Her cockhead pounding Margaery’s cervix making her see stars. She loved how her wolf would hook her arms behind Margaery’s knees and fold the Terrel back her ankles kicking over the Stark’s shoulders. Her trim opened up for deep dick. The folded position put pressure in Margaery’s belly and partially constricted her breathing. The feeling of being controlled and fucked as Sansa’s fuck toy added to Margaery’s pleasure. Gods her wolf fucked her so well. Margaery had wailed and screamed in unbridled ecstasy.

Sansa had let her rest as they drank lots of spring wine and ate plenty of cherries and berries. Margaery’s pussy was worn out and happy. Sansa was still hot for her.

Then her sweet wolf manhandled Margaery into doggy position. Sansa whipped her cock into Margaery’s ass cheeks hard and then slapped them for good measure making her slut squeal in pain. Then she felt Sansa pull her ass cheek back and her bulbous dickhead jammed into her winking starfish. Margaery tensed and then cried out feeling Sansa’s thick shaft sink up her shithole slowly with a loving stroke till her legs pressed into Margaery’s toned legs and taunt ass.

Both of their assholes fucked regularly. Their sphincters loosened and not tightly pinched shut. Both assholes ravaged and ready for more hot hard anal sex.

Her Direwolf gripped her hips and slammed her dick deep and hard up Margaery’s tight asshole. Margaery’s body rocking forward with Sansa’s powerful body pounding into her ass making her hips and ass jiggle with the impact. Margaery moaned hard feeling her small tits whiplash underneath her as she had her shit pounded hard. Gods she loved thinking dirty talk in her mind. Her mouth joined the chorus. She cried out to Sansa “Pound my shit! Fuck my ass harder godsdamnit!”

Sansa had complied. Margaery reached back with her right hand and rubbed her muffin and clit. She cummed howling her body jackknifing violently.

Sansa then took her down to the bed and did her asshole spoon. Margaery loved the feel of Sansa’s body slapping her body hard ramming her dick balls deep up her spasming asshole. Their sweaty bodies slapping loudly in Sansa’s room. Sansa gripping her hips and grunting as she ravaged Margaery’s ass.

Then Sansa pulled out Margaery’s wet asshole that gushed ass juice. The slimy juice soaking Margaery’s perineum and weeping over ass cheeks and into her pussy hole. Sansa fisted her hair and rolled Margaery over and pushed her down Sansa’s sweat soaked body. Margaery had her
cheek jammed down into Sansa’s belly by Sansa’s fist knotted in her hair. The rough control again turning the Rose of Tyrell on immensely.

Margaery saw up close Sansa’s dick soaked in her ass cream. The leather cock resting on Sansa’s belly rising and falling with her hard breathing. The cock creamed with sweet ass juice slavered thick all over the bulbous dickhead. She loved the sweaty skin to skin contact her face rising and falling with Sansa’s breathing with her cheek jammed into Sansa’s belly.

“Suck your shithole off my dick you fucking slut! Show me what a fucking anal whore you are!” Sansa barked at her. “No hands! Only your tongue slut!” Sansa barked at her lover. Margaery felt her pussy gush and her asshole spasm at the sweet humiliating speech. *It turned her on!*

Moaning, Margaery extended her tongue and had to work it to get it underneath the dickhead jerking on Sansa’s belly. Finally, she got the cock up on her tongue and moved her head forward swallowing the dick soaked in her sweet ass cream. She bobbed and sucked her sweet ass juice off the thick cock riding her tongue. Her head slowly working up and down the ass juice soaked leather cock. Margaery sucked in her sweet ass cream her eyelids fluttering to slits as she purred. She loved the taste of her ass!

Gods Margaery and now Sansa loved the taste of their sweet assholes. Sansa called it “sweet shit chocolate”. Sansa would pop her mouth off Margaery’s strap-on cock and moan “Ohhhh Margaery I love the taste of my shithole on your dick … so sweet … so good …” before diving back down swallowing the cock straight out her hot tight asshole. It made Margaery so happy to hear Sansa totally give in to being a total anal whore. Sansa had become so nasty and it turned Margaery on no end,

Now Sansa resumed pounding Margaery’s asshole spoon. She did ATM several more times happily gripping Sansa’s cock and bobbing down hard on the shaft she had raised up to let her bob fiercely on the ass juice slicked cock. Her sweaty lank hair flagged around her face with her hard up and pumping of her head.

Then Sansa was again ravaging her sensitized asshole that radiated out scalding waves of pleasure mixed with that intoxicating chaser of sweet anal pain that only added to the ecstasy flooding out her squired butthole. Sansa pounded Margaery till she cummed wailing and her body wildly kicking and jackknifing. Then to finish off Margaery she fucked Margaery in the pussy and ass back and forth with plenty of pauses to let Margaery’s clean her fuck holes off Sansa’s cock letting Margaery savor her sweet swirled together fuck juices.

The last orgasm had nearly pummeled Margaery senseless with Sansa gripping her shoulders to lunge her prick up Margaery’s asshole as Margaery jerked her clit and pussy with one hand and two fingers of her other hand plunged down into her pussy to work it and let her feel the thick shaft plundering her asshole with lunging strokes. She screamed herself nearly horse in her ecstasy.

They had cuddled and cooed going to sleep holding each other tight loving the feel of their sweaty and cum slavered bodies pressed tight together.

Margaery was totally in love and Sansa was hers. All hers. Sansa had left early to be at a meeting with her brother and their closest advisors and the Lords in the keep. Eddard was letting his children lead the meeting so he could take the leaders of the forces from the Land around to see of North around Winterfell. She had bowed out. Catelyn Stark had to be near term. It looked like the baby was getting lower. It had to be near time for Catelyn to give birth.

Eddard had come to Margaery and Sansa. He had told them that Maester Lewin felt Catelyn was still a day or two away from giving birth. She had not had any preliminary contractions and she
showed no signs of dilation. The wife of Eddard seemed to be recovering and the Maester felt no premonitions of giving birth. Eddard had felt it safe to take a short excursion around Winterfell. There was a short break in the schedule of troops and supplies moving up the King’s Road up to the Wall that Eddard wanted to take advantage of. His wife’s color had returned as had her appetite. She seemed to have gained back a few pounds. Her face no longer gaunt and frail looking. He wanted to see the birth of his new child but if missed the birth he would be back soon afterward to celebrate the new arrival with his wife.

Margaery had slept in a little this morning resting up from her marathon sex session with her Direwolf. Gods she loved being fucked by Sansa. She was so powerful. Her height and solid frame gave her the power to fuck like a man she was sure. Margaery smiled. She was a gold star lesbian as was Sansa and her fellow hens. No man would ever touch them now!

Her grandmother and Dany would see to that. Margaery smiled thinking evil thoughts. Margaery would be one of the hens in the henhouse. Sansa would be the crafty fox marauding said hen house fucking Margaery and her fellow hens senseless. Of course nine hens should be able to overcome even a direwolf she mused. She shivered seeing in her mind’s eye cocks jutting out of all three of Sansa’s fuck holes. They would fuck her so airtight. The slut reaching out with her hands to jerk off the other phallic shafts hungry to fuck her willing fuck holes. They would fuck Sansa senseless.

She had washed in front of the fire and dressed. Margaery started daydreaming of the coming triple wedding. She knew from Catelyn it would start in the Glass Gardens and then finish in the Godswood where the vows would be exchanged. She could not wait to give her heart and soul to her soulmate. She and Sansa had talked and they would have a pagan marriage with her cousins and friends and form an open marriage pact with her hens. They would have their intensely devout connections to their soulmates but they would share freely and fuck so hard throughout the nights in wondrous pairings.

Thinking of the Hens had Margaery thinking of the bedding ceremony that would be performed the night of their weddings. It was obvious that Dany and Margaery would play the role of the men before the gathered throngs. They would be the aggressors when the threshold was passed. She felt her pussy get wet thinking of being stripped naked and carried up the stairs to be fucked by Sansa. She smirked. Sansa, Alys and Arya would be so mortified to be stripped naked and paraded around while bawdy jokes were made and salacious suggestions were made on how they should be fucked. Arya would die from it!

Thank goodness her room was just down the hall from Sansa’s room. She would get to see Arya blushing so hard!

She remembered last night after their fun with the strap-on. They had slept for three hours before she woke Sansa up for another session of hot lovemaking. They had scissor fucked to gut wrenching simultaneous orgasms that had them screaming and bucking wildly as their cunts gushed cum soaking their twats in sweet slimy mingled twat sauce. They had their legs running up the side of their mate. The women gripping tight to their body the leg before them. The legs used as anchor to let the two women hump desperately into each other’s pussies grinding their mounds and mashing their clits.

Their wails and screams filled their bedroom. Spittle sprayed out clenched teeth. Eyes had rolled back into skulls and jerked around obscenely as sweet ecstasy pummeled the women senseless with fucking gut wrenching and womb splitting ecstasy.

Then they had gotten in sweet sixty-nine with Sansa on the bottom like she liked it. They snuffled as they ate sweet sloppy wet gash. The two women gripping each other’s hips and upper legs to help
them mash their faces deep into the sodden quims they were chowing down on. The two women’s faces soaked in sweat and cum. Gods Sansa’s cunt had exploded flooding her mouth to overflowing with sweet slimy cum that ran down her throat and slimed her upper chest. Then Margaery bucked her twat down into her hot gobbling mouth as Sansa sucked her off so good. Margaery wailed as her womb ruptured and flooded Sansa’s hot sucking mouth twice with her sweet steamy creamy cunt juice.

They had untangled and Margaery snuggled in underneath Sansa’s chin and threw her leg possessively over Sansa’s body. Sansa pulled her tight to her sweat and cum soaked body. Margaery’s body was soaked in cum and sweat. Margaery traced lazy patterns in the sweat and cum on Sansa’s upper body and cheeks. They were languid and so in love. Margaery had loved feeling the dying aftershocks ripple through her clit and nipples. Her stomach clenching hard making her breathing hitch and catch as she snuggled into her lover. They discussed the happiness that Arya had found with the Queen. It was obvious they were a perfect fit. They could not keep their hands off each other, especially the Queen. She had seen the Queen twice now in the kitchen area pin Arya in the corner and nibble on Arya’ neck while running her hands underneath her loose blouse top. She massaged the sixteen year old’s nipples to their full plum bursting erection. It was so cute seeing Arya chuffing and her face so beet red with excitement. They soon left for Arya’s chambers to fuck.

Margaery smiled. She loved how both Stark sisters had found the mate with the perfect temperament for their personalities. Arya was a one woman female where Sansa had discovered she could be polyamorous with her affections. She would LOVE Margaery but could also love Margaery’s cousins. It was going to be so good when they formed their bevy.

The next morning, Margaery went to the little eating area in the royal kitchen area. The kitchen staff had two tables set aside for staff and the royals to have a private meal if it was desired. Margaery ate a quick meal. She had fresh backed flaky biscuits that were steaming hot fresh from the brick lined ovens. The tubs of butter and bowls of fresh raspberry preserves were so yummy. She ate five biscuits along with strips of fresh crispy bacon. She washed it down with fresh goat’s milk.

Refreshed Margaery left the kitchen area greeting the staff and hugging the two cooks she had helped find each other. She laughed telling them she and Sansa would want the full details on the morrow of their furious fucking tonight. The two cooks blushed but smiled great big promising Margaery all the “juicy details”. Sansa had become addicted to a good sexy yarn as Margaery was.

She walked with a light step up to the royal quarters. She was anxious for Catelyn to have her child. They would only be at Winterfell for ten or twelve more days she calculated. She had talked to Missandei and the last of the troop columns were coming up the King’s Road and marching east from the beachheads on the Eastern coast of North. The mercenary companies no longer needed as rearguard were moving fast up the roads and tracks to add their force to the Queen’s army.

All was proceeding well. The dragons had overflown the Fist of the First Men again. The dragons flying high up in the sky to stay above any threats. The dragons when they went that far north always went all three together. The three dragons crisscrossing their patterns to protect themselves from assault above. They were way too high in the sky to be assaulted from the ground. Their memories from the Dothraki grass seas had taught them the fear of bolts from below.

The dragons observed more and more of the Ice King’s forces were forming up. He still hesitated. The Queen’s fist in his face at the Tree of Life must have but fear in his cold lifeless heart. This the dragons also remembered with relish. They had savaged both the Ice King and his forces. His forces were way too vast to be attacked alone now. The dragons knew the limits of their own
strength and the possibility of weapons capable of harming them.

Their mother constantly reinforcing their need for caution. They heeded their mother’s advice staying high above their enemy below.

Dany was sure he was afraid. She tended to think that as well. It was the Starks that were uncomfortable with the Ice King’s hesitancy. Why march all the way from the top of the world if they were not to attack? Still, they could not discern any other strategy of the Ice King.

Margaery remembered the meeting she had sat in the day before. Eddard had invited the leaders of the Giants, Haruchai and Ramen to sit in on the war council. Margaery shook her head. The doorway into the war council room stood at twelve feet in height. When Braveheart Tillerkeel the First of the Giants and her wife and second in command Zephyrstar Forecastle entered the room all the men and women of Westeros had gaped. Braveheart had tilted her head to the side to get it under the lintel and her wife had to bend her knees slightly to enter being nearly thirteen feet tall.

They were genial and laughing but the tree trunk legs corded with muscle and veins and their arms so large and thick with muscle were intimidating. The swords on their back were over eight feet long. The pummels sticking up high above their heads.

The Haruchai and Ramen representatives were quiet and stoic. The Giants had come into the room talking loudly. The Haruchai and Ramen walked in silently. There was four of the Haurchai and all four of the Ramen had come into the room. Manethrall Shapa flanked by her cords. The eight humans quietly taking their seats and sitting with ramrod straight posture.

The Lord in her light blue tunic belted at the waist entered next. She was severe looking. She looked like life had given her a cruel message. Brail the First Mark of the Haruchai and her personal Bloodguard was by her elbow. The Haruchai was beautiful with her dark brown skin and jet black hair and high cheekbones and almond eyes. She was flat of countenance, her facing giving nothing away, but Margaery’s gaydar was pinging hard. The Haruchai was hopelessly in love with the Lord.

Margaery felt her instinct to nurture new lesbian love kick in.

Eddard showed the representatives from the Land all the information that they had on the Ice King. Dany looked at them waiting for their opinions. The warriors felt that the Ice King hesitated. He had to sense their forces gathering as the forces of men sensed his massing armies. They felt both sides were building up their forces to maximum levels and only then would they fall on each other.

The Giants, Haruchai and Ramen turned to Lustra of the Council of Revelstone. She was a Lord and the way the other representatives deferred to her told Margaery of the woman’s power and wisdom. Margaery could not see it. The woman seemed ordinary compared to her companions. Lustra carried a staff that was shod with iron butts but it was totally bland. Margaery assumed it had to the ceremonial staff she held. It must have some symbolic mark that gave her power and prestige that had these powerful warriors deferring to her.

“What is your views Lord Lustra?” Brail asked in her flat atonal voice.

“I don’t know. I agree with Eddard Stark. This does not feel right but I cannot name what gives me pause. I have seen your dragons Dragonthane. They are most powerful and their senses sharp. From what I have been told he has been building his forces for close to ten years. What is a few more months? Still I find it strange. He remained hidden in the far North of your land for all this time. Now he reveals himself but does not strike. I fear deception but it is obvious he hesitates.”
“Also, he has aligned with a vile Croyel. We sensed this unholy union from half a world away. This first brought to our attention the need to come to your aid. The Croyel are an ancient and vile race. They are cowards but always seek to conquer and rule mercilessly with those they bind with. They only bind with those how are truly powerful and have the ambition and courage they lack.”

“We wonder why the Croyel hesitates. It feeds off this Ice King. It must have been imbued with his passion for victory. I fear they have some nefarious designs. I am not able to pierce their subterfuge. I counsel that we move north and meet the challenge of this age. Whatever they have planned and laid out for us we will meet the challenge. We will have to risk any trap.”

The Lord took a breath looking around the table judging her tablemates. “It will matter not what this Ice King and his Croyel have laid out. We will strike this blight from this land.”

The meeting had ended shortly after that. Though their numbers were few all in the room of Westeros and Essos felt the power and strength of the visitors from the Southern hemisphere. The strength opposing the Ice King had risen greatly.

Margaery wanted to check on her mother. She smiled to herself. She had indeed come to think of Catelyn Stark as her second mother. Her husband Eddard Stark was the father she had secretly longed for her father to be. Margaery loved her father but she had long ago seen his limitations. Her father was weak and meek where Eddard was strong and decisive. Then to make the man even more admirable he was fair beyond measure and so forward thinking. She had been stunned when he told her in her grandmother’s royal carriage he knew she was Sansa’s lover and approved! And he wanted them to wed!

She had been his ardent supporter from that moment.

She went up to her mother-in-law’s room and gently opened the door. She felt it the instant she entered the room. Margaery felt an ill omen wash over her. She was not into the mystical but she definitely felt a chill run through her body. Something had changed and not for the good. Maester Luwin was on a chair beside the bed. She hurried to the bedside. Catelyn Stark looked pale and drawn where last night she had her color back and seemed as if her health was returning.

Now her face was again gaunt. It was as if all the gains Catelyn had made over the last week plus had been washed away overnight. Her face was again pale and drawn. She looked like she had lost all the weight she had gained back plus more. Her skin pallor was unhealthy. Her breathing elevated. Her face drawn with pain and suffering. Margaery wrung her hands advancing on the bed and the Maester.

In the back of the room a female Haruchai stood silent along the back wall. Margaery thought it was Soral. The Haruchai looked much alike and yet were distinctive when you took the time to look for their unique features. She stood along the back of the room almost seeming to disappear into the tapestry she was in front of. The Haruchai had started posting a Haruchai in Catelyn’s room three days ago.

It warmed Margaery’s heart to think that the Haruchai felt it important to ward Catelyn Stark. She had learned from the Giants that the Haruchai always warded those under their protection. It had not been asked for but it was being given.

“What is wrong Maester Luwin?” The Maester turned to face Margaery. For a moment his face was unguarded. She saw deep concern if not fear in his eyes. He immediately put on the doctor’s face of calm and being in control of the situation. A wane smile came to his face.

“I don’t know my child. The baby has lowered itself in her womb and is at the birth canal. Catelyn
should not be like this. The drop was sudden. It is not right. Her pulse has grown marginally weaker. This makes no sense. I think we are in no danger but of course I am concerned.” He turned and took Catelyn hand taking her pulse.

Margaery felt her unease rise up higher. Her hand was so pale. It had a slight blue caste to it. Margaery felt her stomach twist into knots. Her new mother was in grave danger. She could feel it.

“Have you tried to raise her from her sleep? Shouldn’t she be awake if she is weakening?

She saw the Maester debating with himself. This frightened Margaery. Maester Luwin was not sure what to do. “I tried to rouse her but she quickly fell back into slumber. In her tired worn state I feel that rest is imperative. She needs to conserve her strength for the birth. Her water should break soon.”

Margaery spent a half hour holding her mother-in-law’s cool hand and putting cool compresses on her now slightly feverish forehead. She agreed with the Maester. This made no sense. How could Catelyn go from being on the road to complete recovery the night before to this wane drawn state? Margaery knew what her eyes told and that terrified her.

She left and walked down the halls to find her wife. She was heading to the meeting room when she meet Sansa coming up the hall.

Her love saw the look on her face. She hurried her step. “What is wrong my love?”

She told her love what she had witnessed and the unease she felt. Sansa put her hand to her mouth to stifle her sob. They hurried back to Sansa’s mother’s bedside taking the chair beside her mother’s bed. When they entered the room Margaery saw that the Maester had moved to a table in the corner. He was sitting and turning the pages in a book reading intently.

She did not look worse but a sense of dread was building. Sansa held her mother’s hand fretting. “Her hand is so cold Margaery.” To Margaery’s eyes Catelyn’s hand looked bluer. Sansa looked up at Margaery with a frightened look. Margaery moved behind her love in the chair and hugged her shoulders and bent down to kiss her temple.

Margaery asked Maester Luwin “Do you have any poultices you can give her? The birth must be soon?” The Maester looked up from the book he was reading. His look troubled. “I fear there are none for this situation Margaery. I have given her a drink to calm her respiration. We must let nature take its tract. Catelyn should be alright after the child is born.” He went back to reading his book.

Margaery looked at Sansa “I think we should call in your father Sansa.”

Sansa looked back up at her. “You know he has gone out on a ride with the leaders of the forces of the Land to show off some of our immediate realm. With my mother doing so well he felt it was safe to go out on the trek. He felt that he needed show these travelers from their far away land what they are fighting for. He wants them to see the beauty of Westeros. They are too far away now. It would take many hours for any news to reach them. The horses are tired now. It will be many hours before he could return.” Margaery saw the anguish in Sansa’s eyes.

Margaery gnawed her lip. She cursed the fates. She felt Sansa’s father should be here. Eddard not being here for Catelyn in her time of need felt ominous.

It was so strange how Catelyn had improved so markedly and now seemed to be backsliding at a frightening rate. A week’s plus of recovery gone in a single night. Catelyn looked more pale than she did when Margaery first saw her this morning. She looked up at the Maester and she saw the
worry on his face though he was trying to hide his worry.

Margaery paused. This change in Sansa’s mother was so unexpected. Unexpected like the appearances of Jon’s wives. Her eyes flew open. Her grandmother, Olenna, had told her several times over the years that the ShadowBinders of Asshai could read portents of the future in the flames.

They had known this was going to happen!

Margaery turned to look at Sansa “Where are Melisandre and Ygritte? They came her for a reason. This is the reason. They knew Catelyn would have this downturn. They are here to help!”

Margaery saw Sansa’s eyes light with hope. She felt hope surge in her lover as it surged in her own veins.

“No! I forbid it!”

They both turned to look at Maester Luwin. They were both shocked by the anger they saw in his face. The man had stood up from the chair at the table he had been reading at.

“What is the problem with asking for help from Jon’s wives? They are here to help” Sansa asked the Maester of House Stark.

“They are witches. The Citadel knows of these witches from that dark land of Asshai. They are an abomination. They perform human sacrifice and give birth to shadow monsters that are a horror to the world. They are manipulative and will do anything to move forward the will of their god R’holor.”

“Jon would never associate with such women if they were as you say” Sansa argued back.

“Do not let your love of your brother and this desperate situation cloud your judgement Sansa. These women are capable of great mischief and outright evil. Jon has clearly let his love for these two women cloud his judgement. Or worse yet, these witches have probably caste some spell upon Jon. He is probably under their sway.”

Margaery jumped to Sansa’s half-brother’s defense “That is being unfair to them! That is being unfair to Jon. Sansa has told me all about Jon Stark. He is a good man and would not so easily be led astray as you are saying. I reject what you saw about Melisandre and Ygritte. They have been nothing but be gentle and loving from what I have seen” Margaery interjected.

“So they may seem. I assure you that is not the case. I have not said anything before for there was no need. They were in no position to give harm. This Ygritte I know nothing of. That is not the case of Melisandre. She is known to the Citadel. We have tracked her history back at least fifteen hundred years and the whispers say she is at least four hundred years older still.”

Margaery was surprised to hear that but she immediately decided it did not matter. “So she is old” Margaery answered. What was important was the manner and demeanor of these women. “They were not evil. A Stark could not love an evil person and they were too strong to be caste under a spell.”

“Child. That is not natural in and of itself. How is such long life achieved? It defies all the laws of nature, but, I do not speak of her age. I speak of her actions.”

He paused and the two women waited as the Maester drew out the next sentence he was to speak. To the man’s character he did not seem to relish what he had to say. He was not about to speak out to harm except he felt he needed to speak up.
“Tell us” Sansa breathed.

“She has burned at least seven people in large bon fires to appease her god and seek his boon. One of them was a teenage boy. It has been reported that she has given birth large fearsome shadow monsters from her vagina. Unnatural spawn that went out to kill and rend.”

Margaery and Sansa looked at each other. Had Jon in his desperation sought out powerful allies no matter their past. Maybe the witches could not be fully trusted. What were their own secret agendas? Margaery’s surety of just a moment ago formed cracks. Now she was not sure. This new news on Melisandre made Margaery blanch. To burn people to death and create shadow monsters from her vagina. This gave her pause. It would give anyone pause.

It was unnatural like the Maester spoke. Margaery gnawed her lip. Human sacrifice was an abomination.

“No. I do not believe they are a danger” Sansa spoke. “Melisandre may have done those things in the past but she is good now. I feel it.”

“Are you sure of this knowledge?” Margaery asked the Maester. “How do you know these accounts are accurate? That they are not hearsay or outright lies?”

The Maester took a deep breath. “These reports are from multiple sources in four of the cases. Two were in front of Maester’s traveling the world to learn its secrets. The last was from a survivor of one of her attempts to burn multiple persons. Many witnessed the Shadow Monsters at work. Two men witnessed the actual births of the Shadow monsters. Melisandre never tried to hide her works. She was open in her service to those she had allied to. She would work with whomever she deemed necessary to move forward the will of her god R’hollor.”

Sansa was still sure of herself despite Margaery’s newborn misgivings. “I don’t care what you say. She may have been right in what she did. I admit if find it reprehensible what you say but I was not there. I can only judge what they have done here in Westeros at this time.”

“Child. You know nothing of these women. You have barely even met them. I assure you that the witches of R’hollor are evil. They have no toleration for any views but their own. They have the additional sin of being from the dark land of Asshai. That is a dark, dour and vile land.”

“My father says to trust your instincts. I trust mine” Sansa told her Maester. Margaery admired Sansa and her certitude. She wished she could match it. What she had heard from the Maester had shaken Margaery badly.

“Many a brave warrior has died following their ‘instincts’ Sansa” the Maester answered “don’t let need cloud your judgement.”

“Margaery.”

Margaery looked at her lover.

“The witches are in the Godswood. Go and get them please. I think you are totally right. They came to save Catelyn and her child.”

“Are you sure Sansa?” Margaery asked worriedly. She had not known of Melisandre’s past and age. “If she is serving R’hllor maybe she has other goals. What Maester Luwin has told me has shaken me Sansa.” Sansa turned from looking at her mother and gave Margaery her full attention.

“I trust my gut Margaery. I will stay with my mother. Please hurry.” That intense gaze calmed
Margaery. Again Margaery was filled with awe at the calmness and certitude of the Starks.

Margaery could not deny her Sansa anything. She kissed Sansa on the mouth and then took Catelyn’s hand and squeezed it gently. *It felt so cold!* Catelyn looked so frail and it filled the Tyrell with dread. She needed help for her second mother and would risk anything to acquire the boon Catelyn Stark needed. She opened the door and stopped in shock. On either side of the door stood a Haruchai. They stood facing the door with immovable faces.

Margaery had always learned persons’ names. These were Surrase and Sard. The woman and man did not acknowledge Margaery. For these two Haruchai to be standing guard at the door filled Margaery with dread. They did not show any emotion of course but she was able to sense that they were filled with ire at something. There was nothing to guard against. *Why were there?* She feared what the answer might be.

She ran to their room and put on a cloak for the weather. There was a cold wind blowing from the North steadily with occasional gusts. The sky had turned cloudy and was lowering. Snow was in the air and the temperature was in the upper twenties. She left the Great Keep and headed to the north of the compound of Winterfell.

Again Margaery was struck by the size of the castle grounds. She saw off in the distance the far castle walls and the stand of trees that bordered the Godwood. Highgarden was all castle built onto a low lying hill. There was no grounds per se at her birthplace. All this expanse of space was both awe inspiring and a little off putting to a woman who had grown up in home hemmed in by walls that rose up to the heavens.

The dark sky had the look of a harbinger. The clouds dark and sullen. Margaery moved off across the grounds. She walked by the stand of spruce and fir to right of Great Keep. The land rose up roughly thirty feet to a plateau out in the back of the compound where the Godwood was located along with the stand of trees and brambles that abutted up to the Godwood. The Glass Garden was a short ways off separated from the Godwoods by a stand of towering spruce and fir trees. Around the Glass Gardens were some practice ground and additional garden beds used for additional food staples in the spring and summer.

The Tyrell walked steadily as the tall stand of trees came closer and closer. She spied the stand of the trees just to the right of the Godwood. She had avoided the woods so far on her own. The weather was cold and to be truthful the woods of the Godwood intimidated her without Sansa at her side. With her tall strong direwolf she felt safe and secure and could feel the peace of the woods. Without her wolf the tangled growth felt angry and housed secrets beyond her ability to decipher or understand. The stand of conifers to its side were thick with some undergrowth but the Godwood took it up exponentially. The Godwood was intense and seemed to have a focus just short of conscious understanding.

The Godwood was composed of tall conifers with some maple and berry trees and a few broad oak trees that spread out their canopies. Beneath those canopies were a wild tangle of undergrowth. The growth interwoven and intimidating to the lone woman. As she approached the stand she saw the red leaves of the Weirtree jutting out the canopy interspersed with some maple and aspen trees that was near the Weirtree. The canopy was thick and she could see thick brambles and bush growth underneath. This area had not been disturbed for thousands of years. Maybe tens of thousands of years she felt in her bones.

She knew she was looking at Westeros as it was before man came to his continent. This area was still the same as when the Children of the Forest walked the continent of Westeros below the Wall. She felt like an interloper.
Trees had sprung forth from cone seedlings and acorns grown to full height and strength. There broad limbs reaching for the sky and making their own cones and acorns. Then with the time of centuries the trees passed into old age and then death. Their mighty trunks in time crashing to the ground as their sons and daughters pushed up their boughs to the sun. This small stand of trees represented the Wheel of Life she had read of in the Land Yi Ti. Life supporting death and the inverse all in perfect balance.

Margaery understood in her bones that this was how Westeros was before the time of man on this continent. This spot of the Godswood was the world of the Children of the Forest. She wondered if the Weirwood tree still longed for the people who had love for and respected the Earth. Margaery shook off these thoughts. She needed to enter this ancient hoary woods to get aid for her loving mother-in-law.

Margaery approached the slight incline that lead to the path that took one into the first depths of the Godswood and the pool that lay before the Weirwood with its faced carved by the first people in the misty depths of time. A face that bleed tears of red. The color of blood. Margaery felt a shiver run through her slight body. She hesitated before the break in the woods and brambles. The air was turgid with mist that had started to filter through the air. The air cold. She looked into the doorway of the path into the heart of the Godswood.

Margaery could sense the brooding air of the Godswood. House Tyrell knew the green Earth and the life that sprang from it. She could almost hear the Weirwood breathing and watching. She felt its somnolence dreaming dreams of past slaughter and raging defiance. She felt the Weirwood calling to her. It felt her family’s affinity to things that grew from the rich Earth. She felt its touch in the middle of the night. She felt its dreams of times remembered from the long distant past. A time when it’s breathing and living consciousness stretched across the continent of Westeros with its many brothers and sisters.

That time sadly was no more. Margaery had read the history of the chopping down and burning of the Weirwoods. She had always thought it a crime but had never thought much on it. That had changed living in the North now. She had come to see something precious had been lost. She felt a little trepidation. Of late Eddard in his reading had discovered that the lineage of the Starks had had a large hand in that slaughter.

Would the Godswood and its Weirwood tree now exact revenge for that past slaughter? Margaery took a shivering breath. Her resolve hardened. Eddard Stark was attempting to make amends. He was not those Starks of the past. Surely, the old gods would answer the need of the Starks this day.

She stepped into the Godswood. It was like stepping through a door. The wind that was blowing from out of the North ceased two feet inside the Godswood. The wind did not penetrate the woods. She stopped amazed. The temperature was fifteen degrees warmer. The deciduous trees had many of their leaves still on the boughs. The leaves refusing to let go of life. The brambles and bushes were still green and vibrant. The brambles filled with ripe berries for the birds and small mammals who called this scared groove home. This area remembered itself.

She slowly walked down the path to the Weirwood tree. She looked around herself. Yes, the woods was brooding but she did not feel malicious intent. She felt only brooding. She slowly advanced down the path till she came to the small pool that was before the Weirwood tree.

Margaery looked at the carved face in the tree with red sap weeping out the cuts. She had read of that but to see it was unearthly. She felt like the face was looking at her even though she knew it was not. She stepped up to the pool. She looked down at the dark waters with red leaves floating on the surface slowly moving to and fore on the water. Unseen air currents stirring the surface of the
pool. She knew the water was not deep but it felt like she was looking into the depths of a great lake or inland sea.

Margaery looked around. She saw a fox peeking out a bramble to the left. The fox looked at her with a sense of curiosity. The fox was wary but did not seem overly frightened of the human invading its home. She heard songbirds warbling and the caws of Ravens deep in the Godwood. She saw a woodchuck scurrying down a path that led deeper into the woods. The mist wafted between the branches and seeped through the grey air. The mist touched her face like Sansa’s gentle caress as they lay in bed after lovemaking cooing to and stroking each other.

With the touch of the mist on her face, Margaery felt that his was truly a sacred area. This groove of the Weirwood tree. She had never really believed in the seven gods of her family. Sansa had some belief in the old gods. Margaery now felt like maybe the old gods did exist. She looked around. This side of the Godswood was not thick with brambles and scrub. She could see out to the castle behind her and to the right through the tree trunks. There were vines and moss hanging down from the branches wafting in the gentle air currents.

Looking the other way the Godswood was seeming impenetrable thick with trees and dense undergrowth. It was in there that the Shadowbenders resided. Their darkness of the thick trees filled the area with mystery and possible danger.

Margaery shook herself. She had been spooked by the words of Maester Luwin. It made her doubt her instincts. She steeled her courage and slowly moved down the wide path that quickly narrowed moving north deeper into the Godwood. In twenty paces she felt like she was in an old growth forest. The outside world had disappeared. She felt the brooding of the Weirwood more here. It was not angry of the Starks. It knew it had friends in that House. This family had changed its tenor. Old sins forgiven. It remembered the slaughter from her kindred. Still Margaery felt safe.

She listened to the whispers. She stopped and listened to the silence that carried whispers just beyond hearing. She felt the Weirwood communing with its brethren in the North. Something was about to happen. The wood felt simmering hope and possibilities. The Godswood did not know what was about to occur but it felt something in the depths of its nurturing roots and the rustling of its leaves in the top of the canopy of its spread out limbs. The sap running up in the tree trunks spoke of hope and possibilities.

It was beyond Margaery. The Weirwood itself did not know what the portent meant but she felt a hope that the woods had not felt in many millennium. She felt a flash of a vision. A large underground warren filled with life and hope. She heard wild discordant barking. What it was she did not know but she felt hope that soothed her in this time of distress and fear.

Margaery kept moving down the path that was now nothing more than an animal trail. She somehow knew this was the path to the witches. She could almost swear that the path was opening before and closing behind her. She had moved down the trail for a hundred yards when it suddenly opened up into a small enclosure. It was empty. She looked up at the overhanging branches interwoven thick with leaves of three oaks. She looked around looking at the empty enclosure. She turned to turn around in another transit searching for the ShadowBender witches.

"Fuck!"

Before her stood the ShadowBender witch Melisandre seemingly having materialized from thin air. Her tall height imposing. Her red eyes blazed as did the ruby gem at her throat held in place by a choker. She backed up and yelped hitting something. Margaery whipped around her eyes large with fright. A smirking Ygritte stood before her. Margaery hand went to her throat in alarm.
“Do not worry your pretty little head Margaery. We won’t bite.” She paused “Unless you want us too.”

“Ygritte” Melisandre softly intoned.

“Aww Melisandre I was just ribbing her.”

Margaery gathered her scattered wits. She had come here for answers and succor. “Why did you come here? Did you know that Catelyn Stark’s pregnancy would turn for the worse? You were on your way to your husband, Jon” Margaery spoke in a rush. She was still recovering from being startled so bad. Her spirit already wound up tight with fright for Catelyn Stark.

Melisandre came around to stand by Ygritte. “We saw in the flames many visions Margaery. The visions of our god is always difficult to unwind and decipher at the best of times. We see what was. What is and what may be. Always in motion the future, hard to see. Even the current times are filled with possibilities. One can never be totally assured of what will and will not occur” Melisandre spoke softly to Margaery.

“Did you see Catelyn dying?”

“Yes.”

“Ohhhhh!” Margaery felt herself growing faint.

“But we also saw visions of her alive and healthy with her newborns. We see many visions. We see a vision of you and your wife in a castle in the sky.”

“The Eyrie” Margaery softly spoke.

“We see you falling through an open door to your death but we also see visions of a mad woman falling to her death. We see our own deaths as well. We will have to sacrifice our lives in the end. This is something we will do gladly. We also see a green goddess fighting a mad god on top of the fallen Wall. The battle setting in force events that will save Ygritte and I.”

“Which of these visions will come true we do not know. The flames only show us what is possible. What may occur? We have the ability to change the future and yet destiny flows on unaware of the cares of man. We felt that the woman you have come to love as your mother may have need of us and we came.

“Did you burn people in the flames Melisandre?” Margaery blurted out.

The woman from Asshai looked at Margaery for so long she thought she might not answer her. “Yes I did. I did what I thought was right at the time. R’hhlor is the god of light. My god opposes the forces of dark. I now know I was mistaken in the paths I followed. The goal was worthy and right though. I now know that one does not follow a path of darkness to achieve the light. I know now there are other paths to the will of R’hhlor beside the path that is clear before you. I walk another path now. These paths are less clear and sure but the same results can be achieved.”

Margaery believed her and felt herself relax. The fear that been coursing in her veins began to alleviate.

“Is Eddard by her side?” Ygritte asked.

“No” Margaery answered. She saw the witches twitch and look at each other. There was concern on their countenance. She saw Ygritte grip Melisandre looking up at her intently.
“Why is that important?!” Margaery asked with fear in her voice.

“In our visions Catelyn Stark dies when Eddard is not with her. Where is he?” Ygritte barked at her. The witches had been calm a moment before but now they were tense with agitation.

“He took the leaders of the forces from the Land to see some of the North around Winterfell. He left several hours before first light. He was not to return to late in the evening. He felt safe in taking the trip with Cat doing so well” Margaery spoke wringing her hands. She was so nervous.

The two witches spoke softly in their native tongue. They seemed to come to a conclusion and turned back to Margaery.

“Did the Lord of Revelstone go with him?”

“I don’t know!” Margaery cried out in fear.

“She must have. She is the representative of their Council of Lords” Ygritte spoke to Melisandre. Melisandre seemed to agree.

The witches turned to face each other. Margaery watched the two witches take a deep breath and then their hands were weaving and twisting paths through the air between them. The hands a perfect mirror image of each other’s movements. They began to murmur and their bodies weaved right and left in perfect sync. A red haze appeared between their hands. The glow strongest where the hands passed through the air. Soon Margaery could see strange glyphs glowing in the air.

A minute later they stopped and turned to face Margaery. The glyphs disappeared as if erased from the world. “The message has been sent. They are on their way back. We must hurry to the Great Keep.”

“But their horses will be tired. It is several hours past noon. He will not be back for seven or ten hours. I feel deep in my bones that will be too late.” Dread filled the heart of the Tyrell. Margaery turned to walk back up the animal path that widened as they hurried back up the path. Behind her unseen the path closed up behind the three women.

Margaery felt the two powerful women behind her following close. Fear filled her heart for her mother-in-law. These women were powerful. Surely they would be able to save Catelyn. No matter what their visions showed. The Tyrell knew that without succor that Catelyn would not survive to the setting of the sun. She felt it in the morrow of her bones. The three women came out to the clearing before the pool and then the path out of the Godswood. Margaery was almost sure she felt a benefice flow out over her and the witches as they departed the Godswood.

The Tyrell looked back. She saw nothing. Margaery shook her head. She hurried on with the witches in tow.

From three angles Margaery saw the dragons of Daenerys come swooping down from the laden sky. Drogon landed on the west tower of the Great Keep and landed on his hind legs his neck extended and wings beating in a fast blur. The great Black Dread screamed out his rage his eyes whirling with agitation. Again and again his mighty base bugle boomed into the sky.

Margaery blanched. The dragons sensed the dread of the situation. For the dragons to sense this filled Margaery with even more dread.

Rhaegal landed on the broken tower and roared his anger to the sky. Viserion landed on the outer curtain wall and hopped around as he bugled his distress in mighty baritone blasts. Margaery saw the people of Winterfell coming up onto the ramparts and outside to the grounds to watch the
dragons. Margaery was sure the word of Catelyn’s dire straits was spreading throughout the castle now.

Then Margaery understood. Margaery knew the Queen had made it to Catelyn’s room and the dragons were mirroring her distress. The Direwolves came bounding out into the yard.

Now the Direwolves added their cacophony of howls to the din of noise reverberating over the landscape and echoing off the walls of the old venerable castle. It seemed as if the walls were shaking with the noise of the beasts. The mighty wolves howling and snapping at each other in their distress.

One of the Direwolves stopped snapping at its mates. The wolf looked out at the advancing women. Lady came bounding across the yard yammering in distress. Her hackles on her raised shoulder girdle and her tail was down and fluffed out. Lady came up and turned around to saddle into Margaery. She was shaking. Margaery felt a rush go through her feeling the Direwolf pressed into her seeking comfort. She petted the great beast on its back and the wolf whimpered. Lady was always the most gentle of the great beasts.

Margaery’s fear only rose. Catelyn Stark was in great peril. She saw people pointing up to the dragons and heard them speaking of their Mistress of Winterfell being in trouble. The people upset and greatly worried at the thought of their Warden’s wife in danger. All had been happy at the news of her seeming recovery.

They entered the great entrance hall the great keep. She looked up at the great Direwolf banner hanging from high ceiling beams and the flag beside it all in white and black letters “Winter is coming … the North never forgets.” People were everywhere talking in excited voices and gesticulating at the news and the roar of the mighty beasts outside.

She looked down the hall and started. From the shadows between stands with suits of armor two Haruchai stepped out of the shadows like ghosts taken form. The Haruchai were an imposing people with their granite like personas. The silent bluff people were intimidating by their very nature.

This was only enhanced manifold now. The two Haruchai looked like they were on the edge of great violence. They came to stand before the two witches six feet in front of them. They were impassive and seemingly relaxed but having grown up around Loras she saw the slightly flexed knees and tightness in their bodies. These male and female Haruchai were ready to strike out. Margaery had seen them best all but the strongest and most accomplished knights of Westeros with no effort. If they had risen against her and the witches Margaery knew that her mission of succor for Catelyn was in jeopardy. Margaery felt her fear racket up several turns.

They were poised for great violence. She had seen them in the practice yards easily felling knights and fighting the Giants to a draw. They had picked up on the discord with the ShadowBenders and Maester Luwin somehow.

Ygritte flew mad and started to lunge at them but Melisandre gripped her wife and pulled her hard against her body.

Ygritte raged “You know nothing! We are here to help not harm you fucking idiots! I do not fear you!”

“We are Haruchai. We know caution” the female Haruchai spoke. The male by her side ready to strike in an instant. Though they seemed relaxed Margaery knew they would strike out death faster than her eyes could fathom.
“I could strike you down if I chose to!” Ygritte yelled at the two taciturn Haruchai.

“If you move against us you will have proven yourselves unworthy. You will be dead before you can blink” the female spoke. The two witches seethed. Both sides eyed each other. One with seething emotion the other with blank faces. It was a Dorne standoff.

Margaery thought both sides were being stupid in this time of crises. They needed to act to save Catelyn! She was especially angry with the Haruchai. They phrased their repudiation in such a way the witches would prove their assertions if they acted to move against them to come to Catelyn’s aid. She had admired the Haruchai greatly but now she saw they could also be supremely arrogant in their actions. They were totally solid in their belief of their motives and rectitude.

A Giant came in through the mighty double doors easily pushing them open with her great strength. She stopped to survey the confrontation. She sniffed.

“Damnit Tass! Can’t you see there is no ill in them? They are here to help.”

“The Grey Slayer fooled Highlord Kevin. He let him on his council. This eventually led to the Ritual of Desecration. You were not there. We will not make that error again.”

“Can’t you let that go? That was over fifty thousand years ago! Let it go!”

“We do not forget.”

“What the hell are you talking about! From what I just heard that was fifty thousand years ago! You couldn’t have been there” Margaery cried out.

“We were there” the male Haruchai, Farhal, spoke with no hint of possibly being wrong.

Margaery turned on the Haruchai. “How is it that you have turned on Melisandre and Ygritte. You don’t even know them!”

Farhal stared at her. “Soral is with Catelyn Stark. She heard the repudiation of the ShadowBender witches by Maester Luwin. We are not of this world. We know nothing of this world’s people. Your Maester is valued and more importantly trusted. He spoke of Melisandre’s past evil actions. Thus, we ward against her possible intent. We will not allow these witches to be near Catelyn Stark in a place to cause harm.”

“We are wasting time” Margaery shouted at the Haruchai. She hurried down the hall. She felt the rest of her companions falling in behind her. The Haruchai were only warding against possible harm Margaery felt. She felt her doubts returning. Now she doubted everything. The Haruchai had reasons from their past to distrust the ShadowBender witches in this current crises.

She looked up at the Giant. The Giant glanced down. She had short brown hair and her face was absolutely stunning. She had for her size medium sized bosom her armor crafted to fit snugly on for her size very ample bosom. Margaery could not help let her eyes take in the perfection of the Giant. She needed relief from the great stress she was under and let her eyes take in the beauty before her.

“I’m married I would have you know” the Giant chortled.

Margaery blushed. “Forgive me …”

“Deltamist Cableshroud … normally I would tease you mercilessly but the times are dire.”

“Who are you married to if I may ask?” Margaery had heard how all the Giants were married to
another in the party. She found the idea so appealing to her gay sensibilities.

“Oakentree Harbormouth the most beautiful Giant to ever live” the tall woman spoke with longing and adore.

Margaery smiled. That was how she thought of Sansa. To hear of love and not mistrust made Margaery’s heart beat easier in her chest.

“Can I ask you what this Ritual of Desecration is that the Haruchai speak of?” Margaery asked as they hurried forward through Winterfell. “It was so long ago but these Haruchai speak as if it just happened.” Margaery asked her dual questions.

Margaery looked behind her. Ygritte was still fuming with Melisandre arm around her waist keeping her pulled tight to the imposing frame. The Haruchai walked a step back off to the sides obviously guarding against the witches. Melisandre was ignoring the two Haruchai but Ygritte was cursing them and making obscene gestures at them. She made threats against them. The Haruchai totally ignored Ygritte which only pissed her off all the more.

“It was over fifty thousand years ago from what you said. How can they remember from so long ago?” Margaery asked the grim face Giant taking small steps to keep her pace to human steps.

Deltamist answered Margaery’s questions “The Haruchai have the mind speech. They can share their thoughts and their perceptions. Image knowing the thoughts of all your countrymen. They have ‘elders’ that teach their young from the age they can walk the long past history of the Haruchai. By the time they reach adolescence they have all the memories of their people impressed into their consciousness. For them the Ritual of Desecration only happened yesterday. They remember it as if it happened yesterday.

“What was the Ritual of Desecration?”

“It was magical spell that unbinds all life and magic. That magic required great skill and even greater strength. High Lord Kevin dared Lord Foul to the Ritual thinking that they would both die. High Lord Kevin died hearing Lord Foul laughing as he died. You cannot kill Despite. All life and magic was torn form the land.”

“Then how did your race survive, the Haruchai, the Ramen.”

“When Kevin had conceived his madness he tried to save as many as he could. He sent the Unhomed onto their ships. The Ramen and Ranyhyn traveled south to the wastes leaving their homeland of the Plains of Ra. He sent the Bloodguard—composed of Haruchai—to the Western Mountain passes. Thus, the people pledge to preserve his life and the life of the Land were spared death. The people of the land he ordered to the Giants Woods to the North and the Southern Wastes. Most escaped. Many did not.”

“The death toll was staggering. The destruction to wood and fen devastating. It had been a thousand years after the Ritual of Desecration when Thomas Covenant first came to the Land. So much had been lost. The Land was but a shell of itself when he first came to the Land.”

“The Haruchai still have not forgiven themselves though they have made peace with those events. Therefore even though we can perceive no ill in the Witches of Asshai the Haruchai still ward against them and the possibility of deceit.”

“Perceive no ill in them? What do you mean?” Margaery asked the Giant.

“We in our Lands in the Southern Hemisphere that have had association with Land can see into the
hearts of a man and woman. We can see the spirit of a person if you will. The Earthpower of the Land permeates all of its inhabitants. We are able to see the rightness of nature or if a tree has been blighted with an infestation. We can see murder in the heart of a person though it is so rare in the Land and in our lands and the Lands of the Haruchai that we can barely remember murder among our kind.”

“You mean you would be able to tell if they are lying?”

“Yes. But there is one caveat to this ability.”

“What?”

“Great power can overcome our perceptions. Lord Foul was such a being. We suppose She Who Must Not Be Named is such a being. The Elohim. The only other two that could not be read were Thomas Covenant the Unbeliever and Linden Avery the Chosen. The old story tellers say it was because they came from another world. That was before they fully became the White Gold. Now they transcend all Law. They with one word can damn or save the Earth.”

The Giant smiled. “They redeemed the world from death when the Worm of the World’s End drank from the Earthroot beneath Melkurion Skyweir. The world ended and yet they redeemed the world and recreated it with their own will. They chose to save.”

Margaery head was spinning with all this information. They had come to the bedchamber of Eddard and Catelyn Stark. The two Haruchai warding the door to Catelyn’s room stiffly stood aside.

They entered with Giant tilting her head to enter. They found chaos. Margaery saw three Giants on one knee on the other side of Catelyn Stark. They looked distraught. One spoke to Deltamist Cables hro gu “we have given her Diamonddraught but it had no affect. To humans it should have a healing property but it has not helped her at all.” The Giant looked crestfallen that their drink had not helped Catelyn.

Robb Stark was there with Alyse who was crying. Dany and Arya were there with Kiserri hugging Dany crying. Margaery had noticed that the Haruchai at the door had entered the bedchamber and stood near the witches warding. As Margaery looked around she saw two more Haruchai come up on the outside of the doorway.

Missandei was near the bed looking confused and upset. Shadowclaw was rubbing her legs meowing and hissing in distress.

She hurried over to Sansa and Maester Luwin beside Catelyn’s stark bed. She looked so white and drawn. She looked like death. Margaery’s breath caught. How could this happen? She had been on the mend. Now she was on death’s door. Loud cries of anguish filled the room. The master of arms, Rodrik Cassel, Jory Cassel and Barristan Selmy with his lady love were milling around looking unsure and frightened at not being able to help Catelyn in her time of need.

Her dress had been pulled back and her legs spread and pushed back and out. A trickle of blood was issuing from Catelyn’s vagina.

She turned on Maester Luwin “How has this occurred?! You said her crisis has passed!”

The Maester was pale himself. “I cannot explain this change. She had basically recovered. This defies the reasons of science. This pregnancy should come to full term easily now. I had felt the baby last night and all was well. I have felt the baby now. It is all twisted around and lengthwise against the birth canal. It feels confused somehow as I map its position. It makes no sense!”
He saw the witches.

“I forbid them to be here!” He glared back at the women. Margaery could understand his ire but from his perspective but he was not helping Catelyn. Maybe they could!

Sansa turned around “Thank God! Come save my mother!”

Master Luwin stood up. “I forbid it. The witches of Asshai deal in blood magic! They are an abomination. They kill the innocent for blood sacrifice to further their ends.”

“I don’t care!” Sansa screamed “They came to save my mother.”

Maester Luwin turned to Daenerys “I have read the journal you wrote of your beginning in your Khalasar. Tell them what happened then. Tell them of Mirri Maz Duur.”

Daenerys looked miserable. Her face ashen Daenerys spoke of the time the Maester asked of “She killed my unborn son and reduced Khal Drogo to a hollow soulless husk. He was made brainless performing her blood right. I trusted her in my desperation and she killed my son. She told me she had been trained by ShadowBender witches.”

Rikkon came into the room and he started to cry seeing his mother in such a bad way. Robb helped to comfort the teenager as he cried.

Lady started to paw and scratch the door whining outside. Sansa went and let her Direwolf in. Lady was agitated and needed Sansa and Margaery constantly petting her and making soothing sounds to keep the distressed wolf calm.

Margaery saw Kiserri staring hard hugging her mother harder and Arya was talking to both softly giving her support. Kiserri twisted and put her hands out to Arya. The gesture touched Margaery deeply as Arya took the girl who buried her head in the crook of Arya’s neck.

“See I told you all. They are Shadowbinders who work to their own agenda.”

“Our only agenda is to support our husband Jon Stark. We are here to save life not take it” Melisandre calmly spoke. Ygritte trembled with rage.

“I too have read Daenerys Targaryen’s account of her early days. I remember Maester that Mirri Maz Dur used the knowledge of Maester Marwyn to poison Khal Drogo.” Melisandre answered calmly. “Her poultice was of his knowledge. She made the poultice such as to so itch he could on endure it. Who is to say if she didn’t put other less savory plants or minerals in the poultice?”

The Maester stared at the Queen. “This may be. You yourself said you saw demon shapes on the tent that night. It is well known that Shadowbinders create demons from their vaginas. Is this not so?” the Maester turned to the witches.

Melisandre calmly answered “I have created more than a few demons from my ‘vagina’. They are most powerful emissaries.”

This interchange between the Maester of Winterfell and the witches of Asshai had everyone confused. Those of Winterfell trusted the Maester implicitly. He had helped these people for decades. The ShadowBender witches were new and strange to the people of Winterfell.

More chaos followed for the next hour and a half as it seemed everyone tried to over talk everyone else. There was rising shouts of anger and people over talking each other. Chambermaids had come in to try and help the Maester. Their weeping added to the confusion of the situation. The Giants
tried to calm everyone.

Then Sansa screamed. Margaery had been pacing and ran to the side of Catelyn’s bed.

“Oh gods no! Her bed has become a bed of blood!” Margaery cried out. Catelyn’s water had burst and it was bright crimson with fresh blood.

Lady now howled at the top of her lungs adding to the cacophony of confusion and terror.

Eddard Stark was not here. He was at least six to seven and half hours away. The witches of Asshai’s prophecy said he must be in this room for Catelyn to live.

Sansa was wailing and the witches were nearly shaking with ire and rage. The Haruchai were posed to strike in the blink of an eye. The witches and Haruchai stood before each other as if daring each other to make the first move. Without word from Maester Luwin the witches would not be allowed near Catelyn. The witches sensed the might of the Haruchai and feared to make a move against them. To overcome the Haruchai would require great magic that would harm all in the room.

Catelyn was going to die Margaery now knew. She could not last till Eddard Stark arrived. He could not arrive for another six hours plus at the earliest.

She started to cry rivers of tears as her wife screamed in her pain and fear.

The door slammed open. The sound starting everyone in the room. Margaery turned to the door. Her mouth fell open her heart beating triple time in her chest.

Through the doorway rushed Eddard Stark, Lord Lustra and the Haruchai Brail. They were soaked in sweat and mud but they had arrived.

Margaery nearly fainted. Miracles can happen.

Eddard

The sky was still dark. It would be for several more hours before the sun broke the horizon. Birds were only now waking up and beginning to chirp and caw. Only those who got up early knew that birds started to wake hours before dawn. First only the lonely chirp. But slowly, over the minutes the notes of new bird arose until you had a symphony of waking birds chirping. The firs by the castle were a rockery for ravens and they were cawing to each other as they greeted the approaching morning. Eddard had put on the blanket on his warhorse’s back. He gripped his saddle and threw it up on his horses back and synched up the straps and adjusted the fit on the horses back. He adjusted the stirrups.

He had his squires working to put saddles on the three horses he would ride out towards Castle Cerwyn. There was farmsteads and woodlands between the rolling hills. The fields were fallow but Eddard wanted the visitor’s leaders to see some of the land under his rule and give them a sense that this land was worth the sacrifice. He would ride out fast riding spare horses to get to the Riddley’s. A small village by noon. He would show the emissaries the small croft and then push on another league or two to show other peaceful farmsteads and the tranquil woodlands. This land needed to be protected from the approaching death of the Ice King.

Only then would Eddard mount his warhorse back. The spare horses would spare the mighty beast the burden of Eddard’s weight. The animal would be more refreshed to carry his master back to Winterfell. They should arrive back at Winterfell four to six hours after the sun had set.
He would not have done this a week ago but his wife’s recovery gave him the confidence to take the leaders from the Land out to see some of his lands. Maester Luwin had assured him that his wife would have an uncomplicated delivery if her water broke. He hoped to be there for the birth of his latest and probably last child but he had missed Robb, Sansa and Rickon’s birth so he would not be devastated if he missed this birth. He wanted to go this day hoping his wife giving birth to their new child would not come till he got back.

They would not be ready to leave Winterfell for several weeks yet. The exact date to leave was not set yet but the time for the final surge was fast approaching. The fact that the Ice King hesitated at the Fist of the First Men allowed for Eddard and his Queen to move in a timely manner without the need to rush up to the Wall. They were letting the rest of their forces surge past Winterfell on their way to the Wall. By then Cat would have had their child and would be fully recovered and caring for their new child. He smiled at that thought. Cat was a great mother of her children. He paused thinking of Jon and his treatment by Cat. If only he could have told her the truth things would have been so different. He synched his saddle harder.

The past was done and he could not go back and undo it. He did what he felt he had to do to keep Jon safe from Robert’s insane fear and jealousy of all things House Targaryen. He also had to honor the last request of his sweet sister Lyanna. He had made the right decisions but the cost had been exhorbant. So many deceptions done in the name of others. Eddard rested his head on his horse’s flank. The deception of not having Lyanna’s body and finding a doppelganger. Hiding Jon’s true lineage with lie after lie. Letting Robert remain on the throne. No matter. Eddard straightened his back. The past was over he could only forge a better future.

The birds were more fully awake now and the trees and eves were alive with chirps. Soon the birds would emerge to find this sustenance. Eddard looked to the east. The sky was still dark. He wondered how the birds knew the sun was fast approaching. No matter. It was time to begin today’s journey.

Soon enough the sky would begin to have the first glimmers of dawn. He went into the stables to get a pick for his horse’s hooves. He had noticed a rock in his horse’s left front hoof. The horse tenders had the stalls emptied of horses and many were out in the pasture covered with blankets and feed bags on. The rest of the horses were on the far end of the stables and barn edifices.

Some of the Giants had chosen to sleep here in the barns due their extreme height compared to human habitations. At twelve to fourteen feet in height the Giants were just too tall to comfortably reside in any human sized habitation.

He had been lost in his thoughts entering the stables thinking of the day’s journey. He heard the unmistakable sounds of love making. He looked up and his mouth fell open. Up against one the support posts for the second floor hayloft was Braveheart Tillerkeel with her back pressed hard into the eight by eight inch beam. Her wife Zephyrstar Forecastle was before her.

Braveheart had her battle skirt around her feet and her blouse top was obviously undone. Their armor was piled on hay bales to their right. His sight was blocked by Zephyrstar but it was obvious what she was doing to her wife. Braveheart’s head was lulled over her face contorting in fierce pleasure that if he did not know better would have thought was extreme pain. Her head snapped to the side and jacked back into the beam. The sound loud. It must have been painful but the Giant showed no grimace of pain.

From the motions of Zephyrstar’s arms it was obvious one her hands were pleasuring her wife’s vagina and the other was lifting a heavy bosom up. Zephyrstar’s head was cantered down her mouth making wet suck sounds as she devoured a rigid nipple.
Eddard blushed hard. He was very liberal in his views on individuals having the right to choose whomever they wanted as mates and was using Dany’s rule and liberal views to enact that in his own immediate family and would progress this policy throughout the North knowing that Daenerys Targaryen would make it the law of the Land.

Her benevolent rule and their upcoming defeat of the Ice King would give her the currency to implement this change in social law as well as her desires to allow for equal primogeniture in the ascending to the throne. It was practiced in Dorne for a thousand years and it seemed to be just fine. He thought back on Robert Baratheon and Daenerys’ father, Aerys II Targaryen, those thoughts had convinced him that just the fact that one was born male did not mean you were fit to be king. Those two men shattered that convention.

If Daenerys had not come to Westeros the chances were very great that Joffrey Baratheon would have had ascended the throne in the not too distant future. With the way Robert was declining he doubted he would have been long for the world anyways.

He thought evilly that Cersei and Joffrey would have seen to that. He could just see Cersei spiking Robert’s drink on a bore hunt and getting the fool man gored and killed.

That was the past he had been informed. Cersei like a butterfly emerging from a chrysalis had transformed herself into something new and seemingly wonderful according to Oberyn.

He shook his head. Now Cersei was part of the Martell household about to marry Obara Sand and Oberyn could not stop talking about Cersei this and Cersei that. He had hated the woman with an intense loathing and now he kept talking about screwing her and his wife was besotted with the woman.

The world was indeed strange.

A loud moan brought Eddard out of his reflections on how strange life could be. He focused again on the two Giants in front of him. It was not the sex act he found mesmerizing per se. It was just their immense stature. They were both way over twice his height and yet so graceful. The Mountain, Gregor Clegane was eight feet tall and was not slow or ungainly but these Giants moved as fast and adroitly as he himself did. How could beings so large be so fast and quick on their feet?

Tillerkeel was moaning hard now her eyes squeezed tight shut. Forecastle was pumping her right arm hard and her head was lifting as she made obscene wet suck sounds. Eddard had had enough. He was liberal in his views on relationship but he was definitely a prude when it came to sex. He wanted to only see his wife in the throes of passion.

His feelings were reinforced when a motion caught his eyes. The motion high in his peripheral vision. He looked up to the hayloft over the stables. He blanched seeing six Giants staring down at him and the two rutting Giants in front of him. They had big smirks on their faces. They all had hay in their hair and he could tell they were all naked.

That was another thing that he had discovered about the Giants. They did not feel the cold. Nor did the Haruchai for that matter. He had come to learn some of these peoples history. The Haruchai were born in the high mountains they called the Western Mountains. From their descriptions of their homeland, these mountains fully equaled the heights and grandeur of the Mountains of the Vale or the Ice Fangs above the wall. The mountains tall and treacherous to human life and yet the Haruchai thrived in those high mountains valleys and tors.

The Haruchai were bred to be immune to the cold. The Lord that was from Revelstone, Lustra, had assured Eddard the Haruchai did not use magic to resist the cold. They simply did not feel it. They
walked around in their thin tunics and with no boots or sandals on their feet. They never shivered or their skin rose up in goosebumps. He had asked Brail of this. She had answered “We are breed for cold and thin air. Our life in the high tores and vales of our homeland are harsh and unforgiving. It has made us a hearty people.”

She had gone on to explain in her taciturn manner that once the Haruchai had been two clans always at war with the other. Finally, a truce was made and the two tribes merged their individual mind speech and became one people. That new peace had increased their numbers. They had sought out new lands to explore and expand into.

Thus, they had discovered the Land and the High Council of High Lord Kevin at the height of his power. The Haruchai in her dispassionate manner still was able instill in Eddard a small glimmer of the grandeur they had seen. The grandeur so great they had taken the Vow. She told Eddard of Kevin’s fall and their own repeated falls from grace. They kept giving their allegiance to people and concepts that did equal the passion of their vows of service.

It was not till Stave instituted reforms did the Haruchai finally learned to control their passions.

So Eddard understand their immunity to the cold. The Giants seemed to have their home in a tropic clime and yet the cold did not affect them either. Even more startling was their ritual they had for grief. The Giants had called it a Caamora. It was a ritual by which the Giants purged themselves of grief and rage. They were impervious to any ordinary fire, but the flames hurt them, and they used the pain at need to help them master themselves. He was told how they would plunge their hands into a bonfire and grip burning logs so the fire would scald them in agony.

The idea of enduring such pain to remove pain and guilt staggered Eddard. What kind of people were these denizens of the Southern Hemisphere. They were so extravagant in their passions and how they answered that passion.

Eddard again wondered of these strange and so powerful allies that had come to aid them. He sensed that they had come for more than aid of their cause. They did not speak much of it but he had picked up that they expected the Queen to fulfill other tasks. Eddard knew these people of different races would give their all to his and the Queen’s cause.

Any future tasks would have to wait for later. Eddard Stark had to defeat the Ice King and more importantly he needed to retreat presently. His face was beet red with his embarrassment. He heard the Giants snickering at his discomfiture. He turned to the work bench and retrieved the pick he needed to clean the stone from the horseshoe on his war horse.

He walked back to his horse with a quick step. The cold air felt good. It clouded his embarrassment. Eddard ran his hand down his mounts leg but his horse did not lift it for him. Typical he groused to himself good naturedly. He leaned against his warhorse’s shoulder and lifted the leg off the ground. Using his hoof pick, Eddard started at the heel of the foot and picked forward to the toe, carefully removing all rocks, dirt and debris. He made sure to clean the grooves on either side of the frog, the V-shaped part of the hoof.

Satisfied he put the foot back down and patted his horse. Loud shrieks came from the stables. He blushed furiously again. The Giants would be sung of by bards for centuries to come for the willingness to let all hear their pleasure and boy could they bellow out that pleasure Eddard groused to himself. He grimaced thinking the Giants were the most Dothraki like in their willingness to express and show their emotions. He was sure Daenerys was very vocal. He supposed wolves were too and what that meant about Arya. He blushed again.

Eddard found the decorum and control of the Haruchai and the Ramen a much more comfortable fit
to his personality. The Haruchai took it to the extreme though Eddard considered. He thought the Ramen had the proper level of restraint. He liked those people a lot. Their desire to tend the Ranyhyn above all else and trying to be one with nature. He could see them and the Ranyhyn running free and happy in the Sand Hills.

He used a curry comb and a dandy brush to clean and untangle his horse’s hair. He worked his horse’s main and tail till all tangles were removed and the hair felt luxuriant running through his fingers.

He spent fifteen minutes stroking his warhorse’s hair with his combs. The horse quivering and snorting in pleasure at the attention.

The two Giants he had witnessed rutting came out of the stables with a smug look on their face. Eddard blushed again. They were fully dressed in their armor and had their sword weapons in their scabbards strapped to their backs. He would be happy to hit the King’s Road and begin their journey. It was all too obvious the Giants enjoyed his discomfiture.

Most of the ravens in the rockery were cawing now and he saw the first bird lifting from their nighttime roosts to go out for the day’s foraging. More song birds were chirping from within their havens in the thick boughs of the trees by the Great Keep and the stand of trees by the Godswood and the scared stand itself. The air was thick with the smell of burning wood and coal. He breathed deep. It reminded him of his childhood before he was sent off to be fostered by Jon Arryn.

A wind was picking up from North. It had quickly picked up speed. It was not yet a steady wind but it was picking up force. It had hard gusts that blew ever southward. The Ice King cometh Eddard thought mordantly. The time of war was rapidly closing on him and those aligned with him. He would meet challenge of his age.

He turned his thoughts to this day. The wind would help their journey going to Castle Cerwyn. There was a range of medium piedmont to the east that he had visited often in his youth. He wanted to show the people of the land the special hideaway he had found as a youth. He and his brothers would go there to play in their youth. He was the tagalong brother but he remembered the times fondly. His taciturn nature had always made him reserved.

More torches were being lit as the stable hands came out to start their daily care of the horses. The horses needing to be feed and blankets taken off the horses as they awoke. From the early morning gloom two riders on the mighty Ranyhyn came into view. He saw the Lord Lustra on a roan mare that nickered as she came up to Eddard and the Giants. On a black stallion rode Brail of the Haruchai. He noticed that neither had any type of saddle and no bridle. The horses came up to the small group. Again Eddard marveled at the size and obvious power of the horses. The star on their foreheads seemed to glow in the dark. It had to be a trick of the light on their coats.

He noticed beside the Ranyhyn that Brail strode, the Manethrall Shapa was standing by the Ranyhyn’s right front leg. He glanced around wondering where her Ranyhyn was. He was sure it would appear at any moment. He saw the horses looking at him. Eddard could not shake the feeling that these mighty horses were every bit as intelligent as himself. Maybe more so he mused. He knew that magic was in them. The Lord had called it Earthpower.

She had tried to explain it. “I am not sure of the magic of this realm. In our Land magic has purpose and bearing. One manifestation of that magic is seen in the Ranyhym. In many ways they are beyond us. They are truly the mane and hoof of the sky and Earth.” She had not been able to make a better descriptions of the horses that lived in the land of the Plains of Ra.

The Lord came up to him with Brail by her side.
“Are you ready to begin our journey? I want to show you some of my land. To see the farms and small crofts that dot the land. We will end in a beautiful hidden valley hidden in the foothills to the north and east of Castle Cerwyn. The air was clear and still yesterday but I feel this wind will blow out the mist by the early afternoon. I am bringing three extra mounts to allow us to reach our goal by an hour past noon. We will then travel back and arrive in the mid evening hopefully.”

“The land is in winter but you will see the farms and the heartiness of the land.”

The Lord spoke “We can see the sap in the trees. It lies fallow in their trunks. They are in somnolence waiting for spring. We can see the roots of the dead grasses waiting for the first touch of Spring to burst forth into life. We see the health of the birds and small animals that dot the landscape. This is a vital land. We will help you defend it against this scourge of this Ice King. He reminds us of the Arghuleh in the far north of the Land. It too had made an unholy pact with a Croyel.”

“They were defeated and killed. So will be your Ice King. Your forces are mighty and strong.”

Eddard had to smile at the firm confidence. “I am humbled in your opinion of our forces and our might. Your additional might is a great benison to the forces opposed to the Ice King.”

Eddard asked, “Are we ready to proceed on our journey? The sooner we leave the sooner will be able to return. I had not foreseen this strong wind blowing from the North.”

The Lord turned her face into the wind. She looked at the Giants. “The wind is not ill.”

Eddard wondered about that. The question must have shown on his face.

The Lord faced him “We can feel the rightness or the wrongness in the ways of things. This wind is natural and carries no malice on it.”

Eddard wondered of this ability to “see” the rightness in nature and the rightness and honesty of people.

Eddard turned his gaze upon the Ramen Manethrall. “Where is the Ranyhyn for you Manethrall Shapa?”

He saw the woman bristle. The Lord spoke up “The Ramen only ride the Ranyhyn when there is great crisis. She will run with us as the Giants will.”

Eddard looked at the small woman. He did not see how this was possible. He had his squire and two other young men who would bring extra horses to allow them to reach their destination more quickly and then he would ride his own warhorse back. The trip home would probably be nearly twice as long to return to Winterfell.

He hoped Catelyn would not give birth till he got back but Maester Luwin had assured him that the danger had passed. More forces would be coming through tomorrow and the road would be full of passing troops and wagons full of supplies heading North. Missandei had told him that the next two weeks would see almost continuous traffic on the King’s Road. The final push to the Wall was in full swing.

Today was the best day to take this journey before he too left for the Wall. He mounted the first spare mount and he trotted out the South gate heading towards Cerwyn. The Lord and her Haruchai were on his left. The Giants were to his right. He could see how the Giants could maybe keep up. Their long legs would let their tread eat up the miles.
As the gate was lifted the cords of the Manethrall sprinted out into the darkness and were gone.

Eddard turned to Shapa with a cocked eyebrow.

“My cords will scout the way and look for any dangers. They will seek out any ambush or wolves lying in wait. They will scout the best trail.”

Eddard listened and then gently smiled. “In our land wolves do not attack horses and especially men. Wolves and even Direwolves avoid direct confrontation with man. With the full mobilization of Westeros we are completely safe. The way is known and safe.”

The Manethrall looked out the gate. “Nevertheless my cords will scout the way. They need the practice. I would be remiss in my duty as their instructor if I did not have them out scouring the way before us for danger. Please accept this service.”

Eddard tilted his head. He acknowledge the desire of the Ramen to provide protection to Eddard’s forces. Especially the Ranyhyn and the horses they rode. The force cantered out the gate and milled around for a short moment.

Eddard decided to see exactly what the abilities of his companies were. He kicked his horse in the ribs and they took off at a slow gallop to eat up the initial miles of the day’s outward leg of their journey. The horse whinnied and shot off into the gloom that was beginning to show the very first traces of the approaching sunrise still some ways off. The sky was still dark with the low clouds. Still, Eddard had his night vision and he could make out the surrounding environment. He knew it was a while before the approaching dawn would begin to dispel the shrouds of mystery that darkness brought to the land.

His horse was moving at a moderate pace. The horse would be able to maintain this pace for three maybe four miles before they would have to slow to a walk to rest his mount. He was not surprised the Ranyhyn easily kept pace. The horses were two hands taller and much more thickly muscled than the horse he rode. They were nickering as they galloped easily beside Eddard.

Eddard looked at the star on their foreheads. Even in the dark the markings seemed to glow and pulse with the horses’ heartbeat as they gaily ran forth.

He looked to his other side. The giants had their swords on their backs as well as medium sized rolls strapped to their back. The Haruchai too had a satchel on her back. The Ramen had no such satchel. She was running fast her legs churning but she seemed to be easily keeping pace with his horse’s gallop. He was amazed. She was breathing deeply but seemed to have no problem keeping pace. The low thunder of hooves hammering the hard Earth was loud in Eddard’s ears.

The Giants long strides easily ate up the ground keeping pace. Eddard urged his horse to keep its pace up but after three miles the horse began to flag and he pulled the reigns back to reduce the horses from a gallop to fast striding gait and then to a walk after another mile. His horse was winded after the fast league plus one mile more it had just gallop. They walked their horses.

Eddard heard the Giants laughing and jesting not affected by the run. The Manethrall breathed hard for a minute but within another minute she was walking and breathing normally. The first of the Search pulled a jug out of her backpack and pulled out the stopper. It was Diamonddraught. The smell of the potent liquid tickled Eddard’s nose. Braveheart Tillerkeel and her wife Zephyrstar Forecastle took deep swigs from their jugs. The Giants laughed and jested with all around them.

The Lord looked pained at the attempts to draw her into a conversation. She looked uncomfortable. Eddard wondered what blighted the beautiful woman to make her so dour.
Of course the Haruchai and the Ramen kept their peace and did not truly respond to jests of the Giants. The Ramen answered politely but Brail ignored the jests totally. The Giants seemed to love trying to get a response from the bluff attitude of the Haruchai.

Eddard was completely impressed with the endurance of the Ramen and Giants. Out in the lifting gloom the cords were even racing forward faster than their gallop if they were scouting out their way. He had seen no trace of the Manethrall’s cords before them. They left no evidence of their passing.

There would be no more gallops. He kept the progress moving forward alternating between a trot moving between eight to nine mph and a canter between twelve and thirteen mph. Much time spent merely letting the horses walk at a slow comfortable pace. The horses getting their wind and strength back. He had many stops to let the horses breathe and relax before pushing them to a faster pace. At ten miles he switched to the first spare horse. He went another ten miles and then ten miles again switching horses out to reach sight of Cerwyn Castle.

As they had moved on, the world lifted out of the gloom of night. The land of the North came into sharp relief. The world dull from the clouds occluding the sky but Eddard would never tire of the beauty of the land he was Warden of.

As they had travelled on the first leg of their ride Lustra had come up beside Eddard. They made eye contact. The dour woman cleared her throat.

“I am curious. This Ice King. Do you know of his lineage? I have heard he is of great age. He disappeared and has only just returned?”

Eddard had done much reading over the last two years preparing for the coming war. He had not been happy with all his discoveries. Eddard did not try to hide what he had found. In the oldest manuscripts he found references to the first wars between man and the Children of the Forest. He read of how those first denizens of Westeros tried to raise a champion to fight the Andals.

Eddard had discovered his ancient ancestors had led the fight against the Children of the Forest. Man had wanted their world and were willing to commit genocide to acquire it. The First People had tried to craft a weapon to fight their antagonist. In their desperation they created a weapon that none could control.

“They captured an ancestor of my lineage. There are few accounts of the man but I believe his name was Darick Stark. He was a vile evil man. He was captured by the Children of the Forest. They changed him into the Ice King through vile necromancy. They raised seven others it is said in some text. They quickly discovered their new weapons was a double edged sword. The newly risen Ice King was able to raise others in his image. He rose against man but he also rose against the Children of the Forest.”

“He was defeated by a man from Asshai named Azor Ahai. He slew the Ice King and pinned his body to the Earth at the top of the world. He only recently escaped. We have no idea how this occurred; the freeing of the Ice King at this time.”

The Lord mulled over the words of Eddard. “I think I can tell you why the Ice King has been freed at this time. When the Earthroot was shattered in Valyria it started the weakening of the Earthpower in his hemisphere. The Blood of the Earth cannot go directly into the world. It must first be distilled in the pool of the Earthroot. That was somehow disrupted and Valyria died. When that occurred the magic that bound the Ice King to the earth was affected. High magic has been fading in the North of the world for almost five centuries now. It took centuries but the Ice King was finally able to free himself.”
Eddard nodded. It was nice to be finally given a reason for the vile Ice Wright King’s return.

The riders fell into a companionable silence watching the scenery pass them by.

The denizens of the land had looked upon the neat farms and organized crofts with an appreciative eye. They told Eddard that in their land except for Revelstone there was no large groupings of people into towns. This land they knew and understood. They enjoyed seeing the day to day life that mirrored what they knew in the Land.

It was less than an hour after noon when the party reached the castle. Two additional squires took their horses and the winded horses on to Cerwyn Castle. There they would rest overnight before making a journey back with the next troop train to begin moving through tomorrow at noon.

Eddard turned them to the east and entered the low foothills down a wide path between rolling hills. They moved down the line between hills with a path that became more and more basic and not as easily to follow. The horses were moving slowly picking their way. The Ranyhyn nickering to the horses as if encouraging them. The horses of the Lord and Haruchai did not seemed stressed in the least at the hours of constant cantering.

Eddard had to marvel at how the Manethrall had not flagged with the fast pace that should have ground her into the dirt. He finally asked her how she and her cords had been able to keep pace with the fast ride in the cold air. He knew her cords were somewhere out in the land ahead of him scouting. The endurance of these people was hard to fathom. The Giants he could understand with their long strides and obvious heavy martial training. He did marvel at their ability to easily keep pace with the fast pace while wearing their heavy swords and armor.

The woman looked up at him and seemed to nicker in humor.

“The Ramen from the time we reach late pre adolescence are with the Ranyhyn constantly out on the plains of Ra. The horses of Ra can easily match this pace in their sleep” she crowed. “We have not touched what the Ranyhyn can run. The Ranyhyn can gallop like the wind and not tire. They can run much faster than a normal horse and their endurance is legendary. They are sure footed and can run at full gallop down paths like this or even rock strewn scree.”

The path narrowed and trees now were lining the lane. Their roots jutting up through the ground. Eddard and his squire’s horses stumbled walking the treacherous ground. Eddard had thought the Ramen Manethrall was exaggerating the capability to some degree in her pride of the Ranyhyn that bore the Lord of Revelstone and Haruchai Brail.

He could not help but notice and be impressed that the two Ranyhyn did not stumble one time he saw on the rock and root strewn path they were taking. The periodic heavy rains filling the path with scree and sizable stones. The large horses seemed to have a sixth sense in where to put their hooved feet. This was amplified by the thin coating of snow on some spots of the path. The snow hiding the loose stone beneath but still the Ranyhyn did not falter in their sure steps.

The hills around them grew in height till they some approaching four hundred feet in height. The hills rising sharply into ridges that were narrow. One hill rising after the other with their feet seemingly intertwined. The sides of the hills covered in stands of trees and thick brambles. Eddard smiled seeing mountain goats and some antelope pounding up the hills and over the ridges and down the other side escaping the intrusion into their domain.

They rounded several turns and did two switchbacks and suddenly came out into a hidden glen between a rift of hills. A small waterfall fell off the hill to the right falling several hundred feet to land into a pool that was a hundred feet across and had a rill running down from the pool and down
the small valley to run to the nearest river. The valley no more than five hundred feet wide but ran forward out of sight. The hills blocked the wind and the floor was warmer and grass still grew if stunted. There was snow on the hills in banks and some snow still on the valley floor in spots.

He loved this place from his childhood. He had not visited this childhood hideaway in over five years. He smiled remembering good times with his brothers. He, Brandon and Benjin had many good times in this hidden vale. They walked their horses into the middle of the valley. The Giants laughed and took off their swords and duffle bags and ran and dived into the deep waters. They stayed underneath for over a minute before they broke the surface.

The cords that had been ranging ahead of the riders came down the hills from three sides. The cords ran up the horses and started to care for them leading the horses to the choicest swaths of grass. An extra horse had been brought along with saddle bags bulged out with oats. The cords took the large feed cup and happily took the horses oats they put on the ground in heaps. The horses munched on the proffered grain with happy snorts and flicks of their tales.

Only then did they bring the two Ranyhyn a heaping of oats. Somehow Eddard knew the Ranyhyn wanted the horses cared for first. This touched Eddard deeply. The greatest among them tending to the lesser. He wished mankind had such scruples and morals. He tried and too often failed he mused sadly.

The Giants started to splash each other and dunk one another. Eddard was again amazed at their sheer burgeoning strength. He had asked them and been told that their armor weighed roughly one hundred pounds. They did not even seem to feel the weight.

The Giants played in the frigid water for ten minutes. As they frolicked Brail removed her satchel and pulled out wrapped wafers of oatmeal and slices of cheese. She had a wine skin in it that she offered the Lord. The Lord took the food and smiled at her Bloodguard with a thankful smile. Eddard had noted that Brail was always at the Lord’s side and quick to offer the Lord any benison and sought to make her life as comfortable as possible. Brail always quick to make sure Lustra had the best dishes of food and quickly refilled her goblets even though the Lord protested she could do it herself. Brail insisted. Brail did it all stoically stating it was her duty as her Bloodguard.

Even though the Haruchai showed no reaction Eddard could tell she was pleased with the Lord’s smiles. Having watched Arya pine for Daenerys Targaryen for years he had learned to see longing no matter how well hidden. Eddard had inquired of the Giants in Winterfell if the Bloodguard normally waited on those they protected. He had not noted it with Bannor and Jeertel with the Queen and Arya.

The Giant, Crowsnest Morningwinds, had chuckled but gave the answer Eddard hoped for. The truth.

“No. It is not. The Haruchai are the guard of the Lords and other persons of power and importance to the Land. Brail is madly in love with Lustra. We all can see it. The only one who can’t see her love is Lustra. Though I wonder of that. Brail is wooing her in her own inept way. Lustra is in love with Brail but refuses to acknowledge it. The Haruchai always acknowledge their attractions as Stannis Baratheon has discovered. All of us long for the two of them to find each other. I have hope.”

Eddard did too. His life would have been empty without Cat in it.

The giants came out of the pool. They were soaked but truly did not feel the cold. The two women’s hair had come partially out of their braids. The women took their hair down and shook their hair out. Eddard was taken by the beauty of these women. They were perfect in every angle of
their faces and curve of their body.

They undid their satchels and pulled out thick biscuits stuffed with ham and cheese. They opened a bowel and dipped the biscuits in rich thick gravy. They pulled out a small jug from Zephyrstar’s roll and drank it with long gulps. They laughed and slapped each other on the back. The Giant women putting each other’s hair back into braids. The sight endearing to Eddard.

The Lord spoke up “They are consuming Diamonddraught. It is a strong liquor that is many times stronger than what you call whiskey. For them it is like weak wine but it totally invigorates them. It can have healing properties to the weary and injured.”

Eddard had heard the name in the dining hall. He was happy to learn more about the potent drink.

She began to go on when she suddenly stopped. Her eyes went unfocused. Eddard saw Brail come to rigid attention and moved her Ranyhyn close to the Lord. Shapa went to stand between the two Ranyhyn. The horses were pawing the ground.

“What is happening?” Eddard asked. Their strange actions filling him with unease for some reason. The Lord was not acting like they were in danger but the Haruchai was definitely on the alert.

“I am not sure” the Haruchai spoke.

The Lord had ridden with her staff lashed to her back. She pulled it out of the loops when they had stopped in the glen. She had set her staff down on the ground on one iron shod end the other end resting against her leg that rested on the Ranyhyn’s flank. She suddenly plucked it up and gripped with two hands.

She murmured and a look of alarm came over her face. She stayed like this for nearly a minute. Now Eddard understood. She was communicating to someone through her staff. Was it some Lord of Revelstone?

Lustra put her staff lengthwise across the back of the Ranyhyn. She turned to look at Eddard with a sever mien. She took a deep breath.

“I have been touched by two witches named Melisandre and Ygritte.”

Eddard stiffened in immediate dread. For them to reach out to the Lord …

“Your wife is in grave peril. We must return to Winterfell immediately. Her life depends on it. She is failing.”

Eddard’s heart sank. His horse had not supported his weight but they were a day’s ride away at a slow cantor. By riding multiple horses he had been able to travel a much faster pace than normal. He had wanted to reach this valley of his youth. This desire may have cost Eddard his wife he thought. At the fastest pace they would muster they would not arrive to the middle of the first watch of the night.

He would never forgive himself if something happened to his sweet wife. Damnit! I trusted in my sense of being in control and considering all factors. Damnit! He stormed at himself. Cold dread filled him and a sweat had broken out on his brow that had nothing to do with the weather.

He turned his horse around. They had to begin immediately.

His mouth fell open. Before him ran a fast approaching appaloosa colored Ranyhyn. It was storming up the path that he had taken to get to this hidden valley. The end of the path was clearly
seen at the head of the valley. The path angling down the hills. The path that slightly inclined up was covered in rocks and roots and yet the Ranyhyn was running at a full gallop that equaled what his horses had down at the beginning of the journey this morning.

How could this horse run at a full gallop over the wicked ground and not break all of its legs within twenty yards Eddard wondered. Not once did the Ranyhyn falter in its fast approach. The star on its forehead seemed to glow as if the full moon had come to rest upon its forehead. The mighty horse’s hooves striking the hard ground echoed in the valley.

In fact the horse did not stumbled in the slightest in its fast charge up the narrow valley path. It came into the glade and ran at a furious pace. Eddard’s mouth fell open. This horse was running far faster than he had ever seen a horse run. Not even a Sandsteed of Dorne could match that pace. The Ranyhyn stormed up to the party and at the last moment slowed and turned on a gold dragon and was beside him. The Ranyhyn looked look back at Eddard with clear air in impatience. The Ranyhyn stallion stomped its hoof on the ground. It was barely breathing past a normal pace.

What was it demanding?

The Manethrall called up to him. She was at his knee. How had she moved so fast? She had been with the Lord and Haruchai and now she was at his leg. He had not seen her move. She looked up at Eddard with a sense of wonder on her face.

“This is Frohm. He has chosen to bear you. I have never seen this before. To choose a rider when not having visited our homeland. He has come to bear you back to Winterfell. He has heard your need and has come to answer that need.”

The Ranyhyn was throwing its head in such a way that was clear. Get on my back. Time is precious.

“He has no saddle. I will fall off.”

“No one has ever fallen off of Ranyhyn! Stop insulting them!” Shapa barked up at Eddard.

The Bloodguard’s Ranyhyn, Frahanoryl, whinnied several times loudly and stared at the Manethrall. The Lord’s Ranyhyn, Frinny, trumpeted and stomped its hoof into the Earth while glaring the Manethrall.

The Manethrall lowered her head abashed.

“Frinny has reminded me that you do not know of the Ranyhyn’s strength and skill. You have not experienced their fidelity. Today you will learn. Today you will be amazed.”

“Learn what?”

The Manthrall smiled. “Fidelity. You would honor the Ranyhyn if you allow them to bear you back to Winterfell. Each minute is precious.”

Eddard had to trust these strange powerful horses. He leaned over and slipped onto the Ranyhyn’s strong broad back. The horse looked back at him with both intelligence and a look of deep concern. Eddard instinctively knew these horses knew of his wife’s danger and wanted to get him back to her as quick as possible.

He felt the massive strength of the horse. Eddard realized with wonder his balance was perfectly centered on the Ranyhyn’s back.
The Manethrall called up to him. “Trust Frohm. You cannot fall off. Just ride him. The Giants and I cannot match the pace the Ranyhyn will set in your need. We will follow as fast as we can.”

Eddard had seen the two other riders turn their horses around. The Bloodguard took the Lord’s staff and ran it through the loops that kept the satchel on her back.

Lustra stood gripping the Ranyhyn with her knees “Frahanoryl, Frooryl, Frohm … fly like the wind!”

Eddard was snapped back but somehow did not fall off his Ranyhyn when the horse took off like a crossbow bolt and pounded down the valley and its lush grass. The Ranyhyns running at a fast gallop that thundered in the valley. The horses running at a furious pace. They game to the start of the path that now led down out of the hills. Eddard saw the root and rock strewn path. He kept waiting for the Ranyhyn to decelerate to pick their way down the path. He wanted to scream when the Ranyhyn formed into a line and stormed onto the path. They had only slowed marginally still at an insane gallop flying forward.

Then they were on the rock and root strewn path itself. Eddard stared wide eyed. He was in the middle of the procession of Ranyhyns. The horses never faltered or seemed to find a misstep. It should have been impossible for the horses to run like this on such a treacherous path. Somehow he was not thrown off and the great horse took a perfect step by perfect step running down the rock strewn path. The mains and tails of the horses flew behind them like flags snapping in the wind.

The mountain goats again spooked. The thunder of the Ranyhyns hooves chasing them up the hills.

The hills at least shielded them from the hard wind blowing out of the North. Soon they had passed out the narrow part of the path that was more of a defilement. They had traveled nearly a mile over almost impossible terrain that his horse had had to carefully walk through. They had run back though at a fast gallop. Now the path opened up. The ground became much less dangerous to the mighty horses.

Still it was only wide enough for one horse. The Ranyhyn took advantage and stretched into a long legged full gallop. Eddard had never seen such speed. It left him almost breathless. Only the sand steeds of the Dome could even hope to begin to match this insane pace. The narrow path was still narrow and uneven. He wondered at the smoothness of the gait. He did not feel jostled in the least. Again this was impossible and yet he was experiencing it as the horses of the Plains of Ra ran at speed that was simply impossible.

For two more miles, they ran on, closed in by the hills. Eddard was waiting for the great horses to begin to flag and slow down to a walk to get their wind back. He had come to accept that these horses could run at this seemingly impossible pace but now he could not understand how the horses had not exhausted themselves. No horse could have run anywhere near this distance at such speed and not need to stop to get its wind back and take the stress off its legs and heart.

The Ranyhyn did not flag.

They burst out of the foothills and hit the rolling lands beside the King’s Road. The horses swung around to the north and started up the side of the King’s highway. They did this avoid the ruts of the King’s Road. The ground was uneven but it did not affect the Ranyhyn and the pace they set. The horses’ bodies were literally poetry in motion. Their legs all leaving the ground at moments as they flashed down the side of the King’s Road.

The punishing cold wind hit Eddard’s face making his eyes tear. The Ranyhyn should have tired
already having run nearly five miles and now they had to fight this punishing headwind. The wind should have added to the burden of this impossible run. The wind should have punished and dropped the Ranyhyn to their knees! Still they ran on. The Warden looked around with wide eyes at his impossible pace and endurance.

Eddard was again snatched back on his mount’s back. He had begun to relax believing the Manethrall that he could not fall off his mount’s back. He reached out and gripped Frohm’s mane tight.

What had just happened! This was impossible! They had ridden at a fast gallop for five miles already!

He had thought they were moving fast before. Now they were running at an impossible pace. They seemed to be almost flying over the ground. No Sandsteed had ever approached the speed Eddard was now experiencing. The Ranyhyns’ hooves threw up grass and mud as they pounded up the grasslands riding ever north at a furious pace. Eddard had ridden horses all his life. He looked around with wide eyes. This speed was impossible!

Eddard had learned the signs of when his mount was tiring. When they needed a blow from a hard run. He could feel the horse faltering with the need to slow down. Their gate becoming more and more unsteady and their mouths covered in foam and spasms rippling along their flanks.

None of this Eddard felt or saw on his impossible gallop. The Ranyhyns breathing was steady and no foam was on their nostrils. The horses’ bodies surged forward with each gallop their hooves pounded the hard Earth in perfect rhythm. Eddard looked at the world ripping by at an impossible clip.

They were running at a speed that would burst a sand steed’s heart and still they ran on. The horses were not tiring! How was this possible! No animal could run like this. Their hearts would burst! Their legs shatter! Still the Ranyhyn ran forward not slowing in any diminishment of their supreme effort. Thunder filled the air with the Ranyhyn’s hooves striking the Earth.

The wind was punishing. Not even these mystical could continue to fight this wind and not tire. They had to tire. They had too!

Eddard saw ahead a knife’s edge of sunlight racing across the land. There was rift in the clouds allowing the low afternoon sun to shine brightly on the winter ground. The light was almost magical with how it glowed in the dull world of muted greys. The light raced ahead of their path and angled off to the west. The light undulated over the rolling hills to Eddard’s left. Eddard swore he heard the sound of thunder to his left.

The bright sunlight reached the top of the long hill that ran parallel to the King’s Road on this section of the road. Eddard gasped. His eyes had followed that sliver of light as it raced across the Earth. For just a brief moment he thought the full moon and brightest stars had come down from the nighttime sky. An explosion of pure white light covered the crest of the hill.

Along the ridge the white light shone pure white and then the sunlight was gone and bursts of color appeared on the crest and ran down the hill. The other eighteen Ranyhyn ran at furious pace. Their heads bucking as their long legs made impossibly perfect stride after stride. The mighty horses raced down the hill keeping perfect balance. Even from this distance their long muscles were beautiful to see as they rippled with the horses’ furious pace.

The horses flashed down off the hill and were now beating the hard ground running faster than the punishing wind. The horses angled and arrived on the road just in front of them. The Ranyhyn
Eddard watched the Ranyhyn jostle among themselves. Eddard watched them curiously as the horses were clearing forming patterns in front of the three Ranyhyn carrying himself, Lustra and Brail. His eyebrows arched when he realized what the horses were doing. They formed up into four phalanxes in front of him and his two riders. He wondered what the purpose was of this strange behavior. A Ranyhyn was on each side of the Ranyhyns bearing their riders.

Eddard was wiping his face cleaning off the mud being thrown up into his face by the furious pounding hooves just in front of him. He was sweating profusely in his strain and worry.

He suddenly noticed his eyes were not watering anymore. The wind was diminished greatly.

Now he understood! The horses were breaking the wind with their phalanxes. They were punching a hole in the wind. Again Eddard was highly impressed with the intelligence of these horse of Ra. He looked around himself. All the Ranyhyn were racing a furious breakneck pace. Still his ride was smooth and he felt no fear of falling off.

Still they ran on and on. The great mystical horses eating up leagues at a furious pace. The horses were might in motion. The work and play of their muscles on their flanks and haunches were beautiful to behold. The horses beside them neighed and nickered continuously. Eddard understood the horses were encouraging each other to keep this impossible pace up. Then the horses beside the mounted Ranyhyn surged forward as the phalanxes shifted and morphed with Ranyhyn moving up to the front and others falling back to rear phalanxes.

My gods! Eddard understood what they were doing. They were switching out to keep more fresh horses in the lead and the most tired came back to encourage the horses bearing riders. He nearly cried at the prodigious effort the Ranyhyn were willing to expend to get Eddard home to his wife.

He kept waiting for the Ranyhyn to falter. For them to suddenly fall over dead with burst hearts or for a misstep to occur and legs to shatter. The horses were covered with sweat now and froth was on their nostrils. It was not foam of hearts being overworked. He could feel the muscles quivering wildly underneath his butt as Frohm ran on furiously. Still, Eddard knew these mighty mystical horses were not taxed beyond endurance.

They ran on with no diminution of their impossible speed. They continued to defy the laws of endurance and effort.

He no longer gripped the horse’s mane. The Manethrall was right. He could not be thrown off no matter how fast these Ranyhyn ran. He would have been exhilarated if fear was not squeezing his heart.

The horses ran forward with their necks surging forward with each long gallop. Their tails straight back in the slipstream of their furious pace.

He felt an hour had passed and maybe a candle beyond. He was almost stunned at the pace they still maintained. He wondered how many more hours they had to run to get back to Winterfell and to Cat.

What was that? Thunder?

The Ranyhyn were so fluid in their gate that he did not even feel their subtle path shift.

No! It was not possible! Winterfell as impossibly before them. They were a league from home!

Miracles could be answered!
The great horses somehow ran even faster! He saw Viserion and Rhaegal flying wildly among Winterfell flying reckless among the buildings and towers of the compound. Drogon was on the great keep bugling wildly. His deep bass blasts the thunder he had heard. To see the dragons so upset put great fear in Eddard’s heart. He needed to get to Winterfell and his wife! The great black dread threw itself into the air and flew at them at a breakneck pace. Eddard watched the great black dragon’s wings pinion hard as it speed toward them. The dragon flashed over head at one hundred feet. The gusts left in his wake buffeted the party.

Eddard turned his head and saw Drogon wing over and come flashing back up the road. He was barely over their heads and he let out a mighty bellow as he flashed overhead.

Despite their long run of valor and sacrifice the mighty horses of Ra whinnied in answer.

They were at Winterfell’s gate.

He slid of Frohm and grabbed the horse by its cheeks and kissed it on its froth soaked nose. The Ranyhyn were soaked in sweat, mud and froth. They were shaking all over hard. Frohm stared at Eddard. He saw fierce determination in his eyes. He sensed they were telling him they would do it again gladly. Eddard nearly choked up with gratitude. He would have but he had greater need.

As tired as the horses looked and seemed he sensed that they could have ridden on for hours more if he had required it of them. He began to understand the pride the Ramen spoke of when they told all of the fealty of the horses of the Plains of Ra. They owed Eddard nothing and yet they had expended themselves greatly to answer his need. He knew he would never be able to repay them. He hugged his mount’s neck tight trying to commune with the great horse and express his gratitude again. He rushed off.

He ran into the courtyard. Drogon was back on the great keep roaring and furiously beating his wings in fury. He saw Grey Wind, Shaggydog and Nymeria furiously running around snapping and howling at each other.

Barristan came running out of the Castle. Viserion saw the old venerable knight. Viserion came down into the courtyard his wings creating a windstorm as he landed. The blue dragon ran to Barristan and let him stroke his face and then his neck as the white dragon roared. Rhaegal was on his perch on the broken tower adding his strenuous bugles to the air.

Their distress palpable in the air. Barristan caught his eye and shook his head with a sad look in his eyes.

Eddard felt panic. He ran into the Great Keep and ran up the corridor to the stairway to the second floor. He felt the Lord and Haruchai at his heels. They were coming to offer what aid they could. He went up to the stairs to the third level and ran to the royal quarters and came up to the door of his domicile.

He saw two Bloodguard, all three Bloodriders and Syrio Forel along with Wormtail. Barristan came running up behind him. Others were milling around seemingly aimless. Outside the three dragons were bugling their mighty roars rumbling through the massive stones of Winterfell. The howls of the Direwolves outside a discordant counterpoint to the dragons roars. Men were shouting and women weeping. He took a deep breath. He needed control for whatever he found inside. He needed to show strength. The Queen was with his wife he knew with all her Bloodriders outside his door.

He slammed the door opened and entered. He went into the room of mass confusion. He saw his children crying and his castellan shouting at anyone who would listen. No one was. He saw four Giants kneeling near his wife’s bed. They looked despondent. Eddard felt his heart lurch. He saw
the witches in the middle of the room with two Haruchai poised to strike them down. He could feel the hostility between the two pairs as they stood rigidly glaring at each other.

What? That made no sense.

Robb was holding a crying Alya. He looked unsure. Sansa was screaming in terror. Margaery looked confused and unsure. She never looked like that! The Queen was on the back wall trembling and crying and Arya was looking around unsure holding a sobbing Kiserri who had her face buried in Arya’s neck. While not sobbing Arya had a river of tears pouring down her cheeks.

He saw two more Giants at the back of the room. They had two Haruchai standing before them clearly blocking their way. The Giants were yelling at the Haruchai who stood like stone sentinels. One was almost fighting the two Haruchai. The other Giant was screaming at her wife to refrain. The Haruchai were only doing what they thought was right. The first Giant shouted back “the arrogant son of a bitches never learn.” The Haruchai were stone faced and taciturn but they were on the balls of their feet. They were poised on the cusp of violence.

Eddard strode to his wife’s bed. He came upon her but stopped in shock. He had a flash back to nearly twenty years ago. Oh god no—not another bed of blood! Once was enough. He saw Master Luwin trying to staunch the flow of blood from his wife’s vagina. Bright crimson blood.

“What the hell is going on here!’ he roared.

The Maester’s head jerked back to look at Eddard. Eddard saw fear and defeat.

“Why are not Melisandre and Ygritte helping you?!” Eddard roared at the Maester. He had instantly discerned what was occuring with the Haruchai opposing the Shadowbenders and who must have set the Haruchai against them. The Maester’s fear and anger of magic well known to all. “My wife is dying godsdamnit!”

“They are ShadowBender witches. They are black magic” the Maester spoke but he sounded defeated and doubtful. He was overmatched by the situation and he knew it. His inability to save Catelyn had clearly sapped his will but still he resisted calling on the witches for aid.

“I don’t give a FUCK! Melisandre—Ygritte come!” Eddard roared. The master of Winterfell had returned and was now taking control of the situation.

The Haruchai immediately steeped back and aside. Their bodies relaxed and faces blank. Farhal and Soral took two steps back and away. The command had been given. They too knew the true master of Winterfell. He had spoken. They bowed their head to Eddard Stark in respect and obeisance. He had proven himself worthy to them many times over.

The witches still seemed stunned at the situation. “Come. Come to my wife. Please save her” Eddard asked in a broken tone. The two witches came up to the bed. They got on either side of the bed. They bent down to examine Catelyn. They did not try and push the Maester aside coning up on each side of the man. He too looked at them with a look of desperation and pleading. The two witches extended their hands to press gently in on his wife’s belly gently moving form spot to spot.

Ygritte looked up with a pained look. “The twins have entangled themselves with their umbilical cords. They are strangling themselves and they have blocked the birth canal.”

“What can be done?” Maester Luwin spoke in a tremulous voice. He had not known Catelyn had twins. If had known …

Melisandre was murmuring. Ygritte looked up at the Lord from the Land. Eddard followed
Ygritte’s gaze.

“You have great power. Can it be used here? Her life is ebbing away.”

Lustra looked miserable. Eddard felt his heart clutch. He saw that his wife’s situation was beyond anyone here’s ability to mend. “I do not have the control necessary. I am a Lord trained in the arts of the broad stroke. This type of power application is too intricate for me. I do not have Linden Avery’s raw power and prescient sight and ability to control my power. I would kill her instantly.”

Eddard looked around. This was impossible. He could not lose his wife like this.

Sansa was screaming and now Margaery was joining her. All looked ashen and full of ashes.

He heard Daenerys excitedly talking. He turned to look at them.

What the hell were they doing!

He looked back at his wife. He could not deny what his eyes told him.

Catelyn Stark was on death’s door along with her unborn child.

The room was full with a symphony of strident voices yelling, screaming and inconsolable weeping. For a minute pandemonium filled the room. Now he heard a new sound. His face had a look of anger and confusion. Had someone let the damn hounds into Winterfell! It sounded like the hounds of hell had been unloosed.

The barks were strange sounding to him. He heard raucous strange roynish barking that was quickly coming closer. It sounded like wild dogs barking in a cacophony of discord. He heard shouting and barked commands. The sounds rapidly advancing. The loud discordant barking was in front of the door now.

Had someone let the hounds loose in the keep and now they were at the door?! Has the world gone to hell Eddard stormed to himself? The barking grew in intensity as did the curses.

The door exploded off its hinges and flew to the ground and slide forward ten feet stopping just in front of the closest person.

His mouth fell open. The bloodriders, Barristan, the Haruchai, Syrio and Wormtail were actively pushing against his bannermen who looked utterly confused and angry.

His eyes left them instantly. Into the room stepped two strange unnatural creatures. They had to be demons but they were defended by the Queen’s security. What in the hell was going on! The creatures stood still their fleshy nostrils flaring wetly. Their heads turned to survey the room.

The strange beings had long jet black bodies but were not of great height. They had equally long limbs that would allow them to run on all fours. They had no eyes and triangular ears that sat high on their heads. The ears twitched all around. They were barely five and half feet tall. The seemed both fragile and mighty at the same time. Their faces dominated by huge fleshy nostrils that flared and quivered wetly. They had small slits for mouths.

Eddard watched the heads turn to the right and left. Their fleshy nostrils flaring with their breaths. Their noses dominating their faces as these creatures continued to turn their heads. Eddard eyes flared when he understood with an intuitive flash that these creatures were seeing their environs through their sense of smell.
They had iron staves in their right hands. The creatures wore thin tunics that ran down to their knees. They had no shoes and he gaped seeing that they had two thumbs. The creatures looked like a nightmare given life.

They started to bark and bay discordantly. They whipped their staves up and the iron began to glow hot red and hiss with bubbling liquid boiling on the tips.

He drew Evening Star to defend his wife. The milky light blue blade seemed to thrum with magical might. Eddard was ready to fight these demons.

“Ulies Ulies Ulies” he heard Kisseri shout. *What was hell was an Ulies*!!

**Daenerys**

Dany had woken up as the birds were beginning to stir. She was an early riser. So was her lover. She liked the sound of that. She felt Arya pressed into her side and her arm over her torso holding her possessively. She liked that feeling. Dany lie on the bed basking in the feel of finally having Arya’s body pressed into hers. To finally wake in the morning with the Queen of her heart pressed into her body filled Daenerys Targaryen with a deep happiness.

Arya, after her initial lack of confidence and being a virgin, had quickly gained her confidence and her stroke to borrow a het term. Like her sword work Arya was an amazingly fast learner. Arya like a lot of confident women seemed to have a natural affinity for loving another woman.

As well she should. A woman knew her own body and gave her the instincts and guidance to love the body of another woman. Daenerys was of the camp all women were lesbians. Daenerys knew she had always been attracted to her own sex. It was society and the world of man that made women shy away from their natural desires for their own sex.

She had argued with many women on this who said they were avowed heterosexual. *All* of them said you must *resist* the temptation. The way they told her this said it all Daenerys. They themselves were fighting their desires to couple with their own sex. It was man the perverted the natural order of things. She had had to endure much abuse and heartache to get to this point. She would trade none of it to have this beautiful woman here now pressed into her body.

The Queen slowly rolled over to her side and got her elbow on the bed and put her head on her palm and gazed at the sleeping form of her lover. Arya mewed at the change in position. She rolled over onto her back. The window was closed but the heavy curtains were pulled back to let in the light of the setting half-moon.

Arya must have gotten up fairly recently as the fire in the hearth was burning low with thick logs full of red hot cankers. The light gave her the opportunity to look at her lover. She had a soft smile on her face and her hair was tousled. She had it pulled straight back like her father with a band on to keep it back. She had put it on last night to keep her hair out of her busy mouth eating Dany out to orgasm after orgasm.

Gods Arya was so beautiful as she lay sleeping Daenerys thought to herself. She began to trace her fingertip of her index finger along the shoulder and upper chest of her lover. Arya began to wiggle enjoying the touch in her sleep.

Dany looked down on perfection. She slowly worked her finger to Arya’s nipples all rubbbery. Her nipples swallowed by her spongy areolas. She put her fingers to her mouth and wet her fingers. She
began to circle and trace the relaxed nipple. Arya’s breathing accelerated and her back arched into the touch her nipples slowly becoming erect filling with hot pumping blood. They were half erect and starting to bulge out into the plums they would become.

“Uummmggg ... I give you permission to never stop” Arya husked her eyes open to slits looking up at Dany heatedly.

The lovemaking had been so exhilarating and long last night. She had told Sansa she would miss this morning’s meeting. Eddard was taking The Land emissaries out to see some of his lands. She thought that was very good idea. These were good people but letting them see what they were fighting for was always a good idea.

Dany smirked as her wolf purred at the stimulation of her nipples as they engorged and were now almost fully erect and Arya’s breathing was quickening interspersed with low moans.

“Arya … sometimes you make impossible demands” Dany softly husked down to her sweet gurgling wolf.’

“What do you mean?” Arya chuffed out as her breathing started to get ragged.

“I have to stop to do this …” Dany lifted her hand and lowered her head. Her mouth slipped down on the now fully erect pulpy plum nipple jutting up almost two inches all sweet and pulpy from her barely there breast. The Queens lips moved down the thick engorged bulb. Her lips locked on tight to the spongy bulb as she began to suck. Her head lifting with her hungry love sucks her tongue gigging the engorged sweet plum soaked now in her salvia. The Queen loved the raspy feel of Arya’s engorged teat in her mouth. It was so hot and pulpy as she deep throat love sucked on the engorged teats in turn.

That had been this morning before the sun came up. The lovemaking had been hot and exquisite at the same time. She now sat at the kitchen table in the midmorning at one of the small tables in the back of the kitchen that the House of Stark used to get some quiet time. When not used by them the staff of cooks, maids and stewards used the tables.

Dany and Arya were at the rearmost table against the wall. They were eating big bowls of oatmeal sprinkled with raisins with several scoops of sugar. Goat’s milk had made a nice creamy concoction of warm deliciousness. They had several slices of bread toasted in the ovens.

They ate quietly. They pressed into each other and giggled at shared thoughts and inside jokes. They poked each other watching two teenage girls doing the baking of the chicken pot pies for lunch. They thought no one saw them copping feels of breasts and asses. They were giggling and smiling so in love with each other. They dropped their cooking utensils and deeply snogged for a minute with hands clutching young nubile flesh. They then picked up their cooking implements and resumed their chores. The two girls so in love they did not see the women smiling watching the in love teenagers work, kiss and then back to work. The cooks smiling great big at each other.

Daenerys knew she had the same goofy smile on her face. She was in love. She had waited years to find her perfect love and was so thankful to have found her. Fuck the prophecies and the gods she had caste down. She had made her own destiny. She had achieved her dreams. Now she would build upon them.

Daenerys had sat to the right of Arya on purpose. She was a tactician. She was rubbing Arya’s back as she ate her oatmeal. With Arya being left handed it made it easy to use her off hand to rub her love’s back as they both ate. She loved touching Arya. She craved the touch. Arya started to stroke her thigh underneath the table absently. The touch not meant to be sexual but Dany felt the
tingle begin in her erogenous zones.

Daenerys had worried that Arya would be frightened by her sexual appetite and stamina. That was probably not the right word but she had worn out previous lovers. Women who graced her bed to take the edge off her lust and to help her focus. Some had kept up right from the start while others quickly built up their ‘endurance’ when Daenerys showed them what was possible. Still, she wore many out with her need for intense lovemaking. Many bouts of intense fucking to put the fire out in her couchie. Gods Daenerys Targaryen loved fucking!

Arya did not have that problem! She was insatiable just like her Queen. For that, Dany was so very happy. Dany smirked watching Arya tuck into her oatmeal and toast. Dany thought evilly that Arya needed to eat heartily. After they had put Kiserri down for the night she and her wolf would be fucking happily half the night through. She had plans of devouring her wolf’s pussy hungrily many times this coming night. The Queen loved burying her face in a woman’s pussy and feeling her woman humping her cunt hard into her devouring mouth. Dany always thought this made for such an intimate connection between women. When you had your face buried in her cunt eating her out you couldn’t get more directly connected to that woman. It breed an intimacy that men could not touch.

Daenerys knew many men and straight women said that heterosexual sex made for such a close connection. The pale Valyrian did not agree. She felt she achieved the same intimacy with her big ever hard strap-on cock. That said nothing for fisting. Yes. Women made the best lovers period. End of story. Only women could achieve that true intimacy that all women craved.

Daenerys pulled her mind away from her musings on why women were meant for women. She gazed upon her future Queen. Daenerys felt love beat in her heart for the beautiful Stark teenager sitting beside. Daenerys Targaryen had found her soul mate. The woman who was perfect for the Queen.

Arya was insatiable in bed just like herself. She craved sex again and again. Of course they were in the initial stages of they couldn’t get enough of each other and keep their hands off each other but Daenerys sensed more. Arya loved sex. Period. She would always crave sex and lots of it. Just like her Queen. Daenerys had found a match for her sexual drive.

In some ways, Daenerys leered looking at Arya askance as she rubbed her love’s back, Arya could have been an exquisite pleasure whore in a brothel in Lys that catered to female clients only. Hell, Daenerys knew she would have done excellently well in such an establishment. They both craved the female body. A lot! They would love to partake of the sweet secrets that only women could give each other. Again and again.

Arya was compatible in so many other ways in bed for the Queen. Daenerys had loved being in a Khalasar where lovers often fucked and rutted in the wide open. They celebrated life and the giving of oneself to others. They were much more liberal in their pairings and Daenerys had taken advantage of that in her time with her Khalasar on the plains of Dothrak.

She had endured Khal Drogo fucking her. She had wanted to give him the heir to be the “Stallion to Rule the World” but Mirri Maz Duur turned that to ash. The cursed witch had killed her precious son and left her barren. She had killed Khal Drogo too.

She had never truly missed the man. His main gift to her had been the igniting within her breast the ambition to take back what was rightfully hers. The Khal had ignited in the teenage girl the fire to conquer the world if needed to take back what was hers. He had unknowingly taught her to seek her destiny and to be bold in the grasping for it. It would be herself, Daenerys Targaryen, who would mount the world. The Mare Who Would Mount the World.
What she truly remembered fondly with her time with the Khalasar was her harem of prime fillies. She had loved bedding them in nights of long intense hot fucking. She loved going down on them and having them go down on her. She loved mounting her mares. She had been totally polyamorous then. She had totally adopted the Dothraki ways in all things. She let her rampant sexual desires have free reign. She had dined on so many sweet pussies.

She had changed over the years. She had thought she would be forced to give up her true sexuality to have her kingdom. Daenerys had grown up she supposed. She had developed a longing to find that soul mate and bond with her. She had lost the drive that had Robert Baratheon fucking any female he could get his paws on. Maybe if he had had the responsibility of raising the children from the unions it would have curbed his enthusiasm for bringing “bastards” into the world.

No matter. She was now a one woman, woman. She had defeated all her foes and overcome all the prophecies against her.

She smiled. She had crushed all the prophecies and enemies who opposed her. She now had her Queen by her side. She had evolved into a woman who wanted only that one special woman at her side on the throne and with her in her royal bed. Arya was that woman.

Daenerys loved how Arya grunted, moaned and whinnied as she fucked her. Then when Arya cummed she let the gods in the heavens hear her unbridled joy and ecstasy. She screamed just like Daenerys did. She had asked Arya what her orgasms felt like after a truly big rending multiple orgasm.

Arya had thought about it for a short while giving it deep consideration. “It is hard to fully describe Dany. The pleasure is so overwhelming and so intense it is painful. Painful in the most beautiful way. I feel ecstasy down to my toes and fingertips. My vision seems to white out and my skin is so hot and sensitive to the touch. It adds to my pleasure so much. My pussy spasms so hard it feels like my womb might explode out my belly and my cunt will tear itself inside out. Gods I love cumming Dany!” Arya told Dany enthusiastically. “My orgasms hit me like an avalanche totally pummeling me with sweet ecstasy.”

Daenerys smiled and hugged Arya too her. This teenager made her so happy. Arya was the perfect blend of fierce and yet still innocent and forthright. She wanted to take Arya back to their bed in Arya’s bedroom but they were to pick up Kiserri from the nursey and take her around the grounds. Kiserri liked playing with the other children. Kiserri’s mothers were beginning to school her on letters and numbers preparing her now for her education back in King’s Landing. They had to begin teaching the future Queen.

“Can I ask you a question Dany?” Arya asked with a cute hesitancy.

“Yes my love.”

“It won’t embarrass you?”

“I won’t know until you ask but I doubt it seriously. I can tell it is sexual in nature by your blushing” Dany chortled.

Arya’s throat went from pink to red and spread up to her cheeks.

“You are so sweet when you blush Arya.” Dany leaned in and kissed Arya on the temple. “Ask away.”

“How old were you when you started to masturbate? What kind of fantasies did you have?”
Dany smiled great big. She liked sharing her private self with Arya. “Arya you may find this hard to believe but I did not masturbate till after I was married off to Khal Drogo. I truly was raised in a sheltered environment and was not exposed to other children my age. I had no one to ask such questions. I was just starting to hear my body and its awakening desires when I was sold to Drogo by my brother. I think you could say I was a ‘late bloomer’. I truly did not feel those ‘urges’ that so many girls feel at a much younger age than when I started to feel them.”

She heard Arya start to growl at the mention of Khal Drogo. That filled Dany with happiness. Arya was so protective of her. “I guess I was slow to awaken to my body. So when I was given to Drogo I was totally innocent in all things sexual. I know that is hard to believe now. (Arya smiled and snorted at that.) He was very gentle that first night for some reason. He did not have to be. But after that I was just a cunt to him. Always fucking my from behind. He mounted my like a bull taking a heifer and fucked me like it. His only thought to impregnate me with his son who was prophesized would conquer the world. He gave no thought of my pleasure. He would leave me unsatisfied. I would be so filled with sexual energy and longing that it felt that I would explode.”

Arya listened to her raptly. She had told Arya a little of her time in the Khalasar. They had discussed at different times different aspects of Dany’s life in the Khalasar. But the one thing they had not touched on yet had been the sexual aspects of her time with them as the Khaleesi.

“My pleasure slave Doreah, who had been given to me to learn how to pleasure Drogo taught me how to pleasure myself. She taught me the joys of masturbating. I used her knowledge to bend Drogo to my will.”

Dany chuckled remembering those times that seemed a world ago. “I easily broke him to my will actually. It was surprisingly easy to bend him to my will. But he still left me unsatisfied. I told this to Doreah and how I found the female form so much more appealing. I told her how I longed to fuck another woman like I saw many of the Dothraki woman fucking freely and often in the Khalasar.”

“They are quite liberated in their sexual practices. They allow their young women to fuck whomever. They must take a mate and bear young but they are free to find sex mates outside of their family unit for pleasure. Many of the women fuck both sexes while many also only fuck their own sex. The males do the same.”

“Doreah took me to my furs and opened my world. I cried that first night. I had come home. I found out what I had been missing with Drogo. I had finally gotten the brass ring. Drogo sometimes gave me orgasms but they did not seem to complete me. I often had to fake my orgasms to satisfy his bloated male ego. I was unsatisfied with everything about Khal Drogo. Doreah showed me what I had been missing.”

Daenerys smiled at Arya. “Doreah was so precious to me. I finally felt that exploding deep in my belly and scalding fire filling my pussy and flooding down my limbs curling my toes and clawing my fingers. I too finally felt my womb tearing out my belly and my cunt exploding that you describe. She guided me to my willing Dothraki handmaidens. They willing laid with me. They and Doreah loved me and I for a while had a harem of fillies that I happily mounted. I lost them.” Daenerys spoke sadly.

Arya leaned in and kissed Daenerys soundly. “You have me Dany. I will always love you true! I will fuck you every night and make you scream so loud and hard. You will be hoarse from screaming so much. I long to have you ‘mount’ me as your willing mare! I will gladly submit! I will offer you all my holes Dany! I long to take your dick deep in my belly and ass!”

Dany shivered at the words. Gods she and Arya were so compatible! Soon Arya would submit as
she would with Arya. The enthusiasm Arya had just expressed excited Daenerys. To know that Arya craved to have her body taken by Daenerys' cock made the Queen shiver with anticipation. Daenerys would take all of Arya’s fuck holes she thought with a hot shiver. She longed to pound Arya hard with her dick plundering her pussy and pounding her asshole with deep strokes of savage love.

Such thoughts had Daenerys in a happy dreamy state. It made her so thankful for her here and now. For having Arya Stark as her woman.

“I had so feared I would not be able to have a woman as my Queen and in my bed. That to have my throne I would have to live a lie and feel my soul die. I was filled with dread with the thought of having to marry a man to secure my throne.”

“No more! Your father and the House Lords know you are my Queen. Soon the whole of Westeros and Essos will know of our union.”

“You are mine Arya Stark!”

Arya shivered and gave her Queen another wet kiss.

Daenerys smiled. She had chosen wisely. The Queen’s smile beamed as she preened at her excellent choice in a mate. She leaned into Arya and gave her a wet kiss on the lips. She could not wait to put Kisseri down for her nap and then ravish her wolf.

Dany had a question for Arya. It had bothered her in the dark of the night holding Arya’s beautiful body to hers. “Does it bother you that I did come innocent to our bed … that I am so worldly?”

Arya immediately pulled Dany to her and kissed her yet again. At first the kiss was sweet but almost immediately Arya’s tongue demanded access to Dany’s mouth. Dany moaned granting it. She whimpered feeling Arya’s tongue wetly dueling with hers.

When they needed to breathe Arya broke their kiss. They were both breathing heavily. The two girls who had been snogging themselves were watching them smiling.

Arya had a beautiful beaming smile on her face. “Dany I think you are perfect. I love the fact that you are so knowing in our bed. I love how you take me and make me cum so hard again and again. I never dreamed of you being a virgin. I was always saw you as the great Queen. The great Queen who was so worldly. The Queen who would take the provincial girl from the North and show her how to love.”

“You are the living perfection of all my dreams Dany. For six years I dreamed of us becoming lovers. I can truthfully say that you have made all of my dreams come true and made them even more vivid and wonderful than I could have ever dared dream.”

Daenerys felt her heart clutch in her chest and somehow her love grew even stronger for Arya Stark. She felt her eyes brimming with tears.

Arya reached up and gently brushed the tears from Dany's eyes. “I love you so much Dany.”

The Queen hiccupped and hugged Arya too her tightly. She was so happy.

She decided to lighten the mood a little.

“Did you have any fantasies about me when you masturbated Arya? I can tell you were not as innocently raised as myself. I was being kept chaste to make a good bargaining chip for my brother
She saw Arya’s eyes fire with the intense desire to protect her which made Daenerys feel so good and totally in love.

Arya’s eyes softened. “I am three years younger than Sansa but I am very sure I started masturbating and having orgasms before miss prime and proper. When you appeared in the red wastes I was masturbating every night to dreams of you taking me as your lover and consort.”

Daenerys smiled hearing that.

“I masturbated again and again each night screaming as I fantasied of going down on you. I had seen through Nymeria women making love. I wanted to do that with you from the moment I heard of you.”

Daenerys felt so much love for Arya.

“What did you fantasize?”

“I had many different fantasies.” Arya paused thinking back. “I had myself as a mighty warrior helping you to fight brigands. Sometimes in a castle, sometimes in the woods, at times in glades. There were times where I was an Ironborn pirate coming to your aid on the high seas.”

“I like your fantasies Arya” Dany husked.

“I had one favorite though.”

“What was it?”

“I would be a faceless man from the Temple of Black and White sent to assassinate you. I would find different reasons to abandon my mission. Your goodness would win me over and I enter into your service. I would pledge my Allegiance to you and we would become lovers.”

“I like that one a lot.”

They finished their meal. They had decided to explore the broken tower and go as high as they could up the stairwell. Arya had told her how Bran love to climb the tower before his accident.

As they walked down the halls Jaggo joined them.

They went outside into the cold crisp air. A cold wind had started to blow from the north. From the Great Keep hidden in recesses Bannor and Jeertel separated from the shadows and moved off to the flanks to provide an outer guard to Jaggo’s close in defense. Dany watched them move off ahead of them. The Queen was happy to see her Bloodriders and Bloodguard working together in her and Arya’s protection. They had put behind them their initial competition to guard their charges. Dany was happy that her Bloodriders had put behind them their defeat at the hands of Bannor.

Daenerys had seen enough of the Haruchai to know that only the very best of those of Westeros had a chance against them. A chance. All the denizens of the Land were imbued with what they called Earthpower. It made them almost impossible to defeat one on one. The Giants with their size were totally beyond any person’s ability to fight. Therefore, Danny was happy to see her Bloodriders accepting the truth of the situation.

Dany had asked Bannor about how they came and went. They seemed to appear and disappear like apparitions. She was informed that the Haruchai were able to speak mind to mind and were able to
share their perceptions. The eighteen Haruchai were constantly moving about Winterfell forming a web of protection around the Lord and now Daenerys and Arya. Brail’s attention was solely focused on the Lord of Revelstone, Lustra. This constant communication and training enable the Haruchai to seem to disappear into their surroundings.

She looked around and saw a female Haruchai near the Guards Hall in the shadows. She looked back up at the Great Keep and saw a male Haruchai up on the east wing parapet. She had noticed one in the Great Keep near the Kitchen. She had looked away for a moment and when she looked back she was gone. The Haruchai knew when they been seen and moved to move into obscurity again. They seemed to just disappear.

They walked across the large inner courts to the North wall to get to the door of the ruined broken tower. Bannor and Jeertel had disappeared. Then at the door Jeertel appeared from the shadows of the doorway to the broken tower. Jaggo and Jeertel took guard at the door.

Then Bannor appeared in the doorway. He bowed his head slightly and moved back into the shadows of the tower. He silently moved up the tower steps and disappeared into the shadows. He was going to scout the way. They saw him start to climb the steps and then he seemed to disappear before their eyes. They climbed up the spiral stair up the inside wall of the curved tower. It was dark but not midnight as light leaked in from the broken ceiling above and the door below. They paused and listened but could not hear Bannor nor could they see him above them.

The Haruchai truly did seem to be able to disappear into the shadows. The couple moved up till the steps were broken from the wall and thick timbers blocked the way up. They tried to step on the wood squares but they shifted under their weight. It was impossible to move up further they agreed.

Then Arya grabbed Dany’s arm. She pointed up to the light from the shattered top of the tower. There stood Bannor looking down at them. He looked both totally relaxed and poised to strike out death at the same time.

They shook their heads. It seemed that the Haruchai found no barrier beyond their abilities to conquer. They took time to clench and snog for a long minute enjoying their intimate contact and doing it in the dark and having an audience. Even it was from the dispassionate Haruchai.

They went back down the tower stairwell. They came outside and started when Bannor silently passed them to join Jeertel to move off to provide an outer picket line to protect the Queen and her consort.

They had never heard him climb down the shattered timbers and broken steps and then come up behind them. They could teach the faceless men classes in stealth it would seem.

A steward came running up to them.

“Arya! You must come to the Great Keep and to your mother’s room!”

“Is she giving birth?!”

“Yes! No! I don’t know but something is wrong!” the young man exclaimed.

They ran back to the Great Keep. Rodrik Cassel greeted them at the main entrance door to the Great Keep. “The family has gathered. Come quick Arya. My liege.” Daenerys saw two Haruchai at the door to the Great Keep. They were impossible to read but she sensed they were on full alert. They did not acknowledge her glance. As they passed the Haruchai, Daenerys regarded them. What did they feel they needed to ward against with even more vigilance perplexed the young Queen. Her
three bloodriders followed their Khaleesi into the heart of Winterfell. They headed up the Great Keep to get to Catelyn Stark’s room. Jeertel and Bannor leading the way.

Rodrik’s tone had filled Daenerys with trepidation. They hurried up the levels of the Great Keep to the quarters of Eddard Stark and his wife. They entered the room. Daenerys immediately could feel the tension and fear that permeated the large room.

People were milling around. She saw the Stark children gathered near the bed of Catelyn Stark. The Maester had Catelyn’s body positioned to give birth. Dany and Arya moved to the bed. They both gasped at the sight. A drastic change had come upon Catelyn Stark overnight. She was pale as death and from her vagina was leaking bright red blood. Her face again gaunt and drawn. The two looked at each other their hearts filled with trepidation. They knew what their eyes were telling them.

The Maester was agitatedly working with Catelyn. It was obvious he was worried greatly though he tried to hide it. She watched him work with Catelyn but she seemed to become ever more pale.

A nurse maid brought Kiserri in and handed her to Daenerys. Kiserri immediately picked up the timbre in the room and began to sniffle. She hugged Dany tightly. Arya stroked the child’s back. Two Haruchai were in the room and two more came along with a Giant to join her sisters already in the room. The Giants knelt down on one knee near Catelyn’s bed. They talked excitedly to each other in their native tongue. Then more Giants came into the room adding to the press of bodies.

Tension and raw fear filled the room.

Then Margaery and the two ShadowBender witches came into the room. She saw two Haruchai move to be beside the two female witches. Their bodies coiled to strike. Daenerys then spent a very confused sixty minutes as people argued back and forth on the course of action to take. She trusted the witches but the Maester brought to the fore memories of Mirri Maz Duur. Her memories of the woman’s treachery robbed her of her confidence in the witches.

Could they be here to do harm? To serve their fiery god in some nefarious plot?

Then her hoped to be mother-in-law’s water broke and there was bright red blood everywhere. Her bed had become a bed of blood.

There was panic in the room. Catelyn was dying and the room was filled with paralysis. She did not know what to do. She was a warrior. Her place of power and confidence was on the battlefield or in meetings planning strategies to bring her enemies low. Here in this room, in this situation she was lost and out of place. She did not know what to do! Kisseri and Arya were crying.

She felt tears running down her cheeks.

Someone needed to take charge! She looked around and saw no hope.

The door was slammed open and a muddied and sweat soaked Eddard Stark entered in the room with the Lord of Revelstone and her Haruchai.

Eddard thank the gods immediately took control and silenced the Maester with a decisive barked command and sent the witches to his wife. To their credit they did not hold rancor against the Maester but joined him around the stricken woman.

No! Dany thought. It quickly became clear that too much time had been lost. Catelyn had moved beyond the ability to be helped. She was near to crossing over to the other side of life into death.
Daenerys started to cry remembering how she had been saved from death. Arya picked up on her distress as Dany fingered the dirk she always kept hidden behind her belt.

Arya moved up beside her “What is wrong Dany?”

“Oh Arya … I could have called the ur-viles to save your mother but I called them on the Dothraki sea. I was so selfish I sho—“

“Stop that! Stop that now! If you had not called the Ur-viles then you would have died six year ago. You would not be here now. You had every right to call the Ur-viles then!” Arya looked at her hotly telling her woman she had done nothing wrong. Daenerys felt a renewed love for Arya Stark.

Sansa and now Margaery were sobbing wildly clutching each other as the death of their mother was plain to see.

Robb held Alys tight to his body as silent tears ran down his cheeks and Alys sobbed hysterically.

Suddenly Kisseri was jumping up and down in Dany’s arms.

“Ulies Ulies Ulies … call the Ulies mommy!”

“What?” Daenerys asked shocked at what her child was saying. Ulies could only be her way of saying Ur-viles. How could Kiserri know of them? She had died a year and more before they came to her aid. There was no way Kiserri could be making her request. Yet, that was exactly what her daughter was doing now.

“The Ulies … call them mommy they will come! I saw them come to your aid mommy looking in the Well of All Tomorrow with Auntie Infinnie in Elemesnde” the girl went to get her dirk but fumbled it. Arya plucked the tumbling dirk out of the air and gave it to the young Dothraki girl. The girl started to slash the fake blade across the back of her hand desperately.

Oh my gods Dany gasped. How had she known to do that? The Well of All Tomorrows? Somehow knowing of the Ur-viles could somehow be explained but not this cutting of the back of her hand. Daenerys looked at her child shocked.

Almost in a fog, Daenerys pulled her dirk out. Arya was staring at her. She had told the story of her fight on the Dothraki Sea several times during their Clatch of Confidents meetings. It was a great story. It was a story Kiserri had never heard.

“You call them! I saw you call them with auntie Infinnie! They will come!” She had been watched? The Elohim were powerful. Could there be hope here—now.

Would they come? She had had been told they would come to her aid only once. She had used their benefice on the Dothraki grass sea. They had answered Daenerys’ in her hour of need.

She gasped. She would not be calling them for herself. She would be calling them for Catelyn Stark. For Arya’s mother. It couldn’t work. Could it? She was playing sophistry with the words she had been given by Linden Avery and Infelice of the Elohim. Surely, such twisting of the words she had been given would not be heeded now. The Ur-viles had already come to her once. She had very specifically been told they would only answer her call once.

She looked over at Catelyn Stark. She would not last much longer. She would do it. She had nothing to lose.

But whose hand to cut? Hers or Kiserri. She stood paralyzed trying to science out what to do. Arya
came to her aid.

She took Kiserri’s hand and gently made a fist and placed her hand beside it lining them up. Daenerys understood. She put her left hand fist on the other side of Kiserri’s small fist. They were a family. They would do this together. As a family they would succeed or fail.

“Are you afraid Kiserri?”

“No! Hurry! Call the Ulies!” The child cried out her eyes large with excitement and, yes, fear of the situation Dany saw.

Her indecisiveness removed, Dany sliced her dirk across the back of their hands. She grimaced in pain as did Arya. Kiserri cried out in pain. Dany looked at their cut hands. This was not right she thought wildly.

“No! No!” Dany shouted out in fear and dread. The cut was not supposed to bleed. When she cut herself on the Dothraki Sea there had been no bleeding from the cut. The cuts on the back of their hands were supposed to open up into grooves that did not bleed. Instead blood was flowing out the cuts and starting to run down their fists. No! Dany thought wildly. She was the Queen! She was supposed to win her battles! She gritted her teeth and ordered the cuts to stop bleeding.

Dany glared at their cut fists. Then suddenly the blood stopped flowing out and now flowed back up to the cuts on their fists and the cuts rose up into trenches. The pain was gone and the wounds were healing.

*By the gods!* Daenerys gasped to herself. She heard barking she had not heard in over six years. The barking getting closer and closer. The doors exploded in and the two Ur-vile Loremasters from her past stepped into the room. It was the two from her long past. How she knew she did not know but it was them. She nearly fainted with relief. The two black Ur-vile Loremasters radiated dark power. Their loud raucous barking filled the room as the room looked on.

Eddard pulled his sword from its scabbard. The Ur-viles brought up their iron staves that glowed hot with dark power.

“Ulies Ulies Ulies!” Kiserri shouted and somehow wormed from Dany’s grasp and dropped to the floor. Kiserri had shown a tendency to being clumsy but not this moment. She landed lightly and was off. She ran with her small legs pumping hard. She was out of Dany and Arya’s grasp range in a flash. She ran past Eddard who reached for the little girl.

“No!” he shouted. He looked shocked and started to move forward and then stopped. He had been about to attack the Ur-viles to save Kiserri.

The girl was whisked off the ground by taller of the two Ur-vile Loremaster. The strangely formed creature by human standards reached up and back with his two thumbed hand gently placed the girl on his narrow shoulders. The girl smiled broadly and played with the Ur-viles two pointed ears. The ears twitched with the child’s grip on them.

“Ulies are my friends!” the little girl whooped tugging on the ears of her new friend.

“Eddard! These are my allies—let them help!” The Queen shouted at Eddard.

She groaned with relief when Eddard immediately stepped aside. Gods this man was so decisive and able to make immediate decisions no matter the situation!

More loud barking issued from down the hallway. She heard more shouting and Barristan and Syrio
moved off from the doorway. The raucous barking approached the doorway and a wedge of forty more Ur-viles burst into the room.

Lustra took a step back “Waynhyn!” she spoke softly in a surprised gasp. Her jaw was hanging down. She was clearly shocked by what she saw. “But … but they are like the Ur-viles—extinct. What is happening here?” The lord was clearly shocked by the Demondem spawn’s appearances.

That had been Daenerys’s initial thought but immediately retracted it. The Lord of Revelstone exclamation made her look again at these new arrivals. These new arrivals were the same body build as the Ur-viles but smaller by four to six inches. Also, their bodies were a dark to light grey in tone where the Ur-viles were pitch black.

The new arrivals were barking furiously in all directions. They had the same type of iron and bone staves as they Ur-viles. They held them tightly with both double thumbed hands. Daenerys watched the forty individuals smell the room their heads titling back as they sniffed hard. Water droplets sprayed from their nostrils as they breathed heavily. She understood they were seeing with their sense of smell. They suddenly formed into a wedge and came up behind the two taller Ur-vile Loremasters. The Waynhyn still baying at each other and snapping at each other with their slit mouths.”

If one did not know, Daenerys thought, you would think the Waynhyn were about to start fighting but Daenerys had seen this behavior six years ago. For the Demondem spawn this was natural. They seemed to argue constantly but were able to work in perfect concert when the time came to act. Like now.

“By Kevin’s Seven Wards” Lustra breathed “Waynhyn allied with Ur-viles. What is happening?” she asked with a dazed look on her face. “This is impossible.” She looked around confused as if seeking an oracle for the impossible.

Dany watched Eddard sheath his sword and come up before the two Ur-vile Loremasters. He gripped the tallest Ur-vile’s upper arms and looked into its alien face. “Please help her” Eddard pleaded. The Ur-vile with Kiserri on his shoulders slowly tilted his body forward. Eddard understood. The Ur-viles would do all in its power to save his wife. Eddard took Kiserri and put her on his shoulders as she beamed. He moved back and out of the way.

The Ur-viles moved to the bed with the Wanyhyn wedge closely behind them. The two Ur-viles started to bark wildly and the taller moved off a short two feet and began to jump up and down and spun around. The smaller one fell to its knees and felt Catelyn’s stomach. The wedge of Waynhyn moved to stand behind the keeling Loremaster. The Waynhyn Loremaster put its stave on the kneeling Ur-vile’s shoulder. The Waynhyn Loremaster’s blade began to pulse a dark purple and waves of power rippled around the blade. The wedge giving the Ur-vile its strength.

The taller Ur-vile Loremaster stopped its cavorting and barked at the witches and Maester Luwin. Its nostrils quivering with mucus flung into the air in droplets.

The Giant closest to Catelyn spoke up “The Ur-viles say they need the witches to issue forth their dark magic and the Maester needs to give Catelyn diluted hemlock.”

“That is poison!” Maester shouted in alarm.

“It will slow her metabolism” the Giant told the Maester.

The taller Ur-vile again began to jump around and bark at anyone and no one it seemed to Daenerys. What it was thinking she could not even hope to fathom. It had its staff in both hands its
tip glowing hot as the Ur-vile shook it to and fro.

The Maester’s eyes showed his understanding and he ran out the door to his room he kept near the royal suite for such emergencies to get the needed ingredient.

Sansa and Margaery held each other tightly and had moved closer to the bed to see what was happening. Robb and Alys had stopped crying now seeing hope.

The jumping Ur-vile stopped its wild gyrations again and he somehow had a bowel in his hand and brought the tip of his stave to the bowel and chanted. The blade glowed out hot red and heat radiated up in wavy lines that distorted one’s vision. Dark and musky liquid began to flow out the tip of his blade filling the bowel in a quick dribble that pulsed from the iron stave impossibly. A musty smell filled the room.

The Waynhyn behind the Ur-vile Loremaster working on Catelyn chittered and seemed to bump into each other. Their heads turned right and left harshly as if trying to make a point as they seemingly argued without end. They clacked their teeth at each other and first one would bark in a deafening din only to silence and another would take up the plaint. Sometimes two or three seemed to argue vehemently with each other but the wedge remained focused giving power to the kneeling Ur-vile.

Daenerys saw Eddard staring at the bowel. Kiserri was looking around at all that was going on. Eddard didn’t even remember that his granddaughter was on his shoulders he was so focused on what was happening in front of him. Lustra stepped forward to be by Eddard.

“It is vitrim. It is a healing drink.” The Lord spoke. “Our lore tells us of this.” The Lord shook her head clearly still in a mild shock. “I have read of this drink and tried to duplicate it without success. We have tried for over forty thousand year without success. Now I see it right before my eyes. I am humbled.”

The two ShadowBender witches were beside Catelyn’s bed on their knees. Melisandre and Ygritte began to chant as sweat beaded on their faces. Dark thick shadows started to flow out their fingertips.

Maester Luwin ran back in with a vile. The Ur-vile making the vitrim barked at him. He looked around wildly not understanding the wild barks of the Ur-vile trying to communicate with him.

The Giant translated. “Put the hemlock in the bowel.” He looked at Eddard who shook his head ‘yes’. The master poured the whitish liquid into the black liquid.

The bowel was full now. The Ur-vile Loremaster lowered his stave. More barking and the Giant translated telling the Maester to hold Catelyn’s mouth open slightly tilting her head back. Luwin did as asked. The Ur-vile put the bowel to Catelyn’s lips and slowly tilted it up. One of the Waynhyn extended a stave made of white bone and touched Catelyn’s forehead. Her mouth fell open. Catelyn instinctively drank it down. The Waynhyn suppressed the weak woman’s gag reflex. Catelyn was able to drink the fluid with the Waynhyn controlling her throat muscles.

Dany saw Eddard staring at the Ur-vile quickly looking back and forth between the strange creature and his wife.

All were stunned as color returned to Catelyn cheeks. Eddard sobbed with relief. The whole room relaxed a breath that every individual did not know he or she was holding.

The Lord of Revelstone spoke up “This will not cure her aliment but it will grant them time to save her” in small voice she continued “I thought they were extinct … vitrim … by the Seven Wards of
High Lord Kevin … what is happening?”

Ygritte and Melisandre chanted with sweat on their faces as more shadows flowed out their fingertips. The tendrils writhing between them and Catelyn’s pale body. The kneeling Ur-vile impossibly grabbed the shadow mist flowing from the witches’ fingers. The witches’ chant changed tenor and surprise showed on their face but they continued their chant.

The Ur-vile let the tendrils grow in his grasp. Then the Loremaster slammed them into Catelyn’s belly. Eddard and the rest of the humans gasped at the sudden seeming violence. Catelyn had no reaction to the seeming violence. The tendrils had pierced her bloated stomach but caused no blood to flow. The black tendrils disappeared into her belly and womb. There was no blood or wound around the six points of penetration by the shadows of the ShadowBender witches. The Ur-vile held onto the tendrils his arms flexing as he moved them around. The shadows seemed to writhe but were clearly in the control of the Loremaster. No one could guess what they were doing inside Catelyn. Everyone had to trust the dark creature.

The first Ur-vile joined his brother kneeling beside Catelyn. The Loremaster placed his stave to the ground. It aligned its hand in front of Catelyn’s vagina. All gasped as it slowly wormed its hand up into the dilated birth canal. Soon its forearm was up into the canal also.

Eddard started but he gritted his teeth trying to trust these strange creatures and their intentions. Seeing what he was seeing was a strain on the now haggard husband.

The Ur-viles barked at each other and the witches. The Giant who seemed to have assigned herself the duty of interpreter reported that the Ur-viles were pleased with their progress. Maester Luwin was putting compresses on Catelyn’s face trying to comfort her. The Waynhyn began to rhythmically jump up and down their barking becoming rhythmic and rolling as they flowed their power into the Ur-vile working on Catelyn.

Eddard was becoming upset. Seeing his wife’s body seemingly being violated was becoming too much for the man. Daenerys saw this.

“Eddard don’t get upset! I saw them do this with Rhaegal with a grievous wound he had received. They buried their arms into the wound and saved him.”

Eddard grimaced but calmed down.

For the next two minutes the Ur-viles now worked in silence. The one Loremaster was clutching the writhing shadows of the ShadowBender witches using them to work inside of Catelyn Stark. Everyone had to trust the Ur-vile was working to save the wife of Eddard Stark and their unborn child. The Waynhyn barking chants now in low warbles. The Ur-viles working on Catelyn with the shadow tendrils began barking loudly again. The one with his hand in Catelyn birth canal picked up his stave with its free hand.

“Lord Lustra come over to them and put your fire into the stave” the Giant spoke to the Lord. The Lord in daze came over. She looked at the Giant for confirmation of what she had just said. The Giant nodded in encouragement. The Lord moved to comply with the Ur-vile’s request.

Suddenly, her staff blazed into wild light blue fire. The fire was intense and made everyone’s hair stiff and the air burned with ozone as raw power filled the room. Lustra touched her staff to the ur-viles staff. Wild black and blur fire from the two rods ran up and down the Ur-vile’s stave and then flowed into its body and into Catelyn’s body through its forearm that was twisting and working as it performed its task inside of Catelyn.
For the next minute hot power filled the room as the two staffs bucked and jerked. The air burned with power. Both Ur-viles were barking wildly again. The Ur-vile with its arm in Catelyn’s birth canal slowly pulled its arm back out of Catelyn’s vagina. All were staring enraptured by what they were seeing. It was like the miracle of life was being performed in some strange pagan ritual.

The Wayhnyn Loremaster moved his stave off the shoulder of the Ur-vile with its hand in Catelyn and placed it at its wrist. The dark purple power of its wedge flowing up into Catelyn. The hand of the Ur-vile began to appear. In the palm of its hand was the head of a baby. The Ur-vile continued to remove its hand and a little girl was brought into the world small but beautifully formed.

To everyone’s shock, on her ankle, was the grip a tiny hand. The second Ur-vile still manipulating the witches dark power let is left hand release the dark tendrils and they turned to mist and faded away. It took its now freed hand and gently grasped the hand of the second child. Slowly the Ur-vile pulled the second newborn child out into the world. It was a boy.

Catelyn Stark had given birth to twins. More wild barking filled the room. The wild barking of both the Wayhnyn and the two black Ur-vile Loremasters were loud and strident. The tension of the birth behind them seemed to have energized the Demondem spawn. If they had been arguing before they had taken it to a whole new level. The strange creatures now arguing in all directions and seeming to be in a scrum of competing opinions they were more than happy to be arguing about.

The witches now looked exhausted. They had both sat back on their rear ends. Their hair soaked in sweat. Their hair strands dark and plastered to their faces and shoulders.

The two Ur-vile Loremasters paused in their arguing with each other and the Wayhnyn and turned to Maester Luwin barking wildly.

“Maester! Take the babies.” The Giant translated. “Tie off the umbilical cords and clear their wind passages.” Maester Luwin jumped into action. He would have normally done this but he too was exhausted by everything that had occurred in this room. It was indeed a miracle. Everyone was stunned by recent events.

The Maester moved to perform the request on the two newborn babies. Maester Luwin cleared out their wind passages and slapped them gently on their backs. The two babies were sputtering and crying weakly as they were properly introduced to the world. They appeared healthy of body but were totally exhausted. Their little limbs kicking weakly.

“By the Seventh Ward” Lustra called out looking even more stunned. She looked around with large eyes. Her mouth worked soundlessly. Daenerys saw she was trying to process everything that had just occurred. Daenerys was stunned like everyone else. Lustra seemed more stunned because she was seeing what she was sure no longer existed and yet they obviously did.

Daenerys had simply accepted the Ur-viles and now Wayhnyn. For Lustra they seemed to almost affront her for existing. Daenerys had heard her exclaim that they had been dead for over forty thousand years. They were obviously still alive.

There was again a loud commotion outside the open door to Eddard’s room. The doors having been shattered off their hinges by the Ur-vile Loremasters. Daenerys looked at her three blood riders, Barristan, Castellen Rodrik Cassel, Jory Cassel and Worm tail seeming to struggle with someone. They were grappling and grasping wildly. She saw the two Bloodguard who had stood guard outside the door had joined in trying to restrain someone. Someone who seemed to be pushing the gathered men back and making them stumble into each other. The men of Westeros, Essos shouted in consternation while the Haruchai fought silently.
Suddenly a thin young man slipped from their jumbled confusion of the men trying to constrain him. He was chuckling and his light grey eyes were twinkling with gay humor. He walked confidently into the room. Those outside the room tried to follow him in but seemed to be fighting something invisible that restrained them. The Haruchai throwing themselves at the doorway but were hurled back repeatedly.

The youth came to stand before the Lord of Revelstone. “The Seventh Ward was invoked and now I am here. I have chosen to answer you summons. Of course I was going to come anyways” the youth snickered. “You who are called Lord Lustra. Has anyone told you that you look like you have bitten into sour grapes? You are definitely the death of a party my once pretty Lord of Revelstone.”

The Lord’s mouth was hanging open. Brail moved to be in front of her. She pushed the Lord back from this strange youth. Brail’s feet were spread and her hands balled into fists.

“Halt Amok. You will not be allowed near the Lord.”

“You will stop me like those outside the door?” the young man mocked. The youth who looked like he was maybe nineteen or twenty chuckled and smiled a false sweet smile at Brail. All had seen the Haruchai fail to restrain the youth. Daenerys would have been shocked at that if this day had not been filled with shocks. How could the Haruchai fail to restrain a simple youth?

“They failed. I will succeed. I forbid you come near to Lord Lustra, Amok. She is under my care.”

“I know what kind of care you want to give the Lord, Brail” the youth spoke in a snide tone.

The Haruchai stiffened visibly. Daenerys knew that the Haruchai was fearful this strange youth would reveal her secret love for the Lord.

“I will strike you down Amok if you come close to Lustra” she spoke in a flat tone but it did not sound quite so impeccable. “You will speak to Lord Lustra with respect” the words spoken flatly but there was a timbre there Daenerys heard. Brail was slightly shaking. The Haruchai was upset and barely concealing it. That alone was another shock to Daenerys.

“I have no need to be near the Lord. I am the Way, the Door and the Lock. I have come be to part of these epic times. I see the Ur-viles and Waynhyn have chosen to reveal themselves.” The mirthful youth spoke his laughing eyes looking around the room taking all in. His voice seemed to nicker.

He turned to Daenerys “Before I was only for the Door to the Earthroot but when Sollarius created me once more she gave me free will to do my charge. My essence was raised from the Earthroot from beneath Melenkurion Skyweir. My memories intact. I will never again blithely open the door. I opened the door though I knew disaster was imminent. I was compelled by my first creator Damelon Giantfriend to open the door if certain questions were answered. I had no choice. Now I do. You will have earn that right Daenerys.”

“What? I don’t understand? What Door?”

“That you will soon find out Dragonthane. You are the key to your homeland’s restoration.”

“I don’t understand?”

“That is good.”

The youth turned away from Daenerys and watched the Ur-viles and Waynhyn work. The youth
seemed both full of wonder at what he saw and yet knew all the mysteries of the Demondem spawn.

All watched in silence over the next minutes as the Ur-viles continued to chant and work on Catelyn Stark. The Waynhyn were behind the one Loremaster pouring their strength into the Ur-vile.

The Giant spoke up again. “They have healed all the internally torn tissue and ruptured blood vessels. The have cleansed her blood of all the poisons that had accumulated in her blood.”

The Ur-vile Loremasters stood up. They both now produced bowels and filled them with vitrim. Catelyn was giving another bowel. The Ur-vile tending her gently tilted her head back. This time she drank greedily. Her returning strength was evident. Her color returned and her sunken appearance melted away and now her cheeks and throat gleamed with health.

The witches were given the second bowel. They drank deeply and their weak appearance was gone. They looked refreshed and no longer drained.

The restoration of health and strength had an immediate effect on the Ur-viles. The creatures moved to a clear spot in the room. The Ur-viles then began bark wildly at each other. The Waynhyn joined in the barking till the room was filled with a cacophony of wild discordant barks. The two black Loremasters jumped around with the larger one doing flips in the middle of the room now as everyone backed off to give it room as it cavorted. The second one nipped at its heels.

The humans looked on at the strange display. It was evident that the Ur-viles and Waynhyn worked on precepts totally foreign to humans.

The babies were weak and listless. They appeared hale but were exhausted. Maester Luwin put them on Catelyn Stark’s stomach near her breast and the babies immediately calmed and were asleep exhausted.

Dany stared at Kiserri who smiled. She had been playing with Eddard’s long hair. He caught the eye contact between child and mother. Eddard sat her down and she ran to the bed to look at her new cousins excitedly chirping and pointing at them. The man smiled at the child like enthusiasm of Kiserri.

Arya

Arya felt exhausted herself. She had been on wild ride with her emotions over the last few hours. 
She had been high and then sent crashing to the depths of despair with the apparent imminent death of her mother. Now her mother had been saved by the same creatures that had saved Dany on the plains of Dothrak. Again these strange mystical beings had materialized from some mystical magical ether to now save her mother. She felt a pulse of pride knowing that she had helped save her mother and new brother and sister from death.

Arya said a silent prayer to the old gods. She would need to visit the Godswood with Dany. They had not had an opportunity to visit the scared groove yet. Now they had multiple reasons to visit. The tension had gone out of the room. Her mother had been saved from death and the conflict between the witches of Asshai and Maestere Luwin had resolved itself with them being integral to the saving of Eddard’s wife. The Maester could not refuse to acknowledge that.

In fact he was in front of her father now.

“I resign my commission Eddard Stark. I have allowed my fears and doubts to nearly cost you the life of your wife. I will begin my journey back to the Citadel in the morning.
Eddard looked at the Maester. He sighed and gave him his squint smile smirk. “I will be refusing that tender of resignation. You did what you felt was right in the circumstance. You were proven to be wrong but I have a strong feeling that without the intervention of the Ur-viles my wife would now be dead. My wife’s malady was beyond the abilities of your science and Ygritte and Melisandre’s magic.”

“Without your refusal maybe the dynamic that had the Queen call the Ur-viles would not have occurred.”

“I am angry with you but at the same time we all must make decisions in stressful circumstances. Some are not right. I made decisions during Robert’s Rebellion that I have learned to regret greatly. You will care for my wife and children.”

The older man smiled thankfully to Eddard.

“Get to your duties Maester” Eddard spoke to the Maester in a gentle voice and gripped his shoulder with a soft squeeze. Arya watched the man bow to her father.

Arya again admired her father so greatly. His capacity to look a situation from all angles was truly inspiring and filled her with the hope that she too would always be able to do the right thing in the most trying of times.

Maester Luwin first went to the two ShadowBender witches. He was speaking softly to them. The small one, Ygritte, was tense and she was clearly winding up to give the Maester a peace of her mind. The taller one, Melisandre, pulled her wife into her body and looped her arms around Ygritte. The tall redhead swirled her hands on Ygritte’s stomach in gentle circles. The fiery redhead calmed immediately. She glared at Maester Luwin and growled but shook her head hard ‘yes’. Melisandre tilted her head to the Maester.

Master Luwin bowed and gave his thanks. Arya observed clearly that Melisandre was the diplomate of the two witches.

She watched the Maester move to Catelyn now. The babies were deeply asleep. He gently held them up partially. Eddard came up beside the man watching his Maester care for his two newborn children.

“They seem exhausted my Lord. They and Catelyn are so exhausted. I think we should let them rest for a short while before we get them to suck. I doubt your wife will be rousing to consciousness anytime soon. Unless more magic is performed.” The Maester looked to the witches.

They shook their heads no. “We are not midwives I fear” Melisandre spoke for both of them. “We have never been mothers. This is beyond our knowledge.”

The Lord of Revelstone looked at the Maester. “I fear my answer is the same. I can set bones and dress battle wounds but given succor to babes is beyond me also. I am sorry.”

The youth Amok who had been walking around Arya mother’s bedchambers started to head in their direction. He had leisurely visited all the various personages gathered in the room. The youth was even able to talk the Ur-viles and Waynhyns who stood in his face barking rabidly. The youth had not cared in the least barking back wildly his arms flapping which sent the Demondem spawn into flips and back head tilting baying.

The youth gambled to come back near the Lord of Revelstone and her Bloodgaurd Brail. Amok laughed. “It would seem many things are beyond you. I wonder why you have even come on his
The Lord glared at the strange young man. The youth moved to the Haruchai. He stood right in front of Brail and looked at her directly. His whole body language spoke of scorn.

Brail lifted an eyebrow a fraction.

“Fist and faith, I will not fail” Amok said in a sardonic tone to the flat faced Haruchai. The young man laughed at the Haruchai. “Say to Lustra the three words you long too oh brave Haruchai.” Brail kept her countenance flat. Arya saw her jaw clench once.

What was all that about?

The youth moved around the room and now talked to the Giant in the room. Brail looked at the youth move around. Her eyes were flat but it was clear she was filled with wrath at the youth.

Arya saw her father reach down and stroke his wife’s visage tenderly. The look of love on her father’s face looking down at his wife and new born children made Arya choke up a little. Her father was the best!

He looked up and cleared his throat. The then asked for everyone’s attention. “I want to tell you the names of our new children. My wife had hoped for another son while I secretly hoped for another daughter. We talked long about this and decided to give the names of my lost brother and sister killed way before their time. My son shall be named Brandon and my daughter will be named Lyanna. My second oldest son had that name but has always gone by Bran. We all have used so long we have forgotten his true name. That will not occur with my newest son.”

The master started to swaddled the newborns in warm cloth. So intent was Maester Luwin he did not notice the Waynhyn stop their seeming arguing and began to quickly form their wedge with the Loremaster behind the Maester. Amok ambled over casually as if curious to see what was happening with Catelyn.

Amok spoke. “Let the Waynhyn finish their succor Maester. They work strangely but they have always followed a Weird that differs from that of the Ur-viles. They bring their own knowledge and healing. Their Weird has always been one of service and succor since the Ritual of Desecration.”

The Maester looked at the Waynhyn who were jittery seeming anxious to move forward. Maester Luwin looked at Amok and then the Shadowbender witches who were talking to Robb and Alys. Maester Luwin tilted his head and stepped aside.

The Waynhyn moved in around the bed breaking their wedge. The Loremaster began to chant as the other Waynhyn barked discordantly and seemingly began arguing vociferously with each other again. The small creatures snapped at each other with seeming malicious intent but their sharp teeth never found flesh.

The Waynhyn on either side of the grey Loremaster extended their iron staves. The blades glowed deep purple and hissed and rippled with dark arcane power. The blades were lowered to the sleeping babies.

Arya started to move forward. The blades looked deadly. She felt Dany grip her upper arm.

“Trust them.”

Arya stilled. She trusted Dany’s judgement completely.
Eddard watched the proceedings with intense glittering eyes. He realized like Daenerys had that the babies and his wife would be dead now if not for these strange magical creatures. He stood back letting these strange magical beings tend to his wife and newborn children.

The blades of several of the Waynhyn were brought to inch above the sleeping babies. The little boy and girl baby were drooling with open slack mouths. Their eyes closed and breathing rapid. Their bone deep exhaustion apparent to all who gazed upon them.

Arya and everyone else watched the Waynhyn lifted and lowered their blades an inch over the rumps of the babies. Then two blades above each babe were lifted and then the Waynhyn brought their blades down and slapped the rumps of the babies with firm but not harsh smacks on their rumps. The purple tips of the staves flared in a pulse of purple light but when the blades were lifted no harm had been done to the babies.

The babies had gone through a total change of demeanor and vigor. Now the babies were kicking and crying. They were full of vigor and energy. No manner of the babes seemed exhausted. Their faces were normal seeming with no sign of their recent travail. The Waynhyn Loremaster leaned down and traced his fingertip of his index finger over the babies’ foreheads. On them were now purple runes. He moved his hand up and traced the same indecipherable runes on Catelyn Stark’s forehead. She began to rouse. She slightly opened her eyes.

The runes glowed and then seemed to be absorbed into the skin of the babies and Catelyn Stark.

Catelyn saw the babes on her upper stomach and started crying as her hands shaking with weakness and the love of a mother for her children brought the newborn babes to her teats. The Waynhyn moved back.

Eddard moved in quickly helped the newborns find his wife’s teat and the babies quickly worked their mouths onto the teats and began to nurse. Catelyn fell back into unconsciousness with a soft smile on her lips.

Arya could not believe the change in her mother. An hour ago it was obvious she was about to die and with her death the twins would have joined her in death.

Now all three were tired and looked weary but otherwise were healthy.

Maester Luwin had tears in his eyes as he checked the cloth he had swaddled the nursing newborn babes with. Eddard had taken a seat beside his wife and stroked her sweaty hair and traced her face gently. His gaze constantly looking down at his new children. He looked tired and drawn but so very happy. He had been granted a miracle.

A miracle because of Arya’s Dany Arya thought happily. Dany had come through like she always did Arya thought smugly. Dany was great and she was Arya’s. Kiserri was sitting on the side of the bed babbling about how beautiful the babies were. Kiserri kept looking up at her mothers smiling and happy. Dany rustled her daughter’s hair with great affection.

Arya looked around the room.

The Lord was before the strange youth that had somehow easily slipped through the Queen’s closest guards. Brail was at her Lord’s shoulder.

“What are you doing here Amok. The door is half a world away. You should be in the Land defending it.”

Amok’s eyes were filled with mirth and his face full of sarcasm. “The world is full of doors Lustra.
Maybe you should open the door to your heart instead. I have grown Lustra. I am the Guard and the Key to so many Doors.”

“That is sophistry. We know on the High Council that you only guard one door.”

“That is not true and true at the same time. I guard the door of the Earthroot below Melenkurion Skyweir. I guard other doors. It is clear to me that High Lord Sollarius was not totally truthful to her fellow Lords when she brought me back from the dead.”

“That is impossible” Lustra stated emphatically.

“Say what you will. I was there when Thomas Covenant caste dross on the Haruchai’s service and honor. Is that not right Brail? Your service was not so pure after that time was it Brail? With your racial memory you were there when Tuvor led High Lord Elena to her death. Neither he nor Bannor spoke up to prevent that disaster. Did they Brail?” Amok spoke in condescending tone.

Brail started to step forward but Lustra restrained her by stepping in front of the Haruchai who stilled. The Lord turned her attention back to the nickering youth with gay grey eyes and curly hair that shook with his head’s movement.

“Stop it Amok! Stop trying to confuse the truth and to be so divisive.”

Amok only snickered.

“What you say is false. Stop with the lies. You are the guard to the Power of Command. That is all.” The Lord spoke with finality but her face showed confusion and doubt.

“Your knowledge is limited Lustra. There is so much you do not know.”

In a flash, Brail was around the Lord and standing just in front of Amok. “You will curb your tongue Amok.” Brail suddenly spoke with clear emotion in her voice. “You will respect Lustra!” The inflection in Brail’s voice was slight but for a Haruchai she could just as well have been shouting with her race’s self-control. To,thus, show any emotion in the slightest became a shout of declaration.

“You know you cannot touch me if I so choose it Haruchai. If you keep buffing out that cute chest of yours trying to impress your Lord—“

The Haruchai swung her balled fist so fast Arya did not see it move. Even more shocking Amok easily dodged the fist as it swung to deliver a devastating punch to his face. He was laughing as he pivoted away.

“Ha! You missed me!” Amok sing-song. “Has passion clouded your skills oh stone faced one” Amok jibbed the Haruchai.

Brail lunged forward but the youth gripped her arms and rolled to his back and easily flipped the Haruchai over his head sending her flying.

He came up in flash and Brail twisted her body impossibly to land on her feet.

“Stop this Brail! What has gotten into you?! Lustra barked at her Bloodguard. The Lord of Revelstone got in front of Brail again searching her face. The Haruchai’s actions had clearly surprised the Lord.

Brail instantly relaxed and looked at the Lord with no expression.
“I defended you my Lord. This Amok is a magical construct. He is extremely dangerous.”

“You wound me Haruchai. I may not be born of woman but I assure you I am every bit alive as you. More so. I actually enjoy life and can tell a woman I—“

“Enough!” the Haruchai shouted. Her face was twisted with anger. Her body was actually shaking with ire.

The Giants and Lord stared at the Haruchai with shock on their faces. A Haruchai who had been in the back of the room spoke up. “This is unseemly Brail. Control your emotions.” Despite the clear rancor of their countryman the Haruchai spoke in a calm flat tone.

“Do you challenge me Surd to the command of this Search?”

“I do not. You defeated us all for the right of command. We do not wish to challenge you for leadership but we will if you continue to show this lack of control. You are bringing disgrace to the Haruchai with this lack of emotional control in front of those who are not of us.”

With visible effort the Haruchai controlled herself. Brail tilted her head to the Haruchai.

Arya looked at the Haruchai. Her jaw was still clenching. She was furious. Evidently, the control of emotion was of supreme importance to the Haruchai.

Lustra turned to Amok. She tried to read his face that was filled with mirth and his twinkling eyes. She again queried the seeming youth who spoke as if he was in fact ancient of age. “You are the Guardian of the Door to the Earthroot but that lies a world away. Again I ask why you are here Amok. You should not be here.”

“I go where I will Lord. I am not the same as when I first walked this world. I have traveled to the great deserts and rode on the shoulders of Sandgorgons and I have journeyed deep underneath the caverns of Mount Thunder and sang songs with the silent Stone Golems. I have skidded on the ice lakes that the Arghule sleep on underneath the cold stars. I have walked among the Elohim in their fairy home unseen. I have walked the forests and sang the songs of the Forestals. I have also journeyed this land of Westeros and Essos.”

“Dragonthane” he called to Daenerys Targaryen.

She came over with Kiserri in tow. Arya came up on the other side of Kiserri who smiled a brilliant smile up at Arya making the Stark’s heart pitter-patter fast in her chest. Amok looked at the youth. Kiserri looked at him and clapped. “I saw you in Elemesnedene.”

“I fear that is impossible child. Even the Elohim had no idea I was there.”

Kiserri snickered. She looked around like she was about to share a great secret. “You were the many colored ribbons that swirled in perfect circles that interlocked and then flew up into the air to fly apart. There you turned to snow that had many happy colors! Then you drifted down forming into ribbons again. You then formed perfect circles again and then interlocking. You did it again and again making new interlocking patterns. You kept changing colors. That is what gave you away. Not even Auntie Infinnie knew you were playing in her home.” Kiserri spoke conspiratorially to the strange youth like she was sharing a great secret.

The youth stared at the little girl with his mouth agape.

“Well, I see you did Kiserri. Not even Infelice knew I was there. I would watch this one my
Queen. She is quite gifted.”

Arya watched Dany looking down at her little girl. She then picked up the little Dothraki girl and hugged and kissed her as the little girl snuggled into her mother. Arya smiled. They would love Kiserri unconditionally.

The Lord queried the strange youth once more “Again, I ask why you are here where you don’t belong Amok. You should be away from man. You are the door. Many would ensnare you for your key Amok.”

“They would try. I learned much with my first death. I will not taste it again. Only Linden Avery has ever drank the Earthblood and asked the proper question. Humans will always fail the test. I am the key but also the lock. I will choose wisely if ever I am tasked with opening the door again.”

The youth turned to look at Dany. “Daenerys Targaryen. You have a great task ahead of you.”

“Yes. I stand ready to defeat the Ice King.”

“That is only your first task. You will join the Vales, Yazloo, the Lords of Revelstone and the Demondim spawn to restore the Earthroot to this world.”

“The Viles are dead” Lustra answered. “I know not of these Yazloo but the Demondim and their creators long ago ceased to exist” the Lord barked at the youth who smirked at her.

“Again you are mistaken Lord” Amok bowed to the Lord. “The Lore says that Loric Vilesilencer silenced the Viles and the Demondim. He did not kill them Lustra. His name was not Vilekiller. It was Vilesilencer. He sent them to the lands underneath the mountains of Valyria. There they still live. The Demondim choose poorly and were undone by the Insequent Harrow. But a few yet still live.”

“What?! You do not know what you speak of Amok. There is only one Earthroot and it is in the Land.”

Amok sighed.

“Your vision is so limited. The Land is in the southern half of our world. This land and Esso are the in the Northern half of the world. This world has its own Earthroot.”

Arya saw Dany’s eyes flashing.

“Oh my gods. Valyria.”

“Yes Dragonthane. Over five hundred years ago the Earthroot and its chamber underneath Valyria was shattered when the Power of Command was invoked. I knew of the door but was not warding it closely. I deemed none had he knowledge of door’s location. The magical locks were not breeched. I am still not sure how the chamber was breeched. Your land is still feeling the results of that event five centuries later.”

Lustra seemed stunned. “But that is impossible. How do you have this knowledge and we do not.

“You have never journeyed beyond your lands. High Lord Kevin and High Lord Sollarius knew of the Earthroot in this land but considered it unreachable. In this land magic is manifested differently. Here it is absorbed by the very environment and taken into the essence of its denizens.”

“Here you have Dragons, Manicores, Vampires, Were animals, Wendigo and many other magical
creatures. Magic can be touched but not channeled like it is by the Lords of Revelstone and the great wizards of the Thaumaturages or the Insequent."

There is other older magic such as the Shadowbenders tap but it cannot shatter armies like your magic can Lustra. Here in this land there are no beings such as She Who Must Not Be Named."

The lord hissed. “She is a great evil!”

Amok turned to look at Dany “Trust the instincts of the Innocent One my Queen. The mightiest of forces can be tamed by the lambs of the world. The one we speak of has changed and the innocent one will finish the transformation.”

Amok turned back to the Lord.

“A Raver came to the Land of Valyria over five thousand years ago and corrupted the Valyrians. How it accomplished this even I do not know. The mighty maelstroms of the Soulcrusher and Soulbiter should have prevented his travel to the Northern hemisphere. It was the Raver that corrupted that once high and noble race. It was Raver’s influence that led to the Power of Command being found and invoked. Nature is still affected by Elena’s breaking of the Law of Death which then forced the breaking of the Law of Life.”

“What did the Valyrian ask for?” the Lord asked in a hushed tone.

“That I do not know. But five hundred years later we are still feeling the effects of that command being given. It is seen and felt by the explosions still racking Valyria. Magic is fraying in this half of the world. It needs to be restored. That is your task Daenerys. You will not restore it but you will lead the agents there. They will know what to do. You will convince the Yazloo to turn their gaze out and to give their aid. If you do not, magic will die in your land.”

“If it does, man will eventually destroy this world. Magic is needed to keep the balance of nature in sync. Without it the blight of Science will eventually lead this world to ruin. This must not be allowed.”

“My time is done here. But one more warning I will give. I can control the doors to the Earthroots. There are other doors that have been sealed shut by Earthpower. As it fades and dies those doors will open. I have helped to keep them closed these last five hundred years but I can no longer hold them shut. Ancient evils are returning to the world.”

“The Dragon, Wolf and Lion will have to contend with these ancient evils. You will have to garrote them.”

“How will I know what and where to fight them?” Daenerys asked the strange youth.

“You will know them my Queen. You will face your challenges. You are forged.”

“Thank you for your wise counsel.” Arya had gripped Dany’s hand. She would be by her side as Dany met these challenges that Amok spoke of.

“You are welcome my Queen. I leave now. I go to instruct the Wolf and Lion. Their swords are mighty but they have not been rune forged yet. They have not felt the touch of the Wraiths.”

The youth started to turn but then hesitated. “I will grant you a boon” the youth spoke turning to face Daenerys again.

“What is that?” Dany asked.
“You wish to bring dragons back do you not?”

Dany and Arya both gasped. They had talked about that after lovemaking again. To bring dragons back and once more see the sky filled with them. To raise the hatchlings gently and curb their aggressive nature as had been done with Drogon, Viserion, Rhaegal. Dany was sure she had found the key.

“Yes I do … it would seem too be impossible. Mine are the last and are all male.”

“For now Daenerys Targaryen. Dragons do indeed change sex when needed despite what the Maesters may think. But that will be years from now. The other dragons are hidden for now. But it is not of them I speak of. You will find other eggs that you will then be able to hatch.”

“Other dragons! Where?! Tell me I command it!” Arya looked at her Queen. She loved it when she used that ringing commanding in tone!

Amok laughed. “No one commands me my Queen. Do you wish me to leave now?”

“No!” Dany calmed immediately. “Tell me what you would. Please!”

The youth snickered.

“You must find riders who share your nature. They must be able to communicate mind to mind with their dragons. They will know how to do it as did you.”

“Where do I find them?” Dany asked Amok.

“You will need to go east to go west. You will need to go south to go north … you will need to go down to go up.”

Dany was fuming. During the Clatch of Confidents meetings Dany had told stories of the many prophecies against her and this one was being crafted to mimic one she especially despised.

“That which is drowned will again know life. To fly on wings of life you must travel among bones and stone. Let their faces guide you.”

The youth started to turn away.

“That’s it!” Dany shouted.

“Of course … aren’t prophecies supposed to be vague and confounding? I have given you enough O Queen of dragons.”

The air shimmered and Amok was gone.

The Lord went to stand where Amok had stood.

“He is much more powerful than any of our Lore told us. It would appear that his creator High Lord Sollarius kept key salient portents from us. I hope she knew what she was doing. Amok with free will seems like a very dangerous choice.”

Arya spoke up “He said that the Law of Death was broken because he had no choice the first time he guarded the door. Maybe it is wise he gets to choose now.”

The lord looked at Arya. The Lord looked thoughtful. “Perhaps.”
Lustra turned to her Bloodguard. “I am weary. I am returning to my quarters.”

The Haruchai bowed to her Lord. Arya ran up to Brail. She leaned in and whispered “Tell her you love her Brail.”

The Haruchai walked off without acknowledging Arya.

Dany walked over with Kiserri. “I don’t know much about these Haruchai but showing emotions seems to be the lowest thing on their list.”

“It is sad. I do not want her to waste any more time. Time that I wasted. I should have told you I loved you the moment I saw you Dany. I wasted so much time” Arya told Dany with her intense gaze. Arya conveying in her words and eyes her great love for Daenerys Targaryen.

Dany moved in and wrapped her arm around Arya’s waist and snuggled in. Kiserri got in front of Arya and held up her arms. Arya smiled and picked up her daughter and put her on her hip.

They observed Maester Luwin telling Arya’s father that he would never again let prejudice cloud his vision.

Eddard clapped him on the back and told him good. He turned his head to them and winked.

They smiled great big and left the room.

They went back down to the kitchen and moved to the table in the back of the room. The room was full of excited chatter with the strange and mystical events that had spread like wildfire around Winterfell.

They sat down and were served plates full of eels and shad in a basting sauce surrounded by boiled potatoes and carrots. Jhogo and Rakharo ate at the other table since it was free. They asked Jeertel who ghosted behind them if she would join them.

“I am Haruchai” was her answer with a slight bow and she moved off to prowl the shadows. Bannor was nowhere to be seen but they knew he was near and watching over them.

The small family tucked into the meal eating heartily. They enjoyed the cooks’ fine meal and complimented them on their excellent skills. The cooks beamed with the praise.

They then went back to their quarters. They had been given some dolls and a set of kitchen items like plates and eating utensils. Kiserri played being a mommy and feeding her children and scolding them for being bad and then hugging and kissing her dolls to make them feel better.

After an hour she was drooping. Arya scooped her up and Dany followed her across the hall to the room that had been set up as Kiserri’s bedroom. They tucked her in and pulled the covers up and stoked the fire. She was drowsy but asked for a story.

Arya told her a slightly romantic version of “Love at First Fist”. Halfway through the story the little precious girl was asleep.

The young couple went back to their bedroom and stripped down naked. Arya loved that Dany loved to sleep in the nude like herself.

Any other day they would have been all over each other but they were both exhausted by the day’s events.
They got on their sides with Arya large spoon and Dany wiggling in close and taking Arya’s hand and holding it between her warm bosom. Arya loved going to sleep with Dany so close to her.

She loved snuggling.

She awoke in the middle of the night. Kiserri had gotten out of her bed and come into their room and into their bed. They had left word with their Bloodriders to let her come into their room if they had finished lovemaking. They wanted the girl to feel safe and secure. The child had a good life with the Elohim but still, this was a new situation for the girl and needed to get settled and confident in her new home.

She had wedged in between them. She had her face buried in Dany’s neck the rest of her body pressed into Dany’s back. Arya’s body was touching Kiserri on the other side to provide warmth and a sense of safety from that side of her body.

Arya decided she definitely get used to this.
Margaery

Margaery sat on her chair beside Catelyn Stark her beloved second mother. She felt so close to Eddard’s wife now. She had formed a strong bond before the events of yesterday but she felt the bonds of life so much stronger between her and Catelyn now. Having been a witness to her almost death and miraculous salvation by magic arcane had worked to bring Margaery even closer to the mother of her sweet Sansa.

Catelyn had awoken twice to look tiredly down at the babies taking suck on her nipples. The new mother reaching out and cooing as she stroked her new babies’ hair and beamed down at the babes as she helped them to nurse. Eddard had been there the second time and to see him gently stroking his wife’s hair so tenderly had made her throat catch. The love that was obvious between them was the same she and Sansa shared.

The room was warm with the hot water rushing through the wall pipes but a roaring fire in the fireplace was kept running. The extra heat kept the room warm and toasty for the recovering mother and her newborn babes. Margaery looked at the grate with snarling wolves on each end supporting the legs that kept the logs up off the brick floor of the chimney. The metal dark as it held the red canker filled logs as they popped and hissed while they slowly turned to ash.

The fire added light and warmth to the already warm. Catelyn needed the warmth in her still tired and worn state. The Ur-viles and Wanyhyn had healed here body but she was still exhausted from her ordeal. She merely needed time to fully recover now. That was clear to Margaery. The Maester and chambermaids still had put several blankets on Cat’s body. She needed the extra warmth as she convalesced.

The Demondim spawn, Waynhim, would appear and disappear according to their Weird. They were strange beings Margaery thought but she was thankful that they had chosen to intervene and save Catelyn Stark. They had seemed frightening at first with their strange appearance and discordant barking. The feeling of fright had slowly left Margaery. With association the Demondim spawn now were beginning to seem normal to her. She was becoming familiar with them.

She was sure to the Waynhim she appeared strange. Her speech course. When they did appear they came with a Giant from the southern hemisphere in tow.

The Waynhim through their wild barking that was translated by the Giant that stayed in the room now to translate as needed. She noticed Missandei in the room as she was learning the language of the strange beasts. She was having the Giants teach her their language. Though they had the gift of translation bequeathed to them by the Elohim, Missandei still wanted to learn their native tongue.

The Ur-viles had left soon after their work was done. One moment they had been in the room and the next moment they were simply not there. Lustra explained the Ur-viles had always been a
secretive race.

This morning she had heard Cirruslodestone Seafoam who was on translate duty remark at the speed that Missandei was learning their language. She could already speak to them in very broken Giantish.

“You have skills Missandei” the Giant had told the little scribe. The black teenager beamed proudly.

“You have been touched by great power I see Missandei” the Giant told her.

The black girl looked at her. “I have?”

“Yes.”

Margaery wondered about that but neither spoke anymore about it. Missandei was sure that it the touch of She Who Must Not Be Named that the Giants perceived of.

The Waynhim would leave and appear at random seeming moments. They had suddenly stormed into the room five minutes ago. They were barking at each other and snapping their jaws showing their teeth to each other. They seemed to be continuously trying to bark over each other. Nor did the baying from one individual to another individual last long. The Waynhym milled around in their cluster moving to face off with their brethren and begin barking in their face sending slaver flinging in each other’s faces.

“How can they even hear themselves think?” Margaery cried out over the din.

Cirruslodestone smiled at her “For them this is normal. They are constantly arguing and debating their Weird.”

“There what?” Margaery asked looking at the short creatures—she stopped herself. She had been about to think of the Wanyhim as ‘creatures’. These were no more creatures than the Direwolves or Dragons were creatures.

They each were individuals and had personalities and were highly intelligent. Where the Ur-vile Loremasters had been a dark black the Wanyhim were various shades of medium to dark grey. The Ur-viles had been roughly her height of 5’5”. The Wanyhim Loremaster was maybe 5’1” while its brethren were between 4’6” to 5’0” in height. There short height and constant seeming arguing was humorous to Margaery though she suspected the Waynhim were totally serious in their baying and now a little shoving of shoulders into each other and snapping of teeth at each other but never actually biting each other.

Cirruslodestone watched with humor on her face. “They are vociferous I will say that … What is the right words for their Weird (Cirruslodestone looked off into distance thinking) … their destiny— and how they will meet it. To some degree they can see the future or the possibilities of the future. For them and the Ur-viles more so than any other beings we have met, the past, present and future all blend together in their consciousness. They each are allowed to interpret their Weird and try to persuade their brethren to the correctness of their particular vision. Thus, the constant bickering and back and forth between them. They never come to blows but can they bray!” Cirruslodestone chortled.

As Margaery watched, she watched the Loremaster turn away from his brethren and bent down to Margaery’s other mother as she thought of Catelyn now. The Loremaster again painted runes with its stave on Cat’s forehead and the forehead of the babies. The three humans did not wake and in fact smiled gently at the gentle touch.
“Why are they doing that?”

“I don’t know.”

“What?” Margaery exclaimed. “How can we know if we can trust them?!”

Cirruslodestone looked at Margaery as if she had sprouted a third arm on her forehead. “They did save your mother and your new brother and sister.”

Margaery was chastised and crestfallen. She had to be better. In an instant she let preconceived notions cloud her judgment. Because the Waynhim did not look human it had clouded her instincts and spot judgment. “Forgive me Cirruslodestone. I need to be better.”

“Apology accepted Margaery Tyrell-Stark”. Margaery felt a flush of warmth rush through her at that. “You in the northern hemisphere evidently are not used to meeting intelligent non-human species.”

At this moment the Lord of Revelstone, Lustra, and her Bloodguard Brail entered the room. They examined Catelyn together. The Lord showed a soft smile at her total recovery. Of course the Haruchai warrior showed no emotion at all. She stayed at the Lord’s shoulder providing the service she had sworn herself to do.

The Giant explained to the Lord the questions Margaery had concerning the Demondim spawn.

“Maybe you can take up the explanation of the Demondim spawn. The Lords of Revelstone had had much greater contact with them. Your histories are inexorably linked for thousands of years.”

The Lord listened to Cirruslodestone. She then turned to Margaery.

“I can try. The Demondim created the Ur-viles and Waynhyn. They in turn were created by the Viles. The Viles were great and powerful beings. Both began as high and lofty races. One was incorporeal and the later existed in our time and world by animating the dead. They followed what they called their Wûrd. The Viles creating the Demondim and in their turn the Demondim created the Ur-viles and Waynhim. Much of those ancient beings remains a mystery. They were thought dead so we have not pursued knowledge of them. They were of the Old Lords and their epoch.

“The Ur-viles and Waynhim are another matter. But as to the Weird and power of the Demondim spawn … much of the Lore of the Demondim spawn is beyond us.” At that very moment there was loud barking on the outside of the replaced doors to Catelyn’s room.

The Giants had helped Mikken repair the destroyed door and its hinges. The blacksmith and carpenters first replaced the shattered beams and then put on new hinges and aligned them. The Giants easily pulling apart the shattered beams and pulling off the now warped hinges with ease so new ones could be attached. Then the Giants had with little effort held up the heavy doors as they were set into place and the screws drilled and the door aligned properly.

The door were opened by the Haruchai standing guard outside. The two Ur-vile Loremasters came into the room followed by a Haruchai. The black Ur-viles had seemingly decided to show themselves again. All had assumed they had left to not appear again. This was obviously incorrect. Margaery started at that. Strange how they had decided to appear the moment they were talked about. They all came around to look down at Catelyn Stark. Her color had returned again. With her last recovery it had been a slow return to color but now her cheeks were rosy with health and all trace of her body being wasted was gone.

She was merely exhausted. The Ur-viles started barking at the Waynhim who barked harshly back.
Soon the strange creatures were jumping and doing flips only to land impossibly adroitly beside the convalescing woman’s bed. The loud raucous barking discourse not waking mother and children. Margaery was sure the now disappeared runes painted on their bodies helped in that.

She watched the three Loremasters gesticulating with their staves in each other’s faces and baying wildly. They pressed their bodies into each other bumping and jostling each other. Strangely, the two black Ur-viles Loremasters spent as much time and effort jarring each other with chest bumps as they did against the Wanyhim. The Demondim spawn seemed to thrive to what looked like Margaery as sheer confusion.

The other Waynhim were all either baying at each other or more confusingly at nothing. They would bark and argue and then start to running around and doing flips around the room and using the furniture to launch themselves into the air still barking loudly. Then at random some would fall out of the melee and again get face to face to argue with each other vociferously.

The babies had been sleeping but now had latched onto their mother’s teats and were hungrily nursing.

“I am so thankful for such creatures Lustra. Your world must be so appreciative to have Ur-viles and Waynhim in it.” Margaery was earnest in her statement. These beings had saved Catelyn Stark from death.

The Lord turned from watching the Demondim spawn antics. She proceeded with her explanations “Actually the High Council thought the Demondim descendants long dead and extinct. They were thought to have died out over forty thousand years ago. All of us from the Land and its visitors are surprised and gladden to still find them alive and well. It was not always thus.”

Margaery’s eyes widened. The look of unbelief obvious. *Had not always been a benefice to the Land and now Westeros.*

“It was not till the second journey of Thomas Covenant to our world that the Ur-viles changed from beings who raped and killed all in the land to their biggest defenders. They created Vain who became the second Staff of Law.” The Lord then explained to Margaery of Vain and how he and the Elohim Findail became the second Staff of Law.

Then the Lord proceeded to the Ur-viles exploits during the last journey of Thomas Covenant to the Land “If it had not been for the Ur-viles delaying the Worm at the World’s End it would have consumed the world before Thomas Covenant and Linden Avery defeated Lord Foul. After the renewal of the world no sight or knowledge of the Demondim existed. We all assumed they had become extinct. We mourned their passing. Obviously, we were wrong. Thankfully.”

“What changed for them?” Margaery asked seeing the Demondim arguing and waving their arms and shake their staves at each other with seeming fury.

“Are they going to fight?” Margaery asked with some trepidation. The Demondim spawn seemed to be truly agitated now.

The Haruchai looked over at the bickering Demondim spawn. “Actually they appear quite calm.” A few of the Waynhim were chasing each other now running beneath tables and weaving among the chairs all the while barking wildly. The ones doing the chasing nipping at the heels of the baying Waynhim they were chasing.

“The Waynhim ceased serving Lord Foul after the Ritual of Desecration. The Ur-viles continued in service another four thousand years to the Grey Slayer. Their self-loathing allowed no other
“Why did they loathe themselves” Margaery asked.

“Ah Margaery. That is a sad tale. It is easy to fall prey to Corruption.” Lustra answered Margaery.

“You mean sickness?”

“I am sorry. That is another name we had for Lord Foul. He corrupted all that he could, thus, the name.”

The Lord got a faraway look for a moment collecting her thoughts.

“The Viles were once a high and lofty race. They were incorporeal beings. In time, the whispering of Ravers made them start to revile this lack of substance. The Viles were—I mean are inward looking. A Raver convinced them this self-contemplation was conceited and they needed to interact with the world. The Ravers convinced the Viles that the world hated them.”

“As they fell into self-loathing they created the Demondim. The Viles did this to try and rise above themselves. Their creations were spirits that took on shape by animating the bodies of the dead. They too started out pure and without blemish.” The Lord sighed again. “In time, the ravers whispered in their ears they were imperfect because they had no bodies of their own and all that were born with bodies were superior to them. In time the Demondim fell for the Ravers’ lies and became corrupted.

“The Demondim in turn, as they fell from grace, created the Ur-viles and Waynhim. This was their prodigy. Finally life was created by incorporeal beings that had form. They hoped to break the bonds of loathing and self-hate. Alas, their creations also were corrupted by the Ravers spreading the lies of Lord Foul.”

Margaery was perplexed. “They have bodies now. How could these Demondim spawn be corrupted?”

“They came to hate their own bodies.”

Last night after her and Sansa had made love most of the night in celebration of new life and Catelyn finally being healed by the strange creatures summoned by the Queen they had talked of the Ur-viles and their smaller cousins Waynhim.

They had come to the conclusion that after their initial shock of their appearance and finding them ugly that they were in fact kind of cute with their pointed ears and long arms and legs. Their lack of eyes and large fleshy nostrils had quickly become the way they should be.

To hear that they hated their bodies was sad and now strange to Margaery.

“What is wrong with their bodies? I will admit at first I found them, well, horrid to look upon but now they seem right. They are as they should be.”

The Lord looked at her. “You are most perceptive. I fear that many in this strange land would not have your thoughts. You cannot see the goodness or wrongness of a person or entity merely by looking at them as we can.”

“So how were they corrupted?” Margaery asked.

The Lord paused. Then she decided on how to express her thoughts. “A warrior may wish to be
stronger of arm to wield his sword or better sight to perceive his enemy. A woman in court may wish for a more perfect face or larger bosom. They may wish for more or less of something.”

“It is different for the Demondim spawn. They look at themselves and say “Why was I created thus. We are born with our forms. We do not question it. An Ur-vile or Waynhim looks at their body and ask themselves why was I made thus.”

“Why was I not made differently. My creators choose to make me thus. We humans have no control over our bodies. We are what we are. With the Demondim spawn they could be created in any form. This was true when the Ur-viles created Vain. He was perfectly formed as a human being. He was jet black like his sires but every angle of his body was sheer perfection.

“Brail.” The Lord called to her Bloodguard. Margaery saw the intensity the Haruchai looked at her Lord with.

“Yes my Lord.”

“How would you describe Vain?”

“He was sheer perfection given human form. Everything about his form and countenance was beautiful. He was what every human would aspire to in beauty.”

“And that is from a Haruchai. With their mind speech their memory is one hundred percent accurate. You see how they control their emotions when dealing with all things not of their intimate family unit or when they are expressing the joy of making love. They see things with dispassion and great accuracy.”

“So the Ur-viles continued creating their brothers and the Waynhim after the supposed demise of the Demondim. They could create forms other than what you see. Their Weird led them on to continue as they always had until they created Vain. It was not till that time that their Weird compelled them to deviate from their initial design.”

“The Ravers used this” the Lord paused seeking the right words “design of the Demondim spawn against them. They instilled in them Anthropomorphism.”

“What is that Margaery?” Margaery asked.

“That is the giving of human characteristics to animals. The Ravers made them feel hate for their bodies for not looking like humans.”

“How did these supreme beings keep falling prey to these Ravers? What are Ravers?”

“They are three brothers. Born in the filth and sewage of the Sarangrave Flats. This is a Land below Mount Thunder. The creation of life by the Demondim and their Ur-viles created byproducts that were dark and dangerous. They were heedless of the harm of their effluent from their birthing and offal pits. This sewage spewed from underneath that great mountain and polluted the swamps to the East.

It was there in this filth and vile effluents of dark arts that the three Ravers were born. They are the distilled anger, hate, lust, jealousy, xenophobia and all the other dark secrets of the human heart. They took the avarice of the human heart into their forming bodies and ids. They have no bodies and take over the bodies of other weaker than they. In the Land only the Haruchai and Giants have proven immune to the brothers three. Only with the help of the Illearth Stone could these people be corrupted.”
Margaery’s head was spinning. This world of Lustra was both most wondrous and heinous at the same time. How could beings such as the Ravers find life in the world of the Land? All the denizens from that distant land seemed to be gifted with beauty and great strength. How could something like a Raver come into life? How could these Ravers take the dark aspects of the human heart and find life from that? It was disconcerting.

While Margaery had been talking to the Lord the Ur-viles and the Waynhim had devolved into seeming discordant bickering and general insanity. They had started at a certain level but were now truly going crazy. They were all barking furiously at first one brother and then another. Some were jumping up and down shaking staves they produced from seeming nothingness within their robes only to make them disappear when an argument calmed down. Now many of the Waynhim were now chasing each other barking and sniping at each other’s heels. Several had jumped up to the ceiling timbers and were hanging on with clawed limbs barking furiously down at their brothers on the floor.

Then in a single moment the Waynhim on the ceiling dropped down. The Ur-viles who had been standing fleshy nose to fleshy nose barking and flinging snot on each other (how gross) stopped. All the Waynhim stopped chasing each other and baying. In a fast hurry, the Waynhim formed their wedge like they always did when they were ready to project power.

The Waynhim Loremaster painted fresh runes on Catelyn and the babes’ foreheads with his iron stave. It barely touched the new mother with the iron. They were gentle to the woman and her babies.

Each Ur-vile Loremaster picked up a baby and inspected it very carefully. Their large hands with two thumbs easily held a baby in their hands. The fingers and thumbs gently enfolding the babies. Margaery did not fear these magical creatures now. The two Ur-viles tilted the babies this way and that looking at them with their faces that had no eyes. The stroked the babies as they gurgled and kicked their legs. The taller Ur-vile Loremaster somehow produced a bowl. The Waynhim Loremaster came up to them and put his stave to the rim of bowl. The Waynhim chanted and Vitrum pulsed out the stave and filled the bowl.

The two Ur-vile Loremasters started to dip a finger into the bowl and let the babies suckle off their claw tips. The babies gurgled happy. The vitrum clung to their fingers thickly but then flowed like liquid into the babe’s hungry mouths. Again and again the Ur-viles fed the babes till the bowl was empty of vitrum. Only then did the Ur-viles put the babies back on Catelyn’s breast and the babies took the nipples and nursed hungrily.

The Waynhim had produced a bowel and filled it with their own magical liquid that the Giant called Slurram. Where vitrum was a dark grey this liquid was a medium yellow. The next two Waynhim to their Loremaster gently lifted Catelyn up and teased her lips open and she greedily drank the liquid down.

Margaery marveled. Catelyn looked even healthier now.

More furious barking. Cirruslodestone informed Margaery that the Waynhim felt that Catelyn should be fully recovered by the evening. The babies were now fully recovered from their near death. Margaery had to agree. They had looked healthy before but now the beamed with a healthy hue and now had rosy glow to their skin.

“They are so gentle and loving” Margaery said softly looking at the Demondim spawn enfold the babies and their mother in the blankets tucking them in.

“They do not love as we do Margaery” Lustra told her. “They are following their Weird. For them
it is trying to meet the future they hope to bring to fruition. They serve good but I am not sure they feel this love we do.”

“It does not matter. Their actions are gentle and loving. That is all that is important to me.”

The Lord looked at her for a long moment. “You are most wise Margaery Tyrell.”

The Demondim spawn suddenly quickly retreated from the room. The Demondim spawn came and went on their own schedule. The room seemed eerily quiet without their barking. The Lord started to leave.

“Can I speak with you Lustra for a moment?” Margaery asked the severe looking Lord.

“Brail can you wait for me in the hall.”

The Haruchai looked like she might refuse but then turned and left. She closed the door behind her.

“She takes her duty very seriously” the Lord mused shaking her head.

“She is in love with you.”

The Lord sighed. “You are the second one to tell me that. The Haruchai feel disdain for those of us who are weak with emotion.”

Margaery looked at the Lord. She seemed always on the edge of a suppressed fury. She was so controlled and yet the unhappiness was evident with her every constrained motion and sour facial expressions. In many ways she reminded Margaery of the Haruchai. The control part, not the part where she showed her unhappiness at every moment. Margaery had heard how her husband divorced her. Evidently, in the Land people almost always made the right choice in mates. How unique and refreshing. Evidently, Lustra had been one of the exceptions that proved the rule. Most unfortunate for the beautiful woman if she would but smile. Lustra had seemingly never recovered from her divorce.

“Lustra … I am not sure what to say. I am just saying to keep your heart open to the possibility that you can love Brail.”

“I have had my heart torn apart once Margaery Tyrell. I will not do so again.” With that the Lord pivoted. Her light blue tunic swirled with her movements. In a quick motion she was out the door closing it quietly behind herself. She was not angry Margaery felt but her icy demeanor was even more sever.

The Tyrell princess sighed. Margaery felt sad for the woman. With most women she knew what advice to give. These women from the Land were beyond her. Their strength and strange convictions she did not know how to grapple with. This willingness to control their emotions to such severe levels was unnatural to Margaery.

With the strange benefactors removed from the room, Margaery scooted her chair closer to the sleeping Catelyn. She looked so peaceful now and the two babies were now full and drowsy again. She picked up Lyanna and put her on her shoulder. She did not consider herself very maternal but she found she liked the mundane tasks like this. She put the little tyke on her shoulder gently and started to pat her back softly but firmly. A minute later a satisfying baby burp was heard. She repeated the process for Brandon and put him back with Catelyn putting the babies beside her body.

The chambermaids could change the diapers when the time came. She was not that maternal!
A few minutes later Sansa came into her parents chambers. Margaery felt her breath taken away. She was wearing a new red dress with green highlights at the waist and shoulders. The dress had a modest scallop cutout to show the tops of Sansa’s breast that were so creamy and delectable. The colors made Sansa’s red hair and green eyes stand out.

Margaery was totally in love.

Sansa came up beside Margaery as she sat in the chair beside the bed. Sansa looked down at her mother. Her hand gripped her future wife’s shoulder affectionately.

“She looks so well now. The babies are so sweet. It would seem the Demondim spawn are quite the Maesters.”

Maester Luwin had backed off on insisting in caring for Catelyn Stark’s medical needs while the Demondim spawn were in Winterfell. They came and went as they pleased. They had been tracked and they would rush out of the Great Keep and scurry into the Godswood to disappear. At times they could be heard baying and barking at all hours. The din suddenly loud and full of discordant notes. Their arguments started without warning and ended in the same manner.

The Maester now let the strange creatures care for his charge and her new babies without rancor. They were clearly able to perform medical arts that were miraculous by the standards of the science of the Citadel. He had to bow to their superior insights, knowledge and raw power.

It had taken Giants to manhandle the thick oaken wood door and Mikken several hours to put back on hinges and mount the door. The Ur-viles had knocked the door from its hinges with seeming ease. The door ripped from the doorway in their haste to get into the bedroom to aid Catelyn. Their might had sent the door careening to the floor with almost negligent ease.

What was almost as shocking was the knowledge that the Haruchai were able to fight such creatures and often win. With only their fist and feet. Such power. She had talked to the Lord more about the Demondim spawn’s history in the Land. It still shocked Margaery that the Ur-viles once fought in service of their Ice King the one named Lord Foul. That the Ur-viles had fought with all their might in his service. Lord Foul doled out material for their breeding warrens and snippets of magical lore.

Little did Lord Foul know that in time they used these supplies and lore to help craft Vain. By recreating the second Staff of Law through the union between Vain and Findail the Ur-viles eventually ensured the downfall of Lord Foul. It had taken thousands of years but the downfall did occur. Their Weird saw that far into the future.

Margaery felt Sansa grip her shoulder pulling her up. Margaery got up with a big smile. Sansa quickly sat down on the cushioned chair. They were alone in the room. Sansa gripped Margaery’s forearm. Margaery nearly swooned feeling what she was coming to call the Stark Strength. She looked down at how Sansa’s hand compressed the fine silk covering her arm and gripped her arm strongly.

Margaery was getting wet. Now that the crisis had passed her natural horniness was again taking the fore. Sansa sat Margaery down on her lap and Margaery snuggled in. She put her head on Sansa’s chest over her heart and heard the strong steady rhythm. She loved that Sansa was taller and more stoutly built than her slender frame. She loved the strength and power that it gave Sansa. Sansa had been very docile those first nights of their lovemaking but she quickly had awaken the hidden Direwolf within her future’s wife bosom.

Margaery lifted her head and kissed her wife’s neck gently. She smirked seeing the makeup used to cover the two hickies she had given Sansa last night. Of course she had five hickies she was having
to cover up. Last night when Sansa had been slam fucking her with her strap-on she would lower her mouth to her slit’s throat and mark her as her bitch. Margaery had wailed in pain and pleasure with two of the hickies given to her as she was on the precipice of orgasm.

Gods she had cum so hard she nearly passed out from soul searing bliss. She had cummed wailing and convulsing as Sansa enfolded her love in her arms and pulled their bodies tight. All the while lifting her hips and snapping down impaling Margaery’s exploding womb with her long thick strap-on. Margaery relished Sansa’s strength. Strength she used to impale Margaery’s womb on her plunging long thick strap-on cock.

“You really did me good last night Sansa … my pussy is still tingling.”

Sansa smirked stroking her love’s back and arms. “I love fucking you Margaery. You have fairly corrupted me. Thank the gods!” Sansa smiled down at her partner with a large beaming smile. “I was so staid and boring. So naïve! Now I love my body and your body. Men bore me! I love boning you with my ever hard dick! Tonight I think I will be plundering your ass Margaery” Sansa spoke with a smug tone.

They both chuckled. Margaery looked up at her lady love with limpid eyes relishing the sex they would soon be partaking of.

“Mother is looking so good” Sansa observed. “She has been completely healed I think” Sansa remarked looking at her mother and the sleeping babies.

“Yes she does baby. The Ur-viles and Waynhim have both pronounced her fully recovered.”

“They did?”

Margaery told Sansa about the earlier happenstances before her arrival. Sansa was so thankful that her mother and her babies had been saved.

“How was the meeting today? I miss them.”

“Starting tomorrow you will be attending them with me.”

“But your mother—“

“No! You will be my side giving council at the table. I need you with me Margaery. Mother is well and hale now. We will have plenty of time to spend with her. I need my wife by my side Margaery.” The tall redhead pulled the smaller Tyrell into her body and held her possessively. It thrilled the Tyrell that Sansa wanted Margaery at her side in all things. They made such a good team. They did all they could together and could still do things separately when circumstances demanded it.

Margaery wiggled into Sansa. This strong confident side of Sansa made her weak in the knees. Sansa had become her equal in strength and the wielding of power in the Game of Thrones. She was thankful that she had been her teacher. Under the wrong tutelage she feared what her love might have become.

They talked of daily events around Winterfell. The laughed and hugged each other. “Did you see Dany and Arya this morning at the table beside us eating breakfast” Sansa asked her sweet love. They had been in the back of the kitchen at the two tables reserved for staff and the royal family.

Margaery smiled at Sansa playing with her long red tresses. She loved Sansa’s wavy hair.
“Yes it was so cute.” They had watched the woman who ran the nursery pickup Kiserri who was anxious to go play with her playmates. She kissed her mommies goodbye telling them to not miss her too much. She would be back after she made sure her playmates were safe and sound. Kiserri had pulled out her play dagger and swished it through the air scrunching her face to look dangerous but was only cute. She of course dropped her ceremonial dagger. The precious girl huffing as she chased it around on the floor cursing it with child curses.

As Margaery and Sansa ate their meal they watched Dany and Arya from the corners of their eyes. Dany was pulling Arya’s hair behind her ear and stroking Arya’s throat and exposed arm with the short tunic she had on. The queen leaned in and blew warm air into Arya’s ear and nibbled on her earlobe. All the while pressing her high firm swaying breast into Arya’s ribs.

It was so cute seeing the teenager become addled with lust. Her steel grey eyes were darkened to almost blue Valyrian steel color then. The thin material of the top showing that Arya’s enormous nipples had engorged into bursting plums that tented up her tunic showing Arya’s plum like nipples all thick and nearly two inches long. Margaery could not help but stare at them. They were so unique. She noticed Sansa stared at the engorged nipples too.

Good. Her sweetie had been so repressed when she had arrived at Winterfell over three years ago now with that first visit to Winterfell. Sansa had puffy nipples too that sat deliciously on her breast that got so engorged and puffy when Margaery had her sweet wolf excited and full of fuck hunger.

The Queen felt so comfortable around them. Daenerys did not hesitate to play with her Direwolf out in public. Arya was panting cutely. Plus, Margaery reasoned that Dany’s time in a Khalasar had opened up her sexuality. Margaery and Dany would both fuck their mates on the kitchen table tops if they could and let everyone see them making love and sharing pleasure. Why should people hid their joy in making love?

Margaery sighed. This was still Westeros after all. She harrumphed at the unfairness of it all.

They watched Dany slowly snake her hand underneath Arya’s top and raise it slowly to start to rub over with her palm Arya’s spongy nipples. Arya gasped and leaned into Dany moaning softly. Dany looked over at Sansa and Margaery with hot mirthful eyes. Margaery snorted when Dany winked at them saucily and ground her palm into Arya’s right nipple hard making the teenager gasp and moan in pleasure. It seemed Dany was releasing the inner slut in Arya as she had in Sansa. Sansa had reached up and squeezed Margaery’s boobs through her dress.

Margaery gasped with happiness. Sansa had never shown such sexuality in public before. Sansa was becoming wild and filled with fuck hunger behind closed doors. She was still repressed too much in public so this public display of sexuality thrilled Margaery. They heard some giggling and they looked to the side. The two girl cooks who had become lovers were smiling great big at the antics at the tables.

Sansa’s face went red and her hand went down. Margaery whined but Sansa’s face only got redder. Margaery sighed. She still had more work to do.

Dany only smiled back at the girls and now pinched and rolled the stiff rubbery nipples making Arya gurgle and lean into Dany.

The next minute, Dany pulled Arya up and they went hurrying off but not before the Queen smirked back at Sansa and Margaery with a saucy look her hand cupping Arya’s ass squeezing it hard. They were heading back to Arya’s room to fuck gloriously Margaery knew. Margaery smiled with that thought. Unfortunately, she and Sansa had duties to perform in the morning.
Eddard and Dany were skipping the more mundane meetings currently since all was proceeding as planned. Eddard knew his son and two daughters had all moving forward with all troops and supplies flooding north. Soon the end of the trains of troops moving north would be passing and they too would be moving up to the Wall themselves.

The Ice King needed to be defeated at the Wall and the full force of Westeros would meet him there.

Margaery stopped reminiscing about their early morning and snuggled into the warm body of her future wife as they gazed down at Catelyn and the newborn babies. Sansa was rubbing her back making Margaery feel all warm and fuzzy. She was not being lulled into sleepiness but she felt so relaxed.

“Gods I love snuggling like this with you Sansa.”

“I love it too my sweet. I love feeling your body resting on me like this. You feel so warm and soft.”

“I can’t wait to meet all your cousins and other hens Margaery.”

“Are you sure Sansa? I don’t want you to feel I love you any less than with all my heart. I just love my handmaidens so much. We have shared so many good times and our bodies with each other for years. I know many would not understand. They long to meet you Sansa.”

“Is that all they want to do Margaery. That would disappoint me greatly.” Sansa said this with a teasing tone. She stroked Margaery’s belly in sensuous circles.

Margaery felt her pulse quicken. Sansa had really taken to the idea of forming a union with Margaery and her sweet lesbian courtesans. “I must ask my sweet wolf. What do you plan to do when you first meet my cousins and my other handmaidens?”

“Do I have the freedom to do as I chose as the rooster of the flock? I want to make sure that I understand the dynamic we will have in our brood.” This was spoken with a slight hint of command in Sansa’s tone. The Direwolf was wanting to establish her rights Margaery felt. A hard spasm ran through the Tyrell’s body. Sansa’s strength turned her on no end.

Margaery felt her nipples harden and her pussy pulsing getting wet. She knew she would not be able to fuck Sansa till the evening for they had midday feast to attend to help bond the Houses of North and South in an hour. They would spend their time till then with Sansa’s mother. Both young women were so thrilled to see Sansa’s mother restored to full health that they just wanted to be near her and the newborns.

They both gazed upon the sleeping mother and her newborn babes. They looked so peaceful and deep in slumber. They felt safe to talk of matters of the heart and the bed. Margaery wiggled into Sansa signaling to Sansa to desires.

“Only our Septa will contend with you for dominance. She can be quite aggressive and dominate. She fucks so hard and deep with her cock. She pounds my courtesans pussies so hard and made them cum screaming. She fucks our assholes to ruin making us wail in helpless pleasure with gut wrenching anal ‘gasms that just go on and on. I loved her fucking me up my shithole Sansa”

Margaery husked up to Sansa. “I could let her take my asshole. And gods she took it burying her dick balls deep up my clenching ass until it exploded in scalding bliss Sansa.”

“That is not to say she doesn’t love eating pussy and burying her face in your ass cleft and tongue fucking your asshole sweetly. She can’t ever get enough pussy … she is ravenous actually. She has
spent hours sucking us off in turn in a hot sweaty round robin of her devouring sloppy wet cunts to endless orgasms. By the time she has worked around the chain we are more than ready to be sucked off again.”

Margaery smiled seeing the raw lust in Sansa’s eyes hearing of hot sex. Margaery was so happy that Sansa had come to love listening to hot sex described to her.

“Still, eating pussy is not her only skill my sweet. She really knows how to use her strap-on cock Sansa. She pounds our shit sooooo good! She then makes us clean her cock soaked in our pussy and ass juice with our mouths. Only after fucking us nearly blind does she move to the next hen to fuck. Her stamina is a true blessing from the ‘seven’” Margaery snickered at her jest. “I will be so happy to finally be able to let her fuck me in the pussy. I long to take her dick deep in my belly and feel her dick piercing my womb.”

“Will you like watching Septa Nysterica plunder my cunt and shithole Sansa? To watch her bury her dick fully into my belly and up my spasming shithole? Making me cum so fucking hard and then ‘making’ me clean my pussy and ass off her dick?”

“Ooohhhhh fuck yeeeaahhhhhhh!” Sansa sibilantly croaked. Margaery loved Sansa’s lidded eyes and her slightly elevated breathing. She knew her Direwolf’s nipples were hard and her cunt wet hearing of the sweet debauchery of Margaery’s hens. The Tyrell princess knew Sansa was thinking of what she would do to Margaery and her hens.

“She really knows how to use a flogger and whip my love. She is the Queen of BDSM my Direwolf. She is aggressive with her slapping of our faces, tits, asses and cunts. I love it when she punches me in the stomach and knocks the wind out of me. Her domination total and complete. She pulls our hair so hard dragging us around on our knees. She really knows how to slam our bodies into the wall and furniture. She truly dominates us. We love her demeaning and humiliating our flock. She makes us her total sluts. We cum so fucking hard. When she chokes us out while we cum we nearly die from it we cum so hard!” Margaery ended her soliloquy with a dreamy tone to her voice.

“I will break her to my will” Sansa said simply. That had Margaery gasping as her pussy gushed fuck nectars soaking her short clothes. Hearing the once docile Sansa speak so casually about being the alpha of the flock made Margaery swoon with desires of sweet debauchery. “She may be a septa but I will smack her down to submission. I will take the wind out of her sails with my punches to her stomach. It will be her that I throw into the doors, walls and furniture. It will be her that will feel my whip and flogger. I will choke her out if she even thinks to speak against me. I will break the slut to my will. Trust me on that Margaery” Sansa told Margaery with an evil glint in her eyes and evil tone to her voice. Margaery was nearly swooning hearing her Direwolf being so dominate. It turned the Tyrell Princess on no end.

The next words from Sansa hit her in her core “Of course I expect my hens to band together often to put me in my place. You know how much I love being spanked, slapped, hair pulled and choked out. A Direwolf does need to be put in her place you know.” Sansa pulled Margaery to her side hard. “I can’t wait to be gangbanged by you and our hens Margaery. I know they fucked you up the ass all the time but now they can fuck you in your tight cunny.” Margaery shivered hard at that. Sansa was right!

“So together we get to experience the first time the joys of being DP and TP fucked. You have told me how your hens simply flew apart when they were fucked by you and your lovers in all three fuck holes at the same time. I too long to be fucked airtight.” Sansa paused and Margaery knew her sweet love was seeing the sweet fuck she was talking about in her mind’s eye. “Yes. I want to be
gangbanged and grudge fucked so hard and deep. I want to be slapped all over till my skin is cherry red all over and red splotches rise up. I want to be fucked till I am soaked in sweat and cum and then hung up to dry. I want my fuck holes taken savagely when I am gangbanged. I want to gasped and choked out as I rise up to orgasm. I crave being fucked abused by my loving hens” Sansa husked sensually pulling Margaery tightly to her side.

Margaery shivered. Yes her Sansa was a total switch like herself. She loved it both ways though she preferred bottom. She loved topping as a change of pace and to help keep a dynamic going during a hot fuck.

“So what will you do when we arrive in King’s Landing and we can finally be alone in our bedchambers in the Red Keep? You do know we will be fucking quite often with the others watching and us watching them fuck. I know how you are shy about fucking in front of others. How will you feel knowing I am watching my cousins and close friends slamming their large, thick strap-on cocks balls deep into your cunt, shithole and down you slutty throat?” Margaery was deliberately being slutty and crass to hit Sansa in her core. She wanted Sansa to totally let go and fuck her and her hens with all of Sansa’s strength. She wanted Sansa to be totally liberated when they fucked each other and the hens in front of each other.

Margaery smirked. Sure enough, Sansa blushed hotly. The pink of embarrassment making her face, throat and chest red. She still had to work on the showing of affection in front of others. It was cute to Margaery. Sansa would talk sweet trash about dominating Margaery and her handmaidens. But Margaery reminded Sansa that all this would require them to fuck in front of others it made Sansa’s shy and demure side rush to the fore.

Sansa looked at her earnestly. “I know I still get embarrassed with showing my new side to anyone else but you. But I think I know how to help me break out of that prudish mindset.”

“Do tell.”

“I don’t want you gossiping this to your cousins and handmaidens before it is time to reveal it.” Sansa chuckled. “Geez, calling them maidens is so rich. They lost their virginity years ago … now that I think about it might be best … until Dany can legalize same sex marriage—“

“Excuse me?” Margaery asked getting excited.

“I plan on marrying all of them. I will always love you the best and most Margaery but we will make honest women of your handmaidens. They can have commitment services for any pairing they want within our group but the ten of us will be pledging our hearts and souls to each other.” Sansa snorted. “We will probably wind up marrying each other in pairs just to make it official.” She chortled now. “We will probably have to find some strange sect from Essos to perform all the ceremonies.

Margaery pushed herself back to look at her love. Gods the Starks and their sense of honor and doing the right thing made the Tyrell swoon. Sansa had come into her own as a strong confident woman. Margaery had once thought she would be the lead in their relationship. She knew better now.

She happily ceded the dominate position to Sansa. She was the top in their flock. Margaery would enjoy watching Septa Nysterica contend with Sansa for dominance. The fight for the alpha rank would be delicious to watch. Nysterica was strong with her stout build but Sansa was taller and weighed more. Plus, Starks seemed to be denser and stronger of body by their birthright.

The fights would be so delicious to watch. Gods the fuck abuse would be heavenly to watch.
Margaery was sure Sansa would deliberately lose from time to time since she loved to be dominated and made a bitch. Sansa was a true switch too.

“I love you so much Sansa. You have such a big heart.”

Sansa blushed hard again. “It is the right thing to do. I cannot fuck them as mere playthings. The way you describe them each and tell me so much about them I am already falling in love with them.”

“I have been sending Elinor scrolls about you Sansa that she then gives to her fellow maidens and lovers. They are falling in love with you in return my sweet.”

Sansa’s back went a little more straight.

“Good. When we arrive in our bedchambers in the Red Keep, I will order them to strip and lay on the edge of that massive bed they have had constructed. I will have them spread their legs wide opening their cunnies to my wolfish gaze. I will then strip and fall to my knees and suck you and the other eight hens off. I dream of feeling you cum in my mouth as they watch. Filling my mouth with your sweet hot cum. I will show my hens my skills and stamina by sucking you off repeatedly.”

“I while then suck Septa Nysterica off next. Both to honor her service to the seven and to let her know that her pox marks mean nothing to me. I will purr as I drink down her cum. I may have to suck her off several times to make sure she understands my love for her. …. Hhhmmmmm maybe four or five times …” Sansa mused rubbing Margaery’s back and stomach. Margaery purred.

“Don’t get greedy you little red haired slut. The rest will demand as many orgasms.”

“Is that a problem?” Sansa asked haughtily. “I think I am up for that challenge.”

“You mouth will fall off Sansa. You’ll be slacked jawed for a year.”

She felt Sansa swelling up. She was sure her wolf was going to prove her wrong.

“I assure you that a Dirwolf has great stamina and a mouth that can give a licking and a tongue that keeps on flicking. I have developed quite the jaw muscles I must say in pleasing you my sweet rose.”

Margaery sure hoped so! “You are so sweet my wolf! You are so giving.”

Sansa preened at that.

Sansa resumed her narration of what she planned to do once she arrived at the Red Keep in King’s Landing. “Then I will suck off your cousins proper Alla, Elinor, and Megga Tyrell. I love how you tell me how different they are with Elinor the voluptuous one, Megga small like Dany and Alla like yourself in build. I will drink down their cum greedily and feel their fingers in my hair jamming my face down in their greedy exploding cunts. I think you are right. I will suck them off multiple times each. My tummy will be most hungry for their cum. Then I will do Lady Alysanne Bulwer with her big ass and small pussy. I will devour her small doves as you call them. I want to hear her screams as I suck her off again and again.

“Then I will suck off Lady Alyce Graceford again and again as her buxom body flips and jackknifes violently on the bed and I feel her heels hammering my back and her thighs squeezing my ears and face. I will go down on Lady Taena Merryweather and suck her long fat pussy inside out and make her die from it several times or more probably as she humps her twat hard up into my mouth. Finally I will come to Meredyth Crane.”
“I know by then I will be soaked in cum and sweat but that will make me only more alluring to her. I will bury my face in her wet trim and suck her off hotly and with all my skills to show her that she may have been last in line but she will be equal in my heart. I will suck her off again and again too.”

“That is what I will do our first night with my new bevy of lesbian, incestuous lovers. I plan to suck you all off so many times during our ‘honeymoon’ time. I will suck you off so good and tongue fuck your assholes as I rub you pussies hot and heavy and make you cum hard that way.” Margaery watched Sansa’s eyes become unfocused as she thought of what she wanted to do to Margaery and her handmaidens.

“Oh Sansa. You are so fucking awesome and hot. I so thank the gods my parents and grandmother forced me to come to Winterfell those years ago. If I had not …”

Sansa pulled her tight. “Don’t think such thoughts love. You did come and all is right with the world.” Margaery squirmed into Sansa. Gods she loved this woman. She was so attracted to Sansa’s femininity. Arya and Dany were beautiful women but were just a little too aggressive and butch for her tastes. She liked her women softer. She and Sansa were both definitely femme and she loved it. Her hens were all femmes except Septa Nysterica and she was a really, really soft butch so that was fine. You needed a little rooster in the hen house.

Sansa’s BDSM streak would fit perfectly with the Septa’s own BDSM streak. She was the one that led the hens in their kinky games. Margaery ruled the day to day affairs of the hens and the Septa controlled the bedroom when it was time to get kinky. Now Sansa would too. Margaery had finally found the perfect mate. A woman strong both in the bedroom and in the throne room. Her handmaidens did not have it in them to play the Game of Thrones. Elinor and Megga were astute, smart and wise but they did not have that streak of ruthlessness and cunning you needed to be masterful at the Game of Thrones. Sansa did.

Margaery wanted Sansa to tell her more sweet plans of her future planned debaucheries with Margaery and the hens when she arrived at King’s Landing.

“What will you do after you have dined on all our sodden twats Sansa?”

“I will lie back and rest my jaw and tongue while I feel nine mouths feasting on my body. I will allow some other feasting to occur but I will be the focus of your attentions. I mean nine women cannot fit around my body no matter my regal height” Sansa said in a false regal tone to be humorous. “I want to be rendered nearly unconscious from orgasms I can’t count. I will be most upset if I am not totally ravaged Margaery.” Sansa finished in a regal authoritative tone. Her face had the appropriate snooty look to with the condescending tone.

Margaery loved how Sansa played the part of the dominate spoiled top. Sansa knew what Margaery wanted to hear.

Margaery shivered with desire burrowing into Sansa’s firm feminine body. Gods she had released something in Sansa and she liked it. She liked it a lot. Sansa was getting more comfortable showing her hidden strength and dominate side.

“We will not fail you Sansa” Margaery told her wolf in a raspy husk. Sansa being a wolf turned on the Rose so much.

She heard Sansa snort. Gods she loved their sexy games.

They heard Catelyn stir and her eyes fluttered open. Before, in the past, Catelyn would wake but not fully take in her world. She would murmur. She would make sure her newborns were safe and
taken care of and then go back to sleep. Her body knowing it needed more rest. Not this time. She was alert and looking around.

Margaery felt a happy thrill run through her body. Catelyn Stark was finally, fully back. She looked and smiled great big seeing Sansa and Margaery sitting beside her. Margaery smiled with happiness seeing the woman she considered her second mother beaming seeing her sitting on her daughter’s lap.

“I feel like I have been put through a wringer but …” she felt a squirming to her left. She looked down.

A big smile came on her face. “Ooohhhhh! I have brought forth another proud son for my husband.” Catelyn Stark cooed down to Brandon. Brandon kicked a little more and went back to sleep. Then she felt the warm bundle on her right and glanced that way.

“Oh my gods!” she looked at her two daughters with a look full wonder. It seemed as if Catelyn had not fully realized in her recovering state she was the proud mother of two babies!

“You are the mother of beautiful healthy twins mother!” Sansa told her mother. Of one mind Margaery got up followed by Sansa. They went to the bed. Sansa picked up Lyanna and Margaery picked up Brandon. Margaery and Sansa sat beside each other on the bed and showed Catelyn Stark her newborn children.

“By the Seven … they are so beautiful.” Both babies had thick brown shocks of hair. They definitely had the features of House Stark. The two young women gently placed the babies in the crook of Catelyn’s arms. The new mother cooed and chirped at her babies.”

“I don’t remember their birth at all … in fact the recent past is so hazy … I do remember a lot of barking though … were the Direwolves in here?”

Sansa and Margaery looked at each other. They would let Sansa’s father explain the situation. They just wanted to enjoy this moment.

“No mother. We will let father tell you the particulars of my sister and brother’s birth.” Sansa told her mother. “Father told us the babies’ names mother. I am so happy that you gave them Uncle Brandon and Aunt Lyanna names. I wish I could have known them. You and father always spoke so highly of them.

“Yes. They were indeed great people Sansa and Margaery.” Catelyn looked off into space for a moment.

The new mother then started to coo to the newborns and gently rock the soundly sleeping babies. Brandon woke up and started to squirm. Margaery took back the sleeping Lyanna so Catelyn could give Brandon her full attention. She held her son close to her face.

“My gods he looks so much like Jon did at that age … gods I hope he can forgive me for the way I treated him.”

“I am sure he can mother … he is a Stark after all.”

Catelyn smiled with a watery smile. “Yes he is.”

Margaery felt tears in her eyes and she saw tears in Sansa’s eyes.
She felt squirming and looked down. She saw Tully blue eyes looking at her and felt the little precious baby squirm and start to mewl.

Sansa moved in beside Margaery and they both cooed and soothed the kicking baby.

Soon both babies were nursing happily as Catelyn looked down with the look only a new mother has for her newborns.

Sansa sat close to Margaery as they watched mother and babies bond.

The miracle of life.

Eddard

Eddard had been in a meeting room with Missandei and quartermasters discussing the continuing logistical efforts of getting the supplies needed up to the Wall. Eddard had a good feel and ability to judge logistical needs but Missandei took it to a whole other level.

She would pick up her quill and pull over a parchment she then started to right strange figures on the sheet of animal skin. They looked most strange to Eddard but he could see that they had an order to them as she wrote them across the parchment. She would be scribbling fast and furious and then stop listening and then writing more of the strange symbols.

When Eddard asked her what she was doing she answered she was writing simultaneous algebraic equations to solve some of the logistical problems that were being brought to their attention.

He walked over and watched her “working” the problems as more strange symbols were written on the sheet. The one thing Eddard saw was that the string of symbols seemed to be getting shorter.

The small scribe tried to explain to Eddard what she was doing. After two minutes Eddard held up his hand “I see on this battlefield you reign supreme. I leave this algebra and trigonometry to you Missandei. You are able to solve in minutes what I have to work out by trial and error over days. I am thankful I have you on my side.”

Eddard smiled seeing the small woman’s chest puff out. She beamed up at him. It was quite an impressive sight. The girl was quite endowed for one so small. He was able to acknowledge beauty without being attracted to it sexually.

A steward came in and whispered in his ear. Eddard smiled big full of relief.

His wife had fully woken up and was seemingly fully restored to health and consciousness. His new son and daughter hungrily nursing regularly. He thanked the steward. He knew that his wife would have a steady stream of visitors. He finished his meeting on the logistics of getting the last of the supplies and men to the Wall as quickly as possible.

The meeting was dismissed. He entered the hall and turned to his right instead of left to see his wife. He had something he needed to do first.

Oberyn happened to be walking by. Missandei came out to the door and she saw the Red Viper. She called out to Oberyn and waved to him in a friendly manner. Oberyn returned the wave with a stiff smile. Eddard thought Oberyn was acting most strange. The lothario was most subdued for some inexplicable reason. Missandei walked down the hall. Eddard watched her depart. She was most pleasing to the eye. He had heard Daenerys say that the little scribe was in love with some
green eyed woman. For some reason that seemed to fit. The Queen was gay so it just kind of fit that the small scribe would also be gay.

Eddard turned to look back at Oberyn. He was looking at him with large eyes. “My, my Oberyn. I know you are not a Lannister but you act like someone has bearded your mane.”

The Martell looked around with a nervous tick.

“She is warded by a demon Eddard” Oberyn whispered with clear fear in his voice. “The thing was no more than a child but she bested me with no effort. Her eyes were hideous. All bright green eyes glowing deep in her hood” Oberyn hissed. He turn around and hurried off. In the opposite direction Missandei had taken Eddard observed.

Most strange thought Eddard. This ‘thing’ must be the woman Missandei was in love with. He would like to meet this ‘she’ who put the fear of the old gods in Oberyn. Eddard was happy he did not have the roving eye.

He started to walk down the corridor when it hit Eddard. He made the free association without conscious thought. He stopped walking.

The small woman in the glade with the fairies. The woman with green eyes and hair with pointed ears and slanted eyebrows. This woman was the woman Missandei was in love with. This woman who consortied with fairies and felled trees with but one swing of his sword. Eddard whistled to himself. He felt much better.

The woman had spoken in enigmatic sentences and hinted at a dark past but he sensed no evil in her. Eddard trusted his instincts. This would be most interesting. The small innocent scribe in love with a goddess who he now saw clearly was equally in love with her. He shook his head and continued walking.

He walked down the corridor on the first floor of the Great Keep. This was the main entry to the main building of Winterfell. The ceiling was tall enough for the Giants to walk upright. He saw two of the warrior women studying the walls closely. He had found out the Giants were very interested in all stone work.

Eddard prided himself on remembering people and their names. He watched Galewind Coralreef with her eye to a crack and Crowsnest Morningwinds stroking her wife’s back affectionately.

“You see here. This is where the stone mason with the chipped chisel either stopped or finally acquired a new chisel.”

Crowsnest leaned in. “You are right dear.” The other Giant turned her head to give her wife a brilliant smile.

“Yes you are dear” Crowsnest said in a long suffering affectionate tone as her wife stuck her eye to the next grove down the hall inspecting it closely.

Of course I am. I’m always right!” Galewind crowed.

Eddard squint smiled as he passed them. They both greeted him boisterously and he staggered with the good natured slap on the back from Galewind. He had learned to brace himself from their little “taps” as they called it. He thought again that if men met the world with the Giants’ frivolity and love of life the world would be a much better place.

He went up to the second floor by way of the small access stairwell by the main entrance. He came
out onto the second floor by the painting of Kartis Stark as he fought a group of Wildings marauding South of the wall. He stopped to look at it. He wondered just how correct it was. So many things he had come to doubt of late.

Missandei had given him a book she had found in a stack of books Tyrion had brought back from the Citadel. It had been written in the old tongue of the Andals. Eddard remembered his history. The men came from the area of Pentos in Essos. They allegedly received visions from the "Seven-faced God", the Andals were spurred on by their new Faith to migrate to Westeros, where they overran and conquered most of the continent, which was then inhabited by the First Men.

His ancestors.

Missandei had been hesitant to talk to him about the book “The Plight of the first People: The Stark’s War of Genocide on the First People.”

He had been shocked and then impressed that Daenerys scribe had taught herself to read and then speak the dead language.

He had almost staggered hearing that. He knew there had been conflict between his ancestors and the First People but genocide. That was almost too much to believe or bear.

He took the book and Missandei’s copious notes and translation of key sections of the book.

By the next morning he felt ill. How his ancestors could have done this to the original inhabitants of this land? How could he make it right? Was it even possible? Could it ever be possible?

Unfortunately, Eddard knew exactly why his ancestors and those of the other major houses and some now dead houses had done what they had. They wanted the lands of the Children of the Forest. They had committed genocide to get it. He had wept that night fully realizing his ancestors’ part in this crime.

He would make restitution. He had too. The only question was how.

This helped strengthen his resolve with the creation of nature preserves in the North. He hoped to convince the Queen to institute this policy across Westeros and now Essos. Man had much to atone for.

He walked the short distance to the door that led outside. Eddard opened the door and stepped out onto the covered walk way that led from the Great Keep to the Armory. The large arched cutouts let in the weather while partially blocking the worst of precipitation. He looked right at the expansive courtyards used as training space and area to have for recreational uses for the castle folk. He looked to the left and watched Shaggydog and Greywind “attacking” some of the Haruchai. The wolves never learned.

The wolves were barking fiercely as the wiry visitors thwarted their attacks blocking and knocking the wolves aside in their rushes. The stoic people always waiting to the last moment to move aside or counterattack. The Haruchai would deliver punches and kicks to the flanks and heads of the Direwolves. The beasts yelping at the blows. It was obvious to Eddard and the Direwolves themselves that the Haruchai were pulling their blows. The Haruchai delivered blows to move in close. They then grappled with the mighty beasts and tripped them down to the ground and gripped their snouts and simulate delivering devastating blows to the eye socket or snapping their jaw with twists of their hands.

He shook his head. How such short of stature men and women could tend with the Direwolves he
could not fathom. They had been at Winterfell approaching eleven days and only a handful of times had the wolves prevailed in their play attacks. They had to attack the Haruchai two and three to one at least to prevail.

The Direwolves were poor losers. The defeated wolves whining and throwing temper tantrums.

He kept walking towards the armory. He looked up at the cerulean sky. The air was crisp and invigorating. One could never tell that a great evil was waiting to come south and destroy this very way of life. He hoped his and the Queen’s plans would preserve the peace of Westeros and once and for all remove the threat of the Ice King.

He entered the second story of the armory. It housed bunk space for visiting warriors. The first part of the second floor was a barrack area for lower conscripts, stewards and pages. He was walking through when he heard some sounds to his right where quarters were provided for lesser lords and knights to quarter in. Many of the knights and Lords choose to bivouac in Winter Town to have better and more private quarters.

He heard sounds coming from the second door on the west wing. He went to investigate. He blanched looking into the room that had the door only half closed. He was shocked for a moment but turned around quickly and moved on through to the stairwell leading to the first floor.

He had seen Barristan with only his blouse shirt on and Marleya Blackmyre naked in front of him on her knees bobbing fiercely on his cock and then gripping his hips harder with clawed fingers and taking his cock down her throat as he groaned throwing his head back clenching his temples with one hand.

That had been enough for Eddard Stark. He had no problem with being a prude. He was happy for the old knight. He knew of his turning his back on love as a much younger man. He also now knew that Barristan could “stretch” the truth. He had told Eddard that there was nothing between him and the master archer. His arrow seemed to have found the mark.

He went down to the first floor and headed out the north side of the armory.

He was now in the open part of the yard that housed the gardens, woods, Glass Gardens and the Godswood.

He had always known that Winterfell had been established on this site because of the Weirwood Tree in the Godswood. The Book had sadly informed him the ancient tree had been very important to the First Folk. His ancestors had built Winterfell at this site to deny them the tree and the site. That was why the grounds had been so large. To totally cut the First People off from the site. The walls were built on Ley Lines he now knew which accounted for the less than geometrically correct shape of the walls.

Brandon had butchered First People on this very spot he had discovered within Missandei’s book. His House’s relentless attacks on them had led the First People to create the Ice King originally and his first brothers. Their righteous anger, fear and hate had led them to create abomination. But it had been his ancestors that had led to those abhorrent emotions. Eddard sighed looking at the Godswood. He felt tainted but he proceeded on. He would worship the old gods and give thanks.

He would also ask for forgiveness too while in the sacred groove.

The groove had grown over the millenniums. It had started as a small groove of four acres but now was approximately sixty-five acres in a roughly square shape but with the north side bulging slightly towards the Glass Garden solarium. The Starks had tended the woods and let the seedling slowly
march out over time and thick brambles and vines followed the growth of the conifers and deciduous trees.

Eddard looked out over the ground on the slight incline that took the walker up roughly thirty feet in a gradual slope to get to the Godswood that then plateaued out on the North side to form level ground that the Solarium was built on. Orchards had been planted on the ground surrounding each wing of the Solarium. The orchards filled with Cherry, Apple and Almond trees.

In the early spring, the trees became a riot of white, pink, and purple. The trees seeming to explode with color and the sweet smell of pollen and nectars thick on the early morning air. When the blooms started to fall off and in breeze one felt as if you were in a blizzard of falling snowflakes of blossoms.

Eddard walked up the green sward. The thickness of trees increasing as one moved towards the Godswood. The thick fir, pine and spruce trees that had a few mighty oaks in their midst as the trees contested for sunlight. There were a few thickets of shrubs and vines underneath the firs on the west side of the tree stand. Eddard saw a shy red fox look at him and bolt into a thicket.

One day he hoped that Direwolves, Lions, Leopards and Hyenas could been see in his land again. Hopefully before his passing.

Eddard walked up the slope of the land. He looked up seeing Drogon coming sailing in from the West. The dragon swooped over Eddard and as he approached the Great Keep. Drogon started to back beat his wings hard his body rising up. He slowly settled down on the East tower of the Great Keep. Eddard paused in his journey to watch the dragon slowly turn around taking small steps as it then settled down slowly folding his wings close to his body and curling his body tight on the parapets and the floor of the tower. The dragon curled its neck and tail around itself and settled down to sleep.

Eddard shook his head. The dragons had made themselves at home in Winterfell. They seemed to have taken the queue from their mother.

He turned back around and resumed his journey up the slope to the Godswood. He could feel the aura emanating from the Godswood. He could feel the peace radiating out the sacred groove. The Godswood was a jumble of brambles, thickets and interlocked vines that formed a wall around the stand of trees. He saw the one clear entrance into the Godswood.

He paused. With his new knowledge he wondered if the feeling of peace he had always felt would be gone. Would the Weirwood refuse him entry? He cocked his head waiting. He heard the wind sigh through the branches and rustling the growth beside the entrance. He felt the sense of peace enfolding him in its arms and welcoming him. He moved into the path that would lead to the Weirwood and the pool that lay before it.

He felt the warmth of the air. The air was at least twenty degrees warmer than the winter air outside it. The deciduous trees had lost many of their leaves but he felt the sap ready to burst forth in new growth. The undergrowth was still green and many of the leaves had not fallen off. The buds ready to burst with new life.

He heard sparrows and finches flitting through the undergrowth looking for berries and seeds. The brambles seemed to never lose their berries here in the Godswood. He listened and heard the chirps of birds and further into the brush of the undergrowth and heard small animals moving around. This Godswood was a microcosm of what was right with the world.

Eddard turned and looked back up the path that slightly sloped down to the pool and the Weirwood.
tree with its carved face and red bleeding sap. He saw the Great Keep with Drogon sleeping on the tower. He saw the buildings of Winterfell before him of the Armory, kennels and Guest Hall with the mighty Great Keep jutting up behind it.

He turned and walked down the path to the pool. Eddard stood before the pool his head bowed taking in the calm ambiance of the sacred groove. The Warden of the North felt humbled by the peace he felt in his place. He knelt down and cupped a handful of water and drank it tasting the tannic acid of the conifer needles in the water. He felt peace here. The Godswood recognized his heart and radiated back the peace it found within the man.

Eddard walked to the tree and placed his hand on the tree. He started to cry. He cried in joy for the healing of his wife and newborn babes. He cried for the happiness of his children. He cried for the sins of his forbearers. He cried for what had been lost.

The hanging strands of moss that hung intertwined from the branches of the Weirwood tree began to stir in the breeze. Eddard kept his forehead pressed to the carved face of the ancient tree giving thanks and asking for penance. As he stood still the strands of moss draped across his shoulders and brushed his face. Moisture in the light grey strands marking his face with a lover’s caress it almost felt like to the distressed Stark. The red leaves of the Weirwood tree rustled a soothing tune of acceptance and support.

He continued to cry getting it out of his system. He could not afford so show such emotion to any around him. Everyone else relied on him to be strong and the pillar of strength.

Eddard sat down with his back to the Weirwood. Eddard could feel the life of the Weirwood pulsing through the bark of the tree. He would defeat the Ice King and then begin his Reclamation of nature. He had much to atone for. He had to take responsibility for the actions of the past. He would begin the restoration of the land if he could. His ancestors took away and he would attempt to begin the restoration of what had been lost.

He looked up at the red leaves of the Weirwood tree as they rustled in the breeze that seemed to waft perpetually within the sacred groove. He looked into the wild undergrowth that seemed to hold the possible mysteries of the world. That within those depths the possibilities of tomorrow resided.

As he watched two apparitions slowly seemed to form from the depths of what once was. The two ghosts slowly materializing from the depths of the wild growth of the Godswood. One tall and one short both with red manes one the color of the sun at sunset and the other more deep and rich. The two ghosts given form slowly walked up to Eddard Stark.

Rising up Eddard spoke to the ghosts “It is good to see you Melisandre and Ygritte. I thought you might have already left to return to the Wall.”

The smaller one spoke “We did not want to depart without one last word with you the father of Jon Snow.”

Eddard grimaced at the choice of last name the woman chose to use.

“Worry not Eddard Stark. That is the name we know our husband by and choose to use that. No dispersion was intended. We will leave now to return to our husband.”

“Will you not come and say goodbye to my wife. You did help to save her life.”

“We deem we would not have been able to save your wife and children on our own. It was the Ur-viles and Waynhim that saved your wife and the children. They did use our power and magic but it
was they who were the catalysts.”

Eddard took in their answer. “It does not matter the why of it only the how. My wife is alive in large part because of you and I will forever be in debt to the two of you. Please come and say goodbye to her.”

The two witches looked at each other. The shorter spoke again “We are not comfortable around people. We come from the land of Asshai. There we are a clannish people. We are not comfortable around those we do not have familial relationships with or with those we have not known for many years. We were destined to fall in love with your son so that doesn’t count” the small former Wildling spoke in a charming saucy tone.

The taller one spoke now “We wanted to say goodbye to the man who raised such a caring and loving man. He will kill the Ice King. He is a great leader and will be bold on the battlefield. That is in large part to the way you brought him up. We are forever indebted to you for making him such a fine man.”

Eddard slowly stood up and moved to stand before the two women. They seemed otherworldly to him with the calm aura of ancient wisdom and power they radiated.

He slowly enfolded the witches in turn with his arms and hugged them to his body.

He then straightened. “I will miss you. I am thankful that my son has found such fine upstanding women to be his wives. What will you do after the war? I can sense that my son will soon resign his commission. I will fully support him in this decision. His attempted murder by the Nights Watch excuses any decision he may make.”

“We hear you plan to make the Sandhills of Overton beside the Barrowlands a place reserved for nature” Ygritte asked Eddard.

“Yes. You are correct Ygritte. I plan to make them both nature preserves actually. Neither are populated and the few who do live in these lands live in harmony with it. I think in time much of the flora and fauna will return. I plan to pay indigent workers of those lands to repopulate the grasses of the Sandhills with the grasses natural to the ranges where farming cleared out the original grasses and scrub brush. I know direwolves, lions, bears, elk, aurochs and hyenas still live deep in those waste. If they are not hunted they will extend their ranges and repopulate the ranges they once lived in.”

“Why do you ask of my plans for the Sandhills and the Barrowlands?”

“We will need a home after we leave the Night’s Watch. Melisandre nor I have any desire to return to Essos. There are too many bad memories there. We first thought to reside in the Ice Fangs but as we journeyed through the Sandhills to meet Daenerys Targaryen’s forces at the Neck we saw that the land was pleasing.”

“We found the land most beautiful and hospitable. We think we may live there. Jon does not care where we live as long as we are together. We found the vistas of the Sandhills to be enchanting. The varied landscapes were captivating. We found several locations that we feel we could make a home. Locations hidden away in the remote depths of the Sandhills. One I liked a lot was a dead end valley among a thick warren of hills with a growth of trees therein. We will delve into the sand hills to make a home. We will also use our powers to make a home in those branches we interweave into rooms.”

Ygritte had a soft smile on her face thinking on it. Melisandre looked down on her wife with love clear on her face.
Eddard smiled. He would have his son and his wives near. “I would like that.”

“We will be able to help you enforce the cessation of the hunting of the predators you wish to protect and use our magic to help promote the health of the land and encourage the growth of the native plants. We too would love to see the wildlife you describe once more roam the lands that were once their home.”

Eddard thanked them for their offered assistance to help make his plans come true.

“Will we see you again?” he asked afraid he would never see Jon or his wives again. Would they be near and yet a world away. He knew that with the ShadowBenders with their magic and spells could make it impossible to be found if they so chose.

“We will see you again Eddard Stark” Melisandre told him solemnly.

“You know nothing Warden of the North if you think you can get rid of us that easily” Ygritte spoke with a cheeky smile.

“Do you need me to have your horses prepared for you?”

“No they are outside the groove cropping grass among the trees. Live well Eddard Stark” Melisandre told him. Then the two witches turned and walked up the path out of the Godswood hand in hand. Then they were gone.

Eddard mused over the changes he had seen come into his children’s life. He turned to look at the Weirwood tree.

That was strange. He had never seen this before. He stepped back. The eyes were bleeding so heavily that red sap seemed to be crying down the bark. It had not been doing this only a few minutes ago. What is happening Eddard thought to himself. As he watched the sap ran down the trunk of the tree and spread out on the ground in front of the tree. It was if the tree was bleeding. Mystified Eddard walked back up to the tree and knelt before the tree. The sap was running down in tiny trickles like an estuary. He had never heard of such a thing.

The trickles continued to run. Taking a deep breath Eddard calmed his breathing. He relaxed and let his heart slow. He felt the air around him. No. The aura of peace still permeated the air. This was not an ill omen.

Eddard slowly reached out and touched the flowing red sap that wetly ran down the tree. He ran his finger down the stream and brought his finger back to examine the thick sap that somehow flowed freely down the trunk. As he turned his finger around he was hit with an unseen force that flung him onto his back. He was stunned by the unexpected force. Eddard shook his head. He was alright and had his wits about him.

When he looked around he was in mountain village just after dusk. What is this? He was no longer in Winterfell. He saw the mountains of Arryn marching off to the right and left with more brothers in the distance. He rolled over to his feet and looked around. He was on the edge of this village of some Mountain Clan. He walked up to a banked fire. He saw a young family asleep by the fire. The air was warm and the family was sleeping outside to enjoy the cool breeze. He walked over and looked down at the mother and father and three young children of about ten, five and three.

That was when he saw it. They were deathly white and they did not breathe. He squatted down. He quickly examined them and found no pulse or breath from their nostrils. He got up and saw near the opening to a hut an older woman on the ground. He went to her. She was lying face down. He
turned her over. Her body was snow white and her body limp. He saw a cooking knife near her and cooking bowls. They had had no warning of danger.

Something within Eddard told him this heinous crime had only recently happened. He was without his sword. He looked around but saw nothing. He looked back down at the dead woman.

He did not want to defile the dead but he needed to know. He picked up the knife and cut the dead middle age woman’s wrist deeply. No blood seeped out. Her body had been drained of blood. He went into the hut and found three teenage children and an older man and woman. The children and grandparents Eddard surmised.

All were deathly pale and drained of blood.

He went outside and suddenly felt cold. From a stream to the right a mist was thickly rising up from the water. There was no breeze but the mist wafted towards him. He then saw a reddish glow in the heart of the mist and he felt great evil. The mist seemed to pulse and grow larger.

In instinct, Eddard reached for his sword, Evening Star and it was not there. Damnit! He had been in the Godswood. He saw more mist moving in from up the mountainside. He felt great hunger emanating from the mist. It hungered. It hungered for hot human blood.

It hungered for his blood. Eddard turned around as the mist gathered around him. He begins to hear a high pitched keening. Eddard still had the knife in his hand. He was doomed but he would fight to his dying breath.

Eddard woke up with a start from the soft moss bed he had fallen onto. He gasped and sat up reaching for his sword but he had no scabbard on. He looked around wild eyed. He turned and scooted so that he had his back against the trunk of the Weirwood tree. He had come up against the side of the old white barked tree away from the flowing sap. He was looking out back into the Godswood of Winterfell. There was no mist. No malefic red glow. He breathed easier. His heart started to calm. He shook with the adrenalin rush coursing through his veins from the strange dream he had just had.

Dream? No. It had been a premonition. He knew what he had seen and felt. Mist Vampires. Melisandre and Ygritte had mentioned them. She Who Must Not Be Named the strange goddess had mentioned them. Now he had seen them. He took a deep breath and analyzed what he had just seen in his dream vision.

He had been in a high mountain hollow. He was sure of it. He only knew of one land in Westeros South of the Wall that had mountains like he had seen in his dream. He had been in mountains of Arryn and in some Mountain Clan hamlet. He had been sure of.

He walked around the Weirwood tree to the side with the face cut into it. He looked at the Weirwood tree. There was no sap running down the tree bark. Eddard shook his head laughing at himself. He must be getting senile he mused. Maybe he had let what he was told affect his perceptions. His mirth disappeared. He felt it on his index finger.

His index finger was soaked in red sap. It had happened. He had been given a premonition. He did not have any answers now but he would be on the alert for anything that might give him the answer to this strange vision. The prophecies he had been given were going to come to true.

Eddard took a deep breath.

Bran’s prophecy had prepared him to accept this vision. The words of Jon’s wives and She Who
Must Not Be Named had prepared him to accept the truth. The Weirwood was asking him to fight some evil. He was sure of it.

He owed it to the Weirwood and the First People and he owed it to the Mountain Clan people being cruelly attacked and killed. He would not turn his back. He would meet their need when he had killed the Ice King.

Eddard said his final prayers to the Weirwood and hoped the old gods were listening to his heart felt entreaties for guidance and support.

He walked out of the Godswood. He felt a shadow pass overhead and Viserion flew overhead and passed over the east wall of Winterfell to parts unknown. The freedom of flight most be intoxicating Eddard thought. What must it be like to soar among the birds and up in the clouds? He cursed his fear of heights and the vertigo it produced. He was denied the joy that his daughter, Arya, felt on top of Drogon flying through the air.

He started the walk back to the Great Keep to see his wife. He thought on the Dragon Glass that was being made at a furious pace in the shops he had setup in the Guest Hall, several large rooms in the Great Keep, and in the Great Hall. He also had many houses rented out and the rooms converted to workshops making obsidian weapons in Wintertown and White Harbor.

With what the Queen was producing from the mines on Dragonstone and the shipments moving up the Kingsroad the forces opposing the undead and the Ice Wrights themselves would have weapons that could kill them. Eddard knew the armies of undead would be vast but he was sure he had the obsidian stocks to allow his forces to fire their weapons without fear of running out.

The forces of man finally had weapons that could defeat their enemies. Jon and Jeor Mormont before Jon had sent ravens describing how the Others and Ice Wrights had been almost impossible to kill. No more.

Eddard planned on the conflict being decisive and brutal. The battle would be decided one way or the other fairly quickly. There would be no husbandry of obsidian tipped weapons. The battle would be fought and won or lost at the wall before Castel Black. Eddard was sure of it.

Daenerys was sending many of her mercenary companies up and down the wall to allow the well trained troops and conscripts of the North to come back to Castle Black. The Mercenary companies were hard bitten men and well trained. Any attack at another location these men would be able to meet it and slow down the advance. They were being sent ample stores of obsidian to be used to slow the advance of any penetration of the wall. Each fort and large concentration of men had ravens that would fly back to Castle Black. Then Daenerys would take her three dragons and harass and kill the enemy while looking out for the entity that attacked the witches.

She would not attack heedless of threats. No one was sure what the Ice King had as weapons. The last thing they needed was for him to fell a dragon with an ice javelin and convert it to one of his undead minions. He probably would not have the time to convert the kill in the middle of combat but they would not take the risk.

Daenerys had tactics already devised to allow for both the duress of any enemy advance and taking the fight to the entity that attacked the witches.

He was soon back in the Great Keep and walking up the hallways and stairs to see his revived wife and newborns. He was so happy that he was being able to see wife and newborns before he had to head off to war.
He stopped and gaped. No it was not possible. He saw before him Stannis Baratheon and his stiff prudish wife Selyse Florent. *Well, it sure looked like them.* Selyse was the perfect woman for the boring and boorish Stannis. A man who did not know how to smile and was world famous for the grinding of his teeth.

He heard Stannis laughing loudly and Selyse was giggling. Eddard looked around. *Was the world going to end?* Eddard gaped. They both had large beaming smiles on their faces. Surely this was impossible! Stannis was hefting up a Haruchai woman, it was Ranrika, and throwing her high in the air. Ranrika contorted her body to do what should have been impossible twists and spins in the air and landed in Stannis’s arms in a bridal pose. She kissed Stannis soundly with lots of tongue action in her mouth from their dueling tongues. Only after a long session of indecent snogging did Stannis throw Ranrika up high into the air again where she did more wild acrobatics.

Throw and catch and a big wet kiss before up went the Haruchai woman again. She actually had the briefest of smiles on her face. It would figure wild exertions would make these martial women almost smile.

Selyse herself was being spun around by the Haruchai holding her to her body and she threw up Selyse and caught the woman her dress flinging up and down with her motions. Then the Haruchai stopped and pulled Selyse’s mouth to hers and they were obviously kissing deeply by the motions of their cheeks showing tongues wrestling wetly from mouth to mouth. The Haruchai woman sat Selyse down and pulled her tight to her body their firm breast mashed together and bellies wallowing.

Eddard was poleaxed. He gaped. He stuttered. He tried to have his eyes not fall out of his eye sockets.

Selyse was groping Ferna’s ass cheeks lewdly. Selyse was moaning like a Lysian whore jamming Ferna’s pussy up and down her leg in an obscene grinding motion. Ferna growled and swept Selyse up with one arm holding the wife of Stannis to her body. Their mouths locked tight as Selyse roughly ground Ferna’s mound up and down her leg that was jutted out forward to let the Haruchai woman hump like a bitch in heat.

Then Ferna growled and picked up Selyse and held her close to her hard tight body. The Haruchai woman easily held Selyse up with one arm as they snooged. The Haruchai’s free hand had slipped through a unbutton part of the formerly prudish woman’s dress and was obviously playing with the Florent woman’s small breast. She was doing something right because Selyse was now squealing her legs kicking wildly in the air. Her body bucking into the Haruchai woman’s body.

Oberyn came walking by them towards Eddard. He looked sourly at the husband and wife. Oberyn stopped for a long moment. Stannis now had his hand underneath Ranrika’s tunic at her groin. The Haruchai’s tunic kept tenting in a hard fast rhythm. It was obvious what Stannis was doing with his fingers in Ranrika’s pussy. You could hear her pussy slurping. Oberyn looked disgusted. He turned his head and growled. Ferna now had her own hand up Selyse’s dress and was obviously finger fucking her fast furious. Oberyn scowled and started to walk on.

As he passed Eddard, Oberyn muttered “It fucking sucks man … how can that dick up his ass and miss hemorrhoids be scoring such fine pussy Eddard … tell me how??”

Oberyn must not have expected and answer because he kept on walking down the hall muttering and shaking his head.

It was just as well Eddard thought as he passed Stannis. He had no answers that was for sure.
Stannis turned his head to Eddard. He kept his right hand busy. Ranrika was gripping his broad shoulders now her body beginning to buck and writhe. Her face looked like she had a pike shoved up her ass Eddard thought. How can pleasure look so heinous? “You want to join the fun Eddard” Stannis chuffed as he continued ramming his fingers hard and deep in the now squelching pussy. “Ranrika and Ferna would love to have you join our bed. They love your taciturn and stiff demeanor too. Selyse would love to suck you off and fuck you joining sweet Ranrika and Ferna. Then we can DP the three of them. What say you man? When Cat recovers she can join the fun too!”

“Yes!” Selyse gasped. “I would love to feel you dick pounding my fuck holes. I long to suck you off! I long to suck your wife off!”

Eddard knew his body was swaying. This was impossible. *Gods man get a grip* Eddard thought to himself as he gaped at Stannis. He stopped that thought. Stannis obviously had a good grip on places best left undescribed. Who the hell was that woman that looked like Selyse! Eddard thought stunned. *New pussy must be great but this was crazy.* Eddard quickened his pace to an almost run.

He was not sure he liked this new “liberated” Stannis and Selyse. What was wrong with being a prude!

Eddard went up the wide central stair to the second floor. As he near the topped he meet Robb and Alys. They were both smiling big and hugging each other.

“Father” Robb called down to his father coming up the steps “Mother is totally recovered. She looks like her old strong self. The babies—they are so strong and cute.”

Eddard came up to the landing where his son and future daughter-in-law waited for him before descending the stair. He hugged them and spent a few minutes talking to them about his wife and their happiness with each other. Alys did not like to discuss about the Game of Thrones and the mechanics of war. She was most anxious to marry Robb.

Some lords came up and started to talk to Robb. Alys turned to Eddard.

“I have always loved Robb but I knew he was destined to marry some princess from a Great House” she spoke with a hint of wonder and maybe a little fear it still might not happen.

Eddard gave her his squint smile. “Once the war is over and with Cat recovered from her difficult pregnancy and birth I think we can again plan with full force the triple wedding of my three oldest children. I would add Jon to the mix but he has already married his two wives.” Eddard was so happy he could now fully acknowledge his other son.

Alys looked more confident and beautiful hearing the news. She now felt certain that the marriage between her and Robb would occur. That the recent changes in dynamics had not resulted in her love being married off. Eddard had lost any desire to auction off his children like he and Cat had been.

He moved on up the smaller stairs to the third floor and was soon at the door to his chambers. Maester Luwin came out and told Eddard that his wife and children were remarkably healthy and strong. Eddard thanked him with a grip of the shoulder.

He entered the room. Cat was awake and alert and when she saw him entering into the room her face beamed and the look of pure love for him made Eddard feel so good on the inside as he gave her the full smile that was almost never seen by anyone else.
He went to the bed and bent down to kiss his wife tenderly on her lips.

“Ned … look at your two new babies. They are so strong and full of vigor. Just like you Ned. Brandon will grow up to be a strong Knight and Lyanna will grow up to marry a strong prince of some Great House.”

Ned smiled down at his sweet wife. His children would determine their future he mused to himself. His children were lucky to be born into nobility. They truly had all the options open to them. His sister had not so secretly longed to be a warrior or knight. Maybe his new daughter would or would not marry a King or the prince of Great House. Eddard smiled wryly. Maybe his daughter would marry a Queen or princess. Maybe she would be a warrior or knight. She now had role models to emulate. It did not matter to him as long as she was happy.

Eddard sat down beside his wife and took Lyanna from Catelyn’s side. He looked at her closely. Her features were the mirror of Lyanna.

“She has Tully eyes I fear Ned else she will be the mirror of your sweet departed sister.”

“She is not my sister Cat. She will be her own woman. Tully eyes are perfect.” He thought of his long dead sister.

A strange vision bloomed in his mental vision. It was his sister at night and it was the full moon. She was howling mournfully up at the low hanging orb in the night sky as it rose over the Red Mountains of Dorne.

Ned shook his head. What a strange vision.

“I don’t really remember anything about the birth Ned. I remember being so sick and then feeling better. I felt unwell but like I was recovering and then I remember nothing.

Eddard told his wife of her harrowing pregnancy and all that had occurred.

“You mean I almost died?” Catelyn Tully asked with a gasp.

“Yes my sweet wife. Fortunately, Jon’s wives had come having had a vision they may be needed. Maester Luwin resisted. I was so furious for his delay in allowing them to help. But I think now it was for the best.”

“How so?”

“I have talked to Melisandre and Ygritte since. They feel that if they had not been delayed they maybe could have saved the babies but not you. To be truthful they fear they would have lost all three of you.”

“Then how am I alive?”

“The situation got so desperate that Daenerys Targaryen figured out a loophole in her bargain with the Ur-viles and their cousins they brought with them the Waynhim. She called them when none should have come. They answered her plea for your salvation.

“What are Ur-viles and Waynhim?”

Eddard then told his wife of her coming to term with their twins. He spared her nothing letting his wife see just how close she came to death.
“By the seven Ned. How did you have the strength and courage to let them work on me? I doubt I would have done so if I had been in your position. How could you trust them? The Ur-viles and Waynhim are not human.”

Ned sighed and smiled. “I had no choice Cat. You were dying. That was obvious. I let myself trust them because of who summoned them. The Lord Lustra and the Giant in the room vouched for them. He then explained how they saved her.

Catelyn looked down at her unscarred stomach.

“That is quite the tale Ned. I feel wonderful. They have indeed totally healed me. It had his forearm up my vagina?”

Ned grimaced. “Yes. It was most unnerving but the Ur-vile brought forth both of our children alive and healthy while his brother and the Waynhim kept you alive and started to heal you. I will forever be in their debt.”

“So will I Ned. I am indeed lucky that Arya’s future wife, the Queen, had come north to fight with you. That Jon has met and fallen in love with two ShadowBender witches. I am very lucky indeed.

The twins woke up and began to fidget and murmur. Each parent cooed and tickled the babies who still could not focus on the world but enjoyed the attention of their parents.

Lyanna opened her blue eyes to look at her father. Her head turning slightly as she kicked and wiggled her arms looking up at her father. She gurgled sweetly.

The miracle of life Eddard Stark thought. Lyanna lived on now.

Deep in the heart of Dorne a large wolf howled up into the sky.

Obara

Obara pulled her lover behind her as they hurried up the bricked walkway of Battleborne Academy. She chuckled as Cersei groused good naturedly about being dragged and jerked along behind her overanxious wife.

Obara liked saying that even if it was currently only to herself. My wife. Yes indeed, Cersei Sand was her wife. She had struck pure Lannister gold. Take that Casterly Rock! Cersei was so fucking beautiful and totally devoted to her. Not only that but Cersei had become so sweet and loving. She still had her tart tongue which made life exciting.

Gods the woman could fuck. She devoured pussy like her life depended on it. Obara shivered with the skills of her wife. Cersei seemed to pick everything she put her mind to quickly. It had taken Obara only once to show Cersei how to get strapped into their strap-on harness and then how to work the hips and body motion to fuck hard and deep. From the first time, Cersei had worn her pussy and asshole out with deep savage fucking that had Obara screaming in shocking harrowing womb rending or anal shredding orgasms.

Cersei could bone!

It had surprised Obara immensely with how domesticated Cersei was at home. She loved to cook and clean house. She never would have believed it. She loved how her lioness first pampered her around the house and then devoured her around the house. Cersei insisted in taking care of her ‘sand
They passed the barracks for the women cadets. While intermixing was allowed after hours between the sexes the barracks were segregated for sleeping arrangements. The sexes allowed to roam between the barracks up till the lanterns were turned down. They heard loud moans and out right screams of women in hard orgasm as they screamed out their lover’s names. Obara loved how they were screaming female names.

You needed men for procreation Obara knew but she had found very few any good in bed really. Her father being the main one. Gods she hoped to one day to fuck her father with Cersei and Ellaria. It would be so good. Sucking his cock straight from Cersei’s asshole or sucking his cum out her stretched out cunt or maybe they would both slurping her father’s sperm form Ellaria’s sweet hot cunt or asshole. Her father and mother in all but name were so fucking hot.

She had dreams. She had other dreams too.

She wanted to share Cersei with the female officers and teachers of the Academy. When Cersei had first appeared at the Academy she had captured Obara’s fascination. She was so beautiful and full of fire. She had been a bitch true but there was something about her. Gods she was so thankful she had sunk her claws first into Cersei.

They all wanted Cersei now. All the lesbian and bisexual sluts of the military of Dorne. That would be most of the women. Of course all the men wanted Cersei. Her beauty and now raw physical prowess had the whole of the Academy swooning to have her. Obara had made sure to let all know of her Cersei’s insatiable desires. Thus, the female officers and cadets knew of Cersei’s hunger for pussy and they longed to offer up their shaved cunts to the “Lioness of Dorne” as Cersei was becoming known as. To dine on her sweet shaved cunt and ram their tongues, fingers and strap-on cocks hard into Cersei’s drooling cunt and up her tight hot asshole. Ha! She was hers. Didn’t mean she was not open to sharing her sweet lioness and sand snake. Sharing was good.

It still gripped Obara’s heart that Cersei was a sand snake now. Cersei had totally forsaken her old self. She had truly become a new woman. She was Obara’s woman one hundred percent. Cersei was now a woman of Dorne. Casterly Rock was Cersei’s past. Obara knew just how lucky she was.

As Cersei had begun to change and her attitude ameliorated everyone wanted Cersei in their bed and on their arm. Obara felt a flash of possessiveness surge through. She tightened her grip on Cersei’s arm. Cersei was hers. It did not mean she did not want to share Cersei with others so that the two of them could dine on all the sweet pussy that wanted to lie with the two dominate females in the Academy. All the sluts in the Academy longing to lie on their backs and part their legs wide to be devoured.

And devour them she and Cersei would. Soon. Soon Obara hoped.

Obara used to be safe in her knowledge she was the Alpha of Battleborne Academy. She knew she was the Beta now except Cersei had no desire to take the top ranking. Obara still marveled at the change in Cersei. Her becoming a warrior had subsumed all the woman’s desires to be a “Queen” and the desires to play the Game of Thrones. All she wanted now was to be Obara’s wife. After that she only wanted to be a warrior in service to Dorne. That made Obara tear up at times. Cersei had given herself totally to Obara.

Obara had fucked so many women over the years and wanted Cersei to start devouring sweet pussy that she would share with her. All the female officers, teachers and administrators were all whining to sleep with them. She had to keep putting them off. She had to remind them that Cersei had been
born a Royal Lannister and she had to slowly peel off all those layers of prudishness and puritan upbringing. The women of Battleborne Academy wondered how a woman who had so deeply partaken of incest with her brother could be so uptight when it came to sex.

To be truthful, Obara was not fully sure herself. When one is raised with a liberal attitude towards sex it was hard to fathom those who were stilted and repressed when it came to the joys of partaking of the pleasures of the flesh.

Obara let them know she was slowly succeeding though. She was peeling Cersei like an onion removing all those silly inhibitions. She was going to work on some of those tonight. Cersei fucked her everywhere on the Academy but always away from “prying eyes” as Cersei like to say. The one place she was not nervous fucking in front of others was the Officer’s Sauna. Since that was the place of their ‘first time’ it was special to Cersei. She had fucked Obara before others that first time and felt no compunction to stop fucking Obara in front of others in Officer’s Sauna.

Of course what Cersei did not know and what Obara failed to tell her sweet new wife was that nowhere on the Academy grounds was truly private. No space did not have its spy holes and angels of views that allowed interlopers to see all. Cersei was watched when she fucked Obara all over the Academy. Cersei’s sexual prowess, strength and endurance was only increasing her stature among the military elite of Dorne.

The women of the Academy were truly panting for Cersei now. Obara warned them to hide from Cersei the knowledge she was being watched by an avid audience as she fucked Obara senseless and the reverse. Obara told the women and hopeful men that if Cersei discovered this it would set back Obara’s work for months if not years! Teaching a woman how to not be a prude was hard work!

The hopeful sluts gulped and nodded their heads in consent. They would do whatever Obara told them if it meant they could dine on Cersei’s sodden pussy sooner. All wanted to bury their strap-ons and fists deep into Cersei’s pussy and asshole with savage strokes of love. Obara had told all the women how Cersei loved to be fucked rough and hard. Of course Cersei loved to give it back to Obara. Cersei called it “pounding the shit of Obara”. Obara swooned when Cersei fucked her with wild abandon wearing out Obara’s fuck holes and her throat with her strap-on.

All this Obara told the women of Battleborne Academy. The women nearly swooning dreaming of Cersei fucking them like she fucked Obara. They all wanted Cersei. Bad.

Obara dragged Cersei along behind her towards her destination. Cersei frustrated Obara by not wanting to fuck in front of others. It seemed the Officer’s Sauna being their first time place of making love that Cersei was willing to make an exception in that place. Obara loved grinding her sweet wife’s face into her sopping wet pussy as others watched and cat called urging Cersei on.

Gods Cersei went wild proving she was indeed a lioness. Three days ago she was pounding Cersei’s hot pussy and asshole for all to see with her long thick strap-on cock in the Officer’s Sauna. Obara arching her back and work her hips to impale her blonde goddess’ fuck holes balls deep with her ever hard cock. Cersei slapped the wooden slates of the benches with her palm as her body jolted forward from hard spearing thrusts up her exploding cunt and asshole.

Obara spent almost two hours fucking her wife out as she would mewl and hitch from devastating orgasms. Cersei being a total depraved slut would pull herself forward and turn around. She would be before Obara to grip her strap-on at the base and guide the shaft soaked in her fuck juice to her hungry mouth. Cersei looking up at Obara as she slowly swallowed the cock that had just been plundering her fuck hole hard and deep.

Both naked men and women would stand near the two fucking women and stare down at them. The
officers watching Obara fuck Cersei hard and deep. Making Cersei cum over and over wildly jackknifing and screaming her pleasure for all to hear. The women and men groaning hard seeing Cersei suck her sweet shit juice or creamy pussy juice off the dick plundering her now gaping asshole or open clutching pussy hole.

With soft eyes Cersei rode her head up and down the thick shaft slavered thick with her pussy and asshole juice. With hungry moans and slurps the beautiful woman sucked hard on her Obara’s cock savoring her sweet pussy and asshole. Then Cersei would again get in doggy or straddle Obara to take her dick deep up her tight cunt or shithole.

Obara relished leaning back against the wooden walls of the sauna with lidded eyes to watch Cersei impale her fuck hole with her cock. It was so sensual to see Cersei throw her head back and keen in her sweet slut warble. Cersei’s body shuddering as she felt Obara’s thick long dick sliding deep back up into her spasming asshole and slam fucking her bunghole and they were off to the races again. Obara loved watching her cock again soaked in Cersei’s shit grease smeared thick up and down the shaft.

Cersei loved to fuck. Her small tits whipping up and down as the blonde beauty gripped Obara’s shoulders to work her hips up and down. She worked her groin up Obara’s shaft and then snapped down with her hips impaling her butthole on thick cock. Cersei would fuck wildly and then slow to a stop. With hot eye contact, Cersei pulled her body up till Obara’s cock slipped from her squired asshole. Obara crooned seeing shit juice splatter out Cersei’s red open rosebud and fall on her stomach. The cock landing wetly on Obara’s belly as more ass juice splattered out Cersei’s slack clutching asshole. The sweet ass juice splattering onto Obara’s belly soaking it in small pools of sweet shit juice.

It was beyond hot for Oberyn’s daughter to look around and see everyone watching them with hot lust lidded eyes. Knowing all of them wanted to be Obara fucking Cersei. It made the warrior maid feel smug to know Cersei’s was hers. All watched Cersei lift herself up and push back to get on the wooden floor. First, Cersei would lower her sweet cupid bow lips to Obara’s belly and slurp up all the ass juice on Obara’s stomach with sweet coquettish mews. Her red lips slurping up all the sweet ass juice from her ravaged asshole.

Then Cersei’s mouth would move to near the strap-on cock rising and falling with Obara’s breathing. The shaft soaked in sweet shit juice slaver. With her eyes locked with Obara Cersei gripped the base of Obara’s dick and pulled it vertical. The hot sweat soaked beauty eyed the shaft with fuck hunger.

“Suck your shithole off my dick you fucking anal whore!” Obara husk barked at her slut. Obara looking askance to see all the men and women in the sauna enraptured by the hot show before them. All loved watching them fuck. “Show everyone what a depraved fucking slut you are Cersei. Show them how you love to suck your shit juice off my dick you fucking blond bimbo! You fucking godsdamn slut!” Obara smiled seeing Cersei shiver hard her eyes going glassy.

Cersei loved to be humiliated and fucked rough. What thrilled Obara more was the fact that Cersei loved Obara doing it in front of others now. Cersei was truly beginning to let her true inner slut free.

“Ummmmnggggg—yyeeessssسسسس!” Cersei moaned her body jolting hard hearing the humiliation she so craved. Keeping her eyes rolled up to keep eye contact with Obara, Cersei lowered her head and opened her mouth wide to swallow Obara’s thick cock smeared with thick smears of sweet ass juice. With hungry moans and whimpers Cersei sucked and bobbed her sweaty blond locks jerking by her shoulders as she sucked hungrily on the dick in her mouth soaked in her sweet ass juice.

“You love sucking your shithole off my dick don’t you Cersei? Tell everyone here how much you
love sucking your ass off my cock slut!” Obara moan barked at Cersei who was now swirling her head tight and fast on the thick bulbous dickhead of her strap-on cock.

With a wet obscene plop sound Cersei sucked off Obara’s cock. She fisted the shaft and pumped it. With heated eyes Cersei looked up at Obara jerking the shaft in her hand. The blonde looked around at the officers looking down at her with glittering eyes before locking eyes with Obara again.

“I love my sweet ass on your dick Obara” she softly husked. Cersei slowly turned her head right and left looking at her audience of enraptured men and women wishing they were Obara. “My shithole tastes like sweet shit chocolate … I love sucking my ass off Obara’s dick” Cersei made hot eye contact with several female captains … “I can’t enough of my asshole on her cock. Gods I love the taste of my shit juice on her dick” Cersei moaned lowering her mouth to Obara’s cock and swallowed it with a hungry moan and started to bob and suck again on her cock pacifier.

Obara had moaned hard fistng Cersei’s sweaty blond tresses and hammered her head up and down her cock soaked in Cersei’s ass helping her wife suck sweetly on her ass soaked cock. Her dickhead hammering the back of Cersei’s throat making spit flow and pour out her mouth when Cersei opened her lips to let the spit drool flood out. The sight turning all on with Cersei turned on the most feeling her face, throat and tits soaked in her own drooling spit.

Such were the sweat thoughts Obara mused on coming back to the present.

The sun was nearing the horizon as Obara pulled her wife behind her. She looked out over the parade grounds. The swallows that nested on the soffits of the buildings and on the sides of the chimneys were out and about swooping above the grass doing graceful tight swoops and turns and doing acrobatic pirouettes eating mosquitos and other flying insects coming out for the night.

Dragonflies were also buzzing about flitting from one space to another eating mosquitos flying around with the sun hitting their colored bodies and gossamer wings making them appear like precious gems first floating and then darting in the slowly gloaming air.

The dragonflies that flitted by sent the air abuzz with their whirring wings. The swallows making their sweet warbles as they flashed by chasing their meals.

Obara wanted to be pursuing a certain sweet meal herself with Cersei. Soon she would have Cersei also pursuing the desired prey. Each season, fresh recruits were brought into Battleborne Academy. Only the most promising students were brought to the premier military academy of Dorne. Each province had their own Academy to train up the local youth for those who were not meant for higher leadership.

Obara thought of all those fifteen, sixteen and seventeen year old female cadets. Young women anxious to learn about warfare and lovemaking. Cersei was so blind sometimes. She would walk through the Academy or she would be out performing her exercises for Myrion or practicing with her nonmetal weapons or doing her martial arts. Obara was often with Cersei to help in her exercises and martial arts. The young neophytes would be staring at Obara but especially Cersei longing to part their legs for them.

The practice ground area where Cersei worked out were lined with teenage boys and girls literally drooling at the hot tight MILF doing her exercises or martial training. Cersei’s body now rippled with supple muscle covered by sweet layers of fat that rounded out her body. Cersei had become a goddess to Battleborne Academy. The girls were nearly swooning and the boys drooling. Well, the girls were too.

Their eyes and body spoke one language. “Fuck me!” Cersei could have all the sweet new pussy
her heart could desire. The only problem with that was the fact Cersei was sure the cadets were only looking at her exercising. Cersei joked they wanted to see if the ole MILF could keep it up. Cersei scoffed at the idea that her body was longed for by all the new recruits. That all the upper classman, military officers and teachers wanted in her pants so bad that they either fucked their current bedmates blind or were wearing out their hands masturbating.

They should be fucking the hell out of all these nymphets and sluts Obara groused to herself. Most came to the Academy already experienced in the arts of Sapphic love but a large percentage were virgins waiting to be seduced. Most had their cherries popped by their own classmates. More experienced cadets plucking the sweet ripe cherries but many were seduced by their instructors. Sex brought the new classes together and helped the cadets to bond with each other and with their instructors. A happy cadet was a hard working cadet. No cadet was coerced into a sexual relationship. They were allowed to choose whom they wanted to sleep with by free will.

Instructors and officers were severely punished for using force and coercion to force partners into having sex with them against their own free will. One used guile, sweet blandishments and seductive touches and words to seduce at the Academy. In Dorne sex was treasured and protected from abuse.

Obara and the other female instructors were idolized by the lesbian and bi-sexual cadets which so many of the female cadets were. Most of the ‘straight’ girls soon seduced into bisexuality or committed lesbians once they had tasted the sweet ‘forbidden’ fruit. The aggressive martial aspects bringing out their latent natural homosexual desires. A whole bevy of new cadet girls were lining the practice grounds on their breaks watching Cersei work out and drooling with thoughts of going down on her or giving their maidenheads to Cersei. Their thin tops showing rigid nipples and skin flushed with arousal.

The Bedouins had long ago learned to let their daughters go to the Academies. The knowledge and prestige they brought back in visits and when retired if they chose to come back home made their clans stronger and gave them increased status that made the other clans envious. This in turn made them want to let their daughters go to the Academies hoping to increase their status.

In the hinterlands it was all about status.

Many of the girls used the military to get out of boring and staid lives in the hinterlands. It was considered an honor to be accepted into the academies. To serve Dorne held in high esteem.

The only faction that still resisted actively were the High Houses of Dorne who wanted to keep their daughters for the dowries they could bring their houses and the political alliances that marriages between houses brought. Their aspirations were greater with visions of acquiring large tracts of land or marrying into great wealth. It made the fathers much greedier with their desire to betroth off their daughters as chattel.

Many of those daughters wanted more knowing the history of the Battleborne Academy. Its legends of freedom to alluring to the young girls to resist its siren call. The families had to submit to the girls wishes. There was no higher honor than to serve as an officer in the military in Dorne.

Soon Obara and Cersei would be partaking of so much sweet pussy the Sand Snake thought. Obara couldn’t wait. She just had to be patient. Obara was depriving herself of all the sweet young neophytes waiting for Cersei to get the rocks out of her head and start helping Obara fuck all these sweet younglings.

Obara was having to fend off Ellaria as well. She was really starting to become impatient. Since her and Cersei’s time in the sauna Ellaria had been almost begging to have Cersei in her bed with
Obara. Obara had to console her twice when Ellaria had tears in her eyes wondering why Cersei did not love her. She had to explain to her father’s paramour that Cersei loved her with agape love for now. Obara would help Cersei to see that the love of Eros was what Ellaria felt for Cersei. That Cersei needed to change the love for Ellaria from agape to Eros love.

The Sand Snake smirked. She had fucked Ellaria nearly senseless gobbling her pussy over and over then riding Ellaria’s face hard. They had fucked exuberantly wrecking the bed. They ate more wet pussy before getting out Ellaria’s strap-on and fucking their pussies and assholes to ruin. So many sweet anal ‘gams they had shared.

Obara had left a temporarily satiated Ellaria. She had fucked her during the day and gone home. Cersei knowing where Obara had been had fallen on her like a roaring lion. Cersei had known of Obara’s task to placate Ellaria. To fuck Ellaria to exhaustion to assuage her aching need for Cersei. Obara’s body instantly revived with Cersei’s hot fuck hunger for her body. Her sweet Cersei happy that Obara was fending off Ellaria while she worked through being a prude.

“Just give me more time baby” Cersei would ask with those beautiful green eyes looking all soft and alluring. Obara was trying. Of course Cersei eating her out repeatedly and fucking her pussy and ass to ruin helped Obara to find patience.

Recently, Ellaria had spent the weekend with the Pride of Dorne. The orgasms they had given her left her floating in heavenly bliss. Now she wanted to fuck Cersei with Myrcella with or without the sand snakes. Myrcella had become smitten with this new woman her mother had become. Obara had added Myrcella to the list of young sluts drooling to sleep with Cersei Sand. The fact Myrcella was Cersei’s daughter made it all the hotter. Myrcella was now pleading with Obara to ‘make it happen damnit!’ They both could be quite whiny about it Obara was discovering.

She had to tell her impatient mother-in-law to be patient. She had to cajole Myrcella that she would have Cersei soon enough. Ellaria had tried the direct approach. Ellaria had invited Cersei to her home. Then Ellaria had shed her clothes spreading her legs wide in eager offering. When Cersei refused her, Ellaria had broken down crying. Hard. Obara had a flustered Cersei come home all jittery and angst ridden. Obara had had to rush to Ellaria. Obara took Ellaria in her arms to comfort the dear woman explaining that Cersei needed to be brought along slowly (by Dorne standards) to get her to fully open up to all the possibilities that Dorne and the family Martell had to offer the gorgeous blonde.

Ellaria sniffled and weakly said she understood but whined for Obara to hurry up. She was in love with Cersei and needed to fuck her so bad. Obara told her to wait a little longer. Then she had fucked Ellaria’s brains out again. Fortunately, three just commissioned Lieutenants came knocking on Ellaria’s door. Soon Ellaria was feasting on sweet nineteen and eighteen year old pussy along with Obara’s drooling clamshell. The four women devoured Obara to wailing orgasms and then put on strap-ons and fucked all of Ellaria’s fuck holes long, hard and deep with much sweet TP, DA, DV, ATM and A2P. Gods that had been hot fucking Ellaria airtight with dicks in all her holes fucking her balls deep. Crisis averted for now Obara thought hurrying home to fuck Cersei bowlleged. *The sacrifices she made*, Obara smirked to herself rushing home to devour Cersei.

The Academy was currently bereft of many of its military leaders, trainers and teachers with them marching north to fight the Ice King. Obara had been pissed at not being allowed to march north but she agreed with her father that leaving the Sand Snakes behind it would help ensure peace in Dorne. Many of the tribes in the hinterlands and in many of the holdfasts in the North and Far East of Dorne were always restive and any perceived weaknesses may cause problems.

Also, she would never admit she did not want to leave Cersei behind. Martells were never to show
emotional weakness. She wanted her at her side in battle. She could not understand what the fuck Myrion was waiting for. He kept saying he would know the moment he was looking for when he saw it. “She will let me know when she is ready.”

Obara knew it was not something verbal. It would be some action. The showing of a crossing of a boundary.

It was just nerve wracking waiting for it. Cersei merely mediated. She would get this serene otherworldly look on her face. When she awakened out of her trance she said the most profound things.

She told Obara her meditations allowed her to “let the bullshit of the external world fade from her awareness.”

She would tell Obara to just acknowledge “all that shit they’re shoveling is fucking bullshit” and “find that inner stillness so those fucking bitches can’t get underneath you skin.”

One time when Obara was fucking pissed at the administration. Cersei intoned to her sagely “Take full deep breaths … breathe in strength … breathe out bullshit.”

She taught Obara how to control her breathing and told her “with each breath feel your body saying … fffuuucckkk thatttt.”

She had taught Obara how to have each breath she took in her meditative state calm her. How to allow each breath she took to “let her thoughts get lighter … and to have all the soul eating cocksuckers just … fall away into nothing.”

The silence that Cersei was teaching her showed her how to “keep assholes from pissing all over that kind of inner purity.”

Cersei was so wise sometimes.

They walked underneath the flowering apple and pear trees. The warm air off the Summer Sea and the Hobolt current that ran just off shore bringing additional warmth from the southern seas. The hot water keeping winter at bay except for the depths of a long winter. The breeze coming off the shore had the tree limbs stirring restlessly making the limbs look like waves on a tempest sea frothing with white, pink and purple hues of the flowers. The sound of the breezes rustling the leaves was pleasing to the ears. It did sound like waves crashing on a distant shore.

Obara looked up into the tree limbs heavy with their colorful blossoms. The blossoms put out a sweet perfume. As sweet as the perfume of the proffered blossoms of the fruit trees they paled compared to the sweet musk of her wife’s snatch. Her pussy smelled like heaven to Obara.

The giggling newlyweds had arrived at Obara’s destination.

“Why are at the museum Obara” Cersei asked her wife.

“You will see my sweet wife” Obara called back over her shoulder pulling her wife up the sidewalk leading up to the museum entrance. Obara glanced down at the mosaics that depicted the struggle against the Targaryen dynasty’s attempted conquering of Westeros. She fully supported Daenerys rule but she could not stop herself from making sure to step on Aegon’s face each time she went up the sidewalk to the museum. The sliding door panels had been pulled shut.

Before them stood the honorific guard. The cadets selected for this guard duty was only given to the cadets of the highest academic and leadership scores. A cadet guard was posted at only two sites on
the Academy grounds. The highest honor was the Commandant’s quarters. The museum was the other site deemed worthy of an honor guard with the priceless relics contained within.

Both sites were safe with the collected might of Dorne around them but it was guarded to give the elite students status by being chosen to perform the honor guard duties. Each shift only lasting two hours since it was not designed to be a duty but an honor to perform. The students honored to be selected gave the duty their fullest attention.

The status the guard duty gave the cadets was used by the cadets to move up the pecking order and to curry favor with other cadets, officers and instructors. The new plebs flocked to “the few, the proud, the cadets”. The guards dining on moist sweet pussy and hard cock by the honor guard groupies that flocked around the cadets to fuck them. The cadets loving all the pussy and cock it brought their way.

The entryway to the museum had three cadets on duty. The two lower ranking cadets had spears crossed over the walkway leading up to the building. The commanding officer stood on the landing with a ceremonial curved Calvary sword on their hip.

Obara went up to the guards with their crossed spears. The commanding officer looked at Obara with a condescending look.

“What is the password?”

“Oh get off it Doras Martell. You know who I am damnit!”

“Get off it you windbag and give me the fucking password twat!”

“Piss off you Dillweed!”

“I would tell you exactly what I feel Obara … but …” he looked at Cersei with a slight fearful look. He wasn’t really that scared. Cersei was a pussycat. That was until she was riled but she had seen Doras and Obara interact before. Still, though, Doras felt a little thrill of fear run up his spine.

Obara smiled and felt warm inside feeling Cersei starting to tense up ready to come to her wife’s defense and honor. You could insult Cersei all day long and she would just smile beatifically at you but one insult towards her wife, Obara, and she turned into a hissing, slashing hellcat. She still remembered fondly how Cersei attacked the whole Dothraki troop training at the Academy when they insulted her. Cersei defended her woman! No matter the situation.

“Parrothead. Dickweed.”

“See. Was that so hard?”

The spears were pulled back. She felt Cersei glaring at her cousin. Her wife knew it was all in jest but she was making sure that all understood she would defend Obara’s honor at all cost. Gods Obara loved Cersei. As Cersei passed Doras, she made a show of jutting her left shoulder out and jerked left. Cersei jammed her shoulder hard into Doras’s chest. Her movements lightning fast when she struck. The force staggering him back as the breath exhaled out his chest and his body hit the side of the museum hard. He rose up smiling. To be attacked by the Lioness of Dorne had become a most high honor. To show Cersei had clawed you and that you survived. A badge to be bragged about.

Obara went up to the entryway to the Museum.

“Do you have the ceremonial key?” Doras asked his cousin.
Obara produced the gold key that allowed those with the key free access to all buildings after hours.

The Lieutenant stepped aside smiling.

Obara unlocked the doors. They entered the museum proper. Cersei started to look around but Obara had other immediate plans. They would be returning. She had several things to accomplish here but first it was to the Head Curators’ office. It was shared by a husband and wife duo who had been in the post for the last five years and doing a wonderful job by all accounts.

They had restored a sense of excitement among the staff and had talked Doran into the current plan to have traveling shows of artifacts crisscross Drone to help bring the population closer by seeing their shared history. Wagon trains closely guarded went to the major Houses of Dorne to show off the selected collected artifacts of Dorne’s past. Creating and controlling these rolling shows had lifted moral high in the museum staff.

There was another reason moral was high in the museum staff. Danire Wells and Kristyne Wyne were well known for their swing parties that were the talk of the Academy, Sunspear and the shadow city that lay outside the three walls of Sunspear. All the beautiful people and those in power were at their parties. The wine and liquor flowed all night as did the use of hashish. All were allowed from the Academy when off duty for the military cadets. Service to Dorne was its own pass to the festivities.

The cadets had to make sure that they were in no way impaired from performing their duties the next morning. If they could then they were treated as adults with respect in their abilities to control their own actions.

The parties allowed for the bonding of friendships and forming of alliances to further business and careers. The sex started early in the late afternoon and continued throughout the night and days off from work and duty. Obara had visited many of their parities and stayed primarily in the suite of rooms that were for women who preferred Sapphic lovemaking. She loved having men lining the walls jerking off as they watched women fucking each other senseless wailing as wombs ripped out bellies and cunts tore themselves inside out.

She hoped to soon take Cersei to the rooms that would have a name like Isle of Lesbos, Sapphic Paradise, Goddess Room or some other sweet name that was always changing. She wanted everyone to see Cersei screaming as she cum hard in Obara’s mouth or she was nailing her ass to the bed slamming her ten inch strap-on hard, deep and fast into her woman’s snatch making her scream in orgasm. Then flipping Cersei over to doggy and pounding the shit out of her hot tight asshole. The cadets, officers and Academy staff would be howling in excitement seeing Cersei sucking her shithole off Obara’s dick again and again.

Obara smiled in the gloom of the museum. Cersei had turned out to be an anal whore who loved ATM and A2P as much as Obara. Obara was so lucky!

That was for another night in the hoped for not too distant future. Tonight the curators were off at a swing party at some local actor’s home.

They hurried down the hall with Cersei grousing good naturedly and clucking at Obara.

“You know we have a large bed, sofas, stuffed chairs, counters, rugs and hardwood floors to fuck on at home Obara.”

“Yes. But I have wanted to do you in Kristyne’s office so bad baby. I want to fuck you here so good baby! I will make you scream so hard!” Talking of getting fucked had Cersei’s eyes glazed
and her breathing hitched and accelerated. Gods Cersei was such a wanton slut and Obara loved it!

They rushed to the end of the hall and entered the door to the left. They stopped and she saw Cersei looking around at the expensive main desk and three custom built desks made with exquisite craftsmanship. The expansive desks made of teak and mahogany wood with large writing surfaces with cutouts for writing blots and pull down covers to cover the multiple bins for writings and supplies. The Center one with a tortoise shell pull down cover that would cover the whole desk if down.

Cersei looked around at the antique chairs and stuffed chairs. Her eyes finally falling on the not antique large leather sofa with wide seaweed filled cushions and plush wide arms. The sofa comfortable but also great to fuck on. Obara smiled seeing her sweet Cersei eyeing the sofa with obvious lascivious intent.

She turned to look down at Obara. It was amazing how simple eye contact could be so hot when Cersei had the fire of adore in her throbbing green eyes.

“Oohhhhh!” Obara gasped when Cersei like a fast striking adder reached out and pulled Obara hard into her body. Their bodies melding perfectly as thighs slipped between legs to mash into love swollen snatches. Obara’s large breast compressed into Cersei’s smaller little doves smothering them. Obara’s mound pressed into Cersei’s thigh. Obara’s hips instinctively flexing to grind her swollen camel toe into Cersei’s hard muscled leg. Obara looked up all submissive. Cersei liked to be led until Obara had stoked the fires in her belly. Then Cersei could turn into a ravenous lioness who fucked and consumed Obara hard as she screamed in soul blistering ecstasy.

Like now! Cersei’s eyes were full of fire.

“I’m going to fuck you on that sofa Obara. You’ve boned there haven’t you?” she asked aggressively.

Obara batted her eyelashes her belly melting with fuck need. “Yes. Gods I screamed so hard from Kristyne sucking me off so good and plowing me with her cock. Oh Cersei she knows how to work her hips to ram the full length of her ten inch cock balls deep up my tight cunt.” She loved the fire that radiated out of Cersei’s green orbs turned on supper hot by Obara’s words.

“She fucks me up the ass so well Cersei. I cum so hard feeling my shithole tearing itself inside out. The pleasure was so intense it scalded me with bliss. Each pulse of my exploding asshole made me scream in ecstasy baby … gods I love it up the ass and then sucking my ass juice off her long thick cock” Obara cooed to Cersei knowing the vivid descriptions were firing up her lioness.

“Sometimes some of her assistants joined in baby. They really fucked me hard Cersei” Obara spoke softly being coy. She knew it inflamed Cersei when she played the coquet. “Last time they fisted my pussy so good. My pussy felt so stretched out and Natari’s knuckles felt like heaven rubbing my vaginal walls twisting her fist in deep to pound my cervix again and again. My cunt exploded as I flipped and bucked so hard. Natari kept slamming her fist in so hard and deep baby. Kristyne and Claere sucked my nipples so hard. Their hands pulping my tits while their cheeks hollowed out they sucked so hard on my teats”

She looked up into Cersei’s eyes smiling sexily. Cersei was chuffing now her eyes slightly addled with lust. “You’re a fucking slut Obara. A fucking slut” Cersei softly murmured pulling Obara harder into her body. Her eyes were almost midnight with her blown pupils. “Gods I love you so much. You turn me on so fucking much. Only you turn me on so baby. Gods I am going to fuck you so good!”
Cersei lowered her head aggressively and claimed Obara’s lips with hers. She pulled Obara’s lower lip between hers and suckled and nibbled it making her wife mewl and body hitch. Cersei was on fire for her wife. For a few minutes she sucked on her woman’s sensual lips and nibbled on first Obara’s lower and then upper lip making her slut whinny in helpless pleasure. Obara’s body convulsing in raw aching pleasure. Their tits mashed and rolled into each other as the almost equal in height woman snogged deeply.

Now Cersei’s tongue roughly swiped Obara’s teeth demanding entrance. The instant Obara teeth started to part Cersei’s tongue surged into Obara’s mouth and wety wrestled with Obara’s tongue making the sand snake convulse in pleasure and then her eyes rolled back into her skull feeling Cersei’s long tongue spear down her throat again and again. Cersei pulled Obara to her feverishly their twats humping thighs in instinctive need as cunnies got wet with fuck juice and labia lips all swollen and gnarled up waiting to be teased open so sweet cunt meat could be devoured and savored.

“Mnmppffff uummmppfff ppghhhffff!” Obara groaned into the mouth devouring hers. She was getting weak in the knees her body sagging into Cersei’s now hard muscled body. Cersei roughly jerked Obara’s blouse top out the back of her trousers and shoved her right hand down her slacks. She cupped and roughly massaged Obara’s ass cheeks like Obara liked it. Cersei’s hand moved from globe to globe roughly massaging the amble but muscled ass cheeks. Obara cried out in helpless pleasure her already sopping wet pussy humping into Cersei’s thigh jammed into her mound.

Obara gagged feeling her cunny rubbing hard up and down Cersei’s muscular thigh. Her labia lips rolled around and stretched as her cunt was roughly jerked up and down. Her arms were around Cersei’s body holding her tight to her heated body. Cersei’s hand roughly massaging her ass was making Obara so fucking wet. Cersei strength when she was being dominate made Obara melt for her lioness.

Obara was simpering in raw need now. Cersei’s other hand came up and jerked her blouse out from the front of Obara’s trousers and her hand came up to cup and then roughly massage Obara’s left full C cup breast. Her fingers first milking the heavy udder and then her fingers cupping and grinding her palm into the engorged nipple rubbing over the nipple. They broke for breath with spit roped between their lips. Cersei looked at Obara with hot eyes her hand pulping Obara’s udder her fingers sinking deep into the brown globe. Her palm rotating to torture sweetly the thick rubbery nipple.

Obara was in heaven with the duel assault of Cersei’s hands and their mouths were mated tight again with heads titled over to let Cersei have deep access to Obara’s mouth and throat. Cersei hands were like adders striking her heated flesh filling her ass and now both tits with aching fire and molten pleasure. Cersei pulled on Obara’s thick nipples making Obara cry out into her sand snake’s mouth. Obara keened feeling her nipple stretched out tenting her areola before the hand again clenched and pulped her tit.

Then Cersei was picking up Obara easily and walked with her to the sofa and threw her down on the leather sofa with a loud oomph from Obara looking up with lust addled eyes. Cersei slowly stripped naked for Obara. Obara’s breathing got hot and heavy seeing Cersei’s small soft tits come into view. Her stomach so flat and muscular. Her cunt so swollen and wet. Her mound covered with a milky sheen of her effluent. Cersei’s legs slender but so muscular now.

Cersei looked down at Obara with an imperious look. She was in full on top mode now.

“Take your clothes off slut and show me that sweet red swollen cunt. Pull it open and show me your sopping wet fuck hole whore! Show me what you want slut!” Cersei barked at Obara.

“Uummmnggggg! Oh oh yeessssss!” Obara whimpered. They both easily submitted to being
bottom and tonight it would be Obara playing the submissive slut. Obara groaned gutturally sitting up and hurriedly taking her blouse off and jerking her trousers off her hips and wiggling desperately to get them down. She then hooked her fingers in her silk short cloth and ripped it down.

She leaned back shivering seeing the fire in Cersei’s eyes as she finished taking her sandals off and stood proud and regal before her. Obara put her inside leg against the sofa back and her other foot on the floor putting her ass on the edge of the sofa letting her cunt hang out over the sofa edge. Her pussy wet and swollen in the soft light from the lamps on their hooks the wick turned low.

Obara’s hands went to her pussy and hooked her fingers into her inner seam and pulled her wet clutching fuck hole open to Cersei. Cersei stared down with green eyes dark now with fuck hunger. Cersei licked her lips unconsciously watching Obara’s cunt pulse and clutch before her. The red open pit so wet with the inner whorls pulsing with Obara’s breathing. For a minute Cersei stared down at Obara as Cersei’s hands stroked all over her own body hedonistically stroking her now sweaty flesh.

“Masturbate for me” Cersei told her simply. Cersei followed her own command. Obara watched Cersei slowly move her right hand down her belly in sensual circles. First, the fingers swirled over Cersei’s cunny up and down making Cersei whimper. She coated her fingers with her slimy cum and started to circle her clit. Cersei gasped her pussy rotating up into her masturbating fingers. Cersei’s eyes became heavily lidded. Her breathing starting to get ragged.

Obara watched Cersei slowly sink two fingers up her twat and started to pump them in and out slowly. In and out with slow strokes Cersei fucked her cunt deeply. Her eyes slit and then shut as she pumped her fingers deep into her cunny. Her head spasmed on a stiff neck as Cersei whimpered in rising aching pleasure. Obara watched the long digits quickly soaked in slimy cunt slime to the third knuckles.

Obara followed suite. Her left hand found her left tit and began to roughly massage it with her strong fingers. Her right hand made a slow languid trip down her palpating belly. The fingers traveling slow stroking her heated flesh. Then the fingers found her swollen gash. The long digits running up and down her slit and rubbing over her swollen bud. The sweet friction gagging Obara with self-induced hedonistic pleasure. Her eyelids heavily lidded with lust as her pussy flowed heavily sweet creamy fuck juice she spread on her mound and clit to aid her now slippery fingertips in masturbatory cunt.

Cersei’s left hand went to her soft breast and roughly massaged them rolling them in her hand compressing and squeezing hard. “Oh gods, yes! Ohnnng gods . . . yessss!” Cersei whimpered her fingers sliding in and out her greasy fuck hole and her other hand now pulling and squeezing her nipples hard. Cersei roughly pulled on her thick dark crinkly nipples making Cersei cry out in ecstasy. Her head jerked back as she cried out in raw hedonistic pleasure “Unngggg hhhnnn hhngggg . . . oh Obara what you do to me … fuck yourself baby.”

Obara had sunk two fingers into her pussy and fucked herself deeply. Her fingers jacking in deep and hard into her tight slippery fuck hole. The inner petals gripping tight on the long slender digits ramming in hard. Obara’s knuckles pounding her mound as she fucked herself. She pulled her fingers out to circle and rub over clit making it slick with fresh dollops of cum. Obara loved seeing her fingers soaked in her own creamy snail snot.

Her pussy jerked up helplessly into her masturbating fingers. Her clit jangled as she stroked it and pushed into with her wet fingers. She worked back and forth fucking her cunt and rolling and rubbing her clit. Her other hand had gripped her left tit roughly and pulled it up and gripped hard to contort the udder back so Obara could tilt her head forward hard. Her mouth attaching to her nipple
and sucking hard her nipple on fire with shocking pulses of pleasure that started to pulse to her clit.

“Godsdamn! I wish I could do that!” Cersei moaned slamming her fingers hard up into her slurping twat that had cum hanging off her labia lips swinging in creamy strands before breaking off and flinging down to the wooden floor. Cum trickling down her muscled thighs in rivulets. Cersei’s cunt made wet slurry sounds. Cersei’s left hand rotated over her small soft tits grinding them into her ribcage. Her nipples dragged and rubbed by the sweaty palm.

Obara sucked on her nipples in turn moving her hand to roughly massage her swollen tits and stuff a turgid nipple in her mouth cantering her tit back to her greedy sucking mouth her cheeks hollowing out with her hedonistic sucks and her tongue rasping her engorged teat. Obara’s head lifting with her greedy sucks. Her other hand now harpooned fucked her sloppy wet snatch. Her pussy sloshing as it was fucked hard. The shock of her hammering hand into her mound shocking her clit.

Obara smiled at Cersei sucking harder on her nipples with cheek hollowing sucks showing her tongue giggling her engorged tits. Cersei growled loudly fucking herself harder in wanton slutty need. The two feeding off each other’s masturbating for their mate. Obara had moved to circling and jerking over her clit in turn making her gasp on the nipples she was sucking. Cersei was shaking now as she fucked her twat with piston strokes of her long fingers. Both woman groaning as they scaled the ladder of ecstasy.

Cersei was now slam fucking her cunt with three fingers. Milky cum now coating the fingers thickly as she rose to orgasm after only two minutes of this intense fuck stretching out her quim. Her slimy cum wicking down her forearm and running down it in trickles. Her body hitched folding her torso down at twenty to thirty degrees and then jerking upright as ecstasy hammered though her veins. Her left hand now was forking her clit to squeeze it out its hood and then jerking it wildly with cum slicked fingers. Her right hand pounding her fuck hole her cunt spasming and splattering with flooding fuck juice.

Cersei’s body began to jerk forward hard as she gasped. Her legs flexing to keep her steady. Cersei knew how to masturbate hitting all her sweet spots regularly for Obara as she jerked off for her wife. They often sat facing each other on the bed jerking off to soul screaming orgasms. "Ohhhgnnnm sweet gods!" she moaned softly through gritted teeth her face contorting with searing ecstasy. "Ohhhnnnnnn!" Cersei moaned. "Ohhhnnnnn . . . oh sweet seven gods!" Her body began to jerk harder her hair getting sweaty jerked lankly by her sweaty breast.

Obara saw her sweet sand snake change the angle of her right hand and began to harpoon her fingers hard and furious into her g-spot. “Ooowwwgggggg!” Cersei cried out slam fucking her now sloshing cunt. Her head thrashed as her pussy made wet splattering noises like a child splashing in a pool. Cersei’s breathing now deep and ragged. Cersei buried her fingers in her twat and wildly vibrated them over her g-spot. The fingers rasping over the spongy hillock. Cersei’s left hand blurred hitting her clit fast and furious with her sideswiping fingers.

Obara groaned hard seeing Cersei soul rocked by her exploding cunt tearing itself inside out. Cersei’s face had a sudden shocked look. Her mouth fell wide open and she screamed "AARRUUUUNGGGGGG! Auungghh! .., ohhhh unngg unngg oh fuuuucckkk OOWWNNGGGHHIIIEEEEEE! UUNNGGGMNNIIIEEEEEE! UUNNGGGMMMMMMMMMNNIIIEEEEEE!" Cersei screamed her face torn apart by pleasure so intense it was agony. Her body convulsed so hard as her now watery cunt exploded again and again sending out hot spraying droplets of cum erupting out her gushing cunt. Cersei’s body snapped violently forward and back her strong legs corded as she convulsed. Her stomach turned into a washboard with her dire spasms.
Cersei staggered and sagged to her knees still convulsing. “Aarruungggggg! Huunnggggggg! Hhhhnnggggg!” she cried out her body still cumming as sweat filmed her body and beaded together and run down her body. Obara had dropped her tit and now pulled her cunt open.

Still hitching with devastating aftershocks Cersei folded down to her ass on her legs and mashed her face forward and buried it in Obara’s hot red wet seam. She moaned loudly her mouth already working her wife’s slimy cunt seam and licking hotly. Her head jerking roughly up and down as aftershocks ripped through her body. Cersei’s shaky hands came up to grip Obara’s hips weakly as her face slashed and ripped with strong aftershocks.

Obara loved the rough jerks of Cersei’s mouth on her cunt as the aftershocks oh so slowly died away in Cersei’s body. Her cum seemed to quickly revive Cersei who hungrily buried her face deep in her wife’s vulva wildly licking and down over Obara’s raspberry sized clit lashing it hungrily. Cersei sucked on the juicy pink nubbin with feverish love sucks. Cersei gripped Obara’s hips to anchor herself as she began to deep throat suck on Obara’s clit her head lifting with the force of her love sucks.

Obara cried out with pleasure feeling Cersei suck her clit into her mouth and roll the hard nubbin. Cersei sucked rhythmically as she giggled and polished the sweet nodule with fast swipes of her tongue. Cersei looked up at Obara with pure love and the need to feast of sodden gash. The blonde beauty groaned, snuffled and mewled devouring her slut’s womanhood. Cersei’s head pumped up stretching out Obara’s trim. Obara cried out in ecstasy seeing her cunt meat stretched up an inch all wet and red. Her wet folds sucked out her brown slit and labia lips.

Cersei sucked with fevered long wet love sucks. Her mouth rolling the clit in her mouth her tongue tormenting he hard nubbin. Her hands gripped tight to Obara’s hips to anchor her body down as she devoured the sweetest dish on this mortal coil. Cersei then licked up and down Obara’s slit sucking in and rolling sweet labia lips. The lips rolled in Cersei’s mouth and stretched out. For a minute Cersei tormented the sweet slimy lips sucked into her mouth. Then she was back at Obara’s clit. The hard clit sucked deep into Cersei’s mouth and love tormented.

Cersei’s right hand came up and started to pull and twist Obara’s nipples sending her to the moon with pleasure bolts that gagged Obara with ecstasy. Cersei gripped Obara’s hip with her left hand her mouth feasting on red gash now tongue fucking her wife’s honey hole spearing her tongue in deep and sucking out mouthfuls of steaming cum she gleefully swallowed with loud gulps.

Cersei slow tongue fucked her wife’s quim and then speeded up her love rhythm till her head was like a hammer slamming down into her wife’s mound. Her nose hammering her sweet sand snake’s clit with her maniacal head thrusts hammering her tongue deep into her wife’s cougie that sucked and gripped her tongue in hot pulses. Cersei kept looking up gauging the ecstasy tearing at Obara’s face and feeling the spasms of her body.

From nowhere Obara’s cunt exploded with no build up. Her hips surged up off the sofa as her mouth screamed in agonizing ecstasy “GGGGGOOODDDSSDDDDDAAMMNNNNNN! AAARRUUUUNNGGGGGGGGGG! Obara shrieked feeling her womb rupture and then rip to shreds deep in her belly. “AAAWWWOOOGGGGGG! Hhuunnggg hnnnggg ohohoh Uuuuuunngggghhhiiieeeeeeee! Mmmnnngggghhieeeeeeee!” Obara wailed her body convulsed and shook violently. Her body slammed back into the sofa again and again her body now soaked in sweat. Cersei had mashed her face into Obara’s cunt her tongue buried deep in the exploding fuck hole. Cersei groaned swallowing mouthfuls of sweet hot cum gushing out the well fucked fuck hole.

Obara went limp leaning back into the sofa her body jerking with strong aftershocks. She mewled shaking her head to get sweaty lank hair off her face. She was gasping. Cersei pulled her head back
and brought up her right hand. She knew her sweet Obara so well now. Obara had more cum to give her.

She forked and rubbed her wife’s clit with a circular motion with her left hand and her right hand now pumping two fingers into her wife’s hot fuck hole. Obara’s eyes had been slit but now shot wide open. Obara felt her cunt already spasming again. Her cunt hungry for more pleasure. Cersei had a dreamy look on her face with her eyes slit watching her wife rise higher and higher. Sensing Obara’s orgasm was already rapidly forming in Obara’s belly she stuffed a third finger in her wife’s cunt stretching her out. Her hand began to hammer the dark brown mound rippling and compressing it with her hard strokes of pure love.

Cersei moved her mouth up to suck Obara’s clit deep into her mouth. Her left hand now pressing down on Obara’s lower belly putting direct pressure on her spasming womb with down jerks of her fingertips angled into Obara’s lower belly. Cersei setup a circular motion with her mouth on Obara’s clit as she sucked deeply on the sweet clit. Cersei moaned sucking on the hard nodule that she rolled with her tongue when she was not slapping it with her wet tongue. She gave Obara’s clit deep harsh long deep throat love sucks her cheeks dimpling in showing her tongue slapping and gigging the diamond hard piece of heaven.

Obara leaned back as she wiggled her ass on the sofa with her legs spread wide like a Lysian whore. Her hips rotating her swollen gash up into Cersei’s hot sucking mouth. Cersei’s right forearm a piston slam fucking the spasming tight fuck channel she harpooned fucked with her three fingers slamming into the exploding couchie hard and deep repeatedly. Obara’s body began to quake violently and then Obara’s womb exploded again deep in her belly. She flipped and jackknife almost violently on the sofa her cunt ramming up into Cersei’s hot sucking mouth.

Obara’s hands gripped and throttled her wildly rolling and swirling tits on her chest. "AAAAWWWOOOGGGGGG! AARRUUUNNGGGGGGGGGG! Hhnnnn hhnnggg hhnnggg AAAAAWWWOOOGGGGGGGGGGGG!" Obara shrieked as her womb tore out her cunt in convulsive ripping spasms. "Ungghhmggniiieeee! Auuungghiieee! Uunnggg uungg hhhhnnn … Aaannngghhuummngnn! Auunghhhh! Oh . . . gods!" Obara cried out, her face torn with rapture as the full shock of her orgasm hit her. "Ungghhmmiiieeee! Oh! Uggghhh! Oh! Oh!" Her body flipped up and slapped down on the sofa again and again as rapture tore at her sweet voluptuous body and Cersei made obscene hot noises drinking down her gushes of hot cum. The excess soaking Cersei’s face and running down her throat.

Obara was in heaven feeling each hard clench and jolt of her orgasm. That had been the start of their nightly marathon sex bout of giving and taking pleasure like only women can pleasure another woman. They took turns going down on each other devouring sopping wet pussy and making each other scream. In the middle they drank water and then tribbed with first Cersei on her back her legs spread and Obara straddling her wet quim with her drooling clam shell. One leg pressed on the sofa back and her other foot on the floor her knee jacked into the sofa.

She wildly humped her wife’s cunt their lips mashed and pulled as their lubricated cunts rubbed furiously. Obara could feel their pussies lubricating thickly smearing cum into each other’s quims. Back and forth Obara jerked her hips and Cersei rotated up in perfect synch pulping their mounds into each other. Clits jacking over each other. The sudden rubbing of their clits scalding each woman with fucking bliss. They grunted and groaned deep in their chests as Obara pulled Cersei’s legs against her torso to anchor her humping. Her heavy tits whiplashed and flipped into each other with her hard humping.

Her body angled up Obara watched her wife instinctually swirl her hips to mash and jack their cunts into each other. Their lips mashed and stretched as they humped into each other. Their bodies
undulating like snakes as they jammed runny cunnies hard into each other soaking the sofa beneath their striving pussies.

Cersei own smaller softer doves flipped up and back on her supine body and would then swirl with change of angles before again whipping up and down wildly. They had screamed so sweetly in mutual orgasms as cunts gushed and soaked its mate in hot snail snot. Both women breathing in ragged gulps while their bodies convulsed with body shaking spasms of pure fucking bliss. Cersei had sat up slowly and pushed Obara back onto her back and reversed the trib humping her twat down into Obara’s love aching cunt.

The groins, bellies and upper thighs soaked in cum and sweat. Their greasy cunts humped furiously in pure love. Their labia lips pulled and stretched. Their cunt lips and rigid clits slicing up and down wet grooves and into each other as shocking ecstasy filled their bodies. Cersei was spraying spittle with her wild humping through her gritted teeth. Cersei grunting like a sow in heat working her body forward and back riding her swollen cunt over Obara’s up humping mound.

Cersei’s sweat soaked hair plastered all over her face throat and upper chest. Her eyes wild with fuck hunger. Cersei had pulled Obara’s right folded leg up against her ribs and synched tight to her ribs as an anchor. The grip nailing Obara down so Cersei could wildly sweep her pussy up and down Obara’s swollen cum slime soaked vulva.

Cersei was jamming down so hard trying to pry her pussy deep into Obara’s vulva driving her insane with pleasure. Cersei head thrashed wildly sweat flinging freely. Her small tits whipping up and down and slapping so hard on her sweaty chest. Her thick crinkly dark brown teats so engorged. Her tits whipping up off her chest and slapping down hard. Cersei had at first hated her moderately sagging breast but Obara had convinced her sweet lover how she loved Cersei’s soft titties and pale stretch marks. She proved this by sucking them for hours and jerking Cersei off as she tried to suck her tits down her throat as she cummed so hard.

They again had simultaneous orgasms with much wailing and flipping bodies. Obara was in rapture feeling the two of them in perfect sync. Both women surging forward to grind exploding couchies into their mate to increase the friction and pressure on their mate’s exploding trim. Then Cersei got on the sofa beside Obara and urged her to mount Cersei in sixty-nine. Obara smiled. Even in top mode Cersei wanted to be on the bottom of a sixty-nine. She always wanted to feel Obara’s weight pressing her down onto the bed or now sofa.

They were now snuffling hard and hot eating each other out. Cersei gripped Obara’s ass to lift her head and drive her tongue hard and deep into Obara’s red wet open cunt. Her tongue probing so deep with strong strokes. Then Cersei glued her mouth to Obara’s love box and sucked in mouthfuls of cunt meat and nosily munched on the slimy fold before again tongue fucking. Then moving her head down to siphon in Obara’s clit hanging out its hood all engorged. Her hard harsh sucks shocking Obara with ecstasy.

Obara was sucking happily on Cersei’s clit. She would suck in all of all Cersei’s upper cunt meat and roll the sweet trim around in her mouth for lots of happy tongue slaps and rolling around on her tongue. Then she licked down the slimy trench sucking on slimy labia lips before hammering her own head to tongue fuck a wet love box.

They had been in sixty-nine for ten minutes with so much sweet pussy gobbling. Now Obara felt the tension again twisting so deep in her belly. She was harshly sucking on Cersei’s clit and stabbing it hard with her tongue and then harsh short sucking it back and forth but she had to cease. The pleasure Cersei was pummeling her with her talented mouth robbed Obara the ability to control her mouth. Obara rested her forehead on Cersei’s left inner thigh that was all sweaty and cum soaked.
Cersei had her hands clawed in Obara’s ass cheeks lifting her head high off the sofa her mouth glued to Obara’s fuck hole sucking hot and giving short hard jerks of her head to spear her tongue deep into her wife’s tight hot honey hole. Obara groaned hard feeling her twat grip Cersei’s long tongue fucking her so good. Cersei’s chin hammering her clit as her tongue fucked Obara. Cersei’s fingers roughly massaging Obara’s ample taunt ass cheeks. Her fingers sinking in deep and roughly jerking the firm ass cheeks.

“Oh shit!” Obara gasped feeling her face jam into Cersei’s leg. “Ooohhh unngg ungg … oh Cersei here it cums … oohhh unngg unngg yessss—OOOOWWGGGGGGG! AAAWWOOGGGGGGGG! FFUUCCKKKKK! … hhnnng hhngg oohhhh—shitttttt. Obara’s body flipped up and slapped down hard on Cersei’s supine body. Cersei loved it. Cersei now ran her hands up Obara’s sweat soaked body to press Obara’s flipping body down into hers. The fingers spread out to hold the voluptuous body of her woman tight to her body. Cersei had told Obara many times she loved feeling Obara’s tits mashed into her belly. Obara felt her cunt explode again and again tearing itself inside out with scalding bliss. “Mmnggmmnnggeee! Mmmnhhhiiieeeee!” Obara shrieked as molten cum lava broiled her cunt in ecstacy.

When she finally recovered she bent her had back down and tried to suck Cersei’s clit down her throat. She was so soon rewarded with her divine ministrations on sweet swollen cunt meat. "Nnggmmnnggee! Uunnggghhiiieeeeee! Uunnggghhhiiieeeeee!” Cersei whinnied helplessly, straining and squirming as Obara tried to suck her clit down her throat. “Unhh . . . unh! Oh! Oh gods . . . anngghiieee!” Cersei cried out, her body coiling and erupting sharply in her wrenching orgasm. "Ungghh! Oh! Oh gooddssdddammmmmm! Arrunnggghhhnnnnn! Aungghiieee!” she cried out, coming exuberantly, her beautiful face torn with ecstacy.

When Cersei had recovered partially, Obara sat up. It was time to take their fucking to the museum proper to initiate the second part of her plan to accomplish two more goals. She was working to get Cersei more comfortable with fucking in places other than what she considered safe sanctuaries like their home or officer’s sauna.

They had fucked behind the doors of the main curators. Now it was time to fuck in the open of the museum. She pulled up Cersei who was complaint all happy with her last orgasm. She pulled Cersei along behind her back down the hallway to the museum. Obara loving the look of Cersei with her hair and body soaked in sweat. The blonde beauty’s hair all disheveled and hanging limp with sweat or plastered to Cersei’s sweaty body.

“You are going to fuck me in the museum aren’t you?” There was humor in Cersei’s voice and not trepidation. Obara smiled great big at the tone. Yes! Cersei was loosening up!

“Yes. I want to fuck you off sitting on a display of something old and pretty. It’s hot to fuck in public places Cersei. Anyways the museum is shut down. It’s just us” she told Cersei though she knew that was not the truth. It was only a little lie that would help to free her sweet slut from her prudish past.

“Isn’t it time for the changing of the honor guard.” Cersei had as good an internal clock. It seemed Cersei was good at so many things now Obara thought. Obara turned to her sweetie.

“Pleaseeeeee Cersei. Let me suck you off and fuck you in the museum baby!”

Cersei smiled at her. “I can never deny you anything in the end my sweet.” Obara beamed. Cersei smiled at her with a smile so full of love it made Obara’s own heart go pitter-patter in her chest. Yes in the end she would open up Cersei’s world to all the pleasures that sex can give a woman. She had to just take it in stages to liberate her lover from her restrictive upbringing.
They reentered the museum. Two women covered in sweat and cum walking hand in hand. Cersei whipped Obara round and pulled her tight to her body and mated their bodies tight. Cersei’s small titties smothered by Obara’s full rounded tits. Their bodies finding the other’s groove between legs. Wet pussies mashed into hard thighs and compressed. They started to hump with hot fuck hunger. Their wet pussies easily gliding up and down sweaty and cum slicked legs. They worked their hips to grind sodden quims against legs gagging in helpless pleasure. Their green and dark brown eyes searching their mates. A hot throbbing current of love flowing between them.

Their mouths found each other opening immediately to let their tongues find each other. Their tongues wetly twining and slithering even before mouths found each other and mated tight. They stumbled around sweeping wet twats against hard muscled thighs as their breast mashed into each other with engorged teats poking and dragging over sweaty tits. Their sweaty bellies mated to slip and slide against each other’s sweaty stomachs. Their bodies undulating together in perfect sync.

They snogged deeply as their loud groans filled the room. Obara had her tongue deep in Cersei’s mouth. Their coiled tongues twined and flipping around in Cersei’s mouth. Obara chuffed at the sweet slippery sensations of their mated tongues wrestling. Then, suddenly, Cersei released her tongue and sucked her lips tight to Obara’s long tongue. Up and down Obara’s tongue Cersei sucked on her tongue. Cersei’s lips glued tight to Obara’s tongue as Cersei gave Obara’s tongue hot sucking head.

Obara squealed in raw aching pleasure that arched straight to her clit. The old saying was true. Kissing was upper persuasion to lower invasion. Obara groaned deep in her chest. Having her tongue sucked was a major turn on to the warrior. The soft squeeze of Cersei’s sensual lips going up and down her tongue was melting the Sand Snake’s fuck hole that drooled love snot over her shaved mound and now down her legs.

Cersei slow walked them to a pillar that had a case against it and raised her hands to Obara’s ribs and easily pulled her up to sit down on the thick glass top. Obara’s cum and sweaty ass streaking the glass. Cersei hooked her foot beneath a bench stool used by little kids to get elevation to see down into the case from the top. Cersei got on her knees on the stool. She got her weight centered and lowered her body. Cersei no longer cared gripping Obara’s hips and bent down mashing her face deep into Obara’s wet engorged cunt. Cersei settled down on the bench leaning to mash her face harder and deeper into the muffin she was devouring. Obara’s head rocked back seeing her vulva swallow Cersei’s beautiful mouth and it bulged showing Cersei’s tongue raking up and down her gooey slit.

The MILF worked her mouth up and down Obara’s leaking clamshell. She raked her tongue along the length of Obara’s slit and at the top slapped and speared her love’s hard clit nubbin teased out its sheath. Cersei mashing her mouth in locking on the shiny morsel and sucking voraciously on the clit. Her deep throat love sucks filling Obara’s clit with hot friction making the daughter of Oberyn cry out in shocking pleasure. Cersei wiggled her head moaning drinking down her wife’s sweet creamy cum leaking out her wife’s cunt in a hot slow running river of sweet manna from the supposed gods.

Cersei rocked her head tongue raking the engorged clit and pumping her head as she gave it long ragged deep throat sucks filling the clit in her mouth with hot friction and suction. The motion of the blond woman’s head pumping in and out stretched and tented the slimy wet cunt meat sucked deep into her mouth. The trim all wet and glistening with fuck juice. Now Cersei worked her head in a tight circle letting her tongue rake over Obara’s hot hard clit.
She slowly wormed two of her long fingers into Obara’s hot tight cunt. The long digits working through the inner folds and whorls. Cersei moaned feeling the slippery tight heat on her fingers and Obara’s cum slavering her fingers and now running down her wrist soaking it. She pumped Obara’s fuck hole hard and deep for a few delicious minutes. Then Cersei worked in a third finger into Obara’s cunt pumping in hard and fast. Then on the back stroke slow and sensual before slamming in hard and deep. The rhythm repeated over and over. Cersei moaned so hard feeling the heat and tightness of Obara’s juicy quim.

Cersei was so lost she did not see or hear the change of the guard. She was devouring Obara’s couchie with total focus her vision on Obara’s cunt and belly. Then she let her eyes travel. She glanced up seeing not only Obara’s sweat dripping face that slashed with ecstasy but three other young women. Cersei was not frightened but was still startled her face rising up several inches above Obara’s open red slit. Cersei’s face soaked in Obara’s snail snot and running down Cersei’s throat. Two were identical sisters that were about to graduate the Academy proper but would be coming back for advance officer training having proved their mettle for higher command.

They were Ellisha and Clarysse Ashford of the House Manwoody with its standard of a skull with a gold crown on a black background. They were short and drop dead gorgeous with full bosom and wide hips and strong legs and shoulders. Their jet black hair down to the middle of their ears. Cersei eyed them. A soft slutty smile came over Cersei face making Obara’s soul soar.

First Cersei removed her fingers from Obara’s tight greasy fuck hole and feed them to Obara who moaned hard sucking on the long digits. The cadets gasped at the hot show. Cersei now lowered her mouth and latched onto Obara’s cunt hole and sucked a mouthful of sweet cunt meat and happily munched away slithering her tongue deep into paradise.

The three teenagers watching were visibly turned on by Cersei’s slutty performance. Their eyes glittering watching the blonde beauty bury her face in pussy and happily munch away making obscene wet snuffling and sucking noises. Obara smiled around Cersei’s fingers she slowly cleaned of her own sweet fuck juice.

Cersei was being watched by women she only knew casually. Cersei hummed as she pumped her head stretching out Obara’s sweet pussy and then jerked her head back. Obara’s cunt meat snapped out her mouth and whiplashed back down to her mound. Obara shrieked out her pleasure. Cersei chased the sodden trim and sucked it in again rotating her head before jerking her head back snapping out the stretched cum soaked cunt meat out her mouth. Cersei chasing her sweet meal and burying her face in Obara’s cunt to suck in the sweet slimy clt and slit lips to munch and then snap out her mouth.

Obara crying out in helpless pleasure hard jolts rocking her sweet brown voluptuous body. Then Cersei stopped snapping Obara’s pussy out her lips and went back to only tenting up Obara’s cum soaked cunt meat for all to see. Obara looked at her slut Cersei and the cadets staring intently at the obscene show Cersei was deliberately giving them. Cersei rotating her head to pull and stretch out Obara’s juicy quim.

Cersei was putting on a hot slutty show for her small audience. An audience staring with hot lustful eyes and elevated breathing.

Now, Cersei went back to jacking Obara’s cunt out her hot sucking mouth. Cersei again jerked her head up higher and jacked Obara’s cunt meat out through hers lips. Obara’s sodden trim whiplashed back down into her vulva. Obara shrieked in raw pleasure. “Hhhrrssllpp ssslurrrippp hhrurruuuppp ssuurrrllllppp hhrrrssllllppp!” Cersei made obscene sucking noises sucking Obara’s cunt meat and clit back into her mouth. She resumed up jerking her head to stretch out the labia lips and clitoral hood.
in her hot sucking mouth. Cersei tormenting the sweet clamshell meat with repeated back jerks of her head tenting out Obara’s soaked red cunt meat. Only then jerking her head back to snap out her mouth the sodden cunt lips and shiny clit. Her head chasing the sweet cunt meat down and again siphoning back into her mouth.

Through her delirium of pleasure Obara, she knew Cersei was putting on a show for the three teenagers. This new willingness to be an exhibitionist by Cersei made Obara’s heart soar. Cersei was shedding her prudish ways!

Cersei now went to licking Obara’s clit. The former Queen lifting her head to let her audience observe her long tongue sliding over and flicking the shiny clit sucked out its sheath. Then lowering her head to suck in all of Obara’s upper pussy into her mouth and sucking with wet slobbery sucks. Her cheeks showing her tongue gigging and polishing the raspberry sized clit she rolled around in her mouth. Then lifting her head again enough to let her audience and Obara see her tongue lashing and licking down hard up and over Obara’s wet jutting up shiny clit.

Cersei slowly wormed three fingers into Obara’s pussy and started a slow sensual love stroke that had Obara’s body hitching and jolting with ecstasy. Cersei slowly picked up her rhythm with her fingers and the viciousness of her intense love sucks on Obara’s clit. Cersei made sure to angle her body for the next several minutes so the three girls could easily watch her fuck Obara.

Cersei sucked feverishly on the hard nubbin that was in her mouth. Her cheeks hollowing out with deep throat love sucks. The three teenagers smiled down at Cersei as she now slam fucked Obara’s cunt that slurped and squelched with the piston strokes of Cersei’s fingers plunging into Obara’s cunt hard and deep. They watched as Cersei lifted her head and flat licked her tongue over Obara’s rigid clit.

“Oh Cersei—yyessssssss suck me baby suck me in front of these sweet young lasses. Show them what a slut you are. Unnnggg uuummmmm uunngggggg!” Obara cried out with Cersei now hammering her head in and out spearing her tongue hard against her throbbing clit. Cersei reached up with her left hand to press her index and middle finger into Obara’s vulva on each side of Obara’s clit. Cersei pulled her fingers out pulling all the folds down and away from Obara’s clit totally exposing it. Cersei now inhaled Obara’s clt into her mouth and sucked with voracious deep throat love sucks.

Cersei glanced around looking for the identical twins’ protégé. She smiled into the cunt she was eating seeing Kiyara Taler move in closer to watch Cersei devouring Obara’s drooling clamshell The girl she had saved from her tormentor five months ago on the steps leading up to the balcony of the commandant’s quarters.

Cersei could see she had lost weight and toned up considerably. She looked ravishing and now stood tall and confident and no longer looked meek. Cersei was very happy to see that.

Ellisha spoke “I see your wife is finally loosening up Obara.” She chuckled. “My sister and I are going back to our holdfast to spend a few months with our parents and family. Then we will sail to Braavos and see the Titan and explore the old Free City. There we will honeymoon and have a ceremony with the Priestesses of the Moon Goddess and bind our souls together sister to sister and wife to wife. We will be back for the Summer session to start our post graduate studies.”

“We will be in your bed Obara. You said we would. We long to fuck you and Cersei through the long night and into the morning on our day of rest. Kiyara longs to give Cersei her virginity. Please do not make us wait anymore.”

Obara was looking down at Cersei as she continued to attack her pussy. Now Cersei was
hammering her head up and down spearing her rigid throbbing clit. Then Cersei slowed and sucked in Obara’s clit with harsh fast sucks and her head bobbing fast and furious licking her wife’s now diamond hard clit. She had slipped in her little finger to really stretch out Obara’s cunt. Her wedge fuck now slamming fast and furious into the soupy cauldron of Obara’s festering twat. Her hand a hard piston mashing and compressing Obara’s vulva with each had strike of Cersei’s wedge into Obara’s cunt.

Obara gritted her teeth as raw pressure built in her womb and cunny. Her many previous orgasms had taken any edge off and her pussy was only now starting to spasm and clench as the beginnings of a soul crushing orgasm formed deep in her belly. She struggled to hold off her orgasm to enjoy the sweet pleasure Cersei filled her body with. She also was holding off her orgasm to let the three teenage sluts enjoy Cersei’s show and to help them seduce Cersei into fucking the new recruits.

Cersei looked up at the four women staring down at her. It was obvious that the audience was inspiring Cersei while she rammed her wedged in hard and deep into Obara’s drooling clamshell while her mouth sucked like a lamprey on Obara’s clit and upper cunt. Then Cersei went for the love kill.

She flipped her hand over in Obara’s fuck hole to face up slipping out her little finger. With her three fingertips facing up and rammed buried in Obara’s snatch Cersei flexed and jacked them up into Obara’s g-spot with her calloused fingertips. She rubbed it furiously while sucking Obara’s clt deep into her mouth with vacuum love sucks and a hard gigging tongue.

Clarysse spoke to Kiyars “You see that Kiyara she is raking Obara’s g-spot. That spongy hillock we told you about that we will harpoon fuck when Cersei busts your cherry. We will fuck you so good after the Lioness has devoured you to her heart’s content. She will bust your cherry and then take your shithole with her dick and fist. You will be hers first and then ours.”

Kiyars whimpered looking down at the woman she idolized and thanked in her prayers for coming to her aid and installing the confidence in her that she had sadly lacked before. She longed to give Cersei all her fuck holes. To let Cersei make her a woman. The sisters holding off on her deflowering to offer this sweet gift to the Lioness of Dorne. They knew this would engender Cersei to them and allow them access to her sweet hot body for endless nights of sweet debauchery.

“Uunngg mmnnggg oh ssshhiittt uggg!” Obara’s voice scaled up to a shriek of agonized ecstasy. “AARRUUUNGGGGGGG! AAAAAWWOOGOGGGG! Mnnnggiieeeee! Unngghh! Ohnnggg! Ummnggngnngmnniieeee!” Obara wailed screaming into the museum her body surging and flipping, shocked by fierce seizures of ecstasy. Her back lurched forward and slapped back again and again into the pillar her heavy tits whiplashing up and down slapping her sweaty chest. Her ass squirming on the glass as her heels came to rest on Cersei’s lower back kicking with short jerks of her legs.

Cersei relished the pain knowing it was caused by her giving her sweet wife such searing ecstasy. Clarysse spoke to her protégé again “Kiyara, look at Cersei’s little finger jerking so hard—she still’s raking Obara’s g-spot. See Cersei’s head lifting … the force of her deep throat love sucks on Obara’s diamond hard clt sucked deep into her mouth. She is striving to make Obara cum ag—“

Obara’s face seemed to crumple in on itself and her mouth opened wide to scream the purest ecstasy that only a woman can give another woman “FFFFUUUCCKKKKKKK! OOOOWGGGGGGGGGGGGG! OWWWNNNGGGGGG!” her body flipped wildly and jackknifed so hard making her heavy tits flip up off her chest and slap down again and again as pulverizing ecstasy hammered her voluptuous body. “hhnnn hhnnng hhnnng Unngghhoomwwnngg! Unngghhhiieeeeee! Mnnnnngghhiieeeeee! Unngghh!” Obara moaned, twisting violently.

Finally, her orgasm began to wane leaving a stunned and drooling sand snake dripping sweat off her
beautiful body and her lower belly down to her knees soaked in her sweet slimy cum. Cersei released her love suck on Obara’s clit and now gently lathed swollen cunny and spent clit gently. She looked up at the visitors. She hummed and moaned licking up the thick dollops of cum oozing out Obara’s slack cunt hole all wet and distended from its hard orgasm.

Then Cersei lifted her head a little further. She made direct eye contact with Kiyara. “I will be waiting for your return to me Kiyara. I will take your cherry and bust you ass wide open. You will suck your ass off my dick and love it my sweet slut. Then you will suck me off again and again. You will fuck me bowlegged with your strap-on dick in all my holes. You will finish me off late into the night by ramming your fist up my ass to the elbow as I scream myself hoarse with the scalding orgasms you give me. I will relish you smearing my shit juice all over my face and then licking it off with your sweet long tongue.” The sweet teenager nearly swooned and had to be supported by the sisters.

Obara smiled great big. Her Cersei was awesome. What a beautiful soliloquy! Kiyara would be counting the minutes till her deflowering and the sweet fucks that would follow! Over many nights!

“Come on Kiyara. We need to get on duty station. When we return from our honeymoon we will take you to Cersei and Obara for your deflowering. Then you will move in with us and we will further your education in lovemaking and leadership. We will fuck you within an inch of your life every night as you will help each of us make the other scream and cum all night long.”

“Then on the next break at the Academy we will travel to Braavos and there we will marry you.” Kiyara moaned with a beatific smile on her face.

They guided the love struck freshman teenager out of the museum to take up their stations.

Obara was not worried about their future coming true. Cersei’s words said it all. Cersei always kept her word. If she had not wanted to participate in the promised debauchery she would have said it. Cersei was still blunt in her opinions and desires. Fortunately, for Obara, Cersei’s burning desire was Obara and then achieving her dream of taking up the sword. Obara lazily smiled down at Cersei who was still tonguing her spent cunt and licking up sweet cum off her belly and inner thighs.

After a few minutes, Obara felt recovered enough that her legs could support her weight. She slide off the case and helped her sweet lioness get up on the sweat and cum slicked glass and settle back. She then spent ten minutes devouring her wife’s sweet hot plump camel toe. She focused all her oral and digital skills on her wife’s twat taking her to the edge of paradise several times and then backing off to torment her sweet lioness. Obara needed to give as good as she received.

Now she was deep throat sucking Cersei’s clit with her rocking head. This allowed her to tongue lash the diamond hard pea sized clit. Her two fingers twisting as she slammed them home into the burbling sloshing cauldron that was Cersei’s splattering twat. She loved the feel of Cersei’s cunt gripping her pumping fingers but now they were clenching her fingers in a wet slimy velvet glove that spasmed violently with hot wet squeezes.

Cersei’s screams filled the museum echoing off the walls and reverberating to join the new wails of screaming bliss ripped from the former Lannister’s throat. Cersei convulsed and flipped wildly as horrific spasms ripped through her lovely beautiful body. Obara sensed another orgasm was on the edge of blossoming. She released her love suck on Cersei’s clit and wrapped her left arm around Cersei’s thigh and pelvis.

She timed it perfectly and started to rub Cersei’s clit hard and fast and angled the fingers of her right hand to hit the spongy hillock that was the paradise of a woman’s g-spot. She loved the feel of the raspy hillock harpooned by her slamming fingers compressing and mashing into the spongy nerve
bundle. Cersei simply exploded. Her screams so loud and sweet. Her body bucked and jolted and then went rigid her legs shooting straight out and spasming stiff. Her arms spread eagled with her fingers clawed. Loud shrieks of soul crushing ecstasy peeled in the enclosed walls. Cersei screamed full throated screams of scorching bliss as her body convulsed with full body spasms of searing bliss.

Her screams made Cersei’s voice raw and hoarse. Now her throat whimpered out helpless whinnies and caws as her throat corded up tight the tendons standing out so rigid and stiff threatening to snap apart in her throat. Her eyes were wide open but unseeing as drool ran down her chin and cheeks and hard convulsions ripped through her now rigid stiff body making her legs kick up in helpless spasms of fucking bliss. Her stomach corded up to rippled muscles that flexed and contracted with each hard seizure of fierce cumming. Obara kept rubbing Cersei’s clit and g-spot furiously prolonging Cersei’s orgasms.

Finally, Cersei gripped Obara’s hands and stilled them pushing them back. Obara smiled. Her woman was spent. Her cunt worn out. She felt so full of pride and love for her woman. She jumped up on the case plopping down on her ass beside her sweet wife. Cersei was still hitching hard with aftershocks and gently weeping tears running down her cheeks.

Obara pulled Cersei to her voluptuous body and cooed to Cersei as her body hitched and jacked with hard aftershocks for a full minute as she cried. Obara relished the feel of Cersei’s sweaty body pressed against hers and the hard hitches rocking Cersei’s lithesome frame. “I love you Obara. Gods I love you with my whole heart. Always love me baby. I’ll die without you.”

“You have me now and forever my sweet warrior. My body and soul are yours. We may share passion and pleasure with others but only with each other will we love with both body and soul. You are mine Cersei. Period.”

Cersei wiggled and cooed snuggling into her lover and dozed off for a few minutes murmuring “I love you” softly at random times that made Obara smile.

Obara enjoyed the snuggle time but after five minutes she wanted to try and get Cersei to see sense. She slowly pulled away from Cersei who frowned and mewed softly and clutched Obara to her. Cersei was now as strong as ten men it felt like with her iron grip but she let Obara escape her grasp as she whined. She never used her strength against Obara. Only using enough strength to give Obara the hard loving sex she craved and to pick up Obara and carry her to bed often when she was desperate to fuck her sweet sand snake which fortunately was most of the time.

She pulled a grousing drowsy Cersei off the display case of rare coins and pulled her along behind her to the stand that had the Sword of Morning. The sword’s brilliant sharp edge visible even in the dim light of the wicked back lanterns hanging from hooks on the pillars.

They both spent a minute looking at the famous sword of the House of Dayne. “Take it Cersei. Take the sword it is yours. My father has told me the prophecy of the “Lion” who will come to lay claim to the sword of House Dayne. Take it.”

Cersei looked at the sword and then at her wife. She started laughing. Laughing really hard.

That was not what Obara was looking for. She fumed at her wife not taking her entreaty seriously.

“I’m serious Cersei! You are the one.”

Cersei laughed for another minute folding over before she finally got a grip on herself. “Obara. You faith in me is heartwarming and I will fuck you again because of it but pleaseeeeee … I’m no warrior of prophecy … hell I haven’t touched a real fucking sword yet. Myrion says it is not time yet.”
“Fuck him. My father says you already have the knowledge in you. Take it.”

“Obara, I am not going to toast my hand. I like having two hands. We all know what will happen if I touch that sword. I don’t really have any desire for it. I just want to be a warrior and be your wife. That is enough for me.”

“A most wise answer Cersei Lannister or is Cersei Sand Snake.” A high scaled voice called out from the inky shadows of the museum. A voice on the far side of the circular museum.

Cersei whipped around gripping Obara and putting her wife behind her. Obara tried to get beside her but her grip on her arm easily controlled her.

“Let me beside you damnit!”

“Behind me Obara” Cersei barked. She would protect her wife at all cost.

Obara started to fume. Gods she hated Cersei when she used her strength against her and put herself in danger to protect her. She was a Sand Snake!

A young man with curly hair appeared from the shadows. He was tall and slender and had grey eyes that seemed to be mocking them though his demeanor was easy going and non-threatening.

“Who are you?” Cersei snarled on the balls of her feet. Obara was worried they had no weapons! She heard a low barking murmuring in the shadows. How had he gotten in here through the guard out front? How had he gotten dogs past the guards too!

“I am the door. The portal, the key but also the lock.” The late teenager by his appearance answered enigmatically. He walked forward with an easy grace. He was dressed in a simple blouse top and trousers belted with a thin leather belt. His feet were unshod.

“Cut the shit! How in the hell did you get in here! Answer me!” Cersei snarled her body tense. She was ready to take her full might to this stranger intruder. The boy looked at them with pure insolence. “Don’t force me to beat the living shit out of you!” Cersei snarled at the curly headed youth.

“You could try” the youth sighed. “Such manners. So be it. I am Amok.”

“You are not of Dorne” Obara called out. He was pale and had curly light brown hair that was not of Dorne heritage.

“I have no lineage Obara Sand. I was created again long ago to be the Door and at the same time the Lock. I have wondered the world since. I am the door to the Earthroots but I am aware of many other doors now. Doors I cannot close but can warn of. Earthpower is dying in this world. Without it other doors are opening. In the high mountains of the deserts of Dorne the Ichor of Faery is once more in phase with the world.”

“That is only a legend” Obara called out to the youth.

He cocked an eyebrow. Before their eyes what had been a young slender man suddenly morphed into an eight foot tall monstrosity. It had six feet and seemed to be nothing but a head with a large mouth that was circular. The body six feet in height and its six legs only two feet long. The mouth filled the body and had eyes blinking around the edge of the edge of the mouth and the outer limit of the body. It had razor sharp teeth pointing inward that oozed a green ichor. The foul creature had arms protruding out its body all around the circumference the size of a boys arm. The hands gasping and constantly jerking towards the horrible mouth.
The beast suddenly started to run forward.

Cersei released Obara and stepped forward as Obara started to run up beside her wife to help her fight. The beast rushed forward screaming a dreadful scream of rage and hunger. The beast was upon them in an instant and both women braced for impact.

But none came and behind them they heard scornful laughing. The two women whipped around. How had this Amok gotten behind them? He moved like lightning. Their heads looked all around. Obara grasped that Amok had again transformed himself. No longer was there a monster in the museum. Had it ever been there? How had Amok changed himself into that monster and back so quickly and easily? Obara thought wildly. What was this Amok?

The youth cocked his head. “Let me explain. Jinn have drunk from the Ichor. I have just shown you one manifestation of one such change. They have corrupted themselves. The door is open and can never be fully closed again. When Earthpower is restored by the Dragon, Direwolf and the Scribe it can be controlled but never closed again.”

“I have come to prepare the Lion for her coming travails. I have spoken to the Lord of Revelstone. She was most cross I fear but I made her see sense. She will soon talk to the Direwolf of Winterfell to prepare him.”

Cersei snorted and then chortled “I keep telling Obara and Oberyn I am not this Lion. I am a Lioness if anything. Wrong sex buddy.”

“So wise and humble. In most realities you never find yourself. You die alone and unremarked. Your death is celebrated.”

Cersei blanched. Obara launched herself at the youth for attacking her sweet wife! “Fuck you!”

She somehow missed the youth and went stumbling past him.

He sighed again. “I said most realities. Not this one. She is alive and well Sand Snake.”

Obara moved back to Cersei. Both women regarded him coolly shoulder to shoulder.

“I come to prepare not to lock.”

The murmuring that Obara had heard suddenly became loud raucous barking. She tensed as did Cersei. Strange beings stepped out from the shadows. They were about the height of a small man with long arms and legs that would allow these creatures to run on all fours if they desired. They had midnight black skin. They had heads but with no eyes and their triangular ears were on top of their heads. They had slits for mouths and razor sharp short teeth. Their faces filled with large fleshy nostrils that breathed wetly and seemed to shift and sniff the very air for information.

“These are the Ur-viles of Valyria. They have come to make atonement for past crimes. They seek restitution from the Wraiths of Andelain. Together they will do a deed for you Cersei Sand.”

There was one creature taller than the rest and it had a stave in one hand that glowed red hot on one end. There was at least thirty more of the beasts behind it all bunched tight behind their leader in a wedge formation. These creatures also had staves but they glowed with no manifestation of power. They were trembling and nervously moving their heads around smelling around. The two women understanding that these creatures ‘saw’ with their sense of smell.

Obara started to hear clear pure chimes of the most beautiful music she had ever heard. The music put her at ease. She and Cersei gasped at the same time. From the ventilation slats at the top of the
museum and the open windows small flame creatures the size of the palm of her hand came into the museum swaying yellow and orange with beautiful hints of red and blue glimmering from within their depths. Their soft light filling the museum with a warm glow that made the face smile and the body feel alive and gay. The lights kept streaming in. They seemed to waver and shiver with unseen delight. The flames moving in graceful movements that made the soul exhale in happiness and comfort.

The Ur-viles as one fell to their knees and barked loudly in raucous discord. They seemed to be wailing.

“What are they doing?” Cersei shouted to the youth

“They are begging for forgiveness for their Discretion of the Dance of the Wraiths of Andelain on the dark of the moon on the middle night of spring. It is a sad tale. Once the Wraiths had started their dance they could not stop till it was done,”

As Amok spoke these Wraiths continued to flit into the museum through the open apertures. More and more of these Wraiths continued to come in through the windows and vents in streams. The golden lights floated and bobbed around in the air all around the museum. The lights everywhere now. The museum took on a glowing ambience. The warm yellow glow with reddish highlights filled the large circular expanse.

The youth continued his narration “The Ur-viles attacked them then killing and eating many. Many were slaughtered. Many survived but their numbers were ghastly diminished. Their numbers were only restored when Thomas Covenant and Linden Avery fed them from their White Gold rings. New Wraiths were born where none should have been able.”

The Ur-viles were trembling wildly. The wraiths started to form rings that pulsed around the museum. Obara watched the rings started to rotate slowly. The rings rotated with seeming random dipping and rising. To the observer the rings seeming independent of each other and yet they morphed and flowed among each other in patterns that combined and phased through each other.

The circles were random and yet just beyond the edge of consciousness the two women knew there was a sublime pattern being performed before them. They were witnessing the perfection of nature before their very eyes. The circles moving at various speeds and some cantered at angles off horizontal. The rings concentric and evolving as the wraiths moved from circle to circle when near each other without ever breaking the perfect harmony of their dance. A wheel dipped down and started to touch the Ur-viles as they wailed in happiness at being forgiven.

The flames traveling from Ur-vile to Ur-vile almost like a kiss. The Ur-viles wailing. The Wraiths without fear dancing all over each Ur-vile showing no fear of being attacked and consumed. The Ur-viles somehow seemed reverent to Obara in their quivering bodies.

Obara saw it first. Three circles titled at different angles had started to dance over and across the Sword of Morning making it start to glow and pulse like the Star from which it was named. The wheels changed angles and now they touched Cersei too. More and more these Wraiths entered the museum till it seemed the air was alive with them. The new Wraiths of Andelain either joining existing rings seamlessly or forming up new rings to join the rotating dances occurring in the museum.

Minute after minute the dance continued on in its infinite beauty.

Cersei was now covered in the tinkling flames her face filled with wonder as the Wraiths danced all over her body. A few parted from Cersei and danced on Obara’s midnight hair. The Ur-viles rose
as one and the lead one took its stave and gripped it in the middle touched the butt of the stave to the Sword of Dayne and the red hot tip it placed on Cersei’s forehead. Cersei was not afraid mesmerized by this strange dance and display of atonement.

She did not flinch and was not hurt. For the next five minutes no one moved as more circles were formed and danced in patterns that remained just beyond comprehension. The circles spinning around the large circular room always changing size, angle and speed. Interlocking and interflowing and always in motion with pure melodic harmony filling the room.

Wraiths dancing along the Stave of the Ur-vile linking the Sword of Dayne to the woman from Casterly Rock.

Then the Wraiths started to waft back out the openings they had arrived in.

Amok watched the proceedings without any hint of sarcasm on his face. Even he seemed enthralled by what he was seeing. Finally, the youth spoke up. “I am the door. I have allowed the Wraiths of Andelain to travel from Andelain to Westeros. They are returning to their home in that hallowed land. Feel privileged Obara and Cersei Sand Snake. You have seen the Dance of the Wraiths of Andelain on the middle night of spring on the dark of the moon.”

“But it is not that time” Obara answered.

The youth smiled. “I am the door. I can open it to any time I choose. Much as the Ranyhyn can. For the first time in over fifty thousand years the dance has been performed. Much was healed this night.”

He smiled at them with his first true genuine smile. “Let the sword cure Cersei. Obara be true and be by her side in her travails. You two have much to fight and contest with.”

The two naked women hugged each other.

Amok looked at them. He was unfazed by their nudity. Such things meant nothing to Amok. “One last thing. You will need an ally. Find the Direwolf that has no pack. She will aid you. She has been alone long enough. She will join a pack at last. She will fight it but your love will guide her. She has grown mighty. It is time for her exile to end.”

With that the youth backed up into the shadows followed by the Ur-viles. The Wraiths were gone. Soon the shadows were their only companions.

They both turned to look at the sword of Dayne. Obara felt vindicated. Soon her wife would be the one prophesized.

Cersei hugged her tightly. She seemed unfazed by what she had seen or been told. Obara loved how grounded her wife had become.

“I wonder what your little brother would think of this. You know how he has been betting against you since you arrived in Dorne Cersei.”

Cersei turned to look at her. An evil glint came to her eyes. “Yes. I think it is time I exacted my righteous revenge.”

Tyrion
Tyrion tapped the blotter on his desk in his quarters of the Hand in the Tower of the Hand. He looked around at the ornate furniture and thought again of his good fortune.

He could not believe how well he was doing in this life. He was honored and respected (well mostly). He had power and was a valuable tool for the Great Breaker of Chains.

He was the Hand. It still surprised him sometimes to find himself in that post. He was truly humbled to be chosen by Dany to fill that august post. He looked down at the pin on his chest and his little chest swelled with pride. He was arguably the most powerful person in the realm second only to the Queen herself.

All respected him. Then a sour look came over his face. Memories came to him that cast dross on his happy thoughts. Some persons seemed to fail to recognize his greatness!

Yesterday morning he had spotted Lady Alysanne Bulwer and Lady Alyce Graceford rushing by him in great haste in the Red Keep. They seemed almost breathless as they hurried by holding hands with interlocked fingers like lovers do. He smiled. The Queen had made them feel safe with her decrees that all were to respect their rights to live as they saw fit. They never harmed anyone and were always pleasant.

Olenna made sure that they were protected and safe. Still, Tyrion thought it was his duty to make sure that these virtuous women were protected. He walked behind them at a safe distance to spy—he meant watch over them keeping them safe. They walked on giggling and swinging their arms in sync gaily. They were soon outside in the courtyard. He followed at safe distance guarding them. It was a dangerous task he knew but he was indeed a valiant knight Tyrion thought with an evil glint in his eyes. If he got his rocks off too it was wages for his noble services.

He soon saw that their destination was the Godswood. That was strange. They would be followers of the seven faced god. They entered into it giggling still. Kings Landing was populated with persons who worshiped the new gods and not the old golds of the First People.

He milled around the entrance to the Godswood. It was more of a park really without even a Weirwood in its environs Tyrion thought to himself. He looked around but saw no one else even approaching the stand of trees. He paced back and forth for several minutes to protect the lovely young lasses. And to give them time he thought with a lascivious glint to his eye.

Lady Alysanna had long straight blond hair and a medium build with nice high firm breasts. Her ass filling out any dress she wore. She had deep blue eyes and a heart shaped face made for kisses.

Lady Alyce was also of medium build but had curly brown hair and small breast and slender hips. She was litesome and had deep brown eyes like many in the land of Hightower had. She was always giggling and her large eyes made one think of innocence. The sparrows reported she was ravenous for pussy and loved to be in DP and TP fucks with lots of ATM and A2P. What a sweet depraved slut—I mean sweet princess Tyrion thought.

Looks could be most deceiving. Damnit he was still waiting to see those hens use those strap-ons on each other. It was must unfair. Gods that must be so hot seeing those sand and wood filled leather cocks slamming hard and deep up into tight teenage pussy and ass.

Tyrion was having to walk stiff legged with his raging boner. Time for some nice voyeur debauchery Tyrion deduced. He walked into the Godswood slowly looking around the bends of the paths that were in the little park. The low shrubs lining the paths were of perfect height for his stature. His head came up to just the top of the hedges. He was of perfect height to do his sleuthing undetected. Protecting fair maidens was dangerous work he reasoned.
Sometimes it paid to be a dwarf.

He was getting close to the pot of gold. He could now hear the sounds of sweet nubile female flesh partaking of Sapphic delights. Low groans and whimpers of raw pleasure were now sighing across the leaves of the trees and shrubs. Tyron stealthily approached closer to the damsels. Their vocalizations clearly told the intrepid dwarf they were in distress. He would guard them as they fornicated so sweetly.

He first looked all around again. For the life of him, Tyrion could not figure out how Olenna kept such close tabs on him. The woman had a hellish sixth sense when it came to robbing Tyrion of his just right of getting his rocks off! It infuriated him and inspired him to keep on trying to spy on the hens and have his damn hen party damnit!

His neck was getting a kink in it with his constant turning of his head attempting to find that damn old coot Olenna. He seemed to be safe though as he thoroughly examined his surroundings. He saw no signs of his infernal nemesis. He would start to look at the hens but again turn his head again to check his environs but the dastardly Olenna was nowhere to be seen. He finally determined all was safe.

He stuck his head around the next bend of the path. His face just visible past the hedge of azaleas. His stealth had been reward! There before him was sweet lesbian debauchery.

He saw Lady Alyce with her back to a maple tree. She was nude as was the sweet Lady Alysanna. They had both shucked off their dresses like snakes molting their skin. The Lady Alysanna was on her knees which rested on the cast off dresses. She was leaned in and her head tilted back as she mashed her sweet angelic face into Lady Alyce muff. The Lady Alysanna had her face buried deep in Lady Alyce’s camel toe her head rocking as she lashed the seventeen year old’s slit and clit.

Lady Alyce sweet innocent face was slashed with shocking pleasure as her sweet voice cried out in half strangled cries of ecstasy. Her hands were clawed into Lady’s Alysanna’s flowing gold locks grinding her lover’s face even deeper and harder into her love aching muffin. Lady Alysanna latched onto Lady Alyce’s clit like a famished Lamprey and sucked with long hungry deep throat love sucks. Her dimpled cheeks showed her voracious sucks and her tongue gigging the sweet lass’s shiny clit.

Lady Alyce was rotating her cunt hungrily up into the blond haired goddesses face driving it back with the force of her humping. The brunette’s head began to jerk from side to side as she chuffed out and groaned deep in her chest. Her face filmed with perspiration that was beginning to bead and run down her face. Her face seemed to freeze up with agony and then she was screaming now not caring who heard as her body convulsed and thrashed as a lovely orgasm destroyed her sweet teenage body. Tyrion could see excess slimy cum running down the Lady Alysanna’s cheeks and throat.

Tyrion was just getting into it. He reached for the strings to his trousers.

Suddenly, his head was twisted down as his ear was pinched and twisted. “Ooowwww … aaaaaaaaaiiiiiii let go let go—eeeeiiiiii” Tyrion bleated as he was pulled back around the edge of the shrub.

NO! Tyrion whined to himself. How? How? His mind screamed at him. Again Olenna had appeared from seemingly nowhere to deprive him of his rightful viewing of sweet lesbian debauchery. Worse, she was currently again filling his mighty august personage with pain! Damn the damn woman. Olenna was small and yet had the fucking strength of a warrior. A warrior now trying to twist his fucking ear off!
He suspicions were confirmed as to who his tormentor was seeing her small dainty shoes. He tried to stomp on said feet. The woman was too quick for him. “Damnit Olenna—oowwwwww let go damnit.” He was jerked back up the path his head kept down by Olenna’s constant jerks on his ear.

His head twisted down by Olenna’s painful grip on his ear allowed Tyrion to see the two nubile lasses. They stared at him with humor in their eyes. They both waved to him as he was jerked cruelly back down the path. Fucking bitches! They should be coming to his aid! He was the Hand of the Queen godsdamnit! They should throw down their lives for his sake. Like he would for theirs … that stopped that line of reasoning. Let’s not get carried away here Tyrion thought through his agony and distress.

“Damnit Olenna I was guarding the sweet innocents from being spied upon.”

The elder woman of the House of Tyrell snorted. “Only you could say something like that Tyrion and have it sound almost reasonable.”

She pulled him up the path further keeping him back so his kicks and swatting hands missed their mark. Tyrion was angry and confused how a woman more than four decades older than himself could be so fucking strong and quick footed. Her jerks on his ear felt like she would tear his ear off! Her feet moved like weasels they were so fast avoiding his desperate foot stomps.

Finally she released him. “You are a pervert you know.”

Tyrion glared up at Olenna. “Are you shitting me Olenna?!” Tyrion snarled at his nemesis. He rubbed his ear that felt like it might fall off. Damn the witch for her cruelty to an innocent dwarf! Tyrion stormed to himself. Verbally he spat at his nemesis “This coming from the woman who is boffing two sweet teenagers herself every night. You have moved them into your bed Olenna and that is not counting the other stable hands, cooks, maids, seamstresses, garden hands, wash hands, and need I go. If it walks and is female you are trying to get your beak and claw into these lasses. Hell, who aren’t you fucking? And you are still boffing the occasional male I might add.”

Tyrion was exaggerating but who cared when you were at war with your only true equal.

Olenna in her turn glared down at the dwarf. “You know you can’t stop exaggerating can you Tyrion. First it was about the size of your cock. Then the lie about actually pleasuring a woman and lastly that you are my equal. Ha!”

Tyrion flipped off the old coot. He mumbled under his breath that Olenna would get hers.

“What was that Tyrion? I will have you know my hearing is quite good.”

Tyrion had to agree. Olenna’s hearing, vision and reactions had gotten markedly better of late. What the hell was she eating! He meant beside pussy and cock. Whatever it was it was doing wonders for the old bat.

“And I will have you know Tyrion that the parents of Jasline and Nathaleya were more than happy to have their daughters move in with me after I gave them each a rather large dowry. I brought all their clothes and things they had from their childhood into my suite. They are most appreciative of my largess. They fuck me throughout the night. I am glad I am now fucking women. They have the stamina to keep up with me. I feel revitalized

Tyrion noted that Olenna was indeed looking fit and full of vigor. He swore her wrinkles were not as deep and some of the fine lines around her eyes and mouth were not visible now. He swore that the waddle underneath her throat was nowhere as pronounced. The skin on her throat and chest
almost had a healthy spotless glow to it. What beauty regimen was she using he wondered. He had heard of the seaweed from Ling could produce miracles.

“Yes Tyrion. Having two eager teenage girls offering me their pussies each night makes me feel twenty-five years younger. I assure you I am no pillow queen. I wear my mouth out sucking them off and tongue fucking their sweet assholes before I take my strap-on to them. Then I offer my body to their mouths, fingers and fists. Then if they want I surrender my body to their strap-ons fucking all my holes in tandem ramming dicks up my cunt and ass and feeding me ATM and doing A2P. I offered you that once. Too late now.”

Tyrion fumed his cock a raging boner as they entered the Red Keep. He was not sure why but Olenna was looking younger by the week and she was becoming one fine hot hussy. Damnit! He wanted to pork her!

Olenna gave him glowing accounts of last night’s debauchery and how this morning an Oleaf from the stables had pounds her cunt and then ass so good when he visited her in the meeting room on the third floor and pumped her womb full of hot sperm twice. It seemed that Olenna was a ravenous insatiable slut who was getting plenty of pussy and cock. It made Tyrion fume!

Tyrion had serious blue balls from the cunt by the time they entered the small meeting room behind the Small Council chambers. They wanted to make sure that they spoke with one voice before the Small Council and when they gave audience to the petitioners who came before the throne.

Tyrion actually liked Olenna though he would never admit it. He was attracted to anyone that had great intelligence and knew how to play the Game of Thrones. Olenna was very shrewd and calculating. She was every bit as capable as Varys with her network of Moths and able to piece the big picture together from small dispirit fragments. Her insights shrewd and her ability to discern complicated patterns and deduce the correct path was almost the equal of his own Tyrion thought.

She had the Queen’s best interest at heart Tyrion knew. She had no desire to try and usurp the throne. Varys and he had their own informants and they had detected no duplicity in Olenna. She seemed to fully accept as did Tyrion and Varys that a greater power and strength than theirs had arrived on the shores of Westeros. That force was Daenerys Targaryen.

She was the dragon reborn and they willingly knelt before her. They would serve her and in the process increase their own power and prestige under the safety of her sheltering wings.

They discussed the major matters that would be coming up in the Small Council meeting. The Iron Islands were being resistive yet again it was reported. Varys sparrows and Olenna’s moths had much to say as more reports had come in since the last meeting two days ago.

The Iron Bank had established a permanent presence it seemed at court. They had sent a new emissary, a beautiful buxom blond. Vorolana Foryl who was thirty-two and in the prime of her life. She had a perfect heart shaped face. The woman had a nice ass and small bosom. She had steel grey eyes and sharp features.

According to Varys who had good contacts within the Iron Bank she was a rising star and a super sharp mind. She had cleaned up the mess in Volantis when the Bank of the Black Wall almost went under giving out sub-prime loans in the last housing bubble. When it burst it threatened to ruin the economies of the southern Free Cities. Vorolana had gone in and taken the problem in hand folding weaker banks into the stronger ones and giving the funding to recapitalize the major banks especially the Black Wall. She restored confidence and the economies survived.

She was reputed to be in line to take over as their leader known as the “Prime Lender”.
Olenna and Tyrion reasoned that they were sending their best because whatever they wanted from Arya it must be very important. The woman had come into Court two weeks ago bearing the gift of one percent of the forgiving of debts still owed. With the size of the debt it helped. They had reduced the amount owed to the debt substantially with the “correcting” of books and removing of fraudulent accounting errors that the Iron Bank refused to acknowledge but allowed the new entries to be made. Thus, proving the fraud of their books.

There was another reason she was sent Olenna and Varys reported to Tyrion. She had asked for the position. She seemed to have her sights on Sansa Stark and Margaery Tyrell. She had a thing for tall red heads. Word had gotten back to Vorolana of Sansa Stark it seemed and she had deduced that the Queen would be moving the Stark high princess to King’s Landing.

It seemed the spies of the Iron Bank had reported back that particular union. It had caught the woman’s attention in the process.

Tyrion wondered about that. Margaery had enough women on her plate with Sansa Stark scoffing down her pussy every night and a whole room full of hens in waiting for her at Kings Landing. Olenna reported that Sansa planned on marrying them all when she arrived at King’s Landing.

Damn that hussy! Tyrion gasped to himself. She is taking all the freaking royal lesbians for herself! The greed! The avarice! I want to watch!

Tyrion’s father had sent more ravens vociferously complaining about the unfair treatment he was receiving. He strenuously complained of the wrongs done his House with the unfair cancelling of so many of the loans he had given the realm. He resented the burden he was put under protecting House Tyrell and having to watch the Iron Islands with his fleets.

He complained bitterly at the treatment that his children had heaped upon his person. He made it clear he held the Queen accountable for allowing his son to marry into a lower house and take their name. He said it was unnatural what his daughter was doing in Dorne and wanted her marriage to Obara Sand Snake annulled. He wanted Cersei sent back to Casterly Rock so he could marry her off to a proper man of a Major House.

His last scroll demanded yet again that Tyrion be relieved of his duties as the Hand and have him sent back to Casterly Rock “in chains if necessary” to have him take up his royal duties if Jamie refused his duty.

“My children have all shamed me. I demand justice!”

Olenna looked up at Tyrion after rereading Tywin’s latest diatribe. “Such a sweet man. How did you and your siblings survive him and how did you keep from killing him.”

Tyrion chuckled. “Believe me Olenna I have dreamed of putting a crossbow bolt into his guts many a night.” Tyrion paused musing on his and his siblings growing up on Casterly Rock. “I think growing up like I did ridiculed and outright reviled by my sister made me the compassionate man I am today.”

Olenna cocked an eyebrow. He just noticed it had more than a hint of black in them. He had never noticed that before. In fact he swore he saw some dark strands of hair in Olenna’s loose flowing locks. No bun for Olenna anymore Tyrion saw.

“Yes I am a pervert Olenna but I do not try to hurt anyone and I try to look out for the common good. Can you say the same?”
He noticed that Olenna looked away. He supposed they all had skeletons in their closets. The skeleton of Tysha rattled loudly in his closet at night when the winds were blowing hard.

“I am a pervert. Was it solely because of my lack of upbringing … I don’t know.” He smiled. “I like to think I just know how to have fun. Fun someone is denying me! I might add!”

Olenna chuckled and said nothing.

“Jamie and Cersei probably sought each other out seeking love where there was none in our house. Unfortunately for them, they were both extremely selfish and narcissistic. When Jamie started to grow beyond that he could no longer love Cersei. Plus, he told me how it killed him to have Robert fuck her and Cersei just thought nothing of it. It was her duty she told Jamie. He hated that.”

“I am happy he found Brienne and I am happy that Cersei found Obara. Never would have pictured her as a rug muncher.”

“You know if Cersei ever finds out how you betted against her every step of the way and predicted her failure her rage will be a frightful thing Tyrion. All reports say she could tear you apart with her hands now. She has become unnaturally strong. Though with Obara she is as gentle as a lamb. She destroys anyone who dares crosses or insults her. She has killed four men for it. Thankfully, Oberyn has used his influence to sway the judges. They were of low account anyways.”

Tyrion tried to not show it but he blanched. He turned away to not let Olenna see the naked fear on his face. Damn. Varys sparrows had not reported Cersei committing any murders. His own spies made Cersei sound like a fucking bunny rabbit. All Cersei wanted to do was train and cuddle with Obara. That was before Cersei nearly fucked Obara comatose every night. This new news about Cersei was frightening.

Thus, he did not see the mirth on Olenna’s face. Her eyes alight with evil merriment. He missed the smirk that crossed Olenna’s face at his consternation. When he had control over his face again he turned back around. Olenna had her bland poker face back on.

Gods he needed to get to his bodyguards and have them around him all the time! His sister had become a true lioness. She was always cruel and now she had the raw strength to actually do him in herself.

He looked around shivering in raw fear. He needed his bodyguards!

They went to the Small Council Chambers to meet their fellow members. All were seated around waiting for them. The council had settled into a well-oiled mechanism which Tyrion was thankful for. Dany had set the ground work so that when she left to go to war he and Olenna could manage the working of court till she returned.

They turned to Lysono Saan and plumbed him again about the new Iron Bank representative Vorolana Foryl. The man did not know her personally but knew of her reputation. He knew her family which was very powerful in Braavos. Two generations past her grandfather had been Sea Lord till he had an unfortunate accident stepping out of his tub and twisting his neck nearly ninety degrees around. It had been most distressing. He had crossed some Lord or other and had paid the price.

The life expectancy of a Sea Lord was not of the greatest longevity.

She was highly regarded and noted for being as honest as one could be in her line of profession. She was remarkably calm under pressure and did not seem vindictive though that could be a veneer.
When you had the House of Black and White at your beck and call one could never be too sure about the true situation.

Solaja Xo had returned to the table. She had went out to sea with another flotilla of Swan ships that had arrived a month ago. She had lead them south. Out at sea, Solaja Xo had met a flotilla of ships from Tryell and formed a picket of ships between the Island of Arbor and the port of Sunflower Hall. The smaller triremes and biremes were patrolling close to shore and near the Island of Arbor while the Swan ships patrolled the deeper waters. There would be no surprise raid of the Iron ships hitting unprotected ports in Dome.

Solaja had made sure the pickets were properly setup and a rotation set to let the crews go to shore and relax for a few days after two weeks at sea to keep their sharpness to a razor’s edge. She was confident that her ships could repel the much smaller long ships of the Iron Islands. She had put a few squadrons of biremes with the Swan ships to provide flanking guard and to blunt any swarm attack till the archers of the Swan ships from their great height advantage could decimate the attacking ships crews or keep them under cover till grappling lines could be thrown and a boarding done to kill them up close and personal.

Satisfied she had returned to King’s Landing in the lead Swan Ship which remained in port in case she was needed anywhere out on the oceans. It was doubted since this war was going to be primarily a land campaign.

She had become quite happy and smiling since marrying Chataya and Alayaya. She spent most of her evenings in their establishment. She freely partook of the whores that loved fucking her and the two madams. When not there she had them in her quarters. Solaja had become quite domesticated and happy. Tyrion was happy for her.

Tyrion called for the sullen representative of Slavers Bay attention. Draqhiz zo Gazno of Yunkai gave Tyrion his polite attention. Since his bearding from the hand of Daenerys Targaryen he had learned to keep his tongue and most vile looks to himself. He now brooded primarily.

“Many of the artisans that Daenerys is using in the defense of this realm come from your lands. They are helping to make the weapons that will be used to kill her enemies. Also, much of the armor that the forces of Essos are protected with come from former slaves in your cities.”

“Yes.” The young man answered guardedly.

“The Queen has noticed this. Though she has given much aide she feels she can do more. She is sending a ship full of gold, silver and precious stone under heavy guard by Summer Islanders and several newly formed brigades of former slaves. It will dock in Volantis in two weeks. Another ship is headed for Yunkai. This largesse will be used to accelerate even further the rebuilding of the infrastructure damaged or destroyed in the Slave Wars. She also wishes to see the start of the restoration of the pyramids brought down in the major cities. They are a national treasure. The families that have heritage rights to them will have first right of lodging and treasures that have been recovered will be returned to the families.

The man sat stunned. He had never dreamed that the Queen would do such a thing.

Tyrion had not been a fan of this idea of building up her former enemies. Daenerys had thought it a good idea to give the former slave holders a boon while she was at war. Their sudden return of some wealth and status would keep any thoughts of sedition at bay and would hopefully start to build bridges of trust.

He and Olenna had been buying back looted treasures for this purpose.
The man was choked up and thanked them profusely.

“Let your family and close associates know how you were instrumental in accomplishing this largesse from the Queen.”

The man nodded with a pleased look on his face. His stock in his homeland had gone up immeasurably and he would now have a new found loyalty to the Queen of Westeros and Essos.

They talked of the progress they had made with the Iron Bank. When they gave the debt reduction from the lending of Arya Stark’s services to the books the throne would be in such a better position. The Master of Laws Micud Caudill and Master of Coin Vedad Softic had worked tirelessly and long hours going over contracts and accounting books finally getting a true picture of the debt the Iron Throne had to its lenders.

The amount of debt had been staggering. What had been more staggering was the graft and outright fraud they had discovered. Removing that alone had reduced debts by ten percent. Dear Daddy’s theft had taken away another six percent of debt.

The debt with the Iron bank had been reduced by further four percent when they had been shown all the questionable and fraudulent accounts and transactions. They of course had plead ignorance and innocence. They gave the reduction to show “good faith”. It sickened Tyrion the avarice of bankers. They never seemed to have enough. Their greed legendary and deserved he was discovering first hand.

His father’s demands and pleadings had largely fallen on deaf ears now. Tywin Lannister could not seem to understand that giving the same account over and over again numbed the ears to it. Tyrion could not help but smile at the rolled eyes when Grand Maester Harsch Lape read the latest scroll from his dear father. He loved the rolling of eyes and minds clearly drifting off. When one did not fear their father the man was really just a mean spirited asshole.

Varys got up to give his latest warbles from his sparrows and tapping on the spider webs around the realm. The news was actually mundane from the realm. That was good from Tyrion viewpoint. A boring realm was an easy to rule realm.

This allowed Tyrion to again mull over his “hen” problem. For the life of him Tyrion could not figure out how Olenna was thwarting his efforts. Tyrion prided himself on his craftiness and ability to out guile his opponent. He had tried everything but Olenna was always one step ahead of him in his efforts to setup a voyeuristic party of epic proportions. He would die he thought (not really) after witnessing a night of eight beautiful women fucking their brains out on each other. The more he looked at Septa Nysterica the more he found her delectable.

The gods knew her fellow hens were totally in love with the Septa. He had caught them in pairs or threesomes fucking in one place or the other of the Red Keep. They loved to fuck in public places and see if they could get away with it.

Olenna thwarted too many of his voyeur sessions with a twisted ear or hard kick in the pants that had him squealing in startlement and pain. The various hens had become used to him suddenly appearing in a sudden jump and his loud bleats. They would stop their lesbian debauchery to watch Tyrion run around in circles holding his ass cheeks squealing out curses at Olenna. His face contorted with unholy rage. It was that or seeing the dwarf pulled away by Olenna’s grip on his ear tugging him along behind her like an errant Chihuahua. A whining and cursing Chihuahua.

The dwarf felt rage for the hens at those moments. They clearly saw his sweet personage being heinously attacked by the foul demoness Olenna. His manly shouts of defiance should have brought
them to his aid. Did they do that? *Nooooooo!* All they did was point at him and his plight and
giggle. The nerve! The cowards! The Bitches!

They should have come to his aid no matter the danger. He would have gladly laid his life down for… those … bitches … let’s not get carried away here Tyrion thought to himself. He kept getting
carried away with such thoughts when thinking back on his heinous treatment. The mere thought of
him receiving physical harm had the dwarf’s heart palpating in his manly chest. He found it in his
heart to forgive the cowardly hens. They were hens after all and not the manly man he was.

Tyrion was happy with his spying despite his being ambushed by Olenna way to often … he meant
observing of the various small groupings of hens but that did not satisfy his need for a much bigger
viewing. Olenna was thwarting his viewing pleasure damnit!

He had yet to have a flown blown Hen party. This lack was vexing his sensibilities not to mention
his state of perpetual horniness from not getting his viewing of hen debauchery. His senses had yet
to be rocked by endless lesbian debauchery from eight lust crazed lesbian hens all at one time
feasting on succulent female flesh. *Damn Olenna’s eyes!* He wanted to be able to view sweet
lesbian lust up close without the fear of having the shit scared out of him and his ears felt three feet
long with all the ear pulling the old bitty had done to his ears damnit!

Thankfully, Elinor had said one thousand crowns was high as she would charge Tyrion for his right
to watch up close and wanker off. Even Tyrion had limits on how much he would pay for such a
heavenly night or day of witnessing such sweet lesbian debauchery. Tyrion had nearly gone into
seizures when Elinor told him “We have discussed it Tyrion. With all the effort you have put into
watching us debauch we have decided to give you a trifecta. Three viewings for the price of one!”

Tyrion had died and gone to heaven he knew hearing that pronouncement. He just needed to get
past that old coot Olenna. Damn her eyes for denying him his rights. It wasn’t fair! He just wanted
to birdwatch. *It was an honored hobby damnit!*

His last two efforts at a Hen Party had ended most unfortunately Tyrion fumed only barely one
fourth listening to Varys give his reports. Olenna loved gossip and reports of sexual trysts. Tyrion
did too but this Hen party situation was consuming his thoughts. His mind wondered back to his
most recent debacles in regards to his attempts to Hen watch.

He was sure three and a half week ago his time had arrived. A delegation from Leng had arrived
with dancers, martial artists, cooks, cloth and jewelry makers to show their skills and crafts. They
had also brought along huge men on their feet. The men were of immense girth but they did not
have fat that seemed to be sloppy. They had a firmness to their bodies.

Olenna was enamored with the culture and the looks of the people with their jet black hair and eyes.
All were taken with their glittering almond shaped eyes. Their slender bodies so young and firm.
The women were slender with high breast and their men were like racing dogs all lean muscle and
tendons. Olenna was smitten with the young female dancers.

Yes! Tyrion had thought. Her attentions were definitely drawn to these exotic visitors. He sent
word to Elinor. The Queen had wanted to rehabilitate some of the rooms in the East wing of the Red
Keep for royal guests and for large gatherings. A place to have banquets for up to one hundred
people. It was just beginning to be renovated. The wing had not been in use for three generations
and was mostly forgotten. A nice safe place to have an epic party of lesbian debauchery!

Tyrion could not think of a better way to christen the new rooms.

One banquet room had had plush carpeting put in. Tyrion had large blankets put in to give the hens
a place to fuck without rug burn. Tyrion was considerate that way.

He sent word to Elinor by way of Megga as they passed in the hall and he passed her the message. Several hours later Taena Merryweather passed Tyrion in the hall and another message was passed. Tyrion read it in his chambers of the hand.

The note informed Tyrion that two days hence, Olenna would be hosting a banquet with for Leng delegation starting at noon and then she would go outside to the west inner yard. There she would witness various martial arts being performed and then a dinner while dancers performed traditional Leng dances in silk and with folding fans.

Elinor had written to Tyrion “We can fuck all the day and deep into the night. Bring the one thousand crowns. We will be able to buy a lot of strap-ons, floggers, sweet tasting lubricating oils, whips, canes and clamps for our nipples and pussy lips.”

Oh gods Tyrion thought. These maidens were heaven sent.

Two days later he entered into the room being renovated with a happy smile on his face. He had a bottle of fine wine and a vase of fresh roasted nuts. He had to concentrate to open the door with his gifts for the Hens in his hands. He finally got the door opened and went into the room. Heaven on Earth had arrived! Tyrion thought. Finally, Tyrion had gotten over on Olenna! Life was good! Lost in his reverie of the great voyeur sex he was about to witness Tyrion did not take in his environs.

He was immediately grabbed and hosted high up in the air dropping his wine and nuts. The maidens were not this tall or strong Tyrion thought in terror as his body was roughly manhandled. Their hands had suddenly become large and calloused. He looked around wildly and nearly screamed. His sweet dream had been turned into a nightmare!

The room was filled with the Sumo wrestlers he had observed earlier. Now Tyrion did scream! Repeatedly. How could paradise turn into this perverted hell! The Sumo wrestlers had laid down animal skins and drawn in a large circle on them with chalk. Two of the massive men were currently wrestling. Their brethren were standing around outside the circle laughing and now distributing his vase of nuts. They were all sweaty and drinking their traditional Saki. They poured oil on each other. Rice was being thrown everywhere. Some of the wrestlers doing some kind of duck walk slamming their feet on the floor while the men slapped their chests and top of their legs.

Tyrion spluttered as oil was poured all over him and rice pellets pelted him all over. He looked down his body that had sprouted rice kernels sticking to his oily skin and clothes. He was blinking wildly getting the oil out of his eyes. He was thrown effortlessly through the air. He was snatched out of the air with ease by one of the Sumo wrestlers. Next thing he knew he was pressed between the two striving men. His body buffeted and rolled between immense bodies. His face mashed into fat but firm bellies. His little limbs tried to kick and thrash but were trapped!

Sqqquueeeeee! Sssqquueeeeee! Sqqquueeeeee! Tyrion valiantly squealed. He turned his head to breathe and bellow his mighty command “I’ll have you know I am the Hand of the Queen of Westeros!” All that got Tyrion was being thrown through the air and snatched by a Sumo wrestler across the mat. Again Tyrion was used as buffer between two half-drunk Sumo wrestlers buffeting and half crushing the brave courageous dwarf. Sssqqquueeeeee! Sqqquueeeeee! Sqqqquueeeeee!

For the next fifteen minutes Tyrion was rebounded between surging immense bodies. He was doused again and again with oil and had rice poured over his head as men said prayers. Tyrion spluttered oil out his mouth and spit out rice he was constantly doused with. He tried to run away but he would be snatched up again and was rolled between sweaty oily bodies. One time he almost
made it to the door scurrying between tall Sumo wrestlers legs. His hand had just touched the door lever when he was again snatched up and fitted between two Sumo wrestlers who rubbed bellies rolling a kicking and crying like a baby Tyrion. His body squirting between the large men like a marble.

He was soon Sumo drunk his body slammed into again and again and rolled around between sweaty bodies. He needed to escape. He was down to his short clothes the other garments torn from his body. His body looked like it was covered in white warts with all the rice sticking to his body. Tyrion was sure his beauteous hair was a horrid mess. He feared the rice stuck in it would take root and sprout.

His body shot out between two oily wrestlers like a pea pressed out a pod. A wrestler went to grab him as he ran to throw him back into the ring. Tyrion pointed to his loin cloth and grunted straining pushing down. The wrestlers understood the pantomime. He was allowed to go to the bathroom that was off to the back of the room on the outside wall.

Tyrion waddled to the bathroom door keeping up the charade. He walked clenching his ass cheeks and walking with a straight back to sell him holding in a deuce with manly vigor. As he walked he mouthed prayers to gods he did not believe in. He opened the door.

YES! His prayers had been answered. He would remember to tithe a copper pence to the seven tomorrow. He looked up at his salvation.

He immediately stood on the privy. He opened the lead panes on the small window. Tyrion tried to squeeze out the small window. He was small enough he was sure and his body was soaked in oil which should help him squirt through. But of course he got stuck halfway through with his hips lodged in the window. He felt his feet kicking wildly in the bathroom. There was a pool next to the Red Keep underneath his window he could fall into if he could just get through. He put his palms on the wall and tried to grunt through.

Tyrion was getting desperate. He wiggled like a deranged worm but could not force his way out of the window. He was trapped! He could not take much more of the medicine ball in the middle of the Sumo wrestlers. Thankfully, he saw Bronn and Shae come into view bickering and arguing.

“How did you get up there Dwarf?!” Bronn barked.

Shae added “You look like some deformed chick stuck getting out its egg Tyrion. You should just crawl back in your shell!” she hooted laughing.

“Just get your asses in here and save me damnit!”

“Ho ho dwarf. First confession time!” the mercenary demanded laughing. Tyrion tried to dissemble but Bronn merely cocked an eyebrow. Time was on Bronn’s side and the bodyguard knew it.

Tyrion confessed. He had no choice at the moment. He would have his revenge on his incompetent bodyguard and his whore always by his side just not at the moment. Tyrion had come to think of her as a bodyguard too. She could fuck his assailants to death.

He seethed as for the next minute while he watched the mercenary and whore roll on the paved stones laughing their asses off hearing his tale of woe and misery. Tyrion heard pounding on the
door. “Hurry they’re coming! Help! Help! Squeeeeeeeee Squeeeeeeeee!” Tyrion squealed as the door was slammed open. He hoped he would be stuck in the window but his oiled body squirted fairly easily back through the window when both of his feet were gripped and pulled on hard.

Soon he was back to the human medicine ball between warring Sumo wrestlers. He was near expiring. His mighty fists struck the fat bellies rolling and crushing his mighty warrior body. His blows rebounding off the fat men. How they did not feel his sledgehammer blows Tyrion could not fathom. He had barely the strength to squeal and bleat anymore. He saw his life flashing before his eyes as another dousing of oil and rice ensued.

The door suddenly opened and in stepped a naked Shae. She walked in swishing her hips. Tyrion was between two wrestlers when he dropped to the ground as the wrestlers forget all about him separating to walk over to Shae. Their eyes leering at the whore.

She went over to the oil canisters and picked one up and poured it over her hair and body. Her hair plastered to her body, the ceremonial oil slicked over her hard nipples and soaked her shaved swollen camel toe and down her so tight ass. The Sumo wrestlers moved in around Shae with eyes filled with fuck hunger.

Shae giggled and cupped her breast squeezing them while she swirled her hips shoving her pussy forward and her ass shimming back in a lewd dance of enticement.

Tyrion would have stayed behind to watch but he had enough of the land of Leng. He found it a damnable land! He loved to be the voyeur but not this day. His libido was what had gotten him into this horror show! For now his libido was a forgotten thing. The only thing his mind’s eye could conjure up was fat sumo wrestlers, oil and rice! He had only one thought. Flee! He ran out the door and down the halls in only his loin cloth. His body covered in glistening oil and rice kernels stuck all over his body. He wanted away from this pit of hell!

His body still discombobulated had the poor dwarf lurching around the halls rebounding off walls and display stands of knight’s armor making them rattle. People stopped and stared at the strange sight. Mothers shielding children from the oil soaked, riced covered, loin cloth shod dwarf shambling down the halls in a weaving drunken path. A steady falling away of rice marked Tyrion’s wobbly path.

From his mouth the repeated caw “The horror … the horror … the horror” his eyes vacant as he stumbled down the hall a shell of his mighty self.

Tyrion was too tired to even bitch about it.

He raged at the hens the next day. What the fuck! Elinor explained that half the hens had come down with some kind of food poisoning that had incapacitated them. The hens looked like they had molted. They feared to get Tyrion sick. Tyrion was touched but still! Damn his luck! Somehow he knew Olenna was involved but he knew he would never be able to prove it.

The next night Bronn was pissed with Tyrion and demanded three hundred extra gold crowns.

“What the hell has got you spores in and uproar Bronn?! I was the person being squirted around like a marble between big fat oily men. A sweet dwarf’s body can only take so much abuse damnit! What the fuck is your problem!” Tyrion roared.

It seemed like Shae had enjoyed her time with the wrestlers a little too much and had not returned for over twenty-four hours. Now it was Sumo wrestler this and Sumo wrestler that. Bronn was most displeased. She kept saying that they “boned so well” and “they fucked all my holes so good and
deep—air tight Bronn!” “God their endurance and skills are heavenly.” Shae had fanned herself claiming she had the vapors thinking of the heavenly fucks she had just experienced.

Tyrion did not argue. His body was getting stiff from the buffeting. Ones muscles always hurt worse the second day after. Tomorrow would be the worst Tyrion knew. All his abused muscles ached from their abuse. He was not sure he would have survived much more of the Sumo wrestlers making Tyrion’s body squirt out between them like a damn fucking pea out its pod. Damn Olenna! He shelled out the three hundred gold dragons with much bitching and whining. He had made a show of counting the gold coins. He had tried to chisel his bodyguard out of the last fifty crowns but the fucker counted too well for that! Damn his eyes and counting fingers and toes!

Bronn disposition suddenly became sunny. “I needed the break anyways from the little hussy.” Of course Tyrion thought pissed off. It was amazing what gold did for Bronn’s whiny surely attitude.

The day after the Sumo debacle Olenna asked him if he enjoyed the cultural exchange with the people of Leng. Olenna told Tyrion she found the art of Sumo wrestling to be a thing of beauty of skill and manly adore. “Did you by chance meet these Titans Tyrion?”

Tyrion had stormed off. That was after he had cursed Olenna off to her face and flipped her off again and again. The shit eating grin on Olenna’s face had infuriated the dwarf. By the gods he would have this revenge he swore. The only problem was that he swore this after every defeat from the old crone. Damnit! He wanted to win! But all he did every time he crossed swords with the old bitch was lose! Big time damnit!

With suspicious eyes Tyrion eyed his nemesis. She was definitely looking younger. Had she made an unholy pact with profane demons? Her youth for Tyrion’s torment! He wouldn’t put it past the not so old anymore bitch! With all the torment she was causing Tyrion she would be a babe in a swaddling clothe if she kept up this pace Tyrion fumed.

He kept his bodyguards much closer to him now when he prepared for his next Hen Party. He refused to give up. He had to get over on the old fox eventually!

He finally had another opportunity six days ago. The hens were complaining that they wanted to go on a ride outside. They were tired of being cooped up. They complained they were living in the proverbial chicken coop. Olenna was having an audience with her sister in law and old friends from her youth in the land of Redwyne. Plus, it seemed she had gotten a little carried away with her two minks. She was looking younger for sure but she was suddenly moving very gingerly and rubbing her back while grimacing. A lot.

Varys had made it clear to Tyrion he knew why but thought it best he kept matters of the members of the small council private. “You know. To keep our little intimate group cohesive. We need to be a loving and caring group. I know you agree with me Tyrion.” He had said with a big smirk on his face. He knew Tyrion well.

“Fuck that shit!” had been Tyrion adroit reply. “You are the fucking Whisperer so start whispering damnit!”

Varys had had to be convinced to tell Tyrion of Olenna’s mishap. Tyrion had roared at the eunuch to give him ‘the dirt on that old bitch!’ Varys snickered. Evidently, Olenna was holding up Jasline with her hands on her ass with Jasline’s legs locked around Olenna waist as she ripped her strap-on up Jasline’s pussy while Nathaleyra ripped her cock up Jasline’s tight asshole from behind. The
woman and teenager bending knees to lunge their pricks balls deep up into spasming pussy and clenching asshole. The two women hefting a squealing Jasline up high on their pricks only to slam her groaning body down again and again impaling her fuck holes on thick hard strap-on cocks.

Olenna had staggered away when Jasline went wild in orgasm as her pussy and asshole exploded in shocking orgasms feeding off each other. Jasline’s body had bucked like a bull in a rodeo after it had its balls synched tight Varys reported gleefully. Her kicking body simply went insane as it flipped wildly Varys reported to his Hand. Her gyration had wrenched Olenna’s back. She was definitely moving slow and cautious now Tyrion observed. “My sparrow reports that even a bull rider would have been thrown off the way Jasline’s body bucked and jackknifed.”

Wow Tyrion thought. That old coot and her two teenage lovers sure knew how to fuck! That was his good side. His bad side thought I hope that bitch is hurting big time! How does she keep getting over on me!

The time was perfect Tyrion now decided. Between family visits and her hurting back, surely Olenna would have her attentions distracted. He arranged to meet the hens in one of Robert’s old royal hunting lodges. He had several. He chose the one the deepest in the woods. Elinor signed off it was a go.

He was smart this time. It had taken him a week it seemed to get all the rice out of his hair and other places he did not want to think about. He had Bronn and Shae with him. They left the Red Keep and out King’s Landing. Tyrion had a beatific smile on his face with thoughts of the sweet lesbian debauchery he was about to witness. Finally! Damn Olenna for interfering in his plans of voyeuristic delights.

The slow canter by horse had been pleasant. The air not so cold today. They entered the forest with Tyrion’s head filled with visions of fair young lasses doing unspeakable things to each other. Things he would finally get to witness! He approached the hunting lodge looking all around as they went the four miles into the forest to get to the lodge. Nothing looked amiss. As big as the trees were he saw no Sumo wrestlers hiding behind them. He was still quite traumatized by that heinous event. He kept asking Bronn if all looked safe.

“Damnit Tyrion. Stop asking me that every ten seconds. It is safe out here I tell you!”

The small party went down a curve in the path. Then their goal was in sight finally. The hunting lodge maintained for the enjoyment of the Kings of Westeros. The building well-kept and provisioned. Tyrion saw the eight horses that the girls liked to ride tied to the tether post off to the side. The horses cropping grass in a placid state.

“Yes!” Tyrion exclaimed. Finally. He finally had gotten over on his nemesis Olenna. A Lannister always wins in the end Tyrion crowed to himself. He left Bronn and Shae by the tree line in the small meadow that lay before the well maintained hunting lodge. He had Bronn help him down from his special saddle. His little legs kicking back and forth in his excitement to get to the hunting lodge and paradise on Earth!

“Damnit dwarf! Stop kicking your legs damnit! You’re making me seasick you sawed off runt!”

Finally, Tyrion was on the ground his eyes alight with thoughts of the ribald debaucheries he was about to witness. He went waddling across the glade at a fast clip his legs pumping hard. Finally, all his efforts were about to be rewarded. He climbed the steps up to the front landing. His heart beating hard but not as hard as his cock! He had won! He thought gleefully hurrying to the hunting lodge. He had finally gotten over on his nemesis Olenna. He had won he crowed in his mind.
He ripped open the door. ‘I’m here. Let the lesbian debauchers begin!” He immediately noticed that the curtains were drawn and no fire was in the fire place nor had any lanterns been lit. How strange. What was that?? He sensed motion in the dark shadows but it seemed strange to the dwarf for some reason. Something was not right but he could not place his finger on it. He leaned forward peering into the nebulous mysterious darkness. The sounds seemed both too high and too low for some reason.

His head moved from side to side trying to decipher the deep shadows he witnessed. He saw strange movements within. Something was not right here but Tyrion could not pierce the mystery his senses were reporting to him. Where the hens on all fours for some reason. His head whipped to the left when he sensed motion in that direction.

Bwwookkk! Wook! Wookkk! Bwwookkkk!

What the—Tyrion thought peering into the dark interior. Why hadn’t they opened the shutters, lited the fire in the fireplace and turned up the oil lamps? How was he supposed to see the debauchery in the dark? He was paying good coin to get his onions off! What! He felt a breeze rustle past his head. He looked in that direction but only saw a vague shape disappear into the darkness. Just what in the hell kind of games did these sweet lasses want play at? Tyrion wondered. His head still moving trying to decipher the coded darkness.

Woookkk! Clluucckk! Bwwooookkk! Bwwookkk!

What the hell was that strange sound the intrepid dwarf wondered as he stood on the threshold of the hunting lodge? Tyrion stood just inside the threshold peering into the darkness. He moved in a few steps trying to decipher the mystery presented to him. Were the sweet hens planning some sweet surprise? Why were they chucking like chickens? Then he smiled. They were ‘hens’ after all. Had they decide to let him actually touch them?! Suddenly a furious storm hit Tyrion. He felt something hitting his face and then sharp pecking pain. He turned and ran out of the lodge flapping his arms.

A storm of Bandy roosters and hens pelted out the door after Tyrion. The foul fowl attacking the running and squealing dwarf. They attacked with pecking beaks and slashing claws. Their wings buffeted and confused the valiant dwarf. The assault savage and unremitting driving the brave dwarf back as he bravely retreated only grudgingly giving up ground. His eyes large as he sought a high ground to turn and utterly annihilate these vicious dwarf eating fowl!

“Eeeiiiiiii! Aaaaiiiiiii! Help help!” Tyrion ran around jerking right and left trying to escape the attack of the rabid fowl. He was on the porch slapping at the hateful fowl attacking him. “Bronn! Shae! To me my honorable bodyguards! Perform you valiant duty!”

“Look at his arms flap Bronn” Shae hooted “I think he is about to take flight!”

“Ho ho dwarf!” Bronn hooted. “Show us that warrior you tell us is just below the surface waiting to burst free! Show us the savage Tyrion!” Bronn derisively barked out.

“Help! Help! Eeiieiiii Eeiieiiii!”

“The way to get a maiden to part her thighs is to show her what a warrior you are Tyrion! Fight fight!” Shae shouted to the dwarf.

Tyrion was overwhelmed. The mad dwarf eating fowl were vicious! He made a command decision. Retreat! In his mind, Tyrion heard a manly man calling for a strategic retreat in a rich baritone voice. What Bronn and Shae heard was a high pitched girlish bleat “Aiiiiii eeeiiiiii eeeiiii! Run away! Run away! Aiiiiii eeeiiiiii aaaaaii!” Tyrion flew off the porch bleating and wildly flapping his
arms. The mad fowl flapping wildly rising and falling as they followed Tyrion. Their assault ceaseless as they attacked the intrepid dwarf.

Tyrion ran blindly as he was viciously attacked. By happenstance he ran into the horse line. He ran between the horses and they were spooked by the flapping and furiously clucking roosters and hens not to mention the crazed dwarf stomping around under hoof. The horses broke their tethers and went galloping down the lane.

“Damn you dwarf! There goes our fucking horses!” Bronn roared.

“Fuck the godsdamn horses you incompetent fool!” Tyrion tried to roar but it came out more like a squeal as he ran around in terrorized circles flapping his arms and squealing constantly. His exertions had the defiant dwarf gasping but he forced air into his mighty lungs. “Do your fucking job by the cursed gods sake! Iieeee aaaaiii aaaiiiii!”

Bronn got revenge at the cursing dwarf by crossing his arms and pouting.

The hens and bandy roosters were still all around Tyrion pecking and swiping their spurs at the dwarf. He ran towards Bronn’s voice. All around Tyrion was clucks, squawks and furious beating feathers. The sell sword cursed and pulled his sword and began to slash at the furious fowl. He started to chop the birds out of the air.

Shae called out “Don’t kill them. They look cute!”

“Fresh chicken tonight Shae!” Bronn answered back.

Shae’s demeanor changed instantly. “Kill the fuckers!” She shouted out. A hungry look on her face.

Tyrion watched slack jawed as he ran and dodged. Shae started to catch the birds out of the air with her right hand. Her hand darting out like a serpent’s tongue and unerringly snatching a wildly fluttering fowl out of the air. She then deftly maneuvered the struggling caught bird so she got their head in her hand and she spun her wrist till their heads popped off and the bird flew through the air to land on the ground where they ran around for a minute wildly without a head.

She kept catching birds and popping their heads off while Bronn chopped more out of the sky. Soon the surviving birds gave up the fight and flitted off into the woods.

“Whew! Good job Bronn—Shae! I knew I paid you good wages for a reason.”

“It is four miles to the warden’s hut damnit Tyrion. We’ve got a long walk ahead of us!” Bronn snarled at his erstwhile employer. He did not look happy.

“So?” Tyrion really couldn’t see what the problem was.

Tyrion was muttering when they reached the warden’s hut. Bronn had tied up the dead headless hens and roosters and draped them around his neck. Their bleeding bodies having pelted his body all the way to the warden’s shack with each step he took. All the dead fucking rabid fowl were heavy damnit! Tyrion groused to himself. At the warden’s shack they got horses and finally Tyrion could take off the birds from around his neck.

His face and hands started to pain him greatly. His exposed body parts covered with the cuts and blood bruises from the fowls beaks and claws. The cuts swelling up and throbbing.

That night it had been good times though so Tyrion forgave Bronn and Shae for the ignobility he had
endured walking four miles with dead birds around his neck. The cooked fowl were most tasty with wine and rice. He eyed Shae consuming her portion of fresh chickens with glutinous glee. Chicken grease smeared all over her blouse top, face, hands and up in her hair. She ate worse than Bronn!

The dwarf mused at her lightning fast reflexes. She had caught those birds with ease. Damn that woman was fast! Shae was nice enough to put a suave on cuts and slashes.

 Afterwards his bodyguards challenged him to poker. They always challenged him when their extra dues got large letting Tyrion win them back. He was touched by their thoughtfulness. He rewarded them for their loyalty by doubling their pay.

He had to stay in his quarters for the next three days recovering from his harrowing experience. He was overcome with the vapors. His body was healing but he worried for the mental trauma he had endured. He asked Shae to give him a blow job to relieve the stress. *It was her duty to act upon her employer’s needs after all* Tyrion had explained to Shae. She had clacked her teeth at him like Dany had on that damn fucking Dorne beach! His cock had shrunk to a miniscule thing with memories of that damn horrid affair. *Bitch!* How in the hell had she known about that heinous event! It had to be Olenna but how! *How!*

He was brought back to reality when he heard the words “Cersei” and “revenge”.

“What did you say Varys about my sweet, sweet sister?”

“Why my good friend. I was just reporting how your sister is absolutely furious with you and is telling anyone who will listen that she will have her righteous fury and indignation answered.”

Tyrion gulped. “Why would she feel such for her dear little brother? What could I have done to upset her so?” he asked in an innocent voice. In his mind, Tyrion was ticking off the long list of possible items that could have inflamed his harridan sister.

Varys smirked. “It would seem the delegation from King’s Landing you sent to negotiate new trade agreements with Dorne have told her some of your comments about her. They were quite liberal in passing on what you had to say about our dear departed former queen.”

“Comments? What could I have said to inflame my sister’s ire” Tyrion dissembled. Tyrion gulped again the sound loud in the room. He had a distinct sinking feeling. Damn those delegation members for their damn loose lips! Those comments were never meant to reach Cersei’s ears Tyrion reasoned with himself. Bastards and bitches!

“Why yes my dear Hand. She has heard many of your pronouncements.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about” Tyrion told the bald eunuch. He was beginning to sweat.

“Huummmmm?” Varys smirked again. “Let me report a few of your remarks given about and to our poor departed former queen.”

Varys cleared his throat. “Cersei looks like a harpy with sagging tits. Cersei is so cold The Wall seems hot. Her cunt is like a bear trap; rusted shut. Her body has more stretch marks than old leather. Her face looks like a roadmap with all the wrinkles on it. I like that one actually” Varys told Tyrion. “Her cunt is so used up it’s like a dried up prune. Look up the word failure and you see a painting of Cersei. Cersei with a sword would be like a drunk in a distillery: Disaster. The only thing Cersei can do well is pop a cork from a champagne bottle. How can you tell when Cersei lies; her lips move. How do y—”

“All right all aright already!” Tyrion shouted out. He was sweating heavily now. His pulse racing
and his heart beating triple time in his valiant chest.

Olenna spoke up “I had wanted to spare you this Tyrion but Varys could not help himself. My moths report her flame of righteous vengeance burns so hot they can’t even get near her. As she hacks the heads off the dummies used for sword practice Cersei screams “Death to Tyrion! Castration to Tyrion!”

Tyrion’s face had gone white as he became dizzy.

“They are reporting what she might do or have done to you. Some of it is very creative” Olenna told Tyrion. “I especially like this one ‘I will cut off his little fingers and shove them up his nostrils! I will cut off this thumbs and shove them up his ass!’ Your sister has the heart of a poet Tyrion. Don’t you agree Tyrion?” Olenna smirked at Tyrion.

After that the rest of the Small Council meeting and the hearing of supplications was a blur to Tyrion. He was mute at the hearing of grievances that he and Olenna performed before the Iron Throne. They sat in chairs before the steps to the throne. Normally, they played good ruler, bad ruler with Tyrion moderating Olenna’s harsh pronouncements.

Today Tyrion heard none of it as he obsessed with getting to his bodyguards and telling them to pack their gear. They would be taking a voyage on the first ship going to the end of the world. Tyrion figured it would be better for the ship to fall off the edge of the world than face Cersei.

The supplicants soon figured out the dynamic for the day and begged off any further pleadings. With Olenna telling one man he had to wallow in pig shit for offending his neighbor big farmer and telling a woman she would have to kiss and lick the feet of her maid for a month for chiseling her of her wages the supplicants had heard enough.

Tyrion hurried back to his chambers in the Tower of the Hand as fast as he could. His progress was slowed having to look around every corner and nearly shitting himself every time he heard a noise behind him. Cersei on the warpath with her superhuman powers was an awful thing to contemplate. Damn her for becoming a mighty warrior who never drank. He much preferred the drunk Cersei who was addled most of the time.

He finally made it to his chambers nearly falling off the stairs up the tower looking behind himself and nearly tripping repeatedly.

He finally made it to the door to his abode and entered it quickly gasping with relief. It seemed like every shadow was alive to Tyrion. Each shadow hiding his sister in her quest of vengeance on his sweet personage. Every noise the signal of imminent attack. His undergarments were soaked in sweat.

Tyrion looked around and saw Bronn and Shae sitting in chairs by the roaring fireplace. They had on neutral expressions which made Tyrion pause since they were normally animated and immediately started heaping abuse on him which he gleefully gave back.

He went to his own chair and climbed the steps to sit in it. He was exhausted both mentally and physically from his harrowing ordeal. He got his bearings his mind muddled by his dire straits from his harridan sister seeking revenge.

His mind now focused, Tyrion started to expound upon their immediate need to get on the first ship of Pentos and head to ports far away. He walked around gesticulating wildly. Tyrion expounded on how he did not mean any of the mean vile things he had said about his sister. Well, he had meant it but he never thought those words would get to her ears! It was all in jest. Not really but that was his
story and he was sticking to that story.

Tyrion kept looking at his bodyguards. They seemed most distracted. Their behavior odd but he had more important things to worry about. Mainly his crazed sister, Cersei! He kept bleating his case to his two trusted bodyguards. He was lost in his own world thinking of all the ways Cersei could and would kill him unless he ran squealing away to the far reaches of Essos. He stopped to glare at his not so understanding bodyguards.

He saw that Shae had gotten up and walked to the far wall behind him and picked up some almonds and started to eat them. He continued his soliloquy of woe and the unjust wrath of his sister pleading his case to Shae. She snorted at what he was trying to tell her and she turned her back on Tyrion. He was miffed but ignored her turning his attention to Bronn.

“I tell you Bronn, my sister can be a real bitch!”

“A bitch is it?” Bronn snarled at Tyrion.

Tyrion was taken aback by the vicious tone.

“What is your problem man?! I got serious problems here!”

Bronn got up from his chair. Tyrion saw in his hand a scroll. “I think they are about to get much more serious.” He handed Tyrion a scroll with the seal of House of Lannister.

Great Tyrion thought. Bronn’s tone sounded ominous for some reason. He took the scroll and sat back in his special designed chair he had had moved near his desk so he could relax while working. Great. What did his father have to say? Today of all days.

He broke the seal. He unfolded the scroll and his heart sank to his balls as they retracted up his nut sack.

The writing was in his sister’s beautiful calligraphy. Dear Brother, It has come to my attention the mean and cruel things you have said of me. This cannot stand. You may think I have no access to funds but my sweet wife has made her family wealth available to me her wife. A wife you said I could never win. A sword I would never achieve. The path I chose would be totally beyond me. I have achieved all my dreams you loathsome dwarf insect. Money can buy anything as you know dear brother. I will have my revenge. I have bought your two bodyguards off sweet Tyrion. Say goodbye to life brother. Forever your loving Sister Cersei.

Tyrion looked up with terrified eyes. He saw Bronn getting up from his chair drawing his sword from its scabbard.

“I will make this quick dwarf” Bronn intoned evilly. His face twisted into an ugly mask of contempt and hate.

Tyrion was cornered and scooted back into his chair his feet coming up to the front of the sitting cushion and pushing himself into the chair back. Bronn had his sword out now.

Tyrion started to bleat and squeal looking around with big round eyes of pure terror. Not like this!

Suddenly, something flashed before his eyes and then he felt that something bit into his neck. He felt the little hands on Shae’s chain he had given her. He was being strangled by the very gift he had given Shae Tyrion thought shrilly. The small gold hands biting hard into his flesh. His neck jerked back as the chain was twisted and his throat was constricted. His small hands came up to try and get
underneath the tightening gold chain. His body slammed into the back of the chair with savage strength stunning Tyrion. He was screaming in choked terror and bucking as the gold chain was twisted and bit harder into his throat.

He was being garroted! Bronn was almost upon him his sword being pulled back for a death blow. The gold chain was twisted harder into his throat. All breath now cut off. The chain beginning to cut into his throat.

Tyrion’s eyes rolled back into his skull as his body bucked in his chair the legs barking on the floor. The sound of his garroting obscene in the room.

Suddenly the pressure was gone. He gasped for breath and continued to buck wildly in terror in his padded chair. For nearly a minute he choked for breath and wildly wiggled around in his chair. He could not control his harsh squeals from his bruised throat. His senses overwhelmed with terror. He slowly started to get his wits back. He looked around with wide eyes. Why had they ceased their attack?

It was then he heard it. Behind him, Tyrion heard high pitched giggles and then guffaws. He looked in front of his chair and saw movement down on the floor just out of eyesight. He sat up and looked down. Bronn was on the ground in front of him laughing his ass off. He rolled around his legs kicking as he laughed so hard he could hardly breathe. He would point at Tyrion and laugh even harder. For a minute more, Tyrion sat on his chair getting his wits back about him. He rubbed his throat as Shae squealed on the floor behind him.

“Oh Bronn! Did you see that look on his face! It was priceless. That was so sweet strangling him with his own gift to me! That was a wonderful idea of Cersei’s.”

Tyrion’s eyes bulged with righteous fury at his sister. *Bitch!* Damn her eyes! How in the hell had she gotten so damn fucking clever! It was obvious now that he had never been in any true danger. *Only the danger of utter degrading humiliation! Damn his Sister!*

Bronn was still laughing and rolling around on the floor. He held up another scroll. Tyrion looked behind his chair. Shae was laughing holding her stomach “Oh it hurts … but I can’t stop laughing!” She gripped her stomach laughing hard.

Tyrion got up from the chair to snatch the scroll from Bronn. It was then he felt it and squirmed in his britches. He closed his eyes for a long moment considering his blighted path. He opened his eyes. *Could his humiliation get any greater!* He felt something wet running down his legs as he grimaced. *He had been terrified damnit!* Then the smell hit him. Gods! The stench! He had heard one’s own shit did not stink. That was bullshit … uh—whatever! With great care Tyrion moved down off the platform of his chair. Each step causing unconscionable things to happen in his trousers.

Bronn levered himself up to one elbow. Tears were running down his face. “Gods Tyrion.” He started to imitate Tyrion “I’m a savage beast … I know the fighting styles of the Tiger, the Snake … and what was that last one—oh yeah! The Praying Mantis.” Bronn snorted and then chortled. “HA! I say your fighting styles are the Worm, the Chicken and the Sloth! You suck!” He was back on the floor laughing hysterically.

“Oh Bronn—I know what Tyrion’s fighting style is” Shae squealed sitting up. “You ever see those goats that when they get scared or excited they freeze up and get all stiff and then fall over and shiver … that is our Tyrion.” She stopped and sniffed her nose crinkling. “Whew! Of course the goats don’t shit all over themselves. Gods Tyrion. I always knew you were a little shit but this is ridiculous!” With that Shae was back on the ground rolling around laughing her ass off.
Tyrion tried to storm over to Bronn but his current predicament in his trousers only allowed him to waddle. Very slowly. He finally made it to Bronn. He ripped the scroll from Bronn’s hand. “Oh man if you could have seen your face Tyrion. Gods it was precious.” Bronn’s nose wrinkled up “By the way could you please back up there—your odor is most foul … gods your shit is heinous!” and he fell into another wild fit of laughing.

“Fuck you Bronn!” Tyrion roared. Tyrion’s eyes flared wide in panic. Unfortunately, his roar of righteous fury and indignation had made his core and thighs clench. Big mistake! NO! His body betrayed him yet again! Like a battering ram assaulting a castle gate offal assaulted his sphincter. A sphincter not up to the challenge! His damn butthole made another sickening fucking deposit in his short cloth. The bubbling squirting sounds from his ass the very definition of humiliation. He stiffened trying to stop the rush of disaster but it was too little too late.

His bodyguard could tell by Tyrion’s face and body language exactly what had happened. “Shae! The Lion of Lannister has roared again … unfortunately it was his asshole and not his mouth! Shae—he shit his pants again.” Behind him, Tyrion heard Shae squeal with delight. Bronn rolled around on the floor laughing so hard he was gasping. Then he rolled over and hit his head on a chair leg. He cursed loudly.

Serves him right Tyrion thought to himself bitterly.

Tyrion squirmed as he felt offal run down his legs and now weeping round to soak his massive manhood in his offal. His socks began to be soaked. Tyrion closed his eyes. He would have his revenge against his bitch sister for this! With a snarl Tyrion ripped the seal apart. "Go change your short clothes Tyrion. I know you soiled yourself."

That was all Cersei wrote. When the hell had she gotten this damn clever! This new Cersei was definitely a pain in his ass! Literally at the moment! Humiliated and full of righteous fury he stomped to behind the changing screen off to the side of his dresser. It took a long time. His steps awkward as he felt the mess in his short clothes squishing and running down his legs. Gods he was sooooo humiliated.

He ripped off his soiled clothes and got the wash cloth out of the basin. He nearly fainted with the full impact of his offal impacting his nostrils. He fought ralphing. His fucking bodyguard and his whore were still laughing gales of scorn at their employer. Damnit! What part of the employer slash employee relationship did they not understand?! More laughter at his expense inflamed his righteous ire.

He filled the basin with an urn of water. The nymphs on the side lovely to look at. He roughly started to clean his soiled body. He heard Shae by the screen still giggling. “Gods who let the pig sty in here? Your shit, Tyrion, smells like, well, shit.” Shae broke into gales of laughter. Bronn shouted from the floor still laughing “you must have been a sheep in your previous life with all that bleating. Gods your little limbs were kicking and jerking so fast you dwarf! You have no shame man!”

Har-har-har-har Tyrion thought sullenly as he continued to clean offal off the most delicate parts of his body.

Another scroll was thrown over the screen by a squealing Shae. It bounced off his head and tumbled to the floor. Of course thought Tyrion. He bent over to pick it up. He heard Shae fall to the ground and sounds of her body undulating with her endless squeals and giggles.

He ripped the infernal scroll from his damnable sister open. Sorry. I could not help myself dear
brother. Again, short and concise. Cersei had the actual gall to draw a smiley face after her one sentence. One eye was winking at him and the face had a tongue sticking out. In holy, sanctified, righteous fury Tyrion flipped off the smiley face with his jerking right hand middle finger. He would have his revenge! The only problem was how do you get your revenge on a woman who now had the strength of ten men and the reflexes of a fucking cheetah.

It took Tyrion another ten minutes to finish cleaning himself and put on new underclothes and fresh unsoiled garments. His bodyguards were chortling all the while making jokes at Tyrion’s expense.

“What is three feet tall and full of shit?”

“Tyrion!”

“What bleats like a diseased sheep and shits all over itself?”

“Tyrion!”

“What smells like the offal pits of the deepest levels of hell?”

“Tyrion!”

And so it went on as Tyrion ground his teeth in furious fury at his bastard and bitch supposed bodyguards. He would have his revenge! He just had too!

“My gods Bronn. You could hear his shit sloshing in his short cloth! It sounded like a backed up sewer” Shae got out between laughs and gasps.

“I wonder how many logs were in there. How many Tyrion? Keep sawing them out your ass dwarf!” Bronn barked derisively.

He stepped out from behind the screen and struck a royal poise with hands on hips and glared at his two bodyguards who were sitting on the floor on their asses. The two bodyguards shared a quick look. They had obviously concocted something else. Tyrion knew they had more abuse that was about to spew his way. He watched them get up.

Bronn suddenly shoved both hands on his ass as he stiffened up and rose up to the balls of his feet with a look of panic.

Shae for her part in the murmurs play contorted her face and started making flatulent noises like she was taking a shit. She had on a sleeveless blouse to show off her charms and stuck her right hand underneath her left arm and worked that arm making even more flatulent noises.

Bronn started to bleat and squeal. “No NO! I am shitting my britches. Hear me roar!” He then squirmed around and fell to the floor still holding his fucking butt! “Wait a moment!” Bronn suddenly tensed as if he was trying expel a deuce “Maybe I can crap out a broadsword or maybe a battleax!”

Tyrion felt his face contort with anger at Bronn’s supposed humor!

Then Shae suddenly went stiff and started to shake. Tyrion eyed her and wondered what the hell was her problem now. He hoped she was having a pal mal seizure. Her eyes rolled into her skull and she fell to the floor her limbs kicking as she shook all over. Tyrion started to move to her worried that maybe she was having a seizure.

Then of a sudden Shae started to bleat like a goat. “Bahhhh ba ba bbbaahhhhh bbhhbbbh bbaaaaa
bbaaaaa! Then Tyrion understood. She was imitating the goat she had spoken of earlier. “Bbbaaahhh ba babaaabbaaa bbaaa baaaa … Translation—I have shit all over myself!” Shae squealed.

Both she and Bronn sat up looking at Tyrion with triumphant looks of supposed wit and humor.

They took one look at the glaring dwarf and exploded into laughter again. Shae threw another royal scroll onto the floor and kicked it towards Tyrion with her foot as she laughed great belly gripping peals of twittering laughter. Bronn was rolling around like he was on fire he was laughing so hard.

Gods he wanted to garrote the bastards! The only problem was if this was all aimed at Olenna, Tyrion would be laughing his ass off as well. But it wasn’t! It was all aimed at him! It wasn’t fair!

Tyrion stomped over and snatched the scroll off the floor and ripped it open. In this scroll Cersei explained how she had been sending ravens for two and half weeks planning the prank with Varys, Olenna and his bodyguards. How working with Cersei they all had lain the groundwork for his humiliation. That was his sister’s revenge for his bets against her. His vile remarks she actually found funny. I ask it though I do not deserve dear brother. Try and find it in your heart to forgive me. I know I do not deserve it but I ask it. Until we meet in the future Tyrion. Live well and prosper.

What a strange world we live in Tyrion mused. Cersei really was a new person. He looked at his still uncontrollably laughing body guards. He would have his revenge. Somehow. Someway. Not on Cersei. She was way too dangerous, but, two incompetent bodyguards would get theirs. Just let them wait Tyrion thought crossly. He watched his supposed bodyguards still rolling on the ground derisively laughing at him as they would point at him and laugh even harder.

Yes, his revenge would be sweet. He just had to win eventually damnit! Damn them ALL!
Eddard

Eddard sat on the edge of the bed where his wife slept peacefully. He had spent the last few days with his newborn children and his restored to him wife. Eddard gently stroked the hair off his wife’s forehead. The children were sleeping on the bed beside her. Lyanna was resting against her mother’s side near her shoulder while Brandon slept lower down her body. Both pressed into their mother to feel her warmth and solid presence. The children slept peacefully.

Eddard smiled softly at his wife. She was in her element having two newborns to care for. She loved breast feeding them letting them take the teat and wiggling their heads to get a good suck on her nipples and then hungrily nursing. To ease the burden a nurse maid came in regularly to check whether their diapers needed changing.

Fortunately, for Catelyn the children were not cranky or colic. He had held both his son and daughter many times and had enjoyed immensely seeing their beautiful faces looking up at him. He knew it would be several months before they could truly focus on him. For now it was more than enough to hold them and listen to them coo and make baby noises.

He would look at the babies and saw in their features his long lost brother and sister. Looking at his new children, Eddard had memories of his long lost siblings come back crystal clear as if it was yesterday he last saw them. Brandon and Eddard taking Lyanna down to the crypts and trying to scare her and her turning the tables on them ambushing them form behind statues and crypts. Or how she loved to climb trees in the summer and stay until the evening time had arrived. Eddard smiled as he remembered Lyanna’s legs hooked over a limb and swinging upside down.

He had memories with Brandon but they were not as sharp or as focused as the ones of his sister. They both had had the wolf running strong in their veins. That strong passion and willingness to fight the system had probably led to their early deaths he thought.

Eddard sighed. Both of their deaths had been such a waste. He could still remember the pain and anger he had felt at his father and brother’s death at the hand of the mad Targaryen king. He had judged Jaime Lannister much too harshly. The King had been beyond a despot and truly insane.

Eddard picked up little Lyanna and softly cradled her to his body. Her doppelganger had been forced by tradition to marry Robert Baratheon. With her keen insight she had seen the man Robert would become. Long before he did. She had rebelled as was her nature. She did not love Robert and instead eloped with Rhaegar Targaryen with whom she was in love with. Eddard sighed again. Rhaegar had been married to Elia Martell a woman he did not love. The heir prince and his sister had run off together to pursue their hearts desires.

The result was the death of many thousands and destruction of property that had taken years to recover from. Many great men had died over nothing really Eddard now saw. He felt anger within himself for himself that he had so steadfastly stood beside Robert in his rebellion. He had known in his heart what kind of man Robert was and he fought to make it possible for that man to marry his
sister against her will. She had accepted her fate but deep down it was against her will.

Fool! Eddard stormed at himself.

He would not make that mistake again. He was tired of honor for honor’s sake. Maybe if Rhaegar and Lyanna had been free to marry whom they chose so much bloodshed could have been avoided. It was that truth that made him so willing to let his children marry as they chose. He snorted as he shook his head. His eldest had chosen a traditional wife at least. True Alys did not bring more power or prestige to House Stark but Robb was in love with Alys and totally devoted to her. She would make great wife and a loyal supporter to the new Warden of the North when the time came.

His eldest daughter, like Arya, had also chosen to marry her own sex and he fully supported her. Margaery Tyrell was a crafty practitioner of the Game of Thrones. It came naturally to Margaery. Eddard thought it ran in her heritage. She was this generation’s Olenna Redwyne. She would be a powerful force in the Queen’s court. Eddard had seen Margaery pull a side out of Sansa that he did not know existed in his eldest daughter. Sansa was proving to be as crafty at the Game of Thrones as her wife to be. He found it very interesting to see his eldest daughter evolving into such an accomplished puller of the levers of power.

Eddard was embarrassed to see that his eldest daughter was a very capable strategist and able to grasp all the concepts of warfare and logistics. She had in a way fallen into the role. A role Eddard would never have considered grooming Sansa for. Why? Because she was a woman was the sad answer. Daenerys Targaryen had shown the fallacy of Eddard’s limited thinking. Eddard was guilty of following convention. He had to do better in the future.

With a sigh, Eddard considered this. He would do better. He looked down at his youngest daughter. He would help her to achieve her dreams from the time she could walk and talk.

His now second oldest daughter was also marrying a woman. The Queen of Westeros. Arya was marrying the most powerful person on two continents. His Arya would never be a player on the board of Game of Thrones. She was much more the wolf like Eddard’s sister. She and Daenerys Targaryen were filled with a power that rivaled that of any man. Daenerys Targaryen was Rhaegar Targaryen without any of his weaknesses. She would never ruin a kingdom for an illicit affair.

Daenerys was a better swordsman than her long dead brother and her temperament would make her a much better ruler than Rhaegar could have ever been. He was too inward focused and did not have the fire and zeal to be a great leader. That Daenerys had in abundance. She had smashed the slave trade in less than three years by sheer force of will and great tactics.

It shamed him knowing he never would have undertaken such a task upon himself. He would have considered the task impossible. It had always existed and always would. That would have been his mindset. He was an honest enough man to admit it.

He looked back down at his newest children. When he looked at her and his newborn son he saw his long dead siblings. They would be given another chance in this life to find happiness and peace. The fact they had Tully blue eyes gave him hope that though they were ghosts of their past selves they were still different. They would find another path and find a life both prosperous and long. The world that Daenerys Targaryen was creating would give them the freedom to find their own way in life. Eddard would support them in that journey but he would let them choose the path they walked.

He tickled Lyanna’s chin and she kicked her legs. He sat her back down. He slowly stood up and looked down at his sweet wife and sweet children.

All these thoughts of Lyanna had filled a desire in his soul to visit his sister. He had been so filled
with anguish when he sent men to retrieve her body and none had been found. He knew some force loyal to Rhaegar had taken her body to honor it as a Targaryen. He had been forced to find a recently deceased young woman to give the silent sisters. They had not known of Lyanna’s looks and blithely turned the imposter to bones. It was those bones interned in the crypts. Eddard had statues carved of father, brother and sister. So much death. He much preferred celebrating life.

He walked over to the wall beside the fireplace. There he picked up Evening Star in its scabbard and the wet stone on a string that was hung over the hilt. He put the scabbard over his head and synched it to his back. He put the whetstone in his pocket. He looked at his sleeping wife with her sweet smile and two innocent sleeping babes.

He left the room and slowly walked down the halls of Winterfell. It had been some time since he had gone to the tombs in the crypts. He walked deep in thought. He had a war to fight and win and then hopefully under the new Queen’s rule the lands of Westeros and Essos could enjoy a time of extended peace. He knew it did not seem to be man’s nature to remain at peace but he sincerely hoped that he could live out the rest of his days without another war. He wished that for Robb to not have to marshal the forces of the North to go to war.

He made it outside on the North side of the Great Keep. It was cold outside and he had on a thick coat and cloak on his body to ward against the cold. He was born of the North and was warm enough in his clothing. He smiled at the Southerners who chattered their teeth outside in this weather no matter how much clothing on their bodies.

Stannis and Renly would grit their teeth and try not to show it. If one was exercising or practicing their Warcraft they did not feel the cold but once they stopped it was run for shelter.

He noticed that the visitors from the Land did not seem to have the same problems with the cold. It was really quite awe inspiring. Eddard did not mind the cold if he could dress for it. The denizens from this Land and the Giants seemed to be almost immune from the cold. The Giants did not feel the cold at all from what he could tell. They had laughed about it in the feast hall. The Giants had then stated that fire did not burn them either.

They had first made this claim in the feast hall. To all it sounded like a braggadocios claim. Catcalls were shouted out to prove the seeming fanciful claim.

The Giants had laughed saying they would prove the doubters wrong. They drank great draughts of their Diamonddraught. The Giants told all that though the fire did not harm them it was still very painful. After the Giants had fortified themselves with their potent drink they slammed the cups down on the table. The three Giants went to the great hearth. They lowered themselves to their knees before the hearth and stuck their hands into the fire and gripped the burning logs. The fire did not harm their flesh.

The Warden of the North had walked over to witness this feat. Their hands had ahold of thick locks full of red cankers radiating out heat. The fingers crushing into the logs. Little sparks and eddies of flames flowing out from between the fingers. Eddard was shocked at this. He looked from fingers around hot burning logs up to the Giant’s faces. Faces still above his height even though the Giants had gone to one knee.

Eddard observed that the Giants did indeed feel the fire licking their flesh. The faces locked down while sweat beaded on their faces. Their eyes bulged with repressed pain. The Giants gritted their teeth enduring the pain.

The Giants must not have been used to not having anyone else have the same immunity to fire. They had stare wide eyed at Daenerys Targaryen when she left her table and calmly walked to the hearth
and smiled kneeling beside them. She reached into the fire and gripped the log that Braveheart Tillerkeel had her right hand gripping. Daenerys looked at Braveheart and put her other hand into the flames gripping the flaming log tightly. All gasped in the room. It was known that one of Daenerys names was the Unburnt but to actually see it in the flesh and realize it was not hyperbole was something else. Daenerys knew she had all eyes on her in the room. Eddard admired the Queens savvy. It gave her an air of invulnerability and superiority.

When you had a reputation of being a fierce warrior or having skills and abilities others did not you usually had the battle already won. Your opponents would know of your capabilities and fret and feel fear enter their heart. The battle was usually already won. One’s own fear was a most brutal opponent.

Daenerys’ own face grimaced as she too felt the flames but she did not feel it as much as the Giants. She endured the flames as much as the visiting Giants. When they had finished and arose the Giants were most impressed and shouted out that they had a small sister here in Westeros. They had slapped her on the back nearly knocking her senseless. The Giants apologized for their exuberance to the gasping for breath Queen.

Now outside, Eddard saw the Giants in their amour under their simple blouses and short leggings down to mid-thigh. Their breath steamed in the air with each breath as they practiced their sword work with each other. Eddard had found he could fight to a draw usually with the Haruchai and the Ramen. With the Ramen he most often won but sometimes he would feel their garrote slip around his neck and know in real combat he would be dead. With Haruchai it was almost always a draw the victories and defeats fairly even between him and the fighters from the high Western mountains of their home.

The speed of the lands’ warriors was simply staggering to behold. They all seemed to be blessed with lightning fast reflexes and unnatural strength for such small and slender bodies. The Ramen and Haruchai he could handle as well as the best warriors in Westeros. Eddard saw that in this world men and women had to train hard and only a few reached the skill level that Eddard had achieved. He was the exception.

In the Land he would only be the norm if he was Haruchai or Ramen. These people were all supremely skilled and blessed with unnatural reflexes and strength.

The Giants were another matter altogether. With their blades being eight to ten feet in length and the speed and strength to move as fast as himself they were simply unbeatable by men of common stature. Gregor Clegan with his eight foot height had the beginnings of the strength to contend with the Giants but his slowness would make him an easy foe for the Giants. They moved every bit as fast as Barristan, Syrio or himself. It was simply freakish unnatural to see such speed and agility in women twice his height and more.

He and Barristan would fight them from time to time to test their speed and agility. They simply had to avoid the sword strikes of the Giants. Each blow against their swords felt like a comet falling from the sky hitting his sword arm. The shock of colliding steel and stone was shocking. Eddard with Evening Star and Barristan with his Valyrian steel sword could fight the Giants without worrying whether their swords would be broken or simply shatter.

Eddard could not understand how granite did not shatter but the Giants told him the stone swords were crafted by the best mages of their homeland. Like Valyrian steel the Giants blades were made with magic and thus had strengths that normal metal could not touch.

Syrio actually had a better chance against the denizens of the land. His lack of armor and water dancing skills allowed him to track and keep up with the Ramen and Haruchai. His rapier would
slash and thrust and find at times the breast of a Haruchai or Ramen. It made Eddard feel humbled.

With the Giants he was like a gnat that confounded the Giants. Syrio would come in and hit their legging armor. His own forged Valyrian steel blade was impossibly sharp but the Giants armor easily repulsed each slash. Magical stone armor negating magical metal blades. The Giants found him aggravating. Several times Syrio had to run away looking over his shoulder with a smirk as he dodged right and left avoiding the outreached hands of the chasing cursing Giants. They would then drink with him at night making up long songs on the spot celebrating his adroitness with the sword and this “water dancing” that they found intriguing.

It appeared Syrio’s skills inspired the advances of Longwarth Keelstone and Gibbousspar Ebbtide. “We wish to see if this Water Dancing is equally good in bed. We want to feel you fucking us and sucking us off all night long. We are quite skilled in oral lovemaking.” Syrio had turned deep crimson and fled the room with the Giants up and chasing after him. Their demands for satisfaction echoing down the halls while they chased the fast fleeing fallen First Sword of Braavos.

Eddard was happy to see there was other prudes still walking the halls of Winterfell. It was nice to not be alone in being a stick in the mud prude. The sudden conversion of Stannis and Selyse to perversion was quite shocking still to Eddard.

Someone else was perplexed by the choices of the denizens of the Land. “Why do these Land people get so fucking enamored with the stiff and boring people Eddard?!” Oberyn groused to Eddard from across the table in the feast hall. “They should be all over you.” Eddard shook his head and smiled. That was an insult but from Oberyn it was a compliment. Eddard did not know why Oberyn was grousing. He seemed to have made converts of the Ramen Cords and now the Manethrall had joined in the festivities from what he heard through the grapevine.

Oberyn was whining to the Queen to have her fly Ellaria up to Winterfell. “Damnit Daenerys it is only right! Why Stannis and not me!” Oberyn whined to the Queen.

She refused saying it was too close to going to war now. Oberyn had thrown a royal fit of immaturity. He was beyond pissed seeing Selyse Florent getting her brains fucked out by the Haruchai. Harrnor and Hallyn two male Haruchai had joined in the fun at night it seemed. Selyse had been breathless saying how they and Stannis took turns holding her up in the air with their strong arms and slamming their hard cocks up her pussy and ass. She had screamed feeling their cum shooting up into her ass and cunt. Then Tass and Soral another married pair of Haruchai took Selyse to their furs and sat on her face letting her eat their cunts to explosive orgasms that made the women scream so loud again and again. Selyse had gotten very skilled at eating pussy it would seem.

Selyse had gone from a prim and proper to … well … a slut Eddard thought. He did not mean it in a derisive way. If people wanted to—ahem—fuck all night long with multiple partners he could not gainsay it. Still, this sudden change was unsettling and a little awe inspiring in a perverted way. Selyse had no problem telling anyone who wanted to know how she had been fucked in all her holes at the same time and gobbling pussy half the night.

Eddard was not sure he should be upset or celebrate her transformation. He had no use for the false teachings of the Septons. The old gods were mute on sexuality. Probably for good reason.

Eddard heard from Oberyn in his long diatribes about Stannis and Selyse how the wife of Stannis had turned into an insatiable slut. “The damn hussy loves to be watched! She sucks the Haruchai off for hours. She sucks cock and pussy now like she has been doing thus since her flowering! Her jaw never tires I tell you! She moves from male to female with totally aplomb. Gods she can really deep throat Eddard!” Oberyn moaned and whined that Stannis and Selyse were ‘stealing all his dick and pussy!’ “It isn’t fair Eddard!”
“Why Eddard! Why!” Oberyn nearly sobbed to the Warden of the North.

“What do you watch if it upsets you Oberyn?” Eddard had asked reasonably.

Oberyn had simply stared at him aghast.

“Because it is hot man! You should join me. You have the advantage that you won’t be getting pissed off. The damn Haruchai won’t let me join in!” Oberyn whined petulantly. “The fuckers won’t show any fucking emotion but I know they are doing it now just because it pisses me off!” Oberyn nearly bellowed. “Damnit! Selyse keeps telling everyone she wants to suck you and Catelyn off. A lot. She tells everyone she will make you two scream.”

That had made Eddard blush hotly. He may be a prude but he was happy if Selyse had found another path to sexual happiness. She had really changed. That fact was sure Eddard mused to himself shaking his head.

Selyse was spending whole nights in lesbian debauchery. Eddard could not fathom how such a straight laced woman could so radically change her demeanor when it came to sex and being a dour faced sourpuss. Now she laughing and getting her brains fucked out each and every night since her arrival at Winterfell. She had become insatiable.

Eddard had to agree with Oberyn. The Haruchai had selected the most boring of sexual partners. But Eddard also had to admit that the Haruchai sure knew how to bring out the sexual beast in a person. Stannis had joined two male Haruchai Harrnor and Hallyn in fucking Ranrika and Ferna over and over. The unbelievable feats were the talk of Winterfell. Stannis was quite vocal and was happily telling all who would listen of his nightly festivities. The three cocksmen fucked the willing female Haruchai again and again throughout the night.

While Stannis boned female Haruchai, Selyse had spent the night having her pussy sucked inside out and her belly filled with hot sweet female cum. She loudly proclaimed at the table the next morning how much she loved pussy!

Eddard had simply stared at this woman imposter of Selyse Florent. This could not be her! Oberyn had lost it and slammed his fist onto the table. The grits that flung out the bowl in front of him soaking his body. This had led to quite the cursing fit by the Red Viper. Eddard’s ears and face had turned very red. Such language!

Having the two once prudes after him trying to get Eddard to ‘see the light’ had confounded Eddard. Between Stannis and Selyse trying to talk him into this “swing” lifestyle and listening to Oberyn bitch about it all, Eddard was quite looking forward to going to war. This hedonism was unnerving to Eddard. He wanted his quiet life back! What was wrong with one man and one woman! … or one woman and one woman … hell one man and one man. Oberyn seemed to have brought Dorne with him! He needed his quite North back.

This morning Eddard had had to flee the feast hall yet again. Selyse had saddled in beside his body looking at him with hot throbbing eyes. Eddard was poleaxed. He was not a sexual person but Selyse was radiating sexual hunger. Then her hand started to stroke his leg! Not only was she stroking his leg but it quickly worked up his leg dangerously high!

“Come to my and Stannis’s bed tonight Eddard. You demeanor is so Haruchai … I want you … I will fuck you so good Eddard” Selyse had husked to Eddard with pulsing green eyes. She leaned her body into his. She only wore thin tops now and her warm breast pushed into his ribs. She was wearing alluring perform now. She batted her long eyelashes and started to move her mouth to neck. Alarmed Eddard leaned back.
“I’m married!” Eddard had nearly shouted!

“So am I” Selyse giggled. “You and Stannis can DP my ass and stretch out my asshole double anal … I will clean your and Stannis’s cocks sweet ATM.” Selyse said this with a smoky voice and hot throbbing eyes. *She fully meant it!*

That had been it! Eddard did the only thing he could do in the situation.

He had run away not looking back. He needed to go to war! He needed Winterfell nice and peaceful again.

He walked past the fighting warriors admiring their skill and speed. He could not help it. Eddard would always admire marital prowess. He walked thought the Guards Hall. He spoke to the warriors there who hailed him. They tried to get him to join them in their sword practice but he told them he was on his way to the crypts to visit his dead. The men and women quieted down then. All could respect Eddard Stark giving respect to his fallen. Most knew the sad history of his father and siblings.

He walked out into the large grass yards of this part of the compound. He walked slowly gathering his thoughts. Eddard remembered the anger and rage he felt when he learned the fate of his father and brother. It had been the tender that lit his fire to join Robert Baratheon in his rebellion. He had seen enough injustice for one lifetime. Then the sad fate of Lyanna occurred.

Her death had been beginning of the slow change of Eddard Stark. Was honor worth it when so much death and destruction ensued over the right to marry a woman who did not love her betrothed? A man who would have cheated as shamelessly on Lyanna as he had with Cersei Lannister. He now knew nothing would have changed if Robert had married Lyanna. Robert simply had no honor when it came to his martial vows. He demanded that his wife be pure while he had none. He was a cad. Nothing else could describe the man.

He was happy the Queen had spared his childhood friend but he had long ago lost all respect for the slovenly fool he had become. He had been a blight on the realm. Fortunately, a savior had come from across the seas. He would hitch his loyalty to Daenerys Targaryen.

He had reached the crypts. He stood at the crypt's ironwood door. He looked around him. He was now in the oldest section of Winterfell near the First Keep. He reached for the door knob. The door was old and heavy but it was counter levered and opened easily on its hinges. He walked down into the chilly and dark crypts of his ancestors. The line of buried Starks reaching back millenniums in the levels below. The way to the crypts accessible only by a narrow and winding spiral stone steps which lead to multiple levels.

The first several levels were for storage and for future generations when the time came. Eddard kept moving down the steps. He came to the highest level that had tombs for the current generations deceased Starks. The floor had a long line of granite pillars, two by two, between which are entombed the dead of House Stark. He held up his torch and looked at the vaulted ceiling. The shadows made ghosts of his ancestors flirting from dark space to dark space.

He looked down the line of the most recent statues of the latest kings entombed in the crypts. While all family members had tombs in the crypts statues were traditionally only made for Kings in the North and Lords of Winterfell. The likenesses of his predecessors were carved into the stone, some shaggy, some clean shaven. Large stone Direwolves were curled at their feet. According to tradition, iron longswords across each lord's lap kept vengeful spirits within the crypt at bay.

Eddard looked down both ends of the cavernous hall with statues of his forbears. One day he would
lie in this crypt. He would be beside his father in eternal sleep. He felt at peace here with his ancestors and especially with Lyanna. He still missed his sister after all these years. The lack of a body still rankled Eddard. He felt he violated the memory of Lyanna having another woman’s bones in her crypt. He did not remove the bones. Some woman had become part of the Stark lineage by Eddard’s duplicity. He would not defile that unknown woman’s bones.

The cavernous vault was larger than Winterfell itself, with older Starks buried in deeper and darker levels. The lowest level had partly collapsed but over the last three years he had had the walls shored up and new stone and plaster erected. He had the statutes repaired and the heavy dust and dirt removed. Swords that had rusted away had been replaced. He thought he owed it to his ancestors to give their last resting place the respect it desired. His recent ancestors had been very remiss in their duty of honoring the past. He had grown tired of letting decay set into House Stark.

Eddard had broken with tradition in only letting lords have statues. He had statues erected for his father Rickard of course. He had also had statues made of his deceased siblings, Brandon and Lyanna. He had done this immediately after Robert's Rebellion. He had felt he needed to honor their sacrifices that they had made. The tombs further back, empty and unsealed, were saved for future members of House Stark.

Eddard stopped before the tomb of Lyanna after lighting the torches in the scions on the wall in that section of the crypts. He turned his back and settled down before the pedestal that housed the statute of Lyanna. Eddard placed his back against it. In this way he felt connected to his long dead sister. He had pulled his sword from its scabbard and placed it across of his knees and began to run his whetstone up the blade in slow rhythmic strokes. The sound soothing to his ears. The steady motion of his hand moving up the perpetually sharp blade soothing to the warrior.

Eddard marveled at his sword that had come to him unlooked for. The sword made Eddard think of Arthur Dayne. His thoughts turned melancholy.

He spoke to Lyanna with his thoughts. He asked her yet again if he had made the right decisions so long ago. If had not joined Robert in his rebellion or even joined Rhaegar’s forces what would have happened? If he had sided with the royal forces Jon Arryn would have sided with him. He knew it. They would have crushed Robert’s cause in the bud. Then Lyanna would have been in King’s Landing with the Grand Maester and all his devices and poultices. Maybe she would have survived. Maybe Aegon would not have survived his childhood. One never knew which children would survive. Then Jon would be the rightful heir to the throne or maybe he would have already ascended the Iron Throne by now. Jon had certainly proved himself capable of being a great leader and a great King.

So many possibilities. What could have been? What might have happened? He would never know.

Eddard told Lyanna again as he had so many times in the past how Jon had turned out. How he had grown into such a good man. A kind gentle man and a great leader of men. He had equated himself so well as the Night’s Watch commander. He had not had the opportunity before to tell Lyanna how he had taken two wives. Yes, Lyanna, two wives. Eddard chuckled to himself. He was a Targaryen after all.

A few minutes later he saw a light coming his way. Someone was coming into the tombs to visit the dead it would seem. He saw figures materialize from the gloom. He saw the Queen coming down the corridor of this section of the tombs. Her white hair glowed in the torchlight like a rising apparition from one of the tombs of his past ancestors. He immediately stood up to give his Queen the proper obeisance. Eddard bowed deeply to his Queen.

She waved off his show of submission. Bannor at the Queen’s side his body while not tense was
definitely at attention. So were her Bloodriders. Eddard had heard the Queen and her Bloodriders coming but the Haruchai moved as silent as a ghost.

Again Eddard marveled at how the Haruchai could move and make no sound. He looked at the floor and the dust on it. He could see his previous steps and the new steps of Daenerys and her Bloodriders. The Haruchai barely left any imprint in the dust. Amazing. Three more Haruchai were with them and they moved on silently further into the tombs to disappear into the darkness. He assumed more Haruchai were giving the Queen a rear guard.

He looked up at the Queen and her Bloodguard guard. “Why the additional guard my Queen? I assure all is safe here. My family has visited and even played in these tunnels for generations without any harm befalling us. Only the dead haunt these halls.”

Bannor spoke with his flat atonal voice “There is great power here. The very air thrums with it. We feel it. We know caution. We will protect the Queen of Westeros with our lives if necessary.”

Eddard sighed. There was no power or danger here. He looked at Bannor and wondered. No. Eddard felt no power here. Still he welcomed any force that gave the Queen additional protection. Bannor moved around their location silently on the balls of their feet always vigilant.

Eddard looked around. “I am surprised I don’t see my daughter with you. She is always at your side Daenerys. You two seem inseparable.” That was as close as Eddard Stark could come to innuendo.

He saw the Queen lift and eyebrow and grace him with a small quirk of her lips.

“Yes, you are right, normally Arya is at my side. Especially in her bed. Or beneath me and I love to feel her weight pressing me down when she is top.”

Eddard felt his face turning scarlet. Blast! He knew better than to try and talk “smack” as he heard his children say it. He would never win such a verbal joust. He was indeed the prude he thought himself to be.

“Arya has told me of the tombs beneath Winterfell and I wanted to see them. She told me how you come down to these tombs to talk to your departed sister.”

Eddard grimaced and smiled. Was it that obvious?

“I hope I did not disturb you. Were you communing with your dead? With your sister?” The queen looked up at the statue that Eddard had been leaning against. It was of Lyanna looking down with one arm lifted up and the other hand reaching forward. The look on her carved face was regal, enigmatic and slightly fierce. At her feet was curled a fierce looking Direwolf.

“You have not carved Lyanna in a traditional pose for a Lady of the Court. There is something almost feral in her appearance” Daenerys observed to Eddard.

Eddard looked up at the statue. He had forgotten how he had requested that her likeness be rendered those many years ago. It was simply how he remembered his sister. Fierce and full of life. Any other pose would not have been true to Lyanna’s nature. Eddard would never lie to Lyanna again.

“I had her carved from stone to reflect the woman she was and not the woman that tradition said she should have been my Queen. She had not the freedom to be who she could have been. I did not make that mistake with Arya.”

“For that I am grateful Eddard Stark. Arya is the consort I have searched for since I took up my destiny so long ago in the Red Wastes. I can see the love for Lyanna in your very demeanor. I fear I may have trespassed on this time of communing with your lost sister.”
“Yes I was my Queen but I welcome your presence here. I find it peaceful here. I like the silence and like to sharpen my sword here. It makes me feel connected to the past. I hope the connection to the past will help guide me to the future.”

Daenerys looked around. “Arya has told stories of her youth and of trips to the tombs to play with her siblings. She tells me how Jon covered himself in flour and tried to scare Arya. How she played hide and seek with her brothers in these tombs.”

Eddard snorted. It must be a family passage. He and Brandon had tried to play the same trick on Lyanna and she had known of it and brought pales of water with her. She had thrown it on them making the flour turn to paste. It had been most uncomfortable.

They talked of childhood memories and the fun that he and Arya had had in these tombs.

“I am so sorry for what my father did to your House Eddard. Your father and brother did not deserve the fate that befell them. My father was quite mad.”

Eddard assured her that her father’s sins were his and did not flow to the daughter. She had forged her own destiny. She would assuage the sins of the past.

Daenerys looked back at the statue of Lyanna. “She was very beautiful as is Arya. I have heard stories of Lyanna and her wild fierce nature. How she was probably the unknown Knight of the Laughing Tree. She had to hide her true self. You allowed Arya to become what Lyanna should have been.”

She turned and looked directly at Eddard.

“For that I am forever grateful. She is everything I have ever wished for in a woman. A warrior supreme like myself. A woman of honor and conscious. A woman fierce in the world and in my bed.”

Eddard could not stop blushing at the last. He gave the Queen a squint smile. She had very accurately described his daughter. He had forgotten just how much like Lyanna Arya was. They both had the wolf in them.

“I want you to know Eddard Stark that I plan to marry your daughter and I would ask formally for her hand in marriage.”

Eddard looked the Queen hard in the eye. He gauged the woman standing before him. She was what every parent would want in a spouse for their daughter. Daenerys would always love his daughter fiercely and be true to her. She would be with his daughter always.

He smiled at her. “You have my permission and my blessing to marry my daughter Daenerys Targaryen. My wife and I have been desiring to have a triple wedding for my three oldest children. I would be honored if you marry my second eldest daughter in the Godswood.”

“I accept Eddard. I would love to wed Arya at the same time that Robb and Sansa are wed to their loves.”

Eddard was happy to hear that. He would be happy to tell his wife the good news that it was now official that Arya would be wed at the same time as her two eldest children in the Godswood.

“I guess you know you have married a girl that is full of the wolf. She is just like my sister in so many ways.”
Daenerys smiled softly. “Yes I have Eddard. Your daughter’s first act upon our meeting was firing two arrows at my head, then fighting me sword to sword and then finally she punched me right in face.” Daenerys looked off for a moment a soft smile on her face. “It was love at first fist.”

Eddard could not stop himself from chuckling. Lyanna had so desired to be a warrior. She had fought and pleaded with their father to let her take up the bow and the sword. His father had of course refused. It was not accepted that women should have such desires. His father had enforced society’s norms on his daughter. Eddard knew a large reason he had allowed Arya to pursue her dreams of the warrior way was because of the frustration he had seen his beloved sister endure.

He could not bring himself to crush Arya’s dreams like that.

They talked for a while about the hoped for future. They avoided the talk of the coming war. This was not the time or the place for it. Twenty minutes later the Queen departed with her entourage of protectors. Eddard sat back down and pressed his back into Lyanna’s tomb. Eddard started to sharpen his sword again.

He mulled over the visit of the Queen. He hoped that the union between the Queen and his daughter would right the cosmic balance between House Targaryen and House Stark. The first union between the two Houses had brought war and death. Rhaegar and Lyanna had eloped and brought destruction behind them. They had followed their hearts. Eddard paused in the sharpening of his sword. His daughter had followed her heart too. This time history would be so different. There would be no eloping and breaking of marriage vows. Eddard knew that their wedding vows would be unbreakable.

He mused over how history could repeat itself. It was like history was trying to right the wrong of the last union of house of Targaryen and Stark.

Eddard felt at peace with his past and the present. Maybe for the first time. He felt like he could almost feel Lyanna’s presence. He lifted his sword up and looked down the blade. He had a flash of a vision. A great direwolf hollowing at the moon. His sword was glowing a soft blue-white light. He nearly dropped his sword but calmed himself.

“Evening Star calls to you Eddard Stark” a feminine voice called out to him from the darkness.

Eddard surged to his feet. He almost recognized the voice. From the gloom Lustra appeared holding her staff before her. At her side was Brail on the balls of her feet. Seven Haruchai fanned out and disappeared down the corridor. What was it that they sensed? He was totally baffled and perplexed. Generations of Stark children played in these tombs alone and were never assaulted by any persons or force.

Lustra and the Haruchai had moved so silently that he would be dead if they had wanted it and he would not have been able to even defend himself. The abilities of these people to move so silently was very off putting. Lustra looked around and up at the statue behind Eddard.

“She was very beautiful … I see much of Arya Stark in her visage. May I ask who she was in life?” Lustra asked Eddard gently.

“That was my sister Lyanna Stark. She like my daughter was a very beautiful woman and full of a fiery spirit. We said and say in our House that my sister and my daughter were and are filled with the wolf.”

“I agree Eddard. I would say they are both indeed filled with the wolf. One of them literally. Your daughter is filled to overflowing with Earthpower Eddard Stark. The queen too is filled with it.
Amok is even now in Dorne with Cersei Sand. She too has been filled with Earthpower. She has become mighty indeed. She has great struggles before her. As do you Eddard Stark.”

Eddard nodded. “Yes, I know. I have a great task before me in defeating the Ice King. I am surprised to hear you speak of Amok. You two seemed to have parted on less than pleasant terms.”

The Lord grimaced. “He came to me in private.” Eddard saw Brail tense up. It was evident the Haruchai had had her guard penetrated. “He explained much to me.”

“That is not what I speak of Eddard Stark. You will meet and defeat the Ice King and his Croyel. I believe in you. I speak of other challenges. Yes. I am most disconcerted by Amok. He visited me last night having slipped past Brail.” Eddard glanced at Brail. Just for a moment a glare crossed her face before she controlled her features. “He spoke to me of many things. Things I agree with and thus I am here. I need to help prepare you for the travails you will confront.”

“Amok is attuned to many doors now Warden of the North. I had not known that High Lord Sollarius had entrusted Amok with so much power and so many burdens. As Earthpower wanes in this world other doors that had been sealed are fraying and opening. I fear they can never be fully shut again. The Laws of Life and Death have been broken and can never be made whole again. Things long sealed away from this reality can now slip back into our world.”

“Such entities are now slipping into the Vale. Other monstrosities have arisen in Dorne. In that land Cersei Sand and her mate will confront that horror with her ally the Were-Direwolf who has no pack. They will contest that affront to nature and humanity. You have to confront the horror that has arisen in the Vale of Arryn. We both feel other tasks confront you but the Vale of Arryn must be your first task. It is imperative or much harm and death will occur.”

Eddard took a deep breath. “I know. I have been forewarned and had visions.” He looked at Lustra. “But I ask, Why me? That is the land of the Arryns.”

“Eddard Stark. You are too are a special man. You are not filled with Earthpower like your daughter and your Queen but your righteousness has given you a power unique to you. We of the Land can see you are filled with a power that is plain to us. The Haruchai consider it a great honor to fight you. They believe that you could become Haruchai if you choose. They would accept you and there is no higher honor among their people.”

Eddard held up his hand. “I think I will be happy here in the North of Westeros.”

The Lord looked up at Lyanna again. She started to speak to Eddard but paused. She seemed to change her mind.

“Eddard Stark. Mist vampires are arising in the high mountain passes of Arryn. Amok has told me they are a great evil that will consume all if left unchecked. You must go and meet them and silence their evil. They are a horror that we cannot allow to grow and propagate. They have no bodies to kill and yet kill they must be. They have only now spilled into our world. You will confront and defeat them.

“But why me? I am just a warrior. How can I contend with spirits that have no body? This is beyond my kin to confront or contend with.”

“Eddard Stark—this false modesty ill becomes you. The Haruchai deem you the greatest swordsman of this realm. You have obviously been gifted with a great magical sword. Not even Valyrian steel can fully fight the Mist Vampires. Not so this sword you bear and the sword that Cersei Sand will soon take up. They fell from the heavens for a reason so many ages ago. The fates foresaw this time
and chose to give aid.

Eddard was stunned. Lustra could only be speaking of one sword. The sword of House Dawyne. He had heard of the curse that had been placed on it though he had not truly believed it. It clearly had not found one worthy of taking it. That was clear. For Cersei Lannister to be the next bearer of that sword. It made his mind spin. By the old gods Eddard gasped to himself. Cersei had changed mightily if she was the next bearer of Arthur Dayne’s sword. He was the greatest man he had ever met. *What had Cersei become?* Eddard wondered to himself.

He remembered his fight with Arthur Dayne. He had been fighting Arthur Dayne and had finally spotted a weakness in his stance and defense from attacks to his left. He was about ready to stop feigning his defense and go back on the offense when Howland Reed had attacked Arthur from the rear. It had made his attack so much simpler. Arthur would never have surrender. He put the man down. He did as he must as Arthur would have done to him if things had been reversed. It was the way of the warrior.

“You are fortunate we are in Westeros Eddard Stark” the Lord told Eddard. “Maybe there are multiple reasons why we have journeyed to his distant land. Amok, the Ur-viles and Wraiths of Andelain are even now forging the sword of the fallen star in Dorne and we now do so with your sword Eddard Stark.”

“This fallen star we feel was sent to the Earth for a reason. For this time. To be gifted with this sword at this time clearly shows you are preordained to come to the Earth’s defense in so many ways. It is your greatness that called to the maker of your sword. Only you are worthy of it.”

Lustra paused. She looked off in the direction of Dorne Eddard knew. “The sword in Dorne has not yet bonded with Cersei Sand as yours has with you. This sword of yours, Evening Star, will forever more only serve House Stark.”

Eddard looked at his sword. He had felt at times like the sword had something in it. Something akin to Daenerys Rune Sword.

Lustra looked behind herself. “I too have assistants in my task. From the shadows Eddard saw one of the Ur-vile Loremaster come into view from the inky shadow. Behind him was wedge of maybe twenty-five other Ur-viles of slightly lesser stature came into the soft light of the torches around Eddard. He sensed that the Ur-viles needed no light to be fully aware of their environs in the midnight dark beyond the torch light. The Ur-viles murmured in suppressed barks. Eddard could feel the power radiating from the Ur-viles. Eddard suddenly understood that these eyeless creatures were bred for the silent depths of stone and the pitch blackness of caverns and deep caves. They would find these caverns to be a pleasant home if the catacombs were vast enough to be a home to such creatures.

He would be helpless against them in this environs. He thanked the old gods they were aligned with him.

The Ur-viles formed up behind the Lord.

“You are about to be blessed Eddard Stark. From the depths of Andelain the Wraiths have come. As Cersei is honored so are you.” It was then Eddard saw and heard them.

Little lights began to appear down the corridor from both directions. *How was that possible?* They were small disembodied flames that did not burn. The flames a golden reddish hue that wavered but did not flicker. They glowed with an ethereal warmth that did not heat Eddard’s skin but made his heart glow warmer. The flames bobbed in the air as they approached. They put off a soft yellow
glow with their bodies glowing orange and yellow. In their depths he saw red and blue highlights. He heard tinkling music wafting up from each flame. At first he saw them coming towards him singly but their numbers were greatly increasing now. Soon the tombs were filled with these glowing flames who burned but gave out no warmth or gave out smoke. They bowed and danced with tinkling music left in their wake. They rose and fell in the chamber and seemed to move in a random aimless manner.

The notes Eddard heard were sweet and pleasing to his mind. He heard a song of ethereal beauty that was just beyond human comprehension. Each note blending into the next. He heard multiple melodies but they all wove into a greater whole.

Still more of the lights came into the tombs till the very air was aglow with their light. The sound of delicate crystal notes filled the tombs with an ethereal music. The music sublimely beautiful.

The Ur-viles were trembling wildly their nostrils flaring and flinging snot spray everywhere. Eddard could feel their trepidation. Their eyeless faces tracking the subtle dances of the Wraiths.

The Lord spoke up. “These are the Wraiths of Anderlain. We were not sure they would come. Long, long ago the Ur-viles attacked them while they were helpless. If it had not been for the sacrifice of an Unfettered One and the very wildlife of Andelain and the valiant intervention of Thomas Covenant and Atiaran Trell mate the Ur-viles would have consumed them all and their wonder and magic would have left the world.”

While the Lord spoke the Wraiths formed circles that weaved around the tombs. The flames moving to their own melody and yet they were in perfect synch with their brethren. Eddard watched the circles weave and interlock only to move into new patterns. The sight of the bobbing flames as beautiful as the music itself. The two humans watched with wonder.

The Ur-viles as one fell to their knees. They began to bay in discordant chants. Their heads turning about as their sightless faces followed the path of the Wraiths as they danced overhead. The sounds mournful to Eddard’s ears. The Ur-viles were almost screaming out their sorrow their loud wails echoing off the walls of the crypts.

Lustra looked at the Ur-viles who continued to tremble wildly.

The Lord resumed her narration. “The Wraiths of Andelain have been able to reproduce with their engorgement of wild magic. They are needed here and have answered the call even with the ur-viles here. Again I doubted Amok when he told me they would answer the call.”

Both Lustra and Eddard watched the bobbing tinkling flames now alight all over the Ur-viles while still keeping to their intricate dance that only the Wraiths understood. The Wraiths had elongated their circles to form up into lines and that began to dance over the Ur-viles.

The Ur-viles wailed loudly now their bodies now nearly convulsing. The barks and brays now had a note of wonder and joy.

“The Ur-Viles have been forgiven” Lustra stated simply. “Amok was right again.”

“He indeed is the door as he spoke. Amok has somehow bridged worlds to bring the Wraiths of Andelain to this place and this time. Old wrongs are being righted. The Weird of the Ur-viles has changed and so have the Wraiths.”

Now the dance of the Wraiths morphed yet again. Eddard’s eyes widen when he understood what the Wraiths were about to do next. The flames bobbed up to Eddard and then began to land on his
body and skittered up his arms and legs and flowed up his body and rose up off his hair.

“You are already bonded with your sword. The Wraiths are forging the binding between Cersei and her sword. She will not have her sword for a while yet. Still the bond is being formed and will be ready for her when the time comes.”

“Eddard Stark. Pull you sword out” Lustra softly entreated Eddard.

Eddard did not question it. He pulled his sword out and held it out with both hands. The Loremaster who had been kneeling wailing his joy Eddard supposed as more Wraiths danced across his facial features. The Ur-vile Loremaster came forward with his wedge behind him and extended his iron stave he produced from the folds of his tunic. The tip glowed red and he touched it to Evening Star.

A flood of Wraiths danced down and landed on Eddard’s sword and danced on the Ur-vile’s stave at its tip. He felt nothing. After a few minutes he felt strange and maybe a little foolish standing rock still as he held his sword out in front of him and these strange lights danced gaily all over his sword and lifted up or danced up his arms and up his body to dance off his face and hair.

He at first feared he would be burned but he only felt a tingle of possibilities where the flames touched him. Eddard was not sure how long he stood their without moving as the strange flames performed their ritual.

Finally, the event was over and the flames began to depart as well as the Ur-viles that now softly barked as they backed up and disappeared quickly in the shadows.

“You and your sword have been prepared Eddard Stark. You will meet the Vale’s need first. Other tasks and travails you will meet and conquer for that is your nature.”

With that the Lord and the Haruchai disappeared into the shadows silently and he was lift alone again with Lyanna. He took a deep breath. He felt at peace. He knew he had future labors to take to task. He would meet his new threats. He would not allow some horror to feast on the innocent and those who could not defend themselves.

He slowly left the tombs. He never noticed the faery watching him from the shadows. They sat on the statues no longer hiding their own glows of blue, red, purple, orange, pink and myriad other colors. She Who Must Not Be Named had spoken the truth about the human man. They watched Eddard Stark leave with adoring eyes.

He was their savior too.

**Arya**

Arya watched her mother finish nursing her little sister. She had already done Brandon who had awoken first and started fussing. The little baby gurgling and sucking greedily at his mother’s breast. Catelyn moving the baby from teat to teat. Kiserri was on the bed beside Arya’s mother totally fascinated by what she was seeing.

Arya had never been interested in seeing Rickon nurse when she was only a little older than Kiserri was. Arya found it humorous seeing the girl slack jawed seeing the little baby with milk running down his cheeks from nursing. Kiserri had gotten up close to see exactly what was going on.

Then Lyanna had started to wake up beside her mother and Kiserri scooted over to look at the little newborn girl waking up and her blue eyes opening. Kiserri liked how dark blue Lyanna’s eyes
were. Catelyn Stark finished nursing Brandon. She handed the newborn to Sansa and Margaery who cooed over the baby.

Catelyn then picked up Lyanna and put her to her left teat. Again Kiserri moved in close to see the little girl take to the teat.

“Kiserri shows much more interest in motherhood than you ever did Arya” her mother said in a teasing tone.

Arya bristled and then realized her mother was not attacking her but merely making an observation. She had no desire to have a child. She wanted to be a warrior and the thought of having a child did not fit in with her self-image. She looked over at Daenerys who was leaning over to look at Brandon and tickling his chin and neck.

Daenerys had told her that when she lost the child of Khal Drogo that she had become barren. Therefore, the gift of Kiserri was even more precious to Dany. She had a daughter that she had thought she had lost and now was the heir to the throne. With equal primogeniture being instituted into law after the coming war Kiserri’s path to the throne would be established.

Still Arya wondered at times. Seeing her mother clucking over her newborns had Arya wondering if Dany would want that sometime in the future. Would she want Arya to lie with some man to conceive a child? Arya had always considered herself not maternal in the slightest. But when Kiserri woke up from her sleep and looked around and smiled seeing Arya and held up her arms Arya’s heart was instantly captured by the sweet Dothraki girl. She was the very epitome of cuteness and had the sweetest disposition. The net was only tightening around Arya’s heart. Kiserri had Arya wrapped around her small finger and the little girl was not even trying.

Arya had only known Kiserri only a short while and already loved her dearly.

She looked at Kiserri but turned her attention back to Dany who was holding her newest brother and cooing to him. Strands of her long white hair falling down and tickling the baby’s nose and making his face scrunch up. Dany, her sister and Margaery laughed at Brandon’s antics. Arya found herself smiling great big herself.

She looked within herself. Did she want children? She wondered about that for a few minutes while the other young women around her were focused on the newborn children and her mother. She was not maternal in the sense she wanted children herself. She had never been like Sansa talking about having a Prince’s baby. For Sansa that had gone out the door with Margaery but Arya knew that someday her sister would want children. How Sansa and her wife would conceive their children Arya had no idea. The idea of lying with a man repulsed Arya but that was the only way to get with child. Sort of had to have the man poke you Arya knew no matter how unsettling the concept.

Her face made a grimace. Gross! Arya looked at her Sister and Margaery. She supposed they would work it out. They both seemed to be not as repulsed by the male form as Arya was. They would not hurl sleeping with a man like Arya would. The idea of fucking a man was, well, Gross! Her sister and Margaery would figure it out what needed to be done when the time came Arya reasoned. They would probably attack the thorny issue like a stratagem in the Game of Thrones. Arya suspected both would want to have children off in the future.

With Dany that would not be an option. Dany was barren. Only Arya could bring their children into the world. Arya looked at the problem logically. She was a warrior and would not like having her body taken down for the time it would take to have the child. She was honest with herself in that fact. She did not crave the difficulties of having a child. The morning sickness or maybe much worse like her mother had just experienced. She did not want her body debilitated with the effects of
bearing a child. She could not conceive of it—pun intended.

If not for magical intervention her mother and new brother and sister would be dead now. Giving
birth in this world was a dangerous undertaking. Over a woman’s child bearing age the chances of
death in child birth was one in three over a woman’s reproductive years. Arya did not like those
odds.

She would not like the swollen joints, especially the ankles and knees. The muscles in the abdomen
would be displaced and much exercise would be needed to get everything back in place. Her
musculature would suffer in general with her inactivity and the swelling of her joints and weight gain
she would have to endure while pregnant. She did not look forward to the postpartum depression
many women had after birth. She was confident she would quickly get the weight off and her
muscle mass restored but she would hate not having it while in the later stages of her pregnancy and
then immediately after the birth of her child or children.

She was a warrior and wanted to live as her father did. He had eight children now. But it had been
his wife and Jon’s mother that had conceived and brought them into the world.

That was the reason she had so immediately bonded with Kiserri. It was like having a child like her
father would have. An older child to be sure but for her emotionally it had been the same. It matter
not one wit that Kiserri was not of her body. All of that shit, Arya found banal anyways. She loved
Kiserri and that was all there was to it. It did not matter to the Stark teenager that the girl was not of
her issue.

Kiserri was enough for Arya. Would it be enough for Dany? Would a maternal instinct kick in with
her wife where she would want to have more children? If she could not have them then it would
have to be Arya that would conceive and bring the child to term. That would be bad enough. Lying
with a man would be worse. There was only one man she could ever let touch her that way and he
was her half-brother Jon.

She loved him dearly but not in that way. These thoughts were very confusing.

Kiserri was not of Dany’s body. Maybe they could have a surrogate to carry their child to term or
wait and see if another situation occurred where the children seemed to just fall into their arms like
Kiserri did with Dany. Dany had told her she just looked down on her march into exile in the Red
Wastes and there was Kiserri looking up at her with big beautiful dark black eyes. She was meant to
be Dany’s daughter and now Arya’s daughter. She liked the thought of that.

Let destiny decide. Arya sighed. She would eventually need to know where Dany stood on this.
Even if they came to an understanding today or tomorrow who was to say they would not change
their minds in the future? Maybe it would herself who wanted a child. Arya shook her head. She
decided she had plenty of time and would let the future come to her.

“Howmmmm what?” Arya spoke up hearing her name called.

Arya panicked when she saw Lyanna was being thrust into her hands. Her eyes shot wide open her
eyebrows shooting up.

“Wh-what?” she asked in an excited voice.

“I want you to burp your new sister Arya” her mother told “You have yet to hold her or Brandon.
You won’t break or drop them.”

Arya sat rigid her arms paralyzed.
“Go ahead Arya … you may one day have one of your own. Get in a little practice. She won’t bite. I promise you.” Arya saw the mirth in her mother’s eyes. The other four women looked at her with humor in their eyes. They were definitely enjoying her discomfiture.

Arya stared at Lyanna who looked at her with her big blue eyes. She knew the baby could not focus as of yet but the baby was getting fussy being held out. She wanted to be comforted. That thought made Arya tamp down her fear and slowly extend her arms.

Her mother smiled at her gently. She held out her arms with Lyanna gently clasped in her hands as if in offering to Arya. Arya cupped both arms side by side and accepted the precious burden. She felt the weight and heat of her new sister who wiggled and looked up at her making bubbly sweet baby noises. She was awful cute Arya had to admit. Her sister’s little head jerked around and she cooed and wiggled. Arya brought her arms against her body and leaned back slightly so her arms and body made a one hundred percent safe cocoon for Lyanna. She was terrified of dropping her new sister.

“Arya” Sansa chuckled. “Lyanna is not a Manitcore or a rare vase from Yi Ti. She is just a baby. Relax.”

*That was easy for Sansa to say!*

Arya looked down at her sister who stared up at her without really seeing her. She squirmed and made strange noises that for some reason Arya found cute and precious.

“She needs burping Arya” her mother called to her. Arya stared wide eyed at her mother. She was not sure about this! “Just lift her up and put her chin on your shoulder.” Arya hesitated. She looked around herself and saw Alys, her sister and her lover and Dany staring at her with a look of humor. That stiffened Arya’s spine. She would just treat this like a duel. Well not a duel but with as much care and seriousness.

Arya slowly lifted up Lyanna who squirmed and jerked her little arms. “She needs to be burped Arya. Put her on your shoulder.” She felt someone put a rag on her shoulder. She slowly put the little bundle of joy on her shoulder. Arya looked around. *Now what?*

“Pat her on the back Arya” her mother told her. Arya lifted her left hand and slowly brought it up and tapped her new sister on her back. The babe gurgled and kicked her feet. Arya continued to pat Lyanna on her back. “Arya for crying out loud hit her harder on her back. She is not going to break” her mother told in her in a slightly humored and exasperated tone.

She started to pat Lyanna harder. “Harder Arya” Sansa told her. She hit Lyanna harder. “Geez Arya, hit her harder. You are barely even touching her!” This went on for a minute as Arya’s mother and elder sister kept urging her to hit Lyanna’s back harder. She finally seemed to be using enough force. She noticed that the newborn was not complaining and kept on happily cooing.

Finally a satisfying burp was produced by the baby. The newborn settling down with the air removed from its tummy. Arya slowly brought the little baby back down and looked at her little sister. The baby stared up at her contentedly for several minutes. Arya rocked the baby back and forth. This was not too bad. Let someone do the hard work of having the baby and let her do the good stuff!

Then she heard a strange sound and Lyanna looked suddenly pleased with herself. She then began to squirm after a minute and getting fussy. Arya wondered what was going on. The others in the room were focused on her mother and Brandon who was making noises and jerking his arms centering attention on him. Arya could see that Lyanna was no longer in her happy place. Her face contorting and her legs squirming. She decided to figure out was going on with her new little sister.
Arya lifted her arms up to bring Lyanna closer to Arya so she could inspect her little sister. Arya was not sure what she was looking for. Why was Lyanna getting fussy and her face scrunching up? Arya smelled something that was not right. It seemed to be coming from her little sister. Arya bent her head down and sniffed at her sister’s diaper. \textit{Oh hell no!! How could Lyanna continue to act innocent having spawned that!} This was heinous. She looked around desperately. She spotted Dany laughing talking to Margaery. Good. It was time to hand the problem off to a higher authority.

“Arya” Arya intoned. Dany did not hear her. She raised her voice slightly. She did not want to give away the game “Arya baby?!” That got her attention. Dany turned and smiled at her with that smile that always made Arya feel good inside. \textit{Good. Right where I want her.}

“Here Dany. Look how pretty Lyanna is.” Arya was careful to keep her voice light and airy and her face with a happy look on it and not the sheer desperation she was feeling inside.

Dany had seen Lyanna many times now but she only smiled and accepted Lyanna when Arya handed her little sister to her. \textit{Whew!} Dany cooed and tickled Lyanna. The baby was getting more agitated. Dany’s eyebrows arched wondering what was going on with Lyanna. Arya edged away unremarked.

Then Dany’s face twisted. She slowly lifted Lyanna up and sniffed. Dany turned and glared at Arya with an evil eye. Arya smiled beatifically. Dany squinted her eyes. Arya knew she would pay for this but a girl had to do what a girl had to do!

Dany turned and got Margaery’s attention. She tried to hand Margaery the now fidgeting baby. Margaery took one look at Lyanna and correctly surmised the situation. She tried to refuse but Dany insisted. Arya saw her mother looking on at them with an amused look on her face. Lyanna was being pushed right and left by Dany and Margaery each trying to get the other to take the now beginning to voice her displeasure little baby girl.

“Of for crying out loud. You three are pathetic” Sansa huffed. Taking Lyanna from Dany who did not look guilty at all. Margaery glared at Sansa for showing her up. Sansa walked over to the table used to change the babies. She gave the baby to Edeline one of two chambermaids that were sitting at table by the wall talking softly. Edeline had gotten up seeing Sansa coming and took Lyanna. She immediately started cooing and making over the baby as she started changing her diaper.

Sansa looked very pleased and proud of herself when she came back to sit down beside her mother. Arya rolled her eyes. Geez, all that effort. She could have done that!

A few minutes later her father came in and he picked up both children and put them in the crook of his arms and walked around talking to them. Evidently, Brandon had decided to soil his diaper. Eddard handed Lyanna to his mother and walked the baby to the changing table. He smiled at the two chambermaids waving them away.

Arya watched humbled as her father expertly changed Brandon’s diaper. He said “somethings you never forget.” His fingers adroit and his face not filled with panic and dread. Arya was most impressed with her father. He had command of all situations it seemed. Her father picked up the changed Brandon who gurgled and babbled away happily.

Arya was feeling restless. She liked these new additions to the family but she needed to clear her head. She told Dany she was going out to the practice yard. Dany smiled up at her and gripped the hand she had put on Dany’s shoulder. The soft look Dany gave her made Arya feel all funny on the inside. She knew they would be making heated love tonight. \textit{She couldn’t wait!}
She left her parents chambers. She started down the hall. She was alone when she entered the hall. Arya looked around but saw no one. When she turned down the hall that led to the main stairway up the first three floors of the great keep. She looked to her left and was not surprised to see Jeertel there. She had soundlessly appeared as she always did. How anyone could move without any sound and be unseen when looked for was astounding and a little off putting.

She made it out to the practice yards by the Great Keep. She looked out at the yards and green swards near the Guards Hall, Armory and Guest House. Arya saw Lords practicing sword or ax work with each other and some were fighting the Haruchai and fairing badly. She smiled seeing them getting so pissed off fighting and losing to women and men who fought with only fist and foot. The fact that they were barefoot only added insult to injury.

She had come to accept that most often it was a draw with the Haruchai she fought. She lost as much as she won. Jeertel was like a panther she was so fast and her blows felt like sledgehammers. Her native strength was staggering.

She saw some Ranyhyn run into the yard. She could not stop herself form always gaping at the horses. They were at least two to three hands taller than the horses of Westeros and Essos. Their chests and haunches thickly muscled. No matter the color of the horse the star that was on their foreheads seemed to almost leap off their faces they were so radiant. They were really like stars that had come down from the heavens to alight on Ranyhyns foreheads.

These mystical horses had used their strength and speed to get her father back to her mother in their hour of need. Her father had told all with wonder in his voice of how the horses had eaten up the leagues that had taken his horses seven to eight hours in only a little more one and half hours. The Ranyhyn had answered his need even though he had not asked for it.

The other horses would gather around any Ranyhyn that came among them. It was obvious they were communicating through their nickering and neighs. Arya could see the intelligence burning from the great horses’ eyes. There was a depth of knowledge there that staggered her the first time she realized just how intelligent these horses were. They moved so fluidly and their strength was obvious to all. She had heard the Ramen say the Ranyhyn were the mane of the sky and tail of the world. It fit.

The ramen were always tending to the great horses of the Plains of Ra she had learned. She learned how over fifty thousand years ago the Ranyhyn had been pushed to the brink of extinction by the forces of the Grey Slayer or as he was usually called Lord Foul. The horses were lost after the death of their Lord Father, Kelenbhrabanal, who tried to make a bargain with Lord Foul. He bargained that if he would lay down his life that Lord Foul stop the persecution of the Ranyhyn. Kelenbhrabanal laid his life down before Horrim Carabal and perished before the Lurker of the Sarangrave Flats.

The bargain was not kept. The horses’ spirits were broken. The great Kresh hunted them relentlessly. The great vile yellow wolves that loped on the great plains of the Land and in the Forests. They hunted the Ranyhyn day and night and formed great packs to slaughter the great horses. That was when the Ramen found the great horses. So smitten were they made a vow on the day of their meeting that they would protect the great horses. They pledged their very lives, society and culture to the support and care of the horses of the plains of Ra. The Ramen would give their last breath in defense of the horses of the Plains of Ra.

Together, Ramen and Ranyhyn, shattered the great packs of Kresh sending them fleeing back to the plains their numbers greatly diminished.

Arya had asked of these Kresh. She was told the Kresh were nearly as large as Direwolves. The
Kresh had the same build as the Direwolves of Arya and her siblings’ Direwolves. Arya remembered how Ramen reacted the first time they had seen Direwolves. They had immediately ripped their cords from around their waists and hair. They sensed that these Direwolves were much greater than the Kresh of their homelands. The Ramen ready to defend the Ranyhyn with their lives.

Then the next instant with their health-sense they saw that there was no ill will in the Direwolves. They had immediately lowered their cords. The Direwolves while filled with wild spirit they were not evil in their core. In fact, the Ramen with their Healthsense could see that much of the Direwolve’s savagery had been tempered by their mental bond with their humans. Their bond with their human masters had tempered their natural savagery. They had seemed to taken on some of their human masters human traits.

Arya had often challenged the Haruchai who were always anxious to test their mettle and skills against any who would challenge them. It was unnerving to practice with someone who did not feel the need to have you use a practice sword and would slam their fist into their chest and say “fist and faith, there is only victory or death”.

The Giants were simply to freaking tall to fight. They were every bit as fast as Arya and their immense reach with their granite swords was truly frightening to go against. No one from Westeros had any chance against them.

Equally frightening was how the Haruchai could actually fight the Giants for the most part to a draw. She saw Jeertel punch Wavesplash Rimeshoal so hard in the face having ducked under a mighty sword swipe that was invisible to Arya’s eyes and somehow crawled up the Giant’s armor and punched her savagely three times in the face before she jumped away when Wavesplash roared in anger swiping at the Haruchai.

Jeertel had intoned up to the Giant. “Our old tellers speak of the legend when Haruchai first met the Giants on the second quest of Thomas Covenant. Brinn punched Grimmand Honningscrave in the face then. It renewed the friendship and fidelity between Giants and Haruchai. As our friendship is strengthened.”

The Giant had rumbled in her high light voice “You friendship is a weighty matter” rubbing her cheek and chin.

Arya had tried to challenge the Ramen to fights to test her skill against theirs. Usually they demurred saying they had to tend to the Ranyhyn. That duty clearly came first in the occupation of Ramen’s time. They would rub the horses down and use tools they kept in small ruck sacks to clean their hooves. The horses obviously felt great affection for their human compatriots. The horse gently nickering and bumping into their human tenders.

At times though she would come upon the Ramen and one of them would have enough free time to accept the challenge of Arya. She had fought all the cords. She had found them skilled and quick but she had been able to defeat them. In her sparring session with the Ramen, only with Trami did she have actual difficulty in defeating him. His speed with the use of his cord was truly astounding. When he started to whirl his cord it was invisible and would lash out like a striking cobra she had seen from large island nation of Great Moraq in King’s Landing.

Arya was thinking that the Ramen were not the greatest of warriors. Their main focus and skills were in tending the Raynhyn.

Last week, the cords Manethrall, Shapa, came out to challenge Arya. It seemed she had sensed that Arya and others were thinking that they were not worthy of the respect that the Haruchai generated. Arya was out in the practice yards surrounded by men from Dany and her father’s forces. The
denizens of the Land were also in the yard practicing. Arya saw the Haruchai present and the Giants stopping their sparring to witness their duel.

The two women moved to the center of the clearing as the men and women warriors formed a large loose circle. The Haruchai stood impassively. The Manthrall’s three cords were together and softly talking their eyes glittering. The men of Westeros and Essos were laughing making observations of how Arya would tear the Manethrall a new one. The Giants unstopped several jugs of Diamonddraught and took big swigs and offered the drink to the men of the Queen and Arya’s father’s forces. The Giants joking with all but siding with their Manethrall. They kept asking the men of Westeros what was ‘money’.

Arya felt her chest swell knowing the men and women of Westeros were placing their bets on her.

Arya had seen that the Manethrall kept her Cord in her hair. She wondered how the woman would extract it from her hair to fight her. The cord was interwoven throughout the woman’s long brown hair. Arya watched Shapa slowly pull the dried yellow flowers out of her hair and hand them to her cords who cupped the flowers reverently.

Arya stood casually with the Valyrian sword of Aegon; Blackfyre. The sword that now belonged to her. The sword blazed in blue light that wicked up and down the pure blade. Arya was still astounded that she was able to fire up the hidden runes that even its original master had not been able to fire up. She was still processing what all that might mean.

Dany had given her the sword of her ancestor. Arya had accepted the gift with her heart pounding. Dany had wanted her to come up with a new name for the sword but she had wanted to keep the sword name the same. It was this sword that had fully revealed their love for each other. Thus, Arya resisted finding a new name for the sword. Any name she tried sounded cheesy to her.

The sword was so light to her in her left hand. She had smiled first using the sword. She now knew why sword fighters cherished their Valyrian swords. It felt as if it had been made for her. The sword holding its edge. She loved how the runes danced for her even though she was not of Valyrian descent. The runes beautiful to the eyes and connoting the great love between Arya and her Queen.

Her firing up the runes marked Arya as being special. A woman worthy of being Daenerys Targaryen’s mate. Dany had told her that she had asked her father for her hand in marriage and that he had gladly given it. It was so courtly and old fashioned and it had made her feel like the most beautiful sought out woman in the world. She was Daenerys Targaryen’s mate and all others could be envious as much as they wanted!

She stood before the Manethrall in a casual stance. She casually moved her sword left and right leaving blue streaks before Arya. She did this to hopefully intimidate her foe. Arya’s father was always telling her to play mind games with her opponents. Try and get advantage before you even make your first attack. She had dispatched the Cords without too much effort and only Trami had provided any challenge. She would defeat this Manethrall too with little effort she was sure.

Faster than her eyes could truly register the woman somehow whipped the cord from her hair. Arya had seen the cord of the Ramen was an inch thick rope that was approximately three feet long and had heavy knots on each end and two knots about eighteen inches apart in the middle. The Manethrall hands initially gripped the outside edges of the two middle knots. Then in a lightning fast motion she moved her right hand to one end of the cord anchoring her hand on the end knot.

She whipped her cord forward stepping in low so Arya’s parry went past her head. The Manethrall looped her cord around Arya’s sword and snapped it down while she jumped up in the air higher
than seeming possible. She used her momentum and the anchor pivot of her cord on Arya’s sword to loop over Arya’s body. She reached her apex snapping her wrist down to throw Arya off balance for the merest fraction of a second. Shapa released Arya’s sword with another snap of her wrist that sent the free end of the cord jerking up to the Manethrall’s free hand which Shapa gripped. All this while her body soared high over Arya’s body. A body still getting its balance back.

As she passed over Arya she looped her cord around Arya’s neck and jerked faster than Arya could react. With a slight jerk of Shapa’s wrist the rope tightened around Arya’s throat. The message was clear. I could have just snapped your neck. With another flex of Shapa’s wrist the loop was off Arya’s neck. Shapa landed lightly on the other side of Arya. Her body posed to attack or defend.

Arya was furious with herself. She had seriously underestimated her foe. She immediately analyzed her failure. She brought needle out its sheath at her hip.

For the next ten minutes the two women attacked each other with attacks that were blurs. Arya was able to keep the Manethrall at bay with her swords slashing and thrusting. The Ramen woman dancing almost like Syrio staying just out of reach. For her part Arya was able to stop any advance by the Manethrall. She kept her swords point down when not on the attack and she tracked the woman’s movements moving to thwart any attempt to again hook her blade as the Manethrall had the first time.

Arya formed a whole new respect for the Ramen and their fighting prowess. This was further reinforced when Nymeria and her brothers Shaggydog and Grey Wind had had enough of getting thrown to the ground and their snouts painfully punched by the Hurachai when they “attacked” them. Arya had actually felt sorry for Nymeria. She simply could not fathom that men and women without weapons or armor were able to defeat her almost every time. The other two Direwolves had learned the same painful and humiliating lessons.

The few victories of the Direwolves against the Haruchai sent the Direwolves into howling and yipping fits of glee. They would howl for hours celebrating their victories. The Haruchai bowing to the great wolves in respect for their victories. The Direwolves acting all superior and prissy till the next time they had their snouts painfully punched and the wolves thrown on their backs and forced to submit.

Then it was back to snapping crossly at the Haruchai whining over their defeats. Then trying to piss on them but the Haruchai were simply too fast for that trick. Shaggydog would nearly loose his mind he got so frustrated trying to sneak up on a Haruchai and pee on him or her. The seeming unaware Haruchai only at the last moment spinning out of the way and slapping Shaggydog painfully on the snot. Shaggydog howled his rage. A few times his fits were so pronounced Arya feared the wolf might expire with all his kicking while wallowing on his back and his incessant whines of impotent humiliation and rage.

Their barking and snarling after their defeats raucous and bouncing off the castle walls.

Only when in attacking as three together on one Haruchai were they able to best a Haruchai on a fairly regular basis. Even then sometimes the Haruchai prevailed much to the Direwolves consternation.

Lady just sat in the sun panting and taking it all in. Lady was a lady in all things. She only became “vicious” when she perceived that Sansa and now Margaery were threatened. Then she was every bit aggressive as Nymeria.

The Direwolves were summarily beaten by the Ramen. That was when Arya understood that the Ramen strengths and skills were focused on fighting Kresh and not armed men which did not attack
the Horses of the Plains of Ra. Their skills had been honed to fight the primary enemy of the Ranyhyn.

When the Direwolves rushed the cords they would side step only at the last impossible moment and snap their cords around legs or necks. With the limbs entangled the cords tripped the charging snarling Direwolves. Arya saw that with more pressure and adjustment of the angle the cord wrapped around the legs of the Direwolves that an increase in force applied would have shattered the Direwolves limbs. Their other killing move was the same as the Manethrall had used on Arya. They would loop their cord around the throat of the Direwolf and land on the wolf’s back or land beside the wolf and plant their feet. Then with a hard jerk send the Direwolves tumbling to the dirt.

If the force and angle had been changed slightly broken necks would have occurred. Their victories were not absolute. At times a direwolf would latch onto a leg or midsection and play bite rendering a death if for real. The Ramen also used the knots of their cords to deliver stinging blows to the Direwolves faces and their bodies. If those blows had landed at the right spot with enough force the blows would have caused major hurt to the Direwolves. Arya had learned a much greater appreciation for the Ramen.

Currently, Arya looked around the fields. She saw all manner of practice going on. She chuckled seeing Oberyn yelling and cursing Nymeria. She had ahold of his spear just behind the blade of the spear. Her body was jerking on the shaft hard her eyes aglow with wolf happiness. Oberyn had his feet dug in. “Fuck you Nymeria! This is my spear godsdamnit!”

Arya turned and walked towards some Haruchai and knights sparring.

Several hours later Arya was tired but happy. She had fought knights, sellswords and Haruchai in sparring matches one after the other. She felt invigorated.

She went back to her quarters and took a quick sponge bath and put on some of Dany’s perfume. She loved some of the exotic scents that Dany had collected in her travels through the lands of Esso. They were intoxicating. Arya dabbed some between her breast and on her inner thighs. It never hurt to give Dany something to further inflame her desire for Arya’s body. Arya’s body was aching to fuck Dany. She toyed with the idea of flopping on her bed and masturbating but it was approaching the evening meal time.

She dressed and hurried to the hall. She went in and sat quickly beside her lover and stole a quick kiss. She felt her body tingle when Dany enfolded Arya in her arms and pulled Arya so hard into her body and hugged her long and tight. Dany then gave Arya a wet possessive kiss letting all know that Arya Stark belonged to the Queen. Dany pulled hard on Arya to press Arya into the Queen’s body even more tightly. After another wet kiss, only then did Dany release Arya and turn to resume her conversation with Sansa.

Arya looked around with a beaming smile. She had indeed won her Queen’s heart.

She saw that Kiserri was down the dais sitting with other children her age laughing and eating cut up slices of beef and eating her vegetables. She was going to spend the night with the main baker and her husband who ran the washroom operations. They had two little girls that Kiserri had developed a friendship with.

It was a festive time in the feast hall. Her mother was at the table beside her father. This was the first day she had felt strong enough and ready to resume her wifely duties as the mate of the Warden of the North. Behind her mother was a bassinet with a canopy. It was in a dreadful pink color. Arya got ill just seeing the appalling color choice. The canopy was half pulled back.
A constant stream of visitors were streaming up to the upper terrace. The arrival of Catelyn Stark back in the feast hall had everyone happy and jovial. Arya smiled seeing the staff and common folk freely ascending the upper stage of the dining hall. Her father insisted that the nobility and common man fully intermingled. The higher dais merely to honor visiting Lords. Arya had heard of the struggles her mother had gone through when she first experienced this when she came to Winterfell.

From what Arya had heard over the years her grandfather seemed to allow it only on high holidays and her uncle Brandon would never have allowed it; this mixing of commoner and high nobility on the upper dais. Arya shivered. If history had been as it should have been, Arya would never have been born or would be a totally different person if Brandon had not died at King’s Landing. That made Arya look at Dany and the spot where her straight left fist had impacted Dany’s face and sealed their love. Arya felt reassured being near her lover. What had happened had happened. The past was at it should be.

She watched Lords and their wives and common men and women come by the bassinet and look at the newborn children. The men made complimentary remarks and the more bold women asked if they could hold the children. Catelyn was most gracious with allowing this. The newborns seemed to relish being the center of attention already.

The Giants came in and their laughter took the festivities to a higher level. The Lord came in with Brail at her side and even though her face was flat Arya could see the longing and desire written all over the Haruchai’ s face. She felt for the silent woman. It touched Arya to see such suppressed passion. The Haruchai needed to tell the stern Lord how she felt. She had noticed over the last few days that the Lord was now trying to not stare at the Haruchai when she thought no one was looking. She wondered if Margaery had been up to her lesbian match making again.

She hoped so. Anyone knew with half a brain knew that women made the best mates with the exception of her father and her brothers especially Jon. He had proven that by bagging two wives. Arya smiled. Just like her favorite brother to prove his worth. He was of royal blood through and through as far as Arya was concerned. Jon would never be a bastard in her eyes.

Arya had been so happy when Dany made it clear that the tradition of holding the bastard accountable for the supposed sin of their birth was to be abolished. Names like Snow, Rivers, Sand and the other heraldry of bastardy was to be abolished. Men were about to get very nervous. Arya was anxious to see that.

About time Arya thought.

Arya looked before her at all the delicious foods laid out on the tables. She reached out and broke off a large piece of black rye bread. She took a trencher and put on it honeyed chicken basted in butter and brown rice. On the side she put roasted onions dripped in thick brown beef gravy. Dany had pulled some unleavened bread and a trencher she had put honeyed duck on with some sausage links with hot spices from Dorne. She had a croissant pastry with blackberry preserves. She had put some soft boiled eggs on one side.

Sansa told Dany to have some lemon cakes of course. Arya rolled her eyes. She couldn’t help but chuckle seeing Dany put several beside her trencher.

Her and Dany tucked into their food and did not do much talking. The Giants were laughing and pounding the table with their buckets they were using to drink mead out of. They would slap some knight or lord on the back and send them flying.

The Ramen ate at table with the stable hands. They seemed most comfortable with people who
shared their passion for tending horses.

The Haruchai ghosted around the hall alert for any trouble. Arya never saw them relax. They moved like ghosts on the edge of awareness. Arya wondered about these strange taciturn people who never seem to let their guard down. Unless you got them between the sheets. It was amazing how they went from silent ghosts to wailing banshees. Still, Arya noticed, at least a third of the Haruchai remained on alert patrolling for their brethren and the people of Westeros.

Arya was starting to feel like her mind was wandering when her body jammed into the table. Dany was talking to Catelyn who was sitting across from them. Her right hand was softly stroking the inside of her thigh. Arya felt a rush thrill through her body. She scooted just that little bit closer. Dany’s hand moved over and stroked her inner thigh up to her groin now just brushing over her mound when Arya parted her legs.

Dany acted like nothing untoward was happening as her fingers began to stroke Arya’s swelling camel toe and Arya shivered feeling her nipples engorging. She had a vest over her blouse top so her increasing arousal was not given away by her swelling nipples. When her nipples became erect there was no hiding it with a blouse top. She moaned feeling her nipples rasping the linen cloth and leather vest. Her pussy was getting so fucking wet as she gritted her teeth to keep from moaning. Dany was trailing her first two fingers up and down her groove and over her throbbing clit.

After a minute of further exquisite torture Dany told the table that she and Arya were tired and were going to retire early. All around the table gave them knowing looks and wished them a good night sleep. Her father was blushing at the obvious arousal of his middle daughter.

Arya was breathless as they went to the children’s table and kissed Kiserri goodnight. She beamed and told them she was so excited to have a sleepover with her new friends.

Arya was then rushing with Dany down the halls back to her room. She so loved fucking Dany on the bed she grew up in. The bed she had masturbated so many times in dreaming of seducing and making love to the fierce scion of House Targaryen.

They were in her room now. Her travel there a fog filled reveries of lust. They were ripping their clothes off. The garments flying in all directions. They giggled as one as they fell to the bed. They wrapped their arms around each other and twined legs as they pulled their bodies tight to each other. Hot throbbing eyes stared at each other with hot throbbing fuck hunger. Their hands stroking flesh rapidly heating up with lust. Their bodies wiggling against each other enjoying the skin to skin contact.

Their mouths found each other and lips melded tight as their tongues hungrily met. Teeth parted and Dany asserted her dominance her tongue surging into Arya’s mouth. Tonight, at least to begin with, the dragon would rise ascendant. Arya whimpered hard feeling Dany’s tongue wetly wresting her tongue. The coiled appendages rolling and flipping around in Arya’s mouth. Then Dany surged their mouths even tighter together as she tilted her head over further. The angle letting the Queen slam her tongue down Arya’s gagging throat.

This had the teen’s eyes rolling back into her skull feeling Dany’s long tongue spearing down her throat again and again. Their lips melded tight. They broke for air and gasped for breath. Then with a fist clenched in Arya’s hair Dany brought their mouths together again and rammed her tongue down Arya’s throat with hard spearing thrusts.

“Mmmppffftt uunngggfllff mmmppphhhhllllftt uunnggg mmmggppppfff!” Arya chuffed into the mouth devouring hers.
She felt Dany reach down and grip her ass as she swept Arya’s cunt hard into her thigh as they writhed and rotated hips to rub their pussies on each other’s bodies. Their pussies rubbing hard on muscled thighs and along hip bones. The two women gyrated their groins in tight swirls to keep the delicious tension on their weeping twats. Their bodies mashing and slipping against each other in their tight love clench.

Dany pivoted around with Arya in her grip and tilted their bodies over to they crashed to the bed. Arya squealed into Dany’s mouth at the impact and reverberation of her body on the mattress and Dany’s lithesome body landing on her body and pressing her down into the mattress. Dany adjusted their bodies so her smaller body was on top of Arya’s. She settled in between thighs and positioned her groin so their pussies were mashed into each other.

They kissed ravenously and ground aching twats on each other. Both women reveled in the wetness of their quims humping each other and soaking their groins and inner thighs in snail snot. Dany then half rolled off of Arya to settle alongside her wolf. Their kiss broken by the change in position. Arya looked up at Dany from her back. Her woman looked down upon Arya up on one elbow. The Queen looked down at Arya with smoky eye contact. She slowly slide her body off Arya and now pressed into the side of her sweet Direwolf.

Keeping their eyes locked as long as possible the Queen bent her head down and sucked a bulb nipple deep into her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed out with rhythmic love sucks on the spongy nipple as her tongue lathed and battled the turgid nipple making Arya gurgle and keen in helpless pleasure. Then slowly Daenerys slide her right hand slowly down Arya’s palpating belly. Their bodies beginning to film with love sweat.

With a slow sensual motion Dany moved her head over to Arya’s other plum bursting nipple and siphoned that bulb deep into her mouth and vacuum sucked with cheek hollowing deep throat love sucks while her tongue jigged the bulbous nipples. At the same time the pale Valyrian wormed two fingers deep into Arya’s hot tight steamy cunt. Both women groaning gutturally. One feeling her cunt penetrated deep with a slow sensual love stroke and the other feeling the oily tight inner folds grip and suck on the fingers. Dany started to pump in and out her lover’s snatch.

"Oh! Oh gods!" Arya gasped, gagging softly as Dany began to slowly pump her fingers harder and deeper in and out Arya’ hot tight sixteen year old cunt. The fingers pumping so deep into the slimy folds of Arya’s hot fiery core. The digits sluicing through the inner petals all soaked in slimy hot cum. The hot slimy folds and whorls hungrily slurp gripping the digits plunging deep and hard into Arya’s slurping trim. Arya arched her back to take all of her lover’s long fingers into her hungry pussy hole. "Unghhh! Unghhh! Oh gods baby—fuck me deep baby" Arya gurgled.

Daenerys slowly ramped up the force and speed of her pumping fingers. Dany moved her mouth over to Arya’s other bursting plum nipple and siphoned it in deep and sucked with voracious hard cheek hollowing love sucks. Now both nipples soaked in spittle. Dany’s head lifting with her love sucks. She was now slamming her fingers into Arya’s love hole her knuckles pounding Arya’s snatch. Arya humping her twat up into the hard piston pumping fingers. Her cunt was getting so wet and squishy. The shocks of the impacts of Dany’s knuckles into Arya’s vulva sent shocks to her clit.

Dany was moving her mouth back and forth sucking a spit soaked nipple deep into her mouth and running her tongue all over the rubbery juicy two inch nipple her lips hooked where bursting areola meet Arya small ridge of breast meat. Dany sucked long and hard enjoying the pulpy rubbery feel of Arya’s areolas underneath her rasping tongue. Her knuckles slammed into Arya’s vulva compressing it with each hammering stroke of her hard piston pumping hand.
Her fingers slamming hard and fast into Arya’s sloshing trim. Dany’s bent thumb hammered Arya’s
clit sending scalding shocks into her clit and womb. Her pussy wildly spasming as Arya felt those
first delicious spasms deep in her belly that told the teenager a harsh powerful orgasm was forming in
her womb.

"Ungghh!" Arya groaned, arching her back, feeling her body quiver with fire, feeling her assaulted
pussy flame and throb. Dany was slam fucking her aching cunt so good and hard. Her body jolting
with the force of Dany slamming three fingers now hard and deep into her cunt. Her pussy stretched
out tight on Dany’s plunging fingers. Her quim was sloshing so wetly now splattering love juice all
over her belly, groin and inner thighs. "Ungghh! Oh gods ... do it ...do it baby—pound my cunt! ... 
Oohhhhh, Fuck me hard Dany! Harder! Unghhh! Yes! Ungghh! Ownggghh! Yes yes! Oh Dany ...

Dany was sucking like a starving babe on the nipple in her mouth. Her teeth now with
moderate force teething the plum nipple that was so spongy beneath her sawing teeth. Her right
hand harpoon fucked Arya’s swollen quim.

Arya’s twat exploded. “AAARRUUUNNGGGGGG! OOWWWWGHHHHHHHH!

Arya’s head lulled over her face locking up and grimacing hard with the strong aftershocks rippling
through her body. Arya was stunned. She was floating on a sea of sweet ecstasy. She felt her inner
folds sucking on Dany’s long fingers buried deep her twat with the dying spasms of her orgasm.

Finally, the sweet explosions of shocking violence began to wane and Dany now buried her fingers
into Arya’s sloppy wet pussy and enjoyed the dying spasms milking her fingers.

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through her body. Arya was stunned. She was floating on a sea of sweet ecstasy. She felt her inner
folds sucking on Dany’s long fingers buried deep her twat with the dying spasms of her orgasm.

Dany had released Arya’s nipple which became so sensitive in the heights of orgasm. Dany was
now kissing Arya deeply gagging Arya in sweet bliss. Arya relished the feel of Dany stroking her
tonsils with her tongue. Her woman pressing her body into Arya and mating their mouths tight to
kiss with languid tongues flipping and rolling around in Arya’s gagging mouth. The sweet kissing
intensifying her aftershocks making her body jerk hard in that burning ecstasy that only aftershocks
gives a woman.

After a minute, Dany broke their kiss and slowly moved to get between Arya’s legs. Her mouth
leaving sweet kisses on Arya’s sternum and then down the middle of her now sweat soaked belly
only now not heaving. Dany adjusted to get her body over and then down between Arya’s sweaty
legs. She pushed them out wide opening up Arya’s love hole that drooled out cum still that dribbled
down over her perineum and soaked her asshole and the cleft of her ass.

Dany moved her face close to Arya’s swollen wet couchie. Dany slowly spread out her lover’s
pussy with the fingers of her right hand opening up her honey hole all cum filled and wetly clutching
at her. Arya’s inner folds pulsing as fuck hunger started to fill Arya’s body again. The Queen loved
seeing the inner folds of Arya’s cunt so wet and slimy soaked in her snail snot. Arya’s cunt so red
and clutching aching for more loving.

Dany inhaled deeply. “Oh baby you pussy smells so fucking good! Your pussy is so fucking
beautiful.”
Sometimes Dany talked too much Arya thought evilly. Arya cupped her hand on back of Dany’s head. She pulled Dany’s face into her hot throbbing quim. The wet heat encompassing Dany’s mouth and locking around her lips as Arya jerked her slut’s face deep into her vulva compressing it around Dany’s mouth. Dany moaned hard working her head up and down lapping her long tongue up and down Arya’ wet cum soaked slit. Her tongue raking over Arya’s clit. Dany worked her face burying it even deeper into Arya’s wet camel toe. The Queen loving the wet heat engulfing her lips and face around her devouring mouth.

Arya was in heaven again. Her baby was so good to her. Dany was always so ravenous for her body. Arya lifted her head and her steel grey eyes locked with violet eyes pulsing with fuck hunger as Dany hungrily sucked on Arya’s clit sending Arya to the stars of ecstasy. Their bodies already wet with sweat running down heated bodies. Soon Dany added fingers and within several minutes Arya was screaming again as hammer pulses of ecstasy tore through her body and sent boiling ecstasy surging down her limbs clawing her fingers into the sheets and her toes curled painfully her heels slamming the bed in helpless pleasure.

The lovemaking had only begun.

Daenerys

Daenerys was lying in Arya’s bed happy and satiated. Arya was snuggled tight into her side. Her cheek resting on Dany’s side and her arm thrown over her chest pressed into the undersides of Dany’s breasts. Arya’s leg was thrown over her groin and upper thighs. She loved how possessive Arya was with her. She was not stupid jealous but she made sure everyone knew that Daenerys was her woman. She let it be known with body language and direct eye contact and the occasional snarl. She could of course defend herself but she loved having her wolf mark her territory. Dany lifted her head in the soft light of the fireplace and the soft glow of a lamp over the bed. They both liked to make love where they could see each other and see the other react to their ministrations. Dany looked down her body and saw the red bite marks on her breast and down her belly. She felt her pussy flutter remembering the love nips Arya gave her in their lovemaking. Daenerys relished them. Made her feel loved and desired.

Her hand resumed stroking the back of her lover. It had been three days since she asked Arya’s father for her hand in marriage. It had not been needed but she felt it was the honorable thing to do. It was made easy by the sure knowledge that the man supported his daughter’s choice in a mate. Eddard Stark was indeed a most forward thinking man.

Arya sighed in contentment and wiggled in closer her strong muscled leg rubbing over Dany’s core. Dany shivered remembering those legs wrapped around her in the throne room trying to crush the life out of her. She snorted softly. Even then in the heat of combat she had felt their power and longed to feel them wrapped around her in lovemaking.

Like they had been tonight. Dany’s mind drifted back to earlier in the night when she was between Arya’s legs. Her body pressed down into Arya’s supine body. Dany was swirling her hips riding her slobbering cunt up and down Arya’s drooling clam shell. Dany rode her wet cunt up and down Arya’s swollen cunny their lips dragging against each other and clits jacking into its mate sending shockwaves rippling through their bodies. Arya and she were so close their skin rubbing and Dany’s full breast pressed into Arya’s nearly bursting plum nipples digging in so hard on her pale bosom as Dany rode her mate and love slut.

Dany was lifting her hips on the back stroke to pull her twat up and then slammed it down into
Arya’s cunt savagely again and again pounding Arya’s vulva pulping it with pure forceful love. She would be looking down into Arya’s blown pupils feeling their cunts grinding and rolling over each other. How their pussy lips were pulled back and their juices wept directly into the other’s snatch. Their groins soaked in cum that soaked bellies and inner thighs and made those tendrils of cum that glinted in the soft light webbed between their sweat and cum soaked bodies.

The rough dragging of twats over each other sending scalding pulses of pleasure to each woman. Dany loved the feel of her cunt mashed and compressed down into Arya’s fat camel toe. Their quims cum slicked letting lubricated lips roll and drag over each other easily. Their pussies compressed and stretched by their hard humping into each other by the bitches in heat that they were. Their cum soaked their own twats and each other’s quims in hot slimy snail snot.

They had been fucking for almost two hours taking small breaks to rest and drink water and eat some berries and cherries to nourish depleted bodies. The two making small talk and giggling like the new lovers they were.

Now they were back to intense sweet fucking. They were again tribbing face to face. The pale blonde loved looking at Arya’s face up close as they fucked pussy to pussy. Daenerys had wormed her arms underneath Arya’s armpits and gripped her love’s hair and jammed her head down into the mattress as the Dragon snarled and raged. Arya cawed and groaned urging Dany on to slam fuck their cunts hard into each other. Dany feathered her fingers into Arya’s long brown tresses and kept jacking Arya’s head back into the mattress with hard jerks of her hands pounding Arya’s head into the mattress.

Dany titled Arya’s head over seeing the bruise she had given her earlier that night. “Aaaaarruuuunnggggg!” Arya screamed feeling Dany again mark her as her slut with a new hickey. Dany sawed the flesh cruelly with her teeth feeling Arya’s body convulse. Arya’s hand pulled Dany’s head tight to her throat urging Dany on. She lifted her mouth to the hollow beneath Arya’s ear.

All the while their bodies surged forward with the power of Daenerys powerful forward thrusts of her body down into and over her woman’s cunt. Their pussies mashed and pulped with power of their colliding groins. The bed was rocking and the headboard pounding the castle with the exuberance of their hot fucking.

Dany kept her trib motion going and sucked in another mouthful of tender throat flesh. “OOWWWGGGGGG!” Arya shrieked in pain and pleasure feeling Dany’s teeth mark her yet again. Arya had been keeping her legs spread to open up her cunny to be fucked hard by Dany. Now her legs came up and her thighs locked on Dany’s hips. The Queen groaned hard feeling Arya lock her ankles over her ass. Arya used the leverage to rip her cunt up in time with Dany’s forward thrusts.

Arya’s up tilted cunt was slammed into again and again by Dany’s surging dripping snatch. They fucked like this for several more minutes bodies locked tight Arya throwing her pussy up into her lover’s swollen trim pounding her ass down into the mattress. They would kiss deeply Dany’s tongue exploring her wolf’s mouth and wetly wrestling Arya’s tongue. The wrapped tight appendages flipping around in Arya’s mouth. Dany used her grip in Arya’s hair to keep her slut’s face angled right to let her slide her tongue down Arya’s throat again and again. Dany loved to slit her eyes open and see Arya’s eyes open her whites showing as her irises jerked around in her skull.

Their locked tight bodies jacking forward and then riding back with the force of the Queen surging her body hard forward over Arya’s body. The pressure and friction gagging both women with sweet pleasure.
Dany broke for air several times and now she was looking down at Arya’s as she chuffed and groaned deep in her chest. Her face twisted and clutched in almost agonizing pleasure. Dany felt the sweat dripping off her face and had to shake her head to get the sweat out of her eyes. Her long platinum hair dark now and mattered to her back and shoulders. Other strands flagged down around her shoulders and arms as they jerked lank with sweat.

Dany slammed down even harder lifting up her groin and slammed down in love instead of anger as they had in front of the throne. She felt Arya’s fingers claw into her back and her clipped nailed hands clawing down her back. The Queen knew her pale back was marked with long red streaks from hard clawed fingers raking down her back painfully. She loved it! Arya’s legs were squeezing Dany nearly in two now as she grimaced but lifted her hips even higher to slam so hard into her woman’s soaked squishing cunt.

Arya’s legs gripped around Dany’s sweaty slippery hips. The squeezing pressure urged Dany into lifting body up off of Arya’s sweaty body as much as their locked embrace allowed and then slammed down again and again. Dany’s strength letting her hard hump her bitch in heat. The friction of their locked groins so delicious to the two women. The Queen’s strength letting her totally fuck Arya down into the mattress. Their pussies weeping slimy cunt juice basting each other’s twat in their own snail snot.

Suddenly Arya’s head jammed hard into the mattress her eyes shocked wide open. Her face twisted with seeming agony her mouth opening wide to scream her fucking agonizing cunt rending ecstasy “AAARRUUNNGGGGGGGG! OOOOWWWGGGGGGGGG! Awwwonngggnngghiieeee!” Arya roared her shrieks of agonizing bliss. The tendons jutting out her neck as shockwaves of bliss tore through her hard thick warrior’s body.

Her body bucked and flipped hard and then subsided into more shuddering, accompanied by tight, pinched off whimpers deep in her chest. Her body bucked and writhed beneath Dany’s as Dany surged her pussy savagely down into and over Arya’s jerking quim hard and fast in a rabbit motion now. “Arrruungggghhhhh! Oowwwggggggggggg! Unngghhhiieeeeeeee!” Arya shrieked as air returned to her lungs. "Oh uunngg hhnnngg uunnnhnhh … oh fuckkkk—old gods! Unngghh! Oh, yes Ummmnnggghhiieeeeeeee!” Arya screamed in blistering almost agonizing pleasure her fingers clawing up and down Dany’s back leaving trails of red marks and slight welts.

Dany slowly let up the force of her trib motion to let her love ride out her orgasm. Arya knew that her lover had not achieved orgasm even in the orgasm induced fog she was currently residing in. Her Dragon always fucked her so well. Arya groggily got Dany to let her get up and got on all fours and urged Dany to get up on her knees and palms. Dany wiggled her cute ass saucily at Arya looking back at her with hot smirking eyes.

Growling in hot addled lust Arya got behind the queen and mashed her face into her woman’s wet seam from behind and started to lick and lap the sweet honeyed slit and drove her tongue deep into her lover’s hot box. She slow motion tongue fucked Dany sending scalding pulses of ecstasy down the Queens’ arms and legs making fingers claw and toes curl while honey fire filled he Queen’s limbs with prickly fiery ecstasy.

Arya loved eating gash. Her mouth hungrily attacked Dany’s sloppy wet slit. Arya licked up and down Dany’s trench and lashed the queen’s rigid clit making Daenerys’ body jolt and shake with sharp stabs of pleasure. Arya lowered her head and siphoned in the Queen’s clit and gave it hot sucks and rolled the nubbin around in her hot sucking greedy mouth. Arya loved feeling that hard nodule rolling over her tongue.

Dany was letting Arya slowly discover all of her erogenous zones and her love of kinky sex. Arya
three nights before had been growling and moaning tongue fucking Dany’s steamy fuck hole from behind and then wildly tongue licking her bubbling fuck hole slurping up sweet dollops of cum.

Smack … Smack Smack … Smack Smack …

“Aaaiiiiii Eeeeeeii eeeiiii!” Dany cried out feeling Arya’ blister her ass with some cruel hot slaps on her ass cheeks making them glow hot red. Arya kissed and licked the hot glowing orbs making Dany coo in pleasure. The pain and pleasure intoxicating to the pale Queen.

Arya then resumed eating her out doggy and her wild licking had her tongue roughly lick over Dany’s anus. Dany had gasped and jerked hard. Her asshole was a major erogenous zone for Daenerys. She felt Arya pause a second and then roughly lick hard over Dany’s bunghole again. Dany moaned in raw lust her asshole pulsing pleasure into hot pumping blood and her jangling clit. Dany surged back into Arya’s face urging her lover on.

Arya seeing that Dany loved this started to rim Dany’s anus hot and fast. Her tongue lapping and then circling her Queen’s asshole. Arya loved the smooth texture of Dany’s ass cheeks on her face and the rough and yet soft feel her anus underneath her tongue. The heat of Dany’s ass cleft intoxicating to the teenager. Arya gripped Dany’s ass cheeks prying them back to fully expose her starfish. Arya looked at the puckering anus and red mark going up Dany’s ass cleft towards her sacrum. Arya mashed her face into Dany’s ass and avidly licked her lover’s shithole.

“Oohhh ohhhhh yeessss Arya! I love to have my asshole licked and fucked!”

She waited worrying if Arya would be freaked. Some women had to be slowly brought along into loving rimming and tongue lapping a sweet puckering asshole. Instead she heard Arya chuckle and licked her asshole harder and then Arya surprised her. Arya stiffened her tongue and slowly sunk it deep up Dany’s asshole. Dany groaned gutturally feeling that silky long tongue sink deep into her rectum and then slide in and out her ass stroking all her sweet nerve endings in her anus sending so many pleasurable ripples pulsing out her fucked shithole.

Arya slowly pumped her long stiff tongue in and out her woman’s tight pinching sphincter. The long tongue wiggling to lick Dany’s slick rectum walls. Arya reached up to grip Dany’s ass cheeks to pry them further apart in the Stark teenager’s quest to open up Daenerys asshole for deeper exploration by her hungry tongue. Then Arya locked her lips on Dany’s asshole and Dorne kissed it sending her tongue deep up Dany’s asshole with her lips locked on the wrinkled rosebud.

“Oooohhhhhh Arya! Yessssss! Yessssss baby!” Dany gurgled feeling Arya grip her ass cheeks hard and slow fuck her asshole so deep and slow. Dany cooed and gurgled feeling her love’s wonderful tongue deep up her ass. She longed to feel Arya’s fingers and fist fucking her asshole and a nice thick strap-on slamming up her tight asshole giving her heavenly anal ‘gasms. The pale beauty wiggled her ass back into Arya’s face encouraging the sixteen year old to work her tongue ever deeper up her hot tight anus.

Arya pulled her tongue out of Dany’s asshole and licked it roughly with fast tongue licks and then swirled her tongue around and around the clenching anus. Drooling spit onto the starfish before slurping it up. Then slowly worming her tongue back deep into the pale ass of Dany. The teen resuming slow stroking her tongue in and out the asshole of her lover. Back and forth Arya worked Dany’s asshole shifting between rimming the hot anus and tongue fucking deep Dany’s hot clenching shithole.

Later Dany had asked Arya how she knew what to do so readily. Arya had laughed that sweet laugh of hers. She had gone to Margaery when Dany had insisted that Arya start to do enemas when they washed. The Queen had explained to her new lover how enemas cleaned one out on the inside
as well as the outside. It helped promote digestion and kept ones bowels from impacting.

Margaery had laughed with the news that Arya brought to her. “Arya she likes to get fucked up the ass! That is the reason for getting you used to enemas. She wants that sweet shithole nice, pretty and clean for some hot anal debauchery”. Arya now reported this all back to Daenerys who smiled back sweetly and hungrily ate up the sweet talk. Arya told Dany more of what Margaery had to say.

“I and Sansa love it. Anal orgasms are just so fucking intense. You feel like your asshole is tearing itself inside out.” Arya had first been shocked at the word “shithole” but had quickly found it nasty and hot to say and think it. That had made Daenerys so happy. Her baby was a fucking slut par excellence!

Margaery had then explained how you had to relax and use plenty of lube the first time and to focus on pleasure and it will come. “The pain can be intense but when it starts to change to pleasure you will feel a flash of euphoria. It will make you feel like you are full and probably find it unpleasant the sensation when your ass is penetrated the first time. It will take a while to get used to it so just give it time Arya. Each time you will get more and more used to the penetration up your ass. Each time will get better till you are craving having your anus penetrated and fucked with sweet hard strokes of anal savagery.”

Margaery’s body had shivered in remembrances of her recent anal fucks and the scalding pleasure they had given her. Her eyes unfocused and her face slightly pink in arousal.

“I can’t emphasize enough, just relax and accept the penetration up your sweet ass Arya. Think how you love it up the ass. Focus on pleasure. Soon you will love the feeling Arya. Trust me on this” Margaery told her future sister-in-law. “You will be so thankful you did when your shithole explodes in ecstasy from anal ‘gasms that will make you will lose your mind! Its so fucking rad!” Margaery had almost been thrumming talking about anal fucking.

“So you want to be fucked up the ass?” Dany had asked. Arya’s enthusiastic shaking of her head ‘yes’ had warmed Dany’s heart and excited her greatly. She wanted to wait till they got back to King’s Landing when they had plenty of time and all her toys to fully explore fully deep anal sex with her wife to be. Arya had whined but the Queen for some reason wanted to wait to partake of full deep penetration anal sex.

She wanted to addict Arya on straight forward lesbian sex before bringing strap-ons into the mix. Daenerys loved all forms of lesbian sex but first wanted to thoroughly explore all forms of traditional lesbian sex before showing Arya the joy that toys brought to the bed.

For now Arya was an avid analingus licker who loved to tongue fuck Dany’s asshole. When Dany had returned the favor Arya nearly climbed the walls in sensual pleasure and when her orgasm hit while Dany tongue fucked her arsehole and rubbed her clit Arya went wild screaming and flipping as Dany felt her tongue squeezed by tight pulses of Arya’s sphincter rings on her buried tongue. Both were in heaven. The beauty of lesbian sex. The woman giving received almost as much pleasure as the woman receiving.

Now Arya was using all her new skills. She was tongue fucking Dany’s asshole hard and then pulling her tongue out and pulling hard on Dany’s ass cheeks pulling them back opening Dany’s ass cleft. Arya kept tongue fucking Dany’s asshole while pulling on Dany’s ass cheeks. She repeated her efforts until Dany’s asshole started to gape. She moaned when Arya slowly rimmed her asshole and licked up her red ass crease up over sacrum and more rimming of her starfish before slow and then fast tongue fucking of her beginning to spasm asshole.

“Ohhhh Arya—godsdammmnnn you fuck my fucking asshole so good baby! Ram that tongue deep
up my shitter baby! Tongue fuck my hot tight asshole!” Arya fucked her ass harder hearing Dany’s hot nasty speech. It inflamed both women to fuck hard. “Pound my shithole with your hot tongue baby!” Dany shrieked. Arya tongue fucked the Queen’s asshole harder excited by the Queen’s potty mouth. The nasty words inflaming Arya.

Dany and Arya’s bodies were dripping sweat all over from long hot fucking and raw physical excitement. Arya tongue fucked the sweet asshole with her pumping tongue and then again Dorne kissed the wrinkly orifice. She lipped the anus as her tongue wiggled and licked around in Dany’s rectum. Arya moaned at the silky wet heat on her tongue. The she would resume tongue fucking Dany’s shithole.

“Ohhhhh baby yeesssssss! Fuck my shithole baby! Make my ass explode—ppplleeeaaasseeeeee!” Daenerys cried out in desperate fuck hunger feeling Arya’s tongue deep fucking her spasming anus. In and out Arya’s tongue fucked her asshole sensually. The feel of Arya burying her face in the Queen’s ass cleft so deep intoxicated the young Queen.

Arya slammed her head forward lunging her tongue deep up Dany’s asshole and then locked her lips on Dany’s anus and wiggled her tongue in deep licking her woman’s rectum all around. Arya sniffed working her woman’s ass with her deep probing tongue. Dany felt Arya bring up her hand. Arya started to rub Dany’s clit hard and fast with her right hand in a blur jacking the hard nubbin jutted out its sheaf. The oily nubbin jerked and whiplashed by the back and forth sideswiping fingers. With her left hand Arya started to slap Dany’s left ass cheek with hard slaps. Each hard slap making Dany cry out and shake all over. Arya loved the feel of the hard clit morsel hitting her swiping fingers. Arya’s pumped her head in short pumps working her long stiff tongue in and out Dany’s hot tight pinching asshole.

Soon the Queen’s left ass cheek was hot from its spanking. Arya would rub the abused ass cheek only to lift her hand high again and viciously slap the ass cheek. Dany cried out in pained pleasure. The Queen wiggling her ass back into the abuse she loved receiving.

Arya reached forward with her left hand found Dany’s left hanging tit as it whiplashed around with her gyrations and clenched it hard her fingers. Her long fingers sunk deep into the pale dove and her finger roughly massaged the orb her palm rasping the rigid nipple.

Arya focused to keep her hands working in sync and her head lunging her tongue in and out Dany’s steamy tight butthole.

For a long minute Dany felt the tension rising in her groin. Her clit jolting out searing waves of ecstasy and her asshole was spasming out of control. Her body jamming back with hot jerks to send Arya’s tongue even deeper up her ass. The feel of that stiff but pliant tongue working in and out her ass was making Dany delirious with ecstasy. All the while Arya kept her right hand whipping back and forth swiping over Dany’s rigid clit with cum soaked fingers. The pulses from her clit and anus came closer together and with more force scalding the Queen with sweet pleasure.

Dany’s world suddenly exploded as shockwaves of searing bliss hammered out her clit and her asshole. Her clit hammered her with Warhammer like blows of scalding bliss. Her asshole shredded itself on Arya’s tongue fucking it to an epic anal ‘gasm. It felt like her clit would tear itself off her cunt and her asshole was tearing itself inside out. Her head snapping right and left her face twisted in a rictus of shattering ecstasy that her throat gave voice too.

"AAWWOOGGGGGGGG! GOODDSSSDDAAMNNNNNN—ARYA BABBYYYYYYYYY! Anngghniiigggiieeee!" Dany screamed out as her body flipped and jackknife violently her hips bucking back into Arya’s mouth pleasuring her wildly spasming asshole. Dany’s anus spasming
hard on the tongue fucking it deep. "OOOWWWNNGGHHIIIEEEEE! Hhnngg hhnnngg hhhhnnn uuunnn Aaaruuungggggg! Hhhhnnnngggggggg! Hhhhuunnngggggggggg!" Dany roared jamming her ass back to take all of Arya’s tongue up her ass. Arya now still body letting Dany fuck her asshole on her tongue. Dany’s head whipped around her face torn apart with fucking bliss. Arya’s fingers still rubbing her clit prolonging her ecstasy.

Hot cum had left a milky sheen all over her shaved mound and groin. Cum running down her thighs and splattering off the fingers masturbating her clit most exquisitely. The hot cum letting Arya’s finger slide effortlessly over her mound and clit. Dany’s head thrashed right and left as it slashed and jolted with near crippling pleasure.

Dany’s belly felt like it was filled with melted cum butter her body floating on a cloud of ecstasy as Arya stopped rubbing her now sensitive clit. Her tongue still buried so deep up her ass. She heard Arya moaning feeling Dany’s asshole pinching her tongue so hard still with her dying orgasm. "Auunnhhhhh . . . . aunngghhhhh . . . oh . . oh . . auungggghhhhh!" she moaned, collapsing forward slowly collapsing down to the bed with Arya following her down. Her hand gripping Dany’s now relaxed ass to keep her tongue buried up Dany’s ass to enjoy every spasm of her lover’s asshole on her tongue. Dany gasped and breathed heavily floating on the last billowing waves of her orgasm played out and began to fade away.

Now Dany was in a happy place still floating in post coital bliss. Arya was totally wild and adventurous in bed. She was also insatiable. Dany was so happy that Arya was so fierce in her desires of physical combat in the field and her desire for hot sex in the bed. She was like Dany in that she wanted and very well needed to have multiple orgasms to put the fire out in her couchie. Only lots of hard sex could finally satiate their hungry pussies.

Dany’s was now tired and purring in spent happiness. Arya pulled her tongue out her shithole and moved up Dany’s sweat soaked body. Arya slowly turned Dany over to snuggle tight to her woman and love slut. Daenerys’s pussy all swollen, red and worn out. She pulled Arya closer to her luxuriating in the feel of her hard warrior’s body beside her. Gods, earlier in the night Arya had cum so hard in Dany’s mouth four times flooding her greedy mouth to overflowing with hot sweet cum she hungrily gulped down.

Arya murmured and wiggled in tighter to Dany’s body. Dany felt Arya’s pulpy nipples digging into her ribs. Dany knew it would take little work to ignite the flames of desire again. She felt a tingle to again bury her face in paradise. Dany pulled Arya’s face to hers and slowly locked their lips. The Valyrian moaned tasting her asshole on Arya’s lips and then on the teen’s tongue when she parted Arya’s lips and surged her tongue into Arya’s mouth to let their tongues wrestle in wet slippery love.

They talked of the upcoming marriage. Arya smiled great big thinking of marrying Dany here in Winterfell. It still excited Arya that Dany had asked her father’s hand in marriage and that he had given his blessing. Arya had cried again thinking on it. That triggered tears from Daenerys lilac eyes. She had pulled her wolf tight and hugged her while kissing her all over face.

The reaction of Arya to thinking of marrying Dany in the sacred groove had reignited the fire of hot need in their bellies and pussies. They had exhausted themselves in hot fucking already but talk of marriage had reignited the fires of desires and they had drunk deep from rupturing pussies again several times each. Again they were satiated. They snuggled in close letting their sweat soaked bodies warm each other as they pulled the sheets and light blanket over them. The room warm from the hot water running through the walls.

Dany had spent her growing up years in Essos. She asked Arya about marriage practices in Westeros. Arya had blushed when describing the “bedding” ceremonies. Dany loved hearing of this
“bedding” ceremony. She had no problem being naked in public. Her time in the Dothraki Khalasar had taught her to not be ashamed of her body. She had hoped she would be able to fuck Arya in public but alas that was not part of the ritual. She would love to see Arya’s blushing face and body. She may be a fierce wolf in bed but she was still prudish in public when it came to expressing carnal pleasure.

Margaery told Daenerys that Sansa was the same way. The Queen had been fascinated to hear that Sansa was going to take over Margaery’s harem when they returned to King’s Landing. Olenna had told her that she had brought Margaery’s handmaidens to King’s Landing. She had not known that they were all lesbian sluts and had been boning Margaery for years. Margaery was limpid eyed telling Dany how Sansa was going to simply fuck them all to oblivion. Sansa had been such a sheep before Margaery had come to her, but, Margaery had discovered the Stark had a dark streak in her that made her fuck Margaery bowlegged at night.

In a breathless manner Margaery waxed rhapsodic about how Sansa loved to rough Margaery up when fucking her when they were in the mood for rough sex. Margaery loved to be submissive and humiliated when fucked. She had asked her Queen if she too had such desires. Daenerys had felt her pulse jump and body shiver. She had told the Tyrell that yes she too had a sub side that longed to be mounted and topped.

She loved to be dominated and ‘fucked’ over with women lovers she knew she could trust. Daenerys had asked if she thought Arya might have that ‘dark’ streak too. Margaery had laughed. She reminded the Queen that Arya did fire arrows at her on the Iron Throne and had nearly punched her teeth out her mouth.

Daenerys smiled at the sweet memories. They hadn’t been at the time but through the prism of nostalgia Daenerys remembered her initial meeting with Arya romantically. The conversation had then slowly turned back to the marriage night.

Margaery too wished she could fuck Sansa in public. She liked the sexual practices of the Dothraki when Daenerys told her of their liberated attitudes toward sex in the open. Margaery too felt one should show the world you love for your mate by fucking in front of others. Margaery was liberating Sansa of her backward views as Dany was slowly doing with Arya.

She couldn’t wait to be stripped naked and carried up to her marriage bed. Arya knew her parents were planning a wedding ceremony that would involve the Glass Gardens (which Dany had not had time to visit yet) and then finish in the Godswood. Dany had loved that serene woods. It would be beautiful. After the war was won and the kingdom settled down Arya, Sansa and Robb would be wedded in the same ceremony.

Dany knew it would be beautiful. She knew Catelyn Stark, Margaery and Alys were leading the planning of the ceremony. Dany was content. She knew how to plan attacks and siege warfare not weddings.

Dany stared up at the ceiling seeing the shadows that wafted and morphed with the flickering firelight. It reminded her of her room in her home with the red door in Braavos. She would see monsters up in the half hidden shadows. She would tremble and snifflle until Ser Willem Derry would hear her like he always did somehow sensing her need for comforting. She missed the old knight dearly. He was her Eddard Stark.

She let her mind drift from the distant past to the most recent past. She let her mind drift to the meeting they had this morning.

She had gone to it without Arya. Arya had no taste for the Game of Thrones or large scale battle
tactics and meeting with Lords. She was a warrior only. Daenerys had sensed this in Arya from the beginning. She would be fidgeting and probably become cross in any such meeting. Dany had sent Arya out to the yard to seek out contestants to further her skills. She and Syrio loved to fight the Haruchai finding opponents that could one and all fight them to a standoff. It was a supreme challenge they loved facing off against.

It was a formal meeting the present High Lords of the South. With her were the leaders of the North. Eddard, Sansa, Robb and Margaery of House Stark and Edmure representing the Riverlands. Jon Arryn of the Vale was in the high North keeping an eye on House Frey and Bolton. The leaders of the factions from the Land of the Southern hemisphere were at the table for a formal briefing. Lord Lustra would speak for the Land denizens.

They had traveled to the Northern hemisphere because of the visions of the Seer on the High Council, Lord Haryel. He had seen several great dangers that could threaten all life in the North of the world and would probably one day attempt to cross the Soulbiter and Soulcrusher to attack the lands in the Southern hemisphere.

They wanted to root out the evils while they were still nescient. Their seer had determined that the Dragonthane was the key to both victories.

The Lords and Daenerys looked at the Lord as she explained this. They had not realized that there was another threat to their world.

They waited for Daenerys as Queen. “What is this other danger?” Daenerys asked for the forces of Westeros and by proxy Essos.

The Lord looked around the table. “Deep into our past a great evil was unearthed. The Illearth stone. With it much evil was brought into the world. It was a great bane buried deep in the bowels of the Earth at the roots of Mount Thunder. It was a massive green stone that radiated pure evil and corruption. With flakes of the Illearth stone three Giant were enslaved and infested with Ravers. Great wars were fought and much was destroyed before the Giant-Ravers were slain. Thomas Covenant did battle with Illearth stone. It is written that in the Gem of the Krill white and green ran riot but white prevailed and the Illearth stone was destroyed by Thomas Covenant.

“There is such a stone in your world. It is called the Demonstone. It has been found and its possessor is using it to create great monstrosities. We name this one the Corrupter. One Raver thought long dead is already in your world. Samadhi Sheol we thought dead has returned to life too. Turiya Herem Kinslaughterer is waiting for his brother to join him once his brother has journeyed to this world. Their other brother we do not sense coming to this hemisphere for some reason. The brothers are drawn to power and anyone how tries use it to conquer life.”

“They will join the Corrupter and will wage war upon you. Even now he is raising his armies of stone warped minions. In time he will seek to come south to wage war in the Land. The call of their ancient homeland will be too strong to resist. We must stop this bane here and now before it becomes too great to contend with.”

There was silence in the room. “You are saying that another fate must be confronted?” Daenerys asked.

“Yes. You have to defeat the Ice King who is the immediate threat. Before the second threat can be confronted and defeated you will first have to restore magic. It is dying. You will have to journey to the land of undying volcanos and find the Blood of the Earth. The Corrupter is nascent and is still growing his armies and waiting for the Raver brothers to join him. That evil can be confronted another day in the near future. First we will defeat this Ice King.”
Daenerys had felt her head spin slightly. She also felt the rush of facing a challenge. “You mean Valyria did you not when speaking of a land of volcanoes?”

“We do not know the names of your lands. We only know it is a land where fire always fills the sky. We must first meet and defeat the Ice King. This is the immediate crises facing the Earth. The other is still coming to term.”

“We have come to aid you in this quest. We will give succor and in return ask that you will help us face this other danger arising in the east. The Illearth War caused too much harm. We will not allow the Corrupter to rise to his full power. We will meet and defeat him before he comes into his full power.”

Dany told them she would take everything under consideration but she would do all in her power to help these denizens who had traveled halfway around the world to help her. It was obvious this new evil she had been told of was in its own way as dangerous as the Ice King.

Then she and Eddard then went over their plans to confront and defeat the Ice King and his army of Wrights and the Undead.

She then spoke openly of the treasonous houses that were feigning obeisance to the North and the Riverlands. The forces of the Land were still having a hard time understanding the concept of deceit and the willingness to turn against their own brethren.

“Surely they must be inhabited by some type of evil spirits like a Raver” the Lord spoke “this is impossible that man uninfluenced by a raver could even conceive of such treason. It goes against all the instincts of man.”

Daenerys, Eddard, Stannis and Edmure had to spend fifteen minutes to get the Lord, Giants, Haruchai and Ramen to more fully understand that man could act in this way. The Lord said that in the ancient past the King from the South had turned against the Queen but he had been enslaved by Lord Foul and that was sixty thousand years ago.

Dany listening to them remembered something they had said earlier. She would put their sight to the test when the time came. She wanted the houses of Frey and Bolton totally destroyed. She would make sure that the current lineage was utterly removed from the face of the Earth. Any in the Houses that had any hand in the treason would be rooted out and destroyed.

Eddard told the Lords of Westeros and the Lord from the Land how he and Dany planned on unmasking and garroting the traitorous houses. They wanted to make sure their traitorous nature was revealed before they were trampled into the dust.

Daenerys took a breath. It was time to reveal her last decision. “We will be abandoning the forts of the Wall and the Wall itself.”

The table had erupted into loud arguments and words against her decision. The Lords had just accepted the idea of fighting the Ice King and now they were being told to abandon the greatest defense they had.

She had earlier explained her thinking to Eddard. He had accepted her logic as sound. Daenerys remembered his face twisted and his grimaces as he worked out the logic she had given him. She again admired how the man was able to accept new norms so easily. He was not locked by past precepts. He was able to evolve.

“I have thought this through. We are not losing anything by falling back from the wall. The
ShadowBender witches who showed us the true evil that we fight also infiltrated his camp. They saw a horn that very well might be the Horn of Winter. If it is that ancient relic and it can do as the portents say then the Wall will come down. If we have our forces on the Wall and it comes down the loss of life will be devastating. We will have to abandon the forts as well."

Daenerys paused to look around the room making direct eye contact. She wanted to convince the Lords of the wisdom of her decisions. “All prophecies seem to say the ‘Wall will come down’. That will be messy. I cannot really see how that will help our foe. The rubble will be several hundred feet tall still and a horrendous mess. I am assuming if that is his goal then he knows this and will have a plan for it.”

“Eddard and I have also considered the possibility that the Wall will somehow be melted. This again will be ‘messy’” Daenerys emphasized the word. “The rush of water would be tremendous and the flood would wreak havoc on both sides of the Wall. We the living would be harmed but would recover quickly. We have consciousness and will know how to react. The dead will be washed away and scattered. The Ice King will not have time to again organize them since we will be attacking them as quick as the waters dissipate. The frozen ground will send the water flowing about wildly.”

I am having deep trenches dug on our side of the Wall. There are abandon tunnels underneath Castle Black. I am having the tunnels dug to those entrances. I am moving out supplies from the deepest levels and pulled back from the fort and added to our circled wagon trains. The quarters that would be flooded if the Wall is melted can be restored. I am also having a large berm erected that is twenty feel high a mile from the wall. This will divert the flood to the ditches and into the tunnels. Also, this will provide additional protection. If the enemy breaches the wall they will have to climb the berm to reach us. We will decimate them as they approach and climb the berm.”

“I have told Jon Snow through my emissaries that the berm is solely for protection. Another line of support in case it is needed. I have not informed him of my decision to withdraw from the Wall itself. He will not be happy.”

“We will camp behind the berm one mile back from the Wall. We can quickly cover that distance. We will know of the enemies approach. We will have plenty of time to prepare the proper response. If the horn is a fake nothing will be lost and we will man the wall again. If the enemy tries to cross the fallen Wall our archers and spearmen will feather and squire the enemy. It the Wall melts the enemy will be scattered. Either way we win. If the horn fails then we will do the same from the safety of the wall. The undead have no minds, therefore, no tactics. The Ice Wrights seem to fight either on foot or on dead animals as a slow kind of light cavalry. We will defeat and utterly annihilate the enemy.”

“We have obsidian. If they try and cross the fallen wall they will be slaughtered. If the Wall remains and they force the tunnels it will be a killing field as well. Obsidian is a total game changer.”

Oberyn asked the question that most must have been thinking “Why would Jon Snow the Lord Commander follow your edict. He reports to no one but himself. He does not owe you allegiance.”

Daenerys had an answer. “His last name is Snow but he is in his heart a Stark. He will listen to reason. He will listen to his father.” Few knew as yet of Jon’s true lineage. That was a basket left covered until the war was over. Eddard had assured Daenerys that Jon had no ambition for the throne. In fact he was going to leave the Crows and disappear into the Sand Hills above Moat Cailin.

This pleased the Queen. She had learned much of Jon Snow. She had no desire to have conflict with him. The fact he knew his true lineage and had no desire for the Iron Throne spoke volumes of
the man Jon Snow had become.

The meeting had gone on for another hour. When it broke up Daenerys waited as Eddard waited too. They were joined by Stannis, Renly, Edmure and Oberyn. Stannis spoke up “You know the Ice King has to have a plan if he going to use the Horn of Winter to bring down the Wall. He must have some means of getting past the rubble.”

Eddard sighed and agreed. He and Dany had talked of this several times. They could not fathom how he would accomplish this. One big advantage they had Daenerys summarized was the slow speed of the undead. They were relentless in their forward progress but extremely slow. They did not march forward they shambled it had been reported with every encounter between the living and the dead. This slow advance was a big advantage to the forces of Westeros. This slow advance would allow them to feather the Others with obsidian arrows and other projectiles that Jon had proven would kill them. The Ice Wrights were mighty but had the same weakness to obsidian and Valyrian steel. She paused and smiled. She stepped away from the table to a large package against the wall.

She brought it to the table. The men looked at her curiously. “I come bearing gifts to my most trusted allies and confidents. “Eddard is taken care of” Daenerys spoke in a humorous voice. She whipped the blankets back. The men around her gasped, Eddard among them.

The men stared in wonder. On the table was four Valyrian Swords and a leaf shaped spearhead. “I would have my most trusted warriors properly armed. I wish that Valyrian swords were plentiful but they are not. Only my best can be given these precious weapons.”

“To Stannis I give ‘Edge of Doom’”. It was dark blue with ripples up and down the blade. Daenerys had handled all the blades and none of them were Rune swords. “To your brother I bequeath “Nightfang”. The two stunned brothers reached out and took the offered swords. Their faces light with wonder and happiness lifting and slashing their new swords about. They turned to Daenerys and thanked her profusely.

Daenerys waved away their thanks. “I reward my most loyal. You in this room have proven yourselves more than worthy of these Valyrian swords.

She turned to Edmure. “I do not know you as well Edmure but you are the titular head of the Riverlands. To you I give ‘Sunfire’. To Jon Arryn who watches over the traitors as we speak I will give ‘Destroyer of Lies’”. Edmure took his sword with a gasp admiring the fine sword that seemed to fit perfectly in his hand.

Lastly, the Queen turned to the Red Viper. “To you Oberyn I had this spear head forged. Illyrio had contact with one Arik from Qohor.” She noticed Eddard start. He evidently knew of the man. Maybe he had forged the sword he carried. Such great swordsmiths were indeed rare. “Go and put this spear tip on your ash haft Oberyn.”

Oberyn was actually choked up taking the spear head in his hands. He turned it over admiring its keen sharpness and the prefect craftsmanship of the spear tip.

“Try and not let Nymeria get this spear from you Oberyn” the Queen chuckled.

Oberyn still staring at the spear in his hands “It doesn’t matter. She always gives it back to me unharmed” he murmured failing to remember to be aggrieved marveling at his gift.

“Let us go forth to destiny my great generals and warriors.” She had enjoyed seeing their elation at her gifts. She had given them weapons to take the fight to the Ice Wrights. They would lead the
fight to the enemy as she planned to do.

Dany was growing weary. It had been a good day.

**Oberyn**

Oberyn looked around the trunk of the tall pine tree. The bark rough on his cheek. He held on to his prized spear with its new Valyrian spear point. As soon as he left Daenerys he had run (literally) to Mikken the smith at Winterfell. Everyone spoke highly of the man. He had been like a little boy pleading with the man to put the spear tip on his ash shaft like yesterday.

To the man’s credit he had seen how important it was to Oberyn. Two and a half hours later he had his spear back with its razor sharp Valyrian spearhead. He would be able to open up any armor with this spear tip. He was absolutely stoked.

That had been four days ago. He had soon discovered that Nymeria and her damn accomplish Shaggydog were still out to get his spear from him. In fact the infernal beasts seemed to somehow sense the spear was even more special and therefore worth stealing from Oberyn. The damn Direwolves had no respect! The mutt had even brought Lady into the fray yesterday. Oberyn had learned to be ever vigilant always scanning his surrounding and looking behind himself so much he was developing a kink in his neck.

But he was keeping his spear in his hand at all times. He had developed tactics to keep his spear away from the infernal hounds of hades. He would keep the spear up high or spinning so fast the wolves got dizzy trying to follow the spear. The wolves attacked him from all angles and from hidden lairs. Oberyn had been up to the challenge. The Valyrian steel tip seemed to make Oberyn even faster with his spear. Nymeria and Shaggydog would bark furiously at him or walk off with their tails between their legs as he laughed at them and taunted them with their stinging defeats. He deserved his victory taunts! Damn right those vile Direwolves tasted defeat.

He had to be careful with Shaggydog though. The mutt always tried to piss on Oberyn when he was defeated.

Lady he had come to trust. The Direwolf was gentle of spirit as long as her mistresses were not in danger. She was friendly and loved to have her belly and neck scratched. Yesterday, she had come to Oberyn and butted her head into his side and woofed. Oberyn started to scratch her behind her ears and along her neck. The wolf whined and shimmied in pleasure.

The large animal plopped down on the ground and rolled onto her back and looked at Oberyn expectantly. He smiled at the pleasure hound. He looked around. They were near the Great Keep and lots of yard around them. He did not see Nymeria or her partner in crime. He slowly bent down sitting his spear on the ground beside himself and started to rub the wolf aggressively on her belly.

The wolf’s tongue lulled out and she whined her legs kicking the air and her tail swishing back and forth. Oberyn could not help but smile at the wolf’s antics. He would start to look around but Lady would paw Oberyn and get him to look back on her and focus on scratching her belly. Her head worked around as she woofed in pleasure.

Several times he started to look around but Lady would paw him to get his attention. He thought nothing of it. The wolf was enjoying her scratching so much. Then she looked behind him and got up and licked his face (he had to grimace feeling that rough tongue licking him) and walked away slowly. He smiled at the wolf. He had enjoyed pleasuring the sweet dispositioned wolf.
That was until he reached for his spear. His hand froze. He slowly turned his head. His spear was gone! He turned around quickly. There twenty feet behind him was Nymeria with his spear in her mouth and a big wolf smile on her snout. She had her head turned back to look at Oberyn triumphantly. She kicked her hind legs sending up a shower of grass and dirt.

“Damn you Nymeria!” For the next ten minutes he chased the wolf around the yards and trees. He was definitely in top cardio shape now with all his long running chases of Arya’s fucking wolf. He chased the wolf around till the tip of his spear caught a tree and the wolf dropped his spear. He was right behind her and instantly snatched the spear up off the ground. The wolf had put her feet out to break her run but she could not turn around fast enough to prevent Oberyn from getting his spear back. The infernal wolf barked furiously at her defeat trying to get Oberyn’s spear back but he was too fast for the wolf.

He enjoyed the game but he would never let Nymeria know it as she hurled curses at the wolf and she glared at him before turning her body around and walking off with tail held high. He laughed at the wolf in derision smug in his victory.

He was not laughing now. He was coming back from the far greensward near the north wall of Winterfell. He had taken some of the Dorne Lords who liked to fight with the spear like Oberyn. He had fought the Lord of Vaith and his Lord Holdfasts in the Sandstone Mountains that rose up from the Vaith River. It had been exhilarating. The Valyrian steel spear tip was only a few ounces lighter than the forged steel it replaced but it felt like it made all the difference in the world to Oberyn. His spear was so much lighter in his hands it felt like some mythical weapon the Jinn Warlocks used in the days before the Andals came to Westeros.

The men had gone to the curtain wall to look upon the ancient forest that ranged close to Winterfell on that side. He was slowly walking back to the Guest Hall from the Kennel side of the compound. He started. He saw the two curs and banes of his existence appear from the edge of the crypts. It was Nymeria and Shaggydoy. They were on the hunt. A hunt for one spear of Oberyn Martell. He ducked behind the large pine tree on the stand of conifers that had scrub brush underneath. He pressed his cheek into the rough bark edging one eye around the edge of the tree.

They were looping towards the Guards Hall and the First Keep. Oberyn had lucked out. The infernal wolves were going to work their way back down the line of buildings sniffing for him. He looked around. He saw the Godwood up the incline. The thick undergrowth obscuring the view into it. The tall trees soaring up high. He saw vines climbing trunks and old moss hanging down in wispy strands blowing in the soft breeze. The wolves disappeared around the buildings splitting up.

He made a run for the Godwood. He would hide in there till the wolves grew tired of their hunt. He would love to see their frustrated snouts when they could not find him or more importantly his spear. He soon reached the one path that led into the Godwood and slowly entered it. He had been in the Godwood before. It was a place that engendered a sense of stillness and a calm. He would not run in this sacred groove. He did not believe in the gods of the Starks but he admitted there was a benefic force in this place. It was a place of peace and harmony.

He moved deeper into the woods towards the pool that was beside the Weirwood tree. It was roughly a hundred yards in from the east side of the Godwood. It felt almost primordial in this place. The air felt like it had not been breathed in by man. Here the First people once walked according to the legends.

He heard voices and he moved to the edge of the path and moved forward silently. The snoop in Oberyn coming out. He wanted to find out was happening without being seen. He thought craftily he could have been a spy. A ‘jackal’ in service of the spy service of Dorne moving silent in the
shadows.

It was two female voices. Oberyn leered. You never knew when you might get lucky. He was voyeur and damn proud of it. He and Ellaria loved to watch others fuck before they joined in on the festivities. Ellaria loved to hear of his conquests and wanted all the juicy details. He moved forward and came up against a large maple tree that had a thicket of blueberries on the side away from the path. He pressed into the tree and scooted around the other side and hunched down in a gape in the thicket.

Perfect. From here he could see the Weirwood tree with its red weeping mouth and eyes. The fact that the eyes seemed to be looking at him with scorn only bothered him for a moment. There was nothing wrong with knowing the truth of a situation. He looked on the two figures that were before him.

He saw the Lord Lustra and her Bloodguard Brail. Oberyn could not help his lust rising. Brail was dark brown and had jet black hair and was lithesome. The hair coming to the bottom of her ears parted around them. The black hair framing a beautiful face. She was only five foot three inches but he had learned that her fists stuck with the force of sledgehammers he had found when sparring with the Haruchai. She was as fast as lightening and stuck with the speed of a sand adder. She had beautiful almond eyes that were jet black much like his sweet Ellaria. Where Ellaria was soft curves and large breast and ass Brail was lean with small high breasts and a tight muscled warrior’s body.

Oberyn let his eyes leer over to the other woman, Lustra. The Lord had dirty blond hair and had a nice figure with full breast and big tight ass he would have loved to plow. She too had a beautiful face but her face constantly looked like it had bitten into a sour lemon and lime together. She gave off an air of being perpetually unhappy. He actually felt sorry for her. A good fuck would definitely help her demeanor.

He knew that impure thought did not to cross the mind of Brail. The woman was suppressed, regressed and forgot her carnal emotions back in her homeland but she was obviously in love with Lustra pining for the Lord. The Haruchai knew how to pine but the raw emotion needed to break through the icy demeanor of the Lord was beyond Brail. He felt sorry for the woman.

Lustra had put her staff against the Weirwood tree and was closely examining the cuttings in the bark.

“These marks are ancient and yet the wood still bleeds sap. Most strange. I can feel the magic in this place. It is strong.” She bent her body in even further with her eye just above the white bark. Lustra looked up and down the bark. “I can feel the power in the tree. It is almost like it is listening to us. To the wind, to the grass, to the water in the pool. Most strange.”

Oberyn saw the Haruchai staring at Lustra’s ass intently. She was actually showing emotion on her face Oberyn suddenly saw. This was going to be interesting. Maybe the woman did have it in her Oberyn mused. The Haruchai seemed to be wrestling with something internally. She shivered and took a deep breath seeming to make decision. The Haruchai stared at Lustra and especially her ass jutted out all nice and tempting.

Oberyn’s breath caught when the woman silently pulled the belt of her tunic loose and silently pulled it over her head. She was naked and her high small firm breast had rock hard nipples and her pussy was swollen and wet he could see the glistening juices on her camel toe. Trickles of cum working down her muscled thighs. Her sparse black hair cropped short. Oberyn again observed the Haruchai were perfectly formed.

The Lord continued to examine the Weirwood tree talking to herself. “It is amazing how old this tree
“Lustra … turn and face me” Brail softly spoke.

The lord stood up and turned around her. Her mouth fell open and her eyes widened.

“What is the meaning of this? Brail pu-pu-put put your tunic back on—what are you doing?” Lustra’s voice had a note of fear in it.

“I am giving myself to you Lustra. I have been advised to “go for it”. I have loved you since I was a child and my father was your Bloodguard. I fought to be your Bloodguard. I would share my life with you.”

“But—but you are Haruchai … you don’t mate outside your race.”

Brail stepped up to Lustra who was the same height. She reached out and stroked Lustra’s cheek tenderly. The Lord shivered and caught herself leaning into the touch and pulled back.

“You obfuscate Lustra. Lords have mated with Haruchai before. As Kevin melded with the first Haruchai through the Staff of Law the lore has been passed on. I have the will as do you. We can bridge the gap between our minds.”

“No Brail.” Oberyn heard denial but also suppressed want in Lustra’s voice. Her eyes betrayed her. Lustra stared up and down the beautiful body before her. Her body shivered and involuntarily leaned forward in desire for her Bloodguard.

“I love you” Brail spoke with such longing in her voice even Oberyn was choked up. The Giants had told him that the Haruchai were a very, very passionate race. They merely suppressed their desires when away from the hearth. The Haruchai could fuck wildly with multiple sex partners and have it only be about pleasure but when it came to a true bond it was intimate and deep. “I want you Lustra. I need you. My very being yearns for you. I wish us to become one my love.”

“But you are my Bloodguard … you duty.” Lustra’s eyes darted around like a trapped animal. Her body tense and shaking. The Lord was obviously trying to suppress her love for the Haruchai.

Oberyn wanted to jump out from his hiding place and run out and grip Lustra’s shoulders and shake her violently. He loved to fuck but it was Ellaria’s love that centered his life.

“If must I will step down as your Bloodguard … leave my command I won by right of combat … I would sever my link to my countrymen if that is what I must do to win your love Lustra. I love you. I always have.”

Lustra looked stunned. She gulped loudly in the silent Godswood. “Only Stave has ever done that …you would do that for me?”

“Yes. Without a thought if it would let you love me.”

Lustra looked around with wide eyes. She shook like a trembling leaf buffeted by the strong autumn winds. “I was hurt so bad Brail. I could not survive another mate leaving me.”

“I will never leave you Lustra. I wish to form the mating ritual binding with you. We will be bonded.”

Lustra stared at Brail for a long time. Oberyn wanted to jump up and shout at the sourpuss to take Brail’s love. *Geez, dense woman.*
“You are a woman Brail … I have only laid with men before …”

“The expression of love is different Lustra. That is the only difference. Let me love you Lustra: woman to woman. I will show you my adore and my passion. I will make you scream in orgasms and prove to you my pure untainted love Lustra. Let me worship the beauty that is you … let me show you my love—let us share life and love.”

Lustra stared into the Haruchai’s eyes hard with her hazel orbs. Then she gripped her staff and rammed it into the ground and a blue glow emanated from the Staff. Oberyn felt the temperature suddenly rise till the air was warm and balmy.

He watched Lustra pull her tunic over her head and her full C cup breast fell onto her chest. Her plump tight ass and shaved twat was on full display. Oberyn smirked seeing the rigid engorged nipples of the Lord. Her cunt wet and swollen. She had a sweet pussy her inner lips all bloomed out her slit. They came together in a clench of arms and legs as their mouths found each other and mated tight. Oberyn was impressed. They wasted no time with a gentle kisses. This was about raw passion finally igniting. Their tongues plunged deep into each other’s mouths and their cheeks showed their wet wrestling tongues. Arms enfolded bodies and pulled the new lovers tight to each other.

They both groaned and whimpered. Their heads tilted over to let tongues lunge down throats. Both women taking turns being the aggressor. Their bodies instinctively humped sodden twats on the leg jammed into the groove of their legs. Asses flexing as pussies were ground and clits jacked on legs now glistening with fuck juice. Ellaria was right as usual. All women were lesbians deep down. Lustra instinctively angled her rotating hips to grind her drooling clamshell up and down Brail’s hard thigh. Lustra crying out in the mouth devouring hers as her hands pulled Brail harder into her body.

Soon the Haruchai had the Lord on her back in the soft moss and was kissing her mouth and sucking on her breast hungrily going back and forth. Spit trailed from Brail’s lips to the nipples and lips of her lover, Lustra. The beautiful woman groaning gutturally her legs thrashing on the moss her heels dragging the feathery moss. Brail nursed feverishly on the turgid nipples moving back and forth. Her hands roughly milking the perfect orbs. Her fingers sinking in deep to the soft but firm udders. Lustra’s head thrashed in helpless pleasure.

Brail’s head pumped up with her fevered love sucks on Lustra’s rigid long thick nipples. Brail’s sucks tenting the areolas of her new lover. Her cheeks showed her tongue lathing the steeple areolas and then batting the rigid teats. Slowly Brail worked her hand down Lustra’s now heaving belly making slow sensual circles till her fingers reached the Lord’s wet humping mound. Her fingers worked up and down the drooling slit. The fingers instantly soaked and glistening in slimy creamy love snot.

Lustra muffled cries were swallowed by Brail’s mouth as he Haruchai circled her clit with her fingertips and flicked over the rigged shiny nubbin. Lustra’s cries high pitched and her groin lifting her twat into the rubbing fingers working over her clit in hard rubs and sensual circles. Then Brail used her fingers to rub up and down the bright red seam of her slut lover. Then her thumb came into play tormenting Lustra’s clit while her fingers slip and slide up and down the gooey wet trench humping up into the fingers jacking off the slobbering cunny.

Brail slipped two fingers into her lover’s sloppy wet cunt. They had broken their kiss for air. Lustra’s face twisted and her voice keened in a high pitch warble of shocking ecstasy. Brail started slow stroking her long digits in and out the creamy hot tight cunt. Her bent knuckle hammering Lustra’s clit shocking the Lord with pure nirvana. They started to kiss again with Lustra running her fingers into Brail’s hair and pulling their mouths tight as tongues wetly wrestled from mouth to
mouth.

Brail slowly increased her rhythm of her pumping fingers. Now she pumped her lover’s love box hard and deep. Lustra’s cunt making wet sloberry sounds. Brail’s fingers soaked in creamy slimy cum. The women’s whimpers and chuffs was beautiful music to Oberyn’s ears. Oberyn enjoyed watching Brail flex her arm and ram fuck Lustra’s wet cum soaked twat. The long brown digits hammering in hard. Lustra’s pussy already soaking wet slurped and sloshed. Brail’s fingers quickly became creamy looking soaked in sweet slimy cum.

As she fucked Lustra’s pussy, Brail now sucked on engorged nipples. Her mouth locked on the teat as her head pumped up with the force of her deep throat love sucks. Her sucks tenting the Lord’s puffy nipples making her face slash hard and her eyes squeeze shut tight in ecstasy. She would break her suck on Lustra’s nipples and move her head up. Her free hand clenched Lustra’s head to draw the Lord’s mouth to hers in a tight lock. Brail slammed her tongue down Lustra’s throat aggressively. The Lord’s body convulsed and flipped being overwhelmed with ecstasy.

Brail folded her body so she could work Lustra’s tits and mouth while her hand piston hard slamming her fingers all the way up to the third knuckles. Her fingers soaked in creamy cum burbling out the wet sloshing squelching cunny. Brail slipped in a third finger into her slut’s love box. The digits stretching out her lover’s twat. Brail grunted as she harpoon fucked her lover’s sloshing cunt. Lustra’s body jolted and she groaned gutturally now.

Lustra had rolled her body slightly and her hands gripped Brail’s shoulders. Her head lifted and staring deep into the dark orbs of her lover. Lustra whinnied and moaned her body jolting as ecstasy flowed hot and fast in her veins. Her head jerking up off the moss on a neck stiff with her tendons jutting out her throat as her body strained with raw pleasure and new pure love for Brail.

Brail fucked Lustra hard. Oberyn loved the forceful lovemaking. When women fucked hard it was a beautiful sight to behold. The Haruchai chuffing as she slammed her fingers hard and deep into her love’s wet slurping cunt. The Haruchai was trying to suck Lustra’s nipples down her throat now her head lifting as she voraciously sucked on the engorged teats stuffed deep into her hot sucking mouth. Lustra had been moaning constantly like a Lysian whore. Now her throat shrieking out her rising ecstasy.

Obara watched Lustra’s body start to tense her body spasming with dire jerks of fucking bliss. Her head lifting to stare at Brail. The Haruchai now was sucking hard on a turgid nipple her head lifting up stretching out Lustra’s areola and nipple up taunt. The Lord’s mouth was open as it twisted and contorted with the ecstasy that was coursing through her veins. She began to chuff hard her body shaking all over now. One hand harpooned fucked the Lord’s pussy hard her other hand squeezing and jerking on the nipple of the free tit Brail was not voraciously sucking on.

Brail sensing Lustra was about to cum lifted her mouth of Lustra’s tit and locked their mouths tight. Brail rammed her tongue deep in the Lord’s mouth their tongues twined and flipping in Lustra’s mouth. Soon Lustra was screaming wildly into her new lover’s mouth her screams swallowed by the mouth devouring hers. Her body bucked and convulsed as the Lord held onto the Haruchai with clawed finger. Brail released Lustra’s mouth to look upon her woman cumming hard. Lustra’s head ripped back and loud screams of shattering ecstasy filled the Godswood.

Oberyn loved watching the Lord cum so hard. He was happy for the sourpuss of course but he loved watching women fuck like only women can. He had spent so many hours jerking off watching Ellaria suck, trib and finger bang her sluts to countless screaming orgasms their bodies torn apart with fucking bliss.

The next thing Oberyn saw was Brail between Lustra’s legs spreading them out wide and diving her
face into Lustra’s swollen now sloppy wet cunt. The Haruchai lapped her head moaning getting her first direct taste of the woman she had loved for decades. She simply devoured the Lord’s quim. Brail lapped her head licking feverishly and sucking hard on the Lord’s clit with ravenous wolf sucks. The Haruchai sucked in mouthfuls of sloppy wet cunt meat and hungrily stretching and rolling the slimy folds around in her mouth tormenting Lustra with ecstasy.

The sounds of a sodden cunt loud in the quiet groove. In the quiet Oberyn could easily hear the slurps, sucks and the sound of a tongue licking hotly up and down a sloppy wet groove. Lustra was crying out in helpless pleasure. Brail for her part snuffled and cawed eating out the woman she had cherished and worshiped for most of her life. Lustra’s face was slashed and torn apart with shocking ecstasy. Brail’s face was filled with a sublime happiness finally devouring the gash of the woman she loved.

The Lord’s body jerked and spasmed as her new lover plucked her body like a lute. The Haruchai’s head working up and down tongue fucking her love’s dripping cunt hole hard and deep and then sucking labia lips into her mouth and munching on them hungrily. Then back to sucking Lustra’s throbbing clit like her life depended on it. She would lift her head to first hard flat tongue lick with fast rasps of her tongue and then move to a butterfly motion with her tongue. The tongue nearly invisible as it whiplashed Lustra’s clit.

The Lord whimpered and cried out in raw aching pleasure having her pussy sucked off by a woman who it was clear knew how to pleasure a hot wet cunt. The beauteous Lord started to swirl her swollen cunt up into Brail’s devouring mouth. Lustra’s hands were pulping her tits and pulling on her nipples making herself cry out in helpless pleasure. The Lord’s head jerked up off the moss her eyes open but unfocused her face constantly slashing and crumpling seemingly as pulses of sheer ecstasy pummeled her nearly senseless with fucking bliss.

Brail snuffled and groaned eating out her Lord and now lover. The Haruchai’s head lapped and swirled as she tormented the clit she had sucked deep into her mouth. Her lips forming a tight lock letting Brail vacuum suck on the rigid clit sucked out its sheath. Her cheeks dimpled from her savage deep throat love sucks showed her tongue whiplashing and spearing Lustra’s shiny throbbing clit. Then spitting out the clit and fast tongue licking with her whipsawing tongue.

The Lord of Revelstone could only do one thing. Explode.

Lustra’s legs had spread wide and went rigid her heels hammering the moss as her elbows now jammed into the moss her hands clawed into the Haruchai’s hair jamming her face into her cunt that was exploding in Brail’s mouth. Lustra screamed and screamed in rapture her body bucking and convulsing. Her upper body surged up off the moss and did spastic short jerks up off the moss before slamming back into the soft moss violently her face torn apart with fucking ecstasy. Her tits rolled around on her chest in fast jerks her tits folding slightly and giggling wildly. She did this four times as her womb ripped out her belly scalding her with fucking bliss.

Finally, the Lord’s body collapsed temporarily spent as she mewled and hitched with strong aftershocks. Brail moved up immediately enfolding the woman she adored in her strong arms and held her to her sweaty body as the two women relished the sweaty skin to skin contact. The women tilting their heads towards each other and kissing first sweetly and then with deep plunging tongues coiling in newborn love. The Haruchai claiming what was hers with repeated spears of her tongue down Lustra’s throat. The Lord’s body convulsing with aftershocks and pure love as her eyes rolled back in her skull and rolled around almost violently in the love that only women can truly share.

Oberyn was one happy voyeur. He had unlaced his drawstrings and had jerked himself to one orgasm and was working on second one as he continued to watch.
Brail sucked Lustra off three more times judging the instant she could again suck her lover off again. Oberyn was impressed. Brail could definitely give Ellaria a run for her money with her cunninglus skills. She made love with all the skills of an avowed lesbian or bisexual slut. Brail simply knew how to give Lustra the maximum pleasure and was totally addicting the formerly straight woman to a life of being a pure lesbian.

Oberyn smiled thinking of all the women that Ellaria had seduced into bisexuality and lesbianism. She had a whole harem of married women rotating through her and Oberyn’s bed to get the loving they did not get from their husbands and clandestine male lovers.

Now, Brail again moved up kissing the Lord’s sweaty belly and between her breasts to mate their mouths tight and letting Lustra taste her cunt in the Haruchai’s mouth. Oberyn looked close the first time Brail did this to see if Lustra reacted badly to tasting her couchie on Brail’s lips and in her mouth. Nope. Lustra tried to suck Brail’s tongue down her throat. Lustra immediately hooked on the sweet taste of her pussy in another woman’s mouth. The woman was instantly becoming a lesbian slut.

Oberyn had seen this so many times with Ellaria. His sweet paramour first giving her newest seduction so much lesbian pleasure that the women simply helplessly fell under Ellaria’s spell of love and seduction. It was obvious to Oberyn that Brail was ascribing to this same philosophy. She was addicting Lustra to Brail’s touch and her sweet sucking mouth.

The Lord and Haruchai snuggled for a few minutes in post coital coddling. Then in a flash the Lord rolled the Haruchai over. Brail actually squealed cutely. Her eyes locked with Lustra’s with throbbing love. Oberyn was impressed with the Lord. She was a fast learner. She finger fucked and sucked the Haruchai off to wailing screaming orgasms again and again. The Lord did not hesitate to bury her face in Brail’s pussy and devour it with wild gluttonous glee. She did not hesitate to get her mouth swallowed by Brail’s sloppy wet quim.

Ellaria had two tests she used to know that a new formerly straight woman was now a true lesbian slut. Her first test was what Ellaria called the “lips test”. Was a woman willing to let a pussy totally engulf her mouth? To feel your lips engulfed by the wet steamy heat of your woman’s couchie. That showed desire to totally devour your slut. Lustra was passing that one now. She had Brail’s vulva totally engulfing her mouth as she feasted on clit and slit. Lustra groaned happily feeling the wet heat totally encompassing her mouth. The Lord of Revelstone wiggling her face to get it buried deeper into the sweet drooling clamshell of her lover.

The second test that Ellaria had was the “sniffer” test. Lustra passed this one too with gusto. When tongue fucking Brail fuck hole classic face to pussy her nose rammed into Brail’s clit and wallowed in her slit soaking her nostrils in cum. Then when she sucked on Brail’s fuck hole doggy her nose was jammed into her woman’s perineum and shithole wallowing her nose around to get her mouth locked tight to sweet gash and tongue deep in a quivering wet pulsing cunt hole.

Ellaria knew that when a woman did this they were totally committed to the arts of Sapphic love. It showed a total commitment to Sapphic love when you were willing to get your face soaked in another woman’s love juice and had no care where you nose went in your pursuit of sweet gash and clit meat.

Four times Lustra sucked Brail off to wailing wildly flipping and jackknifing orgasms. Her whole body convulsing in the throes orgasmic bliss. The poor Haruchai had to push Lustra away the now addicted to pussy Lord not relenting in her suck off of Brail. Brail shrieking in bliss. She had to teach Lustra to let her clit to rest long enough to lose its super sensitivity.

Lustra constantly testing Brail’s clit. The instant it had settled down Lustra had her face again buried
in Brail’s festering couchie devouring hot pussy with abandon and fast rising skills. Lustra’s raw enthusiasm made up for any lack of skills but her skills were rising exponentially fast Oberyn saw.

Oberyn jerked off smirking. He had seen so many woman seduced by Ellaria into lesbianism and on the night of their lesbian deflowering simply wanting—no needing to suck off sweet cunt meat over and over. The new lesbo sluts addicted to pussy and needing to drink deep the sweet effluent they caused to erupt out the cunts they sucked off ravenously and swallowed with much moaning and wanton fuck hunger.

They then tribbed wildly in a classic scissors that Brail showed Lustra how to perform. All Lustra needed was one quick lesson and then she was off like a Sand Steed ramming and sweeping her pussy up and down a gagging Brail’s open drooling clamshell.

Both women were up on one palm their other hand gripping their woman’s leg to their body. Their hips undulating in a hot jamming rhythm. Their cunts grinding into each other as camel toes were pulped and clits jacked by their mate’s clits and jamming groins. Their groins slamming into the V of their split legs with their wild gyrations and humping.

Oberyn watched the two heavily sweating women tribbing exuberantly. Their pent up passion having ignited and their suppressed love blooming fully. They fucked hard staring into each other’s eyes as they undulated their hips fast and furious grinding their pussies hard into each other.

Oberyn watched the two women explode in simultaneous orgasms. Their screams loud in the sacred groove bouncing off the Weirwood as their bodies convulsed surging twats into each other as the two women swept their pussies manically up and down prolonging their orgasms as long as possible. The women collapsed with both women gasping and shaking with violent aftershocks.

Lustra moved around to cuddle with Brail who stroked her new lover and kissed her sweetly. That did not last long. The Haruchai needed more pussy gobbling Oberyn gleefully discovered. She rolled Lustra onto her back. The woman looking up at Brail with limpid eyes her whole body and demeanor showing she wanted to be topped hard. Brail quickly straddled Lustra’s head with her knees and jammed her drooling cunt seam down into Lustra’s mouth that rose to greet the pussy descending to mash down on her face.

Brail rode her cunt on Lustra’s face riding her cowgirl. It was very hot to see Oberyn thought happily jerking off. The Haruchai rode her pussy hard up and down the Lord’s face aggressively with hard sweeps of her hips. The Lord encouraged her slut by gripping Brail’s ass cheeks with clawed fingers to mash her sweeping cunny even harder down into her snuffling sucking mouth. The Lord grunting and whinnying as her mouth sucked and tongue flailed sweet cunt meat.

Brail’s head snapped forward and back her face slashed with pleasure so intense it looked like agony on her face. Her cunt mashed and rolled over Lustra’s voracious mouth. The Haruchai’s cum hard. She soaked Lustra’s face now from the bridge of her nose and down to chin with streams running down her cheeks and throat in slimy streams. The Haruchai desperately running her pussy up and over the Lord’s chin and nose between aggressive sweeps of her snatch over the Lord’s hot gobbling sucking mouth.

Oberyn watched the Lord snake her hands up the sweat dripping torso of her sweet Brail and start to maul her high firm small titties. All the while the Haruchai cawed and convulsed with ecstasy pouring out her already expertly sucked cunt. The Haruchai now swirling her hips in a tight circle to grind her fuck hole down on Lustra’s mouth. The Lord sucking in mouthfuls of succulent cunt meat to slurp and dine on before locking her lips to Brail’s fuck hole and ramming her tongue in deep to the sodden core of her new lover. Her tongue flailing sweet cunt meat and scooping out dollops of hot slimy cum to swallow with gleeful gulps.
The dreamy look on Lustra’s face showed Oberyn that Lustra had died and gone to the heavens. She was now a permanent member of the muff diving fraternity. Lustra had become a full pledged lesbian addict. The beautiful woman forever addicted to wet hot pussy. To Ellaria this was the natural state that women should be in and then find a great lover like Oberyn to complete themselves if a bisexual whore like Ellaria was.

To Oberyn he had no problem with Cersei nailing his daughter if she chose to every night and soon probably most of the female staff and students at Battleborne Academy. So be it. If he got lucky with Cersei then so much the better. He stopped musing on lesbianism and Cersei and focused on the sweet Sapphic debauchery in front of his eyes at the moment. His smile widened.

The Lord ground the Haruchai’s tits into her ribs with her palms and then pulled on her teats with hard jerks. Her hand going back and forth till Brail slapped her hands over top of the Lord’s grinding palms to encourage Lustra to flatten and pulp her small high firm tits. Brail cried out in searing pleasure. Lustra had her mouth glued to Brail’s fuck hole siphon sucking hot wet slimy cunt meat into her mouth that she rolled and munched on as her head pumped in and out to stretch out slimy folds sucked into her mouth.

Slowly Lustra worked her mouth back up the juicy slit and sucked Brails’ small shiny clit and its hood deep into her mouth where she began to deep throat suck as her tongue giggled the hard nodule with relentless spearing thrusts of her tongue. Brail had taken over pulsing her tits with her rolling palms as Lustra stroked her sweat dripping body all over with her roaming hands luxuriating in Brail’s firm tight body as the Lord stroked her slut’s body sensually. Brail began to whinny wildly her face shocked and her palms now slamming into her tits with hard pounding strikes pulsing her tits.

Sensing it was time for the love kill Lustra looped her arms over Brail’s legs and ground her cunt down into Lustra’s mouth. A mouth that tried to suck the Haruchai’s clit down her throat. Lustra kept jerking her arms down over the Haruchai’s legs grinding her cunt down into her feverishly sucking mouth. Lustra’s head jacking down into the moss with the force of savage deep throat love sucks on Brail’s clit. Brail’s body froze up her face struck with a shocked look.

Brail threw her head back hard and screamed agonizing wails of searing bliss. The Haruchai seemed to fly apart shrieking as her cunt tore itself inside out in the Lord’s mouth. The Haruchai’s body did savage jackknifes her body convulsing as her cunny ground down on the mouth hungrily devouring it. Lustra gulping down as much of the sweet cum gushing out Brail’s rupturing cunt that she could. The excess running down in rivulets around Lustra’s mouth down her cheeks and throat.

Lustra was in a frenzy now. Oberyn had seen this with Ellaria so many times over the years. It didn’t matter if the woman was a lass just coming into her flowering or a grey haired grandmother they often went insane on their first taste of pussy. Like Lustra was now. She kept on sucking hotly her head jerking up off the ground sucking Brail’s clit deep into her voracious mouth or moving her head back and pumping her head hard tongue fucking Brail’s burbling fuck hole.

Lustra with that sixth sense women had now knowing Brail’s body could easily go multiple.

Brail had been stunned by her last orgasm but now short jerked her hips grinding her drooling snatch down on Lustra’s mouth. Soon Brail looped both hands underneath Lustra’s head and rammed her mouth up deep into her cunt her vulva totally engulfing the Lord’s mouth. Lustra was back to Brail’s clit rocking her head tongue licking and giving harsh short sucks. Lustra’s head lifted slightly to give her tongue the freedom to hard lick over the shiny clit of the Haruchai warrior. Lustra moaning like a Lysian whore eating hot snail snot soaked snatch.

Brail’s body tensed showing off her muscled stomach and then she was torn apart again as her cunny
exploded in Lustra’s mouth who kept sucking wildly lapping furiously and now swallowing hot sweet cum. Brail flipped and jackknifed wildly wailing her small tits whiplashing on her chest. She fell forward onto her palms breathing in great ragged gulps sweat pouring off her body.

Oberyn almost felt sorry for her. Lustra was still in the zone attacking Brail’s pussy without let up. She was lapping still and Brail’s cunt sounded like soup being slurped it was so wet. Lustra gripped Brail’s ass with clawed fingers and jerked the stunned warrior forward and back urging her Haruchai lover to start humping hard again.

Brail sobbed but rose up and went insane grinding her twat down onto Lustra’s feverish mouth. Brail was so soaked in sweat she looked like she had dived in the pool beside them. Her short hair plastered to her forehead, ears and nape of her neck. Lustra was relentless her cheeks hollowing out with the force of her deep throat love sucks and her cheeks showing her tongue flailing Brail’s shiny nubbin.

Brail screamed like a banshee her body convulsing so hard her back arched deep and then snapped her body forward again and again as her shrieks filled the glade with the sounds of pure love. Her hips lurching down to grind her twat savagely into the mouth absolutely devouring her gushing quim.

Brail rose up breaking Lustra’s love suck on her pussy slapping both hands over her couchie. Lustra chasing the swollen gash with fuck hunger. Brail toppled over gasping out her pussy was worn out and please give her a break. She kept her pussy covered with her cupped hands as she eyed her lover whose face and hair was soaked in cum.

Lustra sat up and laughed gaily and then threw herself down on Brail and they twined arms and legs rolling back and forth snogging deeply their tongues going down throats and eyes rolling back into their skulls showing the whites of their eyes. They snogged for several minutes as the Haruchai recovered from her harrowing orgasms.

The Haruchai then rolled them into a sweaty sixty-nine with herself on the bottom. They both ate pussy as if it would be their last meal on this mortal coil. They had simultaneous orgasms as they screamed their rapture into each other’s rupturing cunts. Their wails and shrieks swallowed by sloppy wet camel toes engulfing hard pressed in mouths drinking down hot gushes of cum.

Lustra weakly rose up and turned around and half laid on her new lover and now soul wife. Oberyn was stunned as the Lord and Haruchai snuggled together drifting off into a sweet exhausted slumber.

Oberyn was happy for them. He redid the laces to his trousers must satisfied. He silently backed out of his hideaway. He turned around and gulped. Three Haruchai stood before him. Their faces of course gave nothing away. He saw Sard who had his spear in his hand. Flanking were two female Haruchai: Surrase and Howsrul.

He was a goner and he knew it. He closed his eyes preparing for a major beat down. Instead, Sard handed him his spear back. Oberyn gaped at him.

“There is no fault in watching two lovers share their bodies and souls.” Sard told him in a flat voice his face betraying no emotion.

They parted for him.

Oberyn looked at them. He did not understand these people. How they totally controlled their emotions and reactions but were obviously such hot and passionate lovers as he had just seen and was proven by Stannis and Selyse with their female Haruchai lovers. He would have been insanely
jealous if he had not won the affections of the Ramen who now had moved in with him and fucked wildly in hot orgies that his lords and generals who would join at night along with the many hot minks and sweet hot young men he had made the acquaintance of in Winterfell and Winter Town.

Oberyn always out looking for hot pussy and throbbing dick to fuck.

It just pissed him off that Stannis was scoring with the Haruchai and even the Giants were wanting him to suck them off along with his wife who was only too happy to oblige. How the hell those two sticks in the mud were scoring so much pussy he would never understand. Worse, they had become “swingers” on par with him and Ellaria. It was impossible! He was sure the sun was going to stop rising in the morning if this kept up.

It was just not fair! Oberyn whined to himself.

He snorted and moved on walking back out of the Godswood. He looked behind him and of course the Haruchai were gone. It was unnerving how they could move and make no sound. He mused over the coming war. He was looking forward to it. He sensed that the Queen was tired of war but she would never shy away from it. He craved the honor and glory that conflict brought. He wanted to prove his manly valor on the field of combat. He would not hide that aspect of himself. Putting oneself on the line and proving yourself the better of your foes.

He wandered the grounds for the next twenty minutes or so. He walked around the glass gardens and the orchids. Even in winter they were beautiful to observe. None other of the ancestral homes of the Major Houses had such spacious grounds and such beautiful environs surrounding them. He turned to head back towards the Great Keep.

He walked on for a minute when he suddenly heard a scream of a woman. He looked off to the far end of a green field and a paddock that had been setup. Some of the Riverlands houses were bring up some large aurochs bulls. The fools liked to ride them trying to stay on for eight seconds. They synched the bull’s testicles tight to their body with a rough hemp rope which of course pissed off the bulls. They were going to be slaughtered after the victory was achieved as part of the victory celebration.

Oberyn ran off at a dead run. The scream had been one of fear and great distress. He ran his legs pumping hard. He soon reached the pen. The pen had eight feet high walls made of planks securely nailed and doweled together. Oberyn saw a woman with her face pressed between the slats screaming. He looked in and saw a little four old boy running ahead towards the bulls giggling. Somehow he had gotten into the pen. He was falling on his unsteady legs. The bulls had just taken notice of the little boy and were getting nervous and riled up.

He had to act now. He threw his spear up over the wall and started climbing up the wall. He heard a loud rumble behind and turned his head as he kept climbing furiously. Just as he reached the top he saw the three Haruchai who had confronted him in the Godswood on their mighty Ranyhyn mounts galloping at full tilt towards the fence. Oberyn saw they were not stopping. He started to shout out for them to stop before they crashed into the planks as he turned to jump off the fence and into the pen.

His eyes bulged seeing the Ranyhyn as one coil their bodies and launched themselves up impossibly high in the air. He watched gaped mouth as he started to drop to the ground the three mighty horses clear the fence with a foot to spare on either side of his body. They landed easily and took off at a full gallop with Oberyn cursing behind them. He wanted to help save that child! The bulls had been starting to rush the little boy who innocently wanted to play with the bulls but now were confused with the sudden onrush. The mighty animals pawing the ground and snorting as they shook off their
confusion at the sudden onslaught.

The eight mighty bulls each weighing over a ton had been thrown into confusion seeing the rush of the horses running straight at them began to charge again seeing a threat and moving to meet it. The boy was between the running together Ranyhyn and bulls. Six turned towards the horses with two angling out to charge from the side. The Haruchai stood up impossibly on the running Ranyhyn’s backs and then as one launched themselves into the now wildly excited bulls. The three bodies of the Haruchai slammed into the shoulders of the bulls nearest the child sending them crashing to the ground as they cried out in alarm and rage.

Oberyn was shocked at this display of both courage and raw physical prowess.

The Haruchai were immediately on their feet kicking and punching bulls in the face stunning and enraging the bulls turning their attention to themselves. The Ranyhyn were screaming and kicking out at the bulls with their hooves. Oberyn got behind the child and stabbed out with the blade of his spear tip. He pricked and stabbed the bulls making them back off and shunt to the side as his spear blooded their faces and shoulders.

It was total confusion around Oberyn as he fought desperately to save the little blond boy. The Haruchai were throwing kicks and using their bodies to knock the bulls into each other and madden them to attacking the Haruchai. Oberyn suddenly realized the Haruchai were not delivering death blows deeming the bulls innocent of this incident. Oberyn had no such compunction but could not try and deliver a death strike for fear his spear would be ripped from his grip. He could not survive without his spear.

The Ranyhyn were screaming loudly rising up to strike with hooves and somehow twisting their bodies to escape goring.

Oberyn was limited in his motions in protecting the boy who had stilled stunned by all the sounds and motions around him. The boy now screaming crying out for his mother. Oberyn lunged out with his spear at a determined bull making it back off. All the bulls wide eyed in rage and confusion. Their nostrils and mouths flinging drool in all directions. He felt a bull coming in from the side but he had no choice in not turning to that attack. He would not let harm come to the boy while he had breath. If he turned he would expose the boy to the bull’s horns. Oberyn prepared his mind to be gored and most probably killed.

He felt the bull’s head approaching his body and braced to feel a long horn gore and kill him.

Suddenly, Surrase was there. She grabbed the bull’s horns away from Oberyn and with raw brute strength twisted the bulls head down and around. She jammed a horn into the ground and shoved the bull hard making it flip over on the fulcrum of its horn jammed deep in the ground. The animal landing with a mighty crash while squalling its rage and alarm.

Sard was jumping from one bull’s back to another stomping down enraging the beasts and diverting their attention as the beasts ripped their heads up and back trying to impale the Haruchai on their long horns but he would be gone onto another bull.

A twisting bull brushed hard into Oberyn’s body staggering him. He lost his grip on the boy. He saw the little boy try to run in fear now into the sea of kicking, stomping legs of the crazed animals.

Oberyn rushed forward stumbling forward and fell to his knees catching the boys shirt just in time. He jerked the boy back from a bulls stomping feet and lunging horns. He hugged the lad to his chest. A bull stomped on the dirt where the boy had been. Sard appeared slamming into the bulls flank knocking it over as the bull bellowed his rage. He saw the biggest bull rise up before him onto
its hind legs bellowing wildly. The beast started to come down to crush its adversaries. Again Oberyn prepared to die. He cupped the boy to him bending his body over the boy to give his body as a shield.

Then Howsrul was before him and the child he held. The bull came crashing down and the Haruchai woman impossibly caught the enraged animal’s front legs just behind the hooves and stopped the bull’s rapid descent of its body. Howsrul’s body sagged down under the great weight and momentum of the down plunging bull. The woman somehow found the strength to hold the bull up off of Oberyn.

The animal contorted driving down with its immense weight. Howsrul small body began to bend back and down under the over one ton of weight. Oberyn could only stare at the prodigious contest of wills and extreme might. Oberyn saw the Haruchai coil and then surge up lifting the bull up and back twisting her body heaving the behemoth to the side where it crashed on its ribs squalling in pain and fear.

The Haruchai woman immediately pivoted around and her heel kicked out hitting a bull just below his horn. The kick staggering the beast. Again Oberyn was shocked at how strong and resilient the Haruchai were. Howsrul should have been overtaxed and exhausted having just contested with a ton of weight. Instead she was fighting as strong and fast as ever.

Oberyn got up and used his spear in short jabs to drive off bulls and help defend the Haruchai’s backs. They could not escape the melee. With a loud shout three Giants came crashing into the fight. When their bodies hit the bulls they were sent flying. When their fists hit bull skulls they impacted with the force of battering rams slamming into a castle door. Soon five bulls were on their sides concussed eyes hazy and tongues lulled out. The other three bulls had had enough and scooted to the far side of the pin the fight taken out of them.

The Giants warded the smaller humans out of the pin that had its door opened for them. The woman ran to Oberyn sobbing taking her child. The boy did not want to let go of Oberyn. The mother thanked Oberyn again and again calling him a hero. He finally got the boy back in the woman’s arms as she thanked him and touched her boy’s savior on the arm with a thankful smile on her face. He smiled and told the boy he needed to learn to control his rambunctious nature. He ruffled the kid’s hair and kissed the knuckles of the woman and turned walking away.

Oberyn had been embarrassed. He merely had done what any man would do when he saw a boy endangered like that. The woman was very beautiful but he was too tried to even try and pick her up for tonight. The adrenaline rush was over and he was exhausted.

Sard was before him blocking his way. Oberyn wondered what was going to happen now. He never had been able to build any kind of rapport with the Haruchai. He glared at the Haruchai expecting yet another attack on his honor and self.

“You selflessly threw yourself into danger to protect the child.” The words spoken flatly.

Oberyn glared at the man. “Of course I did. I did what any man would do.”

Sard cocked an eyebrow at that. “This I highly doubt. You do not seek glory” was the flat atonal answer.

“Fuck you Sard. Okay, Fuck you! I’m tired. I’m happy that I helped to save an innocent life. Is that good enough for you?” he snarled at the Haruchai. He knew he shouldn’t but he was beyond exhausted.
The three Haruchai were covered in bruises and cuts where the bulls had nicked them with their horns. They had saved him twice from certain death. Oberyn felt guilty for barking at the valiant selfless Haruchai. He felt shame and knew what he needed to do.

“Listen. I’m sorry okay. You saved me out there—I’m just jangling after combat and nearly being killed again and again. I owe you my life. I thank you.”

He could see that the Haruchai were communing with their mental mind speech. Sard raised an eyebrow and stepped aside.

When he got back to the Great Keep everyone wanted to meet and give thanks to the hero who saved the child. The Giants had followed Oberyn and were laughing adding to the calls that Oberyn was a hero. He was exhausted but sat through a mini feast that Eddard and Daenerys insisted in having in his honor.

He pulled Eddard aside and told him the bulls were merely reacting as to their nature and he did not want them put down. He realized the Haruchai had been right. He was gladdened when Eddard even one upped him. He had found out that the bulls were of pure stock. He had bought them already and was going to buy heifers and reintroduce them into the Sand Hills and Barrow Lands. With the return of top tier predators they would need prey to fully close the ecological cycle. These would the first of large prey animal to be sent to those two preserves. Elk and mule deer would soon follow.

Oberyn finally pulled away from the table after several hours in the early evening. He gave his apologies but begged off any more toasts to his valor and good health. He told everyone he was tired and needed to rest.

Oberyn slowly walked back to the room that had been given as his residence while at Winterfell. He loved his room. It was nice and hot like his Dorne so far away. The hot waters rushing through the walls fresh from the spring in his section of the keep. Eddard had been nice enough to think of that for him. He had heard that Arya and Daenerys room was nice and steamy too. He bet it was he thought with a leer.

He got to his room and entered. He looked around and smelled sex thick in the room. He had to smile. He loved the rutting of the Ramen. Reminded him of the people of his homeland. He felt his exhaustion start to lift.

Char was sitting in a chair in the corner his body flushed and sweat soaked. His cock wilted from a recent cum. Trami was behind Fohn slamming his cock hard into her pussy driving her face into the Manethrall’s cunt as she ate her teacher out like a starving babe. Her mouth had sucked in most of the Shapa’s twat into her mouth and she ate out the sweet cunt meat wildly.

Shapa had both hands in Fohn’s hair grinding her charge’s teenage face deep into her cunt as she growled and whinnied. Then her head ripped back and she screamed as she threw her cunt up into Fohn’s hot gobbling mouth as the girl now tried to suck the Manethrall’s clit down her throat. Oberyn loved watching the woman arch her back and throw her cunt up into the teenage mouth devouring it.

Oberyn heard a knock on the door. He turned and opened it. Oberyn was surprised to see Sard, Surrase and Howsrul before him. The three Haruchai stared at Oberyn. Why were they here? Then he noticed her. Pressed between the two Haruchai women was the beautiful blond woman whose child he had saved.

Had they come to thank him again? Privately? The Haruchai could be most strange at times. Why
wait till now to say anything?

“This is Bryeana Justman of Winter Town” Sard spoke “she has come to thank you for saving her child.”

There was an awkward pause as the young woman looked at him expectantly. After a long pause Oberyn sighed and answered.

“No thanks is needed Bryeana. It was my duty to save your child—with these Haruchai and Giants help I must add.”

Bryenna bat her eyelashes. “So brave and humble. I want to thank all of you for saving my little boy. Mykel is most rambunctious as you said. I want to show my gratitude. My mother will be caring for my son tonight and tomorrow. I am very appreciative and most skilled” the blond woman spoke in a smoky tone. Her eyes pulsing with hot promises of sensual pleasure.

Sard spoke up again “We all wish to thank you” he spoke cocking an eyebrow. “It will take us many hours over many nights to thank you Oberyn. We wish to share life and pleasure with you and this beautiful woman. We will make both of your scream the night through as you will make us wail and shriek in pleasure.”

It slowly dawned on Oberyn what was being offered. His mind having a hard time processing what was so clearly being offered. He slowly stepped aside.

Bryenna looked at the Haruchai and Oberyn licking her lips. She especially eyed the Haruchai women. Good thought Oberyn. Bryenna is a bisexual slut. This was going to be so good!

Take that Stannis! He closed the door with a happy smirk.

Arik

Arik Strake hummed the melody he had learned as a teenager. The notes of the melody flowing through his body and into the boat he was sitting in. The plates of Valyrian steel melded to the live oak planks hummed with magical power and propelled the boat up the Qhoyne River. The power coming from him through his music. He had left Arnoy three days ago in the morning and was already passing the docks of Qohor. He had pulled the boat ashore the night before in the third watch of the night. He had slept in the body of his boat after pulling it into the weeds.

On the trip up the river his magical cloak was erected low over his boat to blend it into the river. The light bent around the craft so the reflections off the water seemed seamless. If the cloak was erected too high it would cause distortion of the light and maybe noticed. Now on the bank of the river Arik could stretch out the elastic invisibility cloak over the boat. This gave him a little more space to be comfortable in.

The cloak not only protected him from the notice of man but also the notice of the natural predators out in the world.

None on the river were the wiser with the passing of his craft. He did not allow any to see that it was magic that propelled his craft. He smiled while passing craft unseen and unknown. The use of one magic to hide another.

The cloak bending light around the boat in a seamless way. It had taken the weavers years to slowly weave the magical slivers of charged metallic strands soaked in the magical elixirs the magicians still
produced and practiced in their hidden community. The metallic strands interwoven in the silk fabric. The magic capturing the essence of light and coaxing them to travel along the stands of magical thread. The effect to make what was behind the cloak invisible.

He was now passing the slips of Qohor moving against the rapid current easily with the magic of his craft. The spells reducing the friction against the hull and creating a reverse polarity field in the crafts hull with the fore end of higher polarity which always propelled the craft forward without a wake. His magical notes providing the energy to propel his craft against the mounting current.

Arik was mindful of his surroundings. He may be invisible but he did not want his craft to hit a large fishing vessel, river galleon or worse a River Bireme. He guided his boat among the other boats and light ships hustling in and out of the docks and sailing downstream or furiously rowing oars to move upstream. Any who happen to look upon his craft would only see sunlight glinting off the water. The invisibility cloak was powerful in its perfection.

The man kept his craft in the middle of the river here in the environs of Qohor proper. Arik liked to look at the boats plying their trade and the buildings lined up on the shore behind the wooden docks. He needed to stay away from the heaviest of the boat traffic. It was imperative that Arik and the magic of his craft remain hidden. His people had long passed from history and become only whispered legends. The might and magic of Valyria had passed from the Earth as far as mankind was concerned.

The belief must remain that way. The might and magic of Valyria had passed into myths and legends to the everyday populace of Essos.

The master sword maker was coming back home from the rolling hill country of Flurrelsa to the east of the Golden Fields. He had journeyed much further afield. The prophetesses sending him on a journey to arm the Direwolf as the Lion was armed. The Dragon had her own weapon. He had traveled up the Lhorulu river to get to the old mining operation that Valyria had in the hill country. When their empire had died so had the small outpost in that country. The Valyrians had traveled to the mines by dragon. None other than Valyrians knew of the mines during the reign of old Valyria. None had travelled by foot to the mines when one had mighty dragons to take one to them.

The Valyrians had been magical for sure but they were also great scientists the swordsmith knew. It had been the marrying of the two that lifted their civilization to the heights of glory and power. True, his ancestors had been but the house slaves but that had all changed. Now he was an equal learning the craft and science from the former masters.

The Valyrians had made Valyrian steel. All knew that. What most did not understand was that the iron ore had to have particular properties for their magic to bind too. The iron ore from the region of Flurrelsa was rich in carbon. Normally iron ore only had trace amounts of carbon in it. In this area and a few other locations the percentage of carbon was close to two percent.

It was this element that gave Valyrian metal the ability to cut a feather wafting down on the edge of a Valyrian sword and still have the edge retain its razor’s edge no matter how many times used against armor and other swords. Valyrian steel had both elastic and rigid properties at the same time. It was magic that took these native properties and took it to another level. The spells made the sharpness permanent and increased the strength of the metal even further.

Arik loved his trips down the rivers to get to the old mines. After three centuries the mines had been opened again. This times by humans. No Valyrian dare make the trip. The ancient hatreds still simmered beneath the surface of the local populace. It was humans who were continuing the old ways outside of their homeland. Humans with their instructors. In the bottom of his fourteen foot long canoe he had nearly eighty-five pounds of iron ore. He would then add bamboo and leaves
from the Ranawara tree to increase the carbon content of the iron when it was smelt down.

The man looked at the river flat barge passing him to the left. It was loaded with logs being taken to Volantis to be used by the rising artisan class in the former Free City. He shook his head. Only now was it truly becoming free.

He hummed the tune to the Valyrian steel bands in the bottom of the canoe. The magical steel heard the tune and responded to produce forward propulsion. He had to concentrate from time to time to focus his thoughts. The rising down current requiring more focus to push against the hull of his craft. Within an hour he had passed the last vestiges of human encroachment.

He knew he was getting closer to home when he left the city of Qohor behind. Three hours later he came to convergence of the branches of the Oboyne and Harker Rivers. He turned the prow of his craft to the left. The prow fighting the current of the Harker River. His melody picked up a quiet urgency and the keel of the craft shuddered fighting the conflicting currents till the small boat won free and headed up the Harker River. Arik was able to lower the decibel level of his song. He was back to a hum steadily propelling his canoe forward up the Harker River.

The man felt the power of the melodies. He may not have Valyrian blood in his veins but close study and loving guidance had over time taught the humans how to craft in many of the ancient ways of old Valyria. The ancient race’s magical masters working the most delicate of spells to the betterment of all.

He was heading into the depth of the high hill country of the Forest of Qohor. The Forest of Qohor was vast. It would take a man roughly two weeks to cross by horse along the few tracks that crossed the southern and eastern edges of the forest. The Free City of Qohor is located on the western edge of the forest, which also contain the headlands of the Qhoyne.

Its trees were large, with trunks as wide as city gates and leaves giving a golden hue when exposed to sunlight, making a golden canopy above travelers through its environs. The forest provided much of the lumber used by the eastern Free Cities for their keels and masts, as well as good fodder to trade to the Dothraki when they come off their mighty sea of grass. Animals found within the wood include great elk, deer, spotted tigers, wolves, tree cats, monstrously huge boars, spotted bears, and even a species of lemur. The lemurs were sometimes called Little Valyrians, because of their silver fur and purple eyes.

These were the edges of the forest. He was entering the hidden lands in the rolling ridges that rose to two thousand feet. The temperate climate and ample rainfall had the low mountains thickly covered with ancient trees. The folded land convoluted and filled with twisting valleys. The trees running up to the crest of the ridges. The land filled with forks and fast running streams. Man did not travel to this land of mists and rolling fog that covered the land much of the day and rolled thick at night.

Arik as a child loved to walk up the low mountains and feel the fog rolling over his young body. He would often stand so the fog rolled by cutting his legs off seemingly. He loved the land he had grown up in. He would do all in his power to preserve it if it came to it.

All who entered these depths who did not belong were never to be seen again. To enter this strange land was death. It was not legend but fact. It was rumored that strange half man creatures lived in these strange and eerie woods. The fog came rolling out of the valleys making the sun a hazy obfuscated thing. Arik kept his craft moving against the stiff current. In the early afternoon he saw a large Direwolf staring down at him from a craggy bluff that line the river here. It watched him with golden eyes. An hour later in a bend in the river he spotted two griffens drinking water from the shallows. They eyed him curiously and then took flight heading deeper into the forest.
The animals natural to this land and the newer species of blended animals did not fear the native humans of this land. There was no need for fear. Here in this land man and the native life lived as one.

He camped that night underneath the stars of the Star Girdle the lights filling the sky with light. He had a small fire burning. A band of centaurs came out to the shoal he had pulled his boat up on. He offered them oats and barely he had purchased in Volantis. They gave him a necklace made of sapphires that captured the starlight and kept it pulsing in their depths till the rising of the sun.

The centaurs looked up at the stars for hours murmuring in their ancient language. He joined them asking what portents they saw in the nighttime sky. They had told him that great change was coming and war to the East and to the West. The Wandering Red Star was in the House of Umelek. The fiery meteor showers of Meruslee were fierce this year. It was a time of change.

The next day of his journey was uneventful and pulled his craft ashore on a wide sand bar as the sun was setting. He had seen nine Forest Lions on the river bank in the early afternoon. The male lion had half-hearted roared at him while the females of the pride lounged around lazily. He had used a sunstone to cook his meal. The heat heating up his oats and barely with bacon bits.

He lounged on some bison furs looking up at the stars. The sky darkened when two harpies landed near his canoe. The two women hopped from foot to foot. Arik got up and walked to them. The harpies chirping and looking excited. He pulled out a crate and opened it. It was filled with beef jerky. He pulled out the strips and handed them to the two harpies. They excitedly ate the meat the spices hot on their long tongues. When he had fed them they flapped off into the nighttime sky after rubbing their beaks along Arik’s cheeks showing thanks.

The next morning, he got back in his canoe and hummed his tune refreshed. He was deep in the woods that no interlopers had travelled in for over three and half centuries. He was in his homeland. He hummed his song with renewed vigor. Being home always energized Arik. Two hours before dawn the fog had rose up off the river and rolled down the walls of the valley. The fog was thick and unrelieved as he moved up the now only twenty foot wide river.

As the morning passed the fog remained thick. The sun was above the ridge now and was only a hazy distant globe. The water made the sun seem like the full moon on a hazy night. The fog resisted the sun and still rolled by in thick banks and then in thin streams and back again to thick rolling masses of wet dew. The water of the river and the fog kissing like reluctant lovers.

He came to a narrow gorge fifteen feet high with a massive tree fallen across the bluffs. A mighty shadow appeared and landed on the immense log. He saw massive claws curve around the log digging into the wood. Arik calmly looked up at the large body as it settled down and the large wings fold to the creature’s body. A massive blue head of a dragon lowered through the fog and looked at the boat and its guide. Arik had paused his craft’s progress.

The bright yellow eyes looked at the man with cunning intellect. The head weaved from right to left blocking the path of Arik’s craft. The massive horns on its head impressive as were the down spikes on the lower jaw. The eyelids of the dragon half lowered its slits eyes focused on the human. The head continued to weave right and left. Its yellow eyes with red pupils studied him intently.

In his mind Arik heard What is the password?

Ramooth you know who I am!

Still ... password please …
Was that so hard Arik? Arik heard a dry chuckle in his mind.

The dragon snorted. “You humans made the rules. I try and follow those rules and am I thanked … nooooooo …” his voice was long suffering. The dragon rolled his eyes to show his long suffering.

Arik resumed his melody and his craft started to move up the river again. His melody wafting on the fog. The dragon bobbed his head to the melody.

“You have a good voice Arik” the dragon Ramooth cooed to the human.

The low craft slowly passed underneath the log and the dragon that had landed on it. The dragon craned his massive head to follow the boat underneath the tree trunk the dragon stood on. The dragon did it in such a way it turned his head upside down. It snorted and his hot breath made the water steam behind Arik’s craft. The dragon pulled his head up and launched himself into the air.

His massive roar rolling over the low mountains. In this land the dragons were free to fly and give voice. This was their home too. The distant echoes giving credence to the legends of horrors that lived in the heart of the forest of Qohor. The myths and legends stoked to keep outside men away. Their poison would not be allowed to pollute New Valyria.

The magicians had put out Sunglow Orbs into the rivers, forks and streams in the local environs and used Dragon Glass tuned to the Sunglow Orbs to create mystical links. The links sent out radiant energy into the water constantly producing the cool fog that hid their kingdom. The Magicians sending out magical patrols recharging the Sunglow Orbs with magical songs and portents in a rotation cycle hitting each Sunglow Orb every six months.

The constant fog put the fear in the hearts of men. It provided a barrier that kept the men not of the community out. It protected all of the land he was traveling into. The protection meant for man and for the other denizens of this land. A land of peace.

He moved up the river as the current stiffened. He was getting taxed now. He was not of Valyrian descent and no matter how fluent he was in the language and spell crafting it was not as perfect as a Valyrian though his lover was always arguing with him that he was just as good as he. That any supposed limitation was only in his mind. Arik placated his sweet lover of pure Valyrian descent.

He travelled on for four more hours always moving forward at a steady league eating pace. The fog thick until it suddenly ceased. The marge of the sun globes had been travelled through. The barrier to keep man out had been passed. He was nearing his home now.

He rounded a bend in the river in the late autumn light. He saw his home of Vahaelarys. It was the eastern outpost of the new Reformed Valyrian Constituent. They had hidden themselves in this buried enclave of Valyrian magic and experimentation. The main City of the Constituent was located north of the mountains of the Morn to the east of Yi Ti and above the Shadow Lands. The Shadow Lands a world filled with wild and terrible magic that Valyria had avoided even at the heights of its power. It was a land of dragons and other strange and powerful creatures.

When old Valyria had exploded, the humans now free of the magical might of Valyria naturally sought revenge. Those of the old ways had had to retreat and contemplate. It they did not they had been quickly brought down. With their magical might greatly reduce they had been taken down one outpost at a time.

The survivors who had foresight retreated quickly from those they had enslaved. The desire for
righteous revenge was too great to resist by the weakened scattered bands of Valyrians.

On the continent of Essos there was also communities of the Reformed Valyrian Constituent in their capital of Vīlīabāzmosa in the Shadow lands. To the east and north was Kostilus in the forests of Mussovy with smaller communities in the archipelago of the Thousand Islands.

There were two communities on the Island continent of Sothoryos and one on the slightly smaller island continent of Ulthos. The communities hidden deep in the forest away from the local inhabitants.

The Valyrians too weak to try and conquer their new lands. Their magical might had come from Valyria itself. It had made the Valyrians great. They still had magic but it was reduced. They only had the magic necessary to make their homelands safe. In their new homes they felt the urge to conquer strangely beginning to lie fallow. It was almost as if they had been compelled by their very home and it’s magic to conquer.

The survivors needed help if they were to survive in their eastern most city of Vahaelarys. They were the closest to large numbers of the humans they had enslaved. Creatures from the Shadowlands had been translocated here with the last dying spells of High Sorcerers of Valyria. These tribes had been most displeased at this event.

These races had been ripped from their homes and placed in a land that was not theirs. When it was discovered by the displaced denizens that they could not be sent home they waged war on those who remained of the Valyria output in Vahaelarys. Outside of their own private war in Vahealarys, in the rest of the world of Essos, the Valyrians were felled upon by their former slaves. Most Valyrians perished in the war of Retribution.

Some in the west were able to make peace but many in the east were fought and put down. Their heads lining the walls of Meereen and Volantis. In Qohor there had been war and most perished on both sides. The surviving Valyrians retreated deep into the forest of Qohor going to the outpost of research and magic-scientific advancement located hidden away in the forest. The research outpost now transformed into a small city of Valyrian refugees.

Many of the Valyrians in Qohor had been peaceful and had treated their ‘slaves’ with respect and even love. Many of these humans of Qohor who had survived the wars choose to go into exile with the Valyrians that many were in love with and others merely because they chose to live with them and their culture they were comfortable with.

The non-human races that had been displaced to the forests of Qohor had their own magic and were mighty and powerful of stature and crafty at warfare. The losses on both sides were grievous. It soon became apparent that both sides were heading towards extinction. A peace was forged with the transferred species and the Valyrians with their human supporters. They now needed each other to survive. The peace held to this day. The old rancor largely put behind the citizens of this land. They needed peace to be strong and stay hidden.

Arik got out of his boat and was greeted by several Valyrian youth who helped him to tie up his boat on the low dock. He met a human woman coming out of her skiff. Her boat filled with river shad and several large catfish. He flipped them a sliver stag that they gleefully took and ran off. Her three children of half human and Valyrian descent came running down the dock to help their mother unload her catch. Her husband ran the restaurant that catered to the local populace with excellent fare.

Much loud squeaks and loud bugles echoed across the community. Arik looked up at the “vaogenka zaldrīzot” that were warbling and flying in wild gyrations above the docks Arik shook his head at
the ‘Trash dragons’ as they were once called. The old Valyrians held the pigmy dragons in disdain for their small stature. Arik suspected some of the disdain was also the small dragon’s refusal to be enslaved by the Valyrians.

The woman smiled up at the pesky dragons swooping and diving hoping for some fish. A great red dragon came flying by. He looked lazily down at his cousins and flew on.

Shoznezha Zeqezn laughed while she picked up a big catfish and threw it onto the dock. She then threw some shad onto the surface of the river. All laughed watching the dragons fight each other like seagulls for the catch. Shoznezha laughed out that she thought that the dragons wasted more energy fighting for the fish than they would get if they got lucky enough to get the fish.

Arik smiled and waved as he left the dock. His six apprentices had appeared and were setting about tying up his canoe and taking the ore to his smithy. Four were Valyrians and two were human.

His forbearers had been slaves to the Valyrians but were now free and considered equals. There were many inter race pairings though most unions would mate with their own race to produce pure blood descendants. The children raised in household with both races raising them. That was the norm but when the two races laid together and had children these were raised with love and nurture too.

Arik stepped into his forge. He was one of the greatest forgers of Valyrian Steel of his generation. He could create and fashion the steel into any desired shape. He also could work dragon bone. It had been he that forged the coat of armor for the new Queen Daenerys Targaryen wore. When Illyrio had come looking for gifts he had it ready for the greedy merchant. The old serer had foretold its need and the proper dimensions to make the dragon bone links.

Arik walked among the forges. He inspected the work of his most gifted student Rhaenesella Arennis. She had taken her Valyrian father’s last name and not her human father though she probably loved him stronger. She looked up.

“Daddy!” the thirteen year old exclaimed laying down her tongs. She whipped her leather vest off and ran to her father. She hugged her father and spoke to him rapidly in high Valyrian.

“You are making a promise ring? Who for?”

“Aenehnae Daeryreos! The most beautiful girl that ever lived!” his daughter told him excitedly. “Do you think she will like it Daddy?” his daughter asked gnawing her lower lip.

Arik had seen the two together. “If you made it Rhaenesella then Aenehnae will love it honey” Arik told his daughter.

She smiled great big and hugged her father and then ran back to the forge to continue working on the ring for her sweetheart.

Arik contemplated his daughter. With any other girl, Arik would have thought her adore was only youthful exuberance but he knew that when Rhaenesella set her sights on something she was focused and determined.

The fifteen year old object of Rhaenesella’s desires was shy and awkward though a budding beauty. She was working in her mother’s magical weaver studio. It had been the girl’s mother that wove the invisibility cloak that Arik had used to hide his boat. The magic potent and strong. It had been the Medusas that thought the Valyrians and humans that ability.

Where in the world the myth came from that Medusas were hideous to behold was beyond Arik.
Their beauty was stunning. Probably the fact that they only mated with females and through magic were able to conceive female children. The children always full Medusas even with intermarriage between species. The Medusas dearly loved their human and Valyrian mates when they mated outside their species. The females they first seduced with wild sexual trysts and then mating for life after they had bewitched their human or Valyrian women with sex and love. The women becoming total and forever lesbian to their core. This probably pissed off the men of old and thus the legends.

How typical Arik sneered at the fault of too many straight men. Fortunately, such sexism was not tolerated in their community.

Each generation made sure that their craft and magical spells were passed on to many students. The best and brightest would then take over existing shops or open new ones. The Valyrian and humans realized that they had to keep the knowledge alive and vital in their community. Only here in Vahaelarys and in the hidden capital of Daemanarr in the land above the mountains of the Morn did the old magic still live full of strength and vigor. Much had still been lost but these two communities held onto what was not lost.

The other three communities of Essos had barely survived the fall of Valyria. They had been small and traumatized. Slowly with support that was sent to them when possible these communities were slowly building and growing in strength. Every generation some of the promising new masters traveled to these communities to help build them up. It was slow but steady progress was being made.

All the communities had outlawed slavery and all races lived in harmony. Over time some of the mythological creatures had made it to the other communities of the Reformed Valyrian Constituent. The creatures thriving in the bastions of magic. The practice of magic keeping it vital.

The surviving Valyrians knew that the world of man still held much rage and resentment for the cruelty of old Valyria. That had been proven when the former slave cities had learned that old Valyria had fallen. A Savage pulse of some form of anti-magic had buffeted across the land. The scholars felt it was some type of magical overload. When Valyria had exploded magic overflowed the old Valyrian Sorcerers and their magical constructs.

They had mostly become powerless overnight. The Sorcerers did not have time to restart their constructs and mechanisms. They did not have time to rekindle any magic. The former slaves had been savage. The explosion had occurred on the high holiday of the Full Moon of the Summer Equinox. Because of that, most high nobles and generals and their dragons were in Valyria when the Doom fell. All the priests and high sorcerers had in Valyria to celebrate the high holiday. All had perished when Valyria exploded.

The survivors in the hinterlands had overnight become mortal to their former slaves. The mighty had been brought low.

Worse the dragons that had not been in Valyria and had, thus, survived the Doom had revolted. Freed of their masters spells, horns and harps had attacked their Valyrian masters with savage glee. Valyrians knew dragons weaknesses and had weapons of Valyrian steel and dragon bone made from ancient titans. Dragons fell from the sky with bolts through their heads and hearts shot from great distance. The Valyrian’s weapons etched with runes that made their aim more often than not true.

The slaughter between the races of men and man versus dragons had been great.

Even severally reduced the Valyrians had been able to fight back and the losses of the regular humans had been horrendous. The races of lower men had sensed that the time to strike was now. They accepted their grievous losses knowing that each loss of a Valyrian was like fifty of theirs.
They had simply overwhelmed and ground their former slaver masters into the ground and destroyed them.

There had been war in Qohor as well. But here in this outpost the last two governors had been benevolent. Therefore many humans sided with the Valyrians. They had fought by their former slave masters sides as many were the mates of the Valyrians. They had repulsed the first attacks slaughtering the humans of Qohor who attacked their Valyrian friends and lovers. Many had children of mixed races. They then retreated into the forest depths hiding in the mountain valleys and hidden rills. The Valyrians had transported species that man hated even more than the Valyrians into their enclave.

It had been done against the will of these species. They had too warred with each other but finally a détente had been reached.

The humans considered the new species evil and vermin. The humans with no association with the ways of Valyria had sought to destroy anything in any way associated with their hated slave masters. The freed slaves wanted to kill both Valyrians and the ‘monstrosities’. They were taught the errors of their ways.

The dragons in their freedom found they had no home. The humans would not cease hunting them. Their pursuit relentless. One by one the dragons were tracked down and constantly attacked until worn down and killed. Even magic had to eat and find shelter to rest. The humans became very good at figuring out how dragons thought and lived.

Finally, the surviving dragons realized they would become extinct if they did not make peace with their former masters. A new pact was made. One of mutual need and a nascent new bond based on respect and a developing love was formed. The surviving dragons helped the Valyrians and species of the Morn to form a new home in the depths of the Forest of Qohor.

The started to produce a mythology to put fear in the depths of men’s hearts. All were slaughtered who entered the heart of the forest of Qohor till fear filled the hearts of man. Now, none dared to challenge the myths for it meant sure death.

Now the humans of Qohor and the other tribes that surround the forest avoided its hilly heart. This provided a homeland hundreds of miles across to live in with complete safety. It meant death to any outsiders for the last three hundred plus years. Here old Valyria still lingered on. A new vision not based on slavery or hate of other species. They did not want to interact with the races outside of their enclaves. They knew that if the unscrupulous got ahold of their magic and abilities new evil masters would arise. The heart of man was easily corrupted. The Valyrians of times past had proven that.

They had decided to therefore help the new Valyrian Queen Daenerys Targaryen. It was seen that she had none of the old taint. Also, the old prophetesses foresaw that the hidden races that all knew were below Valyria had risen up to her aid. The powerful creatures left to their devices due to their great strength. The Viles, Demondim, Ur-viles, Waynhyn and Yazloo were fearful in their power. Demondim spawn were actively aiding the new risen Dragon Queen.

They would help this new Queen as they could. Magic was dying and only she would be able to restore it. She would restore Valyria though new forces now resided in that land. Arik and his husband had no desire to ever return to that land. Too many sins had been committed there.

His daughter rushed up to him again and excitedly showed him the ring that she had been crafting. He took Rhaenessela’s ring. It was exquisite. He could not fire up the runes but he could read the runes deep in the metal that only true masters could see. His daughter could make Rune objects like her Valyrian father. He was still learning that craft. He had put runes on his own sword but doing it
for another was still too difficult for him. He was getting close but not yet.

He complimented his daughter in her craft. He was sure that the ring would capture the heart of the girl she was in love with.

He left the forges and entered into the living quarters of the establishment. He saw his husband sitting at the table reading a scroll. Tyraelar heard his husband return. It had been much too long.

“I have missed you my dear husband.” They embraced and kissed for a long time holding each other tight.

“Did all go as planned?”

“Yes. The two swords have been hardened. We are not sure how but it seems like some denizens from the South of the world were the agents.” He explained to his husband what he had seen in the dragon glass he had hidden in Dorne and Winterfell. They were in plain sight and totally over looked.

The old prophetesses saw many dangers that threatened the world. Evils that if not confronted in the near future would grow monstrous and maybe unstoppable. “The swords of Morning and Evening are ready for their masters. The Lioness has not yet taken her sword up but it has been linked to her. It will bond with her when the time comes.

Arik pulled out a scroll that had been in his backpack.

“What is in the scroll?”

“Illyrio is looking for more gifts for Daenerys Targaryen when she marries Arya Stark. He has found some rather interesting items. He is asking …” he showed his husband the request.

“Do you think you can do it? It is not traditional. Illyrio will have to come up with a back story.” Tyraelar asked his husband.

Arik was already thinking of the forging necessary. “Yes I think I can fashion it as requested. I did apprentice with the dwarves for three years. They say I was must gifted. He gave me the measurements.”

He showed his husband the glyphs.

They then discussed the project and several others.

Their daughter stuck her head in the door. “Daddies … Zakros is here … she is wanting to pay for the Warhammer you have fashioned for her.

They went out and spoke to the nine foot tall thickly muscled Minotaur who stood beside Arik’s main forge. She studied the flames visible in the small aperture where the iron and other ores were put into the kiln. He walked over to the bin underneath his table and lifted the heavy hammer with a few loud grunts. It was made of new forged Valyrian steel. The Minotaur hefted it easily. Her massive horns impressive as well as her pelt covered breast. She wore a lion cloth in deference to the human community she was visiting.

The Minotaurs preferred to live in the caves beneath the many ridges. They lived with the dwarves who mined silver, gold precious gems and mithril.

“Can you take a request back to Baelen?”
The Minotaur was happily swinging her Warhammer making deadly swipes and crushing down blows. “Exquisite. Most exquisite. The damn Orcs are being pesky again. They are always warring with each other and you never know when it is going to spill over into the higher warrens.”

“Yes, I will take a message to the Dwarf Lord.”

Arik and Tyraelar gave her their request. Zakros whistled through her teeth. “That will be expensive.”

“Our client has plenty of gold coins.”

Another female Minotaur came into their establishment. The two females rubbed horns and nostrils before kissing chastely. They were a private race. They left hand in hand.

The two proprietors of the most recommended forge in the new Valyria watched the Minotaurs walk away into the fog that was running down off the low mountain in the late afternoon. A shadow passed overhead as two dragons came in to land in the clearing beside the smithy establishment. The forest edging the clearing and the backside of Arik and his husband’s establishment. The mighty oaks providing shade. The dragons settled down prancing around stomping on the copious heath and hay constantly put down for the dragons. They formed their nest and were soon asleep. One was bright pink and the other polished silver. Their huge bulk taking up the grassy sward.

Tyraelar smiled at the happy dragons. The history books were full of how Valyrians controlled their dragons in the past. With cruelty and force of will. Those days had been left behind long ago. Dragons were free now. They came and went as they chose. Zarrath and Qumroalth spent most of their resting time here by their establishment named Metal Trades. Tyraelar groused at the lack of pizazz with their business’s name but Arik thought it captured their craft perfectly. The snoozing dragons adding ambiance to their business.

All was in balance the human thought with his arm around his Valyrian husband. Arik loved his home of peace and magic. May it never end.
Daenerys

Daenerys was in a feverish state. She had been at the dining table with the delectable Arya Stark beside her. Watching the muscles in her arm work as she ate made Dany wet. Daenerys imagined seeing those muscles work as Arya was busy fucking her Queen. Everything about her sweet young Wolfling as she liked to call Arya sometimes now excited the Queen. She was so ardent in bed and her skills in the sack were rapidly reaching awesome levels!

She remembered this very morning her sweet Wolfling slam fucking her aching twat with her left hand. Her fingers penetrating deep and hard her inner core. Arya’s long fingers plunging in deep as her knuckles pounded her cum soaked muffin. The Valyrian’s inner cunt whorls and folds tightly gripping and sucking on the deep plunging fingers. The platinum blond loved watching Arya grit her teeth as she was hunched down folded down on her legs her mouth over Dany’s twat.

Arya’s forearm pumping fast and hard. Her fingers slam fucking Daenerys’s sloshing quim with almost violent strokes of pure love. Arya wolf sucking on the Valyrian’s rigid clit her tongue lashing the rock hard nodule. The sweet suction and friction robbing the Queen’s small body of sanity as raw pleasure pummeled Daenerys with raw searing pleasure. The Queen watched Arya’s cheeks working as she sucked in and out vacuum sucking to torture her woman’s now wildly throbbing clit.

The blonde watched the brunette suck hard on her clitoral hood and upper slit while she pulled her head back slowly. Dany’s slimy cum slavered folds and then her clit hood slowly pulled out the teen’s mouth as Arya pulled her head back slowly letting her slimy treat slowly pull out her clenched lips. The friction and pressure made the Queen gurgle and cry out in ecstasy. Finally, the Queen’s trim pulled out Arya’s mouth with a whiplash jolt snapping back down out of Arya’s mouth. The sweet slime soaked cunt meat almost like a ricochet whiplashing back into the pale Valyrian’s pink pussy.

Arya sucking noisily to get Dany’s pussy sucked up into her mouth again as her had pulled back to again fill her sweet dragon’s snatch with pressure and shocking tension. Arya pulling head back slowly until again sloppy wet cunt meat jerked almost harshly out her sucking lips and hollowed out sucking cheeks. Arya’s tongue busy flailing the hard pink bud jutting out its sheath. Her sucks filling Dany’s clit with exquisite pressure and friction. Dany almost shrieked with the spasms of fucking bliss the hot sucks filled her clit with.

Arya’s mouth diving back down chasing her slimy morsel to again inhale and happily munch and torment in her hot sucking mouth.

Arya did this several more times before mashing her face back into the wet cauldron of her woman’s cunt. The teen sucking and rolling the sweet cunt meat around in her mouth. Then Arya was again slow sucking Daenerys’ upper cunt slowly out her sucking lips again and again before mashing her face back down in the paradise that lie between every woman’s legs.
Dany had been supine on the mattress. Her body was tensing up to orgasm yet again. The pale Valyrian's face twisted with fucking bliss. Her upper body rose up her head lifted off the bed. Shoulder blades jammed into the bed lifted up the upper body the Queen. The pale sweat soaked body tense with raging need. Her two hands gripping the sheets tight her stomach accordion up to a rigid washboard. Slowly, her head twisted right and left her face stricken with ecstasy. Her cunt now sloshing and slurping wetly as it flooded with fuck nectars as her womb twisted and tightened up deep in her belly.

Arya lifted her head. She looked up intently at her woman's face slashed and torn apart with the fucking bliss she was giving Dany.

“Look at me Dany. I want to see your eyes when the ‘shock’ hits you. I want to see the moment of your cum baby!” Arya had her face just over her pussy like a supplicant.

Dany was whimpering. Arya brought up the right hand that had been rubbing her own muff hard and fast. Seeing those fingers slicked in Arya’s cum really hit Dany hard. She watched her wolf use her right hand to rub over her now screaming clit in a fast back and forth swipe motion. The motion assisted by the liberal buttery juice slavering the Queen’s mound and lower belly in an opaque sheen. Her cunt now splashing out cum in droplets of hot need.

The sweet sixteen year old flipped her left hand over and then began to rake her lover’s g-spot she had learned to gig and rub so good. She had her first two fingers sliding furiously over the spongy hillock. The raspy feel so sweet to Arya as she rubbed it hot and fast angling her fingers to harpoon fuck the pronounced hill of sweet nerves. Arya had told Dany how she loved the spongy feel of Dany’s g-spot underneath her fast rubbing fingers and feeling it compress when she harpooned fucked it with straight in angled strokes.

Their eyes locked, Arya brought Dany to yet another womb rending pulverizing orgasm that shocked and pummeled the Queen with blistering ecstasy. Dany could see by the intense happy look on Arya’s face that her lover enjoyed seeing the ‘shock’ hit her woman hard as the Queen felt her face simply crumple in on itself as her mouth opened wide to wail and shriek her soul agonizing ecstasy.

Daenerys’s cunt had exploded so exquisitely. Her body had flipped and jackknifed across the bed her back arching to take those fingers as deep into her cunny as possible. Arya’s knuckles slamming her mound with each harpoon thrust up her sloshing twat while Arya pounded her g-spot and rammed her fingers in furiously in and out her spasming trim that gushed out hot cum soaking Dany’s ass cleft and shithole and the bed underneath.

The divine spasms exploding out Daenerys womb had torn her cunt inside out. Hot gushes of cum sloshed out her spasming couchie. Cum that splashed out her flooding pussy and splattered everywhere. Arya’s left hand fingers harpoon fucked her twat and the teen’s other hand whipsawed her fingers over the rigid clit and splattered around the cum flowing hotly out the Queen’s fuck hole.

The Queen’s vision had whited out and hot heat filled her limbs as her orgasm rushed throughout her body. Each agonizing sweet pummeling convulsion of her orgasm sent sweet honeyfire down her veins that had her toes curled and her fingers tearing at the sheets. Dany’s head now angled back on her now weak neck. Her body tensing and then shaking violently with each shocking wave of her orgasm pummeling her body with searing bliss.

Dany shivered remembering this morning as she looked at her sweet Wolfling. A wolf that fucked so hot and furious every night and morning and any time they could find time during the day.

Now Arya was talking to her sister. Daenerys watched the way the muscles in Arya’s throat worked
and thought how sweet her skin tasted last night as she licked and nibbled on her wolf’s neck. She remembered how Arya jerked and whinnied when she gave her another vicious hickey to mark her as Daenerys Targaryen’s woman. Arya was her lover and no one else could have her.

She got up and gripped Arya’s shoulder and looked down at Arya. Her lover looked up at her and her whole body shivered and she gulped weakly seeing the raw heat pulsing in Daenerys’s lilac eyes. Eyes full of raw fuck hunger. Dany needed Arya so bad. She needed her now! She pulled on Arya’s shoulder. Arya made a lame excuse to Sansa and Margaery who sat on her right.

Margaery spoke in a low voice “Eat her out good Dany—suck her cunt inside out and make it explode in your mouth!” Daenerys had smiled back down at Margaery. She loved how the Tyrell thought!

Sansa’s face went beet red. The Queen found it humorous. In talking with Margaery it was clear that Sansa was a depraved slut in bed that loved it hard and rough and loved it up the ass. A lot. In public the Direwolf became a sweet lapdog.

Dany turned to look at Arya. She was still enjoying fucking Arya straight ahead lesbo so to speak. Dany loved sex both without and with toys. She had a war to win. When that war was won she planned on teaching Arya the joys of anal sex. The Queen would also teach her about toys. She wanted to open the teen to the joys that toys brought to a lesbian’s bed. Gods it would be so good Dany shivered thinking of slamming her dick balls deep up Arya’s tight cunt and pinching shithole and watching her Wolfling hungrily sucking her ass juice off her dick. Then the Valyrian would bury her fist deep up her woman’s asshole.

The Queen could feel her twisting forearm sinking deep up Arya’s ass. Her knuckles working her woman’s colon so deep. Seeing her arm soaked in Arya’s ass cream all thick and creamy. She could not wait to see Arya’s gape when she pulled her cock and fist out her love’s tight ass. Seeing Arya’s asshole pulse and wink at her all red and wet.

Then Arya would take her asshole so deep and hard. Dany loved vaginal orgasms of course but there was something about giving your woman your shithole and having her fuck you to shocking asshole rending anal ‘gams. They were just so intense and overwhelming. Especially when they triggered vaginal orgasms that made you feel like both of your fuck holes were tearing themselves inside out.

Margaery made it clear to Dany that Sansa was a total anal whore and assured Dany that Arya was too. “If one is Dany, trust me that the other is.” Margaery had regaled Daenerys with vivid descriptions slamming her fist and forearm up Sansa’s ass and then pulling out her hand and smearing Sansa’s face with her shit grease and having Sansa purr as Margaery licked her face clean of Sansa’s own ass juice. Well as clean as you could with a face soaked in sweat, cum and asshole grease.

Margaery knew how to give the sweet details. She had told the Queen of Sansa gurgling with Margaery straddling her hips her hands pressed into Sansa’s back jamming her cheek into the bed as Margaery slammed her strap-on cock balls deep savagely into Sansa’s spasming asshole. Margaery told Daenerys how she loved feeling her body slapping hard into Sansa’s ass and the back of her legs as she slam fucked her woman’s shitter balls deep. Sansa clawing the sheets as her face lurched forward on the sheets that fraction from the force of Margaery’s dick fucking Sansa’s so deep and hard.

Those words had fired Daenerys soul. Those visions of anal debauchery made her wet for anal sex with Arya. She was banking on those words being prophetic.
Daenerys had looked at Margaery shaking her head ‘yes’ licking her lips as she left the table in the feast hall. She had dragged Arya away in a hurry first of the dais and then out the hall pulling on her sweet Arya’s hand. Dragging her down the hall with short jerks pulling Arya along behind her like a leaf in her wake. Once out of the hall, they broke out into a fast walk giggling and Arya chortling. Daenerys felt fire coursing through her veins with her burning desire for Arya.

“You got it bad for me don’t you Dany (with a mirthful tone) … you want some of this sweet gash and work that long pink tongue up my hot tight asshole—don’t you Dany … you want to suck me off so good!” The happy mirthful look on Arya’s face set the Queen’s heart a flutter. It was full of such love that it choked up Dany’s throat for a second. Then raw lust overcame her ga-ga moment. She had her own Direwolf to fuck!

Dany had stared back at her lover. She loved how lewd Arya could be when they were alone and only Dany would hear Arya being a complete slut. Arya did a quick look around the hall and found it empty. Everyone not on duty was in the feast hall enjoying the evening meal.

They both knew there Haruchai guards were near but were staying completely unseen. The Haruchai providing the protection they had sworn to do. Unless they were behind closed doors they would be witnessed by Jeertel and Bannor. It did not matter. The stoic Haruchai when in guard mode were almost like the walls or tapestries on the wall. Totally overlooked and easily forgotten.

Her Bloodriders would post one of their members at the door and had one in the feast hall to guard her and her Wolfling. They had decided to let the Haruchai do the escort between destinations within Winterfell. One thing the Haruchai had proven to all was that they would be the equal to any challenge of a normal human based assault.

Arya spoke now of her desires for a certain Daenerys Targaryen “Then I’m going to devour that sweet dragon pussy of yours baby … suck that clit so good and finger fuck your asshole and feed you my fingers soaked in your ass juice. I will watch you suck your ass off my fingers. Fingers that had been fucking your asshole hard and deep! I will relish seeing the lewd light in those purple irises as you moan slurping your shithole off my fingers.”

“Then I am going to grip your taunt ass cheeks and pull your ass cleft back and open your starfish to my hungry gaze and something else my sweet dragon. I going to sink my long tongue deep up you shithole Dany. Gods I love feeling your asshole clenching on my tongue when I tongue fuck it. I will bury my face in your hot sweaty ass cleft and Dorne kiss your rosebud while my tongue licks your rectum. You love hearing that don’t you slut?”

The Queen had moaned shaking her head yes.

Daenerys thought back to how she had given Arya her ass and she had happily taken it. In return she had taken Arya’s asshole with her tongue and fingers. To Dany that was like anal foreplay to the dildo, butt plug and strap-on anal sex she craved to perform with Arya. Both women hungry for analingus and doing it to their partner.

Dany was anxious to introduce toys to their lovemaking. With Arya’s powerful body Dany longed to lie beneath Arya as she used her strap-on to pound Dany down into the bed or hopefully the fur covered ground when they fucked before Dany’s Khalasars beneath the stars. She wanted all to see Arya taking her Dragon with her cock. But that was the future as these thoughts flashed through her mind.

Now Daenerys body was on fire in the present from Arya’s hot words “Uunmmmgghhhnnnn! You fucking slut! ,, What you do to me!” Daenerys groaned deep in her chest pulling Arya along behind her as she made the teen stumble behind the twenty year old in her haste to fuck Arya. Dany was
burning up with the need to devour her hot wolf. She was going to devour Arya and make her scream like she was being garroted as she sucked and finger banged her hot lover to multiple orgasms.

They had had a long practice session in the afternoon fighting with their Valyrian swords marking everyone uuuuuuu and aahhhh. Now two Rune swords were slashing the air leaving blue trailing marks in the air. When the blades collided sharply they would ring in high soprano notes melodic to the ear despite the clash of steel. They fought in ritualized practice moves to make the populace gasp and to make the Queen’s subjects even more think of Dany as their lord sovereign.

Daenerys had noticed that she and Arya’s swords were glowing even a brighter blue and the heat coming off the blades was more intense. Both blades rippling with shimmering waves of writhing flames wicking off their blades. Neither she nor Arya felt the heat since the blades were tuned to their souls but the heat was there for anyone else who came across their path. The blades left blues lines in the air that lasted longer in the air than before the union of Dragon and Wolf.

The swords drawing strength from the loving union of one Daenerys Targaryen and Arya Stark. The Queen was elated that their rune swords showed that their love was indeed destined to be.

They had then practiced with wooden swords. No matter how skilled they were they would not practice with steel when actually going for strikes. With steel you practiced with ritualized steps and preset combat steps.

Arya now pushed Dany hard to keep up with her speed and balance. Arya always pressed in full bore ahead never giving Dany a quarter. Dany loved it that Arya held nothing back. It made Dany a better swordsman. Arya had definitely become on equal with her Water Dancer instructor and Barristan and her own father. She had become a true master of the sword.

Dany felt no ill will when Arya slipped through her defense. The few times she landed a killing blow Arya would snarl and growl. She hated to lose! Even in practice! That helped make her such a great swordsman. This was something that she shared with her Queen. They both always wanted to win. The main difference was that Daenerys ambitions and desires for greatness also spread to politics and the need to win as a strategist on the field of battle and in the throne room.

Their hard ferociousness in their sword work on the practice yard filled their bodies with battle lust. It also made them extremely horny. The exertion and extreme concentration sending tendrils of physical lust coursing through their veins.

They had rushed in from the practice fields and taken baths and given each other warm enemas to cleanse themselves inside as well as out. That had been roughly an hour ago as they had hurried down to the feast hall. They wanted to rush to Arya’s bedroom to fuck but did not want to be rude. Also, they enjoyed everyone’s company. Still, after their body’s hunger had been satisfied with food and drink their other hungers needed to be satiated. Now they were running back up the stairs in their haste to fuck each other.

Daenerys looked to either side of herself and Arya as they hurried down the halls. Of course the Haruchai were nowhere to be seen. It was still disconcerting to know they were close and yet unseen. She had noted that her Bloodriders had started to have two of them guarding Arya’s doors at night or when they hurried back to Arya’s door in clear lust. The two men on guard duty standing with smirks on their face.

The men switching out their guard duty. Both to stay fresh but to also listen to the audial show of their lovemaking. The Queen loved it! Arya had first been scandalized to know the Dothraki were listening but had come to not care. Good the Queen thought. Arya was slowly loosening up. One
should be free in fucking not caring if one was listened to or watched by ones you cared for or if you wanted an audience of strangers when the desire hit one.

The Valyrian knew they were listening in as they fucked. The Dothraki were horndogs and damn proud of the fact. If the Dothraki were anything they were totally liberated when it came to sex. They loved to make comments that made even Daenerys blush with their forthright comments. She knew her Bloodriders were only ribbing her good naturedly. They enjoyed needling their Khaleesi, plus, they enjoyed the sounds they heard coming through the thick door.

Daenerys went over in her mind some of their recent salacious comments “Have you cummed hard with your legs wrapped around her hips as she slams her dickhead into your womb savagely My Khaleesi?” “Has the wolf, excuse me Wolfling (deep blush) slammed her dick up your asshole my Queen?” “Have your cleaned your shithole off Arya’s dick or felt her slide it out your ass and straight into your cunt Khaleesi?”

It did not matter that those acts had not yet occurred. The Bloodriders had picked up that both women were anxious to commence in the pleasures of anal sex.

What made the comments more salacious was the two Bloodguards who ghosted on periphery of perception. They would be coming in and out of one’s awareness. They would then appear before Arya’s door as if ghosts taken form to perform their guard duty along with Daenerys Bloodriders. The two sets of guards totally different in their demeanors. The two Haruchai would hear the comments but show no reaction. They would never blush that was for sure Daenerys thought.

The Bloodriders were at it again. The two Haruchai materializing from the shadows like wraiths. “What say you?” Rakharo asked the taciturn warriors. Aggo smirked. “Do you like to be fucked up the ass? Do you scream as your shithole explodes in scalding pleasure? We have seen and heard the minxes fucking Stannis and Selyse. Should our Queens be partaking of sweet anal debaucheries?”

The two Haruchai had always ignored the jibes and jests. The most they would give as a reaction was their by now ubiquitous slight eyebrow flex. Such ribald comments meant nothing to Bannor and Jeertel.

The questions did not faze Dany but made Arya blush furiously. Such salacious comments inflamed Dany’s desires. She would be patient though on the next level to their lovemaking. In Dany’s mind there was no question that she would win the war. She was Daenerys Targaryen after all. She had proven herself across Essos and now Westeros. She could wait.

The Queen could see Arya looking at her with a look that said when will we be doing the nasty anal sex thing Dany? It made Daenerys hot and wet knowing that Arya wanted more than fingers and Dany’s tongue up her ass. Dany just wanted to wait a little while. She had decided to wait till after the war. She wanted to enjoy fucking Arya classic lesbo she reasoned. She wanted to expose and build up Arya’s skills in basic lesbian lovemaking before she introduced phallic shafts to the mix. She was all woman and wanted Arya to fully know that!

The two women started to enter Arya’s bedchamber. The Bloodguard had fully materialized now and taken up their stations. The two Bloodguard tilted their heads at the Bloodriders which was strange enough. Then they all were shocked with Bannor turning his body to full on face them. He made direct eye contact with the Dothraki and the two women. Jeertel was also observing them.

“We too feel you should fuck each other up the ass Daenerys Targaryen and Arya of House Stark. Anal sex is very pleasurable. You scream like bulls in heat now. We cannot imagine the wails you two will screech if your assholes are fucked inside out and made to explode in scalding pulses of agonizing bliss.” Of course the whole soliloquy had been delivered deadpan with no emotional
inflection.

Bannor now turned slightly towards Jeertel. “You only sleep with women. But you love a strap-on cock or fist slammed deep up your ass do you not Jeertel. Your screams of pleasure are well known among us.”

“Yes. I love to have a long thick shaft fucked savagely up my asshole or a fist rammed up my shithole to the elbow. I love to have that fist twisted in and out my asshole hard and sweet. I want my ass fucked savagely with a twelve inch strap-on dick. I long to suck my shit juice off that shaft or fist and forearm. My asshole creams so heavily and I love to suck my ass off a woman’s prick or fist.”

She spoke as if she was reciting her numbers in front of her teacher.

Daenerys looked at Jeertel more closely. How such wonderful sex could be described so blandly was amazing Daenerys thought. Still it had fired up both women listening to Jeertel’s dispassionate declaration of the wonders of anal sex. The two Haruchai without further ado moved off to patrol the halls near the door to Arya’s residence. The Valyrian shook her head. She wondered what motivated the Haruchai to speak their minds of a sudden. They were a most strange people.

It did not matter. She needed to fuck her sweet Arya!

As soon as they were in Arya’s bedchamber, Arya nearly ripped the door off its heavy iron hinges to close it. The door slammed shut behind them as her Bloodriders and two Haruchai took up station outside.

Dany had looked at Bannor and Jeertel as the door to Arya’s bedroom was shut. The two figures disappearing down the hall. That was strange there just finished murmurs play. They always gave the impression they were relaxed and seemed totally bored though that was a deception. The Haruchai were always posed for extreme violence at a breath’s notice.

Normally, the Haruchai did not say one improper word or give even a salacious look. If not for Dany’s knowledge of the Haruchai fucking wildly with each other and those they chose to bring to their beds when not guarding their charges she would have thought them sexless. How these people could so divorce themselves from their passionate natures while performing their chosen duties astounded the Queen continuously. Now this strange speech. It was almost as if they wanted Daenerys and Arya to partake of anal sex. Evidently, the Haruchai were indeed a hot blooded race as the Giants said.

That thought made the Queen shiver with fuck hunger for her mate. She would still delay the pleasures of anal sex till after the campaign with the Ice King. She wanted much time and freedom to explore this aspect of love making with Arya while not having to prepare for all-out war. A war that would be to the death of one side or the other. Daenerys planned to make it only possible that her side found life and the Ice King and his forces found death.

The Valyrian put all those thoughts behind her now that she was alone with her woman. Daenerys was by the door looking sultrily at Arya. Hot lust was in both of their eyes. Daenerys loved seeing the raw lust for her body radiating out of Arya’s steel grey eyes.

Then the new lovers came together ravenously. Their bodies melded together. Mouths mated tight kissing deeply. Their tongues surging from mouth to mouth twined in a serpentine dance of pure love. Their arms snaked around the other’s body pulling each other into the other’s body. Their clenching hands pulling bodies tight. Their supple lithesome frames melded into one.
The warmth of the room, their excitement and bodies pressed in tight in a lover’s clench had already begun to make their bodies perspire in raw wanton fuck need. Legs instinctively sought out the groove of their mate’s body. Thighs pressed into mounds already swollen and slicked with fuck juice. The pressure and now flexing thigh muscles had their cunts juicing and pulses of sweet ecstasy jacking out their now sodden mounds.

Dany felt her eyes roll back when Arya rammed her tongue down her throat and at the same time worked the strings to her trousers loose. Daenerys loved the feel of Arya’s arm worming between their bodies to do her task. Arya’s fingers deft and sure now. Her beginning naivety in lovemaking a distant memory. Their lovemaking had filled Arya with confidence and a surety of movement now in her technique and willingness to take the initiative.

The sweet teenager shoved her hand underneath the seam of Dany’s trousers and underneath her short silk cloth. Arya rubbed Dany’s wet labia lips working her slit open. Daenerys cooed and jolted feeling those slender digits stroking her kitty with smooth up and down movements. Arya’s fingers worked her slit open and worked her labia lips back. The rubbery lips all soaked in love juice slimy to the touch. The fingertips rubbing up and down the drooling slit becoming dripping wet and slicked.

With fingertips soaked in love snot Arya began to circle the swollen bud of her sweet slut. The fingers pressing into and over the hard nubbin. They had broken for air several times gasping for breath as they kissed ravenously. Now Dany looked into Arya’s eyes showing her lover her raw need to be fucked. Arya’s fingers rubbed her clit so fucking good. Arya swirled her fingers around the rigid clit with her cum soaked fingers. Dany humped into the fingers working her wet twat expertly. The pressure and wet friction exquisite.

They chuffed and clumsily worked their clothes first loose and then off. Their fingers fumbling with buttons and the ties in their loops. The jerks harsh to remove clothing in their excitement and need. Their clothes soon strewn on the floor. The two giggled like the young lovers they were. The two women eyed each other hungrily and moved back together. Their arms reaching out for the other.

They pulled their bodies tight into each other again. Their arms first pulling each other roughly into their hips and legs finding the other’s groove instinctively. Both women relishing the contact of smooth silky skin on skin. The feel of wet twats pressed into strong legs. Their groins flexing and stomachs working to sweep love aching cunts on each other’s legs. Mouths came together and lips melded. Lips kissed with wet smooches that filled the room with sweet music of snogging before mouths opened and tongues surged forth to mate and flip around from mouth to mouth.

For a minute they kissed deeply tongues surging from mouth to mouth writhing like mating snakes. Both women chuffing and moaning hard. Their moans swallowed by the mouth devouring each other’s mouth. Their wet snatches humped with strong sweeps mashing their muffins hard into their mate’s strong leg leaving a thick slime of love snot soaking their smooth legs. The lubrication letting their cunts easily sweep up and down the pleasure exquisite. Both women gagging into devouring mouths as their bodies hitched and jolted with the pleasure pulsing out their humping twats.

They each slipped a hand down between their squirming humping bodies. Flat, muscled bellies wallowed into their mate with Dany’s tits mashed and compressed into Arya’s upper belly and plum nipples. Hands worked down until their fingers found drooling clamshells soaked in drooling cum. Their fingers rubbing over excited wet swollen shaved cunts all pink with need. Fingers teasing spasming clits and playing with wet labia lips that were rolled and plowed through. The friction gagging each woman with raw pleasure.

The kisses between the two women had been at first more sensual but now heads tilted over to lock
lips tight while tongues wetly wrestled deep in each other’s mouths. Their tongues flipping and writhing as they took turns ramming twined tongues between their hungry mouths. Dany gagged into Arya’s mouth locked with hers feeling her wolf slip two fingers into her slippery wet fuck hole and start to fuck her so good. The friction so intoxicating. Each slide of fingers in and out her drooling cunt sending pleasure racing through Daenerys’s veins.

The feel of Arya’s bursting plum nipples digging into her tits made Daenerys’s breast throb with raw heat and wanton pleasure arching to her clit. Arya’s palm slapped into Dany’s vulva as her Wolfling plundered her tight cunny with harpoon strokes of her long fingers up into the cunt of her lover. Arya’s palm striking her vulva the impacts shocking her clit with sweet pleasure.

She in turn was forking Arya’s clitoral hood squeezing in on her hood pressuring and squeezing the hard nubbin. Daenerys could feel the hard clit jerking like a pea in its pod. Dany loved feeling her fingers squirting around Arya’s clit as she fork jerked the hard nubbin. Her cum slicked fingers easily sliding up and down Arya’s mound and slit. Her fingers jacking and sluicing over the slimy long brownish labia lips that were dripping cum. The women looked into each other’s eyes with hot lust before kissing again heatedly. Their free hands cupping the back of each other’s heads to mate lips tighter as they chuffed and moaned into each other’s mouths.

The Queen’s fingers jerking and rolling labia lips on the down part of the stroke while the upper stroke pressured and squeezed Arya’s clitoral hood. Dany slowed her stroke so she could begin to swirl her thumb over the hard nubbin of her slut’s clit. Dany now stilled her stroke completely and pressed in with her fingers hard on Arya’s knotted clitoral hood while she flicked the Stark girl’s clit with her thumb.

They were both shuddering with hot drooling cum running down their legs. Hands working with skills to make their mate shudder with ecstasy. They worked for several minutes pleasuring each other. They broke for air as their heated bodies needed sweet oxygen. Both women were whimpering and cawing in wanton need. Each had leaned heads back to get breath and to eye each other relishing the look of pleasure slashing and crumbling faces with fuck hunger and raw pleasure. Dany looked deep into Arya’s eyes whose pupils were blown with pleasure.

Dany needed hot wet gash. Dany separated slightly from Arya’s body as she began to push Arya back. Arya falling back with baby steps till she was pressed into one of the supporting posts to the Stark girl’s canopy bed. Arya oomphsed when her back hit the wood.

Dany stepped back. Arya whining when her finger’s slipped out of Dany’s hot wet tight love box. Arya’s eyes widened slightly as Dany immediately fell to her knees in front of Arya’s pussy as she scooted forward to get her face right in front of the teenager’s swollen wet muffin. She inhaled the sweet elixir of Arya’s hot drooling clamshell. The sight of Arya’s fat camel toe with her inner lips all bloomed out her slit and so thick and splayed out begging to be sucked and rolled in her mouth had the Queen staring in rapture and moaning in wanton desire for Arya’s sweet pussy.

The oily lips engorged and all knotted up. The slightly opaque hue of Arya’s effluent made Daenerys drool with anticipation. The smell rich and pungent.

“Ohhhh baby! Your cunt smells so hot—so good!” the Queen said looking up at Arya with her eyes dark with desire. Dany then turned her vision back to Arya’s sweet wet cunt. She mashed her face up into paradise. Dany snuffled and groaned hard feeling the wet heat of Arya’s camel toe engulf her face as she wiggled it to get in deep. Her face hugged by wet pussy. The wetness intoxicating to the Valyrian. She loved the feel and the taste flooding her tongue and up her nostrils.

Dany started to lap her head raking her tongue over sweet wet red cunt meat. She thrilled feeling the hard berry of Arya’s clit working underneath her rasping tongue. Dany was in heaven feeling that
sweet hard nubbin being slashed and gigged by her tongue. She then sucked the nubbin between her lips and rotated her head slightly to work and roll the hard shiny nodule in her mouth as her tongue gigged and polished the rigid clít.

Her mouth made wet sounds as she worked the pussy in her mouth. Muffled slurps and swallowed caws issued from the Queen her mouth buried in Arya’s camel toe. Then she lifted her head and raked her tongue with a strong stroke up and down Arya’s slit and jacking over her rock hard clít. The sounds of a tongue plowing a dripping wet snatch sweet music in the room.

"Ahhnggggg!" Arya cried out when Dany latched on to her clít and rolled it with her tongue while her mouth worked the sweet wet trim sucked deep into the Targaryen’s mouth. The Valyrian began to pump her head in and out to add stretching tension to her avid sucks and tongue swipes. The Queen gripped Arya’s hips to anchor her body down to keep her mouth glued tight to the sweet cunt meat she was devouring. Arya was rotating her hips in a tight swirl now grinding her love aching cunt up into Dany’s mouth. The hard grind mashing the Stark girl’s pubic mound up into the mouth devouring it lifting Dany’s head slightly with each up swirl. Arya’s vulva totally swallowing the Queen’s mouth with wet heat.

Dany rocked her head to lap and tongue lash the rigid clít in her mouth. Arya’s cunt was getting wetter and wetter. The Queen first had her mouth buried in Arya’s drooling clamshell. Her working tongue bugling out the teenager’s vulva. Then she lifted her head to rake her tongue up the slit and over the hard shiny clít. Then back to burying her face back into wet paradise.

"Ungh! Awwonngg! Oh! Oh gods! Ungh! Please Dany—pleasseee suck suck hard—hhhnnggg unnnngg unnnnhhh uunggg … unnghh!" Arya gasped and panted as Dany sucked sweet ecstasy from her pulsing clít that hammered the teen with fierce, stabbing pulses of stabbing ecstasy.

Arya’s left hand had gripped the back of Dany’s head jamming her face deeper into her swollen muff. Dany loved the feel of Arya’s fingers clawing into her scalp mashing her face deeper into Arya’s now sloppy wet pussy. Arya’s head thrashed and her face slashed with stabs of ecstasy tearing through her body. She groaned hard and deep in her chest her hips sweeping her aching cunt into her woman’s hot sucking mouth. Arya’s right hand rubbed over her beginning to sweat face and chest rubbing over her bulb nipples mashing into them and compressing the two inch hillocks of spongy areola and nipples. Hear palm rotating over bursting plum nipples gagging Arya in helpless pleasure.

Dany had reached her hands around Arya between the bed post and her ass to grip her woman’s ass cheeks. Her fingers gripping tight the taunt buns of her lover to anchor her down so she could wolf suck on Arya’s trembling cunt. Arya was rotating her hips hard now grinding her drooling couchie into Dany’s mouth so hard the Targaryen’s head was rolled back slightly.

Dany sucked with cheek hollowing sucks raking her tongue feverishly over the rigid clít in her mouth as her ravenous sucks tormented the now diamond hard nubbin. She sucked ever harder feeling Arya’s body begin to jerk and spasm. Dany lapped more furiously with her head. Her fingers clawed into Arya’s ass cheeks to anchor herself to keep her love suck tight. Her hands jerking Arya forward to pull her drooling cunt harder into Dany’s hot sucking mouth.

Dany kept glancing up loving the look on Arya’s face. Her face was constantly contorting and grimacing in what might look like pain but was truly the exquisite pleasure that only a woman could truly give another woman. Dany loved having her titled back face buried in Arya’s cunt eating her out avidly. She felt so connected to Arya with her mouth buried in her pussy. It was heaven to the Queen of Westeros.

Dany started to shake her head to whip her tongue over Arya’s hard throbbing clít sucked fully out
its hood. “Oohhhh unngg aauuggg ... hhnnmmm hhnnn hhnnnggg Shit! Dany! So close so close Baby!” Arya keened down to her lover. Her neck had stiffened with her head tilted down so she could look at her woman feverishly sucking her couchie to orgasm. Her face constantly slashing with hot ecstasy. Dany sucked even harder dimpling her cheeks as they hollowed out deep with the force of her deep throat love sucks. Her tongue slapping the hard nubbin. Arya’s head was slowly rotating right and left her face locked up in a rictus of excruciating searing ecstasy. Arya’s cunt now making watery slurping noises in Dany’s hard lapping mouth.

Dany looking up with her purple eyes watched Arya’s head snapped back with her eyes shocked wide open. Now both hands clawed into her scalp and screams of pure love filled the room. A horrible full body spasm ripped through Arya’s body making it twist and flex as it tore at Arya. "AARRUUUNNGGGGGGGG! AAAWWWOOGGGGGG! Auungghhh! Ohnnnggmnmmiiieeeeee! Ohnnnggmnmmngggeeeeel" Arya cried out, flexing and moaning as the scalding spasms of her climax wrenched her lean muscled body.

Arya’s head snapped forward and back her eyes shocked wide up with scalding pleasure. “Suckkkkk youuuu goddsdammnnnnn cuunnnttt—OOOOWWWGGGGGGG! AAWOOOOGGGGGGGGG!!” Arya screamed blood curdling shrieks feeling Dany suck even harder urged on by her lover’s hot words of encouragement. Arya having learned that Dany loved the rough talk and demeaning words as she fucked Arya hard. Arya’s body convulsed and drove her couchie hard into the mouth devouring it. Dany’s hot skills kept her pussy exploding with shocking spasms of fucking bliss.

The words inspired the Queen to fuck Arya even better and harder. "Anngghiieiee! Oh! Ohhhhhh! Ffiuuucckkkk uuungghhiieeee! Mnnngghhiieeee!" Arya shrieks turned to whimpers feeling her pussy tear itself inside out and scald her nearly senseless with pure fucking bliss. Dany’s head lifted with the force of her deep throat love sucks. Her eyes lightly lidded with the happiness that fills a woman when she makes her partner cum so fucking hard.

Dany gulped down sweet mouthfuls of hot sweet creamy cum. Dany worked her mouth down to let Arya’s clit rest and she clamped her mouth to Arya’s fuck hole to drink down manna from the heavens. She was in heaven drunk on her sweet woman’s thick cum still dribbling out her fuck hole to seek Dany’s licking tongue in the cunny hole scooping out all the sweet cum her tongue could find.

She saw Arya crying tears “I love you Dany … that is all—I just love you with all my heart!” she weakly croaked more tears running down her cheeks. Dany smiled up at Arya her mouth working the vulva that bugled showing her slow licking tongue in the gooey cunny hole of her woman. She worked her tongue up the slimy fuck hole and licked up and down the cum slicked groove and lightly licked over Arya’s clit. “You are everything that I dreamed of and more baby” Arya said in a soft weepy voice.

The crying jag now lessening as she smiled down at Daenerys.

Arya’s hips jolted with the Queen licking over the clit that had just exploded in her mouth. Arya cried out but did not push Dany’s face away or jerk her hips back hard. Dany could wait a little more. Arya whimpered and gag cooed feeling Dany lap up the sweet cum slavering her mound and groin. The Queen’s tongue lathing over the swollen muffin, groin and inner thighs licking up sweet creamy cum.

Then the Queen of Westeros slowly worked her tongue back down the snail snot soaked slit and then dived her tongue deep into Arya’s core scooping out more sweet cum that burbled down her fuck sleeve. Daenerys went back up the slit with her slithering licking tongue and tested Arya’s clit
again. Arya writhed but swirled her pussy into Dany’s mouth. Good Dany thought as smiled into Arya’s twat.

Dany needed more sweet gash and some hot asshole.

Daenerys stood up and embraced Arya hotly pulling her head down. The Queen mated their mouths tight as lips first melded and lipped before parting to let tongues come out to play again. They both moaned hard into each other’s mouth with Dany shoving her cum soaked tongue deep into Arya’s mouth where they wetly wrestled. Dany leaned into Arya mashing their sweaty bodies into each other. Sweat slicked tits and bellies mashed into each other. The bodies slipping and jerking against each other as arms wrapped around bodies to pull tight and wallow in sweet love.

Dany knew she had to move quick or Arya would demand to suck her off now. Her hands travelled down quickly to cup Arya’s taunt ass cheeks. She massaged them for a minute as Arya cooed into her mouth. Daenerys loving the feel of Arya’s bulb nipples jammed into her full rounded almost C cup tits. Dany flexed her legs and lowered her body gripping Arya’s ass hard and pulled up.

Arya instinctively understood and jumped up and wrapped her arms around Dany’s neck pulling their mated mouths tight and locking her legs around the tiny waist of her lover the Queen of half the known world. She wallowed and pressed her sloppy wet cunt into Dany’s belly starting to nut her reviving pussy into her woman’s hard muscled stomach.

Dany’s great strength easily held the Stark teenager up as they snogged deeply and Arya swirled her drooling trim around on the queen’s stomach gagging into Daenerys mouth. Their heads tilted over and lips melded tight to let tongues wetly shove deeply from mouth to mouth. The Valyrian loved the feel of their mouths locked so tight as lips wetly melded trying to literally devour each other’s mouths. Dany slit her eyes open and groaned hard seeing the eyelids of Arya bulging showing her eyes rolled into her skull and jerking violently. She knew that if Arya’s eyes were slit open all she would see where the whites of Arya’s eyes rolling obscenely around.

Dany walked around Arya’s bedroom slowly enjoying the feel of Arya’s puffy nipples digging into her full nearly C cup titties and the feel of her swollen muffin rubbing up and down on her muscled stomach humping like a bitch in heat. The Queen reflected that being muscled had its advantages. It made humping your woman that much more rad! Arya was totally pliant letting her Dragon take her as she wanted. Good Direwolf Dany thought. Her Wolfling could be so complaint when the Dragon was ascendant.

Her fingers clawed into Arya’s ass cheeks encouraging the teen to hump harder. Daenerys jerked Arya forward to mash Arya’s twat harder into her now sweat and cum slicked belly. Arya broke their kiss and looked at Daenerys with heated eyes her arms draped over Dany’s shoulder. Her hips working with her stomach contracting to hard sweep grind her drooling cunt up and down the washboard of Dany’s abs.

Then Arya moved her head forward again to lock lips and lunge her tongue deep into Dany’s mouth. Their tongues twining and flipping around in the Valyrian’s mouth. Both women chuffing and groaning into each other’s mouths. For another minute Dany slow walked around in Arya’s bedroom she had memorized kissing her future wife deep and pulling hard on Arya’s firm warrior body. The Queen’s tongue first wetly wrestling Arya’s tongue and then she locked her lips on Arya’s tongue and gave it slow sucking head making the teen squeal in helpless pleasure.

Daenerys loved how Arya now had one arm looped around her neck and the other around the middle of her back to wallow their cum sluiced bodies ever harder into each other. Their tits mashed into each other with Arya’s two inch bulb nipples digging hard into Dany’s firm tits filling them with hot pulses of ecstasy. Dany still had both hands mauling Arya’s ass cheeks to help the teen fuck her
stomach with Arya’s swollen drooling quim.

Dany now moved over to the desk against the west wall and kneeled placing Arya’s ass on the desk and pushing her back so the girl rested back on her elbows staring at Dany who slowly sunk to her knees. Arya looked at her with slit cum drunk eyes. Dany stared at paradise. Arya’s labia lips swollen and medium brown with blood rush. The long rubbery lips soaked in glistening cum. Her clitoral hood all jutting up with the shiny clit tip jutting up out its sheath.

The Queen moaned smelling her woman’s cunt so ripe in front of her. Arya’s quim swollen. Her labia lips engorged and slayed out on hermons. “Mmmmmmm” Dany purred breathing in deep again taking the scent of Arya’s musk deep into her lungs and intoxicating her brain. “Baby … your cunt is so fucking beautiful and smells so good and it tastes even better my Wolfling.” Arya moaned seeing Dany lick her lips unconsciously drooling slightly looking at the gash she was about to devour.

Dany ran her hands up Arya’s calves and gripped her lover behind her knees and pushed her legs up and back. Arya fell back onto her back on the desk now. Her gash and asshole pushed into view as Dany pushed her Arya’s legs back so her knees were by her ears. Arya gripped her ankles and pulled her legs back freeing Dany’s hands. Arya lifted her head up to look down her flat hard muscled belly. Arya’s fat camel toe jutting up all swollen and sloppy wet glistening in the light of the fireplace and whale oil lamps.

“I want your tongue in my asshole baby … gods I love feeling your tongue and fingers fucking my asshole” Arya croaked down to her lover. She worked her ankles with her grip on them. Arya rotated her groin in front of Dany. Dany had introduced anal play into their sex ten days ago and had been ecstatic that Arya loved having her ass and then asshole played with and then penetrated by her tongue and fingers. Only two for now but soon it would be more fingers and eventually her fist and a thick ten inch strap-on or greater size cock when they returned to King’s Landing.

Equally pleasing had been Arya’s going wild tongue fucking her Queen’s hot tight asshole with her tongue and then slamming her fingers deep into the Valyrian’s rectum. Gods Arya had instantly taken to rim play and anal sex with her fingers (up to three) and her long tongue probing deep up into the Valyrian’s anus and licking her rectum walls with her wiggling tongue. Arya moaned and cawed working her head in and out to drive her tongue as deep as she could in Dany’s shit hole. The feel of her sphincter clutching her tongue drove Arya wild. Then tossing Dany’s salad with her asshole loosened and spasm underneath her rasping and licking tongue.

The girl was so perfect for Dany in her slutty wanton tastes. Arya had begged her last night to get some of Margaery’s dildos and strap-ons and to take her ass. “Dannn—yyyyyyyyyyyy I want you to pound the shit out of me babyyyyyyy!” The Queen wanted it to be in their soon to be royal bedchamber in King’s Landing when she deflowered her sweet wolf’s hot tight ass. It had taken a long sweet talking to get Arya to agree to wait till they returned to King’s Landing and have all the time in the world to explore that aspect of sweet sex.

Then Arya had whined to have Dany fuck in the pussy with a strap-on. “Margaery has tons of them damnit! I want to be mounted and fucked!” Arya had whined. It had taken more cajoling and pleas to be patient from Daenerys. Arya had been ameliorated with Dany cooing and stroking her and then sucking her off repeatedly till Arya was nearly in a coma of spent bliss. It was hard work but the Queen was up to the challenge of wearing Arya’s pussy out.

Daenerys had made her decision to wait on using a strap-on. She was extremely happy that Arya was so anxious to start using toys in their lovemaking. Daenerys just wanted to make sure the foundation of their lovemaking was themselves and then adding toys on as the icing to the cake.
Her thoughts came back to the present. She stared at Arya’s gash all wet and swollen her labia lips wet with cum. Arya’s asshole puckered and clenched before the blonde. She spied the red crease of her baby’s upper ass cleft. Gods, Arya’s body turned her on so much Daenerys thought. She licked her lips looking at the succulent feast right in front of her drooling mouth.

She moved her head in and buried her face in sweet hot wet pussy. “Aaauuugggh hhnnnggg oohhhh Daanyyyyy bbbaaayyyyyyyyy—uunnggg hhnnnggg hhnnn!” Arya gurgled feeling her lover’s tongue working up and down her gooey trench with slow luxurious licks of Dany’s strong tongue. Dany started with her face pressed in deep into Ayra’s sweet wet couchie. Now, Dany slowly pulled her head back to let her tongue work hard up and down Arya’s slit. Arya winnedied at the sweet sensations and being able to look down and see Dany’s pink tongue plowing her slit and licking hard over her throbbing clit.

Up and down the Queen worked her woman’s drooling slit and cum leaking fuck hole. She dragged her tongue slow up and down Arya’s drooling slit. She loved feeling Arya’s wet vulva on her mouth around her lips when she pressed her face in deep into Arya’s mound. Dany sucked in each labia lip and munched on the slimy cunt meat savoring the slimy thick lips. She then worked her tongue roughly over Arya’s clit and on the down stroke began to lick Arya’s perineum making Arya whoop and her groin jolt. With each down lick Dany worked her tongue further south before dragging back up to lash over the Stark teenager’s ridged clit.

The Queen buried her face in Arya’s vulva and swirled her head in a tight circle. The motion letting her tongue roll over the sweet trim in her mouth and over Arya’s clit when she moved up to swirl her mouth on it. Her tongue plowing and slashing over the hard nubbin. Then back down the slit the pale Valyrian worked her face always working further south her tongue nearing her Wolfling’s puckered asshole.

"Oh yes ... oh yes uunngghh uunnggg hhnnnggg hhnnn … oh gods yes! Aunngghhh!" Arya groaned, her body shuddering in hot flashes of ecstasy. She cried out when Dany on the down stroke reached her asshole and started to lap her butthole rimming it around and around and then lapping her tongue over her quivering starfish. Then back up her pussy went Dany’s tongue licking her pink wet slit and sucking on labia lips before working Arya’s clit with hard licks and quick hard sucks making the sixteen year old whoop and gurgle. "Aanngghhh! Oh! Oh!" Arya gasped feeling her clit spasm and pulse out ecstasy to her belly and brain.

Arya was rotating her palms over her puffy spongy nipples making them scream pleasure into her hot pulsing blood broiling in her veins. She always loved feeling her bursting plum nipples roll and squirt around underneath her sweaty palms. Dany’s tongue worked back up to Arya’s pussy. She sucked on it with vicious love sucks and swirling tongue rasps. Then she licked back down to again hotly lick Arya’s asshole. Dany drooled spit on it and slurped it back up with obscene noisy noises. "Unhh! Oh . . . unhh gods! Unhh!" Arya moaned, churning her hips, delirious, groaning and panting in a wild sexual frenzy.

Dany now rotated her tongue over Arya’s clenching starfish. The tongue applying more pressure slowly as the blond haired woman licked and Dorne kissed Arya’s anus sucking and slapping her tongue into the jerking sphincter muscles. Her tongue tip teasing the aperture of Arya’s shithole making it spasm deliciously. Dany smiled looking over Arya’s cunny seeing her belly spasm and her love slapping her palms down into her spongy nipples pulping them. Arya’s head was thrashing right and left as demented whinnies cawed out her convulsing throat,

She cried out when Dany stiffened her tongue and slowly penetrated Arya’s asshole till her tongue was deeply buried up into the teen’s hot tight clenching butt hole. Dany with her tongue buried up Arya’s hot asshole Dorne kissed Arya’s shithole lips glued to the wrinkly anus her tongue wiggling
as her lips kissed and smooched the sweet shithole. The Queen pumped her head down into the teenager’s ass cleft to work her tongue as deep as possible into Arya’s ass.

The white haired woman started to slow pump her head in and out. The groove of Arya’s sweaty and cum slicked ass cheeks pressed on Dany’s cheeks as her head pumped in and out the sweet steamy ass cleft of her Wolfling. Her tongue fucked the young woman’s tight pinching anus. Daenerys loved feeling Arya’s pulse hammer on her tongue as it sliced in and out the sphincter rings of her woman’s asshole. In and out Dany worked her tongue in Arya’s ass. The sphincter rings gripping and milking the long appendage fucking the spasming shithole of her lover.

Arya’s hands worked her tits. The hands lifted several inches above the bursting plum nipples all bulging and pulpy. Arya slammed down with her cupped palms. Her hands hammering into her overripe bursting nipples. Dany watched fascinated as Arya pulped her own nipples down into her ribs. Arya snarled and groaned deep in her chest as she continued to manically lift hands and slam them down into her nipples crushing and pulping them into her hard ribs. Her face twisted with fierce pleasure.

Arya’s hips jolted and jerked from the harsh pleasure Arya was giving herself with the teen pulping her own nipples with her cruel down jacking hands.

“Unggh . . . oh shit yes oh! Ungghh!” Arya gagged in raw pleasure. The loud thumps of Arya’s hand pounding her nipples down into her ricbage shocking loud and obscene in the room. Dany loved it! Dany was tongue fucking Arya’s asshole hard and deep now. The Queen’s long tongue loving the feel of Arya’s asshole pinching down on her tongue with tight squeezes. The Queen’s sweaty lank hair jerking around her shoulder as she worked her tongue up her woman’s ass. In and out Dany rammed her tongue up Arya’s spasming asshole.

“Oh yes Dany harder . . . I . . . oh yes hard! Anngghhh! Oh now now! Auugmmnnhhhhhh!” Arya gagged moaned feeling Dany mash her mouth to her ass and wiggle her tongue deep up her rectum murmuring as she tongue fucked sweet hot asshole. Dany sucked and lipped her starfish as her tongue licked her rectum driving the teenager wild with pleasure. The teen now gripping the edges of the desk with white knuckles jerking on the wood edges to help grind her groin into Dany’s face.

Then Dany pulled her tongue out Arya’s hot tight ass and moved her mouth up and licked her future wife’s drooling clamshell with her tongue soaked in Arya’s ass juice. Her tongue lapping deep up into Arya’s love box scooping out sweet love cream. Then that tongue was tongue lashing and flat tongue licking Arya’s hard clit before sucking deep into her mouth and wolf sucking on the sweet morsel. She gigged the hard nubbin and rolled it over with her tongue.

For the next few minutes, Dany was in heaven dining on sodden wet sweet cunt meat and tongue fucking hot pinching asshole. She pulled her tongue back out of Arya’s ass and wormed her first two fingers in a twisting motion up Arya’s asshole. Arya’s anus pinching down on the invaders with wet heat and tight squeezes. Arya keened feeling her asshole squired and now the fingers up her ass began to twist and sink deep up Arya’s ass till Dany’s knuckles jammed into her ass. In and out the Valyrian pumped her fingers into her slut’s tight asshole.

The blonde quickly established a hot hard rhythm ramming her fingers hard and deep up Arya’s ass. Dany had glued her mouth to Arya’s festering quim and sucked her lover’s clit deep into her mouth lapping her head. Her fingers pounded Arya’s tight pinching asshole. Dany loved feeling Arya’s sphincter rings spasm and grip her fingers as they plunged in and out Arya’s ass. Soon her fingers were slavered with milky ass juice that started to coat the skin around Arya’s anus as Dany pumped her shithole with slamming thrusts of pure anal love.

Dany looked up Arya’s sweaty belly. Her sweet Wolfling had her head up. She had gripped her
ankles again and pulled on her legs back and forth rotating her pelvis pulling on the cunt meat sucked into the Queen’s mouth and her asshole being squired by hard plunging fingers. Dany loved the feel of Arya working her festering couchie into her mouth and how Arya’s asshole bowed and flexed as it rotated into the fingers torpedo fucking Arya’s tight shithole.

Arya’s face slashed and twisted with ecstasy. “Baby baby your fingers honey!” Arya gasped. Dany pulled her fingers out Arya’s ass making the girl cry out in pleasure with the intense sensations. Daenerys snaked her hand up Arya’s ribs as she continued to munch on sweet clt with voracious love sucks. Arya lifted her upper body on one elbow and tilted her upper body forward. Dany growled when her fingers reached Arya’s mouth and she sucked in Dany’s fingers and sucked Dany’s ass juice soaked fingers deep into her mouth.

Arya’s lips glued themselves to the two digits that had been plundering her butthole. Dany worked the fingers in and out Arya’s mouth. Arya’s free hand gripped Dany’s wrist to help her Dragon slide her fingers up and down Arya’s tongue soaked in her own ass cream and hummed sucking on the fingers that had just been ravaging her asshole so sweetly. Dany watched Arya’s eyes flutter closed with a happy look on her face. That face slashing and grimacing as well with the hot suck Dany was giving Arya’s pussy.

Arya hummed sucking her ass of Dany’s fingers. Then Dany jerked them out of Arya’s mouth which made her pout cutely. Dany pulled them back down Arya’s belly slowly to swirl them over the teenager’s anus. Arya being the slut she was humped her hips to push her anus on the fingers rimming her shithole. Then Dany paused in the circular motion. She twist rammed them back up Arya’s ass while she lapped furiously on sweet rigid clt.

Arya’s face slashed with primal pleasure feeling her asshole squired and pumped hard. Her head jerked up in involuntary pleasure her throat cawing with fuck bliss. Dany pounded her slut’s asshole real good and deep. Her twisting fingers savaging her slut’s shithole that had Arya crying and jabbering out her ecstasy with the dual assault on her ass and cunt with Dany’s finger and mouth.

The impact of the Queen’s curled knuckles and thumb hammering into Arya’s ass cleft so Daenerys could bury the full length of her fingers into Arya’s asshole excited both women. Dany loved fucking Arya rough and hard while Arya reveled in the impact and feel of Dany’s fingers squiring her clenching arsehole. Her asshole radiating out hot pulses of pleasure to Arya’s clt and gagging her mind with raw fucking bliss.

Daenerys loved Arya’s whimpers of raw need. Twice more she pulled her fingers from Arya’s tight ass and feed them to the teenager who eagerly sucked her ass off Dany’s fingers. Cleaned Dany slammed them back up Arya’s spasming asshole and fucked her sweetie’s asshole hard and deep just like Arya loved it. Her mouth lapped on Arya’s clt and her knuckles of her hand slammed into Arya’s ass cheeks as she harpooned her fingers deep and fast in and out her future wife’s hot spasming asshole.

Arya’s head was jerking up off the desk in spastic jerks her eyes glazed with lust and rising pleasure. Dany saw Arya’s toes curl and Arya’s belly start to spasm to rigid steel. "Oh gods ... Dany ohhmmm! Anngghh! Oh yes, do it hard! Gods … oh sweet old gods … oh shit—shit ... yes! Unghh! Unh! Oh!" she panted, quivering and writhing in need.

Inspired Dany scooted up closer half rising her body and mashed her head down and sucked in her lover’s clt even deeper into her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed out with voracious long deep throat love sucks. Again and again Dany tried to suck Arya’s clt down her throat all the time slapping and slashing the hard nodule with her fast striking tongue. Her right hand slamming two fingers up Arya’s spasming asshole.
Dany felt and saw the tension rising in Arya. Then Arya’s head surged up her face twisted with agonizing ecstasy. Her mouth fell open her eyes squeezed shut tight. “FFFFUUUCCKKKKKK! GOOODDSAAAAMMNNNN! OOOWWWWGGGGGGG! AARRUUUNNGGGGG!” Arya screamed as if she was being fillet alive. Her head slammed up and down pounding her head into the desk regardless of any pain as rapture tore her cunt and asshole inside out with mutual vaginal and anal orgasms. Arya’s hands pulled back hard on her ankles harshly up humping her cunt into the mouth gobbling it and lifting her asshole for sweet hard squirting. ”Aunnngghhh!" Arya cried out as fresh spasms of sweet searing bliss exploded out her shredding asshole and rupturing cunt. “Ohnngg! Unnhnggghhhieeee! Oh gods unngghmmniiieeee! Aunnngg! Unhg! Oh! Unh! Ungh!

Finally, her orgasm weakened and began to fade. Dany released her love suck on Arya’s now sensitive clit and slowly slurped up sweet cum soaking her woman’s quim and perineum and leaked down to her fingers now stilled deep up Arya’s still spasming anus. Dany pulled her fingers out Arya’s asshole. Hot ass grease pulsed out soaking her love’s ass and lower back. Dany scooped up the creamy fluids on her fingers and stuffed them into her mouth savoring the sweet taste of her love’s hot asshole. She so loved tasting Arya sweet ass candy.

Dany smiled. Soon it would be her asshole ravaged by her sweet wolf.

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Dany was exhausted. Her body was worn out and soaked in sweat. Her hair plastered all over her back, shoulders and down her chest. She was half lying on Arya who had one arm looped around Dany’s back pulling her lover tight to her body. Dany had her cheek on Arya’s muscled left shoulder. Dany wiggled in closer and cooed when Arya stroked her back in light circles. This was the same shoulder she had hurt that first day when they met and fought. Fought and fell in love she smiled. She had been enamored with the girl since seeing her through Viserion’s eyes.

Arya had been so excited to see her dragon and had felt no fear despite having a huge dragon right in front of her. That alone had caught the Queen’s attention. This girl was fearless and loved dragons. How could her attention not be piqued? Sansa had come into view but it had been only Arya that she had truly seen. She had wondered about the girl from that moment forward when she had free time to let her thoughts wonder.

Would she be a good spouse? She had the look of warrior but was she? Would she fuck good in bed? Was she gay? Was she a freak in bed? Was she nice and sweet of demeanor? At first it had been almost innocent daydreams to idle away the time. That was until a certain Direwolf girl barged into her throne room and finished capturing a Queen’s heart. The audacity of Arya Stark still fascinated the Queen.

Dany lifted her head slightly and tilted her head down and placed soft kisses on the shoulder she had harmed in their fight. Thank the gods Arya had the same ability to heal that Dany had. She would have loved Arya no matter her physical prowess but she would have always been guilt wracked and Arya would not feel herself a worthy mate to Dany if she was not a great warrior. A woman who could hold her own in combat and more.

Dany muzzled the shoulder. She had had so many orgasms her pussy was simply exhausted and her asshole had been fucked hard several times with Arya’s strong fingers. The teenager fucking three fingers up her butthole. Still her body quivered with desire but she suppressed it. She had made Arya cum at least ten times and she had cum twelve times in their marathon hours long fuck tryst. Her womb had felt like it was tearing out her cunt several times she cummed so hard. She knew Arya had cum that hard too her eyes shocked wide open her head pumping up off the mattress her throat tendons so corded they looked like they might snap as her sweet wolf screamed and screamed
her rapture.

Daenerys had that satiated feeling of a well fucked pussy. Her pussy tingled and felt all jangly with her many hard cums. Her pussy had that slightly burning feeling that if she cum one more time her pussy might actually rip itself apart. Her pussy still red from all the loving and hard fucking. Of course to feel that divine ripping apart sensation one was always wanting to go for one more if the body could just do it.

Arya had cum so hard just ten minutes past as she went multiple with Dany sucking on a plump nipple that felt like it might burst as she hooked her lips underneath the thick juicy bulb that jutted up two inches from her little breast. She had been sucking with cheek hollowing sucks as her tongue slashed the pulpy nipple all over and her cheeks hollowed out with the force of her love sucks. Her right hand was wedge fucking Arya’s worn out cunt.

Arya had cried out so loud and her body convulsed out of control with harrowing jackknifes of shocking ecstasy. Dany knew Arya was worn out and her cunt had that deep burning sensation but Arya humped her hips up desperately to take the full force of Dany’s wedged fingers slamming all the way up her tight greasy fuck canal. Her thumb slamming into Arya’s clit.

Her sweetie’s body had went rigid her arms and legs shot out straight. Her fingers tore at the sheet and her heels kicked the bed wildly her cute toes curled painfully. Arya’s head had again lifted off the bed her tendons jutting out her throat in stark relief. The teenager’s face slashed with a stricken look as her head jerked up in helpless spasms of fucking bliss.

At first Arya cawed and chuffed with the air was knocked out her lungs. Dany knew boiling excoriating agonizing ecstasy was flooding Arya’s veins and down her wildly convulsing limbs. Then the sweet screams filled the room as Arya’s body jerked and spasmed like she was having a seizure. Her eyes rolled back into her skull as Dany looked up. Arya’s eyes rolled violently showing the whites of her eyes.

Dany sighed. Arya had gone multiple and screamed like she had boiling oil poured on her. Her screams of rapture music to the Valyrian’s ears. Her body did not flip and jackknife violently as was usual for her Wolfling. Instead she mini jerked and spasmed as if struck by lightning as she screamed her voice raw. She had cummed until exhausted.

Dany knew how Arya’s pussy felt. Before Dany finished Arya off with one last sweet fuck Arya had fisted Dany’s cunt so good. They had just added vaginal fisting to their repertoire. Arya had been so cute being shocked with the idea of putting her whole hand in the Queen’s cunt. Dany had to encourage and reassure Arya that her pussy could take her fist. Arya was a small framed woman compared to the stout build of Brienne or the voluptuous tall bodies of the Summer Islander admiral Solaja, or the whores Chataya and Alayaya.

Many nights she had hungrily and very happily taken the whores fists deep up her cunt and ass. There was something that just made you feel connected to your lover when she had her fist ramming deep up your couchie slamming your cervix till your cunt explodes. Dany was an anal whore and loved to feel her asshole fisted too. Dany had nearly died from cumming so hard when Chataya or Alayaya had slammed their fists up her ass to the elbow while kissing her back and rubbing her clit furiously. Her screams had filled her room with sweet ecstasy.

So now she had introduced Arya to vaginal fisting. Arya like in all things had quickly mastered her doubts and apprehension. She had followed Dany’s instructions with total focus and quickly had her hand in Dany’s quim and balled up into a fist. The fist soon ramming hard into her cervix numbing nerves that allowed over nerves that were wired to a woman’s clit to take over. The orgasms had been harrowing.
Tonight Arya had retrieved the silk oil that Margaery had given them. Arya soaked her left hand in the oil and then streamed several squirts on Dany’s camel toe. The oil flavored and sweet tasting on the tongue. Dany had been up on her elbows watching Arya quickly work three fingers into her trim and fucked her sweetly with hard thrusts while bending down to suck hard on Dany’s clit. Then a fourth finger was added and Arya wedged fucked her Dragon with punishing strokes making Dany’s cunt first sing and then scream in orgasm.

Arya was patient keeping her wedge buried in Dany’s burning cunt. When Dany groggily revived Arya pumped her fingers sensually in and out Dany’s slurping pussy and then worked her thumb up the bottom of her middle fingers and into Dany’s cunt. Arya now pumped her hand slowly harder into Dany’s snatch till her knuckles were at the vaginal walls of her woman’s trim.

Arya suckled on Dany’s clit and slowly forced her hand into Dany’s cunt. The Valyrian gagging feeling Arya’s hand lurch into her tight cunny stretching it out. Arya lifting off Dany’s pussy to drool out copious streams of bubbly spit to add lubrication as her hand slipped into Dany’s cunt. Arya slowly pulled her hand back half pulling it out Dany’s cunt. She knew Dany loved the act of penetration.

“Oh Danyyyyyy I love the feel of your wet cunt riding down the back of my hand!” Arya exclaimed softly her eyes intently watching the pale Valyrian’s swollen red cunt ride down the back of her hand. The stretched out pussy clenched tight on the invading hand. The hand sinking in until Dany’s wet drooling cunt was clenched down on Arya’s wrist.

The Queen had groaned so gutturally feeling her quim stretch out on the fist Arya formed in her belly. Dany feeling the hand ball up inside her belly had her moaning deep in her chest. The fist formed Arya rotated her fist so her knuckles plowed the blonde’s inner cunt petals and whorls gagging Dany with raw hot pleasure. Arya slowly pumped her fist sensually in out Dany’s pussy stretching out her lover. The Queen had gurgle moaned feeling her labia lips riding up and down the back of Arya’s hand.

Arya increased her pace and force of her fist fuck. The teenager twisting her fist so her knuckles plowed sopping wet cunt meat and rasped the vaginal walls of her slut. Her fist slowly sinking deeper into the cunt Arya was fucking. Her fist was loosening Dany’s couchie with each hard pump into the hot cauldron of Dany’s steamy drooling clamshell. Cum soaking Arya’s wrist and the bottom of her hand she pulled out Dany’s cunt to ram back deep into her lover’s belly.

Soon she was slam fucking Dany’s pussy ramming her twisting fist in hard and deep pounding Dany’s cervix with relentless strokes of pure love. Dany only lasted a long minute with Arya rubbing her clit as she fist her pussy with her twisting deep pumping fist. The orgasm had gone multiple and Dany had worried for a few moments that her pussy would actually ripe itself inside out on the fist her snatch seized up on and squeezed tightly in its velvet grip.

The way her pussy spasm and her belly clenched in such hard rolling seizures had scalded Dany with fucking ecstasy that had her eyes shocked wide open and sweet screams echoing off the walls. That had destroyed Dany’s pussy but she had the strength the Dragon and had been able take her sweet Direwolf one last time herself totally wearing out Arya’s trim.

Dany smirked as Arya whimpered and sobbed pulling Dany close and kissed her deeply and telling her lover how good she felt and her pussy was so fucking worn out. Then she pulled Dany half onto her body and was asleep in two minutes with a soft smile on her face.

Dany smiled into the shoulder her face rested on. They both were soaked in sweat and cum their hair plastered all over their bodies. Arya and Dany had pulled up the covers and quilt. The room was relatively warm but it was a cold winter night outside and the bed was wrecked and soaked in
Dany snuggled in the warm cocoon of love and contentment and loved the feel of Arya’s warrior body pressed into hers.

She was so happy. She would have her kingdom and the Queen she had always desired and been so afraid she would never have. She would be proud to have Arya Stark up on the dais of the Iron Throne with her. She wanted her whole kingdom to know she had taken a woman as her consort. She would make it the law of her lands that homosexuals would have full rights. No more hiding in the shadows. Her warrior Queen status gave her might which then gave her the right to make a new world.

Nothing could stop her.

She knew she would have push back from the conservative elements of society and probably the Septs of the seven faced god but she did not care. She had the power to make her will reality. She had gained that power with each victory she had made in Essos. In Westeros she had become so mighty that she had found another way to take what had been ripped away from her family. True her father had been mad and was cruel despot but the Iron Thrones was hers and she had reclaimed it for the Targaryen line.

She would make equal progemintory the law of the land and Kiserri would be her heir. She smirked. *So let it be said so let it be done.* Where had she heard that before? Must have been a play somewhere in Pentos or Tyrosh she supposed.

Dany was drowsy and content. She could not wait to wed Arya and have her as her queen. She wanted it legal. It was important to her to have Arya officially as her Queen so no one would ever question the nature of their relationship. They were soulmates and would never part.

That led her down a road she had travelled a few times of late: Jon Snow or was it Jon Stark or maybe Jon Targaryen. He was her nephew. In most families that would not be a very important fact. Daenerys knew it could be very important in some people’s mind due to her family’s tradition which was in fact a tradition of most Valyrian family lines but especially nobility. It was expected to marry at least a first cousin. A sister or brother was actually preferable.

The Valyrian thought that the marrying of close relatives helped to purify the blood. It allowed a family’s strong traits to rise to ascendancy. The books she had found in the libraries in Essos and Westeros made it clear that this had been a long tradition. Families did marry outside of close kin but it was not the norm.

She supposed she could see it if you grew up with the person and came to love them. Being raised with the ideas that you were supposed to marry that person or maybe several brothers and or sisters. Of course it helped if your sibling was not a raving lunatic like Viserys had been. You cannot love a sadistic monster.

Aegon had been your typical know it all male ego dominated man. No wonder her great grandmothers many times removed had loved each other and not the brother. They had only married him out of duty. Kiserri would have the ability to marry whom she chose.

Jon was not what her father and brother had been. He had not received the family curse of madness. Rhaegar had avoided the curse as she had and so had Rhaegar’s son. He was a man who had the affection of two stunning beautiful women. Women she could tell were definitely lesbians who happened to love a man by the name of Jon Snow. Jon Snow was ruggedly good looking like his uncle. Strange how the Stark line had so totally won out in Jon’s features. It had been easy for Eddard to imply that Jon was his son.
She mulled it over. She knew that there would be elements that would preach, beg and probably
demand that she marry Jon Snow and lie with him with the mistaken belief that she still could
conceive. She could not. Mirri Maz Duur had done her evil work to well. She had been made
barren. She felt the loss but Kiserri filled that hole totally. She still thanked the gods for having her
look down on her march into exile and finding her daughter by her side. She had been blessed.

It must have been providence that had led that sweet orphaned Dothraki girl to her side. The girl was
a true blessing.

But the fact that she was barren did not matter. Even if she was fertile she would not lie with a man
merely because the patriarchal world demanded it. She had made herself powerful beyond measure
for many reasons. One was to win her throne. But maybe as important had been the secret desire to
be able to live her life as she deemed fit. She had still allowed man’s world to almost cow her.

No more she roared to herself drowsily. She would never allow men to dictate to her again the
course she would follow. She had found her Arya. She was sick of men thinking that just the fact
they were born men gave them some special privilege. That that fact alone gave them the right to
power. She had taken her power by might and strategy. She had earned it. She would use that
power she had snatched and made her own to form a world where she and women and men like her
could lead the life they so choose free of fear and persecution. She knew many would oppose her.

She had a word for them. Dracarys. She wanted peace but she would burn her enemies if she must.

Dany did not need a man in her life to make her complete. She needed a woman in her life to feel
complete. She had Arya for that. She did not need further children either to feel any sense of
compleation or maternal instinct. She did not want or need an heir of royal bloodlines. She scoffed at
the idea in some ways. She was destined to be Queen but her father had been king by destiny and
Viserys if had not gotten himself killed by Khal Drogo. They had both been mad and Viserys had
been an idiot to add insult to injury.

If Robert’s Rebellion had not occurred there was the chance that Viserys could have one day taken
his seat on the Iron Throne. What a disaster the Queen thought to herself.

Her line was tainted she felt. Some propensity to madness lie in their blood. Daenerys would never
lie with Jon Snow because she did not love him. The thought of lying with a man almost repulsed
the queen. Nor would she produce an heir from his issue. Even if she could she would not. Gods
she hated the patriarchal world sometimes! The male ego was a very powerful and stupid thing.
Calm down there Dany she mused to herself.

She went back to musing about Bloodlines. The odds were stacked against the Targaryen line. It
was about statistically time for another lunatic to be brought forth into the world if the Targaryen line
tried to propagate itself. She had a strong suspicion that Jon would be producing no heirs with his
ShadowBender wives. She sensed that as Azor Ahai reborn that he and his witch wives were on a
path beyond the normal moors of man.

She stroked her fingertip on Arya’s body who wiggled and sighed and pulled Dany harder into her
body which made Dany feel so fucking loved and protected. She wiggled in herself and
remembered their perfect lovemaking and the almost crippling orgasms. She smiled.

She would avoid for a while longer the Jon Snow question with Arya. She was on her unofficial
honeymoon and did not want anything to throw any dross into their idyllic time together and totally
hot and satisfying lovemaking. Gods she loved going down on Arya’s pussy and shoving her
tongue deep in and out her love’s pinching anus. Dany smirked. She was thankful that Arya was an
anal slut.
She had heard Oberyn musing to a few of his generals if Daenerys would lie with Jon Snow to produce a “true” heir that would stand up to any legal or religious challenge. She knew he was not being malicious or nefarious. He was looking at it logically by the normal politics of high royal families. Kiserri was adopted. She would have to make sure her little girl was raised to be strong, wise and cunning. With Oberyn, the fact that Jon Snow was her nephew was probably a positive. She smiled. Pervert.

Knowing Oberyn he would propose a lovefest with all the relatives to each other that he could muster. Dorne had the right of it Dany knew. Love whom you wish to love as long as the other wanted to love you back and was old enough to make a decision of consent free of force or of coercion. Cersei was fucking Oberyn’s daughter but Olenna reported that Ellaria and now Myrcella were angling to get in Cersei’s short clothes. She wondered how long Cersei would last.

Dany shook her head. Yes indeed. Oberyn was a catalyst too most unusual thoughts.

She did not want Arya upset with the thought that her lover could even conceive of the idea of Arya lying with Jon Snow to produce an heir. Arya had shown herself to be very possessive of Dany holding her tighter when any man and especially a woman showed interest. She was jealous but controlled it. A seamstress taking measurements of Dany and Arya for some informal royal clothes had been ogling Dany’s ass and breast taking her measurements. Arya had scowled and fumed but controlled herself. Catelyn thought that she wanted to see Dany and Arya all dolled up. Dany did not mind dressing up girlie but Arya had nearly hurled.

Dany would have to do a lot of sweet talking to get Arya to wear a dress. She liked to femme up from time to time. She would wheedle Arya to get her way. She was just that good she smirked to herself.

That night in bed Arya after they had come back from the seamstress Arya had literally slammed her cunt down into Dany’s cunny after she had shoved Dany’s legs out wide and rammed her tongue down Dany’s throat possessively. She had her arms looped underneath Dany’s shoulders fingers clenched in her Queen’s hair. Dany had cummed so hard being “manhandled” and fucked hard. She liked her wolf riled up!

Arya had snarled as they had tribbed face to face. Her cunt riding roughly up and over Dany’s as she growled and lunged her pussy up and over her slut’s pussy. Their bodies slamming and wallowing into each other as they fucked with primal fuck lust. Dany knowing the seamstresses attentions had fired up Arya’s jealousy. The Queen had silently thanked the woman for riling up Arya and getting her dander up. It made for exquisite fucking.

Her mind returned from sweet thoughts of fucking and back to matters of state. Dany would wait till just before her meeting with Jon Snow to explain everything to Arya. She had asked all that knew the truth to not discuss the issue with Arya. She wanted to break the news to Arya and make her feel safe and comfortable with the situation. Dany did not follow tradition, rules, conditions or prophecy. She was her own prophecy.

Her prophecy was Arya Stark.

With that thought she snuggled into Arya closer and her left hand cupped Arya’s pulpy spongy nipple. It made her feel anchored to her love. She quickly feel asleep in perfect contentment and happy love.

The next morning Daenerys woke up feeling refreshed and invigorated. Well her pussy was still a
little sore and worn out but better for wear and tear she smirked to herself. Her pussy was definitely purring and would be ready for more hot action tonight she thought greedily. She loved to fuck! She smiled. In the night Arya had spooned up behind Dany and held Dany’s body so tight to her own. She had thrown her leg over Dany’s hip and her top arm cupping Dany’s breast. Dany sighed. She loved how Arya claimed her body as hers. She had fucked many women. She let them ravish her but she had never given them her body like she gave her body to Arya. Arya had slipped into her heart totally and captured said heart.

What was more, the Queen of Westeros and half of Essos had given her Wolfing Arya Stark her heart. No part of her body, physic or soul was not Arya’s and Dany knew it was true in the reverse. She had heard of the concept of finding one’s soul mate. She had never truly believed in it till now. It was amazing how everything changed when you indeed found your soulmate. It was liberating.

She gasped. She felt the hand that clutched her breast now rotating grinding a palm into her engorging nipple and sweet lips licking and kissing the nape of her neck. Dany smirked. She discovered her pussy was ready now for some action! Soon she was rolled onto her back and Arya was between her legs in a flash sucking her off. Then Arya rode her face hard to orgasm and they finished up in sixty-nine with Arya cumming first and then concentrating in sucking Dany off twice. Dany loved starting the morning fucking Arya! Now she really was ready to meet the challenges of the day.

They rushed to the royal bath. Sansa was on the ledge of the sunken pool her legs spread wide with Margery eating her out. She was so far gone that she did not stop Margaery when she saw her sister and the Queen entering the royal bathing area. Her hands were on Margaery’s head grinding her face down into her cunt she was humping hard up and down Margaery’s face. Sansa using her woman’s face like a fuck post.

Dany noticed that Sansa was currently sporting a closely cropped triangle of red hair above her vulva the point ending just above her succulent pussy. She looked at Dany and Arya with a slutty smile on her face her chest heaving with effort and flushed bright pink with an approaching orgasm. Her conical tits swirling and flipping with Sansa’s fuck humping. Her puffy engorged nipples draped cutely over the cones of her hard swaying tits.

Margaery was making lots of sweet obscene noises devouring Sansa’s drooling clamshell. She had noticed them as well but she only smiled with a face full of pussy in her mouth. Her head rocking letting her tongue work the drooling slit of her lover. The rose of Tyrell then lifted her face and her tongue was like a serpent’s tongue striking all over Sansa’s clit making the redhead cry out in soul stirring pleasure.

Dany got Arya on the opposite ledge and went down on Arya. Dany was not about to be outdone and attacked Arya’s pussy with a vengeance sucking and slurping on sweet sopping wet gash. Her head lifting with the force of her voracious love sucks. Her mouth tenting up Arya’s pink trim as the Queen feasted. She made sure to show Margaery she too had mastered her ‘butterfly’ technique with her fast flicking tongue.

Both women were highly competitive. First, Margaery started to tongue fuck Sansa’s sopping wet cunt hole with her head striking like a blacksmith’s mallet hammering down to drive her tongue deep into Sansa’s burbling couchie. Dany immediately copied fucking Arya’s love box hard with her down plunging tongue. The sounds of sodden trim fucked hard with long tongues filled the bathing suite wet squishes and slurps.

Then Dany was kissing Arya’s pussy and sucking in mouthful of sweet sopping wet trim and slow pulling her head back letting the slimy delicacy slowly pull out her mouth labia lips first and then
Arya’s clitoral hood. Sweet pussy pulled out of hot sucking lips. Margaery immediately followed suite and both women repeated sucking out their lover’s cunts seeing who could pull their sweetie’s cunt the slowest out their back pulling sucking lips. The sisters thrashing and flipping with the loving ministrations as they cried out in helpless pleasure.

The sounds of sodden cunt meat plopping out hot sucking mouths and whiplashing back to drooling vulvas was loud, sweet and obscene in the hot steamy bathing suite. Now the sounds of pussies wetly sucked back deep into mouths where the sweet slimy snatches were wetly devoured with pumping heads. Then the Rose and Dragon in concert pulling their heads back to slowly snap drooling cunt meat out their hot sucking mouths with divine wet slurps and wet plops.

The acts repeated to wet couchies driving both sisters wild with overwhelming pleasure. The two sisters roughly massing their tits and pinching engorged nipples. The sister’s faces torn apart with slashes and grimaces of fucking bliss. Their lovers working the sisters’ bodies with all consuming focus and fuck hunger. The sisters bodies stiffening and jolting with rising ecstasy.

Soon both sisters were screaming in hard gut wrenching orgasms. Once their orgasms had consumed them the sisters were back to their normal shy selves. Their blushes and stammers and attempts to put towels around their bodies amusing to their much more liberal wives. The sisters trying to hide their nudeness from each other. Dany did notice that the sisters were eyeing all the eye candy; including each other even as they half-heartedly tried to cover themselves. Dany thought happily that they were loosening up if slowly.

All too soon Dany and Arya were dressed. They went to the kitchen and sat beside Sansa and Margaery. The two sisters were stilted with each other and blushed furiously remembering the sight of their sister’s flushed body cumming so hard. Dany and Margaery smirked at each other. She saw the calculating eye of Margaery. Gods that girl was a horn dog! Arya’s was hers and hers alone!

It was flattering in a way. Margaery was supper hot and Dany had fucked many women and often together but she was now a one woman woman. She wanted to give her all to her one woman and expected the same in return. It thrilled her that was how Arya felt too. She was so jealous of anyone coming near Dany without being controlling of Dany. They both wanted the same thing. Each other.

Dany went to her meeting and her Arya went out to practice with Syrio. Today she had Barristan with her as they reviewed their troop dispositions and how to crush the traitorous houses when the time came. She was sure if the Wall came down it would spread out four to five time its current width and that large falling pieces of the Wall would bound across the ground some distance. She wanted to be back at least one mile. She also talked of deceptions they might use to make the Ice King think the wall was being manned.

She wanted the vile entity to think he was accomplishing all his goals. That would give her the advantage. She would use that to totally crush her foe.

Her dragons had returned from another reconnaissance over the Fist of the First Men. They stayed high to be safe. With their dragon vision they were able to see clearly what was below. The enemy was still encamped there with no real movement discernable. The Crows were sending ravens to Winterfell that reported increased patrols and raiding parties of Others and Ice Wrights but both sides seemed to be avoiding a head on fight. Especially, after Jon decimated a large raiding party.

Still something was not right and everyone in the room knew it. The Crows at the Wall knew it. Why wasn’t the Ice King moving south? As far as Dany knew he did not have to feed his army most of it being dead but still he should not be just sitting on his ass. No one could figure out his plan so they merely prepared for the combat that would eventually come. She knew that tomorrow
the last troop column would come by and two days later the last direct supply train would pass.

More pure food staple, clothing and arms would be coming up to ever increase the supply of supplies but the forces necessary for war were set. The rest was insurance. As long as she had time she would be bringing north more obsidian and fire arrows. This would be their main weapon. She knew that the Ice King did not expect to face obsidian. She and Eddard had both made the connection and did not doubt what the ancient text said. The sky would rain obsidian down on the Others. Their deaths would be exquisite to watch.

They believed. The North believed. Fortunately, because of Jon’s wives all of Westeros now believed and were prepared.

Still the Queen gnawed on her lower lip. Why wasn’t the Ice King advancing? Was he that confident that he was letting his enemies array themselves before the Wall? Even if he brought the Wall down it did not matter to the Queen. She would prefer to use its protection to rain destruction on her enemy but was prepared for its demise. Her casualties would rise but she would have to accept that.

The next day Dany went outside the East Gate at noon and watched the last troop column pass by. They were in good shape. Their backs were straight. Their gait strong and confident. They were not worn down by a long fast march that had sapped strength and moral. For this reason she had had Missandei and Tyrion organize a controlled march. The Ice King hesitating made it easier. Even if he had attacked as quick as possible the Queen would have controlled her approach.

Too many armies had marched to the battlefield in a force march and arrived exhausted. Everyone in those exhausted armies had been annihilated. She had to be even more careful here. Her enemy did not tire as far as she knew. Her forces had to be well rested and ready to fight when the battle was joined.

Her army would be in top fighting trim when the time came. The enemy would have to come south soon. The Ice King could not simply wait forever if he had moved this far South from his camp in the deep far North. Dany looked up and saw her dragons flying high in the bright sun. She was keeping her dragons high as they flew over the Fist of the First of the First Men when she sent them north. What happened to Melisandre and Ygritte would not befall her dragons.

Dany looked at the standards on the long pikes of the troop train moving north. She had always loved seeing the flags showing the heraldry of Houses. In Essos they had the same tradition. Even the Lords of Braavos each had their standards. Daenerys saw the standard for House Caron of Nightsong with its helm resting on a yellows shield with purple matins on it. Flowing from the helm was a stylized cloak that tied to a banner below the shield with the house motto “No Song Is Sweet”.

The Queen saw the standard for House Musgood with the traditional Stormlands helm with the stylized cloak in blue and white. The shield had diagonally going top left to bottom war tents and in the opposite direction circlets of traditional small holly.

House Wensington with its motto of “Sound the Charge” came into view. She loved the aggressive motto. It sounded heroic. The colors royal purple and yellow. The war shield covered with three prancing stags on the top and two crossed herald horns below.

House after House came marching by. It filled the Queen’s heart to know that all these Houses were marching to war because of her. The will of Daenerys Targaryen First of Her Name. She truly was the Queen of Westeros. She had organized the lower half of Westeros and marched them up to the north to fight in a war they initially did not believe in. Using a ruse to get them to march against the supposed foe of Eddard Stark.
The deception had ended at the Neck. Now all of Westeros marched north with one purpose. To defeat the Ice King. The Queen had done her work well.

In five days’ time it would be time to leave and march forth to destiny. She felt a calm come over her. Her will to win and succeed hid any nervousness or fear. That would rise up as she rode into battle but she would suppress that when the time came. One should always go to battle with a healthy dose of fear. It kept one sharp and staying sharp kept one alive.

Daenerys Targaryen went into Winterfell and walked out to the many immense practice yards. She was still awed the sheer size of Winterfell. King’s Landing was much larger of course but it was a thriving metropolis. Winterfell was a castle that was thinly populated compared to King’s Landing. It would seem even more sparse when many of its current inhabitants departed when the Queen’s forces left to go war.

Dany walked around until she found Arya. She was fighting with Syrio against two of the Haruchai. Jeertel and Fheisel were throwing themselves with seeming reckless abandon at the two master swordsman. Arya and Syrio were barely holding their own against the whirling slashing attacks of the Haruchai. Bannor stepped away from Dany and offered to spare with her. He of course would not show it and never admit it but Dany knew it rankled him that she had defeated him the first time they had sparred.

She accepted his challenge and for the next half hours Dany felt the pure exhilaration of combat. She did not have to hold back with Bannor. There only a handful of men and Arya and Brienne that she could say that about. She enjoyed going full speed and with all her strength. She had no armor on and the Haruchai disdained it as well. The Haruchai fought silently of course while their opponents grunted, exclaimed in consternation or elation and generally just cursed like drunken sailors fighting desperately at times to fend off the always aggressive Haruchai.

It had been a draw for her again with Bannor though he had almost gotten through her guard twice. She saw that Syrio had scored a “kill” and Arya was fuming that Jeertel had gotten through her defense for her own “kill”. All the combatants given it their all. “I want a rematch! You cheated!” Arya had shouted slashing her swords back and forth in the air throwing a temper tantrum.

“Haruchai do not cheat” was Jeertel’s calm reply. That was the simple fact. The Haruchai were incapable of it.

“Well … I I well … damnit; I want a rematch!”

Dany had sat and watched amused as another five minutes was spent to a draw between the two. Arya could live with a draw. Jeertel had cocked an eyebrow when Arya said it was a draw and they could stop now. Dany knew that Arya would have fought throughout the night to get her ‘draw’. She really hated to lose.

They rested and ate some food out of a basket that a steward brought out to the combatants. Arya and Dany sat side by side nibbling on dates and raisins and ate a sandwich of roast beef, mayonnaise, mustard, and cheese with lots of pepper. Dany loved it. They drank several glasses of sweet cold water.

Then she fought Syrio and Barristan with Arya by her side. It had been great as they fought with practice swords that pages brought out for them.

The sound of vicious wood hitting wood echoed off the walls. Her and Arya kept Barristan and Syrio on the defense. Arya was their pure equal now and once when Barristan had Dany on the defense she had shoved Syrio back and gone tearing into Barristan making him back off his attack.
Dany to defend himself. Arya pivoted around and took on Syrio to keep him at bay. Dany now on her balance and ready for Barristan’s renewed assault. Seeing her Direwolf come to her defense made the Valyrian’s heart go pitter-patter.

Dany loved how she and Arya fought so well on the battlefield. Each instinctively covering for the other. Dany was locked up with Syrio’s sword grunting. Arya and she were their own water dancers on the field of battle. In the bedroom they became ballet dancers who knew how to give each other ecstasy over and over. Gods she loved sucking off Arya! Her muscle memory and extreme skills letting Dany’s mind wonder for brief snippets between fierce engagements.

She nearly got “killed” by Syrio barely twisting away from a lunge of his wooden rapier. She had better focus. She gritted her teeth and worked hard to keep Syrio off balance. On balance the fight had been neutral. His water dance had always been harder for the Queen to fight. She much preferred to fight broadsword to broadsword style like she did with Barristan.

Dany knew though that fighting with Syrio made her a much better fighter. It taught her how to fight against dissimilar fighting styles. She would be able to fight and win against a water dancer in the future if they met. If she fought a water dancer who knew her style it would even out but if the man only knew rapiers then she would have the advantage.

They fought for another hour changing off fighting partners. Dany was exhilarated. She had another reason to be excited. They had been fighting near the Guards Hall which would still be mostly empty in the early afternoon with meals being served in the Great Keep and in the camps outside the castle walls plus the eateries in Winter Town.

After their practice sessions had finished, she took Arya by the hand guiding her to the lesser used yards and barracks. Dany entered a building that while well maintained it was obviously not heavily used. Many of the oil lamps not lit and fireplaces empty. She took Arya to the end of the long hall in the section that appeared to sparsely used with many finding lodging in the barracks tents or in town.

Arya went to the fireplace and put in kindling and used the matches in the small box to the side to light the kindling. Soon a fire was started and Arya added logs to the fire from the large stack of wood beside the mantel. Arya took a log just catching to light the second fireplace in the room. Soon it was roaring. Dany sat down on a cot.

For a while the two women sat side by side as the room warmed up. They had pulled the cot to be in front of the first fireplace. Dany removed her vest and started to unbutton her blouse. She pulled out a small bottle from her trousers pocket.

“My shoulder is taunt Arya. Can you give me a massage?” This section of the barracks quarters were fairly warm with the large fires roaring in the fireplaces. The Queen made a show of her shoulder hurting her hand rising up to massage the supposedly aching joint. Arya gave her a big radiant smile. The smile saying this time I know what to do my love. Arya’s eyes were drooping with lust.

Arya stopped Dany’s hand and sat behind her love. She put the bottle of oil beside her leg and moved in close to Dany. Arya finished undressing her lover’s top. Her hands not avoiding Dany’s breast now and she gently massaged them making her slut moan in wanton need. Arya then put massage oil on her hands.

Daenerys smiled. This time her wolf knew exactly what to do using the warmed oil she had rubbed into her hands to stroke and massage Dany’s shoulder and then her breast. Her hands working her shoulder loose and then sensually working the oil slicked breast of the Queen. Her thumbs and
fingers pinching and pulling on the Queen’s nipples making her groan gutturally deep in her chest.

Soon Arya was naked between Dany’s legs sucking Dany off her oiled fingers furiously fucking her swollen quim pounding two devastating orgasms from Dany’s cunt. Then Arya sat on Dany’s face and swirled her swollen twat into Dany’s mouth to a shrieking orgasm. Then they ate each other out in sixty-nine lying on their sides faces between thighs gobbling sweet wet red gash. Dany thought Arya’s thighs would make her eardrums burst she squeezed her head so hard in her orgasm. That sent Dany over the precipice of screaming ecstasy. Their camel toes swallowing their shrieks of ecstasy and pure love.

As they left they saw Barristan on his back on a cot on the other side of the room near the other fireplace. He was as naked as he had been on his name day. On his still hard stomach was Marleya Blackmyre’s ass. The woman equally naked. Barristan had his legs spread his bent knees up and feet on the cot. Marleya had her feet on his knees her palms by his ears. He had a grip on her ribs beneath her armpits. He was slamming his cock hard and deep up her greasy cunt hole. His cock slavered with milky cum to a cunt ring at the base of his dick.

The two women silently dressed watching the hot fuck before them. Arya may not want to show her body off yet but she did not mind watching other people fuck hotly. Marleya’s pussy was slurping wetly now. Her body hitching and her breathing ragged. She had reached down with one had to rub her clit.

Marleya did not see the two women in front of her enjoying the show. Her eyes squeezed tight shut her body gasping for breath dripping sweat. Then her face seemed to fall apart and loud screams filled the hall as Barristan roared slamming his cock up hard and then holding it deep in his woman’s belly as he screamed hard emptying his nut sack in Marelya’s womb. She collapsed back beside him and their mouths came together and kissed deep as they both shook and shuddered with aftershocks.

Dany could tell Arya was horny again. So was she! Gods she was going to fuck Arya so good with her strap-on cock when they returned to King’s Landing! For now she had her fist when the time was right. Maybe she would ‘borrow’ some of Margaery and Sansa’s dildos. She paused. She would have to think on that. They hurried out hand in hand heading for Arya’s bedroom.

Margaery

Margaery was walking around in her mother-in-law’s bedroom with Brandon in her arms. He was awake and looking up at her with his big blue eyes. He was squirming and moving his head around. He made little baby noises. It was really amazing to see this little miracle of creation. He was so small. It was a wonder to think that this little bundle of joy that she could rest his head on her fingers and his butt on her forearm just past her wrist would one day grow up to be a strapping man.

She reached down with her finger and tickled his neck underneath his chin. He gurgled and jerked. He drooled a little bit and she took the edge of the blanket and dabbed up the slobber. The baby was in a loose cotton tunic that covered the baby from neck to his feet. The cloth only slightly synched around his body. He had a knit wool cap on his head to prevent heat loss. He was kicking a little in the swaddling used to keep him bundled up. This kept him warm and safe. He looked around without really focusing on anything. He was still in that truly infant phase where he was basically in instinct mode of fed me and clean up my poop phase. He was just so cute about it!

Catelyn was sitting in a chair by the fire. She was softly moving the little girl from side to side in her cupped arms singing a wordless tune to the child. Lyanna was also awake. She was a little more fussy kicking and her little arms jerking around. Cat bent down and talked to her new daughter.
making little baby noises and telling her newborn how beautiful and perfect she was. The baby gurgled a response and jerked her arms around. Margaery was not sure that was agreement or not.

It pleased Margaery to see her second mother so fully recovered. She had to again marvel at the Ur-viles and Waynhyn that had appeared from nowhere to save Catelyn Stark. She had tried to refuse what her eyes told her that day but it was obvious that sweet Cat was going to perish along with her children tough no one had known she had twins in her womb. Margaery could still see clearly in her mind’s eye the thick oaken door slammed off its hinges and sliding across the floor ten feet.

Then seeing demons from a Stygian Hell step into the room. The fact that Kisseri and Dany seemed to know them was shocking. Then the Ur-viles had been joined by creatures that looked much like them named Waynhyn. She had been prepared to scream in panic at these warped creatures unlooked for appearance.

Thank the gods that Eddard was there. The father of Sansa seemed to be able to size up any situation and make the right call. He had correctly seen the whole situation and let the seeming demons help his wife. They had not only saved her but the children through eldritch and medical skills that made the Maester’s seem anemic.

It had been Eddard’s sudden appearance that brought calm out of chaos. He had immediately calmed the sea of confusion raging in the room. It had been his force of will that bent all to what needed to be done to save his wife and children from imminent death.

The Haruchai had been on the cusp of violence with Jon’s wives, Melisandre and Ygritte, and yet, with one command from Eddard Stark they backed down and followed his will without question. His command presence filled any room he was in.

Margaery hated to be so truthful but Eddard Stark shamed her father. She knew that her father would have been totally overwhelmed by the situation of Cat’s life faltering and her giving birth to her children obviously leading to her and the unborn child’s death. He would have frozen.

Margaery knew it. She knew her father. He would not have been able to make command decisions and keep the air in the room calm like Eddard had. Eddard Stark had been the eye of the hurricane. The winds of rancor and discord beat upon Eddard’s manly frame and broke. He brought calm and succor.

It really did seem like the gods had interceded on behalf of Catelyn. It took many forces coming together at the right time to save her life. Forces that had come from the dark lands of Asshai and only the seven gods knew where the Ur-viles and Waynhyn had come from. Margaery shook her head. What was truly important to her was that the woman who was like a second mother already to Margaery was alive and safe.

The Ur-viles and Waynhim had appeared and disappeared in and out of the Godswood on their own schedule. They would come running out of the scared groove on all fours barking and baying wildly at each other and anything else they ran by. Eddard had decreed the creatures would have full access to Winterfell and all of the North if they chose. Margaery had come to know these creatures were initially created by strange beings who animated the dead to transverse the world. They had been called the Demondim. Thus, these creatures collectively were called Demondim spawn as they were in their way the offspring of the Demondim.

The Demondim spawn would run up to Catelyn’s room and do what they came to do all the while arguing and bumping into each other. They seemed to always be on the verge of fighting but the Lord Lustra told her that this was natural for the Ur-vile and Waynhim. Their collective Wurd and Weird was very complex and saw the future, past and present as one. This seemed to lead them to constantly arguing.
The creatures would finish their work and then run pell-mell back to the Godswood and disappeared into the wild tangled growth on the north side of the sacred groove. Many had gone to see if they could spot the creatures. They could not be seen but were often heard at all times of the day and night howling and yelping.

Four days ago it became clear they had left. No more rushed visits and no more wild braying in the Godswood. It was strange to Margaery. When the Demondim spawn had first appeared they had seemed horrid to her eyes. Soon though, they had come to seem as natural as any of them. She no longer started seeing them appear. They came to seem natural to Margaery though Lustra had told the denizens of Westeros that they were ‘created’ and not born. They were purely creatures of magic. Yet, they were as alive as any of them. She would miss them.

In a way, it was good they were gone though Margaery realized. They had left because Catelyn and her children were no longer in danger. They had answered Daenerys’s summon and now had left. Margaery had mused on this watching her second mother tending her new daughter.

She saw her mother-in-law stop her talking to Lyanna and brought up to her face the gurgling baby who was beginning to fuss. She bent and sniffed wrinkling her nose. “I do think that you have given me another unfortunate surprise young lady!” Catelyn told the baby in a humorous affectionate tone.

The new mother got up from her chair and went to the changing table that had been setup. The young nurse maid on station got up and pulled out a fresh diaper. The young girl smiled at the baby put on the table. Margaery could see that the girl was anxious to change the diaper but Catelyn only smiled at the girl and began to expertly undo the safety pins.

Margaery stood behind her mother-in-law’s shoulder observing. When Catelyn unpinned the diaper Margaery saw a most vile concoction in the diaper and the smell was something awful. Catelyn looked over her shoulder and smiled at her daughter-in-law. She knew Catelyn Stark found it amusing how ill Margaery was feeling at the moment. Margaery was holding her breath now with one hand on her stomach pressing in trying to calm the storm now roiling in her stomach.

For the life of Margaery she could not understand why Catelyn Stark did not hand this chore off to the young girl who was clearly anxious to do the task if asked. Margaery knew she was not very maternal but she really saw no reason for having to soil oneself when you were a high royal. She did not want to abuse her station in life but she had absolutely no desire to clean up a baby’s poop. Why not take advantage of one’s station! Baby’s poop was a most horrid thing Margaery had determined.

She had made the mistake of telling her mother-in-law this yesterday when Brandon had deposited pure evilness in his diaper. Catelyn had grabbed her by the arm and guided a now panicked Margaery into first un-swaddling Brandon and the unclipping the pins.

“Mother … I think I have seen enough!”

“Oh puulleaseee Margaery—it is only a dirty diaper. We all have to poop Margaery.”

Margaery had thought that was a most unfair comment from Catelyn. She used a toilet or a chamber pot if one was not available thank you very much.

Margaery was getting a little ill unveiling the evilness that had lain hidden. She was instructed on how to softly grip Brandon’s ankles and left him up and used the damp cloth to clean his rump and groin of poop. She was swaying on her feet now. She was been told breast feeding kept the smell down. If that was so, then she did not want to smell a baby’s poop who was not breast fed! She was
gagging! Her stomach felt like it might come up. She put her hand over her mouth.

She saw the pitying look on her second mother’s face.

She did not care! She was in desperate straits. She was about to hurl! Thank the gods the woman took pity on her and took over finishing the diaper change. Margaery staggered over to the nearest chair. She plopped down unceremoniously. *She did not care!* She fanned herself. *She had the vapors!*

Today she kept quiet while Catelyn changed Lyanna’s diaper. Catelyn hummed and cooed to the newborn babe. It was obvious that her mother-in-law truly enjoyed the act of caring for her newborn. Margaery could understand the nursing of her twins. It was intimate and also pleasurable but not taking care of the other end of a baby. There was some things that were simply to shocking to contemplate Margaery had come to know.

“I am so anxious to see you wed to my daughter Margaery” Catelyn told Margaery as she was putting the new diaper on a squirming Lyanna. Catelyn was bending down to make little baby noises at the little baby girl. Margaery doubted that the baby understood her. Lyanna was cooing and kicking her limbs really active though. “I have some ideas that will incorporate the Glass Gardens and the Godswood. I think it will be so beautiful. You and Sansa I know will dress in traditional marriage dresses full of lace and pleats. You two will be so beautiful.”

The Tyrell liked that idea a lot. She loved to dress up all girly. She was definitely all girl when it came to being and dressing like a woman. She was a femme and loved dressing up and putting makeup on. She knew that Daenerys also loved to dress up, put her hair up and put on makeup. She was a warrior who cleaned up real well into a beauteous vision all dolled up. Margaery smiled wickedly. She knew one teenager who definitely did not fit that line of thinking.

Margaery watched Catelyn snort softly. “I know Alys will also want to wear traditional fare. It is Arya and Daenerys that I have to worry about. Arya definitely wears the skirt in that relationship. Daenerys is the ‘man’ in the relationship. I don’t suppose it matters as much as what she wears, though I do want her to wear a bridal dress too. I mean we have to have something to ripe off in the bedding ceremony. I missed that with Eddard. He would have died from it.”

Margaery was happy that Catelyn was opening up to her. Hearing her mother-in-law talking even vaguely salaciously made Margaery smile and feel more connected to Catelyn. “So you never had a bedding ceremony?”

“No. Most of the men were off to war and Riverrun was on a war footing. He did wisk me off my feet and carry me off to bed but no ribald antics and no ripping off of my clothes by the women as the men made catcalls. I had dreamed of that. Eddard came and did his duty only. He had to rush off to war. He probably would have had a heart attack anyways. I fear my husband is quite unimaginative when it comes being adventurous. He is an exquisite lover in bed but I sometimes still long for more.”

“I am not the prude I may seem today. I love that you have brought out the lustful nature in Sansa. I had forgotten that part of myself. Brandon was adventurous but he died before his time and Eddard performed his brother’s duty. Eddard is a sweet man and very good in bed but … well—doing wild stuff especially in front of others is just not his cup of tea.” Catelyn had finished changing Lyanna’s diaper and sat looking off into space not seeing the present with a wistful look on her face.

An idea appeared and took root in Margaery’s head. She would discuss it with Sansa.

Catelyn turned her head and looked intently at Margaery “I thank you for opening up Sansa’s world
Margaery. I see now I was so limiting Sansa and Arya. You have made her into a master tactician and an adroit player of the Game of Thrones. I was just going to limit her to—to I-I-I don’t know. She would have been so much less. And Arya … it was Eddard that saw her as the Queen’s wife—not I. I tried to break her from the sword. I tried to make her a ‘lady’ and she was never meant to be one. She was always meant to be a mighty warrior. I tried to crush her” Catelyn’s voice trailed off.

Margaery got up from the chair she was in. She sensed a storm coming. She started to move to her second mother.

In a soft haunted voice Catelyn continued her now pained soliloquy “And the way I treated Jon. I treated him cruel and mean at every turn Margaery. I hated him. He was a sign of my husband’s infidelity. The great Eddard Stark had committed adultery. And the man would not even keep his bastard away from me. I felt like he was rubbing my nose in his infidelity. I hated Jon and I tried to get my children to hate him too.” Catelyn looked off into space and saw nothing in the room. Then her face took on a stricken look.

“I hated him and he was INNONCENT! He was not a bastard! And even if he was a bastard did he deserve the way I treated him! I treated my two daughters like cows to be sold off! I was a horrible mother!” Catelyn Stark’s face now was filled with self-revulsion. Her voice had scaled up and was breaking. Great sobs wracked the older woman’s slight frame.

Margaery was stunned at this display by the normally controlled and taciturn woman. Catelyn was sobbing hard now her shoulders shaking violently. Her chest heaved with chest rattling sobs of guilt and self-loathing. She had moved close to Catelyn standing just behind her now. Margaery sensed that Catelyn needed to lance this boil on her soul and let it drain. Catelyn needed to get these dark emotions exposed to the light and begin to exorcize them.

“How can Eddard even look at me with the way I treated his son! I know now Jon is not his son but Eddard treated him as such. Sansa and Arya should hate me! I tried to break their will. If not for Eddard you would not be here now and Sansa would not beaming with pure happiness. If not for Eddard, Arya would not have captured Daenerys heart and I would be dead. I would have deserved such a fate if that would not have meant the death of my sweet Brandon and Lyanna.”

Margaery enfolded her mother-in-law in her arms and pulled her tight to her body and cooed to her like she was a newborn and stroked her back. She let Catelyn cry on her shoulder for a few minutes she knew she needed to let the woman get the first rush of her self-loathing out of her system.

“I was raised to do my duty. I had no problem with doing it. It was how I was raised. It felt right and natural to me. So I tried to raise my own daughters to follow in my footsteps. I could not see … no, I refused to see that they were nothing like me. Sansa I cowed and Arya I enraged. Thank the gods that Eddard was their father. It was he that let them seek out their own true destiny.” Lyanna had gone to sleep not sensing that the motions rocking her to sleep were her mother’s wracking sobs as guilt consumed her mother.

Margaery gently took Lyanna from Catelyn’s slack grasp. She walked the baby over to the crib where Brandon was sleeping silently. While she did this Catelyn continued to sob and cry with tears streaming down her cheeks and now running down her throat and dripping off her jaw.

Margaery returned to her mother-in-law and guided her to the small sofa on the back wall. She sat Catelyn down and then sat down beside her and gently enfolded the older woman in her arms and rocked gently the sobbing woman. She petted Catelyn’s back and hummed softly to her. When the initial storm had passed Margaery told Catelyn “Don’t be so hard on yourself mother.” She felt Catelyn hug her hard at the endearment. “Eddard is a great man but he should have had the strength to believe in you to tell you the truth. I know he did it to spare you in case the truth came out but I
doubt Robert would have been understanding. He was too emotional and easily riled and stuck on the House Targaryen. Eddard should have told you the truth.”

“By Eddard not telling you the truth of Jon’s parentage he set forth events that he could not control. He deprived you the ability to decide for yourself how to meet the truth. He failed you mother.”

“But I think the fates have their own way of working mother. Think on this. If you had not been as you were to Jon he would not be at the Wall now. He is Azor Ahai reborn Catelyn. He was meant to be at the Wall. I think he had to be at the Wall. Sansa has told me how you were.” She felt Catelyn start to cry again. She hugged and rocked the remorseful woman. She sighed. She had to tell the truth in this place. Winterfell was not a place of deception and lies.

“Yes you were at times cruel to Jon—BUT—it was necessary Catelyn. Do you hear me—it was necessary!”

She felt Catelyn sniffle and pull back to look at Margaery questioningly. She was sniffling but trying to compose herself now. Margaery took a breath. The storm had blown through. There might be a few more storm fronts that might blow through but the initial one had passed and healing could begin.

Margaery repeated herself to make her point absolutely clear “Jon had to be at the Wall. He had to be the man that you helped form” she held her hand up to pause Catelyn who was about to argue. “Jon is Eddard’s son in heart if not body but you also helped raise the boy into a man Catelyn. You were the fire that harden Jon into Valyrian steel. He was made strong by the fires he endured here Catelyn. Also, the man not only made one witch his wife but two beautiful red headed women his wives. They adore your son Jon, Catelyn. I think your treatment of Jon put him in touch with his feminine side. You made him gentle Catelyn. You made him into the man that made two strong women want to share their lives with him.”

“My grandmother knows a little of these witches from Asshai. They are called ShadowBenders. They keep to the shadows and keep themselves apart from the paths of mortal man. Yet these two witches have chosen to marry Jon. I think you are part of that reason. Most men are so full of male ego that it makes them vain and venal. I think you helped Jon to see that he did not desire to become like those men.”

“With Sansa and Arya you made two fine women that easily ensnared the heart of myself and the heart of the Queen. You gave them strength. With Arya it was always visible and with Sansa it only took a little more time for it come to the fore.”

“The poets write that it takes fire and strife for a person to rise above themselves. Unbeknownst to all that is what you did Catelyn.”

“You made mistakes in the past Catelyn but you recognize them now. That is something that almost no one ever does. I doubt I would. You see the errors of the past. Do not repeat them and make up for that past Catelyn. You have the opportunity with Brandon and Lyanna to apply the lessons you have learned. Sansa and Arya love you. Show them the love you have in your heart for them and continue to support them as you have come to do.

“I think you will see Jon again. Play it by ear my second mother. Jon is a giving soul. I feel he will freely forgive you as will his wives. Melisandre and Ygritte threw themselves totally into saving you and your newborns Catelyn. You have been given a second chance. Take that opportunity and run with it Catelyn.”

At that moment Sansa came in. Catelyn got up from the bed and went to Sansa. She hugged her tall
daughter fiercely. Sansa looked over at Margaery over her mother’s head with a look of startlement. Sansa hugged her mother back when Margaery motioned at her to hug her mother. Margaery’s mother-in-law melted into Sansa’s strong embrace. Sansa gave her mother love unconditionally. Catelyn leaned into the embrace soaking up her daughter’s love and support.

Catelyn told Sansa she had been so wrong to try and force her to marry a man she did not love. She knew now that Sansa was gay and loved women. She was not some miller’s daughter with no options. Catelyn told her eldest daughter she had been blinded by how she was raised and cruelly tried to bend her daughters to her will and not let them follow the path that their own hearts desired. Sansa’s mother begged Sansa to forgive her.

Sansa was unsure but she hugged her mother and kissed the top of her head. “I forgive you mother. You were merely doing as you were raised.” She pulled back and looked at her mother. “In the end you let me follow my heart mother. You let me take Margaery as my wife to be.”

Sansa hugged her mother and told her that her upbringing had made her a royal princess that captured the heart of her true love. It just happened to be a woman. She hugged her mother tighter “And you let me follow my heart in the end. You did not fight father and go to the nobles sowing dissension and anger in them. You allowed me to win them over mother and I will always be thankful for that. In the end, you did not let how you were raised keep you from letting me find my own path. For that I am thankful. Many mothers would not have done so. I know that.”

Catelyn sniffled and hugged her daughter back thankful for the forgiving words of her daughter. Margaery was happy that her future wife so easily forgave her mother. It was one of the qualities that so made her love her wife to be. She would be a good counterbalance to her darker tendencies. Sansa in many ways did not have a mean spirited bone in her body. She was strong and capable but her pleasant disposition made Sansa a force for good in this world.

“III need to tell you something mother.” Sansa was gnawing her lower lips but was looking resolute.

Margaery’s eyes flared. Her wolf was becoming quite aggressive. She shivered inside. Her pussy was getting wet. She loved Sansa being aggressive.

Catelyn heard the tone and looked at her daughter. She saw Margaery come beside her daughter and take her hand. She pressed into Sansa’s side and she looked at Catelyn. Now was a good time to test Catelyn’s resolve. She would not normally want another to know her personal matters but Sansa wanted to let her mother know of her future relationship with Margaery and her hens. Margaery felt safe in letting Catelyn know this now. The Starks were honor personified and Starks were good at keeping secrets if told in confidence. Honor demanded it.

Also, Margaery was curious to see how Catelyn would take the tidbit she was about to receive. She knew that Eddard would blush and stammer like he did with anything sexual but would accept it as long as all parties were old enough to truly consent and wanted to partake of any type of polyamorous relationships. It really was their choice.

“Margaery grew up making love to her handmaidens. There are eight of them. I plan to wed them as well. Margaery is my royal wife and wife of my heart but I will take her handmaidens as my other wives. I will give them my heart as they will give me theirs. I have enough room in my heart to love Margaery and her handmaidens. I will be making love to all of them mother. We will share one large bed in our royal bedchambers. I will never know which women I will be making love to each night. Hopefully all of them!”

Margaery looked up at her sweet wolf. She was definitely going to be the wolf in the chicken coop.
She looked back at Catelyn. She had been shocked but shook her head and smiled. She shook her head and her lips worked for a moment without any words. Catelyn Stark shook her head again.

“Well my daughter … I admire your stamina.” Catelyn then laughed. “That is going to be a lot of estrogen my daughter. I hope you all plan on fucking each other hard each night. It will take you all fucking each other constantly to keep peace in your brood I think. You cannot play favorites if you want this to work daughter. That is a lot fucking you are committing too Sansa.” Catelyn had an evil smile on her face.

Sansa’s eyes flared open wide as her mother spoke. “Mother!” Sansa continued to gape at her mother.

“Oh pleaseee I am not a total prude Sansa. I was young once and filled with randy desires. In a way I envy you. To freely express the physical aspects of love. I was denied that. I was too duty bound to think of any other course.” Catelyn paused. Her eyes looked forward but were unfocused. “I kept myself pure. I did practice kissing with Petyr and Lysa though. She was quite good at it.”

Sansa stared at her mother as if poleaxed.

“Did you like it? Did you think of sleeping with her Catelyn?” Margaery asked her mother-in-law.

“Margaery!” Sansa exclaimed. “That is my mother!”

“Did you?” she asked Catelyn Stark again.

“Yes I did enjoy kissing Lysa and no I did not think of sleeping with my sister Margaery. The thought would have been foreign to me then. Now? I don’t know. Not now with the person Lysa has become I can assure you. And, yes, before you ask I do sometimes wonder about not knowing any man but Eddard but we are happy and in love with each other. We made our choices and have made it work. Your father is quite skilled in bed. I just wish he was more adventurous in the sack.”

“Mother!” Sansa exclaimed now fanning herself. “You are giving me the vapors mother!”

Margaery snorted seeing her mother-in-law roll her eyes at her eldest daughter. “I am a woman Sansa … anyways … I hope you know what you are getting into. I am sure that these handmaidens are evert bit as voracious as you and will be quite demanding. Are you up to the challenge daughter?”

Margaery felt Sansa’s spine stiffen.

“I think I will be able to keep Margaery and her hens in line mother.”

Catelyn cocked an eyebrow at that but saw Margaery nearly melting into Sansa with her proud declaration. Maybe she could. Catelyn smiled lovingly at her daughter. She had become quite the powerful woman indeed.

Arya and Daenerys came into the room do a check up on Arya’s new siblings. Margaery saw Catelyn getting weepy again. She rushed over to Arya and hugged her second oldest daughter hard to her body and begged her for forgiveness. Arya looked shocked. She turned to Dany with a ‘help’ me look on her face but the Queen stepped back and smiled sweetly at her wife. She wanted to see how her wife handled the situation.

Where Sansa had known what to say Arya stammered and looked around with big eyes. She was spooked and looked to Dany for help again. Margaery shook her head. She had heard from moths in her grandmother’s service of how Arya on her trip from Winterfell to King’s Landing had fought
valiantly on the river frigate killing many of the brigands herself.

Arya had then gone into the throne room of the Queen of Westeros and fired arrows at her. She had fought her hard with swords and when her sword was taken she had not given up and instead punched the Queen in the face which led to a wild fight on the throne room floor.

The girl was fearless but now she looked like a deer staring at a slavering Direwolf. Arya petted her crying mother on the back and continued to stammer and look totally flummoxed. Her face and neck scarlet. Catelyn was becoming more distraught not being comforted by her middle daughter. Margaery could see Daenerys assessing the situation with a look of concern coming on her face. She was realizing like Margaery had that on the battlefield Arya was a warrior born but when it came to emotions and how to deal with them she was not quite a champion.

Daenerys listened for a minute. She saw that Arya was floundering. She then stepped in. She came up beside the Stark mother and wrapped an arm around Catelyn and hugged her. Catelyn leaned into the Queen gratefully. Arya taking her cue from her lover more fully hugged her mother giving her the forgiveness she craved and needed. Daenerys told Catelyn that she had fashioned the perfect woman to love her. She told Catelyn that Arya was fierce but had a royal decorum about her. She and Eddard had made the perfect wife for her. She would hold Catelyn Stark close in her heart for sending her future wife to her.

Margaery admired how Dany subtly changed the facts and Catelyn took the words to her heart. The shaken woman was grateful to have a positive spin placed on her past actions. Catelyn with her actions had helped to create the young woman who was a fierce Direwolf but also a genteel young woman in some ways. It was the combination of the two seeming contradictory aspects that had so totally captured the Queen’s heart.

They helped Catelyn Stark to feel loved and that her daughters had fully forgiven any past conflicts. Catelyn Stark became stronger knowing she had been forgiven. All the women in the room were willing to put past the behind them and to move forward in positive directions.

They went to the bassinet that held the sleeping twins. The Queen led Arya to bend down. They picked up the little sleeping twins. Margaery smiled at how Arya still acted like she was terrified she would drop the little bundles of new life. Dany easily held Brandon and cooed and clucked over him while Arya very carefully rocked Lyanna.

Margaery felt sorry for Dany. It seemed like she had the maternal impulse that she did not have. She was barren. Dany made it clear though she did not consider herself cursed. She had a daughter and her name was Kiserri. The thought of her unconditional love for the Dothraki girl made the Tyrell’s heart quiver. So many parents did not love the children of their own body she thought. Dany had chosen to love the Dothraki girl and loved her totally.

After being with Catelyn Stark the two sisters left with their lovers. Dany, Sansa, Missandei and Margaery had a meeting with Sansa’s father. Arya hurried away to go practice more on her sword work with whomever she could find to practice with. She simply hated anything to do with meetings or the Game of Thrones. Eddard and Daenerys wanted to go over supplies and the schedules for consumption and the bringing in of more food staples that Daenerys was purchasing in the markets of Essos and shipping them across the Narrow Sea up the coast to the beachheads the Queen had established in the North and also ports on the Three Sisters.

The food was both for the war effort and to provide plenty of food stocks for the people of the north in case of a severe winter.
In the meeting they discussed all this. Eddard had gone over the storage of the food stocks that had been brought north. The castles of the Nights Watch all had basements. The ones in the new reopened forts had been empty of course. No longer. All the cellars of all the forts had been filled to the brim with salted and pickled meat. Vegetables that could be dry stored were stuffed into warrens. Racks of salted beef was in the camps forming for the troops and mercenaries coming in from Essos.

All the soldiers manning the forts and the forces in the field being held for maneuver would be well fed. The Queen was an absolute believer in the saying that an army fought on its stomach. If they were well fed with nutritious meals that were tasteful to eat then those soldiers would be full of energy and ready to fight in the coming battles.

Livestock that had been brought up were in corrals and only being consumed every fifth day. The special meals building moral and saving the livestock. If the war was short as all thought it would be the animals could be returned and gifted to farmsteads. This would further build trust in the new Queen.

Margaery had to marvel at Daenerys Targaryen the First of Her Name. She never missed an opportunity to further her ties to the people. So many rulers would be tempted to keep all or a large percentage of the largesse for themselves. For their enrichment. Not this woman. She was clearly the ruler of Westeros and much of Esso but she truly seemed to have the best interests of the realm in her heart.

Dany worked to increase her power and prestige but she seemed to always have the goal to use that power to better the welfare of her people. Gods knew that Robert Baratheon did not. Sad to say she doubted whether her father would have sought the good of the ‘people’. She knew of only one other Great House leader who would. Eddard Stark. To be at the table with both great leaders was a little intoxicating. It gave her a goal to strive for.

Her grandmother she thought would do the right thing in the end but she feared what she might do with the wrong incentive. Olenna was like to many rulers. She was liable to be to easily led from the goal of noble service. Her grandmother was too easily enamored with intrigue and statecraft. Margaery knew the realm with these two leading it was in good hands.

They discussed how they had the quartermasters at each camp tracking all consumption and cataloging the arrival of new stocks. The primary convoys had already passed Winterfell. The stocks of food would last for the next six months. Still, Eddard and Daenerys wanted to keep organizing and sending up more convoys with the seeming slow movement of the Ice King.

Eddard and Daenerys had started to worry that the Ice King was trying some subtle strategy where he would have his enemy waste their supplies and become complacent in their continuous state of waiting. The undead did not eat and the Ice Wrights seemed to feed from their father. If feeding it was. It seemed to have some ritualistic bonding to Eddard. He could not be sure though.

“I want to ask you all what you think the Ice King is up to. Daenerys and I are warriors. We look at things in a certain fashion. We wonder if the three of you have another insight. You are not blinded by military training and dogma.”

The three non-warriors looked at each other.

Missandei spoke up “He is planning something. An Army even one of the undead will atrophy if it remains static for a long period of time. His sons are bonded with their father but all links can fray. It makes no sense to move so far from his base if he was not going to attack. Therefore, he must have a plan. We must prepare for the unexpected.”
Sansa rolled her eyes. Missandei was stating the obvious. The Ice King had been fighting a hit and run strategy against the Crows and Wildlings for years. He had abandon that strategy for a visible bold showing of his force. Why show himself if he was not willing to attack. “We need to know what it is. We need to find out what it is.”

They all looked at each other. “I agree he is planning some chicanery” Daenerys spoke up. “The only problem is we cannot guess it. I am convinced that the horn he wears around his neck is indeed the Horn of Winter. It is real. He will use it but I am not sure what that really accomplishes. The Wall will still be hundreds of feet tall and a totally wild jumbled maze if it falls. We can pick off his undead as they navigate the debris. They are slow and clumsy to begin with. Navigating the fallen Wall will make them many times worse in their sense of balance. They will be setting ducks as the saying goes.”

“I have wondered if the Horn of Winter might accomplish its goal through other means. If the Wall melts it would wash away his army and totally disorganize it and give our forces all the time needed to annihilate it almost at our leisure.”

“Tactically, he achieves very little if we have pulled away from the Wall. We would not lose any forces and he would put mighty new obstacles in the path of his own forces. I believe the felling of the Wall would be more of a physiological blow than anything. The loss of life if we had our forces on the Wall would be grievous but we will not have our forces on the Wall.”

“He must be planning some attack that will catch us unaware” Daenerys said.

“How will he do that? He must pass through the Wall to do that” Daenerys asked out loud to prompt thought. “The Wall is to well warded. We are constantly monitoring the Wall for climbers or patrols approaching the wall. My dragons are flying over the Wall on their way north and south. As we approach I will have them over and along the Wall constantly. We will not be caught unaware.”

They continued to discuss the matter further to examine it from all angles. All thought the Ice King had some plan but none could fathom it. How could he surprise them when a seven hundred foot Wall was between the Ice King and them? They would see his immense army approaching. It was simply too big to miss once out in the open. The limited patrols of the Crows should be warning enough.

They would prepare their forces to react at a moment’s notice and go from there. There was nothing else they could do.

The meeting let out and they left the meeting room. Eddard went to go see his wife and newborn children. He told them he wanted to impress them in his memory. He would not be seeing them in the coming months.

Dany walked off quickly looking to join Arya. She hated to be away from her woman.

Missandei said she was going back to her room. She was obviously pining for the strange woman who was helping her from the shadows. Margaery thought this woman was not worthy of Missandei if she was not willing to come to the young scribe and love the sweet young teenager. This mystery woman would first seem to come to Missandei and then disappear. She had done this several times and Margaery thought the tart was a fucking tease. The woman must be trash she thought.

Margaery watched the interpreter walk down the hall. Missandei was so sweet and she deserved the best.

She was now walking down the hall holding her love’s hand with interlocked fingers. She loved
being able to show her love freely in Winterfell. She knew that here and in King’s Landing she would be free to let all know that the woman at her elbow was her lover. The Queen was going to make so much possible.

Sansa brought up their hands and kissed Margaery’s knuckles. “I love you so much Margaery. I sometimes feel my blood freeze when I think of what would have happened if you had not chosen to visit Winterfell three years ago. My life would be so empty without you in it. I would probably be married off by now to some man I had already grown to detest his touch and know I was duty bound to give myself to him.” Sansa shuddered at the thought.

“I did come Sansa” Margaery answered leaning into her lover. “I had tried to wheedle out of the visit to Winterfell but my grandmother insisted. I too thank the gods that she persisted. You are the mate that I have always longed for. My equal in the Game of Thrones and a woman curious about the world. I love my hens but they are not interested at all in the Game of Thrones and only want to think about the here and now and not about the possible. You want to know the world and work to change it for the better. I need your intelligence and passion for knowledge in my life. I find intelligence to be so sexy my Direwolf.”

Sansa looped her arm around the waist of her lover and wiggled Margaery into her side. Gods Margaery loved it when Sansa held her tight to Sansa’s body. Sansa was being possessive without being a jealous jerk about it. It made her pussy damp like it was now.

“Do you think your hens will really take to me Margaery? That I won’t be the interloper into the close intimate relationship you already have formed with your young handmaidens.”

Margaery now raised their interlocked hands and kissed the back of Sansa hand.

“My sweet wolf. I have shared the letters they have written back. They have swooned over your words of love and lust. They long to give their hot pussies and tight assholes to you Sansa. You will be the wolf in the henhouse. Trust me.”

“You think so?”

“Of course you will be Sansa. You are the perfect loving Lesbian slut.”

**Eddard**

Eddard left the meeting with the women of his war council. He had wanted to make sure that the logistics were still in place with this slow movements of the Ice King.

He had also plumbed the women about their thoughts on the Ice King. They were right of course. The Ice King had something planned. Daenerys Targaryen had done the right thing in taking Bran to the Tree of Life. If the battle was won on the field of battle then Bran had some larger role to play. Much had been lost in Westeros over centuries by the cruelty and avarice of man. He planned to start changing that in a major way when the war was over.

He was sure Bran would have his part to play even if it was still a mystery for now. If he had gone to the Tree of Life then he most probably had become one with it. His son was a good young man. He would guide the forces of the old gods to help in the restoration of the land. He was sure of it. He could not prove it of course but he felt it in his bones.

Just like he felt it deep in his marrow that the Ice King had some nefarious plan. There had to be a reason why the Ice King so brazenly displayed his forces to his enemies and yet seemingly did
nothing else. It made no sense. Thus, it was a ruse; but what was his purpose.

Daenerys had grievously wounded him the wives of Jon had proven. Eddard was sure he had learned the mistake of overconfidence. He would strike with overwhelming force this time. The Ice King had experienced the savagery of dragon fire and saw Valyrian steel cut his forces down. Surely, he wanted to avoid this again. Then why was he milling his ass off around the Fist of the First Men. The Ice King was letting all of Westeros and might from Essos gather against him at the Wall. There was more going on here than met the eye. The problem was that Eddard sensed a trap but he could not pierce the veil of deception the Ice King had weaved.

Eddard knew the Ice King had a plan. He only hoped his own and Daenerys Targaryen plans would prove sufficient to countervail the Ice King’s machinations. He had left the meeting room and turned to his left. He wanted to work over the Ice King problem some more before he visited his wife and children. He slowly moved down the halls of Winterfell. The Ice King was letting all of Westeros and might from Essos gather against him at the Wall. There was more going on here than met the eye. The problem was that Eddard sensed a trap but he could not pierce the veil of deception the Ice King had weaved.

He went out the main doors of the Great Keep to the courtyard. He saw little bands of Lords and knights around fires that they used to stay warm. He saw the Haruchai prowling around the periphery always looking for danger. There would be none here in the seat of his power. Still he had heard many times from the Haruchai now “we know caution”.

Some of the Giants had broken out their Diamonddraught. They were drinking heavily and singing loud songs in their native tongue and laughing constantly backslapping each other boisterously.

Eddard stepped out into the courtyard. He looked back up at the Great Keep south tower. Up on it Drogon was curled up asleep. His immense black body folded around itself his wings clasped to this body his long neck wrapped around his body and tucked into the root of his right wing.

He looked around and saw Rhaegal laid out on the south curtain wall asleep. He had several teenage boys climbing up on his immense body. They had strapped on thick leathers to protect them from the heat. Still they were hopping from foot to foot. The dragon did not seem to care that he was being stomped on by the brave boys.

He looked across the courtyard near the stables and smithy. He saw Barristan going through his fighting dance steps. Marleya Blackmyre watched on a stone bench. Her eyes intently watched Barristan as he moved with power and grace of a man half his age. Eddard was happy for the older man. The woman may be a generation younger than Barristan but it did not matter. Barristan had not lost any of his strength or vigor. Word had gotten to Eddard how the old knight was making love to the woman every day. Often multiple times. He did not seem to care if anyone saw him copulating with the warrior woman.

*What had gotten into everyone! Where was decorum and being a prude! There was nothing wrong with that!* Eddard groused to himself. He was feeling exposed with everyone else seemingly going Dorne.

Nymeria came around the kennels. She looked up around into the sky obviously searching. The wolf was pretending innocence but everyone knew by now of her naughty nature. Eddard shook his head. The wolf never tired in trying to get over on anyone she could whether it was human or dragonn. She looped over to Barristan and jumped up on her hind legs and put her forelimbs on Barristan’s shoulders and licked his face profusely. Barristan spluttered but returned the wolf’s affection and petted the great beast on its flanks. Marleya Blackmyre came over and started rub the Direwolf’s side hard.
The wolf’s right hind leg began to kick and scratch Nymeria’s flank. The Direwolf’s head moving in a circle its mouth yawning with her tongue lulling out. The wolf making little happy barks. Both Barristan and Marleya laughing as they pleasured the pleasure hound.

Eddard shook his head seeing the wolf flop down on her back. She cocked her head looking at Barristan and Marleya with a look that said ‘well get to scratching me!’ The two laughed as they squatted down and began to scratch the wolf’s belly all over energetically. Nymeria’s legs kicked hard in the air while her head lulled over her tongue hanging out her mouth. She was in wolf heaven.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

A frightful scream of jealous rage filled the sky. Viserion came plummeting out of the sky like an ivory comet. He landed hard thirty yards away. His eyes were glowing hot with rage. His landing had made the Earth shake beneath his angry feet. His claws angrily sank deep into the hard frozen ground. His tail whipped behind him in an agitated manner. He roared again and stomped forward.

Barristan and his lady love continued to rub the Direwolf’s belly. They ignored the jealous white dragon. They were part of the game now too. Viserion extended his neck high into the air and bugled his rage into the clear blue sky. His head lowered and he glowered hotly at the Direwolf who was taking his father’s affections. The dragon glared at the Direwolf with vile intent. Nymeria looked over at Viserion. She wolfed at the dragon her body wiggling as his two humans continued scratching the wolf.

Barristan and Mareleya goading Viserion on by continuing to pamper Nymeria while ignoring the enraged dragon.

The white bodied dragon’s head came down. The dragon wiggled forward and extended his neck toward the humans. Viserion started to bump gently into Barristan and Mareleya pushing them back. The dragon insinuated his head between the humans and Nymeria. The wolf flipped over to her feet and dodged Viserion efforts when the dragon went to head butt her. She then got in front of Barristan and put her feet on his shoulders and started to lick his face wetly again.

RRRRROOOOOOAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

Viserion head butted the Direwolf hard now but not enough to injury. No matter how much Viserion roared and threatened Nymeria he never hurt his nemesis. Eddard chuckled. Viserion’s roar was worse than his bite. The dragon still knew how to piss the Direwolf off though. Nymeria went rolling away from the head butt and came up barking furiously at the dragon. Mareleya went and hugged Viserion rubbing the root of his horns. His massive tail extended up into the air and shook like a baby’s rattle.

Nymeria went nuts in her own jealous rage trying to bump the woman away from the white behemoth. Barristan went to the other side of Viserion rubbed his cheeks like the dragon liked. He kissed the dragon on its lips. Nymeria went wild barking slaver flinging all about with the wolf’s wild shaking head.

When that had no affect she up the ante. Nymeria howled piteously and threw herself on the ground. There she flipped and rolled on the ground frothing at the mouth in a jealous pique. Eddard shook his head. Sometimes he thought the Dragon and Direwolf acted more like jealous little girls with their first flush of adolescence than the stuff of legends.

He moved further into the courtyard. He passed underneath the bridge between the Great Keep and the armory. What he saw made him blanch. This direction was a big mistake! Oh my! Eddard
thought aghast.

Around another fire was Stannis, Oberyn and Selyse Florent. That was not what had caught Eddard’s attention. It was what they were doing that left the Warden of the North stupefied! Selyse was sitting on Stannis’s lap. His mouth was sucking on his wife’s throat. Worse her dress was undone and his hand was in her bodice obviously working her breasts. Oberyn the horndog had his hand up Slyse’s skirt and the motion of his arm told Eddard exactly what he was doing with that hand.

Selyse was breathing like a blacksmith bellows. Her face shiny with sweat. Her hair was lank with that sweat and plastered all over her face, neck and shoulders. Her eyes lidded with hot lust.

Eddard knew he should turn away but the audacity and willingness to fuck in public had a strangely memorizing affect on him. Selyse’s head ripped back and she screamed like she had just been garroted. This broke the spell the three had cast over the Warden of the North. Still he watched though. Her body was nearly convulsing off Stannis’s lap. Stannis’s long strong arm around her waist kept her in place as she convulsed her legs kicking out wildly. She was kissing Oberyn deeply now as Stannis kissed the nape of her neck.

Stannis was supposed to be a prude! Eddard raged to himself. What had happen to the stiff upright stick up his ass man? He had turned into a sex maniac! Worse so had his wife. She shrieked and convulsed with killing seizure of bliss.

Then before Eddard’s hanging down mouth and shocked eyes it only became worse! Selyse slide to the ground and quickly undid the laces to both Stannis and Oberyn’s trousers and jerked them down. Their thick massive cocks jerked into view and Selyse wasted no time in fisting the thick veined shafts and pumping them hard. Selyse did this while her head lowered her eyes tilted up to stare hotly at Oberyn as she swallowed his thick mushroom cockhead and began to pump her head sensually. All the while moaning like a Lysian whore in heat.

Eddard decided it was time to beat a strategic retreat. It was like Winterfell had become the Love Castle. He wondered if some magic spell he had not known of had transported Winterfell to Dorne. Something had gotten into Stannis. Where was good ole prudish decorum when he needed it?!

One thing he had to admit though. Stannis and Oberyn had in the past almost despised each other. Those two Houses only needing a spark to ignite the tender against each other. That was the past. The two Lords now were fast friends. Sex indeed could draw people together Eddard was learning. Like now! Like how!

They were both fucking Stannis’s wife and Stannis was urging Selyse to suck harder and take Oberyn’s penis down her throat. Stannis gripping the back of his wife’s head and helping her ride her head down Oberyn’s thick shaft. Her throat bulging out showing the passage of Oberyn’s brown cock down her gullet.

And she did! Eddard saw shocked. Now her nose was pressed into his stomach! Gods that was hot he had to admit but he could take no more.

He turned around.

Oh no! He saw what had gotten into Stannis and Selyse. There stood before him the Haruchai Ranrika and Ferna. The two Haruchai women moved as silent as mice. His day had just gotten worse. Much worse! He sighed. He knew what was coming next.

“We wish to contend with you. You are the greatest swordsman we have ever met. We will subdue
you and take you back to Stannis’s lodgings and fuck you to exhaustion. Against one of us you might prevail but not against both of our might. You will fall and then submit to us. It is only right.”

Eddard blanched. Fighting two Haruchai was a recipe to humiliating defeat. *Did these women ever give up?* They were always after him and wanted him to bring Catelyn with him to their bed. Their success with Stannis had convinced the two Haruchai females that their seductive wiles would work on their next intended prey. They kept telling Eddard that they would go gentle with Cat. They had herbs to promote her healing and make her very, very, very horny. The women simply were voracious in their sexual appetites and endurance.

“We will show your wife the joys of Sapphic love. She will love feeling our dick in her ass as we fuck her with our strap-ons we have been gifted with by Oberyn. We will fuck her snatch and her throat. You will be pounding her asshole with all your vigor. She will die from it being fucked airtight. Let us show you and your wife what you have been depriving yourselves of. Just ask Stannis and Selyse. They will testify as to our prowess in the ‘sack’ Ranrika had emphasized the word. She evidently liked that new term she had learned here in Westeros.

It seemed the Haruchai were a stern reserved people until they decided to cut loose. *And brother, when they decided to cut loose boy did they cut loose.* Eddard started to backup. His eyes darting around looking for a route of escape.

“How many times do I have to tell you that I am not interested in having sexual relations with you two? I have a wife I love with all my heart!” Eddard was getting flustered.

“Why are you playing hard to get Eddard of House Stark? We are married too Eddard Stark. That does not mean we can’t share life and lust. We will fuck you and your wife to utter exhaustion. Why deny yourself the pleasure that we can give you” Ferna asked in her flat manner that sounded totally reasonable the way she expressed it. Eddard started finding himself starting to go down that road. He shook his head.

Damn they were good!

“Stannis was once like you but we have educated him. Stannis is great fuck too. We merely had to show him and Selyse how to fully embrace love and lust. We can share you with him and bring your wife into the bed of our lovemaking. Selyse has become an expert at eating pussy and tongue fucking asshole. She will make Catelyn scream in womb ripping orgasms. Soon your wife will long and then need to eat pussy to be truly happy. You can share the sluts she brings to your two’s bed.”

Eddard was getting dizzy listening to all the Haruchai’s salacious talk.

“We will watch you and Stannis DP fuck Catelyn and give her pleasure she has only dreamed of. Then Oberyn will join to bang all her fuck holes airtight. All women once they experience DP and TP sex will love it forever. Let us show you and your wife what you are missing. We will fuck you two blind. We will offer freely both you and your wife our pussies and assholes.”

One thing the women did not seem to understand Eddard mused looking down at the brash women was that seduction was helped if one did not speak of the supposedly hot sex as if they were bored out of their gourds. The two Haruchai women spoke of these dynamic sexual trysts as if talking of counting radishes. Still, the way they easily talked about sex was … well … awe inspiring.

That was hot Eddard had to admit. For a people who did not like to talk otherwise, when it came to sex they sure knew how to talk up the acts that even had him squirming. He would file that away for future reference. “She just had a baby! Her body is still healing.”
“You lie and you know it. The Ur-viles have totally healed her. She merely does not realize it. We will show her. She has strong passions. We can feel it. She represses them because of you.”

That was hitting below belt! Eddard felt his eyes bulge and a hot flush run through his body. He was conservative he admitted it. Their words had the sensitive man looking within himself. They had hit the mark. Was he denying Catelyn something in their bed? She had never complained. He did not think so but the Haruchai had planted the seed now. Had she not complained because she assumed it was her duty to always follow her husband’s lead? If so, then Eddard was being selfish. He did not like these new insights. Blast the Haruchai!

He decided it was time to dissemble. “Why do you keep challenging me when you keep losing? Now you want to gang up on me two on one. Also, what is it about “fist and faith … there is only victory or death. You seem pretty alive to me.”

The Haruchai looked at him with their flat faces. He knew he had hit home. They only paused when they knew doubt. He had been around the Haruchai enough to sense when these stoic people were communicating with their mind speech. There was a brief pause.

Ferna answered “We speak of combat and fighting for what we believe in and love. It is a ritualistic mantra we use to inspire us to fight our best.” She looked directly into Eddard’s eyes now. “We would sacrifice ourselves to the last person to defend you and your people.”

Eddard was touched by that. He knew they spoke the truth. The Haruchai were so extreme in their desires and their willingness to serve what they had chosen to protect. He liked these strange hot and cold people but it even went up another notch hearing this declaration to protect his people with their lives if it was required.

Ranrika spoke now “we have found the saying unsettles our foes. We seek any advantage.” Eddard smiled a little at that. He had the same strategy. It would appear the Haruchai were a little more crafty than they let on. “It is also the truth. We only accept victory when we fight for what we believe in.” Eddard sighed. These people were extreme in all they did.

The women stepped back. “Pull your sword and we will fight. We will attack you together. If you lose we will fuck you.”

That had Eddard’s dander up now. He was getting pissed off with these two women’s arrogance. They were upping the ante. Two against one is not fair! Especially when they were Haruchai!

“I cannot fight you! I do not have a practice sword with me. Evening Star is impossibly sharp. I will not risk harming you.

“You will not touch us.” Ferna replied.

Gods these women smug Eddard swore to himself.

Eddard slowly pulled his sword out in vexation. Since his time the tombs his sword had subtly changed. It now glowed softly when pulled from its scabbard and began to hum a melodic tune. He went to show the women why he would not risk fighting them. This sword could cut through anything.

The Haruchai lifted their eyebrows. Eddard stared at his blade. His blade was dull as a butter knife. He blanched. Oh no my sword! What had happened? What the hell?!

The sword shimmered and when the distortion faded his sword was razor sharp again. He stared at his sword as the blade shimmered again and became dull. He stared dumfounded at his sword.
Eddard looked up at the Haruchai women. They stared hard at Eddard with eyes that now glittered subtly. *Damn you Evening Star!* His sword had betrayed him!

“Have at you” Ferna called out. The fight was on.

Eddard slashed and parried always pivoting and slashing wildly to keep the woman at bay. He was furious at their arrogance. He had found that one-on-one he could hold his own against the Haruchai but two was pushing him to his limit. He had to constantly pivot and swirl wheeling his sword like a whirling dervish to keep the women back. He was sweating heavily.

His sword was still dull. Then Eddard understood. His sword somehow knew that this fight was not for real but practice. That Eddard was with friends. The sword had become dull to protect those that Eddard considered friends. Pushy and sanctimonious but friends nevertheless.

After several minutes he noticed he was not tiring. He suddenly had another revelation. The sword was giving him strength. The Haruchai never seemed to tire either. With the strength the sword gave him he was able to hold them off. Still, he knew it was only a matter of time till he was defeated. He was being attacked constantly from two fronts. The Haruchai were every bit his equal in raw skills. It was simply a numbers game.

Suddenly, Loras came running in with a practice sword and pressed his back to Eddard’s. “I will guard your back while you attack!”

With the odds evened Eddard was now able to slash and attack. Loras was a very capable fighter who was improving at a very quick pace. For the next ten minutes the Haruchai circled the two men looking for a lowering of the guard or a hesitation. Loras was playing defense and keeping to Eddard’s back. Eddard fell into a defense stance himself. The men’s swords slashing furiously and were able to hold off the Haruchai.

If the two Haruchai were frustrated at being thwarted they did not show it on their flat miens.

The fight ended when Lustra and Brail came walking up to them. Eddard was able to catch out of the corner of his eye that they were walking hand in hand.

“Enough” Brail commanded. “It is clear he does not wish to lay with you.”

The women immediately dropped out of their combat stances. The two Haruchai women bowed deeply to Brail. When they came up they both pointed at Eddard with an accusing index finger. “He is being most obtuse. This resistance is stupid and unseemly. We are allies he should freely come to our bed.”

“His way is not our way. Leave him be Ferna, Ranrinka. He wishes to only lie with his wife. Respect that.”

The Haruchai were fuming Eddard could tell. Their facial expressions had not changed and their demeanor was the same but he knew they were royally pissed. He had caught on that the Haruchai were pissed when they stared at you that extra intensity and they seemed to be both calm and yet wound up like a coiled spring. How they did that look Eddard had no idea.

Loras was slashing his practice sword around still filled battle lust. The two Haruchai looked at each other. They then marched over and gripped each his arms in a vice like grip and started to pull him roughly behind them. His body bodily jerked easily behind their marching bodies.

“Hey easy on the arms ladies. I assure you there is plenty of me to go around. I’m quite the lay I must say.”
“We will discover the truth of that declaration. You will first fuck us. If you prove adequate we will take you to Stannis and Selyse. We will even allow Oberyn to join us now. Our brethren have vouched for the pompous man and will join with him. Other Lords and Ladies will join. You will be required to fill whatever fuck hole is not filled with hard cock.”

“I think I can handle that” Loras said in a happy chirp

He was jerked harder by the Haruchai as they stomped towards the Guards Hall. Eddard felt sorry for Loras. Well, not really. Eddard could only imagine how demanding the Haruchai would be in the ‘sack’.

Eddard looked at his sword and it was beyond razor sharp again. His sword again glowed a light blue and hummed softly. He marveled at his sword’s new found abilities. The Wraiths of Andelain had indeed given him precious gifts.

He bowed to Brail and used the opportunity to beat a hasty retreat. He felt fortunate to have so many allies but he longed to go back to the quietness of Winterfell before the arrival of all these visitors.

He had been happy to not have to go through the bedding ceremony when he bed Catelyn. It had been all about duty. He was very conservative and knew it. All these liberal attitudes was disconcerting to his stiff sensibilities. Still, Eddard always heard what was said to him. He had much to consider.

He did not have time for deep soul reflection and make decisions on his relationship with his wife. That would happen after he had won the war. He owed Cat that.

He decided it was time to go visit his wife and sweet newborn children. He would soon be marching off to war and he would not see them for months at the earliest. He wanted his home life with wife and children. He had been fostered out as a youth and he had made sure that had not befallen his children.

As he walked back to the keep he spied the dragons. Viserion was up on the broken tower now. Evidently his jealous fit had passed. He thought on Daenerys using her dragons to spy on the Ice King. They flew high and ran interference for each other to make sure they were not attacked like Melisandre and Ygritte had been. Dragons had far seeing eyes. They saw things that humans could not. Daenerys had used that to attack the Ice King to devastating effect.

He wondered again about the Ice King. Eddard trusted the dragon’s eyes but he still felt unease.

He went into the Great Keep and walked up to the flights of stairs to his bed chamber.

He entered in. Catelyn was reading some book of songs he saw. She got up seeing him enter and came over to hug her husband and placed her head on his shoulder. He rubbed his wife’s back gently and kissed her hair. She murmured and hugged him harder. Eddard felt content. He had married a total stranger but had come to love this woman so deeply. They slowly walked over to the bassinet.

The babies were sleeping peacefully. He was struck by how much like his lost brother and sister the newborns looked. Only their Tully blue eyes did not make them complete doppelgangers for his long dead siblings. He still missed them. True Brandon could be an ass but he had been his brother and he loved him dearly. Lyanna had been so sweet and yet filled with the wolf. He thought of his daughter Arya. Lyanna had wanted what his daughter wanted. He had made sure to let his daughter find her own destiny even though he had to fight Catelyn and expectations all the way.
It had been worth it.

Eddard and Catelyn looked at the newborn innocents. They slept peacefully. Brandon was on his stomach crossways in the bottom of his bed while Lyanna was on her back with her limbs sprawled out. Catelyn had removed the swaddling cloth with them safe in the bassinet.

They stood looking down for several minutes in silence. Eddard said silent prayers to the old gods for saving his wife and children. He was sure they had had some hand in bringing the Shadowbender witches, Ur-viles and Waynhim to Catelyn in her hour of need. He would never be able to fully repay them for giving him his wife and children back.

They had appeared, saved his wife and children and soon disappeared. They had been here when they were needed and once the need was done they had faded away. He hugged Catelyn tighter.

“How can you stand the sight of me Eddard?”

Eddard was shocked by the question and the gall he heard in his wife’s tone of voice.

He moved to stand before his wife and gently embraced her. He looked down at her with his steady gaze. “What bought this on Catelyn? I love you with all my heart and you are the mother of my children.”

“Was I the mother of Jon Snow Eddard? We both know how I treated him. I treated him like shit! I hated him and he was not guilty. He was a baby Eddard and I blamed him for your infidelity except there was no infidelity. You were true! I drove Jon away and made his life miserable. I was a total bitch to him Eddard. I was a bitch to Sansa and Arya. If you wish to send me away I will understand and not fight you.”

Eddard was shocked. He pulled Catelyn tight to his body. He rocked his wife while gently stroking her back and kissed the top of her head. “I am never losing you my sweet wife. You are the best thing that ever happened to me. You are mother to my precious children.”

“Yes, but I was such an awful mother!”

“Stop that! NOW!” Eddard roared. His wife quieted down and pressed weakly into his body crying softly.

“Cat … I knew from the start how passionate you were and I knew how you would react to me bringing home Jon. I knew this and I consciously made a decision to lie to you. Not only that but I decided to perpetuate that lie for close to twenty years. It is I that needs to ask for forgiveness.”

“No! You were protecting Jon and your family from the wrath of Robert Baratheon. You know how crazy he was about all things Targaryen after your sister choose Rhaegar over him.”

“That was my reasoning Cat. Still I wonder now. I see more and more closely with each passing day that I chose wrongly. What I have come to see is that I did not trust and love you enough to share that secret to you. Yes, Robert was insane with House Targaryen. His rage would have not known any limits I think. All would have suffered his wrath if he had discovered the truth. Especially you my sweet wife. He would have probably killed you in his bloodlust and you would have had no idea why you were being put to the sword.”

“I should have trusted you Cat. Even if not at first, I soon came to know the iron backbone you have my sweet wife. You could have handled the truth. Maybe you could still have bonded with Jon.” He paused for a long time. “It was probably for the best anyways.”
Catelyn snorted. Eddard looked down at her. His wife told him of her earlier conversation with Margaery and then her daughters.

Eddard knew saw this had been weighing Catelyn for some time.

“Eddard you supported Arya and Sansa from the beginning. I wanted to fight both of them in selecting women as their spouses.”

“Catelyn you were raised to perform your duty before all else. Because of that duty you married a green young man you had no contact with until I came to you to deflower you. The man you had been betrothed to was killed and a stranger came to you to take his place. You performed your duty. That had to be hard on you and yet you did it without any hesitation. You were raised to follow the accepted path.”

“I lost my father, brother and then finally my sister because they followed their duty. I have become sick of it. I went to war for Robert Baratheon because it was my ‘duty’. He had not been worth my loyalty Cat. I can see that clearly now. So when my daughters’ true natures were made apparent to me I had learned to not follow the supposedly tried and true path. I have sought another way. This is a once in an eight thousand year event my wife. I want to use it to make a better world. Will it last I don’t know but I want to strive for it.”

He felt Catelyn hug him hard again and press her cheek on his shoulder. “You are a most extraordinary man Eddard Stark.”

‘No Cat. I am just a man trying to muddle my way through life. I have made many mistakes in it and can only try and make amends.”

“You are so good to me Eddard.”

Eddard chuckled. He tried his best to be a good husband and father.

He felt Catelyn rubbing against his body. Eddard paused. He remembered the words from earlier. He moved his hand down to his wife’s ass and squeezed it and then massaged the still firm globe.

Cat gasped and pressed into him harder. Her body was beginning to shake and her breathing was rising as he roughly massaged his wife’s ass and his other hand found her bosom and he ground his palm into her breast. Cat gasped and mewled looking up at him with hot pulsing eyes filled with hot lust. Lust only for him! Like it should be in Eddard’s world.

He thought back to the Haruchai on the courtyard. Eddard thought maybe they had point. He could afford to loosen up. At least a little. He bent down and kissed Cat hard. Her deep throated moans sweet music to his ears.

**Missandei**

Missandei slowly rose up from sweet dreams that enfolded her body. She loved her dreams. In them her faceless lover was with her in her bed. They always made love the night through. They would fuck to utter exhaustion and then sleep with their limbs all entangled. Over the months more and more of her lover became known to her. She was small like herself. She was not sure how she knew this but she did.

Missandei had come to know, well, almost positive, that her secret lover had elven features. That thought excited her. It would be so exotic to make love to a woman with pointed ears and arched
She had at first found that strange. There was one thing she could clearly feel was the almost unlimited power of her love. She was absolutely a goddess. She could crush mountains and boil seas dry. She had limits she sensed but her power was stunning. Why she was so fascinated with a little former slave from Naatha she could not understand. She was just thankful. For some reason this woman was in love with her. She could feel it. The woman was totally in love with her.

Then why won’t she come to me! Her mind screamed the next moment in vexation. She has shown me the horror that had been her life. She knows I don’t care. She has totally reformed herself. She has done nothing but do good. She is helping us to win the war. She could probably destroy the Ice King herself Missandei mused. She had reasoned it out that something restrained her … maybe a fear of losing control? Maybe she thought that man had to confront the enemy on their own merits. She would help but she would not guarantee victory. Probably some moral code.

She had definitely saved the day exposing the treachery of House Frey and Bolton. If they had been able to fall on the forces of Westeros unawares the loss of life would have heinous. She doubted they would have succeeded with the vast numbers of Houses that would have fallen on them in righteous fury. But, if they had attacked at the right moment when the Ice King attacked. They would still cause grievous losses she thought but they might succeed. They may have been able to alter the balance of the coming fight to the Ice King’s favor.

Her Queen and Eddard could not have afforded to have been caught unawares and suddenly unexpectedly attacked from the rear while fully engaged by the Ice King in a frontal assault. The dual attack could be devastating if it was allowed to occur.

She rolled onto her back and thought about her love again. Why hadn’t she come to her she whined in her mind? She had been betrayed once for love Missandei recalled. She Who Must Not Be Named deserved to know what true love was really like. She would go down on her sweet love and suck her off so fucking well. She had read enough books and memoirs from famous lesbians of the past in Essos. She knew how to eat pussy! Well, she was pretty sure she did. She would rock her loves world.

Missandei was naked in her bed. She loved sleeping in the nude. Thinking of her love, Missandei spread out her limbs on the bed and wallowed her ass on the silk sheets luxuriating on the cool feel on her sleek black skin. The scribe’s pussy swollen and wet with thoughts of her longed for lover. Her nipples had become rock hard and rubbery. When her thoughts drifted to her longed for love Missandei always felt arousal surge through her small body.

She slipped her fingers down to her breast and cupped her aching tits and began to massage them roughly rolling her firm brown orbs. Her fingers squeezed in and pulped her tits like she liked it. She loved working her body hard. Her hands worked up so her index fingers and thumbs could grip and squeeze her nipples as she jerked up with her hands. Her choked cries of pleasure filled her room. Her legs spread out on the bed. Her couchie was droolling cum down her ass crack and weeping onto her ass cheeks. Her anus soaked and longing for hard deep invasion. Her hips rotating lifting her twat up in need.

Her left hand snaked down her filming with perspiration belly that palpated with rising excitement. Oh gods she moaned as she started to rub up and down her slippery folds. Her head lulled over her face twisting up as sweet pleasure started to pulse in her core. Her pussy was flooding now and she reveled in how wet she was. Her fingers worked her slit and rolled her labia lips. She loved to pull and stretch her inner lips and then rub her clit jacking over her clit gagging her with pleasure.

She then teased her labia lips open and started to circle her shiny clit and gasped in aching pleasure.
She started to rub over the hard nubbin and her hips bucked up into the rubbing fingers. She increased and then decreased the pressure. Her fingers rubbing up and down her slit and circling her fuck hole. She worked up and down her slit and flicked her clit making her cry out in whinnies of ecstasy. Her body jolting and jerking as sweat now beaded on her writhing body.

She made sure to press into her clit from the sides putting sweet pressure on her nubbin in its sheath. Then her fingers flicking over her shiny clit. Her fingers now soaked in her slimy effluent that let her fingers jack over her clit easily as the scribe slowly jerked herself off. Her breathing already rising and filled with ragged need.

Her other hand gripped and rolled her titties. Her fingers sunk deep into her full bosom. She rolled her tits and ground her nipples with her rotating palm. Her hand rotated to grind over now rubbery teat making it pulse with pleasure. Her breathing was accelerating as the pressure built deep in her belly. The sweat beading on her body came together and began to roll down her ribs and thighs. More sweat running down her cheeks and pooling on her flat belly.

In her mind’s eye she had sucked her sweetie’s cunt deep into her mouth. She munched away happily sucking down her sweet cum. She would suck on her lover’s clit so fucking good while her tongue lashed and stabbed the sweet clit. Missandei could feel her head lifting as she tented out her lover’s pussy that she slurped and sucked on with pure love and fuck hunger. Gods she would cum so hard in her mouth.

Missandei was rolling from hip to hip now gagging in helpless pleasure. She was rolling her clit with her massaging fingers. The friction and pressure had her whimpering in raw need. She circled and mashed into her clitoral hood the sweet friction making her cry out in ecstasy. Her right hand was clenching her tits in turn pulping them with deep finger squeezes that had her fingers sinking deep into her firm pliant hooters. Her fingers moving up at random to squeeze her nipples and jerk up stretching out her areolas into tents making her cry out in fierce pleasure.

“Oh godssss yessss … uuuhnnn uunngg hhnnngg … oh shit! … oh yes!” Missandei moaned feeling her core begin to tighten and clench. She felt her thighs start to spasm and her belly started to clench up hard her head lifting off the mattress. Her legs slowly spread out and went rigid. Her hand that had been pumping her tits left them and forked her clitoral hood and started to rub up and down while squeezing in. The pressure making her squeal. She then took her left hand and started to rub furiously on her clit that was being squeezed out its sheath.

“Oh oh uunngg hhnnngg … of fuck! Shit! Yes yes so close!” Missandei’s eyes were squeezed tight shut her face contorted in the agony of striving to cum hard. Her legs had spread wider to fully expose her muffin and clit to her expert fingers. She was gasping hard now with sweat rolling off her face. Her toes started to curl painfully her legs jerking wildly in tension her heels scissor hard on the bed. Her ass clenched and lifted her groin up into her wildly rubbing fingers.

The back of her head jammed into the bed as her back arched. Her body on the cusp. She changed the angle of her rubbing fingers and pressed as hard as she could into her clit. Her world exploded with agonizing pulses of searing fucking bliss. "AAUUUURRRNNGGGG! AAAAWWWOOGGGG! FFFUUUCCKKKKKK!!!" Missandei screamed in agonizing bliss feeling her womb rip out her belly. Hot heat flooded out her belly and rushed down her kicking and thrashing legs and arms. Missandei’s mind whited out with shocking ecstasy.

Her heels hammered the bed as her head lifted up and slammed the mattress hard again and again as her cunt felt like it was ripping itself apart. Her body arched and jacked up and down making the bed squeak loudly in its frame as she bucked wildly. Her belly contracting so hard as her cunt tore itself inside out. She felt the hot pulses of cum rush out her exploding pussy and flood down her
“Ungghh! Oh sweet sun gods!” her womb was melting. It had to be with the agonizing pleasure pouring into her veins. "Auunngghhh! Ohnngghh! Oh . . . shit! Ungghhh! Auungghhiieeee!” she cried out, she continued to hump her hips up desperately into her rubbing fingers as she cummed hotly.

Missandei suddenly knew what was possible. She was finally tuned to her body and knew another orgasm lurked just underneath the surface of her sweat soaked skin and trembling pussy. Her clit was still shrieking but not becoming super sensitive yet. She was weeping in ecstasy thinking of her love’s cunt exploding in her mouth and filling it with sweet cum.

She lifted her left hand and started to slap her cunt hard. The shocks making her mind nearly explode in bliss. Her cunt sounded so sodden and wet. She slapped her pussy four, five, six times. Then she took her hand and lifted it up and angled her fingers down. She jammed her cum soaked fingers into her clitoral hood from the side and rubbed furiously squirting and gigging her clit.

Her other hand came down to press down on her clitoris filling it with harsh squeezing pressure as her other hand gigged and jammed into her clitoral hood like a harpoon. Missandei rubbed her fingers harshly back and forth over her shiny clit with maniacal force and striving. The interpreter felt her face lock up her eyes bulged out wide as shocking pleasure tore out her exploding womb that seared and ripped her cunt inside out again.

Her world exploded in pure fucking bliss. “ANNNGGGHIIEEEE! OOOWWWGGGGGGGGG! Auunngghhnnnggiieeee!” Missandei screamed, her beautiful face frozen in seizures of intense ecstasy, her body clenching as the spasms rocked her. Her body now flipped and jackknifed around on the bed as she still rubbed her clit prolonging her fucking bliss. Her eyes shocked wide open and her mouth fell into an open O of shocking helpless pleasure as a third orgasm ripped her belly open. "Unnnnggguunng nuunng . . . oh gods . . . shit again! Auungghhiieeee! Ohnngggiiieeee! Onmmnggghiieeee!” she squealed sharply, stabbed by thrilling jolts of fucking rapture. "Ungghh . . . ungghhh oh! Auungghh!

Her body crashed back down to the mattress spent. Her limbs akimbo on the bed. She fell into an exhausted satiated sleep. She smiled going to sleep soaked in sweat and cum. Just like her and her lover would be. When she finally came to her! Her mind whined.

She awoke again two hours later. She had no meetings to attend to so she felt no shame in sleeping in. Her pussy was still purring from her earlier masturbation session. She smiled lazily. Her breath caught. The room was lithe with the sun coming through the drapes in the two windows. She turned over and rose up on her elbows. Yesss!

On the pillow beside her was the green rose. It had not been there when she was masturbating. She just knew her love had watched her masturbating. Gods she must have an iron will. She smelled the rose. Its fragrance so sweet and intoxicating. She got up and put it in the vase with the other four flowers. The roses lasted about four days before they wilted away. She kept them in the vase to smell and remind herself of her lover.

She was both elated and saddened by this refusal to come directly into her life. Why was she hesitating! She would get her woman. She could feel it. I will bone her so good! She went to the fire place and threw some logs in the fireplace and stirred the cankers and soon had a good hot fire going. She put a big basin of water in front of the fire to warm. The basin covered in delicately cast wild flowers that had been painted with enamel.

Missandei was horny again and spread out on the rugs in front of the fireplace. Humming a tune
from her childhood while she threw several thick furs down on them. Then the scribe laid out on the furs and Jilled off again to a screaming orgasm. She reveled in the ecstasy tearing through her body. Her body was soaked in sweat again. The intense orgasm left her smiling and humming as washed her body off. Her body was singing today. She loved the feel of the cloth on her throbbing nipples and pussy.

She really couldn’t help herself she thought evilly. She dropped the cloth. She was soon screaming with another orgasm as she worked her tits and pussy with her expert fingers. She slowly pushed herself up off the thick fur rugs with a slutty smile. Gods she loved masturbating like this. She loved to feel her pussy all achy and feeling so worn out from hard cumming. She could only imagine how good she would feel with her love’s mouth and fingers taking her to the heavens.

She knew she would use her mouth and fingers on her lover constantly but she would also love watching her lover fuck herself with fingers and toys from Lyse. She would do so for her lover. She wanted her lover desperately but she would never stop masturbating. She smirked. She had a tough kitty. It could take all those orgasms. She couldn’t wait!

She washed herself off again with an evil smirk. As she washed she spotted her cum had matted up the thick hair on the top fur. Her cum drying slowly

She was soon dressed and walking to the kitchen area reserved for the high nobles and their confidants. She loved being so highly regarded. She had slept in and it was between the breakfast meal times and the early lunch. She was served a heaping plate of scrambled eggs, sausages, toast, and an omelet. She tucked into the meal with a ravenous hunger. She smirked again. Masturbating made her hungry!

As she ate she was reminded why her pussy was on fire. Why she longed for her lover so much. Winterfell was a sanctuary she had found for lesbians to openly show their love. She was always spying Dany and Arya snogging and feeling each other up. Same with Margaery and Sansa. They couldn’t keep their hands off each other. The freedom was spread out to all the women who had similar desires Missandei had happily discovered. Eddard had created a haven for women to seek their true destiny free of man’s world trying to crush their natural desires for the female body.

The young scribe saw evidence of it presently. The two young teenage female baker apprentices were using the down time to good use. They were at the back table trying to ram their tongues down each other’s throats. Hands were in loosened bodices and up skirts. They fucked each other to shattering orgasms their screams swallowed by each other’s devouring mouth. Seeing their bodies convulse so hard and their swallowed screams of bliss again had Missandei’s pussy aching and her demeanor darkening.

She wanted her lover so bad! She needed to have her. Missandei needed her lover to come to her and make her scream. She did not begrudge the two lasses her own age having what she longed for. She was happy for them. It just wasn’t fair! She wanted her woman to come to her so she could cum for her!

She wanted She Who Must Not Be Named to tell her true name so she could scream it out in their room. She would never tell another her love’s name for that would give them power of her. Missandei would never use that precious gift against her longed for love. She only wanted to love her!

When she finished her meal she went outside to walk the grounds to let her meal settle. She smiled at all the combat practice she witnessed around her. She was not meant to be a warrior. She could never be Dany or Arya. She was Sansa and Margaery. She would work behind the scenes to make things happen.
She loved watching physical prowess though. She saw Dany and Arya practicing together their practice swords slashing hard against each other. She saw off to the side the Haruchai fighting each other. She marveled at the strength of their women. They were every bit as strong as the men of their race. Off in the distance she saw some of the Giants fighting each other. In their people it was the women who were the warriors and the men who sailed their ships along with other women. Men supported their female warriors. What a great society Missandei thought.

She saw Ranrika and Ferna along with Stannis and Selyse sitting on a bench beneath a stand of firs that was partially hidden from view. Only partially! Damnit! Even fucking Stannis was getting sex and she only had her fingers. Both of the Haruchai were on their knees before Stannis and Selyse. Stannis had his breeches around his ankles and Selyse had her dress pushed up past her hips. Ranrika was pumping her head furiously up and down Stannis very large thick cock and Ferna had her face buried in Selyse’s swollen pussy.

Stannis and his wife had both of their hands threaded in the jet black hair of the Haruchai women urging them on. Stannis had a strong grip on Ranrika’s head and was slamming her head up and down his dick and then slowed her head pumping and slide his dick down her throat making it bulge out obscenely. Selyse for her part was roughly rubbing Ferna’s face up down her dripping clamshell grinding her fat muffin into the Haruchai woman’s face. Selyse growling and used her feet on the ground to really grind her cunt into Ferna’s face she was fucking hard with rough jerks of her hips.

The story of the Haruchai fighting bulls that weighed a ton and how Howsrul was able to catch a bull that had risen on its hind legs to try and crush her down had made all the rounds. Howsrul had caught the bull the beast’s immense weight first crushing her down but she had stopped that descent. Then impossibly she had lifted up the down plunging bull to hurl him aside. Such raw strength surpassed even what Stannis could generate. The Haruchai’s strength was already passing into legend.

Knowing their strength, it was hot to Missandei to see these two powerful women easily submitting to their lovers. Stannis was a strong man but not near their strength. Selyse had only the strength that a normal woman had. She was like Missandei; a woman of normal strength.

Both Haruchai women easily letting themselves be controlled by their lovers. Stannis riding Ranrika’s throat up and down his long shaft. He pushed Ranrika’s mouth down his cock till her nose was jammed into his belly. He left it buried in her gullet as she choked and drooled copiously and began to gasp before he let her head up. She gasped hard drooling out rivers of spit out her mouth but eagerly let Stannis ram his dick back down her throat and keep it buried in her throat till she needed air again.

Ferna had her face used roughly by Selyse as a fuck post. The slender blond woman roughly ground Ferna’s face up and down her drooling clamshell. Selyse rammed her cunt into Ferna’s chin and with her hands fisted in Ferna’s hair to slide her face deep into her drooling slimy slit. The Haurchai’s nose plowing deep along Selyse’s slit. The Haurchai’s nose then jacking hard over Selyse’s clit and then dragged along her lower shaved pussy.

Selyse chuffing and snarling dragging Ferna’s face back down her wet seam jacking her arms hard to mash the Haruchai woman’s face deep in her trim. The Haruchai snuffling and gasping for breath on the top of the stroke that Selyse maintained plowing Ferna’s face deep up and down her drooling clamshell. Selyse’s vulva clung wetly to the sides of Ferna’s face as it rode up and down her festering twat.

Both Haruchai women moaning hotly as they gave head.

Missandei could tell the Haruchai loved giving head. Both of these impossibly strong women gladly
letting their lovers use them as they wanted. Ranrika’s face was soaked in her spit from sloppy head and Ferna’s face was simply soaked in Selyse’s snail snot. Gods Missandei loved thinking like a slut watching them fuck! Stannis was back to furiously fucking Ranrika’s mouth ramming the back of her throat as his breathing became labored his body tightening. Selyse had arched her back and arms jerked wildly grinding Ferna’s face in her spasming twat. Her own breathing ragged and deep.

Suddenly Stannis’s head ripped back and he roared his orgasm as Ranrika sucked just his cockhead now. The Haruchai was swirling her head around in a tight swirl her lips locked just beneath Stannis’s cockhead. Her cheeks hollowed out showed her voracious deep throat love sucks. Her cheeks showed her tongue slithering all over his cockhead. He screamed as his hips jerked up spasmodically his dick sucked hard. Ranrika had a strong grip on Stannis’s hips anchoring herself. She choked hard with the hard spurts hitting the back of her throat. Sperm and spit leaked out the corners of her mouth.

Then Selyse’s head ripped back and she was screaming in orgasm her legs spread wide her heels hammering the grass as her hands spasmodically mashed Ferna’s face deep into her exploding trim. Then Ferna’s head rocked as a heavy squirt of clear cum choked her and filled her mouth splashing out and running down her face and throat. More squirts hit her face and open mouth as the Haruchai looked so happy. Then her mouth clamped onto Selyse’s spurting cunt and sucked hard for more cum as Selyse went into a second screaming orgasm. More squirts overwhelming Ferna as she sat back to let the jets of cum soak her face and hair with a slutty half smile all the while on her face.

The interpreter enjoyed the show but was still peeved! *That was fucking unfair!* Missandei’s mind roared. If fucking stiff as a board Stannis and Selyse were constantly being fucked silly it was not fair! She deserved to be sucked off! Hell last night she saw Eddard up on the main dais subtly rubbing Catelyn’s swollen pussy. She leaned into him smiling up at him with a hungry smile. The fucking skirt on the table top did not stop Missandei from seeing what was going on. *It was not fair!* *She wanted hers!*

The black teenager knew she should not let her emotions roil from the heights to the depths of emotions but she could not help herself. She wanted her lover to stop this bullshit and finally come to her! She got up in a huff. Her earlier masturbation and green rose was now a distant memory with her rising frustration.

She stomped back to the Great Keep. She was really horny and pissed off again. She needed her woman to settle her. Her emotions were all over the place. She deserved to have her lover! She came to her every morning to leave Missandei her green rose. She should strip naked and get in Missandei’s bed so they could fuck gloriously for long sweet hours until exhausted in sweet lassitude of great fucking. The blissful bonding in sweet post coital time.

Missandei knew her love was a goddess. Her goddess would come to her with a woman’s body and limits. Her slut would fuck her with the strength of a woman commensurate to the strength of Missandei. She sensed the sex between them could be really good and really long. She wanted some of that! *It was not fair damnit!* Geez, she was so pissed again!

She needed to change her thoughts. Missandei started to think about the logistics of the armies marching to various locations along the Wall. She loved working the numbers in her head. She could almost see the equations and numbers in her mind. She loved writing down the equations and putting in the numbers and seeing the data come out. Math was so precise and exact. Sansa and Margaery worked off instinct which was extremely good but her math allowed her to create exacting schedules that had the troops and supplies moving to where they needed to be when they needed to be.
Her spine straightened and her bosom thrust out a little more thinking of how she was being such a valuable piece of her Queen’s court. She shivered thinking of what her life would be without the Breaker of Chains swooping in to save her and all the other slaves of the Ghsicerina city states. She snorted. She thought of the cities on the east coast of Essos. Free cities my ass!

She knew she had great gifts. Gifts that were being used to their fullest. She supposed her translation skills would have made her valuable to her masters but she knew what her destiny was to be a bed slave. Sometimes being a beautiful woman was a dangerous thing. Being given to a man she had already hated. He was arrogant and conceited. Her life would have been crushed out of her. She was so thankful for Dany storming through Essos destroying the Slave Trade. She knew some vestiges still existed but when Dany found them they were exterminated ruthlessly.

Her Queen had Dothraki cavalry and mercenary companies prepositioned to move across Essos to confront any rising of the old ways. The Dothraki and the mercenary companies were always itching for a fight. Dany had been able to channel their darker tendencies into doing good for her kingdom.

She marveled at how Dany seemed to be able to see the possible. She took two forces that had a long history of doing negative actions and was morphing them into forces of good. She still had to use the lash on them from time to time tough. Missandei marveled at how Dany seemed to know how much force to use and when. Daenerys knew the balance. She had seen many leaders now in her work for Dany.

She had seen only one other person that seemed to have the intelligence, drive, moral compass and sense of rightness to succeed in creating something equally great. Eddard Stark. Only he seemed to not have any political, social or personal agenda that was not geared towards helping all the people of Westeros. Only two people had these excellent characteristics. It seemed almost that all other leaders were flawed with selfish desires. They wanted to self-aggrandize themselves.

Missandei had thought on that. It seemed that to strive for power and greatness you needed a certain drive. A drive that was based on negative emotions and thoughts. It was in these darker impulses that power and strength of will seemed to come from. You needed it to give you the focus and drive to succeed. To be able to succeed without those darker goads was an almost impossible combination. She wondered if only a person or two existed in any generation that had the qualities of greatness without the dross and frailties of the human heart.

These people had to be born and survive into adulthood and be raised in such a way as to bring out their best. Also, happenstance had to put the person in the position to even conceive of greatness. Then they had to achieve that power. Eddard Stark had made it clear he did not want the ultimate power and would go back to being the Warden of the North. Daenerys wanted the ultimate power. She had a vision of greatness and goodness. She was going to fight for it.

Yes. Only rarely did such a person arise.

From around the corner of two meeting halls she saw the object of her musing along with her future wife and their child Kasseri. The precious little girl was chattering away to her mothers and gesticulating around. Dany was talking to her daughter in her native tongue. It seemed that Arya’s experience with the Elohim had given her the ability to speak Dothraki fluently now too. Dothraki was a hard language to master. She told Kiserri something that had the little girl thrusting out her chest and hooking her thumbs in her belt line and walking very proudly.

Her little fake dagger fell from behind her belt. The girl cried out. She chased the dagger around on the floor as her foot kept kicking it away from her grasping hand. She came up the hall towards Missandei not seeing her as she focused on getting her hand on her precious dagger. Behind the
precocious child her two mothers smiled at their child. Kiserri finally got the danger in hand and cried out in success. She rose up and spotted Missandei.

“Auntie auntie!” the little girl called out. She ran down the hall and threw herself at Missandei. Missandei grunted lifting the girl and putting her on her hip and smiled at the little bundle of joy. She saw Dany and Arya walking up the hall with hands clasped with interlocked fingers. They were lovers and it showed in their very movements and demeanor.

She felt another wash of sadness wash over her. She so wanted her love to come to her finally. She needed so much more than roses in her life. She needed her lover in person. She smiled at the little girl. She could put her sad thoughts away with this little girl in her arms hugging her tight.

Dany and Arya had reached them.

The little girl hugged Missandei and talked in her native tongue. Missandei easily understood the girl.

Kiserri pulled her face from Missandei neck. She looked into Missandei’s eyes. “Why are you so sad Auntie?”

Dany and Arya started to shush the child not wanting Missandei to be put on the spot. They both knew the angst their friend was feeling. Missandei looked at them to silence them. She did not want to hide anything away from this perceptive child.

“I am so happy for your parents Kiserri. They are so much in love with each other and with you. I too am in love but I am not sure she truly loves me. She is so far away.” Missandei thought that pretty much put into words how she felt.

“No auntie. She is here in Winterfell a lot. She goes away but always comes back to see you. She is just hidden. She constantly watches over you. Even I can’t see her all the time but I feel her. She thinks I can’t see her when she is here but I can. She is even more powerful than the Elohim and Auntie Infelice.”

Missandei nearly staggered at the information. She had been sure her love left her completely after she had had her fill of looking at Missandei while she slept and left green roses. Her love was willing to look at Missandei but not to love her. She had been sure that her sought after lover left her for long periods of time.

“Are you sure sweetie?” Missandei asked hopefully. She saw Dany and Arya staring at Kasser. She had obviously picked up strange powers in her time with the Elohim.

“Oh yes Auntie Sandi. She loves you with a pure heart. She is just afraid. She had been hurt badly in the past. Her love was used against her.”

Missandei knew that. Her love had shown Missandei her past.

“She also thinks you will kill her.”

Missandei staggered and had to put her hand on the wall to not fall down. Arya and Dany rushed to their dear friend’s side. That had shocked Missandei. That was impossible. “I would never hurt her!” she nearly shouted at the little girl in her stunned reaction.

The girl looked at her with big eyes. “I’m sorry!”

Missandei hugged the little girl tightly. “I am sorry baby! I didn’t mean to yell at you. I just want
you to know I would never hurt her! You must believe that Kasseri.”

“But She Who Must Not Be Named saw it when she gripped the Krill hard and accidentally touched the chain Auntie. She was on a floor with skeletons around her. Some had small flames but one had a big flaming skull. She was chained up with the chain you had put on her. She saw you above her plunging the Krill down to kill her. Her shock was so large at the vision Auntie that I could see what she saw. The Krill is so powerful it allowed me to see what She Who Must Not Be Named saw.”

Dany took Kiserri deftly from a suddenly weak Missandei. Arya leaned into the scribe to support her as Missandei processed what she had just heard. Missandei felt ill and was near throwing up. No no no no she repeated in her mind.

Missandei felt tears running down her cheeks. Her world was crumbling down. She would kill herself. She had no recourse. She would never harm her love.

“Auntie auntie!” She heard Kiserri cry out in a high pitched voice.

She turned to look at the child as sobs started to rattle her chest. Her world was crumbling down around Missandei.

“Those visions are not the truth Auntie. It is the future but not the future. You will forge the future you wish for. Your heart is true. Believe in yourself Auntie Sandi and your love will conquer hate. You will save the day!”

All the women stared at Kiserri. Had she become an oracle?

Missandei saw her Queen and Arya exchange looks. They were obviously conferring with each other through their eyes.

“I think we need to show her” Arya spoke to Dany.

“I agree” was her simple reply.

“Show me what?” Missandei could not help but be curious. She had just been shaken to her core and yet her native curiosity was winning out. Missandei was coming back to herself after her great shock. She wanted to see what Dany and Arya had to say. Kiserri’s pronouncement had calmed her heart. Kiserri was right. She would never harm her love. Never!

“Come with us to Arya’s bedchamber Missandei. We have something to show you.”

Kiserri held out her arms to Missandei asking to be held again by the small black teenager. Missandei smiled gladly accepting the offer. The little precious girl hugged Missandei with one arm the other gesticulating as the little dark hued girl pointed at this and that. Holding Kiserri further calmed the teenager.

They walked down the halls to Arya’s bedchamber. Kasseri was chipping again pointing at the massive rafters supporting the ceiling and one suite of armor that gleamed in the torch light. The Dothraki girl had the advantage of her youth. The storm had already passed for the young child.

They reached and went into Arya’s bed chamber. She sat Kiserri down on the floor and looked around. She did not see anything untoward. She looked at Dany and Arya. They smiled and pointed to the wall near the back of the room. It was then she saw it. It was so unremarkable she had totally overlooked it.

A large dagger with long crossguards that had been somehow stabbed into the wall. She was not
impressed. The dagger had a large gem in it but it was dull and lifeless. She thought that gems in weapons of war were supposed to enhance the beauty of the weapon. She saw manacles over the dagger. The shackles hanging down with the cuffs resting against each other.

They both looked unspectacular. That dagger in the wall could not hurt her love. Her love was a goddess or as near to one as one could possibly get and not be one. She could see the blade was dull. It looked grey and for some reason she had the impression of being inert. This dagger was of no import. The manacles were only that. Manacles. How could these two items put fear in her love?

She looked at her Queen for an explanation. She was told the story how Linden Avery had slammed the dagger into the wall. Missandei was told of the brilliance of the gem and how the blade of the Krill was so sharp that you could see it which seemed impossible when Missandei heard it. One could not see the edge cutting the air. The Manacles were still just manacles.

She asked them how come they had not shared this story to her. It rankled her to be excluded. Arya and Dany looked at each other. They told her that they had not thought it important to share with others. It had seemed personal and not important to the current war effort. They had not made any connection to Missandei or anyone else in the Queen’s entourage as to being able to wield the weapon they had seen. They both had discounted for now this Krill and Manacles as something to deal with after the war.

The Queen and Arya supposed that some great warrior would wield the Krill and had, thus, not thought to tell Missandei of it and of Linden Avery and Infelice and their words of the two items.

Missandei thought she could understand their thinking. She stepped up to the blade. It was dull. She started to wonder if her Queen had talked Kiserri into playing a prank on her. This was not a weapon that could kill her love. The name of the weapon did seem to fit her love though. It must of have come from the Land of her love’s birth.

“How did you know about this Kiserri?” Missandei asked the little child. “How did you know my love’s name and about this ‘Krill? How do you know of my love’s fear of the weapon?”

Kiserri looked up at her with her big eyes. “The Elohim fear this blade Auntie. It is the only weapon created that can kill them. It took Loric Vilesilencer over four hundred years to create this blade.” Kiserri spoke as if reciting a lesson. “With this weapon Caer-Caveral broke the Law of Life. Linden Avery pealed Thomas Covenant away from the arch of time with it. It is truly a weapon with no limits.”

“Auntie Infinnie told me all this. They had watched Loric Vilesilencer slowly making the Krill. They had snickered at what he was attempting to do Auntie. When he first lite the Krill they were shocked and dismayed. Auntie Infinnie told me it is the perfect weapon. Nothing can stand against the Krill Auntie Sandi if you have the strength of will to light it up with wild magic.”

Missandei looked at the “weapon” again. She turned to look at Dany and Arya. “It won’t come back out?”

Dany laughed and went over to the Krill and gripped it. She pulled and pulled hard her hair jerking. She turned around and looked at Missandei with a look of ‘well I tried’.

Arya walked over and gripped the blade with both hands and pulled hard with loud grunts. She was really jerking hard. Missandei saw yet again that Arya simply hated losing. Even to a blade jammed into a wall. Where Daenerys had pulled hard on the embedded blade, Arya jerked so hard her body lurched forward with her failed efforts to dislodge the Krill from the wall.
Missandei while in Astrophor had seen some of the powerful with monkeys as pets. She now saw Arya mimicking their actions. Arya had jumped up on the wall planting her feet against the vertical surface and had her hands wrapped around the hilt of the Krill. She was perpendicular to the floor as she jerked wildly on the blade. Her body strained her legs quivering with her efforts. Her hair hanging down below and jerking wildly with her efforts.

“Damnit! … Come out of the wall damnit!” Arya adjusted her hunched stance on the wall almost upside down. Arya constantly adjusting her grip and stance in her quest to dislodge the Krill from the wall. Her brown hair hung down in a flag that jerked and waved with her wild efforts to remove the weapon from the wall.

She finally gave up with a harrumph. She jumped back from the wall and landed adroitly on her feet. She glared at the blade and made deprecating remarks towards it.

Missandei walked over to look at the blade. Slowly she walked around the inert weapon examining it closely bending in to look at it with an intense gaze. She used her intellect to analyze this supposed weapon. She looked around the blade from all angles.

From the descriptions of the bright glow she thought maybe the blade had melted its way into the granite stone. Her close examination showed that was not how his blade had been put in this position in the wall. No, the stone showed no evidence of having extreme heat applied to melt the stone. She pondered what she was seeing.

Even Valyrian steel could not bury itself inside granite like this. A Valyrian blade would not break and the tip might get a bite and sink the tip in but not bury itself over eighteen inches like this. Plus, a woman had done this. Most women were not Dany or Arya or the Haruchai. They were not blessed with great physical strength. She saw just how dull the blade was. There was no way this blade did this.

“This is impossible. There is no way this blade did this. No one has this strength. No woman especially.” Arya glared at her. “No offense meant. Why would the blade go dull after hitting this wall?”

Arya snorted and stormed back over to the wall and gripped the blade. Missandei could tell Arya felt like she had been challenged. She jumped back up. Her hands gripped the hilt of the Krill and she put her feet up on the wall on either side of the blade and started to pull furiously. Her hair hanging behind her head was jerking wildly. She gritted her teeth and growled loudly and then started to curse underneath her breath heaving on the blade. She got wilder with her efforts.

“I don’t believe this. No way is this Linden Avery stronger than me! I am a mighty warrior damnit!”

Arya really did hate to lose.

Missandei knew Arya was controlling her cursing because of the presence of Kiserri.

Finally after a minute Dany barked at her lover “Godsdamnit Arya! If you throw out your back and we can’t make love for a week I will be really pissed off. I will cut you off for another month! I have my fingers.”

Kiserri looked at her mother’s fingers curiously.

Arya stopped instantly and looked over at Dany. Missandei smirked. Arya had been acting like the monkeys she had seen. Now she looked again like some of the monkeys she had seen in the courts.
of Qarth. Missandei saw the alarm flash in Arya’s eyes. She relaxed and lowered her feet to the floor. She sheepishly walked over to Dany and tilted her head down her lips puckered.

Dany glowered at her but quickly relented and puckered her lips rising up on her toes to give her lover a wet kiss on the lips.

Missandei snorted and looked at the blade again. She gripped the blade. It felt dead to her. How could such a construct radiate so much power that Dany and Arya spoke of? It made no sense. She pulled on it but it did not budge.

Kiserri spoke up again. “You are not the only one who can remove the Krill Auntie. Others can and they will kill She Who Must Not Be Named with the Krill. He who masters the Krill will control the manacles.”

Rage flared inside Missandei.

“Why is she called She Who Must Not Be Named?” asked Arya.

Missandei heard Arya but her focus was on the blade “she once killed all men who came upon her and consumed all women and drove them insane inside her. She hated all life and herself more than anything else.”

Arya’s mouth fell open. “You love that?!” she asked in a loud shocked voice.

“You love me Arya” Dany spoke in a soft voice.

“Yes. So?”

“I was once like her. I shattered whole cities and killed all their rulers and supporters. Whole families I butchered without regard to guilt or innocence. I butchered whole armies on the field of battle without offering a truce even though I knew I had won the day. I gave no quarter.”

“But you are changed!” Arya hotly countered.

“So is Missandei’s love. Give her the chance to show us her redemption. She has already shown us the treachery of the Houses Frey and Bolton. She had no reason to. Yet she did. I choose to trust in love and redemption. Let this She Who Must Not Be Named work towards her own reclamation.”

Missandei heard them but she did not fully follow their words. It enraged her that any would dare hurt her love. She reached up and gripped the Krill again. Her anger at these persons who would threaten her love filled her mind. White light exploded into the room making the world like the heart of the sun for five seconds. When the light began to fade all stared at Missandei.

In her left hand was the Krill of Loric Vilesilencer. The gem was a brilliant white that flared like the burning sun. Its light was blinding yet it could be looked into. The blade was impossibly sharp and the very air was charged to overflowing with echoes of wild magic. The Krill was once more a weapon that could achieve any goal. Its blade was sizzling it was so white hot with magic and power. The air crackled with that power.

Missandei whipped the blade around. It felt as light as feather in her hand. She slashed and jabbed. She was clumsy and awkward but she did not care. Her steps not adroit. She could feel the power radiating out of the blade. This blade could sheer Valyrian steel in two with ease. It could slay any opponent. She slashed and she noticed white arcs were left in the air like Dany and Arya’s rune swords but white instead of blue. The streaks lasting for a minute before they started to dissipate.
The room was filled with the patterns she made with the Krill. Kiserri was laughing enjoying the light show. It was exhilarating the feel of having such power in her hand and being able to control it. She knew she was clumsy by the warrior standards of her warrior Queen and Arya but she did not care.

She laughed. She didn’t know how to use it but at least it was in her possession and not in the hands of someone who could hurt her love now. She swirled the Krill around making pretty patterns in the air. She laughed making a smiley face in the air. She felt it looked like her face must look right now.

She knew her emotions would continue to rise and fall with thoughts of her love not coming to her fast enough. But, for the moment she was happy. She had a weapon that could kill her love. She would kill to keep it away from others.

She frowned. She was not a warrior. She would have rely on Arya and Dany to keep her and the Krill safe. She wondered where she would hide the Krill away.

She looked at Dany and Arya. “Where will I keep it?” Her two friends were watching her with glittering eyes watching the small scribe use the weapon with ease that had totally confounded their efforts.

Arya came over to her. “We can keep it with our other swords when we are at rest. Maybe when we are traveling Dany and I can carry it to keep it safe. Let me see the Krill.”

Missandei was not happy not being strong enough to protect the Krill but she was not a warrior and she knew it. She started to hand it to Arya.

The haft of the Krill approached Arya’s hand. Arya yelped and pulled her hand back.

“Gods! That blade is scalding hot! How is your hand not burned to a crisp Missandei?!”

Missandei looked at Arya confused. The Krill was quite cool in her hand. What was Arya speaking of?

Dany came over and slowly extended her hand. She too suddenly snatched it back. “Arya is right. The Krill is white hot. It is beyond even my Dragon blood to touch that weapon.” The Queen looked at Missandei quizzically. “You don’t feel any heat Missandei?”

“No. What are going to do? I need to hide it so no one can use it against my love.”

All three women gasped and Kiserri giggled. Before their eyes the Krill shimmered and began to waver. Then the blade seemed to melt and flow into Missandei’s hand. The melting blade looked like mercury flowing up Missandei’s hand and sinking into the pours of her hand. In five seconds the blade had disappeared along with its white hot glow.

Missandei looked at her hand shocked. She brought it up and rotated it around in front of her eyes.

“Is your hand alright? Do you feel any pain? Is your hand burning?” Dany asked in rapid fire.

“No! I feel totally normal. What happened? Where did the Krill go?”

“The answer is obvious Missandei. We must trust our senses. The Krill is now within you.”

Missandei turned her hand over.
Dany had a calculating look on her face.

“What do I do now?” Missandei asked. A thoughtful look came on her face. “I guess my love is protected with the Krill gone. I don’t know. I thought the Krill would be more—I don’t know—active I thought …”

“Missandei concentrate and let’s see if the Krill will come back into your hand” Dany told her interpreter.

Missandei looked at Dany. It couldn’t be that simple. She looked at her hand. “Appear!” she commanded.

Nothing happened.

“What were you thinking when you took the Krill from the wall? Think that thought again” Dany suggested to Missandei.

Missandei thought of protecting her love. She thought of her need to protect her love and the burning love she felt for She Who Must Not Be Named. Pure white light exploded into the room whiting everything out and then slowly faded away again. The Krill was again in Missandei’s hand the blade gleaming with impossible sharpness and seemed to hum with limitless power. The gem was glowing white hot with tendrils of eldritch power wafting up into the air in streamers two or three feet before dissipating. Wild Magic almost socking the air with white might.

“Wow” Arya spoke softly.

“I think the Krill is binding with you Missandei. See if you can will it back into yourself.”

Missandei took her hand and went to press the Krill into her stomach. She saw Dany and Arya’s eyes bulge. The blade flared when it touched her body and melted away into her stomach and was gone.

“Wow!” Arya whispered.

“Wow indeed” Dany answered Arya.

Missandei was shocked. Why would this talisman of almost infinite power bind with her? She decided she did not care. She would protect her love.

Missandei wondered. She walked to the wall where the manicals had fallen unseen when the Krill flared to life. These manacles were also a danger to her love. She again concentrated on protecting her love when she touched the manacles. Missandei bent down to grip the manacles.

When her fingers touched the cool metal they immediately shimmered and then like the Krill seemed to melt and flow into her hand to disappear into the body of the interpreter. She straightened up. It seemed the Ur-vile in their Weird had foreseen this moment. They had designed their manacles to meet Missandei’s need. The manacles and Krill both impossibly answering Missandei’s desires.

The three adult women stared at each other. They had seen a great wonder.

“I’m hungry!” Kiserri announced.

The serious spell was broken. The three women looked at each other and smiled. They knew some great portent had occurred.
They left Arya’ room and walked down the corridor heading to the kitchen for some lunch. Kiserri put her arms up for Missandei to hold her. Laughing the scribe bent down and picked up the sweet child. Kiserri kissed Missandei on the cheek and snuggled in with her head on Missandei’s shoulder.

Arya and Dany led the way. Dany asking Missandei a question about the logistics of the moving supplies along to the Wall.

They did not see Kiserri waving up at the ceiling.

She Who Must Not Be Named gasped. The child had seen her even transmuted deep in the stone. That was impossible. The child had definitely picked up some of the abilities of the Elohim in her time in Elemesnedene. Abilities that outstripped that arrogant fey faery race. She would have to think on this. Her love had the Krill in her. That was unexpected. Maybe that meant she would not kill her after all. The vision had been so clear. But she all of beings knew the fickleness of fates and what they let you know.

She longed to take her sweet Missandei in her arms and make sweet love to her. She would not betray her like Lord Foul had. Would she? He had seemed so perfect. He had totally fooled her. True. She had been young and innocent then. Power hungry and obsessed with the desire to control. She had grown up. Still she feared to be hurt again. She longed to give Missandei her virginity and to take hers.

She had heard all the words that her sweet love had spoken. The beauteous black teenager only thoughts were to protect She Who Must Not Be Named. Missandei spoke only of love for her green eyed lover. There could be no duplicity in Missandei. She was pure the Quaylar thought to herself. She could not be fooling her could she? Missandei was sweetness and purity.

A hard clench went through her incorporeal body. The little human was most assuredly not innocent and pure when it came to carnal desires and pursuits. The small black woman was all sex. Passions she had not felt in so many millennium coursed hot in She Who Must Not Be Named body. Her core was moist and her little nipples rock hard and throbbed with hot pulses of pleasure.

She would have to find the strength to trust and love fully. She could defeat the combined forces of Westeros and Essos in a day. The Ice King would fall before her. Despite her great might this small woman made her feel weak and afraid. Her Missandei was such an innocent she would never hurt her. She just had to learn to believe it.

The three women and Kiserri were rounding the corner. She Who Must Not Be Named had moved her location and set up a subspace distortion by bending the graviton waves around her being. She would invisible to the child now. The little girl laughed. She had adjusted her line of sight and stuck her tongue out at her and shook her head “yes”. The child had still seen her and was most pleased with herself. The three women rounded the corner and were gone. She Who Must Not Be Named was perplexed. Yes indeed. This child was very special. She phased out of this reality.

She Who Must Not Be Named had much to think on.
Oberyn

Oberyn sat on his butt at the foot of the bed. He looked back up the oversized king sized bed. He had to chuckle. Eddard knew his needs. A true cocksman like himself needed room to maneuver he snarked to himself. The bed was the proverbial “wreck”. The top sheet all twisted and half on the floor. Fohn was zonked out on her back snoring. Her limbs akimbo her right arm over Char. He had exhausted himself last night too. Trami was cuddle into his side with a smile on his face. He too had tried to keep up with Fohn and himself.

Oberyn looked over the three sleeping Cords of the Manethrall. He liked the Ramen a lot. They were a passionate people that lived life to its fullest. They gave their all to the Ranyhyn they served and then enjoyed life when not in service to the mighty horses of the Plains of Ra below Andelain.

The master spearman had learned that history well. The Ramen took all history of the Ranyhyn very seriously so Oberyn had too. He was enamored himself with these horses that made the Sandsteeds of his homeland look like farm animals. So it was easy for him to show passion for this mystical horses. It made their Ramen tenders putty in his hands as he fucked them.

He smiled remembering some the past evening’s festivities.

Fohn had first gotten on her knees and sucked off her three lovers. She had gone down on Char first. Oberyn loved watching a woman or man skilled at fellatio suck off a cock. Fohn sucked hungrily her head bobbing hard up and down and then would slow to twist her head on just Char’s cockhead sucking with cheek hollowing deep throat love sucks. She would alter her technique to keep it going working the shaft or his dickhead.

Fohn loved giving head. She would lift her head off a cockhead and flutter her tongue all over the bulbous dickhead. Then she might giving it sucking head again or lick down the towering shaft she was currently sucking on. Licking down the shaft and tonguing her current man’s scrotum sack. Sucking in one heavy testicle and swishing it around in her mouth with her tongue caressing and rolling the nut in her spit filled mouth. Her head rolling as she sucked and rolled the testicle in her mouth.

She would work both nuts in her mouth pulling them out her mouth and then swallowing the other heavy ball into her mouth and working it with wet sucks and lathing tongue. Then she would lick slowly back up the shaft she was loving looking up at her man with doe eyes. Her head slowly turning down with her eyes canted up as she tilted her head down and sucked in the mushroom cockhead again and started giving hot loving sucking head.

Fohn loved deep throat. She took Char’s dick down her gullet with hot avid skills. Oberyn never tired of seeing a woman’s neck first bulge out beneath her ears as a man’s dick or strap-on cock slide into her throat. Then watching her throat bulge out as a large cock slide down her gullet. The ramen male youths were very well endowed indeed. Their dicks filling Fohn’s hungry throat.
Night after night Fohn had sucked off any males in the room. She loved to be penetrated but she had proven she loved the taste of semen and loved swallowing huge loads down her throat down to her happy belly.

Char had cum screaming as Fohn bobbed fiercely on his upper shaft. His hot spurts of semen choking the female Ramen. She had choked with his hard bolts spurting into the back of her throat. Semen sprayed out her nostrils as she choked on the semen splashing her throat triggering her gag reflex. Semen poured out her choking mouth spewing out in splatters as Char still jerked his hips still pumping spunk into Fohn’s loosely sucking mouth.

The slut never stopped bobbing and trying to suck even as she choked. She was Oberyn’s kind of slut.

Then she first kissed her fellow Ramen Trami. The two males totally bisexual happily sucked semen out of her mouth she made sure to have in it when she locked lips with Trami. She gave him excellent fellatio next. He gripped her head and ‘forced’ her head down his towering prick driving her head down till her nose was in his belly. She loved it and stayed down till she was gasping. She sucked him hard and fast as he moaned and groaned.

He had fisted her hair and rode his dick down her throat and cummed with his dick spurting deep in her throat choking the willing slut as his cock fired off hot ribbons of spunk to Fohn’s belly.

Then Fohn was with Oberyn kissing him deeply as he tasted Trami’s hot cum in her mouth. The cord slowly knelt to her knees before Oberyn as he sat back in a plush upholstered chair. She gripped his towering prick and pumped it hard while she made smoky eye contact with the Red Viper.

She slowly bent her head down her head angled to let her keep eye contact with Oberyn. Her mouth opened and she swallowed Oberyn’s bulbous dickhead. His foreskin up on his cockhead. Fohn sucked up and down riding his foreskin along his upper shaft. She then pulled his foreskin down and sucked fiercely on Oberyn’s dickhead and upper shaft. Her head stilling and rotating in tight swirls on his dickhead her cheeks hollowing with her hungry sucks.

Oberyn threw his head back and groaned deep in his chest feeling Fohn clamp her lips tight to his veined shaft and started to suck voraciously up and down his thick prick. Her lips glued to his shaft. She sucked with cheek dimpling sucks as she took Oberyn hard into the back of her throat.

She sucked him avidly looking up at Oberyn as he sat back in chair. She would suck with hard bobs and then move to slow and sensual bobbing as her throat sucked with vacuum sucks. She would still her head on Oberyn’s mushroom dickhead and swirl her head sucking with voracious sucks her head lifting with the force of her love sucks.

Then she was back to bobbing again before she again would slow to rotate her head on his dickhead and glans. Oberyn had groaned so hard feeling his long thick cock sliding down Fohn’s skilled throat when she did deep throat on Oberyn. Gods Oberyn loved feeling her throat constrict his thick prick. Up and down she rode his dick in her throat bulging it out. Her head finally lifting off his dick while Fohn gasped for breath and drooled out floods of spit all over Oberyn’s dick which she used to fist his dick while she got her breath back.

Fohn after a few minutes of deep throat went back to hard bobbing. Her lips sucked tight to Oberyn’s cock. She sensed Oberyn weakening and still her head on his dickhead and glans and short bobbed on those her hands gripping Oberyn’s hips to anchor her body down to keep her in place her mouth sucking voraciously.
Oberyn pulled his dick out of Fohn’s hungry mouth and with his left hand gripped the Cord’s head with his spread out fingers and held it hard. Oberyn screamed in almost agonizing pleasure feeling hot semen jet up his shaft and spurt out his piss hole. Long hot ribbons of pearly semen blasted out his dick and splashed hard into Fohn’s face that Oberyn held in place to take each spur of his semen into her face with his dick only six inches in front of her face.

Oberyn made sure to blast his spunk into the cord’s nose, cheeks and into her eyes. His body convulsing as hard bolts of jetting semen splattered onto Fohn’s slutty face. The slut moaning and shaking taking all of Oberyn’s semen onto her face with a soft slutty smile on her features. He had not needed to hold Fohn in place. The slut loved men cumming all over her face. The show of control turning both on immensely. Oberyn had jerked his hips after the first hard spurts and soaked the cords face and hair with his spunk.

He had then licked her face clean along with Char and Trami. That had been hot with the three of them running their long tongues up and down Fohn’s purring face cleaning his spunk off her face.

Oberyn was so proud that despite being twice the age of his male companions he had recovered first and been ready to give Fohn the hard cock she needed. She had helped them all along in getting hard again by masturbating hotly for them. She had first worked her small breast with one hand the other hand working her slit and pumping her fuck hole before bringing out her lubricated fingers to work her rigid shiny clit jutting out its sheath with quick hard rubs and stabbing fingertip gigs of her fingers. She had nearly pulped her right tit as her right hand rubbed furiously up and down her shaved muff. Her screams of orgasms and convulsing body had him hard again fast!

Oberyn was happy that the people of the Land had no compunction against fucking and masturbating like the prudes of Westeros above Dorne.

*Everyone masturbated! Why act like you didn’t* Oberyn always wondered to himself. Well, maybe Stannis and Eddard hadn’t. Never knew with those two. Stannis had shed his old self like a snake molting its skin.

Since he was the old bull ready to fuck he took Fohn again. But first he had thrown Fohn down on the bed and sucked her off twice to screaming flipping orgasms. He was a man who absolutely loved dining on sloppy wet succulent pussy meat. He sucked on Fohn’s clit like he was starving while his strong tongue flailed the sweet shiny nubbin. He would lift his head and flat tongue lick the shiny nubbin hard and fast before siphoning deep back into his mouth to munch on happily rolling the slimy cunt meat around in his hard sucking mouth.

He sucked on her slit and labia lips and tongue fucked her fuck hole hard and fast. Oberyn’s head jacked back and forward to drive his tongue deep into the burbling fuck hole of his sweet female Ramen lover. Her sweet pussy intoxicating him with its hot musk. Fohn humped her muffin up into Oberyn’s mouth in a tight swirl her fingers clawing his scalp.

Oberyn loved seeing how her small titties rolled and shook on her chest as her body gyrated and humped up into his devouring mouth. The different angles of her wallowing body making her tits first whiplash forward and back and then swirl before again jacking forward and back with cute snaps of her breasts showing the force of gravity working her small but pronounced firm tits.

Her two hard cums filling his mouth with sweet hot slimy snail snot that tasted like ambrosia from the gods in his mouth before he happily swallowed the female spunk again and again. Fohn shrieked her ecstasy loudly in the room her hips convulsed driving her pussy hard up into the mouth devouring it. Her face slashed and contorted like she was being garroted with the ecstasy pummeling her young nubile body.
Fohn was a sweaty boneless mess after his second suck off of her temporarily satiated twat.

Then the Manethrall, Shapa had come into the room. She looked around the room with a critical eye. It was clear to Oberyn that Manethralls in Ramen culture were like supreme revered Field Marshalls to their cords. The two male ramen bowed to her deeply. She smiled and lifted her arms. They untied the belt around her waist letting it drop to the floor. They then took her shift off over her outstretched arms.

Shapa slowly removed her cord from her hair. She took the Amanibhavam out of her hair and handed them to her two male cords who reverently put them on the top of the dresser. As that was being done the Manethrall shook out her long curly tresses. The rich luxuriant brunette hair coming down to her lower shoulder blades.

The two male cords took her to the large long sofa on the side wall near the raging fireplace. There she was laid out on the sofa with one leg outstretched on the cushions on the other leg cantered out with her foot of the floor. Her shaved bald pussy on the edge of the sofa all wet and swollen. Her distended labia lips light brown and glistening with sweet fuck juice. Her clitoral hood all knotted up and wet.

The room warm with the fire and hot water rushing throw the walls, plus, three braziers filled with coke that glowed red radiating out heat. The room felt like Dorne in the summer. The heated room had their bodies quickly soaked in passion sweat. Oberyn watched as the two male Cords got on their knees between the Manethrall’s wide spread legs. Shapa reached down and hooked her seam opening open up wet slit to her cords. Her inner core clenching showing her inner folds all soaked in creamy love juice.

Trami went first. He was on all fours and bent his head down like a supplicant his face buried in his Manethrall’s cunt. His head would rotate in a tight circle his mouth making obscene suck noises. Wet obscene sucks filled the room as his mouth filled with Shapa’s cunt meat sucked deep into his sucking mouth. Then he would wiggle his head hard right and left sucking hard and tongue lashing his slut’s rigid pea sized clit.

Trami sucked his Manethrall off with vigor and skill. His head lifting from time to time tenting out his slut’s trim and growling as he then shook his head like a dog with a bone. He simply devoured hot gash. Soon Shapa had her left hand fingers threaded in Trami’s hair jerking his face deeper into her sloppy trim as he sucked and slurped on sweet slimy cunt meat.

Shapa’s other hand came down to grip the sofa with clawed fingers. Her back arched deep and her face looked like she was being tortured. Trami sensed his mentor’s body tensing as she rose to orgasm. He sucked with even more fierce sucks his tongue batting and writhing all over the clit sucked deep in his mouth. Her mouth screamed wild shrieks of hard cumming her body convulsing and flipping hard grinding her cunt up into her cord’s hot sucking mouth. Trami moaned drinking down hot cum that gushed out his Manethrall’s rupturing cunt.

Shapa collapsed back down to the sofa. Trami and Char kissed sharing their Manethrall’s cum in their heated lip lock. Their arms around each other pulling their bodies tight as they snogged deeply.

Now Trami moved to the side and Char moved in to get sloppy seconds. He gripped Shapa’s legs behind the knees and pushed the Manethrall’s leg up and back. Now the Manethrall had her knees beside her body her pussy uplifted to her cord. Char gripped the outside of her legs while Shapa gripped the back of her legs by her heels. She was folded partially her head jammed into the back of the sofa back. The wide cushion keeping her comfortable.

She looked down at Char who rose up more. He bent his head down like a supplicant before an alter
and mashed his face down to get sloppy seconds. He moaned loudly as he buried his face deep into Shapa’s wet open seam. He first circled his head snuffling devouring Shapa’s cunt with long ragged sucks and long licks of his tongue working her sodden slit and clit meat. Char would lift his head to strong tongue lick up the drooling groove and over Shapa’s rigid clit all shiny and wet. Then he would mash his head down to suck feverishly on his Manethrall’s clit with quick sharp sucks.

Soon, Shapa was using her grip on her heels to rock her body to work her groin up and down to help Char plow his tongue in her groove and lash her clit when he sucked it into his mouth even deeper. Shapa moaned gutturally while Char snuffled eating out paradise.

Shapa’s right hand came down on top of Char’s head and ground his mouth down harder onto her sloshing couchie. Char sucked with all his pure love for his Manethrall his cheeks hollowing out showing his tongue plowing over his slut’s clit relentlessly.

Shapa’s head came up off the sofa back straining forward her eyes half rolled back her throat warbling and begging Char to suck harder. He did. His head lifted with a mouthful of slimy cunt meat in his mouth. Her trim stretched up into a wet tent of cunt meat. Char pumped his head up stretching out the trim in his mouth his cheeks dimpled with his vicious love sucks. His dimpled cheeks showed his tongue gigging the hard nubbin sucked deep in his mouth. The effect was almost immediate.

Shapa’s hand not grinding Char’s face into her cunt gripped the sofa cushion and she exploded in almost agonizing full body spasms of fucking bliss. With her grip on the sofa and her head slamming back into the sofa she surged her body violently into Char’s mouth. She screamed and violently flipped wailing. Her legs kicked like a stallion. Char lost his love suck but immediately gripped his Manethrall hard behind her knees and jammed her legs back pinning her knees to the sofa cushion. Both of the Manethrall’s hands gripped Char behind his head and rammed his face back down into Shapa’s exploding cunt. Her body jolted and flexed hard as Char worked to draw out the Manethrall’s stunning orgasm.

Fohn had recovered by now and had watched her Manethrall be pleasured by her fellow Cords. She had a big smile on her face. She husked to Oberyn to fuck her hard. She called him her Sand Steed. That made Oberyn smile great big.

Oberyn took Fohn to the bed and mounted her Septa. He rammed his cock deep into her greasy fuck hole his balls slapping hard into the Cord’s ass with wet slaps of sweaty flesh. He was down on the slut pressing her down with his body into the bed. His hips rotating to impale her trim with his long thick cock. Her small tits ground into his chest. He kissed her deeply and gnawed on her throat making Fohn whiny.

He had positioned himself to watch the Manethrall be fucked by her two male Cords. They gotten up and pulled a still groggy Shapa up off the sofa and pushed the complaint woman down to her knees between them. Their towering shafts in front of her face. The Manethrall wasted now times diving on Trami’s cock. She sucked and twisted her head giving hot sucking head. Her lips tight to his thick veined shaft. Her mouth making wet obscene suck noises with her cheek hollowing inhalation of hard dick.

Oberyn had risen up to his hands. With one hand he had gripped Fohn’s left leg and folded it back. His own legs splayed out slightly. Oberyn used this position to pound Fohn’s wet slurping cunny with pounding strokes. Her hands were gripping his forearms her face twisted with raw shocking pleasure. Then her body went wild flipping and jackknifing in a gut wrenching orgasm that hammered Fohn with shattering pleasure. Her throat corded up with the screams of ecstasy now flooding the room her face slashed and grimaced with shockwaves of pummeling pleasure.
Oberyn moaned feeling the teenager’s tight cunt milk and spasm up and down his hammering shaft splitting her trim in two. He looked back underneath himself and saw his dick was soaked in her creamy slimy cum. As Fohn slowly came down from her cum he pulled out her drooling fuck hole. He moved up on his palms and bent feet. Oberyn reached down with his right and fist Fohn’s head by her hair and lifted it to his jerking cock.

The slut hungrily sucked his dick into her mouth and bobbed on his long thick shaft savoring her pussy slavered all over Oberyn’s dick.

Shapa now was twisting her body right and left sucking on her male cords towering pricks. Her fists pumped both shafts with hard jerks on the spit soaked poles. Her long sweaty hair lank with sweat jerked around her shoulders with strands glued to her sweat dripping body. She was pulled right and left being manhandled. The powerful Manethrall relished being controlled in the sack Oberyn had seen.

He mused that so many powerful women loved to be dominated and abused by partners they trusted and loved. Like now. Trami and Char gripped the base of their towering shafts. With their grip they now dick whipped Shapa’s face all over with their thick heavy dicks. The cords jerking their cocks back to whip down hard to slash over their Manetrall’s face savagely. The impacts shocking loud in the room. Shapa grimaced hard and moaned loudly loving the pain and humiliation of heavy dicks whipping over her nose, mouth, cheeks and forehead. Her dark skin now had darker streaks on it from the loving abuse.

Oberyn had laid out Fohn again and mounted her like the sweet slut she was. He was now pounding Fohn hard. He had folded her body back with his arms hooking her legs and putting her ankles on his shoulders as fucked her pounding his dick straight down into her burbling muffin. Their bodies slapping hard as he impaled her womb on his dickhead. Fohn moaned feeling her cunt stretched out on Oberyn’s thick massive shaft. Her inner lips sucked tight to his shaft. The wet lips of her cunny pulled out on the out stroke to be shoved back into her cunt on the down stroke.

While he had fucked his sweet filly, Oberyn watched Char and Trami fuck Shapa hard like she liked it. They had taken her to the sofa again. They had her doggy on the sofa. They were handing Shapa back and forth between them on the sofa. They plowed her pussy with hard punishing strokes that lurched her body forward.

She was fucked hard in her pussy by one cord while she sucked a cock that was soaked in her creamy cum. The other Cord fucked her pussy hard making her head lurch on the shaft she was currently sucking hard on. Char or Trami would pull out her pussy and they would manhandle Shapa to turn her around to suck the cock fresh from her hot tight box. Her sweaty lank hair jerked with her hard head bobs sucking on thick veined cock.

Her other Cord fucked her quim hard and deep with long hard dick. The cords took turns taking Shapa’s pussy hard. Their thick cocks guided to burbling clamshell and then slide in balls deep stretching out the Manethrall’s pussy on their massive pricks. Her pussy split in two stretched into an O ring around the massive shaft fucking her hungry cunt balls deep.

Shapa’s body lurched and shook as she was pounded hard by her two male cords doggy. She soon cummed hard sucking Trami’s cock as Char slam fucked her flooding pussy. They continued to hand her back and forth as they fucked her to two more orgasms. Shapa’s slicked vulva drooled out cum with her inner thighs and stomach soaked in cum and sweat.

Then Trami first lost control screaming as he gripped Shapa’s hips hard pile driving his teenage cock into his Manethrall’s belly emptying his nutsack in her tight cunt. Char spun the tired Manethall around and mounted her from behind and fucked her savagely. Then he screamed his dick spurting
hard as his dickhead spurted hard flooding Shapa’s womb with his hot semen. This pushed Shapa over the edge again her body convulsing in hard orgasm yet again.

Fohn cummed screaming again on his down plunging cockhead pummeling her cervix and slamming into her womb shocking the cord on a hot roiling cloud of hot ecstasy. He then got Fohn up in doggy and plowed her sweet hot tight teenage cunt from behind. His slamming thrusts jolting her body forward with each slam fuck thrust up her spasming pussy squeezing his cock hard. Oberyn roared his cock spurting hard flooding Fohn’s quim with his sperm.

They all rested and drank fluids and ate apples and grapes to replenish lost fluids. Then Shapa took Fohn to the furs before the fireplace and the two mares fucked heatedly as the men jerked their cocks.

They sucked each other off showing why women ate pussy the best. The two women snuffled and moaned eating out sweet gash. Their mouths latched onto rigid throbbing clits. The mouths tormenting the clits with hot friction and suction. Both women cummed screaming hard. The MILF and the teenage girl had gripped their slut’s hair to grind the face into their exploding couchies. They had then rolled into a snuffling humping sixty-nine that was filled with slurping, chuffing and loud moans swallowed but wet pussies. Shapa was on the bottom gripping Fohn’s ass tight to lift her head to dine on sodden trim and drive her tongue in and out Fohn’s burbling fuck hole. Then her head worked down to latch onto her cord’s clit and attacked with licking tongue and sucking lips. Fohn had her head bent down to siphon suck on Shapa’s clit and flat tongue licking it hard and fast and then slow and sensuous with lots of circling of the shiny nubbin with her wiggling pressing tongue.

The women worked in concert to simultaneous orgasms with screams swallowed by wet muffins engulfing sucking mouths.

The Manethrall took control now. She directed the fucking while she masturbated. Her body soaked in sweat and cum now.

Shapa sat at the head of the bed. Her back against the headboard. She had her two male Cords and Oberyn relentlessly fuck Fohn with their cocks doing her in all her fuck holes at the same time. Oberyn had been so happy to discover that Fohn relished ATM and A2P. Oberyn smiled down as he straddled Fohn’s ass and pile drove his cock straight down her ass pipe his groin and nutsack slapping hard into her rippling ass cheeks.

Char was in front of Fohn as she sucked his dick hungrily. His dick soaked in her ass juice. The female cord moaning as she slurped her asshole off Char’s dick. Trami was lunging his dick up into her cunt with savage strokes into Fohn’s belly stretching her cunny out on his thick dick. Her body shuddering from the delicious DP fuck fucking her sweetly.

Oberyn loved moving around the filly as her lovers constantly switched holes and had her cleaning her pussy and ass off their cocks. They made Fohn cum twice with searing bucking orgasms. The first time Oberyn had had to grip his forehead hard as he lay on his back pounding her exploding cunt as Trami pounded her shithole. Her pussy squeezing his cock in a spasming hot clenching velvet fist. Oberyn fought off his orgasm.

Fohn was now was rising again. Oberyn was slam fucking her ass while Char on his back was pounding her pussy and she was sucking off Trami. Her sweaty hair plastered to her cheeks and neck. Her whole body soaked with sweat that ran off her body in streams that dripped off her ribs and face. Her body jolting and shaking with the hard dicks filling all her fuck holes. Her belly filled with nearly two feet of hard lunging dick that filled her belly with thick hard cock. Her mouth and
back of her throat fucked hard by Trami. Spit was drooling out her mouth. The spittle running
down her face and chin to rope off her jaw line in slimy strands.

Shapa had fucked her herself to two orgasms that had had her screaming and flipping in hedonistic
self-induced pleasure. Her body soaked in sweat and her groin slavered with milky cum all over her
belly, shaved mound and inner thighs. Her hair plastered all over her body.

Shapa barked out at the two male Cord teenagers to cum in Fohn when she orgasmed. She barked
the same command to Oberyn. All three males chuffed and cursed as they gripped the willing slut
harder with their hands controlling the moaning whore. They slam fucked their thick poles deep into
their slut’s willing hungry fuck holes. Her cunt slurping on Char’s cock and her asshole pinching
tight on Oberyn’s down plunging dick splitting her ass in two.

Fohn whinnied and started to go wild. She bobbed wildly on Trami’s cock and then glued her
mouth to his cockhead and gripped his shaft sucking furiously with a fast bobbing head. This went
on for a half a minute and she started screaming while giving wild sloppy head. Her screams
ocluded by the thick shaft filling her mouth and top of her throat.

Her body was flipping wildly. Oberyn had risen up on his feet and gripped her ribs with one hand
and her hair in his other fist while Char gripped her hips to slam her back into the cocks plunging
balls deep into her exploding fuck holes. Her body jolting forward hard by the shafts hammering
depth into her belly. The thick pricks pounding up into her exploding fuck holes. The filly’s body
jackknifing as much as it could with her body controlled by her male lovers.

Oberyn’s head ripped back and he roared slamming forward again and again emptying his nut sack
deep in the teen’s asshole. Char screamed lunging his ass off the bed spearing his cock into the
gushing pussy filling it with hot spurts of cum. Oberyn and Char were filled with hot pleasure
feeling Fohn’s pussy and asshole grip tight their shafts and milk all the sperm out of the hard lunging
shafts.

Fohn’s body convulsed hard feeling hot sperm jetting hard nearly a foot deep up into her cunt and
colon. Trami wailed his body convulsing as Fohn sucked his balls dry of sweet cum. Oberyn still
straddled Fohn’s body his hand planted on her back holding up his convulsing body. His body filled
with sweet ecstasy as his dick finished pumping semen up Fohn’s shithole.

Oberyn’s body was still convulsing with his dying orgasm filling his mind with sweet pure pleasure.
He felt the bed shift and Shapa had crawled forward. She was by his hip. She gripped his shaft and
pulled it out of Fohn’s asshole that gaped wetly her sphincter clutching hard. Her asshole showing
all its frissures. His dick soaked in whitish shit juice. Shapa dove on his still rock hard cock and
sucked Fohn’s sweet ass of his dick. Char had wormed out from underneath Fohn. He moved up
and Trami moved back so Char could flop down with his cock by Fohn’s mouth. She now sucked
her pussy off Char’s cock.

Oberyn remembered that he of course recovered first and took Shapa face to face and fucked her to
orgasm and then did Fohn doggy while the two recovered male cords now fucked Shapa DP as she
screamed and convulsed so hard and then cleaned her fuck holes off their cock.

They had fucked for another three hour intensely before they were finally fucked out. Oberyn proud
that yet again he had easily kept up with the early thirty Manethrall and her teenage Cords. He had
then had Char and Trami fuck him relentlessly making his asshole scream in sweet orgasms and
sucking his shit juice off their rock hard beautiful dicks.

When he had awoken Shapa had gone. Soon after that a light knock on the door had him getting up
to receive a scroll from Dorne. He had found space at the foot of the bed and read the scroll from his
sweet paramour Ellaria. Gods he missed his woman. He had thought of her when his cock jetted his sperm deep into Fohn and Shapa’s bellies or up Char or Trami’s tight assholes.

The man read the scroll from the woman he loved with all his heart. He was happy that his wife was not wasting time pinning for him. That was not the Dorne way. Some of the best of Dorne had had to remain back at the Battleborne Academy. The future fighters and military leaders of Dorne still had to be prepared. Many of the instructors left were in their physical and viral prime. They had to train the cadets and rising officers relentlessly throughout the long day as needed. The instructors finding time to do their own training to keep in top shape. One could not have Cadets outperforming their masters.

Oberyn had another reason for leaving a cadre of leaders behind in Dorne. It was distasteful, but, he had to plan for all contingencies.

If things went sour in this campaign there had to be someone left to organize a rear guard action as ships were launched to evacuate as much of the populace of Dorne and refugees that would be streaming south as possible. There would need to be a mass exodus to Essos. That was not the future of course. Oberyn had every intention of winning. Failure was not an option. Still, any leader had to plan for all contingencies; even the impossible. If they were defeated at the Wall then the might of Westeros had not been enough. The forces that were in Dorne and the refugees would be gathered and taken on board ships. Dany had plenty of ships. The survivors would flee to Essos to plan what to do next.

Oberyn took a deep breath and banished the negative thoughts from his mind. One of the keys to combat was going into a battle visualizing your victory. He hoped to impale the Ice King on his Valyrian spear tip. He saw his cold crystal body twitching on his spear as Valyrian steel killed him. It would be glorious. Enough of sour thoughts that would not occur. His Queen had planned to well for that to happen.

He mused on his sweet Ellaria. She was not waiting and wasting time on his return. That made him smile. She had spent nights with Jaran and Mateo as they slammed their large hard cocks into her fuck holes. She loved rough sex with multiple male partners. She wrote she would have preferred that Oberyn had by been there to make the fucks TP. She loved to be fucked airtight she loved to tell Oberyn. Ellaria loved to be overwhelmed with hot intense sensations from every hole filling her with ecstasy.

His paramour again waxed poetic on the joys of multi partner sex when they were male. She loved gangbangs. Ellaria telling Oberyn how she loved to first suck on a hard dick. Then feeling her throat purr as she sucked on the cock and taking that cock down her throat. Then having the cock working her pussy suddenly demand her focus as it slammed in balls deep. Then maybe her mouth taking her attention back or it might be her asshole being squired hard and fast with a sweet anal fuck. Ellaria loved being overwhelmed with sweet sensations from all her fuck holes. The joy of never knowing which sensation would overwhelm her and demand her mind’s attention as it throttled her with fucking bliss.

She had availed herself of Marinah and Bernyce to have seasoned bisexual women in her bed. Women who were experts in eating pussy and finger banging. They were also experts in using strap-ons and all manner of dildos to bring extreme pleasure to their bedmates. Ellaria had cum so hard.

Then Ellaria had mixed her lovers to have both sexes fucking her at the same time. To have the partner pairings constantly changing keeping the excitement at the highest levels. Ellaria loved to eat pussy while getting her pussy or asshole fucked hard. To have a man’s power mashing her face
forward into the woman’s pussy. His dick slamming into her pussy or ass jacking her face into sweet gash. She loved to have her face mashed into her slut’s vulva and feel it flare around her hot goggling mouth.

Oberyn knew Ellaria loved experienced lovers but she loved as much if not more deflowering the youth coming into the Academy. Many were quite young having been selected by retired recruits or by the traveling officers who scoured the castles, holds and Bedouin camps of Dorne looking for the next generation of warriors to keep Dorne strong and free. It had been this martial attitude that had allowed them to repel the Targaryens in their war of conquest of Westeros four hundred years ago. There martial prowess had kept them free over the millennium.

Dorne must remain strong and vigilant to keep its independence. They had chosen to join the Queen. They had not been compelled. It made all the difference in the world to Dorne and its leaders. The Queen had come to them seeking alliance and had won the allegiance of Dorne and thus securing its might to her aims.

To keep this strength, the best were brought to the military academies of Dorne in their youth when discovered to get them trained up in the basics of military life and conditioning. When their bodies matured they were already advanced in their studies and conditioning. This kept the armies of Dorne filled with the ranks of well-trained physically and mentally fit and astute officers. The regular troops trained by these officers made Dorne a mighty military force.

Many girls actively sought out the military life to escape the traditional life and traditions in the more remote castles and tribes camps deep in the deserts of Dorne. Adult women in the military from these areas were constantly cycling through their old castles, holdfasts and Bedouin camps looking for young girls with potential to become fighters in the forces of Dorne. Young girls jumped at the chance to escape the stifling life that so many had awaiting them. Women who did not seek to escape were free to stay and live the traditional life.

There had been resistance when the academies were first established after Nymeria had instituted the concept of the academies. She had made it clear it was open to both sexes. Many had tried to hide their daughters away or promise off at a very young age. The travelling emissaries of the Academies made sure the girls were still given the choice if they were deemed of having potential. If they accepted the offer to join the academy they were taken. The contracts broken forcibly if necessary.

Marriage vows and contracts were broken and Bedouin chiefs and holdfast lords were threatened to be put to the sword. These lords and sheiks knew that this was not a bluff. It was soon accepted if grudgingly that the needs of Dorne took precedence over their own selfish familial needs. Oberyn and his brother made sure this was strongly adhered too. Doran’s daughter would definitely make sure that tradition was continued. Being married to two of his daughters only further reinforced that tradition.

Many of the girls came from the hinterlands suppressed and had been made to feel cowed. Oberyn knew that many young girls waited for the days of the recruiters to show up at homesteads and castles. They would suddenly jump at the offer to leave. Parents and betrothed parties shocked at the seeming sudden defection. Oberyn loved it. What woman would not want to live free if she knew she could escape the life of boredom and servitude?

Each generation of escaped girls going back to recruit the next generation was a strong goad to further change. No one fought the tradition anymore. It was simply not worth it. Too many generations of shocked men finding their supposed cowed daughters openly defying them and going off to the academies had slowly wrought change in mores and attitudes. The girls had learned over the centuries to merely bid their time while spouting the platitudes they needed to awaiting their
freedom. The daughters usually never to return or if they did it was to seek out the next generations of recruits.

Several times, early on, tribes and houses had revolted and killed the emissaries of the Academies. The retribution had been swift and brutal. All responsible and those even probably suspected of collusion were swept up. Many persons were executed and others had their lands taken and given to Houses who accepted the new traditions. Soon the old had been swept away by a better present and hoped for continued future.

These girls came to the military academies to escape having to live the old traditions still prevalent in the hinterlands of Dorne. The Houses no longer fought the inevitable but that did not stop them trying to brainwash their daughters. Some no doubt were cowed and had their wills crushed but the tradition was too strong now. Many girls silently keeping their own faith till their turn came for the freedom of the Academies.

Oberyn had admired Ellaria. She had used her status of being born into noble class and had had options that many women did not have. She may have been a bastard but her father was a high noble and his daughter was raised as such. She therefore supported other young girls being given the option to escape the restrictive path that society often presented women.

Oberyn had a wry smile on his face. It was time for the winter crop of raw recruits to be entering the Battleborne Academy. Fresh young recruits away from home still unsure in a new environment. The teenage girls unsure of their future only knowing that the Academies were the way to achieve freedom and the ability to live a life they chose. Oberyn knew that during the two initiation times of winter and summer he would avail himself of his many lovers since Ellaria was often very busy at this time.

His paramour made herself available to the young lasses coming into the academy. Ellaria frequented the cafeteria and the common areas where the young girls congregated in their off time. She mentored them and offered her support. She helped the girls find the cliques and fraternities to join to help them fit into the Academy life and begin making the connections they would avail themselves of for the rest of their lives.

Of course the new recruits were told immediately upon arrival about Ellaria and who her paramour was. The great Oberyn Martell which always made his chest puff up in pride. The pair were known far and wide in Dorne for their sexual prowess and willingness to fuck one and all as equals. It was known the two were always quick to give support and sage advice. They fully supported all new recruits in helping them to fit in and start advancing in their new lives and careers.

Oberyn was a vain man and admitted it. He loved having his image boosted up and being made to seem grand and great.

The young girls and boys looking for groups to join and any benefactors to help them better their lot and more quickly integrate into the new environment they found themselves in. It was natural that the new recruits wanted to join a clique. The new recruits wanted to experience all that academies offered. The recruits wanted to develop their minds and bodies to become excellent officers. They also wanted to experience the wild sex that was well known that the academies offered. You worked hard at your training and craft in the day but at night you played as hard in the beds of your fellow recruits and with hoped for higher classmen, officers, instructors and benefactors.

It was in his environment that the elders worked. Ellaria gave advice and comfort to the young women coming into the academy. Most experiencing their first flush of young adulthood. Girls becoming women and with the burgeoning appetites to match. Ellaria loved cock but preferred
pussy. She loved to fuck other men but if she could find women or girls for her bed she would always choose them first.

Oberyn smirked that he had won her affections as her paramour. He had not only captured the sweet slut’s libido but also her mind and heart. She had wanted healthy strong children and had selected Oberyn as her mate. It had been his liberal attitude and quick wit that completed the deal for Ellaria. That had not been enough in her selection of Oberyn. She had been equally attracted to his keen intellect and ambition to serve Dorne and his House.

Ellaria loved deflowering the twelve, thirteen and fourteen year old girls and boys who caught her eye coming into the academy. Ellaria would be surrounded by the more aggressive young girls begging for her attentions. These she put off initially. These experienced lesbian and bisexual sluts would be there for Ellaria. The vixens quickly pairing off with their fellow sexual aggressive young teenagers. The experienced girls fucking each other aggressively having for the first time all the pussy they could devour openly and freely.

Ellaria would start bringing these new virginal recruits back to her bed at night and bust their cherries and take them to heaven the whole night long. She had to move quick since privilege had no rank in matters of the heart. The aggressive new recruits moving quick to find virgins to seduce and deflower. This was allowed since they were new recruits and needed to develop tactics and strategies in how to achieve a goal. The teachers of Dorne would not pull rank. Everyone had to earn their conquests.

Other instructors and benefactors were also on the prowl but they would let Ellaria have her first pick since she was the paramour of the Red Viper. Each class was so full of willing lasses that there was plenty to go around. Bisexuality and homosexuality freely promoted at the Academies. Many supposedly straight girls and boys discovering their latent homosexual natures in the freedom the Academies offered.

Of course fucking these adult lesbian sluts avidly helped her get first dibs on the newbies. They knew that soon Ellaria would be sharing the new sluts having already taught them awesome basic skills. The adult seducers sharing their conquests. All were happy with the arrangement of seducer and seduced.

She always brought two girls back with her to her bed to make sure they learned to love all pussy and not be hooked on hers alone. She did not want the girls all clinging to her. She wanted the girls to develop a sense of being in open relationships. Ellaria had had multiple lovers from her deflowering and loved it. She had always had lovers of both sexes but much preferred her own sex.

The teenage years were all about freedom and sampling all the pussy you could. It was time to enjoy life and develop one’s skills. Ellaria had been like a bee drunk on pollen when she was the age of the girls she was bedding in the seasons of initiation at the Academy. She had loved going from woman to woman’s bed fucking exuberantly in long fuck trysts. She would fuck men too of course and loved the orgasms she had with them but the brass came from going down on a woman, finger banging, tribbing or having them fuck her with their strap-on cock.

She brought that same philosophy now to her deflowering adventures. She taught these neophytes the love of multiple partners. Why limit oneself when you had so many willing partners. Here in the Academy and Sunspear liberal thought prevailed. Women were called sluts for fucking all they could but so were the men. The word was used with pride. It was a word that showed you were a person who loved sex and life. That you were a person who pursued pleasure. Ellaria taught this by having the girls devour each other after she had broken their cherries and satiated her need for new fresh pussy.
Ellaria loved instructing newbies in the arts of Sapphic lovemaking. The young teenage girls anxious to dine on sodden pussies and drive tongues deep up spasming assholes. The sweet sluts parting their legs wide for Ellaria’s thick long strap-on cock. Her dick ripping through hymens if she chose to not use her fingers. Oberyn loved to watch his paramour work a virgin pussy till her thick stalk was buried balls deep on each stroke as she busted in her new love sluts.

Then slowly prying open their virgin assholes with her thick cock. Ellaria taking it slow and using lots of lubrication for the first anal fucks. Slowly prying open their shitters and getting the girls used to the extreme full feeling and the initial pain. Ellaria encouraging the girls to relax and to focus on thoughts of pleasure. Getting the teenage girls to mentally turn the nerve endings in their anus from pain to pleasure.

Both of them always watched their anal virgins, both girls and boys, waiting to see the “moment” when their eyes pulsed and bodies jolted when their shitholes started to flood their bodies with those heavenly pulses of ecstasy that became stronger and stronger till your asshole exploded in shocking blinding anal shredding ecstasy.

Of course many of the girls came to the Academies already sexually active. This was Dorne after all. Oberyn had started fucking when he was just twelve and Ellaria a year earlier. Many of the new recruits were as active as Oberyn and Ellaria had been at their age. These sluts and new rising cocksmen were equally nice to bring to their bed. No instruction needed. The new sluts eager to continue refining their techniques and learn new ones.

Ellaria kept the new recruits rolling through her bed often having up to six or eight women in the height of her deflowering season as she called it. The sluts filling her bed making sure they became addicted to pussy for the rest of their lives. Many would be bisexual like herself but many would be committed homosexuals from that point on. Each night new pairings or greater numbers and new girls brought to Ellaria as the new recruits did their own seducing and brought their new conquests to first Ellaria and then Oberyn if they wished to partake of hard cock and excellent fucks from a man.

After rewarding the aggressive girls with her body upon their first visit to their home she would then help the more shy girls to come into their own by giving them extra special attention and support. She would have them eating out of the palm of her hand after a few days. Then she would bust their cherries and make them addicted to her pussy and their fellow classmates’ sweet young hot tight pussies.

Then later with the bisexual recruits she would start to rotate them into her and Oberyn’s bed and other male and female officer’s beds. Oberyn was quite happy with the system! Oberyn loved all the new pussy and asshole that Ellaria constantly brought him.

When recruits felt love for their fellow soldiers you were much more willing to fight like a wildcat to keep them safe and to fight in any situation to see them safe or to save them.

It kept both him and Ellaria feeling, looking and acting young. The human body was created to give and take sensual pleasure and to deny it that pleasure was a sin. He would never deny himself or others the pleasure that his body gave or took.

Ellaria was even more happy of late. She had been wanting to offer herself to Myrcella for some time. She was such a beautiful young woman. Now that Ellaria had fallen in love with Cersei she naturally craved to fuck her sweet beautiful daughter. They had taken one look of the young charge with Arianne when she came to Dorne and knew she was gay. They also knew that eventually she would capture Arianne’s heart. Ellaria had backed off at the time not wanting to prevent what was obviously written in the stars.
Then it had happened as Ellaria had foreseen and even more. She had not seen that her youngest daughters would also fall in love with Myrcella. Her own children had always been combative with their mother. They were all strong aggressive women and the girls had striven hard to prove their independence of her and to a large degree their father. They were proud and vain. Their parents could not complain. Were they not the same?

Ellaria had often had sex with Obara and Nymeria. She had often sought the affections of Serella the daughter of a Summer Island trader captain of a Swan ship but she had always thought of herself as straight. Oberyn loved sex with all partners but had not sought to be a Targaryen or Lannister and fuck his own daughters except for his eldest. She had come to her father and Ellaria when she was thirteen and quickly seduced them with her beautiful body. His eldest daughter had proven insatiable and a great fuck. Many nights he had fucked both of the beautiful women often as they fucked each other.

He had plenty of other conquests. He had no problem with Ellaria choosing to sleep with his daughters. She had not slept with the daughters of her own body but it was not for a lack of trying. The younger sand snakes had their own conquests to pursue. Oberyn knew Ellaria’s daughter were afraid that Ellaria would somehow use their sexual love against them.

They were wrong of course but he could not get them to realize that for some reason. They were headstrong and refused to listen to their father. Oberyn smiled. Had he not been the same with his father. One needed to pull away from one’s parents to build yourself into the person you were to become.

It had been them rebuffing Ellaria’s advances. He had to comfort her at night from the sting of their refusal. She could not understand how they could refuse her love. She still fucked her mother when they visited Hellholt. Ellaria’s mother was still quite a striking woman and Oberyn had fucked her and her daughter together many times on their visits to Hellholt.

So Ellaria had waited to see what would happen with Arianne and Myrcella and sure enough the two had become lovers indeed. With Loreza and Dorea falling under the spell of Myrcella had been unforeseen. Ellaria had had the same combative problem with her youngest daughters as she had with her eldest. They just seemed to bump heads. Oberyn was not surprised really. His daughters were headstrong like their mother and his fierce drive and unwillingness to show weakness or bend the knee unless they had a very good reason too.

Oberyn had bent the knee to Daenerys Targaryen because it was clear she was the resolution to the prophecy of the poem A Song Of Fire And Ice. It had not been Rhaegar or his son who fulfilled the prophecy. Or even his now found first son Jon Snow. It had been his sister Daenerys all along. She had taken the prophecy and made it about her. She had conquered Essos destroying and killing all who prophesized against her.

The Queen had told Oberyn several times “I make my own prophecy and destiny” and “Essos is littered with graves of prophets who opposed me”. That had convinced him to join forces with her. She had become the greatest living force in recent memory. She had amassed a huge army and capably led it.

She would have crushed Dorne in any war. She had three dragons and would have used them in such a way as to destroy Dorne and not put them danger. She always thought outside the proverbial box. He had definitely made the right decision.

It seemed his wife had also made the right decision in showing patience with Myrcella and Arianne. Arianne had never shown any interest in his paramour even though she was bisexual herself. She seemed to feel that there needed to be separation with herself and Ellaria. That one day she would
rule Dorne and would not put herself in a situation that might demote her power and prestige. Thus, her rejection of Ellaria. Again, Ellaria had been hurt. She was not used to being rejected. Her beauty and persona ensnared women so easily to her bed. These rejections hurt Ellaria deeply.

That had changed for the better it seemed from what Ellaria’s scrolls read. Oberyn was happy for his paramour. The latest long scrolls from his love had laid it all out for her man knowing he loved all the details. His sweet Ellaria’s patience had paid off big time. Last week she had asked to visit the Pride of Dorne in their “lair”. She had arrived dressed to please. Her ample tits on full display with her low cut bodice and her dress tight on her still super tight ass and full thighs.

They had sat around in the main sitting chamber that Arianne and Myrcella had. The four members of the Pride of Dorne sitting around Oberyn’s paramour. The conversation polite and slightly stilted as Ellaria tried yet again. Ellaria was making her subtle overtures again of her forming a “more personal relationship” with them and her two youngest daughters.

The next part of her letter had become quite mushy Oberyn smirked reading it again. Her subtle offers had almost instantly had eight hands ripping her expensive dress to shreds and those hands and four mouths literally devouring her sweet voluptuous flesh. Ellaria had gone into pages of detail like Oberyn liked on how Myrcella, Arianne and her two youngest daughters fucked her bowlegged.

It seemed the Pride of Dorne had decided that they were secure enough in their love to bring in their sweet family members into their pride. The two youngest daughters of Ellaria now anxious to bury their faces in the vagina that had brought them forth to the world.

One after another she was on her knees before the sofas in the sitting room sucking off first Myrcella since she was the pride leader. Ellaria had loved cupping the beautiful blonde’s ass cheeks helping the slender teen to grind her swollen muff up into her mouth. She could now happily report that Myrcella’s hot wet cunt was indeed as sweet as she had heard. She sucked the teen off twice to screaming orgasms. Myrcella jamming her exploding cunt into Ellaria’s hot sucking mouth.

Then she was between Arianne’s wide spread legs. Her fat shaved cunt open and wet. Arianne’s musk intoxicating. Oberyn read how Ellaria had gazed at the long wet brown labia lips bloomed out Arianne’s slit and her wet cunt hole clutching when Ellaria spread her lips back and pulled Arianne’s vulva open. Then Ellaria had feasted on paradise. She ate the future ruler of Dorne out with all her skills to prove to her she was a great fuck.

Ellaria buried her face deep into the steamy wet depths of Arianne’s pussy and sucked fiercely on her rock hard clit and tongue fucked Arianne’s fuck hole avidly her head hammering in and out. Ellaria loved the feel of the wet heat engulfing her face on the down stroke. Often pausing to rotate her face in the wet paradise that was Arianne’s sweet cunt. Then Ellaria would glue her mouth to Arianne’s snatch and suck in mouthfuls of sweet cunt meat and munched happily. Arianne rolled her hips to rotate her pussy up into Ellaria’s mouth. She sucked Arianne off twice too drinking down mouthfuls of hot slimy creamy white female snail snot.

Then she was before Loreza. Her daughter smiled at her mother with a sultry smile. She reached down with her hands and hooked her fingers into her groove and pulled her slit open fully showing her cunt hole. Her love box all deep red and soaked in love cream. The daughter flexed her belly to make her open cunt clutch and pulse before her mother’s staring gaze. Ellaria was hypnotized by the sight of her daughter’s wet cunt opened up for her. Loreza’s wet folds clutching and flexing all deep red winking at her.

“Eat me out mommy … show me how much you love me … suck your daughter’s cunt you incestuous slut!” Loreza had started with a little girl voice but had ended in a harsh hard commanding tone. Loreza smirked seeing the hard shiver run through Ellaria’s tight voluptuous
body. Her eyes glazed realizing she about to eat out one of the daughters who had cruelly rejected her. Now her daughter was both begging and commanding her mother to suck her off. The plea laced with command that always thrilled Ellaria.

Oberyn read as he now jerked his cock. Ellaria told her lover she had moaned deep in her chest as her face buried itself deep in his daughter’s pussy sucking Loreza’s clit deep into her mouth and deep throat love sucking as she looked up at Loreza’s face. The mother enjoying seeing the fierce pleasure her mouth gave her daughter while she sucked her off to a screaming orgasm.

Ellaria described how she loved feeling her daughter’s pubic bone grinding up into her hot sucking mouth. Feeling Loreza’s pussy engulfing her mouth in a wet heated kiss. To see her daughter’s body buck and twist with the hammer blows of orgasm that her own mouth had sucked from her daughter’s sweet cunt.

Ellaria of course needed more.

Her tongue licked over the sweet clit with her mouth buried in Loreza’s vulva and then lifting so she could hard flat tongue lick. Then she fast tongue licked and then butterfly stroked the shiny nubbin with her fast batting tongue. Loreza crying out in helpless pleasure. Ellaria giving her daughter wet pussy kisses that sucked and lashed her jangling clit. Loreza chuffing and crying out in ecstasy and then screaming in orgasm again as her mother sucked her clit deep into her mouth and tried to suck it down her throat while tongue flailing the rock hard clit all shiny and wet.

Then she worked three fingers into her daughter’s tight pussy and finger fucked her hot tight hole as she worked all her magic on her daughter’s clit with long hot sucks. Her tongue raking over the hard nodule. Soon Loreza’s cunny was soupy sounding with cum splattering out the flooding fuck hole. Ellaria sensing the end coming again. She sucked so hard her head lifted up tenting her daughter’s upper cunt an inch off her vulva. Loreza’s clit all stretched taunt while her mother’s tongue giggled the rock hard pearl relentlessly while her right hand harpooned fucked her daughter’s flooding pussy.

Oberyn smiled great big reading Ellaria’s description of his daughter’s awe inspiring orgasm. Loreza had screamed herself hoarse humping up desperately into her mother’s face grinding her exploding twat into her mother’s expert devouring mouth and deep hammering fingers.

Ellaria then described to her Oberyn how she moved to get between Dorea’s legs. Ellaria waxed poetic how beautiful their other daughter’s pussy was to her mother’s gaze. The paramour of Oberyn told him that her face now was soaked in cum her hair lank with sweat and female cum.

Dorea had been ready making many salacious comments. Ellaria drove her mouth deep into her daughter’s pussy and wildly ate her daughter out. Dorea egging her mother on with hot comments to suck her daughter off and bury her “mother fucking incestuous face deep in her daughter’s cunt!” Ellaria told Oberyn how she whinnied and moaned feasting on her other youngest daughter’s pussy with Dorea the twin born second. The twins’ pussies so sweet in her mouth.

Dorea cried out as her mother ate her out with total love and focus. Ellaria slurped and sucked with all her skills. Dorea had cum with gut wrenching spasms that had her shrieking while her body jackknifed and flipped hard as Ellaria feasted like a starving lamprey on the wet gash of her daughter. Hot cum gushing into Ellaria’s starving gulping mouth.

Then the mother was up over her daughter’s muff flat tongue licking while her three fingers hammered her daughter’s slurping cunt hole. Soon Dorea cummed hard screaming and jackknifing hard her cunt grinding up into her mother’s mouth. A mother sucking her daughter off to paradise.

She paused to let Dorea get her bearing before she started to devour the sweet teenage pussy beneath
her feasting mouth yet again. She sucked hard and tongue fucked her daughter’s love box. The fuck hole so wet and hot full of steamy slimy fuck juice. The mother wormed in two fingers into her daughter's snatch and started to first sensually fuck her daughter. The fuck ramping up to a hard loving pounding fuck.

Ellaria could hear Dorea’s cunt flooding and the wetness flowing out soaking her fingers and running down her hand piston fucking her daughter’s tight gripping cunt. The teenage girl’s quim hungrily sucking on the fingers banging her twat. Ellaria went from flat tongue licking to trying to suck her daughter’s clit down her throat. Ellaria wrote how she felt pure elation feeling her daughter cum so hard in her mouth filling it with sweet mouthfuls of hot slimy cum for her to swallow gleefully.

Thrice was not enough for Ellaria. She had given the first two women of her heart two orgasms. But with Loreza she had given her daughter three. Now Ellaria knew that Dorea needed another spectacular cum. Ellaria saw that like her twin sister Dorea’s clit quickly recovered and soon Ellaria was again suckling on it lovingly. She resumed fucking the pussy she had kept her fingers buried in. She began to rotate her hand as she sucked her daughter’s pussy. The hot tight cunt gripping her fingers as she rubbed Dorea’s vaginal walls mapping out her sweet fuck hole. She had quickly located what she sought.

The other members of the Pride of Dorne sitting close around Ellaria and Dorea. The three females urged Ellaria on in her sweet fuck of her youngest daughter. They gave her hot ribald encouragement to fuck Dorea hard and deep.

“Pound her cunt hard mom—fuck her like the slut she is!” “Pound her shit Ellaria! Dorea loves it hard and deep!” “Fuck her like the slut she is! Make the slut scream!”

For five minutes Ellaria was again in heaven. Eating women’s pussy was the purest form of heaven on Earth. She loved dick but pussy was the best she crowed to Oberyn. Oberyn chuckled. As long as he was the number one man in Ellaria’s life Oberyn was happy. Sucking off the women she had wanted for so long made his and Ellaria’s life all the better.

Her youngest daughter’s pussy was flooding again Ellaria wrote. The swollen pussy all squelching and splattering as Ellaria hammered her daughter’s twat and her mouth had sucked on her daughter’s clit. Oberyn read how Ellaria thought it was time to deliver the perfect love kill. His love had flipped her fingers over and viciously rubbed Dorea’s spongy g-spot. Her fingers angled to gig into the spongy nerve bundle depressing the raspy hillock with furious fingertip rubs.

Oberyn had been jerking his cock reading the missive. He roared his cock spurting hard long ribbons of sperm that jetted up into the air to arch high feet into the air. Ellaria wrote how Dorea’s eyes flared wide open as she screamed and flipped wildly her body cumming so hard with full wrenching body spasms. Her cunt lunging up into the fingers harpoon fucking Dorea’s g-spot and the mouth trying to suck Dorea’s clit down her mother’s throat. Oberyn groggily finished reading how Ellaria had been in heaven feeling her daughter’s trim sucking hungrily on her hard rubbing fingers.

Ellaria was ecstatic. She had finally fully bonded with the Pride of Dorne! Of course the Pride had turned and fallen on Ellaria and devoured her. Repeatedly to screaming orgasms that had her body flipping wildly and convulsions tearing her pussy inside out with gut wrenching ecstasy.

She had she had spent the last week fucking the Pride of Dorne. Every night she had bonded ever more deeply with her daughters and their wives. They sucked her off so often her pussy was in heaven she wrote. Each of the women of the Pride had exquisite oral skills that shocked Ellaria’s world with bliss and cunt rending orgasms.
They fucked her so hard with their thick long strap-ons plundering her every fuck hole. She had been DA fucked the night before she wrote in this scroll. Her bum felt so abused and so good. She loved all the ATM and A2P action and she helped the sand snakes fuck Myrcella and Arianne into the mattress with her own strap-on she brought now and with her fist plundering of their sweet tight pussies and assholes.

Then she had helped the twins to TP their wives. Myrcella and Arianne had cummed so hard having a large strap-on dick buried in their pussy, ass and down their throat. Ellaria then moving from ass to ass as her daughters fucked their wives pussies so hard. Ellaria had loved fucking Myrcella and Arianne in the ass and pulling out and moving to the woman she had not been fucking up the ass and have that slut clean her wife’s ass juice off Ellaria’s dick. Ellaria had so loved seeing Arianne looking up at her as she slowly took Ellaria’s dick into her mouth soaked in Myrcella’s sweet shit juice. The creamy yellowish white cream slavered thickly on her cock. Arianne moaning as she slowly took the shaft down her throat.

“Gods I love tasting my wives ass on your dick down my throat Ellaria” Arianne moaned before deep throating Ellaria’s cock. Oberyn felt his cock hardening again. Ellaria knew who to write a scroll!

To make it even better two nights past Ellaria had brought the horniest and most voracious new recruits she had seduced to the Pride. They had been surprised the first time opening the door and seeing six thirteen, fourteen and fifteen year old girls looking back at them confidently. Ellaria had already educated the lasses making them pussy hungry sluts anxious for new pussy and asshole to dine on. The surprise had lasted about five seconds with the Pride of Dorne.

The Pride of Dorne squealed (Oberyn thought it should have been roared) and pulled the girls into their room. Said girls were fucked so hard they had to be helped to the mess hall by Loreza and Dorea the next two mornings. The girl’s bodies so worn out and satiated with countless hard cums.

The six recruits had been fallen upon by the proverbial lioness pride. Ellaria happily joining in on the feast of so much young succulent pussy and hot tight ass. The recruits screaming as they were devoured and they then turned around and devoured succulent new pussy to them. The teenagers burying faces deep into vulvas that swallowed mouths and ass clefts that covered faces buried in deep to rim rosebuds and tongue fuck hot tight spasming assholes.

Myrcella had complimented Ellaria on “breaking” the new girls into Lesbianism. “They will be lesbo sluts for life!” Ellaria had crowed to them. Ellaria now bonding closely with the women she had so longed to become her lovers.

That had led to a startling discovery by Ellaria. Myrcella wanted to sleep with her mother. It seemed Cersei was casting a spell over everyone in Dorne.

There was only one fly in the ointment. Ellaria then wrote more sweet words of hot lesbian fucking. Ellaria really loved pussy he smirked to himself. Oberyn had wondered when Ellaria would get to it. It was like a thorn in her paw. She wanted Cersei and Obara in their bed. She had once hated Cersei with venom. Hell Oberyn had hated Cersei with a vengeance. She really had been a cunt at one time, and, not the good kind! Now his paramour sometimes called out Cersei’s name when he was sucking her off or pounding her sweet tight cunt or ass. He would have been jealous if he did not want Cersei now too.

Oberyn still wondered how the harridan had changed so mightily and captured the hearts of all the Martells so easily. Oberyn still remembered so clearly how much elation he had felt in taking Cersei away from King’s Landing. He was just looking for a reason to rape the woman. The Queen had forbidden it but he longed to do it anyways. Cersei was such a fucking bitch! That had lasted for all
about five minutes.

Hearing the woman speak of longing to be someone else and telling him how it felt to be savagely fucked by her supposed husband. Made to feel like shit because she was not Lyanna Stark. She had been so brutally honest to him about her situation and herself.

It had changed him. He decided to give her a chance. She had impossibly succeeded. He was thankful now that the Queen had not had Cersei executed.

It was also obvious something magical was occurring with Cersei. A report had come to him three weeks ago from Myrion the master of arms and head trainer at the Battleborne Academy of Dorne. A young man from Wyl had come to Academy. He was a stellar if raw man the local academy thought could be polished at the main royal academy. He had come late to Battleborne. He was nineteen and had an adult’s body. He was every bit as tall and well-built as the Mountain Gregor Cerglen. He was reported to be much faster.

Mateo Peake had sought out Cersei and challenged her. He wanted to prove himself by being the man to take Cersei down. His legend would be set. The fame of Cersei had spread across Dorne by now. She was out on the practice yards by the track.

“I challenge you Cersei Lannister. How a woman can be so feared is beyond me. I will be gentle in my crushing of you” he called down to Cersei. “I had expected an Amazon. You are a fucking Chihuahua. A skinny one at that.”

She ignored him

He then proceeded to insults. “You are a dried up skank … a dried up has been who should be put out to pasture … you should be tried by the Septons for the sin of incest. I bet you have not said your prayers in the sept have you.” Cersei continued to practice with her battle staff with Obara going through ritualized practice steps. “You may have been beautiful once but you are a haggard harpy now. You are a snaggletooth broken lion who should be skinned … well except for all the wrinkles. You face looks like a map with all the lines on it.”

Obara was losing badly. She was distracted by the man and could not concentrate hearing her wife being insulted so vilely. Cersei tried to calm her down. Obara refused to be calmed until Cersei took her staff and enfolded Obara in her arms. She kissed and stroked her wife calming her.

Mateo Peake could not let alone. He moved to insulting Obara.

“I see why you wed that ugly salt wife with big sagging tits—“

The inevitable now happened. Quickly.

“AAAAAAAAEEEEEEEEIIIIIIIIII!!” Cersei shrieked turning in a blur throwing the staffs in her hand far across the fields as she turned in to confront the arrogant and worse stupid male cadet. Myrion reported Cersei’s movements had almost been a blur. Cersei could now moved supernaturally fast when she chose. Myrion reported it was frightening to see Cersei use her full speed and power. All got a taste of it then.

Cersei had absolutely destroyed the man in less than a handful of seconds. She was like a tornado moving around him throwing punches and kicks that had the man staggering as if hit by a raging bull. The man who stood eight tall staggered hard with each blow. His own punches easily dodged by Cersei. She moved like a Jinn always not where the eight foot tall brute punched out at. That was until she stunned all those watching. The crowd whooping urging on their Lion of Dorne.
She did not move from his next punch thrown with all his strength his body swinging with the power of his punch. She caught his massive fist with her right hand. Her fingers not able to fully enclose the mighty ham hock sized fist. It did not matter. His punch was stopped cold. Mateo looked on shocked as did Obara. Cersei squeezed her hand and Mateo screamed in pain as he felt the bones in his hand grinding. The former Lannister jerked her arm down crashing Mateo to his knees. The next instant she released his hand and in a fluid move pivoted back to get separation. Cersei used that space to deliver a looping upper cut that connected with the man underneath his chin with her full power.

Oberyn had read how the man was thrown back ten feet and three feet up into the air. His flung back body limp. He was out cold for twenty-four hours. The man from Wyl had landed with a mighty crash of his immense body. It had taken five medics to get him on a gurney to be wheeled to the infirmary.

The man now followed Cersei around everywhere when he was off duty begging to be of service to her. He felt honored to have been cut low by her overwhelming fist. He had become the Chihuahua. Her might and skill had totally converted the man into an acolyte.

The old Cersei would have eaten it up his puppy dog adoration and abused the man. This Cersei was embarrassed and had actually made friends with him (genuine Myrion reported) and was helping him with his footwork and teaching him jujitsu. The man thought the sun rose and set on Cersei now. She had won yet another convert.

Cersei had married Obara a week later. She moved into Obara’s apartment on the Academy grounds and taken the last name of Sand and made it clear she was the “skirt” in the relationship. What had happened to the real Cersei! Oberyn joked in his mind.

Ellaria was nearly crying now she wanted Cersei so bad. This new Cersei was truly intoxicating to all around her. All respected her and wanted her attention and praise. All wanted to fuck her. The men and women of Battleborne Academy longing to fuck her senseless and eat her out all night. She was truly the top of the pecking order now at the Academy.

Cersei still expected to be attacked by everyone. Obara and Oberyn had to keep talking to her about it. It was obvious she did not fully believe them. Cersei was sure the only reason people were accepting her was because of her love for Obara. The fool woman could not see it was her change that made eight feet tall men follow her around like a puppy and the Dothraki still fought her because they wanted to be knocked out by her fist and feet so they could neigh that they had again fought the Lioness of Dorne and survived. They would slap her hard on the back making her lurch forward. She eyed them with suspiciously but only saw acceptance and a warrior love for her.

Instead of embracing this, the new Cersei was chagrined and kept telling everyone she was not worth it. She had still had her vicious humor though. Her insults back at the Dothraki were already legendary. What she had done to Tyron had been spectacular. It was so funny and well planned that it was simply priceless. What Oberyn would not have given to see the Imp’s face when the chain was slipped around his neck? Word of that shot like lightning across Westeros and probably Essos by now.

So Ellaria had fallen deeply under the Cersei spell like the sorceress she was named after. Ellaria was determined to have the woman love and accept her. She wanted to get Cersei to let Oberyn fuck her too but Oberyn knew that was like having an ice palace in hell. It was a shame really. Cersei had loved Jaime truly at one time and it was an ill kept secret that they fucked like rabbits. Then Robert Baratheon had come into her life and ruined her to men.

Still Ellaria was sure that Cersei would sleep with Oberyn. He was with Ellaria so his paramour was
sure she could get Cersei to share life, joy and love with Oberyn if she and Obara were in the bed too all of them fucking gloriously. Oberyn knew that Ellaria normally got what she wanted as evidenced by her sleeping with the Pride of Dorne. *A lot!*

Then an idea struck Oberyn. He knew what he would have to do when the war was over. Dorne was always restive in the far holds and in the interior. He was already forming plans to take himself, his daughters and Arianne around to visit the holdfasts to make sure they still understood that the true power of Dorne rested in Sunspear. At least several times every generation it was necessary to remind the rest of Dorne that they owed their allegiance to the Martells.

The last tour of Dorne had been only five years ago but this was a momentous time. Oberyn was sure the rule of Sunspear would be tested. This was born out by the battle his two youngest had fought in the eastern perimeter of the Bedouin provinces.

An idea had suddenly occurred to Oberyn. He turned it over in his mind. *Yes yeeessss ... it would work.* He knew that restive Houses and raiders would be tempted to test Sunspear again. He would make a necessity into a boon.

He had been toying with the idea of asking Dany to let him use a dragon to return to Dorne when the war was over. The sooner he went around the provinces the better. His plan would leave Myrcella, Ellaria and best yet a newlywed Cersei alone. Alone and very horny. That could give Ellaria and Myrcella the opportunity they were seeking. They would be able to seduce the reserved woman. It would make Ellaria very happy. *And very appreciative* Oberyn thought smugly.

He got up and grabbed a scroll and quill. He sat back down on the bed and wrote his thoughts down and put his seal on the scroll. It would work. It would make Ellaria and Myrcella both happy. That would make him happy.

He was about to get up when Fohn woke up. She stretched and smiled hungrily at Oberyn but frowned when she saw him dressed and ready to leave. She decided to satisfy her needs via another vessel. She felt Char beside her and she slide down and took his cock into her hot mouth and quickly sucked him to erection. He awoke groaning.

Oberyn smiled seeing hot sex. He had things to do but he delayed a few minutes. Fohn knew how to give expert head bobbing hard on Char’s thick long shaft and then rotating her head on his dickhead. Trami had awoken and quickly first kissed Char deeply and then scooted behind Fohn and smacked her ass to get her on her knees lifting her ass up. Her squeals around Char’s cock in her mouth was cute to hear. Trami buried his face into her clamshell and started to lick and suck her cunny off.

Soon Char was screaming shooting his load into Fohn’s hot hungry sucking mouth. Then Fohn pulled off Char’s cock and screamed as Trami sucked her off. As Oberyn was getting up to put his gloves on and gripped his spear he kept his eyes on the horny cords.

As he left Trami was on his back and Char was sucking him off bobbing furiously on his cock. Fohn was sitting on Trami’s face to get some more head. She was immediately groaning deep in her chest as was Trami.

Oberyn left. Sex was like an opiate to Oberyn. It was so addictive.

The man mused on his recent sexual escapades as he walked down the halls of Winterfell. It could also be a little dangerous when you involved Giants. He smirked as he gripped his spear tight in his gloved hands thinking of what he planned. He let his mind drift. He was safe yet.
He remembered five nights ago fucking with Stannis and Selyse. The Giants Yardarm Morningstar and Stratus Headwind had come to join them. The Ramen and of course the Haruchai Ferna and Ranrika were present. The sex had been sizzling of course.

Oberyn was very happy now to be fucking the Haruchai. The two female Haruchai who had been his bane now fucked Oberyn with hot fuck hunger. He had loved sucking them off as they ground their pussies into his hard sucking mouth. He fucked them savagely for making him wait. The two hussies screaming as he fired off his jizm into their hot tight cunts and up their assholes flooding their fuck holes with his spunk.

Oberyn had absolutely loved fucking the two minxes along with Stannis. The two men fucking the Haruchai hard with their cocks pounding them hard in DP in all the positions possible. Other Haruchai males and some of the Lords and high commanders from the Stormlands, Crownlands and Dorne joined in for hot TP fucks. Ferna and Ranrika insatiable. The two sluts filled with hot semen over and over. The sluts wanting ever more.

What had surprised Oberyn was the joy he found in fucking Selyse along with Stannis and others. The woman did not have the strength of the Haruchai females but her fuck hunger easily matched them. Oberyn still found it hard to believe it. He would be in front of Selyse as she sucked her ass cream off his dick. Selyse moaning as she hungrily slurped her ass off his dick.

All the while Stannis, Surf, Seregrom or some other Haruchai male or man from Westeros’s army pounding the sweet slut’s asshole and cunt with rampaging dick lunging deep in her belly. The slut hungrily sucking her pussy and ass off their cocks when proffered to her drooling mouth. The sweet woman diving down on cocks soaked in her sweet pussy and ass juice. Selyse swallowing the cock soaked in her fuck holes and bobbing fiercely moaning hard savoring her pussy and ass.

Gods she screamed like a banshee with her pummeling orgasms. She hungrily sucked down load after load of hot semen and screamed wildly when cocks spurted hard flooding her womb and colon with sperm and wanting more and more such hard sweet fucks.

Oberyn was surprised again. Now he liked Stannis and Selyse deeply and longed to bring them to Dorne and visit them at Dragonstone.

Oberyn loved sex to the core of his being. Only one set of pairings did he find intimidating. That was when he coupled with the Giants. When you are only half the height and much less usually it was just disconcerting making love to that body. It did have its advantages though. He was able to stand up and only had to bend his head back slightly to eat out the Giant’s pussies. The Giants leaning back against the wall or squatting down on flexed knees. That was awesome! He had devoured both Giant women, Yardarm Morningstar and Stratus Headwind, like that to screaming orgasms. He loved their big fat pussies and large clits. He sucked on their clits like little cocks savoring the feel of the slimy stalks sliding between his lips.

When they cummed he was slightly fearful when they gripped his head in their large hand as they bucked and convulsed with loud shrieks that bounced off the walls sweetly. Their fingers had spread down his face like a spider’s web. The fingers blocking his vision easily. The Giants controlled their strength though and never hurt their human loves with their strength. He had loved how Yardarm and Stratus mashed his face deep into her cunts as they exploded filling hit mouth to overflowing with hot sweet cum.

The sweet creamy cum had flooded out of their pussies like hot sweet slimy rivers. The copious volumes of cum too much to swallow and flowing down both Stannis, Selyse and his face in rivers of cum. They all gulped wildly swallowing all they could and yet more sweet cum spasmed hard out the rupturing cunts of their Giant lovers. It was beyond hot to have your face buried in a pussy that
truly swallowed your mouth.

Their clits large and rock hard as you sucked on them like sticks of hard candy. The clit’s feeling so slimy and wet as Oberyn bobbed hard on their center of their sexuality. Gods the Giants screams simply deafened one as their cunts lurched up or down into your hungrily sucking mouth.

Oberyn and Stannis were well endowed but when compared to Giant’s body, well not quite so much. Both had blanched seeing the strap-on cocks the Giants used. They were twenty inches long! Still the Giants had loved being fucked by their human lovers. Oberyn now knew how small framed women felt when fucked by men much larger than themselves. He felt like a boy as he was on his palms slam his dick into their hot tight cunts or from behind doggy. He had to get a freaking stool to get high enough to fuck them in the pussy and even higher assholes! Gods their pussies and asshole felt like vices squeezing his dick when they cummed screaming so hard and long.

It had been heaven feeling their cunts milking his dick and then shooting off his dick all eleven inches buried in their cunts and spurting up into their cunnies deep and hard. He loved how his body was jerked and thrown about as the Giants flipped and jackknifed violently. The Giant’s large hands gripping their smaller lovers and helping their human lovers to keep in place as they fucked their Giant lovers with all their strength and abilities.

He chuckled remembering. Ranrika was slamming her fist up Stratus Headwind tight twat that clenched on her forearm buried ten inches up Stratus’s clenching cunt. The Haruchai grunting as she slammed her twisting fist up into Stratus’s belly. Selyse was lying on Stratus’s hard muscled belly spread eagle her head above the sloppy wet couchie of the Giant. The wife of Stannis was bobbing hard sucking wildly on the Giant’s clit. Selyse groaning in heaven feasting again on hot Giant gash. The woman was a total bisexual slut now who couldn’t get enough hot wet pussy.

The giant was pumping two fingers that were like a massive cock into Selyse’s cunny resting just below the Giant’s small breast. She was almost flat really Oberyn noted. The cute titties small and able to totally sucked into your mouth to be devoured. Oberyn had feasted on them many times now and longed to again. Ellaria would love them.

Stratus rammed her fingers into Selyse’s quim that had leaked so much cum that it was running down the Giant’s ribs. It was a sweet fuck to watch. As Oberyn watched the giant pulled her index finger out of Selyse’s dripping snatched wormed the thick long digit up Selyse’s tight anus and now hammer fucked both fuck holes with her pounding fingers like sweet battering rams.

Selyse cummed screaming on the clit in her mouth her head spastically still giving head. Her body bucking wildly but Stratus gripped her ass easily pinning Selyse to her belly as she relentlessly harpoon fucked the woman’s tight cunt and shithole with her cum slicked fingers. Poor Selsye had three massive orgasms tearing her body apart. One orgasm closely chasing the previous orgasm. She managed to keep sucking on the Giant’s clit through her screams. Oberyn knew those screams were hitting the Giant’s clit hard.

Ranrika had gotten on a knee and was simply slamming her fist even deeper into the Giant’s now sloshing cunt that had cum pouring out the squired cunny that hung in slimy tendrils on Ranrika’s forearm before swinging and breaking off to fall to the rug.

Then the Giant screamed as if she had been spitted. Her head thrashed and jerked up to slam back down on the bed violently. Her body went stiff as Renrika continued to slam her fist up her snatch and Selyse had ahold of Stratus’s hips to anchor herself as she tried to suck the Giant’s clit down her throat.

The Giant had a second orgasm explode overtop the first. Another harrowing set of screams of
shattering ecstasy ripped from the Giant’s throat. Her body coiled down and with feet planted on the bed edge. Stratus heaved up in a violent up jerk her body spasming all over. Ranrika was jerked up to her knees wildly but being Haruchai she easily maintained her balance and continued to slam fuck the exploding couchie of the Giant.

Selyse was not a Haruchai. Her body was thrown high in the air in an almost graceful arc. Selyse squealed in fear her body twirling. Stannis and Oberyn were caught by surprise and too far away to catch her. The others were occupied hotly fucking. Not Ferna though. She came leaping through the air like a gazelle. She caught Selyse gracefully landing lightly on the floor. Selyse clasped tight to Ferna’s hard muscular body. Selyse holding onto her savior breathing heavily in first relief and then in hot need.

Being saved like a damsel in a fairy tale made a woman horny. And boy was Selyse horny for Haruchai pussy!

Soon she was on her belly sucking off Ferna with total focus and lust love. Her mouth doing wonderfully skilled things to the Haruchai’s spasming quim. Soon Selyse added fingers to the mix making the fierce warrior cry out in shocking pleasure. Pleasure that was soon occluded. Stannis had laid down on his side to feed Ferna his twelve inch cock. The Haruchai woman feasting on the thick long cock with hard hot bobs as the man’s wife sucked her off thrice before Stannis lost it screaming as he cock flooded Ferna’s mouth with his spunk and choked her. She pulled back instinctively and his hard spurts splashed her face soaking it in cum.

Cum that Selyse licked off before sitting on Ferna’s face and riding it to two orgasms. Oberyn had moved in and put Ferna’s legs over his legs and fucked her hard and fast in her sloshing quim with his dick pile driver position. He buried the full length of cock into the Haruchai’s tight cunny. Selyse cummed twice more. He felt Ferna cum hard on his cock her cunt fisting his cock in a velvet fist of squeezing iron. Oberyn roared burying his dick fully up Ferna’s cunt piercing he womb and flooding it with his jizm as he screamed his body convulsing hard. Ferna was screaming but her screams were swallowed by Selyse cunt still jacking down as a third orgasm had nearly throttled Selyse comatose with shocking pleasure.

Yes. Sex with the denizens from the land was special and rad.

Oberyn walked out the Great Keep and moved off to his left. He was heading to the Maesters Turret. He would get the Maester to send a raven to King’s Landing if they had no raven for Sunspear. From King’s Landing the scroll would then be sent off to his homeland and his sweet Ellaria. He looked around. That confounded Direwolf of Arya’s seemed to have a sixth sense about his spear. He knew the fucking wolf would be on the prowl if not already.

Oberyn head turned right and left slowly looking but he saw no sign of the infernal beast from hell.

He walked across the courtyard towards the stables as he walked to the Maester’s turret. He heard horses nickering and several were outside having their coats curried and their hooves cleaned. He smiled. He saw men and women from Westeros, Dothraki and a Ramen tending them. The horses coats gleaming from all their care from expert horse tenders. He spied to the right the Maesters Turret. Above it would be the rookery. He had his spear in one hand and the scroll in the other. He had his head on a swivel.

Nymeria had been eerily silent of late. He knew the vile beast was only trying to lull him into a sense of false peace. He had to thank the wolf in a way. All her constant attacks on him to get his spear had honed his reflexes to a razor’s edge. He often now kept his spear from her vile mouth. Unfortunately, he still lost out more than he cared to admit and it pissed him off!
When he least expected the demon wolf would rise from the ether it seemed to attack him vilely. It was amazing how a beast that large could disappear into the underbrush or behind a tree or edge of building. Her attacks sudden and vicious. The fucking dog had dug a freaking din along a path he had started to use to get to the rear practice yards. She had somehow gotten rid of the dirt and put some brush in front of her lair.

When she jumped out at Oberyn to steal his spear he had freaking pissed himself he was so startled seeing Nymeria seemingly materialize from the Earth itself. That had been the last straw! That was when he devised his great plan. Even if he said so himself.

He saw movement out of the corner of his eye. The subtlety turned his head. He chuckled evilly. The big wolf had her head barely around a huge oak spying on him. He knew the vile bitch was thinking she was being unseen as she spied on Oberyn unawares. The master spearman had learned to school his facial features not to react to seeing his nemesis and tormentor. He was aware of her and ready for the beast this time.

He knew the direwolf was sizing up the environment planning her next attack to strip him of his spear. He would be victorious this time!

He entered the Maester’s turret. He was pleased to see Maester Luwin at a desk in the entry room working on a manuscript. The man got up when Oberyn entered and asked how he could be of help. Oberyn told the Maester he wanted to get a scroll back to his paramour in Sunspear. He told the Maester that if there was not a raven that was could fly straight to Sunspear he could send it via King’s Landing and they would send the scroll on south.

Maester Luwin had smiled at him. He told Oberyn that there was indeed a raven that had come in from Dorne. It had arrived yesterday with a message for the Lord of Starfall Brenn Dayne. Oberyn wondered what the message had been but he would honor the man’s privacy. The Maester said the raven should rest the next day maybe two. Oberyn told him that it was okay. The message was not time sensitive. He was about to leave when Daenerys and Missandei came in.

“My Queen” he bowed his head to his Queen. The Maester delivered the four scrolls that had come in for the Queen overnight. The Maester retrieved them from slots over his main writing desk on the back wall with four lamps hanging on hooks over it to provide plenty of light. He walked over to the Queen and her scribe and delivered to them the scrolls that he handed to Missandei.

The little black woman from Naath took the scrolls and disappeared out the door. The woman dearly loved working her craft. She was indeed quite gifted with her skills in language and mathematics.

Oberyn very carefully controlled his thoughts around the black woman. He did not need another visit from the demoness of hell that was totally in love with the little scribe. Oberyn had written to Ellaria of the demon who loved the scribe. Her answer to his questions had left him a little stunned and disquieted. His paramour told him to trust a woman’s instincts. If this Missandei was as sweet and innocent as Oberyn said she was and she believed in this woman then the woman would be good to Missandei.

She reminded Oberyn that if this woman had wanted him dead he would have died at that moment. She command him to keep his dick in his pants around the interpreter. She did not want his head crushed like a rotten egg by the woman. The Red Viper found that image most disquieting. Oberyn found that command easy to keep. The raw strength of the demon child form a Stygian hell had been truly fearful to experience.

Oberyn went to retrieve his spear he had put against the wall. He turned to leave and saw the Queen eyeing him.
“Why the leather gloves? I have never seen you use them before.” She cocked an eyebrow at the spearman.

Oberyn cursed her observant eyes. He debated telling her why he had them on. He decided he could tell her. It was not that big a deal. He hoped.

He told the Queen. She eyed him for a long moment and then smiled. “I like it. Not sure about Arya though.”

Daenerys turned to the Maester. She had a message she wanted to send back to King’s Landing.

Oberyn mused again just how great a leader and ruler that Daenerys Targaryen had become. She was Nymeria reborn but in so many ways she made the progenitor of the modern Dorne pale by comparison. Nymeria had come to Westeros in retreat and defeat. Daenerys had come to Westeros as the conqueror like Aegon four hundred years ago.

He had never finished his conquest of Westeros. He never broke Drone. Daenerys had conquered all of Westeros and without firing one arrow in conflict. She had used guile and restraint to conquer a whole continent. Least anyone think she was weak and could not fight you merely had to see the pale scares on her arms, legs and face to see she was a warrior.

She had smashed her way across Essos in three and half years and broken the slave trade that had existed for five thousand years. She had butchered tens of thousands of Dothraki in a day. Whole cities had been leveled. Armies annihilated on the field of battle.

She was indeed the Mare Who Would Mount the World. Most of the known world now bent the knee to her in direct control or willing alliances.

With Arya as her woman and wife she would not lose her way or lose her will. Arya was a very skilled warrior and her love of Daenerys was unlimited. Together they would rule wisely. He was living in great times. The man from Dorne considered himself lucky to live in these great times. He truly hoped to do deeds worthy of poem and song.

He longed to prove himself in the coming war. He wanted his spear to be the weapon that killed the Ice King. He smiled. He was sure all wanted to be the one to put that vile spawn down. Only time would tell who would have that honor. Oberyn only knew that he would give the coming battle his all.

Oberyn stopped his musing. He was a man of action.

Oberyn took the Queens task as his queue to move on. She was focused on her task. He walked out the door to the Maester’s quarters. He walked down to the entrance to the tower. Oberyn opened the door and peaked outside. He had his spear pulled close to him. He ducked back in. No attack. He looked out longer this time and scanned the local environs. He saw now sign of the beast from hell.

He scanned every bush, tree, crevice and building as he had learned to do with Nymeria on the prowl. Back and forth he scanned the environs but all seemed safe. He knew looks could be deceptive though.

He quickly came out the tower and slammed the door shut. He put his body flush to the stone wall. He looked right and left with a slow turn of his head. He did not see anything untoward but he had learned caution as the Haruchai liked to say. The nearby kitchen and bell tower could be providing cover for Nymeria. He moved slowly holding the spear close to his body up against the wall of the
Maester’s turret. His head on a slow swivel searching for danger but seeing none. Still, his hackles were raised.

The fucking wolf was near. He felt her reprehensible presence. He actually liked the Direwolf. He loved the cat and mouse between them. It made their game all the more fun to think of the wolf like a cur and hated foe. He glared around him but the wolf was still unseen if not felt by Oberyn. Yes, she was near. They both enjoyed the game. *The game was afoot!*

He quickly moved out into the courtyard spinning his spear above his head while he slowly turned his body around but the wolf was nowhere in sight. He brought his spear down. He looked at the big oak tree and slowly moved towards it. He moved out in an arc but the wolf was no longer behind it. He knew she was near though. With all the grief the wolf had given him the last few months he had developed a sixth sense. He could feel the beast’s evil intent. Its horrid heart beat to capture his spear yet again.

He saw Shapa come out of the stables. She was pulling a dysteria out with a Ranyhyn coming out behind. The horse had a slight gimp. The Ramen Manethrall lifted the horse’s right leg and felt the tendon. She bent over and rubbed the tendon on the back of the leg.

He moved over to talk to her and check out the horse. People from Dorne loved and respected horses holding them in high regard. As he approached them he saw Arya coming across the courtyard.

This could complicate things. Still he had prepared to much to back down now.

She arrived at the stables at the same as Oberyn. They respectfully watched the Manethrall work on the horse. She massaged the tendon and pulled a dried yellow flower from her hair and crushed it in her hands. He asked her why she wore the dried yellow flowers and what did it mean for her to pull one from her hair now. The cords had told Oberyn of the flowers but wanted to make conversation with the Manethrall.

She told him the flowers were Amanibhavam. The grass and flowers were potent medicine for the Ranyhyn and for regular horses in smaller doses. The Manethrall told Oberyn she needed to exercise more care nursing horses but she was capable she assured Oberyn. He knew she was.

He watched the Manethrall work. She put her hands over the pail of water that was near a hitching post. She let the broken petals drift down into the water. She picked up a ladle and stirred the water dispensing the petals through the water. She picked up the pale and guided it to the horse’s snout.

The horse smelled the water and then started to drink deeply. The Ranyhyn Phaharhn nickered and shook his head encouraging the horse to drink deeply.

The horse drank with long droughts till it had consumed half the water and Shapa pulled the pail back. Oberyn asked her what was the power of the flower.

She told him that Amanibhavam was too powerful for humans to consume. In humans it caused madness that was permanent and usually led to death. The woman petted the drinking horse’s head tenderly while it drank the medicated water. Again, Oberyn was touched with how much care the Ramen gave to the Ranyhyn and now the horses in their force. She finished tending to the horse. She looked up at Oberyn with smoky eyes.

She moved up beside Oberyn and lifted her face. He bent down kissed her wetly on the mouth. “I look forward to tonight Oberyn.” She then guided the horse back into the stable. It’s limp already seemed less.
Oberyn smirked at Arya who was shaking her head. She had been watching the whole interchange silently. “I am curious. Were you truly interested in what she did?

“Yes I was Arya. I do have a curious mind. Of course that curiosity and interest in what a woman does most often leads her to my bed.” He waggled his eyebrows suggestively at Arya.

“You are like a fox in the hen coop aren’t you Oberyn” Arya chuckled.

“Yes I am Arya. The world needs men like me. I am the bee that keeps everything stirred up.”

“Let’s head up the greensward by the Godswood” Arya told Oberyn. “The Giants are trying to find the Haruchai hiding in the corpses and thickets. Let’s see if they are successful.”

Oberyn agreed. He enjoyed seeing the Giants and Haruchai sparring. He was looking around but he did not see Nymeria. The damn wolf was as good as the Haruchai at disappearing into their environment. Damn dog! Maybe the wolf would back off with respect for its master being with him. He doubted it but he hoped this one time she would not. He kept Arya between him a bramble thicket on his left. He eyed it suspiciously.

With a big howl the Direwolf jumped out of a young fir tree that had its lowest limbs only twenty feet above the ground. The damn wolf had somehow climbed up the fucking tree! Oberyn cursed as he pivoted to the left juiking his spear but it was too late. The wolf snapped her jaws on his spear as she passed by and landed on the ground adroitly.

The wolf looked back at him triumphantly with a shit eating wolf grin. Nymeria hunched down and launched herself forward her head turned back smiling in triumph.

Arya was laughing at Oberyn. Her wolf had won again.

Oberyn counted in his head. One. Two. Thr—.

Nymeria went wild. She stopped suddenly her eyes flaring wide open. The fur on her shoulders were fully erect on end. Her tail shot out straight. She spit Oberyn’s spear out her mouth with slaver flinging everywhere. Nymeria’s head ripped back.

AAAWWWWWOOOOOOO! AAWWWOOOOOOOO! The great Direwolf howled her head cocked up. She howled more her howls scaling up in register. The Direwolf slinging her head right and left wildly. Drool flinging out in long streams. Her eyes were glowing with alarm. She barked and howled drooling out rivers of spit.

Oberyn saw Arya staring at her wolf perplexed by her wolf’s seemingly crazy antics.

The Direwolf then spazed out her body contracting and then launching herself high in the air. Her legs kicked wildly as her head continued to whip all around slinging slaver everywhere. She landed on her side on the ground her legs kicking wildly still howling. Now piteously. She flipped and rolled around on the ground her legs kicking. She righted herself and flipped back up into the air. She bucked wildly like a bull in the rut. Her head ripping back to howl as drool poured out her mouth.

The direwolf then took off at a furious pace howling piteously. Her mouth was slavering wildly leaving long streams behind her retreating body. She ran furiously towards the Godswood. Oberyn watched Nymeria do wild bucks and her hind legs kicked up into the air as she ran. She would spin around and fall on the ground in a fit before righting herself and running off towards the Godswood again.
Arya looked at her rapidly disappearing wolf. “What in the seven hells got into her?” She saw Oberyn adjusting his leather gloves while he slowly walked over to his spear on the ground. He bent over and picked his spear up. She cocked an eyebrow sensing a connection with his sudden use of gloves.

“I soaked the spear shaft in red hot cinnamon last night. That is why I am wearing the gloves.”

Arya glared at him but said nothing. Oberyn smiled at Arya. “It is your wolf’s fault. She just can’t keep her mouth off my spear. I am teaching your wolf a lesson in wolf etiquette.”

Arya broke into a small smile. “That was a pretty clever ruse. Used her own craftiness against her. You can’t do that do that to her again though. It is humorous I admit it but I don’t want her hurt like that again. Her mouth will be on fire for the next day.”

Oberyn agreed with Arya. It was a great idea but it was only funny once. They headed up the slope of the hill towards where the Haruchai and Giants were still playing hide and go seek. The Giants were using their great swords to lift up underbrush and slap the limbs of tree above them. As of yet they had not found any of the Haruchai. They really could seem to disappear into the undergrowth and stands of woods.

From the Godswood long howls of pain and the need for retribution echoed plaintively from the sacred groove. Oberyn would hear a howl or three that was suddenly cut off. He knew Nymeria had to be furious as his ruse but her need to drink from the cool pool kept her from doing too much howling at the moment. He did feel a smidgen of remorse but only a smidgen. Nymeria had tormented him to many times! Revenge was indeed sweet!

Oberyn and Arya watched for a several minutes as the Giants moved around murmuring looking for their hidden foes.

Then a long angry howl filled the air. Nymeria came bursting out of the Godswood. She looked where her debacle had occurred but saw nothing there. Her golden eyes glowing with the need for sweet revenge. Her head ripped right and left searching for Oberyn. She spotted Oberyn and furiously pelted down the gentle decline. Her body like an arrow as she flew towards her foe. She skidded to a stop just in front of Oberyn. She was barking furiously her great snout snapping at Oberyn’s face. Her fur was on end with her tail down between her legs swishing back and forth wildly.

The man from Dorne looked bored and offered his spear to the wolf. Arya suppressed a laugh. Nymeria shied back and barked even more furiously and then was doing twisting flips in the air. Slaver was again flinging in rivers from the wolf’s snapping jowls. Then she went crazy and flung herself down onto the ground. Her legs kicking into the grass propelling the great wolf around in circles as her head whipped all around. All the while the great Direwolf yammered piteously slaver flung out her whipping head.

The Giants had stopped their search for the Haruchai. They were now laughing uproariously. Their laughter seemed to make the Direwolf go crazy. Nymeria sensed the laughter aimed at her plight. She went even more insane with her gyrations. She did not like losing! Not one bit! She rolled and flipped around on the grass howling wildly. All the while her mouth slung slaver all over the ground and herself. Her mouth foaming heavily with slaver flinging everywhere.

Nymeria righted herself. Her body bucked and her jaws snapped in sneezes foam blowing everywhere out her mouth and now her nostrils. Her howls continued so fling long stands of slimy slaver everywhere. She suddenly shook all over and then ran furiously back towards the Godswood and the healing waters of the pool. In her agitation she tripped and flew to the ground rolling over
and over on the ground. She righted herself shaking the cobwebs out of her head. She howled piteously again and began pelting up to the Godswood and its pool.

As she ran back to the Godswood, Nymeria’s head turned back to glare promises of sweet retribution to Oberyn.

Oberyn smiled. Paybacks were a bitch and today he got to put a check on his side of the ledger.

**Arya**

‘Arya was in heaven. She and Dany were on round two of sucking each other off. Dany had sucked her off twice. Her sweet Dragon had moved up to kiss her Wolf deeply. Their tongues flipping around in their mouths as their guttural groans filled Arya’s bedroom. Now Arya was kissing down Dany’s throat having tasted her sweet pussy in Dany’s mouth. She nipped the sweet flesh and lipped the scare from a spear thrust that had just caught the edge of Dany’s throat on the right side. She wished she had been there to gut the bastard who dared hurt her love.

She kissed her lips down to Dany’s chest that was all sweaty and flushed red from her past orgasms, exertions and rising passion Arya was filling her body with. Arya loved the little whinnies and caws of raw passion that cawed from her baby’s throat. Arya kissed up the slope of Dany’s firm full medium sized beast. Dany’s head was lulled over her eyes slit and unseeing.

“Oh baby … oh Arya suck my nipples baby! You suck them soooooooo good!” Arya smiled sucking in sweet breast meat and then plopped out her mouth. Arya kissed around on Dany’s breast sucking in the flesh and giving her love sweet love bites. Arya leaving red marks all over Dany’s tits. Arya loved feeling her lips suction on Dany’s tits and feeling the flesh slip out her sucking mouth. She sucked and licked up to Dany’s steeple areola and then siphoned the turgid nipple deep into her mouth. She sucked voraciously as she settled onto Dany half supporting her weight leaned in from the side. She sucked with great deep throat love sucks her tongue lashing the rigid nipple and puckered areola.

“Oh! Oh ... yes!” Dany moaned softly. Arya moved her mouth over and siphoned the other hard nipple deep into her mouth and sucked with pure love and hard tongue lashes. Her hands now gripped and pulped Dany’s breast like she liked Arya now knew. She rolled the firm warm breasts in her hands while her mouth moved thirstily back and forth sucking fiercely on rigid nipples.

"Oh! Ohhhhhnn … hhn hhnnng hhnnnn shiitttt—aawwooggg!" Dany moaned, twisting excitedly as Arya’s mouth devoured her aching breast and her tongue slashed the rock hard nipples. Arya’ angled her head to look up while she sucked with cheek hollowing sucks. Her mouth making wet slurping and sucking noises. Her head rocked up to stretch and pull on the breast meat hungrily sucked deep into her mouth.

Arya loved feeling Dany jolt and jerk as her body was pleased by Arya. Arya watched Dany snake her right hand down her sweaty belly. She changed the angle of her head and now looked down Dany’s belly. Arya watched her slut slowly insinuate her first two long fingers into her sloppy wet fuck hole. Arya watched Dany slide her fingers slow and deep up her snatch and began to pump her love aching twat. Her other hand gripped the back of Arya’s head and mashed it harder into her bosom encouraging Arya to siphon suck Dany’s nipples down her throat.

Arya loved how wet Dany’s pussy sounded as she fucked herself. Arya sucked and slurped on Dany’s light brown nipples making her love cry out in passion and pleasure. Her head pumping with the force of her sucks. She felt and watched Dany pump her forearm as the pale Valyrian
ramped up fucking her pussy with powerful strokes of her muscular arm. Dany’s bent knuckles hammering her vulva as she rammed fucked her own slurping cunt.

Then she felt the pressure on the back of her head ease slightly. She saw Dany pull her fingers out her twat and slide the fingers up her sweaty belly. Her head was urged south slowly and Dany lifted the fingers off her sweaty belly. Dany paused on her pushing of Arya’s head. Arya opened her greedy mouth and sucked the offered fingers deep into her mouth and latched her lips onto the cum soaked digits. She loved sucking the sweet taste of Dany off her or Dany’s fingers. Dany again started to push her woman’s head to her aching needy cunt that was clenching in wanton lust.

They often masturbated for each other and then the woman watching would suck the fingers clean of the hand that had just self-pleasured themselves to orgasm. The two women loved to watch each other jerk off. The intimate act shared which inflamed their libidos to new heights of fuck hunger.

With Arya’s head on her belly Daenerys snaked her hand back down her belly and slide her two fingers back deep into her love hole and began a slow sensual fuck. The pale Valyrian doing a slow twisting of her fingers pumping her fingers deep into her own belly. The Queen pumped her clenching cunt deep soaking her fingers with her slimy opaque effluent. Daenerys panting as she rammed her fingers all the way up her clenching fuck hole. Her fingers soaked again in her snail snot. She pulled her fingers out her sloppy wet fuck hole and fed her fingers to her sweet Wolfling.

Arya sucked the fingers into her mouth. She sucked them clean as her sweaty cheek rubbed down Dany’s sweat soaked belly towards the paradise that lay between every woman’s thighs. The teenager moved down her slut’s body kissing and licking as she went. Arya saw the swollen pussy and splayed out labia lips of Dany’s sweet cunny. Dany’s cunt rotated up as she flexed her hips and her ass clenged humping her drooling clam shell up in a love offering to Arya. Dany’s cunt was juicing so hard and the resulting musk was thick and pungent as Arya’s head was pushed slowly South to the festering couchie begging to be sucked off.

The thick waves of musk hitting Arya like a sledgehammer intoxicating her with fuck hunger to again suck her lover off. Gods she loved Dany’s cum! She looked like a hypnotized bird before the cobra at Dany’s swollen vulva and her knotted up labia lips slicked with cum. Her clitoral hood jutted up begging to be sucked. Arya lifted her body up and settled between Dany’s spread legs when her head was pushed past Dany’s belly button.

She spied the swollen passion flower all wet and dark pink with blood rush. Her labia lips filled with brownish hints with their engorgement. The lips were long and twisted up half covering her love’s slit and clit. Arya could feel the drool running down her mouth smelling Dany’s hot cunt that rotated up so beautifully to her. She inhaled deep and pushed Dany’s right leg up and back and lopped her arm around and pressed her fingers in just above Dany’s quim and anchored herself down.

“Oh baby—pleaaaseeeeee suck me off! Arya, suck my cunt hard—make me cum in your hot sweet mouth!”

Arya could not refuse such a sweet entreaty. She pressed her face down moaning feeling the wet heat engulf her lips. Arya wiggled her face deep into the Queen’s slit and started to run her tongue forcefully up and down the drooling slit and lashed the flat of her tongue up and over and then down over the rigid clt to run her tongue the length of the wet trench and slimy cunt meat. The teenagers loved the feel of Dany’s wet pussy sliding up and down her lips and cheeks as she pressed in harder to feel her woman’s vulva totally swallow her mouth in wet heat.

"Ohhhhhnnn ... oh yes!” Dany gurgled rotating her cunt up into the teenager’s mouth that sucked and licked with glee and happiness. Arya hummed and sucked in labia lips to roll and munch on them before licking them flat. Then Arya worked her mouth up and down the gooey trench again. Then
pausing to give Dany’s clit hot sucks. “Aaauggg unngg … ooohhh uunngg … shit—yeeesssss … Like that! Unhhh!” Dany cawed out her body jerking in intense pleasure. Her leg pushed back jerking making her knee kick in the air.

Arya would lift her head to let her tongue forcefully lick down and over Dany’s slit and clit. The teenager enjoying the feel of the hard nubbin underneath her lashing tongue. Arya licking slow and then fast making her Valyrian lover whoop and gurgle her body spasming with fucking bliss. Then Arya would bury her face in again to suck sweet clit meat into her mouth to suck. Her tongue both lashing and spearing the swollen bud with friction and hard slaps of her batting tongue.

Arya moaned drinking down the sweet creamy cum pulsing out of Dany’s core. Her head making a constant rocking motion to allow the teen to lash her tongue over her love’s rigid clit. Then her mouth licking down to rim and then drive her tongue deep into her slut’s fuck hole. Her tongue curling to scoop out sweet dollops of hot slimy cum. Arya savoring the effluent before swallowing in gluttonous glee.

Dany’s hips humped up more and more forcefully now grinding her sodden snatch into Arya’s hot gorging mouth. Arya rolled the cunt meat she had sucked deep into her mouth. Her tongue slithered over Dany’s clit hood and gigged the sweet morsel she had teased out its hood. Her tongue worked the slit of her slut licking and sucking on labia lips hotly which had Dany crying out in pleasure. Arya now had both hands gripping her love’s hips to hold her gyrating and shimming hips in place so she could devour sweet sloppy wet red cunt meat.

Arya would stop her lapping motion and mash her face deep into Dany’s swollen red mons and suck her love’s clit deep into her mouth and then start lapping again with her tongue raking over the rigid throbbing clit. Arya was in heaven feeling Dany’s wet swollen mons engulfing her mouth in a wet intimate kiss. The heat and wetness divine as she constantly licked up more creamy cum and hungrily swallowed it into her hungry belly. When she needed more cum. She Dorne kissed Dany’s fuck hole sucking in her inner folds and whorls to munch on and drink up the creamy white ichor pumping out her lover’s cunt hole.

The previous orgasms had taken the edge off for the Valyrian. She was basking in the sweet oral fuck of her Wolfling. Arya now a seasoned skilled lover. Arya’s mouth filling Dany’s body with shaking ecstasy. The Queen rotated her drooling clams-shell up into the mouth devouring it hungrily. Arya now sucking voraciously her head lifting stretching out Dany’s cunt meat into sopping wet hillocks all glistening wet and deep pink.

Arya was drunk on the sweet taste of Dany. The wet heat that gripped her deep probing tongue in Dany’s quim intoxicated the teen. She loved the hot clutches of Dany’s pussy on her tongue as she slithered it deep up Dany’s quim. Her tongue licking the slimy folds and loving the wet slimy smooth feel of her woman’s core. Up and down Arya worked Dany’s snatch with her now expert skills.

She sucked Dany’s clit deeper into her mouth and pumped her head pulling out Dany’s sweet cunt meat. Arya pulled Dany’s clit up high off her mound sucked deep into the teen’s mouth. Arya rolled her head to fill it with tension as her harsh sucks filled it with fiery ecstasy. Then pressing her head forward again to mash her face in deep into Dany’s cunt and munching on slimy trim and lathing the hard clit with her tongue. Back and forth Arya went first stretching out Dany’s quim in her sucking mouth and again burying her face in Dany’s sloppy drooling couchie.

Dany’s hips jolted hard ramming her pubic bone into Arya’s mouth. Her head had jerked up off the mattress and stared down at Arya’s with a tortured look of sheer agonizing pleasure. “Ohhnnnn ... oh Arya ... unh! Unh! Oh ... oh gods! I'm going to cum again in your sweet mouth! Oh!” Dany
gurgled her face twisting and slashing with womb rending ecstasy. Arya sucked harder and her tongue was furious licking over the sweet nubbin in her mouth. Dany watched Arya licking and sucking her pussy with a face twisted with slashes of ecstasy.

"Auuggnhhh!" Dany cried out, her body buckling as the spasms wrenched her. Dany’s head thumping back down on the mattress hard. "Ohhhngg! Umnggh! Oh ... shit! Ohhhnnnn!" Arya was lapping her head fast up and down now. Her tongue lashing over the rock had swollen nubbin. Then pausing to suck on hard the sweet clitt between her lips. Her tongue lashing up and down slapping the shiny throbbing clitt sucked deep into her voracious sucking mouth. The spit in her mouth and cum in Dany’s pussy made a wet slurpy sloshing noise now as she continued to lap furiously.

Back and forth Arya worked between fevered harsh love sucks and hard tongue licks with her mouth lifted just off Dany’s pussy to let Arya work her tongue with full force and focus. Arya using the flat of her tongue and also the tip to tongue whiplash the hard clitt. A few times Arya paused her head motions to use Margaery’s butterfly kiss to whiplash her tongue all around on Dany’s pinkish white clitt jutting out its sheath.

"Unhhhh! Oh!" Dany gasped as her hands now cupped the back of Arya’s head and mashed Arya’s face deeper into her coucchie that was splattering now. Arya sucked in deep siphoning all of Dany’s upper cunt into her mouth and happily munched with vacuum sucks and rolling cunt meat around in her spit filled mouth. Arya focused to suck Dany’s clitt even deeper into her mouth and rolled it relentlessly as her tongue rolled over the throbbing rigid clitt. "Ohhhnnnn ... oh yes! Oh gods ... Arya, yes! Oh gods I'm going to come! Do it hard, yes! Unhg! Unhh! Oh!"

Arya hummed and moaned feasting on heavenly hot wet gash. She could feel Dany’s body tensing up with her grip on woman’s hips. Dany’s head was up off the mattress again twisting her mouth working soundlessly as her face scrunched and slashed with crippling ecstasy. Arya loved how pleasure could be so intense that Dany’s looked like she was in agony that was really pure fucking pleasure. *Pleasure she was giving Dany!*

A horrific spasm ripped through Dany’s body and her back arched hard and high her hands clawed into Arya’s scalp and drove Arya’s face deep into the cunt now exploding in Arya’s mouth. "FFFUUUUUUCCCCKKKKKK! OOOWWGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!
GOODDSSDAAAMMNNNNNN!!!" Dany screamed feeling her cunt rupture and spew hot molten ecstasy into her veins scalding her with fucking bliss. Her back undulated up off the bed ramming and grinding her exploding coucchie in Arya’s hot sucking mouth. Dany’s body rocked with killing convulsions of dire fucking bliss. The Valyrian’s face twisted and slashed as she wailed and jackknifed violently.

Her toes curled and fingers clenched into Arya’s scalp as Dany’s head jammed into the mattress tilting it back as her heels dug into the mattress too. This lifted her cunt in love offering to Arya who put her hands underneath those ass cheeks and gripped tight as she sucked in with pure deep throat love sucks. "Aunungghnnnggiieeee! Mmmnggheeiiiiiiii! Aarruuunggggmmmmmmmmn! Ohhhh ooh unnggg Arrruunngggggggggggggg!!" Dany wailed feeling her womb continue to rupture and twist deep in her belly, her beautiful face frozen in a seizure of intense ecstasy, her body clenching as more crushing spasms rocked her. "Unnnngggnnuuunngg ... oh god—shit again! Aunungghiieeee! Ohngggiieeee!!" Now her heels and elbows slammed the bed in helpless pleasure.

Arya drank down hot sweet cum till Dany’s orgasm finally waned and started to dissipate. She licked Dany’s spent twatt. Arya had quickly learned that Dany’s pussy, and breast were like hers. They were insatiable. She was so thankful for that. She muzzled the now dark red pussy gently kissing it in rapture and slurping up the sweet cum still leaking out Dany’s love box.
They stayed like this for several minutes with Dany’s body totally spent and relaxed. Her breathing gradually returned to normal and her body stopped hitching with the strong aftershocks that gradually faded away to ripples and then were gone. Sweat was pouring off Dany’s body in rivulets. Arya spent her time gently lathering the hopefully only temporarily spent pussy. She gently ran her tongue up and down the shaved smooth mons and along Dany’s groin and up on her lower belly that had the Queen mewing and a soft slutty smile on her face. The sweet cum her tongue lapped up so heavenly to the Stark teenager.

Dany lifted her head, “roll onto your side facing me Arya.” Arya did as asked propping her head up on her palm. Her elbow on the bed. She watched Dany roll up onto her butt. She smiled lazily down at Arya and then slowly turned back down on her side scooting down the bed. Arya smiled when she realized what Dany was doing as her body moved down. Dany was now on her side with her head in front of Arya’s groin. Arya lifted her upper leg as Dany lifted her upper leg opening her clam shell in front of Arya’s face.

Gods her cunt smelled so fucking good Arya thought to herself. Dany’s pussy all soaked in more cunt leaking out her twat and her inner labia lips all splayed out. Both women scooted their upper torsos forward with mouths opening wide and two loud moans filled the room as they each swallowed the other’s engorged clitoral buds and suckled deep into hungry mouths. Their lips glued now to sloppy wet trim and mouths sucking hungrily on engorged clits. They both moaned and mewled as they wallowed faces in to get more sweet pussy sucked into feverish with fuck hunger mouths.

Arya felt her cheeks hollow out with the force of her harsh loves sucks. Dany was wiggling her head between Arya’s spread thighs tongue lashing the teenager’s clit and then latched on like a lamprey and deep throat sucked Arya’s clit with long ragged love sucks. Both women were humping their hips and flexing their asses to grind swollen muffs into starving mouths. Dany had clawed Arya’s ass cheeks now and wolf sucked her clit and drilled the hard nubbin of Arya’s clit.

Arya had taken up a hard lapping motion raking her tongue up and down over the sweet clt in her mouth. The flat of her tongue rasping wetly over Dany’s rigid clt she had teased out its hood. She loved the wet sounds their mouths made snuffling and eating sweet pussy. For Arya and she knew Dany was the same way, the sounds of sex were very erotic. They both loved the sodden sounds their pussies made being licked and sucked. They both loved the sounds they heard from their own mouths as the devoured each other’s clam shells.

Arya felt Dany’s full breast mashed into her lower belly and groin as Danny ate her out. Her own plum bulb nipples jammed into Dany’s lower belly as she tried to suck Dany’s clt down her throat with pure deep throat love sucks. Arya felt Dany lift her head back and was now licking hotly up and down Arya’s slit the flat of her tongue that felt heavenly to Arya. Then Arya felt Dany move her head forward and her tongue raked over Arya’s clitoral hood hard with down pressing licks.

Arya felt her face slash and scrunch up with fierce pleasure. She loved the feel of Dany’s fingers clawing her ass and lower back to pull Arya tighter to her body. The full body contact erotic to Arya. Their smooth skin pressed into and rubbing against each other as their bodies instinctively undulated against each other. Their heated bodies heating even more. Sweat running off their bodies in rivulets and hair soaked through and plastered to their shoulders and backs.

Arya gagged feeling Dany latch her mouth to Arya’s cunt hole and drilled her tongue in deep and speared it with her head pumping in and out. Arya at the same time was running her tongue up and down Dany’s drooling groove sucking in her long labia lips and munching on moving from left to right working each lip into her mouth before sucking both wet lips into her mouth to lick and roll with her tongue.
Both women snuffled and groaned in their mutual heaven of sweet sixty-nine sex. Their shoulders and hips wallowing on the bed as they used their hands to pull muffins tight to hot sucking mouths. Arya felt her body stiffen and then shudder feeling Dany slowly worm first one then a second finger into Arya’s asshole and slowly pump them in and out her hot tight anus. Her sphincter already not pinched tight shut anymore. Her shithole hungry for further invasion and sweet fucking.

Arya whinnied into the pussy she was devouring. Arya had been stunned how much she loved Dany licking, tongue fucking and finger fucking her asshole. It sent her into paroxysms of shuddering ecstasy now. Her asshole already throbbing in pleasure as Dany rotated her fingers in and out her tight asshole. The two digits working in and out her spasmng asshole.

Raw ecstasy filled Arya’s belly. Her head arched back her cheek pressed into Dany’s thigh. "Oh yes ... oh yes!” she panted, feeling Dany devour her twat. Dany was lapping and pumping her head. Dany’s mouth fully on her upper cunt stretching it up an inch from her mons her wet cunt meat glistening. The lapping motion rolling and stretching cunt meat and clit in her sucking mouth. Arya’s bit her lip as her eyes rolled up. "Yes, Dany! ... suck my cunny hard! Harder! Please!—hhhuunngg uunnggg hhnngg hhhnnnn" Arya whinnied feeling her pussy expertly eaten out.

“Oh fuuuuccckkk baby! Ram those fingers up my shithole honey! I need you to pound my asshole Dany—arruunnggg hhuunnggg hhnnnggg oohhh yesss unnggg” Arya moaned feeling her body filled with pleasure. Arya felt Dany pump her forearm slamming her fingers up Arya’s starfish plundering her ass. The fingertips rubbing along Arya’s rectum walls deliciously stretching her sphincter rings sweetly.

Arya focused her will and mashed her face back into Dany’s festering pussy and lapped hard on her clit. Arya brought up her left hand and slide two fingers deep into the fuck hole of her lover. Arya moaned hard into Dany’s pussy feeling the fiery cauldron of Dany’s inner folds sucking and tightly clenching on her deep probing fingers. She quickly built up a hard loving rhythm pumping her fingers in all the way into Dany’s cunt her knuckles slamming into the mons of her lover.

For the next several minutes the two young women hungrily finger banged hot tight ass and pussy while mouths sucked and devoured swollen pussies. Pussies that were beginning to spasm and twitch. Both women recognizing their partners were rising to orgasm focused totally on bringing the other off with fingers and mouths. Dany was slam fucking Arya’s ass as the teen rotated her ass back and forward to propel both her pussy into Dany’s mouth and her asshole to the fingers fucking her shithole so good. Arya loved using that word. It was so fucking nasty. She had heard Sansa whispering that to Margaery begging her to fuck her in the ass at the dining table in a low voice two nights ago. Sansa had been so flushed and her hand was trembling as she ate.

“Say it nasty Sansa” Margaery had husked to Sansa her eyes connected to Sansa’s with sultry heat “you know how I like you talk like an anal slut my sweet.”

Sansa looked scandalized and her face turned even pinker. Sansa shuddered. Then in a soft whisper that Arya’s keen hearing still heard “Oh Margaery, I need you to pound my shithole with your dick” her breathing now ragged “I need to feel your shaft splitting my asshole in two and buried in deep up hot spasming shithole. I need you to pack my shit deep baby!” Sansa husked. Her eyes now glassy “I need to feel you fist my hair and pull my around so I can suck my shit grease off your dick baby!” Sansa moaned sibilantly.

Margaery had leaned in and told her “I will pound your shit so good baby! I will relish seeing you suck your ass off my cock again and again.” in a soft smoky whisper. Arya thought Sansa’s pussy would explode right there by the look on her face. Margaery looked hotly at Sansa and then turned to Arya and winked her eye impishly at Arya.
Arya was trying to be patient in her desires to more fully explore the joys of anal sex. Dany for some reason wanted to hold off on their anal fucking each other with dildos and strap-ons. Dany told Arya that would have plenty of time after the war and she wanted to enjoy Arya without toys. Arya agreed but wanted the damn war over. She wanted her ass fucked deep by Dany!

With a spasm of hot pleasure, Arya’s mind focused back on her task at hand. Arya’s own hand was a piston slaming three fingers in and out Dany’s pussy hard and fast. Her lover was crying out into her pussy from Arya’s ministrations to her twat. Arya’s head rocked as she sucked Dany’s clit deep into her mouth. Her mouth glued to Queen’s clitoral hood. Her cheeks hollowed out with her deep throat love sucks. Her knuckles harpooned Dany’s mound compressing and shocking it. Arya felt Dany’s knuckles working into her ass cleft. Arya gagged feeling Dany’s fingers slamming hard and deep up her tight clenching sphincter and up her rectum.

The women reached their orgasms at the same moment. Wild screams of almost agonizing pleasure and pure love were swallowed by swollen sloppy wet camel toes. Both women’s bodies bucked and thrashed violently with legs kicking hard and their free hand clenching flexing ass cheeks to hold on for dear life. All the while hands piston to slam fingers third knuckle deep into spasmig asshole and slurping pussy.

Both women moaned drinking down hot gushes of sweet pussy juice. Both women thinking that each other’s pussies were the sweetest tasting elixir ever found on this mortal coil. Both princesses drank deeply from each other’s cunts now. Dany had moved her mouth down and drank down each fresh spasm of sweet cum. Arya had ripped her fingers from Dany’s quim and used both hands to grip Dany’s hips hard to keep her mouth glued to Dany’s sweet fuck hole. Each gush of hot creamy cum so sweet in her mouth before she swallowed it greedily. Each hot spasm of cum intoxicating the sixteen year old with ecstasy as it quickly half-filled her mouth with hot sweet cum. Arya relished the taste filling her tasted buds before swallowing.

After their long harrowing orgasms, their bodies went limp as lungs bellowed in and out gasping for breath. Both bodies soaked in sweat and cum. Their hair lank and plastered to their sweaty skin. Dany’s hair would always be white no matter how wet but Arya’s upper shoulder length dark brown hair was almost black with their soaked follicles.

Dany weakly turned around and snuggled close to Arya. they kissed and pressed into each other kissing deeply tasting each other’s pussies in their mouths. Arya’s body was in heaven. She was in a warm drowsy space. Danny was half lying on her smiling down at her. She was rubbing Arya’s hard muscled stomach.

Dany’s breathing was still ragged and her face dripped sweat. She looked down at Arya’ getting up on her knees and palms her body still jerking with her aftershocks. Arya’s looked at her lazily. She thought Dany was going to sit on her face. Her mouth started to water. She would never tire of eating Dany out.

“I have wanted to do this ever since I saw those rippling muscles on your stomach Arya.”

Arya watched Dany curiously. Dany had something else in mind Arya saw now. She watched Dany straddle her body with her knees on each side of her stomach. Dany rose up. She looked down at Arya with pure slut in her eyes. Arya watched Dany slowly slide her pale fingers down her flat white belly. Arya’s eyes followed those fingers when they reached her pussy. Those fingers hooked in along her seam and pulled her lips back opening her slit, clit and fuck hole obscenely.

“I’m going to nut myself on your beautiful stomach Arya—my sweet baby!” Dany mewled. Her opened pussy showed her rigid clit jutting down. Dany spread her legs and lowered her groin. Her open cunt impacted on Arya’s rippled stomach and Dany mashed down and immediately started to
grind her open cunt up and down Arya’s stomach. The ridges of her stomach jacking into Dany’s clit and wet cunt meat grinding slowly torturously up and down Arya’s stomach.

“Ooohhhhh unngggg hhnngggg! Shitttttttttt that feels so fucking gooddddd!” Dany groaned out as she worked her hips to fuck her cunny on Arya’s hard muscled stomach.

“Fuck that is so fucking hot!” Arya gasped. She knew what she would be doing in the near future. Dany had a hard washboard stomach herself.

Dany swept her aching trim up and down Arya’s stomach. Her head rolled her face twisting and slashing with primal pleasure. ”Oh yes ... oh yes!” Dany panted. ”Ohhhhhh ... it feels so good! Oh Arya your stomach feels so good fucking on my cunt … aauugggg unnggh oh oh shit! Godsdamn that feellllssss so fucking good baby!” Dany gagged out in helpless pleasure her body jolted hard with ecstasy with her clit rolled and hard pressed by Arya’s hard stomach. The pale Valyrian’s face twisted and slashed with primal pleasure.

Dany reached up with her hands and hedonistically rubbed her face and titties as she slowly dragged her swollen cunny up and down Arya’s stomach. Arya watched Dany’s hands cover her breasts and her splayed out fingers mauled and rolled her high firm medium sized tits. The fingers rolling and pulping the perfect tits of the Queen. Then the Queen’s fingers moving up to pinch and roll her own nipples making the Valyrian gag in hot pleasure as her nipples pulsed hard sweet savage pleasure to Dany’s clit and her brain washing over Dany with ecstasy.

Arya moaned feeling the slippery wet heat riding her stomach. Dany’s hard clit rubbing over the ridges of her stomach muscles and jacking into the next plane. Dany’s head arched back her hands running through her wet lank hair. “Oh goodsssss I knew this would feel so fucking good … unngg aauggg … oooohhhh Arya my cunt is getting so fucking wet!”

Arya could feel the truth of the Queen’s words. She lifted her head and moaned hard at what she say. Cum had slicked the entire expanse of Arya’s flat hard muscled belly. Cum was not beginning to trickle her ribs and wick on the bed. Dany looked so beautiful the way she pumped her own tits and rubbed her face with her palms and fingers massaging her face and running through her lank hair. It was so hot to Arya to see Dany pinching and pulling on her own nipples and tenting her areolas hard with her jerking hands.

Dany looked like some fertility goddess. Dany was such a slut Arya thought gleefully knowing she could be as slutty as she wanted and Dany would love it. Arya looked down at her stomach and watched Dany roll and mash her pussy on her stomach. It was so cool seeing Dany’s pussy contorting and compressing as it fucked Arya’s stomach in an intimate kiss. All wet, a drooling cum kiss.

Arya gripped Dany’s hips and jammed down feeling the intense heat and wetness of her love’s cunt more on her stomach. Arya began to roll her hips lifting her stomach to help even more on pulping the wet twat riding down hard on her flexing stomach. Dany was now cupping her breasts rolling and squeezing hard her flushed and swollen breasts. Her fingers pinched and twisted the engorged teats. Her hands jerking out tenting her nipples making Dany cry out in hedonistic pleasure. Dany’s face a mask of anguished intense pleasure. Her cries echoing in Arya’s bedroom.

“Aaarruuunnggg! Oh oh hhnggg nnnggg nnnggg mmnnmmnnnggg yessssss yes … aauunggg oh gods I’m going to cum so fucking hard Arya!” Dany gasped down to her teenager lover.

Dany pumped her hips harder and harder her cunt mashed hard into Arya’s stomach her clit mashed and pulped on hard stomach muscles. Her hips rolling now. Dany’s hands scrabbled over her own body. Arya’s hands held Dany’s hips hard. Arya’s forearms cording up as she jerked down and
forward and back to grind Dany’s manically down on her flexing stomach. The wet heat of Dany’s pussy on her stomach was intoxicating to the teen. The feel of Dany’s pussy creaming her stomach heavenly.

Dany’s motions getting more jerky and desperate. Her breathing accelerating with sweat pouring down her overheated face and body. Dany threw her head back crying out in ecstasy. She sagged forward her hands coming to rest on Arya’s plum nipples grinding them into her chest as Dany anchored herself down grinding her snatch down hard dragging her clit hard over Arya’s stomach. Dany’s cries desperate to cum. Her head thrashing as sweat slung off her perfect features.

“Cum for me Dany! Cum for me you fucking slut! Cum hard on my stomach slut!” Arya barked at Dany knowing she liked to be talked to dirty especially when was about to cum. Dany cried out and lifted her twat up and slammed it down to grind even harder in violent sweeps now up and down Arya’s hard muscled stomach. Arya’s fingers dug into Dany’s hips to help her lover to work her sloppy wet cunt up and down her stomach. Arya lifted her head and saw that her stomach was glistening with Dany’s cum and a pool had formed over the shallow of her bellybutton when she could see it with Dany’s hard humping. Steams of cum pouring down her ribs now in slimy trickles.

Dany’s hands moved up to grip Arya’s shoulders. Her fingers clenching onto hard muscles to anchor her body down. Dany was hunched down and grunting as she ground her cunt hard into Arya’s stomach. Daenerys head thrashed now her teeth gritting hard as spittle sprayed out her clenched teeth. Her face twisted up in fierce concentration. Dany kept surging her body down which Arya met with constant up surges of her hips to make her stomach a nutting board for Dany. Arya loved seeing the striving on Dany’s face. The Queen riding her like a washboard made Arya so hot and excited.

Arya groaned feeling Dany’s cunt now flowing heavily pumping out hot cum that had fully soaked Arya’s stomach and ribs. The cum now weeping around Arya’s flexing back to soak it too in Dany’s cum. She lifted her head looking up and down between her stomach and Dany’s groin. Whenever they separated slightly Arya saw countless tendrils of Dany’s cum webbed between Dany’s cunt and Arya’s stomach. When she glanced up she saw Dany’s face show agonizing pleasure her eyes wide open her mouth opening into a helpless O of ecstasy. A hot gush of cum flooded Arya’s stomach and ran down her ribs like a wave hitting the shore. Arya found it so fucking hot!

Dany had been rubbing her pussy down on Arya’s in a constant hard sweeping motion. The Valyrian clenching her teeth to keep her pussy grinding and sliding up and down over the cambers of Arya’s hard stomach. Arya was looking up at Dany’s face when she saw the 'shock' hit Dany. Her face had been snarling in its striving. Then her face changed in a heartbeat. Dany’s face went from striving to a look of shocked agony.

Her face seem to crumple in searing pain that was only the purest ecstasy that a woman can achieve on the mortal coil of the Earth. Her face slashed and hard and then her eyes shocked wide open and her mouth opened wide as she screamed her agonizing shattering ecstasy.

"AUUNNGGHHH! AARRRUUUNNGGGGGG! OOWWWGGGGGGGG!" Dany screamed out, with earsplitting intensity. Arya felt more scalding gushes of hot cum exploding out Dany’s hot cunt hole. Dany’s lovely lean body arched and flipped as her body jackknifed in a writhing fit of killing spasms. "OHHMMMMNGGGGG! AUUNNGGHHHIIEEE!" Dany wailed her womb slashing her belly open and her cunt immolating itself ripping itself inside out.

"Unnhhh!" Arya groaned feeling hot cum flooding her stomach. She looked down at her belly and saw cum pouring out from the grinding twat of her lover. The gushing sweet juice now running
down her ribs in multitude of rivulets. The sweet cum weeping underneath her flexing back soaking
her back and bed heavily. "Oh god, yes Dany! You are so fucking beautiful." She loved seeing
Dany’s tits whiplash on her chest and the feel of Dany’s fingers claw her shoulders as Dany still
pounded her cunt up and down her stomach. Dany’s head snapping down and then back as killing
convulsions of fucking bliss tore through her body as a second orgasm rolled out on top of her still
shattering first orgasm.

"YYEESSSSSSS! FFFUUCCKKKK—AAARRUUUUUNNGGÐGGGÐGGG AAHWOOOGGGGGGGGGGG!!" Dany screamed her womb twisting and exploding again and again in her belly scalding her veins
with ecstasy. The tops of her feet slammed the bed as her toes curled painfully. Her head ripped
back her throat stretched taunt. "AAARRUUUUUNNGGÐGGGÐGGG! Arrrnhhhhh! Ohmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" Dany groaned, gasping for air, churning her pelvis to prolong her searing orgasm. She loved the feel
of Arya’s hard stomach underneath her flooding couachie as she wildly rode up and down the hard
muscled stomach of her sweet slut. She loved how Arya’s stomach crunched her cunt so good. She
loved the feel of the smooth muscles mashed into her pussy so good that she felt her pussy pulped.
"Owwnngghhmmnnnnn!" Dany howled. "Oh shit! Yes honey yes! Unngghhhhiieeeeeee!
Mmmhhhiieeeeeee! Uummgghhiieeeeeee!"

Dany suddenly lost her strength and collapsed onto her lover spent. Her body absolutely soaked in
sweat and cum. She was gasping like a blacksmiths bellows. Her body jerking and twisting as
strong aftershocks that still ripped out her ruined womb. She whinnied feeling each convulsion of
her cunt pumping out more cum onto her woman’s stomach soaked in her cum.

Arya pulled Dany tight to her body. She loved her hot room from the running hot water in the
walls. The room was a love nest. She pulled Dany more fully on her body. Dany was murmuring
and kissing her neck and shoulder whimpering she loved Arya with all her heart. That her heart and
body belonged only to Arya.

That made Arya’s soul sing. Dany was all hers and hers only. She pulled Dany tighter to her body
and kissed her love’s thin scar on her face and muzzled her love. Dany feel aslepp her hand
clutching Arya’s bulb nipple possessively. Arya felt so loved as she drifted off to sleep. Gods she
loved going to sleep soaked in sweat and cum all snuggled tight to her lover the Queen. She felt so
connected to Dany. She loved her woman’s mind, intellect, soul and her body. Their lovemaking
uniting two souls into one.

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Arya awoke in the early morning before first light. She had always been an early riser. Daenerys
was too when she needed to go to an early meeting or some other duty. She was instantly awake
usually before Arya. This morning there was no urgent business to attend to in the early morn. Arya
was up on her side her head on her palm looking at Dany.

She had found Dany loved sleeping naked as she did. Her room was warm with the hot water
flowing from the hot springs through the walls of the room. She had pulled the sheet back they had
slept under. Dany was on her back looking like some Valyrian sun goddess come down to Earth.
Her chest rose and fell making her beautiful full breast do the same. Her light brown nipples begging
to be sucked. She looked down Dany’s flat stomach that showed the hint of muscles where hers
were ripped and evident. She thought it made Dany look so feminine while still being all warrior.

Her legs long and filly like but all muscle that wrapped around Arya when she was tribbing Dany
face to face with her on top. Her body was so strong which Arya relished. Her arms Arya was sure
was stronger than most of the warriors at Winterfell and the Wall. As was her body. Arya herself
loved feeling so strong and virile. She used that strength to prevail on the practice fields and her
combat on the river frigate.

She also used that strength to fuck Dany hard and deep with her fingers and her body when tripping. She was aggressive in bed and so was Dany. She loved how they took turns being submissive. She found she liked being mounted by Dany. She did not have the need to be top all the time. Sansa had told her that she had started as the submissive to Margaery but had quickly taken the dominate position in their relationship. Margaery loved to be the bottom.

Arya’s eye teeth nearly fell out when Sansa told her she hoped to go back to King’s Landing with Margaery to be royal advisors to Dany. But Arya had discovered her formally sweet innocent sister had another goal too. Margaery had eight handmaiden attendants. Three of them of direct familial relationship to Margaery. The girls had been fucking since they were eleven and twelve. That had shocked Arya. She was just starting to masturbate at that age.

Thus, Margaery had come to Sansa’s bed very well versed in the arts of Sapphic lovemaking. Sansa had completely caught up in her Sapphic lovemaking skills with her time with Margaery. Not only that, when Sansa arrived at King’s Landing she had every intention on fucking the eight “hens” blind. She chuckled telling Arya how she would be the fox – no direwolf – in the hen house. Her eyes went glassy when telling Arya how she couldn’t wait to suck them off and finger bang them. Sansa waxed rhapsodic with what she planned to do to the hens with her strap-on cock. Sansa had grand plans with her and Margaery’s dildos, butt plugs and anal beads (which worked quite well in one’s pussy thank you very much Sansa made clear to her little sister).

Arya had been nonplussed and was like her father in beating a hasty retreat the first time Sansa had started talking nasty about anal sex. When she started telling Arya how she loved it up the ass and sucking her ass off Margaery’s cock and doing ass to pussy Arya fled. Sansa was a deviant. That was why she ran. To see her most prim and proper sister a raging anal slut blew Arya’s mind. Well that was one reason Arya ran. The other reason was she wanted to be a deviant too! Her body had been on fire listening to Sansa rap rhapsodic on her longed for anal debaucherries. She wanted Dany to ravish all her fuck holes and pound her ass like Sansa had hers pounded and she fucked Margaery “balls deep” in her tight ass. Sansa was so naughty and she wanted that too.

After that first time Arya had not run away when Sansa wanted to talk about anal sex in grand nasty details. Arya blushed and started with some of the details but she was getting used to hearing such salacious details from her former prudish sister. Arya noticed that Sansa talked to no one else like she did Arya. That did make Arya feel closer to her sister and help bind them closer.

Arya found that sharing their sexual desires and Sansa giving her little sister techniques and details on sex and Arya sharing her knowledge back was indeed drawing the sisters closer. Arya would never have thought that sex would draw her closer to her once prim and proper sister.

She knew that Dany was bringing her along slowly making sure “to not take advantage” of Arya. Arya hoped she had proven she wanted to share her body totally with Dany. She did have to admit the slow approach had its advantages. Each new variation of love making and new technique blew Arya’s mind with shocking ecstasy. When she did the same to Dany she seemed to come apart screaming and shrieking out her bliss.

This slow approach allowed Arya to revel in each new technique and variation as they were shown to the teen. Dany blowing her mind with each new sweet taught variation and new technique.

Dany told Arya her time in the Dothraki Khalasar had taught her to completely enjoy sex. She had always been attracted only to girls but she let her body be pleased by men when she had too. Her body had responded but not her soul. She had awesome orgasms with Khal Drogo but they never touched her inner soul. Those orgasms did not touch the true Daenerys Targaryen. Only women
had and only Arya had given her complete total pleasure and that sense of oneness she had always
longed for.

Arya had to allay Dany’s fears several times about her being so experienced with women. Arya was
thankful like Sansa was thankful with Margaery. Neither Arya nor her sister had to worry about
stumbling around and having to figure out great sex. Their mates had come to their beds with all that
knowledge already learned and had taught their eager students. Arya and Sansa had eagerly and
completely learned what had to be taught and came up with their own twists and new ideas that had
Dany and Margaery screaming and cumming so hard they nearly passed out at times.

Dany’s eyelids fluttered open and she looked up at Arya. She smiled softly looking up and down
Arya’s body facing her. Arya was thrilled seeing Dany’s eyes go lidded and her nipples hardened.
She bent down to kiss Dany deeply.

An hour later they were lying on Arya’s bed with Dany half lying on Arya’ tracing patterns in the
sweat and cum on her lover’s belly. She kissed Arya’s ribs and then her neck.

“Gods I love sucking you off Arya. Your cum is so fucking sweet baby. My tongue loves fucking
you deep in your twat and in that tight asshole. When we get back to King’s Landing I will be
fucking your ass with my strap-on and my fist Arya. I’ll make you cum so fucking hard. I will relish
watching you suck your sweet asshole off my dick Arya. You will love ATM and A2P as much as I.
Were both total sluts my sweet” Dany murmured to her teenage lover.

Arya shivered. She wanted to beg for it now but she understood. They were about to leave
Winterfell for the Wall and Dany wanted no stress of the march or the approaching war to mar the
taking of Arya’s anal virginity. She had plenty of things to relish and experience now. Like their
just finished fuck. She had loved sucking Dany off and then wedge fucking her sloshing pussy with
her cocked thumb hammering her love’s clit. Dany’s pussy sounded like a fucking pool being
splashed in with cum splattering everywhere when she cummed so fucking hard.

Dany’s hands gripping her shoulders so hard. They had locked eyes and Dany’s violet eyes had
been so stunning staring hard at Arya as her throat screamed full throated wails of fucking womb
wrenching bliss. She had felt Dany’s tight pussy gripping and sucking on her pounding fingers.
Then the Queen’s orgasm had hit. Her cunt had spasmed so hard and gripped Arya’s fingers like a
velvet fist. Each hard spasm hitting Dany made her cunt lock down on Arya’s fingers in an iron like
grip.

Gods Arya loved making Dany cum like that. Her orgasms hit so hard. Dany told her it felt like her
belly was being ripped open. That was how Arya felt fucking with Dany and when she
masturbated. Her pussy always felt like it was tearing itself inside out and her clit was on fire and
being struck with a blacksmith’s hammer sending shockwaves of intense bliss into Arya’s veins
making her scream and scream in orgasmic bliss.

Arya thanked her father again as Sansa did. They both had talked several times at how it had been
their father that had saved them from a life of servitude and enslavement to vile men they would have
hated from the start. They had been so fortunate to have a father that let his daughters be
homosexuals. Margaery had the same fortune with her grandmother Olenna. And from the reports it
seemed Olenna was turning more and more gay by the day having taken two teenage female loves.
She was fucking males still but it seemed every week it was less and less.

Also, the reports seemed to say that Olenna was becoming younger. She now looked and acted like
she was in her late forties or early fifties. That couldn’t be could it? Arya guessed she would find
out when she returned to King’s Landing with the Queen.
Arya was happy for Olenna. She guessed it was never too late to discover the truth. All women were lesbians. They just had society trying to crush it out of them. It angered Arya the unfairness of it all. Women should be free to love whom they chose and not have the world from the cradle trying to brainwash away their natural lesbian tendencies.

Dany made a sound to get Arya’s attention. Dany started to fidget and buried her head into Arya’s neck. Arya thought this was going to be interesting. Dany muzzled her neck and cooed. Arya waited. She was already sure she was not going to like what Dany was about to say. She was pretty sure what Dany had to say.

“I want you to stay at Winterfell Arya. I need you make sure that Winterfell is well led in case something goes wrong at the Wall. I will need you to organize a retreat to the coast and take to the ships that are still anchored at White Harbor and the beachheads I established. I need a Stark for the people to rally around.”

“Bullshit” was Arya’s response.

Dany lifted her head from Arya’s neck. “Excuse me” she asked her eyes narrowed. Lover or not the Queen was not used to such a response. She searched Arya’s eyes. She knew Arya would reject her reasoning but had expected a more demure response. She started to speak but Arya put her finger on Dany’s lips.

“Rickkon is old enough to be the titular head. Rodrik Cassel will be here. They will be able to lead any retreat to the sea Dany and you know it. I have trained my whole life to be a warrior and when you came to my notice I trained and dreamed of being in this bed with you here and now. To be your lover. To be your queen who supports the true Queen of Westeros and Essos. I am a warrior like you Dany. I have only had one opportunity to bloody myself but I proved I was a warrior indeed. I will do so again in the war against the Ice King. I will be a supreme warrior on the battlefield.”

“I am a warrior Daenerys Targaryen. I will fight by your side as Visenya and Rhaenys fought by Aegon’s side. I will slay your foes by your side. Also, need I remind you, I will be going to Braavos to perform the duty that the Iron Bank will require of me. We both know it will involve the sword. I will prove myself well on the battlefield no matter where it is. I have become a great warrior. You assured me of that with your relentless training with you and Barristan and Syrio.”

“Let me be what I was meant to be Dany. Let me be what my father allowed me to become. Do not try and clip my wings my love. You know I won’t allow it. Accept me as the warrior queen I was born to be.”

“I could not live without you Arya” Dany spoke with a quiver in her voice taking Arya’s hand and kissing it fervently and then pressing it to her heart over left breast.

“Nor I you Daenerys Targaryen. I have dreamed of you since I was ten years old. I will not lose you now that you are in my bed. I have fought too hard to get here.”

“I love you so much Arya. I dreamed of a warrior by my side. A woman who was my equal on the field of battle and yet still had the heart of a gentle princess in her bosom. I have that in you my love. I just find myself wanting to shield you though I know you are my equal on the field of battle.”

“We will fight side by side on the fields of battle and I will fight your battles in Braavos and wherever else I need to go to do your will Dany. We will fight together to make sure we both come off the fields of war together and alive.”
“I want you to know that we will always be together in our hearts Dany. No matter where I go I will think only of you. As I perform my duties for you in some foreign land I will only be thinking of my return to you. At night I will stroke my pussy and cum hard dreaming it is you that is stroking my body and soul. You are the only woman I have ever wanted to love. I have hopefully made myself into the woman that you want at your side my Queen.

Daenerys mewled and stroked Arya’s face tenderly and her lilac eyes were watery as she stared hard at Arya. Arya felt her heart pound. Dany was looking at her with pure love. The intensity of Dany’s stare sent a bolt to Arya’s pussy and it was instantly flooded with buttery cum. Her mouth flooded with slaver to again suck her woman off hard in her devouring mouth.

“I have made myself into the warrior that can stand by your side as an equal Dany. You have had your Bloodriders from the beginning. You for now have a Haruchai as your bodyguard. You have Syrio and Barristan near. You have Worm Tail and his Unsullied to protect you.”

“And now you have me. I will be your Queensguard. I will protect you with my very life.”

“As I will protect you my love” Dany whispered back. Her hands were now feverishly stroking Arya’s body. Her breathing accelerating and her eyes darkening with desire.

Arya stroked Dany’s face and throat with her calloused fingertips. Dany whimpered in want and need. Arya breathed deep smelling her and Dany’s pussies musk thick in the air with fresh fuck juice.

Gods she loved this woman so much.

“I am not going to lose you now Dany. I belong to you as you belong to me. I feel we are what Rhaegar and Lyanna were meant to be. They were not allowed to follow their hearts and it brought so much ruin to our Houses and sparked war.”

“Let us right that wrong and freely love before all. We will fight together as Lyanna was not allowed to do with her love. I will always proudly be by your side Daenerys Targaryen. If you will let me.”

With a whimper Dany threw herself at Arya. Their mouths came together hungrily as limbs twined and tongues hungrily twined deep in their groaning mouths. Soaking wet cunts found thighs and began to hump in urgent love.

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Arya knew they would be leaving in two days. They were with her mother again. It was just her and Dany with her mother currently. She was nursing Brandon as he greedily nursed at his mother’s teat. His mouth making wet sucking sounds and milk running down his cheek in his greedy need.

Arya watched her mother smile down at her newborn son and she cooed to him. His little arms were jerking as he nursed. She took a corner of his swaddling cloth and dabbed the milk from his cheek. Arya thought her mother was in her element. She was meant to be the head of a Great House raising the next generation of Starks.

Arya was doing her part in raising the next generation she thought. She had Lyanna over her shoulder and was burping the newest princess in the family. She had gotten to the point that she was not terrified of dropping the newborn but she was still making very sure that she did not drop her little sister.

Kiserri was beside her standing on the bed looking at what Arya was doing with solemn intensity.
Her little girl took everything very seriously when it came to her newest charges. Kiserri thought the newborns were under her protection and made sure that all performed their duties to the utmost of their abilities.

“I think you should hit Layla’s back a little harder momma. She is not burping. I am watching her face. If you start to hurt her I will let you know momma.” She was chittering in Dothraki. Arya was thankful for Infelice’s gift. Being able to speak to Kiserri in her native tongue had made it easy to bond with the little girl. It felt strange to have a nearly six year old daughter when she was not much past sixteen herself.

The precious Dothraki girl had after the first day called Dany mommy and Arya momma. It touched her heart and made her cry the first time Kiserri did it. The girl loved her she could tell. She would run to her as much as Dany which made her heart swell with pride and more so with love. She already thought of the little girl as her own. She looked nothing like her mother’s but it did not matter one whit. She was their daughter and that was all that was important.

In a way, she thought she and Dany were going to make better parents than so many where. Both Dany and herself had chosen to love Kiserri and let her into their heart. The girl was so sweet and affectionate that it was an easy thing to do.

Burp.

Lyanna had been jerking and making cranky baby noises but now she was cooing and relaxing getting the gas out of her stomach.

“She burped momma. You did a good job. Layla looks so much happier now momma.”

She brought Lyanna back down into her arms. She rocked the baby who was already getting sleepy. Kiserri was at her shoulder looking down at Lyanna.

“She is so beautiful. Grown up Layla will be so happy to see her little sister.”

“No Kiserri, say Lyanna—“ Arya stopped herself. “Lyanna is named after her aunt who died a long time ago.”

“No she died and came back to life like me momma. She has bonded with a wind spirit.”

Arya shook her head sadly. The Elohim saved Kiserri when they saved Dany in the Red Wastes. There was no reason for them to have saved her aunt in the Tower of Joy twenty years ago. Kiserri was bent over looking intently at her first cousin. Kiserri made the strangest pronouncements at times. She was filled with magic. That was obvious but like many five year olds she sometimes got reality and fantasy confused.

Arya would have loved to meet her aunt. Her father had told Arya more than once she was so much like his dearly departed sister. He missed her so much. It had been the “wolf” in Lyanna that had made her father allow his daughter (and now Sansa) to find their own way when they wished to travel a path less traveled.

Arya heard again in her mind her father’s words “I could not in the end make you follow a path you did not want to travel Arya” he had told her soon after her return to Winterfell and she and Dany had finally become lovers. “If your aunt had been allowed to take up the sword as you have she may still be alive. She would have chosen her path freely instead of being forced to run away with Rhaegar at night. I wish that Rhaegar and Elia had had the same freedom. Rhaegar was so sad and Elia was so beautiful. I heard rumors then she was in love with a princess in Dorne (he had sighed heavily). So
much waste of so much potential.” Eddard had looked at Arya and then hugged her. “You and Sansa could not have chosen better mates.”

“I am so proud of both of you.”

Arya’s heart had nearly burst out of her chest with her father’s heartfelt words.

Dany was with her mother softly talking to her. They both cooed and tickled Brandon who gurgled and she thought giggled a little. He was going to have so many women wrapped around his finger. She stopped herself. Or maybe young squires or maybe both. Geez, she had to fight her own conditioning.

Dany loved it when Cat gave Brandon to her to burp. She was confident and sure of herself. Arya again wondered if Dany would ever come to her asking her to lie with some man to produce more heirs to the throne or maybe to just have more children to rear.

Dany was barren. She was sure of it. She had conceived almost immediately after she was battered to Drogo. She had obviously been fertile. She had slept with men since then. She had not conceived again. She was barren.

Arya had no desire to bring forth any children into the world. She would rather adopt like they had with Kiserri. Still she was the Queen’s consort. She may have to perform her royal duty and produce more heirs. She would handle that situation in the future if it came up. She hoped Dany would never ask it of her.

Dany quickly had Brandon burped and she handed the boy back to Catelyn.

“Kiserri can you come here for a moment honey?” Dany asked her daughter.

Kiserri walked around on the bed to get on the other side of Catelyn. Arya got up and knelt down in front of Dany. Kiserri sat down on Dany’s lap and snuggled in and she held out her hand for Arya. Arya felt her heart catch as she leaned in and they both hugged the precious little girl. Kiserri made happy little girl noises as she felt her mothers pressed into her body reassuring her that she was dearly loved.

Dany spoke softly to Kiserri as did Arya. They had discussed this over the last few days. They needed to leave Kiserri behind but did not want her to feel any separation anxiety.

“Honey?” Dany began. “Your two mommies have to go away for a little while. We have some important work to do and we can’t take you with us baby. We need to leave you here.”

“You are going to fight the bad cold man aren’t you mommy.”

Arya gasped. How did this girl know so much? The two mothers had been sure to shield their young daughter information that might scare and upset her.

Dany looked at her. In some ways this would make it easier to explain things Arya saw.

“Yes honey. There is a bad evil man that many of us are leaving to fight. He must be stopped and killed. He is a very bad man.”

“You cannot kill him mommy. You can kill his body but not his spirit. He and the bad thing on his back are too strong mommies. He was created by the little people with pointy ears. He is part of the Earth now. The woman with green eyes and hair with pointy ears will put him down mommies. Even she cannot kill him but she can bury him. But you two along with my uncle must kill his body
to let the green haired lady do her duty.”

There was total silence around the bed. Catelyn was staring at them. The child was prophesizing. The three adults knew who the Uncle was. Azor Ahai had his role to play too.

“Honey I make my own future. We shall see.”

“I want to come too! I am your Bloodrider! I am mighty!”

Dany smiled at Arya over her head. Their daughter was definitely as fierce as they come. To prove her fierceness she pulled her ceremonial dagger out from behind her belt and went to slash it in the air.

“Nooooooo!” Kiserri cried out when she dropped her dirk onto the floor. “Why does that keep happening!” she squealed. She jumped off the bed and somehow kicked the dirk underneath the bed. Her little body half disappeared underneath the bed with her little rump sticking out and her legs kicking as she chased the dirk around underneath the bed.

Frustrated sounds filtered out from underneath the bed.

The three woman stared at each other. Kiserri was definitely full of prognostications today. It was obvious that Kiserri’s time with the Elohim had gifted her with strange insights and visions.

A triumphant squeal sounded from underneath the bed. Kiserri appeared with a big smile and covered in dust bunnies.

Catelyn patted her stomach having put Brandon back in the bassinet along with Lyanna. Kiserri smiled seeing her grandmother offer to let her sit on her lap. Kiserri had come to love Catelyn Stark as her “granma”. Kiserri sat down on her lap and looked up at her expectantly.

Arya translated for her mother. They had several Dothraki women they had brought north with them. They spoke Westerosi. They spoke with a thick accent but they could be understood. They would translate for Kiserri as she learned Westerosi. She was starting to pick up the language of Westeros but Dany and Arya had already agreed that they would speak Dothraki in their home.

Arya had picked up High Valyrian and could speak the language fluently now. She was now totally fluent in Dothraki thanks to Kiserri and her strange powers. Arya seemed to pick up languages fairly easily. She loved hearing Dany screaming and cursing in her native tongue when she was sucking her off.

Catelyn made eye contact with the fierce little Dothraki girl.

“How can you stay with me Kiserri? Your grandfather and mothers are going to fight and I will be left unprotected. We were hoping that you could be my Dothrak hqoyis. Thasho h’anhaan ven anha ray yol mehas. Me azh maan atjakhar.” Kiserri gaped at Catelyn.

“Will you protect me and my newborns Kiserri?”

The girl pulled her dirk out from where she had put it back behind her belt. Kiserri started to drop it but Arya caught it and handed it back to her daughter.

Kiserri excitedly said she would stay behind and protect Catelyn.

Arya’s mother explained to Arya and Dany as their daughter puffed out her chest and made a show of protecting the bassinet that she had started to learn Dothraki since she had a grand daughter who
spoke the language and she was learning High Valyrian as well. She wanted to be able to speak the languages that her daughter now spoke fluently. She wanted to talk to the Queen in her native tongue.

Her father had tried to start learning but so far he was proving to be most inept. “I will rely on your skills I think sweet wife” he had told Catelyn. It seemed her mother also could learn languages easily now that she had a reason too.

They soon left Catelyn and Kiserri who thought she needed to ward the newborns a little longer. A lunch of chicken and rice with green beans and corn was being served to the mother and her new guardian. Arya was sure that her mother was safe in her daughter’s care. Kiserri would be dutiful in her new task.

Arya looked around at the castle of her youth. She felt sad thinking she would not be seeing much of it in the future.

Dany sensed her thoughts. “I have dragons Arya. We will be visiting quite often I think.”

Arya felt a surge of love for Dany. The rest of the day was free for Dany. She grabbed her hand.

With Dany she loved the direct approach. “Let’s go back to my room and fuck!” Dany nodded her head avidly.

Dany squealed squeezing Arya’s hand as they took off running to Arya’s room.

**Tyrion**

His thoughts wondering Tyrion walked to the Small Council chambers. To be more accurate he was stomping his feet on the way to said chambers. He had spied Solaja Xo and her wives on the way to the Small Council. They were most pleasant to the dwarf whenever they saw him. He had missed fucking the incestuous mother and daughter whores but in deference to Solaja he had not fucked them recently.

Solaja was all smiles now and happy now that she had married the incestuous mother and daughter whores Alayah and Chataya. That was one threesome where the mother and daughter fucked each other as much as Solaja. *Lucky woman.* Tyrion knew Solaja was extremely happy now. No more pining after Daenerys. Why should she when she had both a hot MILF and a rabid always fuck hungry teenager anxious to fuck Solaja. The fact that they were mother and daughter made it all the better. The incestuous chaser made it perfect.

He had been most pleasantly surprised and happy when last week Solaja Xo told Tyrion before a meeting on the blockades around Westeros that Chataya and especially Alayaya were wondering why he had not visited their establishment. They missed fucking the Lion of Lannister. *Well of course they did he had thought to himself smugly.* Surely they missed his sweet personality (well until the sheets were turned back Tyrion thought snickered evilly), his erudite mind and especially his legendary stamina and awesome skill set in the boudoir even if he said so himself.

He had been all ears hearing that. He never tired of having his ego lifted up … along with—uh something else. “If you come by tomorrow night and the next night I will be sleeping in their quarters. You can have three for the price of one.” She told Tyrion she had been told by the whores of his vast skills and manly endowment. *Of course they had!* Solaja’s big white smile told Trion it was not some cruel jest put on by Olenna. At least he hoped it wasn’t. With that evil croon around
Tyrion could never be sure when he was about to trip another one of her snares.

He could not stop himself from going through. He had to chance it with the promises of such great pleasures awaiting him. Fortunately, it had not been a vile trap set by that hateful Olenna. It had been heavenly. He now knew Dany had missed a great fuck! He discovered that Solaja Jo gave awesome head as well. Her mouth hungrily taking his manly appendage down her gullet. Her mouth glued to his thick cock sucking hungrily her long braided hair jerking as she sucked so hard and licked his dick head with gusto and fuck hunger.

Mother and daughter had sucked him off tag team with them on the outside of his legs as he laid back on his back. The incestuous mother-daughter tilting his cock and right and left to share his mighty towering prick between them. Both beautiful women sucking and bobbing with all the skills that only whores had. He had loved fisting their hair and ramming their mouths down on his towering prick. He had cum hard in the daughter’s mouth and then watched the two incestuous lovers drooling his sperm from mouth to mouth. Gods that had been so hot.

He had cummed in each of their pussies filling their wombs with his virile sperm. He smiled seeing his lover up over him as they rode him cowgirl in turn. The voluptuous women slamming their bodies up and down to slam his dick hard and deep up into their bellies. Their tight couchies gripping and spasming up and down the length of his shaft as they fucked him exuberantly.

He loved watching the MILF’s full gourd tits whip up and slap back down on their sweaty chests as they fucked wildly to slap their ass cheeks hard on Tyrion’s groin to pile drive his dick into their wombs his bulbous dickhead plowing sweet tight wet whorls and folds. Alayaya's full rounded tits swirled and whiplashed up and down with her hot hard fucking. All three sluts groaning and cawing as their bodies slapped down hard into his as they strove and fucked with wild exuberance.

Gods they had screamed so loud in orgasm. When he cummed finally in Solaja’s tight fisting cunt he had roared and then screamed as his jetting cock had sent Solaja again into her orgasm and her cunt fisted his thick prick in a velvet fist of wet heat and tight squeezes.

He had rested when he couldn’t get it up anymore. He watched the three beautiful black women fuck each other deep into the night. The three women ever changing who they were sucking off. They would go from fucking one on one with one watching and stroking heated flesh to threesome sex of mouths working two on one or simply devouring whatever sweet female flesh was before them. They had cummed so hard with cunts flooding and filling mouths with hot cum or soaking legs, bellies, back or asses with hot gushes of cum when tribbing those body parts.

Recharged he had fucked each in the ass to their great everlasting pleasure. Tyrion had to be truthful with himself about his cocksman skills he told himself. He was the Lion of Lannister after all. He had gotten up on a small stool to get the proper height and fucked them savagely in their sweet tight clenching assholes. The women grunting and squealing feeling his mushroom cockhead prying open their shitters and then sinking deep up their asses.

He gripped their hips hard to jerk them back into his lunging dick savaging their hungry assholes. Their hanging tits whiplashing and flipping with their surging to and fro bodies. Tyrion loved seeing their voluptuous hips and ass cheeks ripple with his manly hips slamming hard into their stout bodies.

Gods he loved seeing the two women he was not currently fucking up the ass sucking ass juice off his cock. Their dark black faces so beautiful with their black lips glued to his shaft jerking their heads up and down slurping up sweet shit juice off his prick. The two whores and Fleet Admiral gripping the base of his shaft to pull his cock straight out of the asshole he was fucking with a strong grip. His dickhead jerking out the asshole he was pounding with manly vigor.
His cockhead and glans soaked in sweet shit juice. The three beautiful women hungrily diving down on his manly cock and sucking hard to get the sweet ass juice in their mouth and tongue. Then the women turned their heads to the ass he had just been plundering.

The women rimming and tongue fucking gaping assholes. It was hot seeing the three beautiful black women in turn gripping ass cheeks to pull back wide to expose gaping shitholes. The women burying their faces in the ass cleft to lick their tongues all around in the open asshole. Their pink tongues licking avidly red rectums and the runnel starfish. The sluts moaning in happiness sinking their long tongues up spasming assholes.

The three minxes taking turns giving their sweet black asses to Tyrion. He loved their dark hued skin. It made their gaped assholes so much hotter seeing their rectums all bright red and soaked in anal juice. Seeing black hands gripping his white cock to pull out a black ass. Black lips clenched tight on his dick sucking with great fuck hungers slurping up the sweet whitish yellow ass cream off his manly thick cock with lots of moans and slurps of the woman doing ass to mouth.

It was so hot to see Alayaya and Chataya on either side of Solaja’s hips and taking turns jacking Tyrion’s dick out her asshole to suck on greedily sucking Solaja’s shit juice off his dick with hungry head bobs.

It had been especially hot seeing Alayaya gripping her mother’s ass cheeks and jerking them hard to pull them out taunt. Then mashing her face into the ass cleft of Chataya her mother and sliding her tongue deep up in her mother’s shit pipe. The daughter groaning as she Dorne kissed her mother’s winking starfish licking her tongue flicking down deep in her mother’s rectum. Said mother cawing and jamming back burying her daughter’s face deep in her sweaty cum soaked ass cleft. Chataya reaching back with her hand to fist her daughter’s hair and ram her daughter’s face deeper into her ass cleft to sink Alayaya’s tongue deeper up her clenching butthole.

Only then did the sluts guide his septa helmet back to the slut’s gaping asshole and shoving his dick back deep into hungry wanton assholes. Gods Tyrion loved how they shoved his prick back up the ass he was currently fucking. The women who had just sucked sweet ass cream off his cock urging him on to pound the sweet asshole yet again. The women looking hungrily as his dick quickly slavered again with shit cream that they hungered to lick and suck off his cock again.

The three women were great sluts in the sack Tyrion reflected on happily. Solaja, Alayaya and Chataya were all three insatiable. They loved his cock and each other’s pussy. The women fucking and fucking long after they had drained Tyrion dry of his manly seed. He had enjoyed fucking them immensely. Fucking beautiful black women was rad! It was true. The blacker the berry the sweeter the juice!

It had been literally a blast he chuckled to himself. His cock sure thought so! It had been a great night and he had gone the next night too to once more prove that his legendary performance was indeed reality. He left the sweet sluts satiated. Well mostly. They had fucked him out! It had taken them fucking each other blind most of the night to wear their couchies out but who was complaining. He had enjoyed the show! He had become hard thrice more and joined in again and fucked them to screaming orgasms till a hot hungry cunt twice and a hungry asshole once swallowed his cock’s manly hard spurting seed. Such thoughts put a virile step in his walk.

Yes, indeed. Solaja Xo was one happy woman. I would be too if I was chowing down on the sweet black pussy of Chataya and Alayaya every night she was in King’s Landing. Then plowing willing pussy and asshole with my long thick strap-on cock as he had witnessed. Gods those women knew how to use their hips when fucking. The two whores had fallen totally in love with Solaja Xo. They were always pleasant and knew how to flirt with the best of them. With Solaja they were so sugary
and cloying.

Of course Solaja Xo was equally besotted with her wives. She cooed and hoovered around them telling them how much she loved the whores and thought she was the luckiest woman in the world. Tyrion mused that in Solaja’s mind she was.

Tyrion wondered what it must be like to be so in love. The long lost echoes of Tysha washed ashore on his conscious. He stopped and sighed. He had been so happy and yet it had all disappeared like a sandcastle washed away by the waves of the approaching tide on the beach. In one act it had been ruined. One act he had not been man enough to do what he should have done. He shook his head. It was the past. It could not be undone. Was Tysha even alive? Where did whores go?

He had taken the secret passage from his chambers to the royal apartments on the outside wall of the great keep facing the sea. The tunnel came out near the quarters of Varys so Tyrion used it when he wanted to avoid much foot traffic. He would then take the halls into the main Citadel built by Maegor. He was trying to avoid people in general at the moment.

It had been eleven days since the debacle of his humiliation by his sister Cersei. He was not sure if he liked this new Cersei. She had seemingly turned over a new leaf. Her attitude towards life in general and Tyrion in particular had changed completely. She had sent three more ravens with thick scrolls the next morning after Tyrion’s utterly degrading humiliation. She was gushing so sappily about Obara and how wonderful she was. She loved the woman with all her heart. She had actually drawn hearts around Obara’s name whenever she wrote the Sand Snake’s name in her scrolls. The insipid sappiness made Tyrion want to gag.

Where the hell had his mean spirited vile tempered sister gone! Tyrion wondered perplexed. When he read the sugary prose of his sister now he almost wished the old vile snake Cersei back. He could understand that woman. He had cross checked with his spies and gotten Varys to give him his reports on Cersei. It all came back the same. His sister was a new person. Period. The old Cersei was gone. How?! Why?! Where?!

Tyrion no longer had to fear imminent death at her hands or those she sent but this new witty Cersei was almost as reprehensible! She was killing Tyrion with sappy insipid sweetness! It was cloying!

Tyrion had to find his eyeballs on the floor after they popped out his eye sockets when he read that Cersei was cooking all of Obara’s meals when she had time and cleaning the house. Cersei gushed saying she loved being domesticated. She absolutely loved to dust and get on knees and scrub her kitchen tiles. Tyrion had been afraid his unhinged jaw would fall off to join his eyeballs on the floor after reading that.

What in the hell had happened to his hateful sister that hated everyone after Jamie dumped her for Brienne. Hell, she had been a harpy before Jamie left her for the not so divine Brienne. Brienne was sweet but Tyrion had to be honest. Brienne would never win a beauty pageant. Still, it was obvious that Jamie was besotted with the woman. They said love was blind and his brother and Brienne proved it.

The Cersei Tyrion knew and understood would demand revenge on the “heifer”. But nooooo this Cersei gushed about how happy she was that she and Jamie had both found their soulmates. Who was this woman! She went into great details of how she went down on Obara and how she liked looking down her sweat and cum soaked belly and seeing Obara sucking her cunt meat up a full inch out from her vulva munching on her clit and labia lips making obscene munching noises.

Tyrion wanted to curse his sister for sending him such long detailed accounts of her lesbian lovemaking but it was too juicy and good to not read. Repeatedly! He simply had to read it! It was
Cersei was a great porn writer!

Cersei detailed how Obara pounded her cunt and shithole with her long ever hard cock. She loved to have her wife fist her hair and roughly jerk her around to clean her pussy and shithole off her lovely wife’s thick long cock! “Gods Tyrion, my shithole tastes so fucking sweet!” Cersei wrote rhapsodic over her new lesbian debaucheries. Tyrion cursed Cersei’s sailor language. He knew Cersei knew it was turning him on something fierce! She told Tyrion she had literally seen stars when Obara fucked her in the ass so hard and her world exploded in anal ‘gams of heavenly dimensions. How Obara would bend forward and rub her clit as she fucked Cersei in the ass so hard and deep.

“Tyrion. I can’t tell you how good it feels when my asshole explodes in scalding fucking bliss and Obara is rubbing and mashing my shaved snatch and then my cunt explodes and my asshole and cunt feed off each other driving me multiple. Have you ever felt like your dick was tearing itself inside out? Obara does that to me every night!” She then describe in vivid detail a recent anal ‘gasm of epic dimensions. Tyrion had read it thrice to make sure he understood his sister’s prose. His cock sure did!

Then Cersei had describe Obara choking her out as she rode the Martell cowgirl. She had fallen forward onto her palms and was rotating her hips to work her groin up and down in a hard swirl impaling her womb on Obara’s nearly foot long strap-on cock. Her dickhead savaging Cersei’s womb with sweet pummeling. Then as she cummed Obara had reached up and choked her breath off. Cersei’s hand clawing at the hands choking her. She told Tyrion she could have easily broken the choke depriving her of air but loved knowing her Obara was giving her what she needed. Her body instinctively fighting for air. Her brain screaming for oxygen and her throat so squeezed tight and hard. Her vision tunneling before Obara let her breath again. Her body heaving as she sucked in great ragged breaths with rivers of spit spewing out her choking and gasping mouth. Her womb had simply exploded again and again as she cried out in raspy half screams feeling her cunt shredded and her womb rip inside out deep in her belly.

Tyrion had thrown the scrolls on the floor in his disgust. His cock was about to explode! And he was not even jerking off! Big tactical mistake! He had then hurried out of his chair to snatch up the scrolls and then getting comfortable back in his thickly upholstered chair. He quickly found his stopping spot and resumed reading while he cursed his sister as she spent four whole scrolls detailing all her great sex she was having.

He had such a bad case of blue balls by the time he finished reading the infernal scrolls it hurt getting into bed where he could take matters into hand. He was the Hand after all. Cersei was flooding Tyrion with scrolls. She was telling Tyrion of ALL of great fucks she had had with Obara since they had started to fuck. His sister had an eidetic memory Tyrion was discovering. At least when it came to sex! She thought Tyrion deserved to know.

He cursed his sister as he avidly read each scroll greedily. Again and again!

He had made the mistake of trying to read them again the next night with Bronn and Shae in his suite. He had been furious with his bodyguards for their fun at his expense. He had tried to exact his revenge.

He tried glaring at them. They laughed.

He threatened to release them from his services. They laughed.

He threatened to have them tortured. They laughed.
He threatened to have them executed. They laughed.

He gave up. He pouted and gnashed his teeth in vexation which only increased the abuse heaped his way from his supposed bodyguards.

"Ho ho dwarf… what are your reading their Tyrion! Let me see. Remember it is better to give than to receive you fucking midget" Bronn told his employer in a scolding voice. That statement made Tyrion roll his eyes. Bronn tried to get the scrolls but Tyrion jerked them away from the pawing hands. Tyrion tried to hide the scrolls beside him half stuffing them into the space between the cushioned seat and side.

"Damnit dwarf let me see… you got a fucking tent pole in your trousers there my good stunted geek… you are reading something good. I know it!"

"Fuck you asshole… I still haven’t forgiven you for your vile treatment of me Bronn.” Tyrion turned to make sure he knew where Shae was. After her performance in their murmur play he did not trust her. She had moved like a panther and her strength had been shocking! He felt more at ease. Shae was at the table wolfing down a brace of succulent chicken, quale and rabbit. She had animal grease all over her face. She even had some smeared into her hair and staining her sheer linen top.

The grease had wetted the gauzy material of Shae’s top and had the fabric clinging to her small upturned doves.

Damn her breast were succulent Tyrion leered at the whore’s breast. Damn her eyes for being so beautiful. Tyrion turned around in a huff. He was still bitter with Shae for so willingly going along with Cersei’s little ‘drama’ as Cersei called it.

"Please be a good sport Tyrion” Cersei had written. “It was all in good jest… don’t you agree my sweet younger brother. Kisses.”

Gods this new Cersei made Tyrion to want to hurl with her sappiness. He knew she was laying it on thick for his benefit. It was scoring too damnit! Tyrion paused in his diatribe against Cersei. She couldn’t have become that sappy for real. Could she?

He was brought back from his musings on Cersei and returned to his current hellish reality “Oh don’t be that way Tyrion” Bronn intoned drolly. “It was all in good fun man! We only scared you a little… little man” which sent him into gales of laughter. He fell to the floor with big belly laughs at Tyrion’s expense. Tyrion glared at the man in his employee. Something about the boss slash employee dynamic Bronn and Shae seemed to never remember. Hell, even care about!

When Bronn recovered from his belly laughs at Tyrion’s expense from lack of air he looked at Tyrion like he had all the cards. The bodyguard finally levered himself erect again to sit on his ass his legs spread. He was immediately back at Tyrion. “Come on man! Let me read… you look like you have a lance in those trousers of yours Tyrion. Let me see.” Bronn got up and walked over. Tyrion shied away trying to hide the scrolls from Bronn.

He was not successful. “Whoa! I recognize that handwriting. Your sweet sister has written another scroll to her dear now dearly beloved dwarf brother. Let me have dwarf! She writes best lesbo porn I have ever seen man!” Tyrion noted that Bronn was drooling and clearly addled in his eagerness of another dose of Cersei ‘lesbo porn’.

Tyrion flipped off Bronn.
Bronn slowly started to unsheathe his sword from its scabbard on his hip. His face twisted into an evil mask of hate.

Tyrion could not stop himself from squealing and backing up in his chair. His small legs working the cushion as his stunted legs kicked in his terror.

Bronn could not get the sword one third unsheathed before he was rolling on the floor again laughing his ass off. He looked like an eel on dry land the way he flipped and jerked around on the carpet. His body wracked by great long laughing fits. “Gods, you are so easy Tyrion!” Bronn roared between fits of laughing.

“Fuck you Bronn!” Tyrion in his peevishness threw his scrolls aside and flipped off Bronn with both hands jerking his fists up. “Ha!” Tyrion snarled while jabbing his birds at the fallen sellsword. He had nearly soiled himself again. He would rather die than have that happen again … well it wouldn’t be that bad … but still—it was the principle!

Bronn only laughed harder.

Suddenly, the scrolls were ripped up off the chair from beside Tyrion. NO! “Give those back to me godsdamnit Shae! They are addressed to me you fucking whore!”

Shae with a chicken breast in one hand had the scrolls in her other hand jaunted around Tyrion. She gigged like a five year old dancing around the room flapping the scrolls around. Tyrion was off his chair in a flash. He nearly stumbled head first to the floor. He only barely caught himself. Of course Bronn found this hilarious and laughed uproariously.

Tyrion was after Shae like a cheetah in a full sprint. She was a short woman but her legs were still a lot longer than a dwarf’s legs. Tyrion discovered this chasing her around the room as Shae tore off chunks of chicken chewing the meat like a hungry jackal. She nearly choked on the chicken laughing and running but not slow enough to let Tyrion run her down. Then she stopped and held up the hand with the scrolls. He jumped up trying to get his little fingers on the scrolls as they were jerked just above his head. Shae folded the scrolls up enough to keep the scrolls out of reach.

“Give me those godsdamn scrolls now!” Tyrion bellowed.

“Hehehehehehe” was Shae’s response as she laughed and spun around keeping the scroll tails just out of reach of Tyrion’s lurching hands as he jumped up and crying out in frustration.

He was nearly frothing at the mouth with his frustration his hands grasping and falling just short of their quest. How in the hell could a whore be so coordinated to eat chicken with her dominate hand and still torment Tyrion by keeping the scrolls just out of reach of his hands with her left hand he couldn’t figure out.

“I will get you for this Shae!” Tyrion bellowed.

“Mnmnmppff umpff hhssuupp mmffff” Shae replied adroitly while she masticated a large mouthful of chicken.

“Arrgggggg!” Tyrion cried out for vengeance chasing the whore around. His tormentor always just out of reach. Shae was like a gazelle with how she could change directions instantly, having the dwarf go lurching by his little hands grasping air as he stormed past Shae in her new direction of flight. It took the dwarf some steps to change course in hot pursuit. Again and again the whore gracefully dodged the maniacal dwarf giving hot pursuit. Tyrion’s eyes flared wide open when the picked clean bones of Shae’s chicken breast hit him in the forehead.
“Ha ha ha! Catch me if you can shrimp legs!” Shae carped dancing a jig around the determined dwarf who valiantly gave chase.

“When I get my hands on you, you will regret it damnit! Give me my damn scrolls you fucking whore!” Tyrion loudly exclaimed in righteous fury.

Shae laughed hopping around the room and then running around the Hand’s table laughing with Tyrion chasing her around. He tried running underneath the table and cut her off but the bitch had somehow seen that coming and reversed her path. Round and round the table he chased Shae. He was closing in his eyes alight with victory. Then the bitch jumped up and slide her ass across the table top to alight on the other side of the table.

“Nan na na-nann-aaa na! … pphhhffttttt!” Shae blew Tyrion a raspberry.

Tyrion stopped hands on his knees bent over gasping for breath. He gasped in air to his heroic lungs. Shae was carping across the table at the dwarf. The whore sticking her tongue out at Tyrion and waving the scrolls around.

“Look what I have and you don’t!” Shae sang out off key.

Tyrion threw a foaming fit. His eyes crossed and strange demonic sounds came out of his mouth but quickly recovered and resumed the chase.

Bronn had recovered now and he came up to shield Shae with his body. Tyrion was furious. Shae juking and jiving around Bronn keeping him between herself and Tyrion.

“Give me those damn scrolls you miserable rotten motherfuckers! They are mine!” Tyrion whined. Tyrion moved in on Shae’s shield. His foot kicking out at the bodyguard. Bronn dodged but Tyrion finally connected. Tyrion howled like a banshee. His foot had made a painful discovery! The man had put on iron shin guards underneath his pants legs just for moments like this.

Tyrion hopped around on one foot cursing. His toes killing him.

“I think I broke my toes you fucking bastard!”

Bronn’s little high pitched twitter only infuriated Tyrion further.

“Serves you right dwarf for abusing the help. I should have you brought up on charges!” The bodyguard laughing as he spoke down to his employer.

Shae snapped one of the scrolls down and started to read the words of his evil perverted sister. Words he, Tyrion, was thoroughly enjoying only a few minutes before.

“Bronn, I can’t read it!” Shae whined petulantly.

“Of course you can’t Shae. You’re a fucking whore by the seven gods!”

“Fuck you Bronn! You can’t read it either you mother fucking moron.”

“Why the in the hell do you think Olenna read the previous scrolls to us woman.”

Tyrion made a dive for the scroll his toes now able to bend a little and support his weight. The vile woman effortlessly pivoted around with the tail of the scroll fluttering just out of reach of the grabbing dwarf.

Several times Tyrion made a play for the scroll like a maddened bull in a Dorne fighting rink.
"Ouch—you fucking bitch!" Tyrion cried out when Shae pulled the scroll aside from in front of his face and the last thing he saw before his head hit it was the edge of the table on the side wall that had bowls of fruit, bread and cheese sitting on it. The force of impact rattling the bowls and items in them. The dwarf staggered back. Tyrion now had a goose egg with a crease on it on his forehead. He stumbled around holding his forehead cursing the wench and Bronn who was back on the ground laughing so hard he was holding his stomach.

"You fucking bitch! I should bring you up on charges for dwarf abuse. Curse you wench!" Tyrion whined rubbing his throbbing goose egg. He glared daggers at the whore.

"Tyrion be a dear and read me the scroll. It is full of lesbian porn isn’t it?!" Shae asked breathlessly her nipples very erect and her face flushed with her efforts and the thoughts of getting herself off. The fucking wench had a sheen of perspiration on her face from her exertions which made her look hot! Her nipples erect and poking through her sheer blouse looked heavenly to the perverted dwarf. Tyrion was so furious with her and yet he still wanted to fuck her! He had to remember she had just put a godsdamn knot on his forehead.

"Why in the hell should I help you get off bitch! I have a fucking knot on my head because of you!"

"If you read me the scroll I will give you a great hummer job and then fuck you bowlegged. Then you and Bronn can DP me. Again and again. I want to relive those great fucks the sumo wrestlers gave me."

Tyrion eyes went glassy. Was he hearing right? He looked over at Bronn who had stopped laughing and was sitting on his ass contemplating things. He first had a lecherous look on his face that gave way to being pissed off.

"Are you bringing up those fucking Sumo wrestlers again Shae? Okay, I know! They were a great fuck! They had the stamina of a freaking bull in heat … their oiled bodies felt so good squeezing you between them. I get it already damnit … still, hearing you talk about them fucking you gets me damnnnnnn horny woman!"

Shae definitely had Tyrion’s erection—he meant his attention. "How do I know you will deliver? If I read you the scrolls you may then decide to not perform your … ah—ahem duty."

Shae batted her eyelashes at Tyrion and then fell to her knees and started to undo his laces.

Tyrion’s mouth hung open. Was this really happening? Had the sun reversed its course in the heavens?

The whore looked up at Tyrion with her beautiful dark eyes. "Start reading my Lion of Lannister … gods I love lesbian porn. It makes me so horny. I will start bringing my whore lovers over." Her hands had loosened his trousers and she jerked them loose on Tyrion’s hips. Her hand reached in and pulled out Tyrion’s hot throbbing cock. Tyrion was slightly dizzy with this change of situation. Did she say bring whores here?!

"Whoa!" Shae exclaimed. She started to pump Tyrion’s hard dick. "Bronn look! Tyrion has a dick near as big as yours!" She stared at his dick licking her lips. "He truly is a Lion of Lannister. I can’t wait to hear him roar Bronn!"

Tyrion looked over at Bronn to see how he was taking Shae’s appraisal of his manly attributes. Shae was the most perceptive of whores. He knew he liked Shae for her keen intellect even though she tormented him with that intellect and her wiles and charms!
“Alright Shae! I get it. Tyrion does indeed have a nice dick okay! He is probably a great fuck … get to sucking woman and let’s find out!”

“Unnggggg!” the dwarf groaned feeling Shae suck his cock into her mouth and started to bob while sucking fiercely on his dick. Her head riding up and down his thick long cock. Tyrion loved watching her black hair flounce as her mouth made slurping obscene noises. Her head stilling to twist hard on his bulbous cockhead while sucking like a succubus. Her mouth making wet obscene slurping suck noises. Then she was back to bobbing hard again on his bulbous cockhead and then riding her mouth sliding so hot and wet up and down Tyrion’s dick. Her mouth glued to his thick veined shaft.

Tyrion’s head still throbbed but now his other head was throbbing too. He turned the scroll around. It was getting hard to think as Shae hot mouth was doing wonderful things to his manhood.

“Start reading dwarf!” Bronn barked as he started undoing his laces.

“Ah … ummmmm hummmmm (trying to find his place) … lets see …” Tyrion flustered turned the scroll around and finally found where the first good part started “I had Obara on her back with my face buried deep in her cunny sucking fiercely on her clit deep into my mouth …”

As Tyrion read Bronn quickly divested himself of his clothing. The dwarf observed that Bronn was indeed well endowed. His thick cock jerking before him as he moved to get behind Shae. His eyes glued to her sweet bubble butt.

Shae groaned giving Tyrion sloppy head. Her eyes fluttered shut as she sucked fiercely. Tyrion ripped off his shirt while Shae worked his pants off and he kicked off his shoes and stepped out of his pants. He watched Bronn move to bend down behind Shae. He quickly divested her of her dress. Shae lifting her body up for a minute to let Bronn pull her thin dress off her body. Then the whore got on all fours her head pumping up and down Tyrion’s cock taking his dick down her throat. Tyrion groaned in fierce pleasure gripping Shae’s hair and driving her head up and down his dick driving it down her hot tight throat.

The dwarf chuffing and moaning as he read his sister’s delightful prose. His anger at his sister dissipating by degrees with the great hummer job he was receiving. Tyrion would sputter and have to reread parts as his mind lost focus but he kept reading avidly. Shae moaned and groaned at his sister’s hot words and more importantly kept sucking hard and hot on his cock.

Shae moaned hard looking up at Tyrion with hot slutty eyes. The dwarf watched Bronn get behind Shae. He whipped his thick cock down on her ass cheeks hard. The sound obscene and oh so hot. He smacked her ass hard for “being a hussy”. She squealed and shimmed her ass back at Bronn. Her mouth sliding up and down Tyrion’s cock sucking with cheek hollowing deep throat love sucks.

Tyrion watched as Bronn slowly slide his long thick cock into Shae’s tight pussy until he had fully sheathed his cock into her hot tight cunt. Shae’s body shivered hard at the deep penetration. Her moans sweet on Tyrion’s cock now ramming the back of her throat. Looking down as he read Tyrion saw Shae’s face had a sublime look of pleasure on it. Her body relishing the thick cock being pumped in and out her wet tight cunny. The sensations had her face twisted but she focused and kept sucking hard on Tyrion’s cock.

Bonn gripped Shae’s hips and quickly built up his rhythm slamming his hips into Shae’s ass cheeks with loud slaps. Her body jolting forward as Tyrion worked his hips in time to drive his dick deep down Shae’s throat with each hard vicious slam of Bronn’s body into Shae’s ass. Her hips rippling with the force of their bodies impacting.
Tyrion pumped his hips as did Bronn squirting a very willing Shae from both ends. She was grunting like a sow in heat her body buffeted with hard dick. Tyrion himself was groaning hard feeling Shae now twisting her head on his dickhead sucking like a rabid slut.

Tyrion was one happy dwarf.

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Tyrion fortunes had definitely improved and worsened at the same time. It depended on which location he currently was in. In the tower of the Hand he was living high on the hog. Well, with some humiliation thrown in of course. He was dealing with Shae and Bronn after all. The sex was great. Tyrion had blown it the first time Shae had offered to fuck him. Not the second time though! Now she was blowing him! Tyrion loved it! Shae was indeed a great fuck. She kept him and Bronn going all night till she had fucked them out.

Shae after the fourth night had started bringing in some of her whore friends as she had promised. They were definitely like Shae. Insatiable. They would fuck Bronn and Tyrion out and then Shae was on them like a crazed piranha from Sothoryos. Tyrion saw that the horny whore loved pussy as much as she loved cock. Probably more so. Shae was totally bisexual. It was simply beyond hot watching the beautiful small framed woman sucking women off. The way she gripped their bodies to hold the women down as they wailed and jackknifed violently as she sucked them off yet again was pure heaven on Earth.

Tyrion had scored big time he crowed to himself! In a strange perverted way he had Cersei to thank for his newfound sexual heaven. Maybe his sister wasn’t so bad after all.

He almost felt sorry for the women as Shae like a succubus feverishly sucked them dry. Of course their screams of ecstasy filled his humble abode. It was amazing how hard you got and how fast when beautiful women were fucking each other like rabid dogs right in front of your face. Shae actually pinned the poor women down to the bed or furs and jacked their legs wide open even after repeated sucking offs. The lasses trying to cover their worn out pussies.

Shae evidently had many a female courtesan under her spell that she started to bring to Tyrion’s humble abode. Tyrion smiled great big at the bounty of pussy coming his way!

Shae seemed to have a sixth sense to know when a swollen, distended sloppy wet cunt could take just one more orgasm. The women usually passed out when Shae sucked off their worn out pussies for that one last spectacular orgasm. Tyrion had been sure that a few of the whores and sluts had passed the great divide to the fields of Elysium. They sure screamed like they were dying in agony. The women wildly flipped and heaved around the beds and furs simply wailing as multiple convulsions of multiple orgasms ripped their nubile bodies apart.

Shae when she sensed she had just about worn her sluts out, she finished the girls off with a hard clit suck and g-spot gigging. Tyrion’s ears were still ringing from last night when Shae sucked off a strong Summer Islander whore to unconsciousness. After a harrowing multiple clit sucking, dildo fucking asshole with left hand and the right hand working the woman’s g-spot type of multiple orgasm. Gods, Tyrion had not known a woman’s body could bend that high and hard as Ronanta Zhaasa jammed her feet into the bed and used her neck to bow her body to grind her twat and asshole into Shae’s loving hands and mouth.

Shae had risen up with Ronanta as the strong tall Summer Islander woman orgasmed hard. The whore had scooched her knees forward her body folded down to keep her mouth glued to the black woman’s exploding couchie sucking and drinking down creamy cum. The excess running down Shae’s cheek’s and throat. All the while Shae worked her two forearms to gig Ronanta’s g-spot and
pound her exploding shithole. The way the black woman’s face crumpled and slashed was a gift from the gods. Her eyes squeezed tight shut as hammer blows ripped her body apart with ecstasy.

She screamed and screamed with her bowstring taunt body constantly heaving up high grinding her cunt into Shae’s wildly gobbling mouth. Then she had crashed back down to the bed limp and unresponsive. Shae giggled at her prowess while Bronn and Tyrion stared slack jaw. Ronanta Zhaasa was simply soaking wet in sweat and cum her long braided hair thrown askance around her head and shoulders. Her breathing gasping with a beatific smile on her face.

It had taken a hard DP fuck with lots of Ass to Mouth and Ass to Pussy to finally start to wear out Shae. Finally, Bronn and Tyrion lost it cumming hard in her pussy and ass. Fortunately, Ronanta had recovered and with the other two whores strapped in with their long thick strap-ons had finally over an hour fucked Shae to exhaustion. The dwarf discovered Shae loved to be fucked airtight with dicks deep in her cunt and ass savagely fucking her while she gave head to the dick fresh out her cunt or ass. Tyrion counted at least eight orgasms from Shae. Really strong golly whopper orgasms.

Shae was really beautiful when she cummed so hard for everyone watching. The whore was a total exhibitionist. Shae getting off big time having an audience to witness her sexual prowess and insatiable appetites and a body able to fuck all others into the ground. Shae simply had an insatiable pussy and asshole. Both fuck holes craving ever more tongues, fingers, fists and large strap-ons. Shae’s throat always ready to suck another pussy or phallic shaft.

The only fly in the ointment of Tyrion’s revelry was Bronn and Shae insisting on reenacting for the women (often repeatedly since the women couldn’t seem to get enough of the story) the night of Cersei’s prank. The whores and sluts from Dany’s court shouting “We want to hear it again! Show us! Show us! Show us again Shae!”

Tyrion had roared and whined that thrice was enough godsdamnit! The girls had looked at him crossly and called out to Shae and often Bronn to again reenact the total humiliation of Tyrion. All Tyrion could do was sulk and pout in his chair. That was in between Tyrion throwing frothing teeth gnashing fits. Of course all that did was add more laughs and catcalls humiliating the dwarf.

One girl laughed so hard she pissed herself. The girl had giggled at that. Then she looked at the other sluts with an evil glint to her eyes. Tyrion cursed the wench from a high noble house. She had the body of a runway model but fucked like a whore. He discovered not only was her libido twisted so was her mind! The women turned their eyes to Tyrion who gulped sensing great danger but unsure what it might be.

He found out! Curse them!

“Let there be golden showers!” the tart barked out with the other girls and Shae chiming in “What a wonderful idea!” Tyrion’s eyes as large as saucers realized his great peril. He had made a run for it. The women looking at him with vile humor moved in for their demonic ritual. Squealing Tyrion dodged clutching hands. Their evil intentions to horrible to contemplate.

For a brief moment a clear path to the door and escape opened up before the valiant dwarf. Tyrion thought he might make it to safety when Shae tripped him exposing her dark vile heart. Her soul filled with evil. Tyrion tumbled to the ground rolling several times with his momentum. The Bitch! He had gotten back up but it was too late. The bitches had surrounded him!

Tyrion was a pervert but he wasn’t that perverted damnit! It took him an hour to wash his hair out! Unfortunately, that night there had been six women that Shae had brought. The whores and courtesans holding his kicking and squirming body down as they stood over him soaking him in their
piss! Of course, Bronn instead of saving his soaked in piss ass had laughed so hard he pissed himself!

Bronn angrily moved over to the wash basin to wash himself off telling Tyrion it was all his fault.

Tyrion would have cursed him but he needed to keep his mouth shut with the piss raining down on him. It had not been raining. It had been a world ending deluge of epic proportions with Shae joining the festivities.

“Let there be golden showers!” the sluts had sing-song again and again doing their evil deed.

The damn bitches had fucking reservoirs for bladders! Tyrion thought as women stepped on his hands and legs to hold him in place. Bitches! His body bucked but he was pinned. He felt like his head would explode swallowing his bellows of righteous rage. Tyrion had to keep his mouth closed. He was being deluged with piss!

Again he vowed revenge! His tales of woe were unending.

The fucking bitch, Shae, had somehow gotten ahold of all the original scrolls. Tyrion had hidden them under lock and key. Now Tyrion knew the fucking whore was a lock pick. The dwarf was starting to suspect that there was more to Shae than met the eye.

Tyrion was forced to watch Bronn and Shae reenact his bleating and terror. He wished he could say that she was exaggerating his blind panic and the whore had no honor describing his soiling of his short clothes with such snickering details.

The third night back there was a knock on the door as Shae and Bronn reenacted yet again Shae garroting Tyrion as he sat in his chair. Tyrion sat in that selfsame chair he was falsely garroted in and fumed stark naked. The three Summer Islander women on shore leave from a swan ship were wide eyed listening and laughing so hard at the story they nearly threw up at his expense. Tyrion threw a fit rolling around in his chair his legs kicking wildly. One of the Summer Islander sailors squealed he was garroting himself. He had glared at the bitch but she only laughed harder.

Tyrion jumped out of his chair and flipped the fucking bitches off. He didn’t care that they found it funny. He stomped over to the door forgetting his lack of clothing as he ripped open the door.

He was handed a package. The young page stared wide eyed at him and then the naked Shae and Summer Islander girls behind him. Bronn was fucking a Valyrian whore from Chataya’s establishment with gusto doing her piledriver. The young boy had stared slack jawed. As the boy watched, Bronn roared and the Valyrian whore screamed as they both cummed hard. Shae snatched the package from him. Tyrion thanked the page and closed the door and turned around.

He no longer fought Shae. He was getting to much trim to fight it.

Shae squealed telling the Summer Islander sailors she had been waiting for this package for a while. She made a show of the box in her hands and shook it close to her ear. Tyrion could hear something rattling around in the box. The Summer Islanders started clapping and stomping their feet.

“Open it! Open it!” The whore lapped up the adulation. Tyrion fumed.

Shae ripped open the package. She reached in and pulled something out. “Look! I have his short clothes he soiled himself in. I had them bronzed!” Bronn, his whore for the night, and the Summer Islander girls were laughing hysterically. Shae was immensely proud of herself. She held up the gilded short cloth for all to see. The whore chortling and shaking the now bronzed cloth all around as she danced a gig. “Gods his shit was most foul! We had to wait two weeks to send them off the
smell was so heinous."

“Aarrrggghhhhh!” Tyrion roared in his righteous fury and charged Shae for all the good it did him. The Summer Islander women stepped in and snatched him up in the air his little legs kicking as he whined and gnashed at them with his teeth. His little legs kicked furiously which only served to jostle the tall powerful women easily holding him aloft. His short arms struck out at his tormentors but fell short. He started to slap the strong black arms holding him up but all that got him was a violent shaking that rattled his teeth and had his eyes half rolled back into his skull. He was temporarily addled from his personally Summer Islander induced earthquake. His eyes now vacant, arms hanging limp, his tongue hanging out and drooling.

“Ahhhhhh” Xhorrarro cooed “He is so cute all limp like that. He reminds me of a Chihuahua!” A reviving Tyrion made animalistic snarls and grunts in his anger being held up like a little child. “He even sounds like one!” The fight came back to Tyrion but he made sure to not slap at the Summer Islanders. Being shaken like a pepper dispenser had taught the dwarf that lesson.

Xhorrarro Daama held up the wiggling kicking Tyrion like a caught fish. Xhazata Xhaqaq and Challanto Zod came up close to inspect Tyrion like a trophy. Be docile Tyrion told himself. Well that had been the plan anyways. The fucking women were humiliating him in front of Bronn and Shae. That was the last thing he needed! His legs started to kick and swing harder in his agitation. The Summer Islanders continued to coo and now stroked his hair like a lapdog. The snickers of Bronn and Shae inflamed the mighty dwarf. His foot kicked extra hard and he caught Challanto on the chin as she inspected the dwarf up close and personal. The blow had not been hard but her teeth clacked. She rose up with fire in her eyes. Oh shit! Tyrion had time to think before he paid the consequences for his rash actions. Life wasn’t fair! Echoed in Tyrion’s mind. Tyrion whined seeing more pain and humiliation coming his way. Challanto was shaking with righteous ire barking at her fellow Summer Islander women in their native tongue. The women conversing and glaring at Tyrion.

Tyrion’s gulp was loud in the room. The three black women stared at him as they discussed things in their melodic language. They seemed to reach a decision. Their conversation ending on a high note. Tyrion had thought their language beautiful but their discourse now filled him with dread. Their language now sounded strange. Filled with hateful syllables and inflection points only promising pain on his sweet personage. Damn those bitches were strong! Tyrion reflected back on ruefully. Challanto had snatched Tyrion from Xhorrarro grip like a rag doll. She had held out the wildly squirming dwarf effortlessly controlling Tyrion while the Summer Islanders along with Bronn, Shae and of course the whore for the night laughed at Tyrion with uproarious ridicule. Tyrion squirmed but it was useless.

“You have been a bad Chihuahua, Tyrion. I should neuter you” The woman paused clearly thinking. “Yes, I will neuter you!” Challanto told Tyrion with an evil sneer. Xhorrarro came up behind Tyrion to grip his armpits and help Challanto hold the squirming dwarf up.

Tyrion squealed in terror. His body squirming harder but the women was simply too strong for him. Challanto now smiling sweetly at Tyrion.

“Bring the sheers! We will have mountain oysters tonight!” Now like a caught largemouth bass Tyrion wiggled and thrashed wildly to no avail. He roared his defiance.

Squeeeeeee! Sqqquueeeeee! Sssqquueeeeee! Squeeeeeeee! SSqquueeeeee!

Challanto reached down with her left hand to worm between Tyrion’s jerking legs. Her right hand
gripping Tyrion’s arm to help control the now terrified dwarf. His eyes like saucers. Her left hand fondled Tyrion’s scrotum massaging his balls. “Um um, good eats tonight girls!”

Tyrion, in terror, kicked wildly squirming but was pinned. His valiant lungs took in air to roar his clarion call of righteous indignation and fury. He prepared to gird himself for combat.

Sqqueeeeeee! Sqqquueeeeeee! Sssquueeeeeee! Sqqqquueeeeeee! SSqquueeeeeee!

“Oh for crying out loud Hand of the Queen. Gods do you have a spine!” Challanto asked while sneering at Tyrion.

Squuuueeeeeee! Sqqquueeeeeee! Sssqqqueeeeeee! Squeeeeeeey! Sqqquueeeeee! Squeeesssee!

“Wow! I see you really are a spineless jellyfish Tyrion. Bronn and Shae were not exaggerating.” She sighed dramatically. “I will spare your testicles tonight”.

Tyrion breathed a sigh of relief. His struggling body went limp with loss of fear now that his balls had been spared being parted from his body.

“Instead I will blister your ass!”

Tyrion’s sighs turned into bleats of renewed terror.

Challanto whipped Tyrion out of Xhorrarro grasp and put him on her hip like a petulant child. A kicking and whining child. She stalked over to the sofa as Tyrion continued to squeal and kick his mighty legs. She roughly sat down on the sofa and casually threw Tyrion over her thick strong thighs. He had kicked and squirmed but was pinned. He squealed more looking back and up. He saw his fate coming and squealed even louder.

They had spanked him for being a “bad little boy”. Damnit they blistered his ass! He had squalled for all his worth, while they turned his ass cherry red! He cursed them which only increased the pace and force of their cupped hands smacking his ass. The three black bitches doing a round robin on his ass. When one tired of spanking his ass the others would take up the cause. His squalls of anguish only made them giggle and inspired them to continue spanking his ass harder.

He had threatened them with the Lannister curse of always getting even. All that had gotten him was even more harsh swats on his behind. He wept like the manly man he was as he sobbed out his curses at the bitches. Dwarfs have tough asses fortunately and they eventually tired out.

Challanto dumped him down to the ground unceremoniously. His body undulated on the floor his little limbs kicking. The hellish hot pules emanating from his blistered ass had him thrashing with his unfairly administered pain. The pain lessened a degree after a minute of stunted legs kicking and loud bleats. Weeping and gnashing his teeth Tyrion righted himself into a regal pose. A pose that dissolved into him bleating and squirming around gently patting his ass that was still on fire!

Fuckers! Tyrion stormed at the women. Silently. He had learned yet another painful lesson damnit! His ass was an inferno scalding his delicate nature in tongues of licking heinous hellish hellfire. He walked around grimacing and walking like he had a rod jammed up his ass. Damn the people of the Summer Islands. He glared at the black bitches but they started to get up showing him their palms.

His looks of terror and squeals of submission ameliorated their anger and they sat back down.

Tyrion wondered as he duck walked around gently patting his ass trying to put out the fire in his ass cheeks. His thoughts on pain and pleasure. His ass scalding him with pulses of searing anguish. How could people like this! Tyrion wondered. The dwarf had a whole new level of respect for the
hens. They ate this torment up! What kind of asses did those bitches have!

Such thoughts inflamed Tyrion’s desires to watch hen debauchery. He paused. That was a bad choice of verb at the moment. His new insights into BDSM play made him want to watch them fuck and abuse each other even more. His eyes alight with dwarf avarice. His scalded ass quickly drove such sweet thoughts from his mind.

Tyrion was humiliated at his cowardly submission but his ass could not take another blistering damnit! Even a mighty warrior like himself had his mortal limits. Only so much abuse could be endured. Men weaker than he would have cracked. Broken and defeated. He was as strong as ever! He just had to hide it was all!

In the end it had been worth it Tyrion could muse on it later. They let him fuck them hard each night having moved in while the ship stayed in port providing defense. They found him adorable and called him their “little Chihuahua”. He would have much preferred “manly” “stud” or “one virile fuck” but he would take ‘little Chihuahua’ if it got him so much black pussy.

Of course he had to “pay” for the sex damnit! He never knew when he would be handed a scroll and be “forced” to read from them. The Dorne “Porn Scrolls” as he had named his sister’s latest sex scrolls. Their fame spreading across the Red Keep. They were an easy read he had to admit. Hell, she had sent two more with glorious details the previous night. The bitch knew how to describe lesbian sex! It made the women wet and gave him and Bronn raging boners!

It was the earlier scrolls that caused him the most problems. He cursed the scrolls and would have burned them but it was made abundantly clear to him that he would be burned next. Fuck them! Bronn or Shae would hand one those infernal scrolls to Tyrion and beg him to read from them. He had of course refused the first few times. The fucking bastards had started to gather up the whores and sailors with their clothes and prepared to leave.

Tyrion felt his eyes bulge out in fear. His cock shriveling in fright. He was getting to much pussy and witnessing and doing great DP sex and watching long hot lesbian sex trysts. He felt pure terror cursing through his veins.

He capitulated. He cursed his cock for making him so needy.

He was handed the scroll that had been kicked to him by Shae’s foot after his false garroting. He had ground his teeth. The humiliation of it all. The eager faces waiting had been kind of hot though in retrospect. A good audience was always a plus he reasoned.

He straightened his back and prepared to go into his theatrical voice. He felt like the lead actor in some Pentos Opera. He was still aggrieved though at his plight. His sister must have been real proud of herself down there in Dorne preening her ass off gloating at getting over on her younger brother so well. Curse her!

“Okay, okay! …” Tyrion assumed a proud regal pose and spoke in a rich baritone voice. “Ahem … Dear brother. I am a worthless piece of shit. I am totally lost without your guidance. I need you to give me pointers on how to finally be able to give Obara pleasure. She begs to fuck you. I implore you, my most virile of brothers for your forgiveness. I am barely surviving down here in this hellish dry land of Dorne and need your sage advice—“

“Stop it you fucking runt. That is not what the damn scroll says you dumb ass dwarf!” Bronn shouted over Tyrion.

“How the hell do you know what the godsdamn scroll says you ignoble, infernal, ignorant, illiterate
buffoon!” Tyrion bellowed back.

“Don’t use those big ‘I’ words on me midget man! Olenna read the scrolls to us so we would know how to act and give us a good first laugh!”

Tyrion had ground his teeth so hard he feared they would explode. *Fuck that twat!* That old fossil was always one step ahead of him! *It wasn’t fair!*

Yes, Tyrion thought. It was the best of times. It was the worst of times. Hummmmm … that should be in a book.

He came back to the present walking the Red Keep. He came around the corner and stopped. He moved back sticking his head around the corner. It was back to the best of times.

It would seem that the last night Chataya and Alayaya had spent the night with Solaja. They were leaned back against the wall with their dresses pulled up over the hips and held up by clenching fists. Their shaved sopping wet dark black cunts on full sweet display. They were both moaning deep throated groans. They looked so beautiful leaned back against the wall with their expensive silk dresses pulled up high to reveal their hidden charms.

Solaja was on her knees with her body positioned between the mother and daughter owners of Chataya’s House of Pleasure. Solaja was not dressed to impress. Her body naked as her name day. Her body so beautiful as she was on her knees. Her muscled forearms flexing as she worked her hands to pleasure her whore wives. The mother and daughter were leaned into each other kissing deeply their tongues snaking from mouth to mouth.

In the past Tyrion had fucked mother and daughter separately. That had changed with his foursomes with them and Solaja. It blew Tyrion’s mind to see the daughter devouring the pussy that she had birthed through seventeen years ago. Alayah ate her mother out like a rabid succubus. When Chataya went down on her daughter she snuffled and groaned like she had died and gone to Summer Island paradise.

It had been made all the better with Solaja going down on his dick sucking so good he had to fight for control. The admiral looking up at him with her dark eyes sparkling with her hair flouncing as she sucked with cheek hollowing sucks. She then mounted Tyrion and rode him hard their bodies slapping loudly. Tyrion looking over at mother and daughter in a hot snuffling sixty-nine sucking each other’s trim with desperate fuck hunger.

They had all cum at one time. His manly lion like roars added to the three women’s screams. Of course Alayah and Chataya’s screams were swallowed by each other’s muffs.

Loud groans brought Tyrion back to the present. Mother and daughter were groping each other breasts as their hands had undone the laces to their bodices and they each had a hand groping the other’s tits. Gods watching mother daughter incest was hot!

Solaja was on her knees between the women. She had each hand wedge fucking her two wives. The hall smelled thick of sweet pussy. Solaja paused to slide her thumb up the underside of her slime soaked fingers. She worked her thumb up into the drooling clamshells of the incestuous duo Solaja was fucking. Both mother and daughter groaning into the other’s mouth. Their bodies shaking hard as the two dark black skinned women grunted as they worked their hips in a down swirl to help Solaja wedge her hands into their tight wet cunts.

As Tyrion watched mesmerized Solaja slowly pushed her wedges into her wives’ pussies. Her knuckles stretching out the vaginal openings of mother and daughter. The two whores pushed down
harder as Solaja growled and shoved her hands up. Her knuckles working past the rings of each whores’ cunt and her hand sinking into the tight slobbering clamshells of Chataya and Alayaya. The wet pussies sliding down the back of Solaja’s hands so hot to see Tyrion thought.

Mother and daughter’s faces twisted and slashed with the fierce pleasure they felt feeling Solaja’s large hands work into their tight stretched out sloppy wet quims. Both tall voluptuous women’s bodies spastically jerking in ecstasy feeling the hand wedges of their wife filling up their couchies stuffing their bellies with Solaja’s hands.

The admiral slowly rocked her hands in and out loosening her wives twats. Then Tyrion watched Solaja’s forearms flex as she formed her love fists. The mother and daughter keening as their flat bellies palpitated their faces seeming to crumple in shocking pleasure. Solaja’s arms started to pump her forearms driving her fists slowly deeper into the bellies of Alayaya and Chataya. Both women’s body jolting with bliss their throats cawing out their shocking pleasure. Alayaya had her head lulled away her face slashing direly. Chataya head was jerking forward sagging down and then jerking back as her face grimaced and her throat gagged in helpless pleasure.

All three women tall and voluptuous. Their thick bodies made to be fisted. Solaja started to work her twisting fists deep up black bellies. Solaja was looking up and down between their shaking sweaty bodies. Her eyes were glittering with the pleasure she was giving her wives. Her working body was flexing in and out with her pumping fists. Her heavy gourd tits swaying and flipping slightly with her exertions.

Solaja looking with intent eyes at the bodies she was pleasuring. Her eyes taking in the faces crumbled in shocking pleasure and the bodies shaking in raw lust. Mother and daughter were pulping each other’s full tits and trying to drive tongues down groaning throats. Solaja now grunting as she began to ram her fists up in perfect time as she twisted her forearms plowing the tight squeezing fuck petals of the incestuous mother and daughter. Sweat running down the admiral’s body and dripping off her ass as she worked her fists harder and deeper into her wives deep dark bellies.

Tyrion with his keen vision saw the sweaty faces of mother and daughter and the beads of perspiration running down cawing throats. Solaja’s wrists and forearms were slicked with cum and trickles running down to her elbows and more of the clear cum dripping off. Now creamy cum was leaking out the hard fisted cunts as the two whores rose to orgasm and Solaja gritted her teeth and twisted her fists in counter time up into mother and daughter’s belly sucking her fist up several inches on her wrist and forearm.

The creamy effluent now slavering Solaja’s fists and wrists looked like the sweet manna from the supposed gods with the milky cum slavered all over Solaja’s jamming wrists and leaking down her forearms in trickles. Solaja twisting her fists up hard and fast into the mother and daughter’s quims and then slowly pulling back her fists till they made the incestuous lover’s cunts bulge as Solaja started to pull her fists out her slut’s tight spasming and clenching cunts. The bottom of her balled fist just starting to appear before she rammed her fist back up into the slobbering fuck holes with a vicious twisting up thrusts of her strong forearms. Her fist impaling the tight couchies of her whore wives.

Again and again Solaja impaled tight trim with her savage up thrusts of her fists into sucking slurping pussies. Then slowly pulling her fists back down the fuck channels till her fist were near the entrance to Chataya and Alayaya’s hungry cunt. Only then did Solaja ram her twisting fists back up deep into Alayaya and Chataya’s hungry sloppy went cunts. Cunts that left more and more love snot all over Solaja’s plunging fists that then squeezed out the stuffed cunts to soak Solaja’s wrists and forearms in slimy sweet white love snot.
Solaja pounded their swollen muffs relentlessly. It took only another minute for Solaja to finish off her lovers. Her hands were pounding the whore’s muffins and shocking their clits. Mother and daughter had stopped kissing deeply and had their foreheads pressed together staring deeply into each other’s eyes. They had sneaked their free hands down and were rubbing their clits furiously as Solaja fucked their pussies hard with her fists slamming in and out their now heavily dripping snatches.

Then Chataya and Alayaya were wailing their bodies jolting forward and slamming back into wall again and again as they jackknifed and flipped almost violently. Their heavy tits trying to flip and jigged wildly nearly bursting out their loosened bodices. Solaja kept fucking their exploding couphies till the women reached down and gripped Solaja’s wrists stilling her hard pumping fists.

Slowly the Admiral pulled her fists out her women’s couphies. Their sensitive quims and clits had the whores hissing and gagging feeling their wife’s fist slip out their worn out but very happy pussies. The trapped fuck juice splashed out the gaping cunt holes splattering all over Solaja’s face, throat, tits and belly. The whores groaning in shocked bliss and Solaja cooing being soaked in her wives slimy effluent and creamy cum.

Tyrion watched Solaja greedily jam her hands into her mouth sucking her wives pussies off the fingers she hungrily sucked in and out her mouth.

A big smile on Tyrion’s face and a nice stiffie in his trousers made for a happy dwarf. Tyrion was happy being the spying voyeur. That was until he saw the infernal things. Damnit! They were multiplying. He would have his revenge on Olenna! Mark his words. His happiness thwarted Tyrion backed away letting the Summer Islander wives have their sweet post coital time.

He fumed his way to the Small Council chambers taking another route to let the lovers have their alone time. He had gotten his mental rocks off so his temper was fairly in check. It was just that Olenna was going too far!

When he got to the Small Council chambers he paused in the doorway. He felt his anger rising again. Olenna was really cranking his crank!

The first Small Council meeting after his Cersei Incident had been a hateful revelation. When he had walked in he immediately noticed all the new gold around everyone’s necks and the big shit eating grin on Olenna’s face.

“Tyrion! You are doing such a great job as Hand of the Queen I have commissioned new gold chains with ‘hands’ on them to commemorate your vast successes. I have had one made for each currently sitting Small Council member so they and I too can share in your greatness. I bow to you oh great Lion of Lannister.”

Olenna was preening like a damn fucking peacock! Tyrion glared at the old crone. The only problem was she was no longer old! The rage burned hotly in Tyrion’s chest as he stomped to the chair of the Hand. The dwarf made sure to slam his feet down vehemently on each of his steps as he moved down the table imagining Olenna, Bronn and Shae’s faces underneath each stomp of his foot. He would have imagined Cersei’s face underneath his stomping feet but he feared she might somehow find out. He was brave but not that brave!

Even fucking Varys had a gold chain around his neck twittering like a teenage girl as he played with it. Grand Maester Harsch Lape had his off and was examining it like the Maester he was. The Master of Laws Micud Caudill was twirling his around his index finger. As Tyrion walked by to get to his chair it slipped off his finger and hit Tyrion in the chin.
Tyrion had glared at him. He did look mortified. The man did not know how to use a weapon!

Master of Coin Vedad Softic was hefting his in his palm. No doubt wondering how much coin it would bring if he melted it down. Greedy bastard! The Free Cities representative Lysono Saan was laughing his ass off making choking noises. Fucking Essos bastard! The Dothraki representative Ildatto laughed “The Dwarf who waddles the halls and bleats like a sheep!” Tyrion glared at the horse rider. “Ha ha. The Lion who squeals!” Ildatto barked out between guffaws. More laughter at Tyrion followed him as he moved down the table to his seat.

The Slavers Bay Emmissary Draqhiz zo Gazno of Yunkai looked confused. He obviously did not understand exactly what the “joke” was. Solaja Jo was playing with her chain and running it over her nipples that were fully engorged poking out her sheer top.

“I hope you don’t mind the gift that I gave our Small Council to show my appreciation for your efforts for the realm. You are a true lion of the realm. You do not know the meaning of the word ‘fear’. Do you Tyrion?” Olenna looked sweetly at Tyrion with supposed innocent eyes as she played with her own gold ‘hands’ necklace. Bitch! Her emphasis of the word ‘fear’ said it all. It was obvious she had been told all by his so called loyal bodyguards. He could not lie his way out of the truth. Fuck them all!

Tyrion had climbed the steps to his custom built Hand chair and sat down petulantly and crossed his arms. He glared around the table. All who had their chains off from around their necks put them back on. The gold glinting in the light. He shuffled papers around on the table glaring at his damned fellow Small Council members.

It was then all the members pulled their chains tight around their necks and made choking motions while squealing. Even Draqhiz zo Gazno pulled on his chain and made choking sounds while looking around confusedly.

Tyrion had thrown a fit. His heels had slammed his chair while his ass bounced on the seat with his kicking feet. His arms jerked and waved around as if he was possessed by some dark demon. He made vile faces at all the council members around him as they laughed at his temper tantrum. Soon he was frothing at the mouth with slaver running down his chin.

For the life of him, Tyrion could not understand how his temper tantrums did not have the same effect as Dany’s former tantrums. Everyone was roaring in their laughter now. He had jumped up on his chair then. He jumped up and down stomping his feet and hurling his arms forward giving one and all the bird. He made eye contact with each vile mean hearted member of his Small Council promising imminent death.

Unfortunately, in his righteous anger he had lost his balance. His arms wind milling wildly he toppled over the arm of his chair as he squealed.

It took the Maester five minutes to revive him with smelling salts. The rest of the meeting had been swirling mess of faces and snickers.

That was set his ire off seeing Solaja pleasuring her wives outside her quarters in the Keep this morning. Both of the whores Chataya and Alayaya had on even longer versions of the Hand chain he had given Shae. The gold chains swirling on their dresses as they writhed and then flipped wildly in orgasm. The problem was that his plight had spread! The news of his debacle was infesting the very environs!

He had been outside the Red Keep on business several times once on horse and twice on foot since the Cersei Incident. He had heard the snickers and people looking at his neck for any markings. He
heard sounds of swine squeeing. He would turn his head and the false innocent looks made his blood boil.

He was not sure how he would get revenge on Olenna but he would. Cersei he had chosen to forgive. She could tear him limb from limb if she wanted. Nice kitty he thought of his sister. Olenna only weapon was her fearsome sardonic mouth. She was proving to be a most capable opponent.

When he thought about it, Olenna was the only foe that had ever consistently gotten the better of him. He actually liked the woman but would never admit it. Her skills at the Game of Thrones made him respect the old croon which in turn made him like the woman. She really wasn’t that bad when she was not making his life a living hell!

After the Small Council meeting he went to his quarters to change into some more comfortable clothes. Bronn was snoring on the rug in front of the fireplace drunk on wine and great sex. He had two of the Summer Islander naval girls and a blond nymph that Shae had brought last night half lying on him and on each other.

In his bed was Shae with one of the Summer Islander girls and the two Blackfyr Valyrian whores that had come to his quarters for free he was told. They loved the black girls “the darker the berry the sweeter the juice”. They were all tangled together unconscious from exhaustion. Shae snoring like a bull as the other sluts snuggled in close to her small beautiful body. They were all sweat and cum soaked. The room smelled thick of pussy. They had obviously just finished fucking. Yet again. Damn he wished sometimes he was a woman with how they could just fuck and fuck.

He had enjoyed some finger foods and fruit. His eyes looking over the nubile sluts draped around his apartment. He then went to Olenna’s room to meet her and Varys to discuss some issues that had come up that needed to be handled more discreetly at this point in time. They had kept the Queen informed. She agreed with them to keep it quiet for now.

When he entered Olenna’s quarters he saw Jasline and Nathaleya. They were puttering around Olenna’s apartment suite. The two beautiful teenagers were beaming with pure happiness. They catered to Olenna making sure she had everything before she even thought to ask for them. They were constantly swooping by Olenna for little kisses on their lips and pats on their rumps that had them sighing in happiness. Olenna obviously loved giving the little affections.

Seeing this side of Olenna made Tyrion like her even more. It humanized the conniving woman.

Olenna was in her element. The girls left to go shopping for new clothes for Olenna. They left hand in hand beaming and chirping in happy love. The two teenagers kissed deeply their dimpled cheeks showed their coiled tongues lunging from mouth to mouth wrapped tight around each other. They broke breathless and smiled radiant smiles at Olenna. They were breathless discussing the negligee they planned on buying Olenna and then shedding her of the new items tonight. They were nearly swooning thinking of it as they left.

The girls obviously loved each other deeply. What was also obvious was that their love for each other was matched fully by their love for Olenna. A love that had nothing to do with the privilege and the largesse that Olenna bestowed upon the girls. It was Olenna’s love that made the young lasses nearly swoon with Olenna’s merest touch and softest warbled love cooing.

Tyrion could no longer deny it. “You are looking amazingly well Olenna.” Her age was sloughing off of her body. All could see it now.

Olenna beamed at the compliment. Her dark eyes gleamed. “I feel amazing Tyrion. I feel twenty-
five, thirty years younger. If I had known eating pussy would make me feel this good I would have started years ago! Gods I love going down on Jasline and Nathaleya. They are so sweet to me. Of course they should be. I am their sugar momma.” The now spry woman preened before Tyrion with her renewed plumage. She was definitely enjoying the affections of the nubile young vixens.

Varys sparrows chirped that the teenage minxes were always ready to fuck and anxious to spread their legs for Olenna and each other. That the adult woman was always pawing at the teenager girls to again bury her face in their sloppy wet muffins and turning them over to ram her tongue deep and hard up their tight shitholes happily tongue fucking their rosebuds for long marathons of anal debauchery.

Olenna especially loved to jerk her teenager lovers off with her fingers while tongue fucking their anus with her long tongue. Olenna moaning like a Lysian whore loving each hard squeeze down on her tongue by the teenager’s wildly pinching asshole on her tongue buried up their ass while they cummed screaming and flipping hard but making sure to keep their asses jammed back or down onto Olenna’s face. The teens loving the feel of Olenna’s tongue pinched by their spasming out of control starfishes.

Tyrion snorted. Olenna was definitely getting younger. Her eyebrows were black now with only a few hints of white in them. Her hair was raddled with grey but black was now about half of the woman’s hair color if not more today. Her hair now lustrous and thick. The wrinkles on her face were much less if not completely gone and the wattle on her neck had almost completely disappeared. Her skin on her upper chest was now smooth and the splotches of age were few and few between and those fading fast. Olenna was not getting younger by the day but she was definitely getting younger by the week he judged.

Olenna never mentioned her returning youth. Tyrion was sure she was afraid to jinx whatever had blessed her with her returning youth. He and the other members of the Small Council never asked Olenna what was happening to her. Tyrion had become sure the woman herself had no idea.

“You do look very well Olenna. Those girls love you Olenna.”

“Of course they do. They had no future in their families. They would have been married off to some young pup or old lecher and would have had no future but crapping out babies and letting life crush them down. I have given them a future. I am giving them a life of possibilities.”

“I think they would follow you if you were to become destitute tomorrow Olenna. You are treating them well.”

“Of course I am. I may be a conniving bitch when it comes to the Game of Thrones and I have always loved getting my share of cock no matter my marital status but I have treated people in my life well … well everyone but you” she snickered.

Tyrion had to smile. “Just remember those girls are madly in love with you. They have only eyes for you Olenna. You are good to them. I know you lavish material things on Jasline and Nathaleya but it is your love they crave and have come to want and need.”

Olenna looked at Tyrion with a thoughtful look. She was definitely thinking over his words.

He was not sure how much younger Olenna would become but he knew she could be selfish. He had reports of her antics when a youth and early in her marriage. Adultery had been her middle name. Of course her husband had shared the same middle name. Both freely supposedly fucking behind each other’s back. Olenna had craved sex with many partners. She loved cheating.
She had something special with those two lasses and he would hate to see Olenna squander such pure love. Those two girls would go through hell for Olenna. Tyrion sensed the girls would not mind Olenna fucking other women. *If* they were involved and fully participating. No cheating behind their backs. Those two fillies were sweet lesbian sluts who would love to devour all the females they could with their wife Olenna.

Varys sparrows told Tyrion that the three lovers were wearing matching waist necklaces to show their love for each other. In those girls minds they were already married to Olenna.

Tyrion had read enough stories of the ancients and seen how people were. Would Olenna step back into her old ways and squander what had fallen into her hands by serendipity. It seemed to be the curse of mankind to repeat their mistakes.

“When was the last time you had some cock Olenna?” Tyrion asked trying to get the woman to see the truth.

“Why do I need cock? I have my two fillies with their strap-ons. Gods they fuck me so hard I can barely walk the next day. Last night they slammed fucked me DP. They kept turning me over to get at me from different angles. Then they rolled be back and forth between them spoon. Gods I love sucking my asshole off their dicks Tyrion. They made me cum so fucking hard.” She shivered and her eyes unfocused. “I have never been so well fucked … they focus totally on my needs and what makes me feel sooooo good. Makes me want to give them such pleasure in return. I love making them scream. Only for me!” Olenna said possessively.

“It brings me immense joy to pamper and spoil Jasline and Nathaleya. It brings me happiness to put smiles on their faces. To hear them call my name with such longing and lo—I mean happiness.”

The woman paused “I love taking care of them and loving th—I mean making them happy.” Olenna looked a little flustered.

Yes. She had it bad but didn’t know it. More probably suspected it but was trying to ignore her love for the teenagers. Tyrion knew how people like him and Olenna could often overlook what was right in front of them. He feared that if her youth continued to return it might go to her head and lead her to act rashly and, well, like an ass.

“Just remember those girls love you and want to give your their pure love. They have loved you from the start Olenna. No matter your age.”

“Unlike you Tyrion!” Olenna sniped back. The wound still bothered his nemesis.

“True Olenna. Remember that.” Tyrion worried his foe would again use her youth and beauty to try and achieve her goals of acquiring more power and influence. The way to do that was to marry a powerful Lord or merchant. Not sharing your affections and love with two dowerless women. Would Olenna foolishly jeopardize what she had with Jasline and Nathaleya. For something when you really thought about it had little meaning and less value.

There was a knock on the door. Olenna spryly got up and opened the door. Tyrion wondered. Olenna herself still did not truly realize what he and Varys saw clearly. Something was fully restoring Olenna’s youth. Neither could figure out who or what. Tyrion shook his head. The woman had always been complaining “if only I was young again”. It seems some goddess must have heard her pleas.

She let in Varys who came in and took a seat.
He had tried that over a few weeks at night praying to the gods he did not believe in for his youth back. Probably why his damn prayers were not answered. Damnit!

They sat down around her table and discussed the issues that had bubbled up to confound the realm.

“Do your moths or Varys sparrows still report unrest in the Sept of Balor Varys” Tyrion asked.

Varys spoke up “Yes they do. They are most upset that the high Lords seems to be so accepting of the Queen and her views on equal progenitor and lesbianism. They are most appalled that of all places the North is accepting of not one but two high royal princesses taking women as their future wives. If the most conservative part of the realm is accepting lesbian love and marriage can the rest of Westeros be far behind. They fear ‘this madness’ might spread”.

“The High Septs long ago gave up on Dorne but thought the ‘contagion’ of open relationships and homosexuality and its acceptance was confined to that far off dry and dusty land. With the Queen they fear that the fear of homosexuality will disappear. They will no longer be able to discriminate against sexual orientation. Some of the younger leadership do not see the problem at all. They are also open to letting women into the high priesthood. They are arguing that women should be given full rights.”

“They feel they need to act soon to suppress all these liberal ideas. They fear losing control of their patriarchal world. The High Septon deems these new radical ‘ideas’ must be nipped in the bud. Here and now.”

Olenna snorted in anger. “I happen to be one of those homosexuals! My granddaughter is. Hell half my house is gay! I grow tired of these assholes!” Varys cocked an eyebrow at that statement. He glanced over at Tyrion. Tyrion gave the Spider a soft smile signaling his support of Olenna and her personal views. Varys tilted his head back in acknowledgement. The subtle movement showing he too accepted this new version of Olenna.

Tyrion mused Olenna no longer considered herself straight. She spoke her words out loud without even realizing it. Yes, she had it bad. I hope she doesn’t blow it. He grimaced remembering how he had blown his chance at pure innocent love. Damn his father! Sometimes he dreamed of putting a bolt in his father’s bowels. Serve him right!

“We need to be careful Olenna” Tyrion told her. “They are forming an alliance with the Maesters. We all know of this secret sect they have. These members of the Trioka. I know they exist but I am not sure who its members are. The Maesters probably do not know of the more militant elements of the seven faced god. They are forming a militant order they choose to call the Illuminati. They are a secret militant order within their own ranks. The High Septons had used them to keep their own order in line and to achieve his vision of Westeros. They are being actively enlarged and empowered. They do not want to fight an open war but do their work from the shadows. The stupid fools don’t know what they are unleashing.”

Varys spoke up “They are indeed most dangerous. They have a heretical belief. Men such as that will go to any lengths to achieve their goals. They are most skilled in the arts of assassination and small scale combat. They are said to have mystical skills.”

“I know Varys” Olenna answered. “I have no use for the religion of the South but I do not want war with the church. Many do believe and much discord would fill the land if we declare war on the simpletons. Many do believe and are good people. We do not want to hurt their faith.”

“What do we do to fight their mystics?” Varys asked.
“I have an idea” Tyrion answered. He explained his thinking.

“I like it Tyrion” Olenna answered. I love the idea of using another religion against the devils. Will they help us?”

“I don’t know. They are serving the realm and Dany. I think so. After the war I will make overtures.”

“Good” Olenna answered. “I wonder what Jasline and Nathaleya are buying me” Olenna mused under her breath. Her eyes kept drifting to the door in unconscious longing to have her lovers return to her.

Varys looked at Tyrion. Yes, Olenna had it bad.

Tyrion’s father was meeting with representatives of the Iron Bank. He was complaining of his treatment by the Iron Throne. He was trying to make inroads with the Iron Bank it seemed to the three. He had heard of them taking a “haircut”.

Olenna was sure no headway was being made by Tywin but she had her moths in Caterly Rock fluttering and Varys had the sparrows he had in the Sea Lords offices and this contacts in the Iron Bank itself chirping seeking inside news.

They discussed the rising tensions between the Iron Bank and the House of Black and White. They knew that Arya was being sent into that maelstrom. From what they had seen the woman would have the marital skills to navigate the labyrinth of Braavos.

Dany, Olenna, Varys and Tyrion were coming up with the team to send with Arya. It would be a hard hitting team with elements of stealth.

They discussed the Iron Islanders and especially Victarion. He was heading home. He had stopped in Volantis and boasted that he would conqueror Westeros and make Daenerys his wife and produce many heirs. He claimed to have found a great boon. It was impossible to get further information with him putting back out to sea.

They all knew that the Iron Islands were chaffing to once more exact their iron price and talk of salt wives once more. Tyrion knew that Solaja Xo longed to take a fleet and meet them on the seas off the Iron Islands and teach the “fuckers” a lesson.

Varys had reports of some strange new sect that had appeared in Pentos. They were said to be led by some long dead king of some lost civilization in the East of Essos. They had some prophecy of defeating a Dragon Queen and taking over the world. It always came back to that Tyrion mused. They would try and get more information on this strange new sect.

The meeting went on as they discussed these issues further and other routine matters of the realm.

Several hours later the meeting broke up. As Varys and Tyrion were leaving Olenna’s teenage lovers came rushing into the room. Their arms laden with the items they had bought for Olenna. Large smiles on their faces beaming at Olenna with rapturous love. They swarmed their benefactor cooing and shivering as Olenna stroked and kissed them deeply. The girls had googily eyes only for Olenna. Varys had moved on down the hall. Tyrion hesitated in the doorway. He wanted to see the interaction between Olenna and her teenage lovers. He was totally forgotten by Olenna and ignored by the teenage girls.

Their breathing got shallow and ragged as Olenna laughed shedding her cloths to try on the new purchases of her young lovers. The lasses were leering and drooling at the flesh being exposed to
them. The young girls groped and stroked Olenna’s body with feverish eyes. Olenna twittered and moaned when hands tweaked rock hard nipples and rubbed up and down her wet camel toe and stroked her ass cleft.

Tyrion had to admire the body that Olenna was exposing to her teenage lovers. Her body was almost tight now. Olenna’s hands shook as she helped to divest her teenage lovers of their clothing. Her hands stroking their bodies with obvious fuck hunger.

It was obvious the clothes that had just been purchased would be tried on later. Much later.

He smiled as he closed the door behind him. Olenna only had eyes for her teenage lovers who looked at her with such rapt love.

He sure hoped she did
Preludes: Book I

Chapter Notes

AN #1: I wrote these over two years ago. I had planned to publish them then but I decided to wait towards the end of this story arc. I have spent this story arc dropping seeds for what would happen in the next story on the continent of Westeros.

I have not been able to plant those seeds for what Arya will face in Essos. Most of these Preludes are based in Essos. They introduce characters that will interact with Arya.

There are two exceptions. The first was going to be the first contact with the people from the Land. It adds some knowledge of these people so I have left it in.

One Prelude is a character that Cersei will interact with. It is set in Westeros.

Chapter 54

Preludes: Book I

Peacock’s Fan / The Gondolier / Queen of Whores / Fox and Hound / Crypt of Skulls

Peacock’s Fan (5 months ago)

The mist flowed through the rigging and sails like a mournful sigh. The water so fine the mist swirled on the breeze running over the ocean. The dark of night was lit by the high full moon that shone down making the mist glow like the phosphorescent foam on the beach that glitters between ea 54ch rushing wave crashing ashore. The moon a far distant orb that seemed ethereal that might at any moment fade to only a memory. The swirl of light in the mist like the spirits that played in the high mountain glades of Walano.

Up high in the rigging the mist made swirls and whorls on the eddies in the air that only the gods could see. The lookout felt like a character in some magical tale looking out at the dark world filled with ethereal wonders of dancing fog eddies that looked like magical creatures to her eyes. The mist cool on her face. The caress light and erotic like from her lover Jatazo Taaqu. She half wondered if the ghost like eddies would take form and assault her on her nest high up on the swan ship.

The lookout shook her head at how her thoughts took flight up here high in the crows nest on the tallest mast of her ship. The thick fog filling her mind with wandering thoughts. She resumed looking out over the waters. Her eyes sharp scanning the mists for unseen dangers. The slaver ship might still be out there.

The mist flowed with the weak prevailing winds that had driven her mighty swan ship forward like a gazelle on the ocean earlier that day. The winds having died down with the fall of night. The ship had ridden a moderate four sea state earlier this day. The waves ran from four to eight feet in height.

Her ship, the Peacock’s Fan, prow had lifted up in the waves and then dipped when the ship’s prow dug into the trough between the waves. The figurehead carved into the next wave and made the sound of collision between wood and water. Each collision sent up a deluge of water and the spray
that every mariner relished to see and feel. The way the ship shuddered as she fought through the next wave was exhilarating. She loved the feel of the sea beneath her feet when she stood on the top crossbar of the mainmast.

Xhalha Zhom had been on lookout detail that late afternoon when she had spotted the sails far on the horizon. She had given the call with her small war horn that signaled “slavers”. She watched her crew jump into action. Archers rushing to the masts and climbing up loaded with three quivers each and their mighty long bows. The officers coming up on deck to study the horizon and the situation.

She looked hard into the distance as her ship changed course and gave chase. More sails were set on the masts to catch the breeze. Xhalha thrilled hearing the snap of the canvas of the sails catching the wind with loud booms. The canvas stretched tight in the hard gusts. Through her sandals on the wooden spar she was standing on Xhalha felt the ship accelerate as the Peacock’s Fan gave chase.

They had been on the prowl for a rogue slaver ship for the last four days. The slave cities had been smashed never to arise again if the Summer Islanders had any say. The Dragon Queen had through her efforts brought the slaver cities low. Unfortunately, elements that were not in the cities when the slave masters were smashed were still causing problems on the continent of Essos. Mercenary companies and bands of Dothraki riders were slowly hunting down bands of slavers inland from Slavers Bay.

The Summer Islanders with their Swan ships and the war Gallies they used in more shallow water and for massed attacks patrolled the seas routing out the fragments that lingered yet on the Summer Sea. On the high seas their Swan Ships were supreme with their size and greater speed. With their mighty masts and vast sail footage no ship could out sail them. The wind came in from the port quarter. Their shipped bowed down into the waves lifting up foam and spray with each dip into the waves.

Xhalha had been exhilarated being on her first cruise and was thrilled that they were on the hunt. She fingered her bowstring anxious to prove herself if the ship was indeed a rogue slaver ship. Slowly the distant sails became larger on the horizon. They were gaining ground. The ship on the horizon had purple sails with dark diagonal slashes on the main course sails, main topsails and main royal sails on the main and foremast.

They were from Volantis. A warship. The hunt was on!

Over the next hour and half the Peacock’s Fan chased down the slaver ship. Xhalha had been thrilled to see their ship closing on the hated slavers. Their ship’s sails snapped in the wind. The canvas folding in and bellowing out with the vagaries of the wind. The swan ships had all manner of color of sail. Her ship sails were primarily blue, green and purple like the name of the bird that graced their port bow and stern. From the top of the mainmast a flag whipped in the wind with a peacock at full flush.

Xhalha had looked at the figurehead on the prow of her ship. She always smirked when she spied it. That was the problem with having such a lovely bird as the name of your ship. No self-respecting captain would have a peacock as its figurehead. She looked at their fierce bird gracing the prow of their ship.

Their figurehead was the Secretary bird that pounced and disemboweled snakes. Their ship had a Secretary bird’s head with their sharp beak open and its crest of feathers at full display radiating out from its head and angled back three to four feet. The bird’s head had carved feathers that stood at attention around the throat of the head figure. The head painted white. The bird of prey had a yellow band around the eyes and going out to half circle to the beginning of the beak. The beak and top of the birds head light gray. The crest feathers standing out from the head were black all the way to the
tips painted white.

The figurehead had wings and trailing legs in base relief on the sides of each prow. The aspect of their figurehead was one of seeking its next prey. Now the beak of their totem was pointed straight at the ship they had now chased down.

The rigging was full of bowmen. Xhalha had her personal quiver on her back and spare quivers hooked onto the mast. The rails were lined with bowmen beside the serrated rails on the ship. The warriors stood behind the merions and ready to move to the embrasures to fire at the enemy. Her newly wed wife was on the main deck manning a small scorpion. A small catapult located on the aft quarterdeck. The bowl filled with hemp soaked in sulfur, bitumen, and tar pitch wrapped around a large stone. The concoction ready to set aflame and pitched onto the deck of the slaver ship.

Their ship now was on the aft quarter of the slaver ship. Their mighty Swan Ship towered over the sleek Volantean galley. The main mast of the slaver ship only came up half way on their mainmast. Their ship was tacking to starboard to get distance between the ships. The archers along with the war machines would launch the first attacks primed and ready to begin the assault.

It was during the maneuver to get distance that Xhalha felt the change in the air. She jerked her head to the air ahead. She saw a massive fog bank on the horizon. The wind was dying and cooling. Wind was their ally and it was dying. The command to notch arrows was given. The ships were one hundred yards apart to give them space to attack and kill.

Their captain, Tanal Choqu, hailed the raider and demanded their immediate surrender. There was no response from the captain of the slaver ship. Suddenly the sound of the war drums started to pulse inside the Volantin ship. The oars came out their ports and dove into the water and began to stroke at war ram pace the drums hammered out with their hammers. The slaver ship surged ahead. The swan ship could make their sped for now but the wind may die more.

“Fire” was shouted by Tanal. A whisper sound of arrows taking flight filled the air. Xhalha fired her arrow at the slaver ship her arrow among a flight of arrows buzzing like angry wasps darting towards their enemy with vigor and anger. The Volantean ship returned fire with their own angry hornets.

Xhalha heard the enemies arrows whizzing past her head and one struck just blow the post she was standing on. Elation filled Xhalha seeing fighters and sailors on the galley fall. More flights of arrows were fired from both sides like flights of madden starlings rolling in the sky. She saw Bharral Cho and Sonoqua Qhaa fall from the Mizzen mast and rigging pegged to the mainmast. Xhalha felt rage burn in her veins.

Back and forth the two ships fired arrows at the other. The sea state and the ships roll between waves made aiming difficult. Xhalha shouted in exhalation seeing several more slavers fall dead with Islander arrows piercing their body. Their perch high on the mast gave Xhalha and her fellow archers great angles to fire down at the enemy. More slavers fell dead feathered with long bow arrows. Unfortunately, Xhalha saw several more of her country fall from the rigging pierced by arrows.

On the quarterdeck the restraining rope was jerked pulling the pin from the bucket of the catapult hurling the arm forward into the stop of the catapult. The payload in the bucket alight and blazing went hurling towards the slaver ship and sailed just over the ship crashing into the sea. The catapult crew feverishly reloaded the device.

Xhalha felt the first hint of moisture on her cheeks and she looked ahead with a brief glance. The fogbank was much closer now and the wind was dying even more. Red and yellow fireflies now...
arched between the ships with arrowheads covered in hemp and tar alight from coal pots darted between ships hitting the enemies’ sails lighting them on fire. Most of the fires did not catch but some did and the canvas started to light up with the flames spreading.

The aim of the flaming arrows to destroy sails and take away sail footage to catch the wind. The sail above Xhalha was going up in flames hotly and several of the crew were cutting it free as the lines to the sail were slackened. The crew had to keep the fires from spreading. Each sail on fire took that much speed away from the Peacock’s Fan.

The Volantean ship was losing sail footage but her oars were letting her maintain speed. Xhalha heard her captain curse and bark out orders.

Xhalha glanced below just as her wife Jatazo Taaqu fired her scorpion through the port cutout for it. The device loaded with a trident head bolt. Xhalha looked up to see what the bolt had found. Xhalha shouted seeing a man dressed as a commander gigged to the main mast his body jerking in his death throes. His chest penetrated by two of the trident’s tines.

“Hard to port!” the captain shouted meaning to ram or at the least destroy the oars on the starboard side of the raider. They needed to reduce the speed of the Volantean ship with the dying wind. The rudder man jammed the tiller hard over and Peacock’s Fan began to turn into the slaver ship. The runaway ship seeing its danger also began a turn to port as it angled away still heading for the dense fog now much closer to the combatants now.

Arrows were firing in all directions now as the ships closed. Xhalha whooped when her last shot arrow pierced an archer on the deck of the slave galley. Her whoop turned to a yelp as an arrow thudded into the mast beside her head. The twenty year old jerked around the mast for protection as she notched another arrow.

Flaming arrows now pierced many of the sails of on both ships. Crew cutting out sheets that burned wildly sending ash and soot over the combatants.

“Brace for impact!” the captain shouted. The Peacock’s Fan prow had reached the slaver ship now and slammed into the side of the ship. The slaver ship had pulled in their oars at the last moment protecting them except for two slow retractions that snapped the wooden oars as the ships slammed together.

The grinding of wood could loudly be heard. Both ships shuddered with the force of impact. Grappling hooks were hurled form the Summer Islander ship locking the slaver ship tight to the Peacock’s Fan port side. Arrows were fired up and down by the bowman. Xhalha saw more slavers fall down feathered. A female Summer Islander fell to her death off the aft most mast. The Summer Islander ship had the advantage of height but the crew on deck had to expose themselves now to fire down while the slave ship had to crane up to shot in anger back at the Summer Islander ship but were able to hide easier behind shields and parts of their ship railing.

The catapult fired again and this this time their shot skimmed over the half deck of their foe but did not ignite anything before the missile skidded off the deck and crashed into the sea on the other side of the slaver ship. The slavers hurled bags of pitch against the Peacock’s Fan side and over the rail with torches following igniting the bags that had burst spreading their oily contents. The third shot from the catapult hit the quarterdeck of the slaver ship and burst into flame. More fire arrows were fired frantically from both of the ships. Now both ships fought frantically to put out fires on their decks as more sails went up in flame.

A boarding party had assembled on the rail of the Summer Islander ship ready to board the slaver ship just as the ships reached the first wisps of the fog bank. Arrows flung in both directions with
angry buzzing. More Summer Islander and Slavers fell feathered. It was then that Xhalha noticed swimmers at the side of her ship. She looked at them deciding if they were slavers. More heads suddenly bobbed to the surface of the water. Had they attached something to the ship?

BBBOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

A deafening explosion filled the air and Peacock’s Fan shuddered from stem to stern. The mighty Swan Ship lurched over to starboard from the force of the blast. A froth of white foamed water shoot several hundred feet straight up in the air. The ship seemed to lift and then settle and groaned in distress.

*The fucking bastards had used a mine on her ship!* Xhalha wildly thought in anger and fear. In a small part of her mind Xhalha admired the warcraft and bravery of their foes. This was something new and unplanned for. Their enemy captain crafty.

Fire raged on the slaver ship. The forecastle was on fire and the aft mast had fire licking the wood climbing up the wooden timber. The fires on the Peacock’s Fan’s decks were being contained. Several of her crew had started to attempt to board the enemy’s ship but fell back pierced with arrows. Arrows winged down from the masts and cross spars of the Summer Islander ship cutting down the slaver crew when they exposed themselves. Unfortunately, the slavers were using their ships structure and shields to protect themselves from the arrows winging at them from point blank range now. Their arrows seeking out Xhalha’s crewmates.

The Peacock’s Fan had settled a little at the bow. Xhalha knew the blisters on the side of the ship had absorbed much of the explosion but seals had been sprung at the least and blanks broken most likely. Water was rushing into her ship. She knew sappers below were bracing broken planks and blocking in replacement timbers. The sappers feverishly placing the timbers and using braces with blocks and dowels to anchor them in place.

The fog was now rolling over the ships thickly and light fading with the falling sun. Xhalha and her mates shot the swimmers in the water that had damaged her ship. Most were feathered and sank beneath the waves but two got to the leeward side of the slaver ship. They had paid for their nefarious deeds!

The fire seemed to be spreading on the slaver ship. The captain ordered the lines cut to the slaver ship to save the Swan ship from the danger of fire spreading on the slaver ship. Slowly the Peacock’s Fan separated from the flaming ship that gradually fell behind in the damp fog.

The fog was obscuring the failing light. The captain did not want to continue the assault without being able to see clearly to assess the battle and be able to counter any moves of the enemy captain and crew. The ships continued to drift apart. The slaver ship like a ghost slowly dimmed and then disappeared in the rolling fog. The glow of its fires receding like the ferryman heading to the underworld.

Xhalha looked down in the fading light to celebrate with Jatazo and gasped. Her wife had been feathered with an arrow. She saw that an arrow had penetrated her hamstring. In a panic she worked down the ladder rigging to the lower mast and then climbed down the pegs. In a rush she reached her sweet wife’s side. A healer was already there. She took her wife’s hand as Jatazo grit her teeth against the pain.

Xhalha controlled her anxiety by helping the doctor punch the barb arrowhead through Jatazo hamstring as her newlywed wife screamed in pain. The scream twisted Xhalha’s guts but it had to be done and she did not hesitate to do her part in caring for Jatazo. Xhalha cut the fletching off and the healer cut off the arrowhead. Xhalha feeling her stomach flip with Jatazo’s cries of pain at the
shaft jerking in her leg as her lover and healer worked. Then the doctor slowly pulled the shaft back and cut a groove in the arrow as Xhalha watched fascinated. The doctor then filled the groove with sulfur and bromide and herbs. The healer took flint and lit it on fire as the sulfur blazed up.

Xhahlo gripped her wife’s shoulders hard. The doctor slammed the flaming arrow shaft through the wound cauterizing and coating the wound with the essence of the healing herbs in the wound as the shaft was knocked out Jatazo’s body. The screams loud and made Xhalho weep in shared pain. She heard other screams of wounds being treated and said prayers to the air gods of her homeland.

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Back in the present Xhahlo looked up to the moon hazy through the flowing mist and said a prayer for her wife that her wound would heal clean and quick. She kept her face upturned saying her prayers to the moon goddess of fertility and healing. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the fine mist flowing over her face. The moisture calmed and cooled the archer.

It had been a whole watch since the battle. The wounded were below decks being tended and the damage done by the blast and fires were being repaired. New canvas had been broken out lockers that were beside the masts. The canvas hooked up to the guiding lines and cables. The new canvas worked up the masts by block and pulleys.

It was strange in a way. The afternoon had been filled with the rage for war and now in the night she felt the calm of nature cooling the rage that had filled her veins earlier.

The canvas sails were at half-mast with most of the fire and arrow pierced canvas removed. The mine had fortunately been placed on the front of the ship were the blisters had absorbed much of the blast. Further aft behind the blisters the damage would have been much greater. The Peacock’s Fan rode lower in the water but was in no danger.

Repair crews worked feverishly to repair all the damage that they could while on the roaming sea. Xhahlo again admired their hard work. The men and women worked feverishly for four hours to staunch all the flooding. Then they had redoubled the bracing to keep the pressure of the sea from breeching the repairs the crew had done to their beloved ship.

The repairs were only temporary to keep the ship sea worthy till they could get back to port and pull into a slip at the shipyards of Koj. The captain of the Peacock’s Fan would pay the price necessary to affect full repairs and make his ship like new again.

The slaver ship had been wounded, probably mortally. If the ship still lived it would not be able to mount an assault with its damage and reduced crew. Xhahlo felt safe to relax for a few minutes and let her body relax after the adrenalin rush of battle and seeing her sweet beautiful wife harmed.

The bastards! Xhahlo looked back up at the hazy moon. The goddess reached out with her weak light to caress her face calming her thoughts once more. Her wife should be well with the heroic efforts of the healers. She closed her eyes giving thanks to the goddess of the moon, Chanadha. Xhahlo smiled feeling Chanadha reaching out to softly caress her skin with fingertips of sweet moist fog.

She tilted her head down and opened her eyes. Xhahlo nearly wet her breeches. A gasp of shock escaped her throat.

On either side of her ship now rode a ship that simply dwarfed their mighty swan ship. Where Peacock’s Fan had dwarfed the slaver galley these ships had masts that were close to twice the height of her ship. She gasped at the massive spares as thick as massive tree limbs that supported hooks and
pegs for massive sails that were slackened or furled.

Xhahlo gaped as cries ran around her ship now as more of the crew saw their predicament. They were flanked by ships several hundred feet off their sides. The cross spars jutting out like trees from the masts jutting out fifty feet from the masts on each side. Xhahlo looked down and marveled. Her ship cut through the waves of the calmed sea and she heard the rush of water along the beams and the roll of waves sloughing off the bow. She looked at the ship to her right at its water line and it was indeed cutting through the water but no sound was made. The line where water and ship met as clean as a knife cut and as silent as the grave. The ship gave off no bow wake.

While the ships made no noise on the sea Xhahlo could not fathom how these two behemoth of ships had been able to slip up on her and the others up in the masts doing their quarter watches.

The other ships had three massive and oh so tall masts and a large bow mast with the two jibs sails in full bloom propelling the ships easily forward keeping pace with the Peacock’s Fan leisurely pace.

She then received another shock. She finally registered the crew that were in the rigging and hanging off the masts or spars. They were giants; literally giants. The smallest was maybe ten and half feet tall while the tallest was twelve or thirteen feet tall. Their faces were handsome and foreheads prominent. Their faces looked at her with keen intelligence that sparkled in their eyes. The crew of the other ship looked like any sailor from any nation except for their extreme size. Even though these sailors were so large they gave the impression of being nimble as the gazelles of the Disputed Lands and along the Orange Shore to the east Volantis.

The Summer Islander saw that the Giants were dressed in what looked like traditional attire from the lands of Westeros. The Giants wearing pants whose legs were stuffed in boots. The Giants wore tunics over their broad shoulders with vests over them cutoff at the shoulders.

Xhalha noticed that the crew was mixed like hers. The crew was slightly weighted with males being predominate on the masts and rigging. She looked down and saw more of these Giants on the decks looking up at her and her shipmates in the rigging and down at her shipmates on the deck of her ship. It was disconcerting to Xhalha to see ships that dwarfed her ship. It unsettled her world to see her mighty Swan Ship outsized and outclassed.

Then she saw two women girded in armor near the deck of the massive ship to her right. They were on the ladder rigging on the central mast looking at her intently. The armor was shaped in half-moons that hugged around limbs and up lower torsos. Their upper torsos and shoulders were enclosed in carapaces of armor made up of the circular disks.

Xhalha saw the dull gleam of the armor and suddenly understood that the armor was made of granite. She women had massive broadswords strapped to their backs mainly with a few carried on hips. She somehow sensed that even their weapons were made of granite. That made her look at the ships again and yet a third gasp arose from the young woman.

The ship was made of granite. The ship beside her was made of rock and not timber. *How could such a ship float!* Xhalha looked along the hull of the ship looking for seams where the blocks of stone would have been fitted together. She could see no trace of plates or lines in the sleek lines of the ships. It was if the ship had been fused together and made into one whole. She could almost see the strength of the ship. *How could stone be made to do this?* Xhalha sensed this ship could easily outrun her ship on the wind. Xhalha felt that even in this gentle breeze these massive ships could quickly outdistance her ship if all the canvas on the three ships were deployed.

She now noticed that a second race was on the ghost ships that ran silently. Xhalha had had her attention grabbed by the Giants on the other ships. Now that that shock had waned she noticed the
shorter people on the ships. These were men and women too. They were “normal” in height but shorter than the Summer Islander. They appeared to be swarthy like the people of Yi Ti but had facial features more closely resembling the people of Westeros except for their almond shaped eyes. They looked to be a cross of the people of Yi Ti and Dorne.

These people had only simple tunics belted at the waist and wore no shoes. They too stared at Xhalha. She noticed that the smaller figures all had black hair cut short. The men had short crew cuts while the woman had bangs and hair down to cover half their ears and down to their neck in the back. The giants had hair of all lengths. The coloring of their hair had all the variations of Westeros hair color.

Xhalha spied a small woman of the second race move to the large female giant that seemed to be the leader. The Giant woman encased in her granite armor with a large helm hanging off the belt synched around her waist. The smaller woman talked with the Giant nodding her head. Xhalha watched the small brown skinned woman quickly turn and scale up the tall main mast with quick adroit movements. She was skilled like a Summer Islander and the Giants on the tall ships. She quickly climbed up to the main crossbar spar.

The woman with perfect balance went to a stanchion and grab a lanyard quickly untying it from the spar. The woman wrapped the end of the hemp line around her right fist. The woman then effortless walked along the spar on her bare feet away from the Giant ship mast and along the spar. To Xhalha it seemed as if the woman was measuring the distance for some reason. Then the woman effortless pivoted and walked away from the Peacock’s Fan and then turned when the long lanyard lay hanging down from her hand and looped down below the spar.

Xhalha watched with rising shock when the woman somehow ran down the curved spar and launched herself off the beam at the mast. The woman was insane. She would plummet to her death. When she reached the bottom of her apex the rope would be jerked out of her hand probably jerking her shoulder out of socket Xhalha thought wildly.

Xhalha watched shocked as this small woman plummeted down toward the water below. The woman’s running had cast her downward plummet down in an arc. With the rope clenched in her fist the continued on in her downward arc. Her momentum caused the rope to whip up and out over her ship.

The whiplash at the bottom of the arc should have ripped the rope from the woman’s hand but did not. The rope now bottomed out. The woman’s momentum and whiplash of the rope now propelled the woman up to the heavens in a reverse ace from her downward mad rush. The small woman sailed high in the sky between the two ships and as the lanyard reached its zenith the woman released the rope and arched through the air towards the swan ship impossibly high in the air. Then her body lost momentum and began its downward path to imminent death.

This insane woman was diving between the main and foremast. Xhalha was prepared to call for man overboard when the woman impossibly gripped the edge of the ladder rigging between the two masts as she passed it. The woman impossibly gripped with her hands and held on as her body whiplashed to and fro. The woman waited for the whiplash to cease and then effortless turned her body and flipped up and over the edge of the rigging to land on her feet on two squares of the rigging and then without effort walked up the rigging. The woman never once used her arms for balance but Xhalha could see her powerful leg muscles firing off keeping the woman on balance.

Xhalha and all her shipmate stared at what this woman had just accomplished. Xhalha looked at the other lookouts and those down on the deck. All stared gaped jawed at this woman. A woman who had just performed a feat that was simply impossible. The strength, timing, agility and sheer courage
was to astounding too even contemplate.

The dusky hued woman reached the mast and effortless scaled up the rungs on the mast and came around to stand on the spar beside the platform that Xhalha stood on. The woman was silent as she silently regarded the Summer Islander.

She stood before Xhalha now studying her with flat eyes and impassive face. They stood silently regarding each other for a long moment. The woman was nearly a foot shorter than Xhalha. Then the woman cocked an eyebrow fractionally. “I am Brail of the Haruchai. We are pleased to find you. Your ship is indeed a beautiful marvel.” The woman spoke as if she was bored and her face showed no emotion. The woman’s voice had a suppressed lilt to it that made Xhalha think the woman had difficulty speaking her tongue.

The woman was indeed short. She was only about 5’3” compared to Xhalha’s 6’2” height. The woman was muscled but it was not excessive but finely toned. The woman seemed relaxed. To have just accomplished what this woman had Xhalha would be all jangly and full shaky with adrenalin rush. This woman seemed like she was bored with what she had just accomplished. *The impossible.*

Xhalha was about to speak when suddenly below Xhalha, on the deck below she sensed much motion and looked down. She saw five of the best archers on Peacock Fan come up from below deck with bows notched. The archers looked up seeing a strange woman right in front of Xhalha. The archers sensing a threat to their crewmember immediately drew back taking aim. Xhalha could instantly tell the archers were still riled up from the combat earlier in the afternoon. They also thought that she was in danger from this woman who stood just in front of her.

“Nooooooooo!” Xhalha screamed as five arrows were let loose in quick succession the sound of the plucked bowstrings sickening to her ears.

Her head ripped around in horror about to see the Haruchai woman die.

That did not happen. Brail tilted her head to the left as an arrow meant for her eye whizzed past into the night. The motion, shockingly, was made casually. The second arrow the woman flicked aside with a quick motion of her left hand knocking the arrow aside with back of her hand. It would have pierced her throat. This was done to the third arrow while the woman leaned her body right dodging an arrow that would have pierced her lung. The last arrow heading for her groin was dodged by the woman jumping up and spinning her body over to land on the spar effortlessly four feet away. The woman looked down at the archers blandly. She was not even breathing heavily and showed no anger at being shot at with five arrows meant to squire her.

Xhalha screamed out “STOP! She is a friend!” The captain came up on deck cursing the overeager bowmen. His clothing was disheveled. He had come running up to deck from his cabin when word reached him of the strange ships abeam of his ship.

Xhalha looked at the woman who seemed unperturbed at her attempted murder. The Summer Islander could detect only the slightest increase in respiration. All her physical efforts had not taxed the woman at all. The woman was beyond calm. She looked at Xhalha with no emotion and only cocked an eyebrow. At least this was a full eyebrow cock Xhalha thought to herself.

Xhalha was beyond shocked now at this woman’s effortless skill and ability. She did the seeming impossible as if she did this all the time. What kind of woman was this Brail of the Haruchai? Were all of her brethren and sisters as capable? If so these Haruchai were a most mighty race.

“Please forgive our rash actions! We were in battle today and some of our crew was overzealous.”
“No offense is taken. We believe in caution too.” She spoke in a taciturn voice. She acted as if nothing in the world could cause her consternation or perturb her inner calm.

The woman’s demeanor had not changed during the whole incident. “I am First Mark on the Quest of the Giants. We are here to find the great warrior who is a wagon rider. We seek a land called Westeros to find this great hero.”

Xhalha looked down at her captain. Brail looked down as well. She asked Xhalha “Can we entreat with your people? We have traveled a great distance.”

Xhalha looked down and Tanal Choqu who shook his head ‘yes’. Xhalha turned to the reserved woman. “Yes. We would be honored to entreat with you.”

Xhalha looked as two more Haruchai swung over to her ship with effortless ease. It amazed Xhalha to see the Haruchai sail through the air and with ease catch the net rigging as they passed and swinging up to walk effortless along the rope rungs with no appearing loss of balance. Her earlier question had just been answered. It would seem all the Haruchai were so blessed with impossible skills and courage.

The other ship from which the Haruchai had jumped from suddenly flowed through the water towards their ship. Somehow the spars of their massive ship missed the rigging and sails still unshrouded on Peacock’s Fan masts. The skill to have their spars pass among the spars and rigging of the Peacock’s Fan without incident was shocking again to Xhalaha. She looked down at Tanal who was wincing seeing the possibility of damage to his ship and then seeing no contact made had his mouth hanging open.

Two Giants, a male and female, walked along the lowest spar. Over the deck of the Swan Ship they dropped off the spar and landed lightly on their feet and rolled several times to bleed off momentum and then stood up and came to up to the Summer Islanders and the now more gathered Haruchai who had slide down loose lanyards.

The giant woman introduced herself “I am Braveheart Tillerkeel the First on this journey. I command the Swordmarimme. This is Saltheart Starchaser” the giant woman spoke nodding toward the male Giant. He is captain of Northstar Wavechaser. Our other ship is Reefbane Maelstrom. We are on a quest to find the Wagonthane. She is a might warrior.”

Tanal looked confused. “Why is riding a wagon considered a great hero?”

Braveheart looked down at the man. “Our seers have spoken of this white haired woman’s many accomplishment. Some she has already finished and more that she will still do. It would take days to give the tale its true justice but we know you humans are hasty in speech.”

Tanal looked at the Giants especially their mouths. “I am curious. How is it that we understand each other? I can hear you speak another language and yet I understand you and you me. I hear your speech in my own language.” Xhalha was surprised to see her captain was correct. They spoke another language but she heard their words in her own tongue.

Saltheart spoke up “That is a gift we long ago acquired from the Elohim in Elemesnedene. The gift cost us dearly and the Elohim have come to regret their deception. Thus, we still have the gift of tongues which we can share with the Haruchai while they journey with us. Later the Ramen will share in this gift as well.”

Tanal took this in. He considered and got back to the task at hand. “Is this woman old? White hair?”
The two giants looked at each other. “She could be I guess. She definitely has white hair though. All the seers and prophecies say that. We have not understood why you call her magical beasts wagons though. Seems like a most pedestrian name for such mighty beasts. We have thus named her the Wagonthane.”

Suddenly Xhalha understood. It was a matter of lost in translation. “Tanal I think I know.” She turned to the Giants. “Do these creatures breathe fire and are able to fly?”

Braveheart answered “Yes they do. Though we cannot fathom how they do this or how their wings can support such weight. Their breathing fire should burn them up from the inside. … though the Skurj do not burn out from the inside, so I should reconsider. But again, I agree, that yes they fly and breathe fire.”

Xhalha chuckled. “You mean dragons not wagons. The name of the beasts she rides are called Dragons. She has three of them.”

The giants looked at each other. The Haruchai looked on impassive.

“Can you tell us how to get to her and to the land of her domicile?”

“Do you come as friend or foe? We are her allies in all she endeavors” Tanal answered.

“We come in peace and to provide succor. Two great evils have awakened. The Ice King who hates all life that has hot blood flowing in their veins and the Demon Stone has been unearthed. It is the evil brother of the Illearth Stone. It will spawn monstrosities and it calls to the Raver brothers. The Wag—Dragonthane will cause the fall of both. We would aid her in her trials if we are able.”

Tanal thought a moment and then stuck out his hand to shake in warrior fashion. The Giants large hands wrapped around the arm offered totally engulfing the appendage. The Haruchai merely bowed deeply and then pounded their chest saying “Fist and Faith we will meet the challenges of our time”.

The Giant captain was told how to find Westeros. A few more minutes were spent exchanging greetings and information. The giants told Tanal that they loved the construction and lines of his ship and hoped to explore it more fully in the future and learn of its making. Tanal was as fascinated with their ship.

Soon the Giants and Haruchai went back to their ship and the Giant ships glided out of sight into the fog still moving like ghosts on the waves. The ships made no sound and left no wake and were gone.

Xhalha could not wait to tell her wife of what she had seen.

The Gondolier

Down the canal the waves lapped at the tiles and cement walls of the brackish water filled canals. The narrow channels letting the brackish water flow with the tides in and out the shallow lagoon. The flowing tides cleansing the city of much of its filth and pollution. Still, the air always smelled of the sea and the slight undercurrent of man’s waste. The waves caused by the passing gondolas polled forward by the long rowing oar sculling back and forth propelling and guiding the flat bottomed craft down the long canals.

The boats moved past each other as their boat’s master’s nodded to each other. The caste system of
Gondola craft masters passed from father to son generation to generation. Some garbed themselves in loud attention grabbing outfits while other’s like the old gondolier wore simple plain clothing.

The old man shook his head at the gaudy outfits the young men wore as they polled their gondolas. The bright and ostentatious clothing meant to catch the eye. They followed two main patterns. One was a cotton top with short sleeves that had thin black and grey bands down the pullover shirt. These men wore broad brimmed hats with no red tassels. The other outfit had tops but with long sleeves with both the body and sleeves of the shirt having wide bands of grey and black. These men’s hats had small brims and a red velvet bond around the crown of the hat with red tassels hanging down the back of the hats that fluttered in the breeze wafting down the canals. Many of the tassels weaved in various patterns according to traditional family weavings.

The old gondolier had been working since the early morning. It had been a long day as the sun slowly traveled its path across the sky. The orb had been hot burning down at midday on his neck leaving his skin hot and sweaty.

He polled and sculled his plain gondola forward. He had had a good day. He had first polled to the Isles of the Gods marveling at the beauty of Temple of the Moonsingers. The blue and purple tiles soothing to the eye. Four travelers wanting to give alms to their gods in the early morn. He had transported several merchants on their early business jaunts at two stops along the Grey Canal. Their journeys long and produced good fair.

He took a lunch at midday. He had eaten a meal of cheese and rolled ham on knuckle bread. He washed down his meal with spring water from a small vendor who moved her cart from gathering to gathering selling her wares in the small plaza by the main canal. He gave her a nice sized tip even though his own wages for the day was not overly great. He knew she was supporting two young children without a husband who had run off. Her husband had four lady lovers and a love of gambling.

The husband had died recently in an accident as he worked on a scaffold that had collapsed and he fell down caving his head in. One leg of the scaffold had rusted through and broke under the load. It had been deemed a tragic accident by the constables deeming no hand of man had been involved in the incident.

The Gondolier went back on his modest gondola. His craft had no painted patterns on its side or carved rails with the current in fashion of river nymphs that were painted in gaudy colors. He wondered about the waste of money on such adornments. Maybe they drew the eye and, thus, more clients and, therefore, their money.

He was old and could not afford such things on his plain flat hulled boat. He went down the Canal of Heroes looking up at the high arched bridges as he passed underneath each one. He loved looking at the engineering of the bridges. The cap stone capping the apex of the arch and the thick buttresses crafted into their anchoring abutments. The forces they contained and supported fascinated the old man. He judged the craftsmanship of each bridge as he passed underneath and noted the state of repair of each bridge. The gondoliers reported any damage to the bridges and were given small tips for observations that proved accurate and valid.

He admired the carving of the stones along the edges of the walkways. One bridge had angels lining the walkway, the next lined by winged chubby cherubs, the next lined with gargoyles in various poises. Each bridge had its own distinctive theme. Their unofficial names were reflected by the statues that lined the bridges.

A short way past the last bridge he went under he saw the new island that had been erected in the middle of the wide canal. On it were three beautiful courtesans cast in bronze had been erected. The
first one detailed in mother of pearl, the second in onyx and rose pearl while the third had been adorned in zircon and yellow sapphire.

The women were voluptuous with bodices cut low and long slits up the dresses that hugged their legs. The jewels highlighted the eyes, lips and the ample cleavage of the three beautiful women whose likeness had been captured and immortalized. The eyes seemed to capture a keen cunning and simmering intellect. The sun caught the facets of the gems and sent out spangles to amaze and blind the eyes of onlookers. The old man sometimes thought that their eyes followed his old wizened form. The thought humored the old man.

In Braavos courtesans were free women and honored as much for the beauty as for the intelligence as seen by the new statues.

The man took on clients that were mainly more business men during the day and with two courtesans on short shopping jaunts with their rich illicit lover’s money. Their faces adorned with expert applied makeup to accentuate their already great innate beauty. They wore dresses that only flattered bodies already lovely to behold. The Gondolier kept his eyes politely averted and answered any polite questions sent his way. He appreciated the two small tips he garnered from his lady fares. He always appreciated tips from such women and the businessmen he ferried. He titled his head in acknowledgement. It was always nice to be rewarded for services well rendered.

As the sun travelled towards the western horizon the Gondolier took on a modest family. He was a young merchant who was still climbing up the ladder of success. They were all dressed modestly. He and his wife and their four children. The children were quiet and spoke kindly to the old man. They made conversation with the old man instead of ignoring him as the beautiful and powerful most often did.

He discovered they were going to a new comedy about the affectations of the rich and powerful. The man, Lysquo Paenatis, told the gondolier he did not want to forget his roots. When they disembarked the man left a large tip. The old man tried to refuse the ostentatious tip but the man insisted. He told the man his service had been most excellent. He had smiled shyly and the man had clapped him on the back.

Rarely did the old Gondolier have such nice and generous fares.

The old man turned down the side canal, The Gilded Serpentine Canal, which got its name from the winding path of the canal. The businesses and home lining the waterway rich and ostentatious.

The old man observed that many facades were being torn down and new more gaudy fronts erected. The marble that replaced what had been on the faces of the buildings were even more rare and expensive. Gold and silver inlay was gaudy and overdone. Statues and balconies adorned with precious stones and banded in bronze and copper that glowed in the sitting sun.

At a landing, a rich sea lord with his mistress was waiting. The gondolier poled up to the landing. The man looked at his plain gondola with clear disdain. The man in his expensive tailored suite looked up and down the canal but no other craft were in sight. The man was clearly impatient. He told his lovely companion they were late and got into the old man’s humble craft.

The sea lord barked at the man he needed to get them to the Seafarers Theater and to make it quick.

The old man had bowed deeply and as quickly as his old bones would allow moved to meet the man’s order. He poled his craft down the canal half a mile to the landing before the Theater that only put on the greatest of plays and new operas from the hottest opera writers with the most scintillating librettos.
Only the richest and most powerful could afford to come to this Theater.

The old man helped the woman out of his craft to the steps carved into the landing. She smiled down at the old man in thanks. The Sea Lord glared at the man as he approached him. The rising sealord jealous of even that one look. The boat rocked suddenly as the man went to go up the steps. He started to lose his balance. The old man gripped his wrist steadying the rich man in the prime of his life.

The man glared at him again and threw his fare down into the bottom of the boat mumbling that a man of his age should not be plying his boat in the canals of Braavos.

The man bent wearily to pick up his fare. No tip. How typical he thought without rancor.

He slowly polled his craft forward. The sun now sat low on the horizon. His eyes were no longer as strong as they once were and had to shield his eyes with an unsteady hand. He moved his craft down the canal that was alive with fire. The water filled with red and white dancing flares from the dying sun.

He was a poor man and found refuge in the Drowned Town. He wearily sculled his boat forward towards home and shelter. He soon spotted his neighborhood in this once thriving borough of the city. He was an old man who lived in the oldest dying part of the drowned city because he could not afford housing anywhere else.

He slowly moved his craft forward admiring the fading architecture and lost wealth. He wondered again as he often did on the past glories that these drowned streets once had seen. The glory washed away a little more with each passing of the tide. It was entropy. It was life. From birth to adulthood and then the slow decline to death. The cycle of life.

It was all maudlin and the Gondolier shook his head to dispel such thoughts. As he looked at the tops of the slumping building he witnessed a row of terracotta tiles suddenly lose their purchase on a sagging roof and slide off slapping into the water one after the other. The sound loud and echoing down the drowned canyon.

The air growing dark with the sun starting to pass below the horizon unseen by the gondolier. The sun hidden by dilapidated buildings. He looked up and saw bats starting to fly their erratic paths through the darkening sky. The bats roosting in the top most levels of the slow dying buildings.

He looked at the sagging buildings and faded frescos that were dull now and missing tiles that no longer allowed the onlooker to understand fully what the artist had in mind. The Gondolier knew the artist had spent much time and effort designing and gluing his tiles in place. Now the meaning was lost to the past. The artist’s bones long moldered in his grave.

He now went down alleys of water with buildings that looked like they might sag down and expire into the canal at any moment. He spied laundry hanging off dry lines and heard the sounds of children laughing and shouting from open windows. He remembered such sounds that he had made when he was a young child. He looked up but did not see the children. It gladden his heart to hear the sounds of new life giving these old relics new life. New memories being created in this world of the drowned past. The Gondolier smiled. Life found a way to continue. Always.

He finally came to a post jutting out of the water beside an open doorway. He did not fear for his craft. Here, amongst the most poor of Bravossi he did not have to fear thievery. He sighed. Why did the poor have so much honor and most of the rich none. When did a man lose his honor? Most it always be so? He had seen too much greed and avarice in his many years to not be jaundice with the heart of men when they achieved power and wealth.
What was that saying … ah yes—power corrupted and absolute power corrupted absolutely.

He went up into the building. Before he went to his small room he kept in this building he had to visit an old friend. He walked down midnight dark corridors that went up and down with sudden turns. The path long memorized. He walked from one derelict building to the next.

Each building had its own unique persona. The buildings all sighing on memories they slowly lost with each sitting sun. The memories faded with each tile that fell off a wall and each timber that collapsed from a roof or floor to fall to the next level below. Always the buildings sought the bottom of the lagoon. The Gondolier had long ago memorized the spots that were rotten and easily avoided them with his slow small steady steps. Even on the solid parts he heard the groaning underneath the floor of timbers rotting in their wet soaked environment. Decay in the air.

He paused and tilted his head. Water. Water always seeking to further invade into the tired old buildings further with each tide. The water with its properties of cohesion and adhesion slowly tearing down these old once proud buildings.

He went from building to building in secret hidden passage ways seeing past glories when with the light of the full moon streamed in through broken windows and walls that had fallen away. He looked at furniture that had long ago rotted to fallen detritus. He saw piles of broken tiles on the floors and a chandelier that had fallen recently. The broken crystal crunching underneath his thick sandals as he walked across the once grand feast hall.

He heard the sounds of vermin moving in the shadows. The rodents scratching and scurrying around. He saw the eyes of several rats looking at him from a sagging doorway. The room behind dark and dank hiding secrets he had no desire to know.

He wondered about the people that had once lived here. Had they been happy or sad? Did their progeny still live in the City? Had they risen or fallen like this drowned city. He stopped and listened. He could almost hear the whispers of past conversations. The sounds of silverware clinking on expensive china from Yi Ti. He heard the faint echoes of crystal goblets being touched together for good luck. He shook his head and proceeded on. He had a friend to visit.

He kept walking stepping over fallen plaster and lumber beams. The stray nail or screw a danger to sandaled feet if stepped on wrongly. He saw timbers lying on the floor from the ceiling above. In several places the floors opened with dark holes that led below. To fall into one of those abysses a signature for death.

He finally entered into a huge domed ceiling of a dance hall. The ceiling high above was dim in the moonlight. He knew the paintings up high were faded and broken. The plaster holding the high art now on the gilded floor that he stepped over. He paused to gaze at the shattered plaster and saw still faint traces of brilliant colors and bold paint strokes. It may have once been beautiful but it was now only garbage on the floor. Beauty always faded. Time could wreck a beautiful young woman’s face. All things passed the old man sighed to himself.

He paused in his mordant thoughts. A faint smile came to his face. The old man heard he first melodious notes of a beautiful tune. It came from four stories above in the next building. He passed through a doorway that connected this building with the next. He went through a dark doorway. The hallway narrow and he stumbled over some bricks that had fallen down from ceiling. They had not been there the last time he walked this corridor.

He entered into a large room and walked through it. He came out into a large landing. Large windows on three walls. The panes broken and letting in the night time breezes. The gondolier spied the spiral staircase in the soft light. He went to it and gripped the iron wrought rail and slowly
walked up the steps as the now clear music came ever closer with each step. He felt the rust underneath his fingertips as he walked up the steps.

The rust flaking of and falling to the steps like red snow or was it dried blood?

The wrought iron sought to remember its old strength. The old man took each step slowly testing each iron step. He heard groans of protest but the iron remained strong. The Gondolier reached the fourth floor after many wearying steps. He rested a moment. He looked around but he was still alone.

The notes of the ethereal tune clear to his ears now. The individual notes haunting and yet the tune made his spirit soar. He walked slowly to the high arched doorway lined with carved lintels that showed a depiction of some long forgotten battle. The carved figures were striving for victory or dying some horrific death. Had the battle been worth the loss of life and rue the Gondolier wondered. Battles were seldom worth the great cost.

There were better ways to achieve ones ends. He entered into the room from which the haunting beautiful music flowed out of in almost visible notes on the damp dark air. The room from which the music wafted out of but and had a magical glow emanating onto the landing on the fourth floor.

The room was filled with burning candles giving the room an ethereal glow. Every flat surface covered in candles. The scions in the walls had their candles lite and burned with winking light. The walls covered with faded paintings and frescos still beautiful to behold. The furniture had been scavenged form among the ruins and brought to this sanctuary. The fabric was still thick and vibrant the carvings on the wood ornate and detailed.

The furniture the envy to any aspiring sea lord.

He spied the man whose fingers played the haunting melody that filled the room. He felt privileged to hear the tune. The man played his beautiful melody in the minor key. It was sad and haunting. The old man saw that the other man was playing a beautifully carved lute. It had eight ribs with 10 double courses. The strings doubled for each key making the playing of the instrument even more difficult. The man’s fingers quickly travelled up and down the frets playing the cords with precise expertise. No notes were untrue.

The candles were for the Gondolier’s benefit. The man playing the lute did not need the light.

“You play your instrument most beautifully. You picked a most difficult instrument to play tonight with the double strings. I commend you.”

The man continued to play his instrument but softly. The melody more a soothing whisper. Like a lullaby to a child seeking sleeps embrace.

“It keeps the fingers nimble and strong pressing down both strings to pluck a note” the main answered the old gondolier.

“You insight to the tune is invocative. Is it of your creation?”

“Yes. The notes on the page are easy—it is the space between the notes that are hard to play.” The musician looked at the gondolier. A soft smile on his face.

“No matter how slow or hesitant your steps or raspy and paper thin your voice becomes I will always recognize my prized pupil.” The old gondolier bowed to the seated man who continued to play his instrument his fingers moving up and down the fretboard.
“It is nice of you to join me Gondolier. Was business good on the waterways?”

“Yes. It was a most profitable day.”

“Any special clients?”

“Yes. A Sealord out with his mistress while his wife is at home in her illness wasting away.”

“Was he well?”

“Yes. But, alas, tonight when he is fucking his illicit lover his heart will suddenly race and then burst. He will die with his cock in his concubine.”

“Poor man. How did this malady strike this poor man?”

“He was pricked by a ring when helped out of my craft.”

“Ahhhh … must well done Gondolier … or should I say Jaqen H’ghar. My most prized student and the man who has taken my place as leader of the Order of Black and White.”

“I thank you Wharf King. My leadership is but a pale reflection of your esteemed guidance.” The man ceased playing his instrument.

Jaqen watched the man put away his lute away. The instrument soon in its case and closed. The case sat upright leaned against the wall. The beautiful melody having faded away in the damp air. The man turned his bound eyes to his protégé.

Jaqen pressed his fingers to the right edge of his face and pressed in while chanting the evocative spell the skin tightening and folding in on itself.

The man who had stood with slumped shoulders and hunched back of an old man disappeared. In his place stood a man with a straight back and squared shoulders. Where the body of the Gondolier had radiated the fragility of great age, now his body was filled with the vigor of youth and strength.

Where had stood a man in the depths of his winter now stood a man in the middle of summer. His face chiseled and strong chinned. His hair split with red and white halves.

The Wharf King sighed “Will you ever do away with that hair … it is most unbecoming.”

“It marks me, me master.”

Jaqen spied the corner of the room near where his former teacher and leader sat. “I see you carry your Naginata and not your Bo. Do you feel threatened? I can send some novices to scout and patrol the ruins.”

“No, no need. Just a precaution in these troubled times. The Dragon Queen has upset the order of things that have existed since the foundation of this great city. The slave trade is no more and vortexes are forming to take its place. These are most unsettled times … please come join me.”

The Wharf King rose up and walked to a table that lined the far wall. On the long cherry wood table were several bowels of berries and cherries. A loaf of fresh stone baked bread was on a platter with tubs of butter and apple jam beside it. Rolled ham and roast were on a circular platter. A pitcher of sweetened tea sweated in the early evening chill.

The two men gathered a plate and picked the fare they wished to consume. They sat at the table and ate in comradery and peaceful contemplation.
“Do you still plan on killing Daenerys Targaryen?”

Jaqen passed his mentor the pitcher or tea.  “No.  I have looked into the Dragon glass further. Though its vision fades I see that the new Queen is not of old Valyria.  She is something new and precious.  She is a phoenix arisen from the ashes seeking a new path.  I now wish to align our house with hers.”  

The Wharf King paused in taking a bit of his ham rolled up in slice of bread.  “You now I should report this to the Iron Bank.  This is high treason.”

“I know.  Will you?”

“And if I would … will you kill me?”

“If I tried, I probably would be the one lying on the floor dead … I would only ask that you give me twelve hours to flee ahead of the hounds of hell.”  Jaqen looked at his mentor closely trying to read his conviction.  As always the man controlled his features.  He had no eyes to read.  He had to ask.

“Are you going to report my treason my old mentor?”

A long pause filled the glow limned room.  “No Jaqen … I have come to share your fears.  The Dragon Queen has swept out the old older and I fear what might take its place.  Instead of persons ruling and crushing lives it might be mighty trading companies.  Companies in their pursuit of maximum profits would crush all but the one percent.  Not in and of itself evil but the end result the same all the less.”

“Yes.  We must help pale Queen establish a new world order.  Help put in limits and setup governing bodies to oversee these corporations and to control their excesses.  They are already growing more powerful sending out spies and buying influence.  Not only do we have that but the crime families of Essos and Westeros see opportunity.  There will be much bloodshed.  If they kill only each other then there is no loss.  Unfortunately, their wars of influence and ascension rarely stay contained among themselves.”

Jaqen nodded in agreement with his old mentor’s assessments of the situation in Braavos and all the Free Cities.  “Worse among them is the Iron Bank … many of their recent contracts with our order have been of no merit … most I was able to refuse with technical language and diversions of their focus but they have tired of my trickery and are becoming restive of my subterfuges.  Many rising Sealords are vying for influence and power.  They are aligning with the rising corporations.”

“I feel you are right about the crime families.  They will in many ways police themselves.  It will be easy to sow discord in their ranks.  They are always on the cusp of open warfare between themselves.  We can easily stoke that underlying fear and envy and have them war with themselves.  We only need to contain their warfare among themselves.  That as always will be difficult.”

“The corporations have different goals.  They will be harder to control.  Crime families want ultimate control.  Corporations only chase profit.  One will kill you outright while the other is more insidious.  The corporations will slowly suffocate the masses like plying wet tissue on a sleeping man’s face.  By the time one notices the tissue it is too late.  They will have already bound one’s arms and legs and, thus, the man suffocates.”

The two men conversed for another half hour discussing the changing times and how best to meet them.  The men consuming their dinner as they talked and planned.

Jaqen ate several slices of Asiago cheese.  He ate while ruminating his path.
“I will support you Jaqen as long as it does to come to revolt within our ranks. I will not have us killing each other when the enemy as ever is outside our sacred walls.

“I agree old teacher.”

“I feel that open warfare is not necessary. We can modify and mollify from within … everything is new and nascent. If we can get ahead of the curve we can bend and subvert these new entities into a more benign path.”

“Do you concur?” the blind man asked his former pupil and now superior.

“Yes my old teacher. This is my feeling.”

“Will you go to her?”

“No. Though dimming, the dragon glass shows me she will be sending emissaries to the Iron Bank. I will intercept and plead our case.”

“Emissaries?”

“Yes. She will be sending a scribe, a dwarf, a big fat ugly eunuch—“

“Jaqen” spoken in a scolding tone.

“She will also be sending Syrio Forel too us.” Jaqen told the Wharf King seeing his mentor’s hand twitch. Some wounds never did fully heal.

“She will also send her wife to us. There will be others.”

“Wife? It seems she shatters all convention. She truly does wish to establish a new world order.”

They talked a little more before Jaqen H’ghar took his leave of the Wharf King. The Wharf King would keep his ear close to the secrets of the city and beyond preparing for the coming storm. His wharf rats scurried everywhere in the city unseen and unremarked when glimpsed.

As his steps approached his gondola they became shorter and less sure. His strong body bent by age and long hard toil. He performed the blood magic to put on his face as the Old Gondolier. The Old Gondolier got into his craft and pushed off sullying his oar. The nighttime darkness hid his passage in the shadowed canyons.

He began his long journey back to his true home, the temple of the Black and White.

These were powerful times full of portents and omens. He looked up at the stars twinkling in the sky far above. They were so beautiful. He saw the three stars of the hunter’s belt. At the spot above the top most star rode the red star of war. He wondered if more war would come to Essos.

He remembered when the red comet had appeared in the sky over five years ago. All the temples on their isles had said the red comet was for them. Each religion and even the Great Houses or families said its portent was only for them. The long tail that rode high in the first quadrant of the sky every day for a month.

It was like the tail of a dragon. A dragon come to life in the form of a beautiful young woman. The dragon had burned its way across the land of Essos. He only hoped she did not return in fire and ire.
Queen of Whores

The starling dove through the air frustrated. The June bug kept scooting to the side just before her beak could snap shut on the juicy bug. Her eggs were growing inside her and she needed to eat to grow her precious nestlings.

Again and again the starling whirled around in the air and charged the insect but this particular morsel proved quite elusive. She finally gave up on the fourth pass. She fluttered her wings and alighted in one of the red maple trees that lined the wide lane in the center of the main city of Lys. The bird cocked its head looking up and down the wide lane paved with granite stones fit together in a complicated interleave pattern.

The bird flitted down to the side of the lane and pecked some small scratch for it crop. The bird observed the ornately carved and thick upholstered carriages roll by. The wheels shod in gold and silver making them glint brightly in the dying sun. The bird looked at the tall carriages some closed and covered in bands and sheets of bright metal with precious gems glittering wildly in the direct rays of the setting sun.

Other more modest carriages rolled by open to the world. Though more modest many still had gilded scroll work adorning them and rich fabric covering thick cushioned seats.

The starling flapped quickly up to its perch in the maple tree. It spied several leafhoppers and quickly pecked them up its tongue licking its bill at the tasty treat. The bird observed the various maples, elms, palm and fruit trees arranged down the lane. The various trees shaped and well maintained to provide a variety and shade to the humans walking below. They also provided shelter for her and her kind.

She heard the chirps and squawks of sparrows, finches, jays, parrots, warblers and other birds. She looked around ready to aggressively defend her territory if need be. She spotted a Japanese beetle on the edge of large upraised flower bed and swooped down and snatched her prize up before flitting up to eat her catch.

The starling observed the buildings in this part of the city near the port. This area was part of the oldest section of Lys that was renowned as Lys the Lovely. The buildings mostly four to six stories tall. The structures built in various reigns and eras had many architecture styles. The starling spied the colonnades of the late Valyrian. The wood timbers that adorned the face of a building denoting a builder who built in the style of Volantis from the era of Trianna. The bird saw styles from the land of Yi Te of the Bianjing and Zhang Zeduan dynasties.

All the buildings beautifully maintained. All the plaster, woodwork maintained and well cared for. The inlay and precious metals and gems in the upper floor facades immaculate.

The starling studied the frescos and painting depicting various rites of human lovemaking caught her eye as it always did with fanciful patterns and bright colors. The sight of human bodies entwined and heads thrown back in pleasure was strange to the bird. They spent so much time in mating that did not produce offspring. Such a waste of precious time and energy the starling reflected on. Humans were most strange.

The buildings had always been beautiful in the seven turning of the seasons of her life but they were even more grand of late. Since the dragons and their lady in white who rode them swept through peace had covered the islands. The songbird no longer observed humans mistreating others openly. No longer were whips and canes struck against bare naked flesh.

Up the street the starling heard a loud raucous noise. A man seemed to be able to fly for ten feet
before he hit the paved road and rolled over several times. He was dressed in colorful clothes and his beard was died purple. A large hat was thrown out towards him.

He stood and weaved on his feet obviously intoxicated like the jays the starling sometimes saw flitting wobbly around in the cherry trees. The jays in the trees to feast on cherries that had become overripe. The cherries full of sugars and the liquid that clouds the mind. The man tried to enter the door he was thrown out but was rebuffed by several large males. They argued loudly before the man stumbled down the street. His hat forgotten.

The bird looked across the way at the balconies with pretty women and men displaying their wares like her mate had when the mating season rolled in on the trade winds. The humans preened and showed off their equivalent of plumage. The humans showing off their chests and groins in obvious courtship dances.

On ground level, women in windows or sitting in chairs outside or on the rails that lined the balconies talked and made courtship displays to passing men and women. Some passersby would stop and they would warble to each other and then often they would go into their large nests to mate.

The starling thirsty after eating a beetle that crawled by its perch flew down to the bird bath near the corner of two buildings. The birdbath an ornate cherub holding a basin filled with water. On the edge of the birdbath the starling bent down to drink. The bird rose up. Its head tilted back to let the water flow down its throat.

As the starling drank it observed a carriage roll down the street behind two horses moving towards its location. The carriage had two women of the species that had the pretty long white hair and violet eyes. One was the mother and the other a nestling of the age just ready to leave the nest.

One thing the starling had noticed was that for some reason many of the human’s offspring did not leave their nest upon reaching sexual maturity. They did not leave to form their own nests instead clinging close for additional years. The offspring should leave the nest and mate as soon as possible the starling reasonably thought.

Their carriage stopped in front of the house with pretty pastel colors and frescos of women only mating. The bird cocked its head wondering again how they produced offspring. It seemed to go against nature. Again the starling found humans most strange in their mating rituals.

A woman with red hair came out and talked to the mother. They discussed mating issues for several minutes. The two adult women chirped at each other. The starling had seen this mating chirps many times. The notes rising and falling as negotiations of the proper mates were discussed. The woman whose nest was behind her called out to her kind inside. Soon three dark skinned females came out with garments that covered nothing and were able to been seen through anyways.

The nestling in the carriage started making the squealing noises that humans make when very happy. The three black skinned women slowly slinked up into the carriage. The starling could easily discern that the older mature black female was the mother of the two younger black teenage females. Again the starling reflected that the nestlings of humans did not always leave the nest at their first opportunity as she had.

The two younger voluptuous dark skinned humans sat down besides the pale squealing nestling. They pressed their bodies close to the clearly excited nestling. Her purple eyes seemed to be alight with a fire behind her irises.

The pale nestling was shaking looking at the dark skinned women who now pressed into her body and their hands started to stroke her plumage and run their long black fingers through the pale white
hair of the nestling. The shaking of the young pale nestling increased. Her warbles now had a shaky 
gasping quality.

The nestling was obviously sexually aroused by the presence of the two tall black women beside her 
making courtship displays to the nestling. As they black women did this they divested themselves of 
their outer plumage. The starling observed their own sexual excitement in stroking the pale nestling.

The black women’s nipples were fully engorged. Their vaginas swollen and clearly very wet. Their 
black skin at their throat and upper chests had that sheen the starling had learn to associate with 
arousal with the dark skinned humans.

The starling had observed much human mating up and down this street and in where her nest resided 
with her master.

Their dark hands quickly divested the pale young nestling of her upper outer plumage. They then 
devoured the young girl with mouths that soon latched onto her face and her left mammary. The 
black females cooing and stroking with fevered strokes the naked nestling. They took turns kissing 
the nestling obviously ramming their long tongues down the nestling’s throat.

The other black female sucking each of the pale Valyrian’s small pink nipples in turn with obvious 
fuck hunger. They took turns moving from mouth to breast switching up their courtship dance of the 
pale teenager. Their mouths tilted over when kissing the white girl. Their heads lifting with their 
deep throat sucks on engorged nipples. The black younglings kissing all over the pale breast of the 
white haired nestling. The pale nestling groaning hard into the mouth devouring its beak.

While the black girls sucked on engorged teats their heads lifted with the force of their sucks. With 
their hands the two young black human chicks clutched and pulped the pale white medium sized 
breast they were currently sucking the nipple of.

The two mature humans at first had been watching the younger of their species begin to mate. The 
two older women obviously enjoying the courtship of the teenage females beside them. Their stares 
had been intense. They observed all the courtship moves of the young females beside them. They 
too were getting very excited.

The thinner older black woman straddled the white haired mature mother of the nestling. The darker 
woman settled onto the older pale human as their beaks came together and the white haired mother 
began to remove the outer plumage of the dark skinned woman. The carriage remained stationary 
for several minutes as the starling observed it while taking a dip in the bath and pecking lice out its 
plumage. The starling ran its bill along the lines of its feathers removing parasites and straightening 
its barbs to align properly on the rachis of each feather.

The two mature women had now lost all of their outer plumage as well. The carriage started to roll 
away with the nestling keening wildly as one of the black skinned women was between her spread 
legs. The mature but still teenage young black woman’s head made a bobbing motion between the 
pale nestling’s legs. She made the mating snuffling and moaning noises of females feasting on their 
own kind. The white haired youth was shrieking now.

The older females had now proceeded to mating the starling observed. The pale mother had asserted 
dominance and was feasting first. She had slipped to the floor of the carriage and had her face buried 
in the dark skinned mother’s vagina. Her beck making lapping motions her tongue lashing over the 
nub that seemed to give human women their greatest source of pleasure.

The black mother’s face slashed and seem to crumple repeatedly. Her body bucked and shimmied 
hard. Then the white mature female sucked hard with her mouth on the black woman’s vagina in an
attempt to ingest the black females shiny hard bud. The white female jostling her head and jerking back trying to dislodge the bud from the black female.

It confused the starling how these human females never succeeded in devouring the bud they attacked repeatedly with their becks and fingers. The black mother began to scream and convulse wildly in what the starling had come to learn was the success of the mating ritual.

The starling cocked its head slightly too again observe the nestlings and their mating ritual and dance.

The black teenager not feasting on the Valyrian’s very wet vagina was attached to the creamy white breasts of the white teenager. She seemed to be trying to suck her nipples down her throat. The pale teenager’s face seemed to be twisted in tortured agony but the starling had learned that this showed pleasure in humans.

The black teenager between the Valyrian’s legs was devouring the nestling’s swollen cloaca with its mouth sucking and tongue wildly licking. The warbles from the nestling were universal in their expression. The nestling’s body convulsed; its face filled with seeming agony as it body was torn with bucking seizures but it was clearly ecstasy. Its warbles now screams of agonizing bliss. The starling felt a shiver of ecstasy run through her own body seeing the consummation of the human mating ritual.

The starling noticed many women making that noise when in that building or carriages leaving full of women. That seemed to be a nest with much happy mating occurring.

The bird flew back up to the red maple tree near its home. The sun was nearing the horizon now and the evening winds were starting to blow from off the shore onto the island. The climate was always salubrious but no more so than at the evening hour with the warm winds blowing. The starling turned into the warm breeze luxuriating in the breeze ruffling and puffing out its speckled plumage.

The starling saw two men walking by their beaks locked together. Mating rituals always filled the mother bird with a sense of happiness and well-being.

The starling jumped off the branch of the red maple and flew across the street to the ledge of its home. The bird landed and started to crack open the sunflower seeds it always found waiting for it. The mother bird feasted on the sweet succulent seed nestled in the husks.

The starling saw that the human who owned this nest had many of her kind in the large room. It was adorned with many furnishings to allow her kind to rest and enjoy themselves. The cushions were thick and the purples, reds and greens pleasing to the starlings eyes. The humans rubbing their hands on the soft fabric. Their mistress often mated in this room on the thick wide cushions of the furniture or on the thick carpets that had geometric patterns repeated on them throughout the carpet. The fine carpets their mistress liked from the island nation of Great Moraq.

The walls adorned with the paintings the starling loved to look at. The colors vibrant. Some of the paintings were of the wild landscapes which surrounded the city outside the old guard walls. One was of the ships the humans rode in over the water. Most were of women making love. The starling had seen many times over its life that its master preferred copulating with the females of its species. This did not mean she did not mate with males frequently only that she mated with females far more often.

The starling and her mate had often watched their mistress laid back on the cushions with her legs spread with a male or female between her legs feasting on her wet core. Their mistress was quiet loud in her vocalizations of pleasure.
Often they had watched males with their appendage and females with appendages craftily made to look like the male appendages rut with their mistress fucking all her holes. Often she fucked with many partners in this room. Much mating occurred all around the room between all the sexes in all kind of groupings. Their mistress seemed to have equal preference in mating partners of both sexes during these large gatherings.

When alone with only one partner did the starlings see their mistress’s preference for the female of her species. She would mate with both sexes but when finished the males they would soon depart. It was the females that stayed behind after copulation to coo and stroke their mistress as they both warbled and snuggled tight. This often led to more loud thrashing copulation.

Mating made the starlings happy. The loud warbles of their mistress pleasing to their ears even if the notes were off key.

How she did not produce multiple clutches of offspring was beyond the starlings.

Much food and drink of her mistress’s kind were out on flat surfaces of several large tables. The humans nibbling on the offered food and drinking from the clear containers they preferred lifting to their beaks with no chitin. The humans did not feed ravenously like the starling and her mate and fellow starlings. It seemed unnatural to the starling why the humans did not feed ravenously when food was offered.

The only time the starling saw rabid feeding was when the humans mated. The humans consuming each other without ingesting any flesh with often wild abandon. They only seemed interested in the secretions that their sexual organs produced at these times. When in their frenzies they copulated to excess again and again.

The starling spied her special home with her mate already on his perch beside their nest where she would soon lay her new clutch of precious light blue eggs. She felt the eggs growing in her belly. Their growth made her feel content. She felt the compulsion to bring forth new life into the world.

Her mate warbled a sweet melody that made her trill inside hearing it. She finished feasting on the sunflower seeds and flew to her cage. The door to her gilded cage of course was open since the lights in the room were still lit. She hopped onto the metal bar that led to her nest in the foliage that was in the far left corner of the large cage.

The mother starling hopped down the bar till she reached the circular edge of her nest. She hopped up onto her nest and sang back to her mate in harmonious song. She hopped down into the bowl of her nest and wiggled in. The starling loved the tight circumference pressing in on her body. The pressure pressing in on her eggs. Soon she would lay her blue eggs and she could then incubate her new clutch.

Her instinct fired up her desire to produce her eggs. It was still three or four days away and she could not wait to lay her clutch.

Their mistress rose from behind her desk to walk over to the cage. She looked in and warbled to the birds who returned her tune with their own. After a minute their mistress slowly closed the door to their cage for the night. The starlings watched the door close without concern. They were allowed to forage to their heart’s content during the day and then came home to a nest where no predators could reach them. They had learned that with the door closed they were completely safe. Their young chicks would thrive. They were safe and well cared for as they sang happily. Their mistress smiled up at them softly as they sang their songs of harmonious love.

The Queen of the Whores went back to her seat behind the expansive and richly adorned cherry and
mahogany desk. She looked at her fellow madams. Twenty-two were women and two were men. A woman was preformed form birth for this job but there were the select few men who were seemingly born for the job of being a madam of a high end brothel. Kreidoq mo Kila was so gay it made your eyes hurt with his flamboyant garb. The shirts open to his belly button. The other male was Yraerion Taryreos. He was a tall Valyrian who looked like he could have been a dragon lord of old except he was kind and generous.

The other madams were all women. Their temperament better suited to the genteel ways of whore houses on the island of Lys that catered to the rich and powerful.

The women were of different builds and hues from across Westeros and Essos. Liliyana Taner was from Highgarden, while Marleigh Tradd was from Dorne. One fair while the other was swarthy. She had two women from Yi Ti. Li Jiayue and Gu Yasha both exotic and so loving and giving. The rest of the women hailed from across Essos. Some of the women were from the eastern shore of Essos and their free cities. The others were women who had escaped from the Slave Cities or been born and raised in the profession.

The Queen sat at her desk admiring the views. Most of the women and Kreidoq mo Kila were dressed to kill and highlight their best attributes. Only Malaehna Caennalys and Nala Xhos were remotely conservatively dressed.

Only the Queen was dressed in a completely demure style. The dress clasped at the throat with only a little cleavage revealed with her bodice. She had sleeves down to her wrist. The dress ran down to her ankles and only loosely caressing her hips, the lower overskirt of her dress out from her ankles several inches. The dress had pearl tinted ruffles at the opening for her wrists. The neck of her dress had a collage of interlocked small roses that were light red. Lace from the roses ran down to the hem over her breast in a pattern of summer flowers.

The dress itself a light cream that highlighted the Queen’s pale features and brought out her jet black hair cut so the layered ends just reached her shoulders. Her throat highlighted with a choker that had a medallion of a female warrior slaying a savage male lion.

This was a business meeting and she did not want to get distracted. There would be other nights when the madams would bring their favorite whores of both sexes and the orgies would run rampant in the Queen’s upper floor living quarters. The sex running to the sun rising in the morning.

She did entertain some clients that absolutely demanded her services and were willing to pay for them.

She moved her reports around listening to her fellow madams gossiping and laughing in jest at the latest antics of the Dothraki garrison the Queen maintained in their city.

Jaelara Valnaeros chuckled as she told how her girls were addicted to playing the “bronco pony”. The Queen asked what that entailed.

“The Dothraki women have my girls mount them and the girls have to stay on them for fifteen seconds to win. It’s amazing how fast those fillies can spin and buck their hips. My girls almost always lose, though, from what I can see many are throwing themselves off their steads.”

“Why would they do that? Is not the point of the rodeo to stay on the horse? Why do they want to lose so badly?” the queen asked.

Zemdara Oquz snorted taking up the narration “The Dothraki fillies ‘punish’ the losers most heinously” the madam spoke rolling her eye in humor. “The rider who had been tossed off will have
her filly fist her to multiple orgasms while sucking her off. The Dothraki slamming their fist so deep into our whore’s bellies with their forearms twisting. Our whose come so hard they nearly pass out.”

“The Dothraki women are most skilled at cunnilingus. The Dothraki fillies cannot get enough pussy to save their lives” Zemdara chuckled. “After seemingly fisting the whores to exhaustion the Dothraki women are at my whores pawing them to see when their clits have settled down to yet again suck them off.”

“My girls are so enamored with these Dothraki. Several Dothraki women have joined my establishment. They like their sex rough and have extreme stamina. My female cliental has increased eleven percent since these Dothraki women started coming in. They fuck for free but it gets everyone so excited seeing them fuck so wildly and in the middle of the floor that my food and alcohol sales have increased seventeen percent on the nights when they come into my House.”

“Our clients wanting threesomes and moresomes with both my whores and the Dothraki sluts. Our profits have increased quite nicely. The Dothraki women keeping my whores quite happy after they finish their shifts. The transfer of techniques and skills has made both my whores and the Dothraki more skilled in the arts of Sapphic lovemaking.”

“I’m trying to get them to come into the Passion Rose every night!” Jaelara exclaimed. “Of course I had to sample these fillies myself to see if they lived up to the hype. Sister, let me tell you—their praise is well warrantied. My pussy and ass were both quite happy after my trysts with the Dothraki fillies.” An evil glint came to her eyes “I will need to sample them tomorrow night once more to make sure they have not lost any of their skills” she snorted. She unconsciously licked her lips just thinking of going down on the sweet fucking filly sluts.

The queen laughed and listened to her fellow madams. She was the Queen but she saw them all as equals. She only used her power when needed to solve disputes and their profession needed a face. It was her intellect and her will that insured the whore houses received the best possible deals from the merchants and consignment managers who supplied the whore’s establishments with the supplies and other items the madams needed to run their businesses.

The Queen had insisted as she took more and more madams under her wing that they invest wisely and pursue other avenues of revenue. Her ideas were making them rich so they gladly followed her advice.

A ruffian from the mercenary company of the Savage Matadors had raped a woman two nights ago. His body was found in the canal this morning.

They all mourned his passing into the afterlife without a cock and his ass filled with a thick oak rod buried up his ass to his throat.

He had pleaded and soiled himself as the Council of Whores passed and executed judgment. He had begged for mercy as one by one the twenty-five pronounced him guilty. It was the Queen herself giving him his death sentence.

They discussed how their business was growing fast with the trade between East and West. The ship traffic was trending up but that was not the main reason for more money coming in their doors.

All the ships were now free. Crews had once been shackled to their oars and only their master and his officers coming ashore to party and fuck. Now the whole crew came ashore and their captains encouraging them to partake of the many pleasures of their most fair city. The once slaves now paid fair wages. Wages that needed to be spent and much of that coin spent in the madams’
establishments.

The Queen had convinced the other madams that by working with the high end restaurants and bars on the neighboring streets all could increase their profits. Runners ran between the whore houses delivering orders and picking up finished dishes and rushing them back to whore house establishments. The cliental happy to eat large meals and consume alcohol in moderation. Drunkenness was not permitted.

The meals and drinks adding greatly to the profits of the Madams and business owners working with the whorehouses. Now it was the Madams picking and choosing to whom they would work with.

The Queen had made sure to increase their presence in other ports. She bought advertising in those ports and had exchanges of whores between the ports to keep new whores coming into all their establishments across both Essos and Westeros. Her city had its own logo. “What happened in Lys stayed in Lys.” Their slickly produced brochures showed off their sublime climate and beautiful architecture. The madams of each city sending brochures to all the other whore houses in the major ports of Essos and Westeros. The fact that the most beautiful women in the world gravitated to Lys to ply their trade only added to the couple of the Queen of Whores.

Lys had always been considered the whore capital of the world. It had taken the Queen to take it to yet another higher more profitable level. A level others now emulated but with her insights the Queen maintained her dominance among the other whore queens in other cities.

After several more hours their monthly meeting began to breakup. The Queen kissed each departing member of the Council on the lips genteelly wishing them well. She loved all twenty-four members of her council. They were the best, brightest and most cunning of the madams of Lys. It was their guidance that led and protected the lesser houses.

She kissed Nesaenna Taellaeris and Liliyana Taner a second time on the lips. This kiss deeper and longer. They were like her. They were small and petite. She enjoyed her lovers to be small like her.

These two women were married to whores in their establishments but enjoyed the open life style as did their wives. Tonight they would lie with the Queen and fuck her again and again as she in turn went down on them and they used their strap-ons on each other.

She did not like men and powerful women because of their size and strength in her private life. Only Yraerion Taryreos fit that bill of all her inner circle. All of her other fellow madams were very femme or gay. They were soft and feminine. It was this she was attracted too.

For clients she would fuck them if the price was right and had passed the vetting process. She would not put herself in danger of any sort. She had been taught caution. Her past clients vetting in large part future clients. If they ever disappointed her in their assessments of new cliental they knew she would never grace their bed again.

Her lovers would not return for several more hours as they made sure everything was running well at their own bordellos.

The Queen went and looked out the window and the now dark sky. The stars were so bright above her twinkling as they looked down on humans and their small inconsequential lives. The Queen mused that a human life was nothing more than a blink in the eye of eternity.

She remembered going down to the port after her heinous rape. She had been broken and blooded of body and shattered in spirit.
A Summer Islander captain had taken pity on her and taken her onto her ship. Her and her crew nurtured and healed the young fourteen year old. After a time on her voyage she learned how to smile and laugh again though always with a sad caste.

The crew had flirted with her trying to woo her to their hammocks or beds. She had refused.

Eventually, the captain had dropped her off in Lys. The captain of the Swan Ship was a frequent visitor of Ranto Sa. The captain told Ranto of the girl’s sad story. The madam took in the young shy girl. In time they became lovers and then married as the girl was groomed to replace her lover as madam. Ranto a full generation older than the girl.

The Queen looked out the window. Those had been five glorious years until the fever had claimed her sweet wife.

She had taken over the bordello and soon rose up in the ranks of the madams of Lys till by the time she was twenty-five she was the true Queen of the Whores in Lys. Her only equal in power and prestige was Chataya and Alayaya her daughter and lover in Kings Landing. There were other whore queens in other cities but they were lesser and knew it.

The Supreme Whore Queen resided in Lys.

Instead of competing they had formed an alliance. The Whore Queen had impressed upon her rivals that a whore’s bed was the best inducement to get men and women to belie the secrets. When one added in the elixirs of drugs, alcohol and gentle persuasion one had their patrons sing such sweet songs. The songs gave the Whore Queens power. Knowledge used to influence and blackmail. The madams made sure that many dead letters were left across Essos and Westeros. The letters if every delivered would lay great men and women low. Such letters could bring down monarchies, guilds, businesses and even religious orders.

Much of their information was passed to the Whisperer, Moth Gatherer, Jackal King, Scorpion King, Widow Maker, Guardian of the Black Wall and the Wharf King. For a price of course. They in turn protected the whores. Such information was of great value to such men. These men knew that information was the greatest power.

With Chataya and hers leadership, their ranks were growing and making fortunes they gladly gave to their girls. The whore queens forming alliances and affiliations across both Essos and Westeros. Their strength slowly increasing. They made sure to keep their profile low. Their power was not the balled fist but the sweet bed covered in rose petals.

Also, the Queen insisted that hospitals and schools be built to teach and protect women and the poor in general. Her guidance had led to the establishment of battered women and children centers. She insisted that women be taught trades no matter what they chose. The women in gratitude provided their wares and services at the most favorable of prices. Their collaborations most beneficial in both directions. Many of the newly setup female merchants were now regular customers with a taste for the female body.

Their previous treatment by the patriarchal world of man had showed the women the truth of too many men’s baser instincts. Few were truly worthy of a woman’s true love. Thus, many of these women sought out the whore houses that catered to only women. They may have husbands and children but they sought their true passion and love with women.

That made the Queen smile. For her profession she would lie with a man. If a man could bone then they were worth something she supposed. She only genuinely liked her two male madams. She had seen the worse in men. One in particular. She paused. Her mind drifted back to before the ‘night’.
It had been idyllic.

She went to her desk and took the key from around her neck. The key nestled between her high firm breast. She leaned to the right and put it in the top lock on the right hand drawer. A hidden shelf pulled back to reveal a second keyhole. She then walked to her starling cage where her pets rested asleep. She opened the cage. She reached gently underneath the nest and pulled out a second key.

She went back to her desk and inserted it into the second lock and turned it. The Queen heard the satisfying sound of tumblers clicking into place. The Queen pulled the drawer out and she looked in at sole item in the drawer resting on a cushion of velvet.

She pulled out a small ornately carved box. The teak wood burnished to a high sheen.

The Queen opened the small box.

She counted out 12 silver crowns and 1 golden dragon. All she had on her when she arrived in Lys. Her wife had insisted she keep it as a reminder of her humble frightening beginnings. At first she wanted to give the coins away as alms but now she was thankful she had held onto the coins. They anchored her to the past. As her strength returned, the idea of revenge sent out its first tendrils from the seed buried deep in her soul. She had suppressed those tendrils while her wife lived. Now she felt them growing and taking root deep in her physic.

Her busy life had occupied her time. The world seemed too large to change. That had changed with the rise of Daenerys Targaryen. The small pale Valyrian had shown the Whore Queen that anything was possible.

She had dreamed of her husband last night. Their relationship had started out so sweetly. She had been so happy and content. Cruel fate and circumstance had ended it horribly.

She let the coins fall from hand to palm back and forth between her hands. Clink clink clink the sound of metal coin hitting metal coin filled the room. The Queen slowly gathered the dropping thirteen coins in a hand before lifting it to let them clink down to the palm of the other lower waiting hand. The Queen remembered long ago events as if still yesterday or this morning. The coins clinked their metallic notes as they fell onto each other.

She had decided to keep the past in the past. She was not so sure now. The dragon queen had opened so many new possibilities.

She remembered what the father had said “A Lannister always pays his debts.”

Tysha had a large debt indeed that needed repaying.

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Fox and Hound

The hound was running up the slope of the roof her nails clicking on the red and black half-moon terracotta tiles. Her nails found enough purchase to propel her canine body forward. Chimneys and small squares of taller portions of the buildings flew past her body as she ran forward at times all four paws leaving the ground as she sprinted forward. Her eyes barely registering the oranges, yellows, brown of the exposed painted walls. Her focus was elsewhere.

Her prize was fifty feet in front of her running hard her tail constantly jerking in all directions that kept the fox balanced as she ran up the sloped roof. The smaller canine’s body flexing as she bounded up the angled roof. The smaller fox’s body coiled and sprung forward as the hound chased
with tongue hanging out.

She was getting closer! She felt elation surge through her four limbs as they coiled and uncoiled sending her body forward in a fast gait. The fox bunched its body and then jumped over a three foot high wall dividing two buildings. The hound in turn bunched its body and bounded over the divide keeping pace with her elusive fugitive.

The drop was ten feet to the next rooftop. The hound’s feet running in the air as she descended. She landed feet scrabbling for purchase and took after the fox. The fox was unlike most of her kin. She had large ears that stood up with black hair tufts. The fox had a red body with a black swath down the middle of its back. Its neck and top of its bobbing head covered in a spiky main of reddish black hair that stood up moving like the tall grasses on the prairie seas she had walked in her youth.

They were now running down a long line of buildings with flat roofs. The tops covered in tar and a thick coating of small pebbles. Now she could run the hound thought to herself! *I have her now!* She was rapidly closing in on her quarry. Finally, after so many years of pursuit she would have her. She ran harder her nose closing in on the tail of the fox her mouth wide open now her tongue wagging from side to side.

The fox turned suddenly to the left her body twisting and instantly changing directions. The hound snarled as she tried to turn suddenly to match the fox. Her claws scrabbled sending pebbles flying in all directions her body trying to turn as adroitly. Her left nails lost purchase and her body tumbled onto the roof rolling over and over as her feet wildly kicked the air.

Finally she snapped rolled to her feet and saw the fox had speed off. She tore off in hot pursuit. Angry at herself for losing her balance the hound redoubled her pursuit again closing the distance to the fox. They ran from roof to roof the slight elevation changes easily navigated and the angles of the roofs handled by fast paws scrabbling on tiles and stone capped tops. Up and then down slopes the two canines stormed across the roofs of Braavos unseen by humans.

The hound was closing in again as they ran—she slide down off a sloped tiled roof onto a large building with large square foot print. Her body only fifteen feet behind the fox who had also slide gracefully down the slopped roof. The roof dominated on one side with a large rectangular red brick chimney. Light brown smoke wafted up out of the flues. The chimney was for a large bakery on the first floor with a large plate glass window fronting the street. The bricks at the top were black with ash and suet. The bricks chipped here and there with time. The bakers were hard at work baking the breads, pies and cakes for the day’s dinner for customers.

The fox headed for the chimney and ran behind it. The hound gave chase but her body could not turn fast enough to keep up with the fast bounding fox. The hound reversed course and tried to fool the fox into running into her but the fox had skidded to a stop on the opposite corner looking around the bricks to spy the hound.

For the next few minutes the hound made short charges from one side to the other but the fox easily kept the chimney between them.

Finally, the hound sat down on her ass and tilted her muzzle to the late afternoon sky and whined with pathetic yelps and mournful wails.

The fox tilted his head around the chimney studying the mournful hound.

With a big tongue hanging smile the fox took off across the roof. The fox looked back seeing the hound get up on its feet and pelting after her with a wolfish grin.
The fox reached the edge of the roof and leapt. The hound leapt off the roof five bounds behind the fox. The hound looked out before her and the fox nearly hitting the building side across the street that was one story below the building they were just on. The foxes’ legs running the air and the small body hit the roof and flipped over once getting to its feet running off tail wagging hard.

The hound put on a burst of speed and hunched down and easily propelled herself across the street. The pedestrians below not looking up did not see the canines fly across the distance between buildings. The humans focused on their cares of the world as they walked down the narrow street.

The hound hit the flat wood covered with tar and small rocks of the roof. Her greater weight had her rolling four times before she could right herself up to her feet and take off after the fox as her paws clawed the pebbles accelerating her body after her quarry. The canines’ perfect sense of balance knowing how to roll with their jumps kept them from breaking their limbs with their long jumps between buildings.

They raced across the roof to the next building and leaped over the one cinder block wall high wall to the next building. The next line of buildings were three stories higher. The Fox angled to the stairs leading up to the top of the next building and past doorways to the three floors. The fox leapt up on the first steps and its little body compressed and surged up the steps.

The hound reached the steps and bounded up two at a time. She met a man coming out the third door from the landing. The startled man kicked at the hound slowing her as she dodged the kick and tore up the stairs after her quarry.

The fox had angled to the left across the roofs. The first roof had a slight apex with tiles on both sides. The canine’s claws scratching over the dark orange tiles. The fox leapt down to the next building that was five feet lower than this building. The hound hunched and leapt far ahead trying to make up ground. She hit the flat roof and bounded off after the fox not missing a stride.

They fox ran underneath three pigeon coups one after the other. Her upraised tail brushed underneath the wood bottom of the coupes. The startled pigeons took flight from their roost and hit the chicken wire wings flapping wildly. The coupes shook with the violence of the impacts of bird on wire. Feathers flew out into the air.

The hound noticed as she ran underneath the coupes two young teenage boys necking underneath the bottom legs of the coups. The taller hound’s back almost scrapping the bottom of the pigeon couops. In their excited breathing and snogging the boys did not register the canines running past in a flight of fur and clicking nails.

The fox jumped on a narrow hallway roof and ran towards a gazebo with a circular dome at the end of the hall. The dwelling below the residence of some rich merchant or government official. The structure built to let the denizens below come up and enjoy the air above the streets and fresh breezes that flowed up above the ground.

The dome made of bright copper that shown brightly in the late daytime sunlight. The metal slick and hard for canine nails to find purchase. This would slow the fox down! She had her now the hound exalted. She felt her eyes bulge when the small fox in perfect stride hunched down and lunged up high with a mighty uncoiling of the foxes muscles. The fox hit the circular dome near the top her legs working furiously to find purchase as she worked up the dome slipping and sliding up and then down the other side of dome out of sight.

Damn! How does she do that? The hound gathered herself and followed after her nemesis and hit the gazebo top and slide up it and went down the other side claws pawing the smooth top as her back legs worked hard for purchase kicking down. Her rump sliding down the hot copper until she slide
down off the metal shod gazebo top. She hit the angled roof of the next apartment. She looked out and saw the fox reaching the end of the long block and jumping up onto the narrow ledge lining the edge of these building. A wide lane below.

The hound increased speed jumping up on the ledge. The fox was trapped. If she tried to go to the left she would cut the square and would have her. Again exaltation surged in the hound but it was short lived. The hound saw out the corner of her eye the buildings across the lane were pink, yellow and brown. She glanced down once and saw outdoor cafes and bistros. Multicolored awnings covered tables and chairs on this side of the road. The fox had seen them too.

The fox jumped her mane flitting in the air rushing through it as she fell. The hound growled watching the fox hit the awning that yawed down but did not break as the fox lurched and slide down the fabric and jumped off edge down to the road and darted to the right.

There was nothing for it. Today she would catch the fox! The hound jumped off the roof and hit the awning the fabric tearing through with her greater weight. Her body slammed into a table as four women dressed in fine dresses and summer blouses rose up screaming. The table lurched over with glasses, plates and utensils flung in all directions to clatter and break on the brick sidewalk. The women’s food and drink flying in all directions splattering both brick and women.

The hound found her feet and took off down the lane dodging humans. Her senses sharp trying to find her fox. Then she heard her quarry yelp in fear. She put in a surge of speed. The hound rounded a corner. She then saw her cornered by four bravos that slashed at her with blades one moving in to pierce her! The hound bounded down the lane quickly picking up speed. She jumped and hit the evil man trying to pierce her fox. Her body impacted the bravo and bore him to the ground. Her snout finding his throat and ripping it out as his blood sprayed in all directions. The bravo’s legs kicked wildly in his death dance.

The fox ran off.

The hound twirled to the left avoiding a slash. She was cornered in from three sides. She was unable to dodge the next swipe that tore from her neck down her side exposing ribs and visceral. The wound did not bleed and immediately healed up as the men gaped. She lunged at the nearest man and ripped his calf savagely just above his boot. Muscles were torn and ligaments sheared in two. The man fell screaming.

More blades were attracted by the commotion. The bravos joining the fracas. She was surrounded. Too many wounds could overwhelm her body’s ability to heal. She looked around. The lips along her snout rippling as she growled menacingly. Her golden eyes seemed to glow as she snapped at her tormentors.

She snarled while make false lunges at the bravos. Her savagery made the men hesitate as they wound up their courage. Then they attacked. Two men tried to pierce her and she dodged underneath the blades of their slashing and jabbing rapiers. She jerked her head up on a bravos snapping her jaws on his wrist ruining it with two quick jerks of her head. A blade pierced her through. She staggered back her body healing the pain blinding but already subsiding. A slash across her spin at the hunches made her rear legs collapse but bone and nerve healed in a handful of heartbeats as the men gasped.

Each wound sapped her of strength though. The hound could not focus to translocate. She fought on snapping and lunging but she knew she could not last. She was able to tear a man’s hand on his rapier ruining the digits and tendons on the wrist. More slashes across her body sapped her strength. The men blocked her every attempt to escape. The men’s rapiers slashed back and forth and lunged at her when she sought to escape. There was too many men.
The fox had somehow gotten on an awning again and leaped off. The fox’s little body hit the man who was closest to the hound. She hit the man’s shoulder and her mouth ripped his throat out with one quick tearing bit. She leapt off the collapsing man and darted left between another bravo’s legs and turned biting him behind his knees severing his ligaments and he toppled over screaming dropping his rapier grabbing his knee.

The hound jumped slamming into a bravo about to pierce the fox. He fell to the ground stunned. The fox whirled around and her snout dove down jaws ripping through the man’s throat as his gurgled screams bubbled out the ruined throat. Blood spurted out in great red arcs to splatter on the cobble stones of the street.

An opening appeared in the thinned ranks of the Bravoses. The two animals sprinted off through the gap before it could close. The fox looking behind her at the hound again in hot pursuit the humans put behind them. The hound no longer being cut was quickly healing and able to give full chase after the fox.

The fight with the human swordsmen already behind them and forgotten as they resumed the chase. The two canines dodged humans down the lane. On they ran tongues lulled out throwing happy slaver with their bounding bodies. The chase exhilarated both the pursuer and the chased. Then the fox darted right into a dark archway. The hound bounded into the dark in hot pursuit.

The hound’s eyes instantly adjusting to the dark and ran up the stairs that ran up and up switching back and forth. The canines running all out giving their full efforts. The distance the same between them. Then the hound howled in success. The door to the roof was shut!

She whined when the fox jumped up and hit the door handle lever and pushed it down her momentum shoving the door open as her body burst into air and flew into the sunshine. The hound’s body arrived just in time to slam into the closing door knocking the dead air out her lungs.

She tumbled onto the tiles. Her legs wildly kicked until she righted herself and slide ran down the slope of the roof. She then jumped over to the next building with a lesser slope these tiles an unusual green that were more square in their form.

For the next few minutes the hound chased the fox till they came to the end of the row by the bay. She had her! The rooftop lined by a two foot high wall. The fox jumped up on the ledge and her head looked down as the hound closed the distance.

A purple haze with gold spangles in it enveloped the fox and when it cleared the fox was gone. The hound reached the ledge and put her paws on the top and leaned her head over and saw a redheaded woman using a gutter pipe to scoot down to the road six stories below. The woman looked up with a toothy smile. A twinkle in her eyes. She was so beautiful to the hound.

She gritted her teeth. They went past open stalls with heaps of oysters, clams and muscles. Other stalls had various fish lined out on tilted wooden slats with their heads cut off. The woman saw mackerel, tuna, shade and cod. Other stalls were shilling cutting utensils that hung from wires
allowing the implements to swirl showing off edges or tines.

In between were several vendors offering spices to season the offerings from the sea. The sharp spices tanging the hound’s nose. The smell of saffron and nutmeg especially strong. A line of stalls on the left had all sorts of vegetables lined up to make tasty salads to go with the seafood. Stacks of tomatoes, peppers, cucumbers, radishes, carrots, turnips and other items for sale stacked up high in pyramids, squares or circles with the most eye catching at the top or forefront.

To the right was the long fish mongers table. Stalls divided the table with little walls behind the table where each vendor bought fish or shell fish straight off the boats returning with the incoming tide.

Most of the vendors specializing in one type of fair or another. One stall was filled with shucked oysters. Oyster shells with their pearly treats resting inside. Others were dipped in a buttery sauce and sprinkled with spices from Volantis or the Summer Islands. One vendor had clam strips sizzling in a brazier and long tuber clams their feet cut off rolling around in a big vat of cooking oil.

Several vendors were cutting up strips of fast, warm bloodied blue fin tuna and selling it as strips of Sushi some of the strips soaked in Wasabi sauce for that tangy kick. One vendor was broiling tuna steaks in a small wood fired stove he had sat up.

More vendors were selling fresh shad lined up on their tables on one side and the other side of the table filled with filleted and salted shade to take home and store for later meals.

Many of the vendors gutting their own fish and putting the visceral into bins behind their stalls.

Buyers bargained with the fisherman in the universal haggling of give and take. The buyer complaining of size and quality of the catch and the fisherman barking back at the tight wad skin flints trying to rob food off their children’s tables. The sing-song of barter back and forth until a sale was made and toothy grins with gold teeth glinting with the happiness of a sale.

Then the fish handed to young men who spotting the buyer would hurl the larger fish at them head first. The tuna or mackerel bolt flying through the air with unerring aim the fish’s body undulating as if still alive and swimming in the air arched to the buyer who deftly caught the fish out of air and threw their new prized down on their table top and began to eviscerate.

The two women saw all this but had no interest in the sale of fish or the culinary delights all around them. Only the chase mattered. The blond haired woman gaining ground as the smaller redhead jerked right and suddenly plopped down on her tight rump and slide underneath the monger’s table her small size again coming into the forefront as the foxy lady had only to bend her head to the side to go underneath the high table. The men sitting up on high stools. The tables high to store the items of business underneath.

Just as the redhead slide past the far side of the table and started to get up the dirty blond woman with the wolfish grin slide down onto her ass and scooted forward underneath the table top of the monger table having to lean to the left to get underneath the table. Soon the fox would be hers.

Her body slammed into the legs of a man waking past with a large container filled with fish guts and offal as she appeared from underneath the table behind the monger’s bench. The man stumbled losing his grip on the large square hollow container he held. The chopped fish heads, intestines, chum and rasped off scales came pouring out as the container flipped over and fell. The evil concoction now falling towards one certain dirty blond woman on her butt down below.

“Eeeewwww!” the dirty blond woman yelped her body soaked in his guts and effluent.

“Groosssssss! Arrgggggeeg! Fuck!” she yelled. Her body soaked in fish slime and shit. Her light tunic
clinging to her body soaked in what she did not want to know. She stood up and crinkled her nose and tried to wiggle whiskers that were not there. She looked around. Her fox was gone.

A man grabbed her elbow “What the fuck cunt!” he snarled at her. Her free hand came up and gripped the man’s wrist crushing bones that ground and snapped. The man screamed in agony falling to his knees the woman holding up his right arm not evening noticing as she looked down at her fish slimed body and tunic.

The man’s brothers in fish mongering started to notice their fallen brother’s plight and gathered around the slender blond. The woman snarled at her assailants. How the many always attacked the few. Especially, if they seemed like an easy mark. She threw the man’s hand down making him scream again. The woman whirled putting her left hand on the fishmonger table and vaulted over lightly hitting the wood slates of the pier floor. She took off running as men and a few woman started to give chase.

The woman ran to the edge of the pier and in perfect stride dove into the river disappearing. The pursuers came to the edge and stood looking down for the woman waiting for to reappear and track her to where she would get out of the water so they could teach the wench a good hard lesson. No one fucks with one of their own. Their heads craned to and fro looking for the blond woman. She did not appear. How long could she hold her breath they wondered? She did not reappear.

Unseen fifty yards away a large hound swam away strong legs kicking in the water. The hound easily swam feeling the fish slime slowly slough off in the flowing water over her fur. The hound felt relief as the slime was washed off her fur. The canine kicked its legs in a strong dog paddle and turned down a canal. Soon a bridge came into view. With strong legs working underneath its body the hound angled to the bank where a walk way lined both sides of the bank to allow access to maintenance workers.

The hound paddled over to the closest bank and surged up getting its front paws on the walkway and pulled up with its hind legs pawing the stones of the abutment underwater finding purchase with its kicking legs and claws. The large dog worked its way up out of the water. On the walkway the hound shook its body twisting its torso first right and then left water droplets flinging off in spirals. The hound then leaned down on its forelimbs and stretched its mouth opened wide in contentment feeling its spine pop and snap with it stretch.

A minute later a woman with sandy blond hair down to her shoulders walked out from underneath the bridge and up the brick steps. Her fingers working the semi damp hair behind her ears framing her strong features. Her face angular and beautiful with deep blue eyes and long lashes. She had high cheekbones and a cupid bow lips.

She was clothed in a trousers lashed with leather drawstrings synching the pants up tight to her slender hips. Her feet had on mid-calf boots cross laced with sinew up to the roll over tops. Her body covered in a pull over top that had a V cutout below the throat with leather bindings run through eyelets. The sleeves down to her wrists cut tight to her slender wrists. She had on a thin leather vest covering that had the two top buttons done the rest undone highlighting her flat slender stomach only covered by her thin top.

The woman made it up to the cobblestone lane and looked for the little redhead. She smiled softly. Today had been a good long chase. The compulsion to chase tamped down for now.

She walked down the road whistling a tune that had not existed for five thousand years. Unseen, the little redhead heard the long forgotten tune remembering their shared childhood and teenage years.

She had been in a flower stall bending down to smell the roses behind two large gossiping women.
She smiled seeing her hound looking for her. She stood up her small frame easily hidden behind the large women. She was only four foot ten inches and ninety-five pounds. Her red head streaked with black strands down her center part. The tresses running down four to five inches down her back to her shoulder blades with gentle waves.

Her dark yellow eyes flecked with amber studied her pursuer. She eyed the delectable rump she was denied. She sighed her face soft and rounded with pouty lips that the redhead licked. Thrice her hound had journeyed around the world trying to avoid her but she always found her hound. Who else could chase her?

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The waning gibbous moon provided ample light for Laelapea to see the happenings down below in the warehouse. She had cracked the access hatch to the roof and peered down into the alleys between the large stacks of material. She silently slipped into the warehouse and got up on the rungs leading up to the access skylight. She pulled several strands of dirty blond hair behind her ear her dark blue eyes squinting. The transaction was about to happen.

She was clad in the traditional clothing of a shinobi in their shōzoku. The black material covering her body from its hood and cloth up to her eyes on her face and synched tight to her wrists and ankles. The material stuffed in her skin tight slippers that hugged her ankles. Her outfit designed to make her invisible in the inky shadows and move in silence.

Her employers, The Oligarch, were tired of the Iron Bank constantly strangling their aspirations. The Iron Bank was always seeking to further their influence at the cost to all others. The Oligarch knew one way to get to the hearts of the powerful. Give them something rare and precious. With a price attached of course.

She was high up in the dark shadows of the high warehouse. The meeting below was only illuminated by two small oil lamps. The small flames only offering little cones of light. Her eyes easily saw all in the dark. She watched the merchants with the attire of Qarth unbox two medium sized crates from large shipping containers. The men grunting as they moved to crates to the floor.

They then used crowbars to pry off the lids. Nestled in the crates in straw and gypsum packing material was the prize. The men held up their lamps to put light on the items within. The interloper’s sharp eyes spotted the gleam of Valyrian weapons. Laelapea spied in the dim light five broad swords, a double bladed Labrys ax of the fabled female warrior clans of Sothoryos, two long daggers, a javelin with a Valyrian tip and a war hammer. All gleaming and the edges sharp apparent even from her distance hidden high up in the stacks of crates.

From the side of the warehouse, Laelapea heard the soft opening of an entry door and the brief flare of light that only her eyes could perceive. They had come as she had been warned. It was time. She quickly closed the skylight behind her and climbed down the rungs of the access ladder.

Once on the floor she weaved between the stacked blocks of goods and merchandise. As she came to each corner she flashed her head around the corner just enough to get a quick glimpse. Her hearing was acute but she was cautious by nature. She was strong but she did not let her abilities go to her head. She was confident but not arrogant.

When she saw nothing she advanced down the new corridors between the piles of crates. She was soon in position to observe and wait. He outfit blending her into the dark shadows.

The bartering was reaching a conclusion when they appeared like wraths from the grave materializing behind the four men softly conversing unseen. Her eyes easily saw the five men in the
dark shadows stealthily moving forward their rapiers drawn.

She had expected only three. She breathed in to get their scent in her nose. She did not smell Jaqen H’ghar, Tychiphos Phasserion, or Ozzaergo. She had spied these faceless men at one time or another and memorized their scents. They were the equal to any first swords. These men were not them. She could take them. Laelapea was not arrogant but she had supreme confidence in her skills.

The men moved forward for the kill. Laelapea put her right hand to her stomach just below her sternum and concentrated. Silently a gleaming rapier appeared in her hand with a double tubed knuckle bow. It fit her hand perfectly. The woman moved forward behind the assassins silent as the grave.

The men did not know she was there until the man on the left edge suddenly gurgled. A rapier having appeared out the front of his body. The blade stabbed through his heart. The man slumped as the blade was jerked back. The four surviving men immediately whirled. Their training and instincts had their weapons pointed at the sudden intruder in a flash. The men moved to assault the woman. The Faceless men spreading out to surround her simultaneously from different quadrants.

Laelapea was impressed. The men instantly tracked her and moved to hem her in. They were indeed well trained. They did not seem surprised. This bothered her but did not perturb her. Again her confidence in her skills and abilities was paramount.

The men attacked. The sounds of metal colliding filled the warehouse the echoes moving down the corridors of crates. The merchant weapons runners had disappeared into the shadows. They were businessmen and not fighters. They had no part in this drama.

The woman slashed and parried all their blows ducking from side to side and leaping on boxes only to jump over their heads slashing down as they blocked desperately. She would pivot and attack with forward thrusts and swirl into a slash to keep a faceless man from getting too close. Back and forth the killers fought swords barely missing their marks. Laelapea’s garment had multiple rents now of blades almost finding their target.

Her assailants had red lines marking their flesh and clothing now soaking in blood from minor cuts. The fighters slashing to keep her at bay and then lunging when an opening appeared only to be blocked by a side slash. Laelapea noticed that the Oligarch men had fled. They had not needed to flee. She would kill these interlopers.

The largest man charged her and they grappled with each other his free hand balled up and jammed into her upper left shoulder. The man jerked his hand up and unclasped it and blew hard into her face. She was surprised by this and gasped in startlement.

She felt no fear of their quaint poisons. The next moment “Aaarrggguunnggggg!” she cried out in agony. Her body had reacted instinctively and breathed in her startled state. Her eyes wide in her surprise. Elements of the powder getting in her eyes, nostrils and mouth. Now her throat and eyes were on fire. The dust had been finely ground silver. Only sliver was anathema to her kind. The particles in her throat making her salvia glands produce fluid that only took the hated silver deeper into her body.

She fought on pure instinct now. Her body compensating with her blindness to slash her blade about using smell and hearing to track the men as they moved about attacking her. She was able to keep the men at bay. For a minute she kept the faceless men back with her back against a large wall of crates. It was not enough. Her strength was slowly ebbing. She could no longer translocate. She was doomed.
She had been betrayed. The Faceless Men had been prepared for her. They had a poison concocted just for her.

A rapier blade pierced her right shoulder and jammed into the wood box behind her. “EEeeeeiiiiiiiii!” the hound shrilled. The blade was made of silver. It burned and sent tendrils of magic coursing through her body setting her very blood on fire. ‘Uunngghhhiii!!! Mmmnnngghhhiiiii!’ she wailed thrashing pinned to the crate. Her right hand opened. Her sword dropped from her grasp and dissolved to mist. She slumped back as one of her assailants gripped her hair jamming her head back into the crate exposing her neck to the silver blade of his long dagger.

Her tearing eyes did not allow her to see the face of the man about to kill her.

The man started to bring his silver dagger to Laelapea’s throat. The killing slash never came.

From on high a figure dropped down red hair flowing up as the body plummeted down. The figure lightly landed on their feet. Each hand rose up with long daggers in them. In a flash the arms swiped forward. The man about to garrote Laelapea and the assassin to his right suddenly crumpled. A dagger slide into each man’s back just above their shoulders severing their spines. The already lifeless bodies crumpling straight down like puppets with their strings cut. Instantly, the woman had two more daggers in her hands.

With her bleary teary vision Laelapea saw the woman rip her daggers up into fighting position. She lowered her body into a combat crouch her body centered and knees flexed to move in any direction in a flash. The surviving two men moved back. The two faceless men looked at the new threat that had appeared from out of nowhere. They had been briefed of only one threat.

The silent men considered her with cool calculation. They glanced at their dead and the redhead in front of them with two daggers held with expert skill. Their advantage of surprise gone. This supernatural being was aware of their use of silver. They would not catch her unawares. The silver rapier was on the floor out of reach and of no use to the two survivors. The men glanced at each out of the corners of their eyes.

The decision made, they smoothly glided back and disappeared into the shadows.

Laelapea fell into unconsciousness.

When she awoke she saw that she was back on the roofs of Bravoos. The moon had moved towards the other horizon. It was three hours past midnight now. Four hours had passed since her injury.

She felt a long tongue licking her nude body over her right shoulder. The tongue then licking her eyes and lapping into her slack mouth. Her eyes opened and she wiggled her head the fox’s tongue swiping over the eyes. She reached out and caressed Teumessia fur. The fox sat back now and studied her hound. Laelapea sat up weakly. Her wounds had been healed. Teumessia’s salvia healing her with the magic of her body and soul.

The slaver flowing down her throat and beginning the healing restoration of her mucus lining and the healing of her lungs. She did not need to breath but the tiny pleural and branchi still existed and were delicate. The silver inflaming the tissue causing extreme distress.

While the wounds had been healed they were still raw. The scars fresh. They would fade away to nothing over the next few nights but now they were still raw and would pain Laelapea greatly tonight and tomorrow. The silver residue making her healing slow. Her body was still weak from her silver poisoning.
Laelapea reached out and stroked the fox behind her ears. Her near fatal injuries had for now defeated their compulsions. The fox whined in pleasure. The taller woman was covered in a purple haze with gold stars bursting inside and now a large hound appeared from the dissipating cloud.

The two canines walked in a tight circle brushing against each other. Their muzzles pressed into fur breathing in the heavenly scent and dander with both fox and hound whimpering in pleasure. They rubbed noses and barely licked jowls and lips. When bodies pressed into each other the canines pressed their noses into the tail of the other sniffing and licking but not allowed to touch their mates sex. They whined in frustration. Their compulsions were weakened but still there.

For ten minutes they continued this dance beneath the stars. Finally, Teumessia broke contact with a sad fox smile and walked off towards the edge of this roof. She looked back halfway to the brick barrier to the next building that was three feet taller than this roof. The fox looked back and saw the hound staring intently at her. She threw her head up, nose high and wiggled her tail and haunches until she reached the next building and leaped up and out of sight.

Laelapea weakly transformed back to her human form. She went to the door to the roof and went down the stairs. Her steps slow. While steady she had to fight to keep her balance. She emerged in a low cut dress that pushed up her firm B cup breast. She walked with a sway to her hips. Men made propositions but she ignored them. Ten minutes later she felt his presence behind her stalking from the shadows. He was licking his lips in anticipation of raping and killing her.

She walked into a side alley dark and narrow. The man hurried in after her. It had been four nights since his last fucking worthless prostitute. No one would mourn her passing.

Suddenly he felt a hand around his throat in a vice like grip. He was slammed three times into the wall stunning him. Strong arms wrapped around his ribs and long fangs drove deep into this throat piercing his arties. His body bucked and legs kicked wildly at the woman. The woman hugged the man tighter while she slurped and snuffled drinking his life. After twenty seconds he weakened and then fell limp as the woman drained the rapist and killer dry.

She let the lifeless body fall. He would not be missed. She was fully recovered now. Her wounds would pain her greatly but her strength was returned as well as her full supernatural powers. She stepped out of the alley in plain trousers and button up shirt with knee high boots. Just another merchant woman walking to her business as the sun started to lighten the sky in the east.

**Crypt of Skulls**

The afternoon sun was setting in the western quadrant. The golden orb’s rays glinting off the bronze and iron of the Titan of Braavos. The slanting rays of the sun reflecting off the inrushing tide rippling the waters of the Purple Harbor. The air seemed charged with the glow of the sun. Down the main avenue before the Sealord Palace complex walked Ballador Aenyrian. The sun caressed his body like a lover. The soft afternoon sunlight made his very skin seem to glow with health and vitality. The caressing rays of the setting sun caught in his blond hair and was given back in soft glints of perfection.

The sun settled on his tall proud erect frame. His steps measured and sure. Every angle of the man’s face was sheer perfection. Not one follicle was out of place on his perfectly cut hair. His blue eyes and chiseled features made men envious and women weak in the knees. He had known since he was child that he was perfect in every way. He had been born for greatness and groomed to ascend the rungs of power in Braavos.
Ballador had learned early on that his last name and divine good looks would open doors for him. It made people want to do things for him. It did not seem to matter what those things were. When he was young all wanted to dote on him and give him guidance for his future. As he aged and matured he was groomed to control the levers of power. He soon came to know that his merest gaze and briefest of smiles made both girls his age and their mothers and sisters want to lie with him. His parent friends and associates longed to part their legs for his manhood.

He was the golden child. He knew it. All knew it. He was destined for great things. He was not yet twenty-eight years old and was ready to grasp the greatness that was his by right of birth and destiny. He had made decisions that assured his ascension to the kind of greatness that would be spoken of millenniums into the future.

The vain confident man walked between the houses of Ascension Boulevard. The houses of merchants and bankers that had already achieved their great power and wealth. His family owned a large four story residence near the Moon Pool on the opposite side of the roundabout from the Iron Bank. His family one of the original twenty-three founders of the Iron Bank. His grandmother many times removed was one of the first seven women who had their riches in the deep iron mine that hid the wealth that was used to fund the Iron Bank.

While there was now more than one thousand persons known as "keyholders" who proudly displayed their ceremonial keys on formal occasions those were only for show. Ballador sneered at the pretenders. His father held one of the original “gold key”. Keys that could open powerful doors both literally and figuratively. The key inscribed with runes that denoted their origin and had cutouts on their edge that only one of the twenty-three had. These cutouts opening doors only the twenty-three could.

Soon he would hold that key. It was time for the next generation to ascend. He was tired of waiting. He knew his time was soon at hand. He had formed ties and made associations that would ensure his rise to the head of his family. Then, soon after that, he would become the Sealord of Braavos. He would lead the city to a greatness it had never known. He and his secretive brethren would in time rule the world. First Braavos, the Iron Bank and the Temple of Black and White. With these under his control he could work to conquer Essos and then Westeros.

He would not need to wage war like the Dragon Queen had. He had more subtle means. He need not destroy to impose his will and the will of his order. In time he would take down the bitch who rode dragons. His order would strike when they were ready. The obvious means of power meant nothing to him. He had other means to power. He would pull together power from many places to become greater than Daenerys Targaryen could even dream of.

Ballador looked up at the buildings that lined the lane he walked on. The three and four story homes designed to impress. Many of the buildings had marble facades with the marble imported from Pentos, Valysar and from Sartok to the east of Qarth. The marble from Sartok highly sought for the thick blue lines in the marble.

The buildings had complicated geometric designs caste into the stone between the marble bands on the buildings. The patterns filled with precious metals and stones that caught the sunlight and threw back spangles and glints that dazzled the eyes. The large plate glass windows on the upper floors leading to balconies that had rails made of either pure silver or gold.

The insides of the homes were even more ostentatious. All of it designed to give comfort to the occupants but more so to impress visitors. To let the visitors know the wealth and power of owners of the building. Each family trying to outdo their rivals.

Ballador understood all this. Had he not been raised exactly in such a house? He had risen beyond
such things now. He had much loftier goals to achieve. He had grander ambitions to mark his
destiny.

The sun behind him made his body shimmer like a god come down to Earth. Perfection given flesh.
Ballador looked ahead and saw Meshina Orlen walking down the lane holding an expensive gaily
painted parasol. She herself was the female version of himself: perfection. She looked at him
daintily as her two female friends also exquisitely dressed giggled girlishly. All three made eyes at
him offering him their bodies. He had partaken of all of them. He had fucked them one on one and
many times together as the women were totally bisexual and wild in bed.

They no longer appealed to him but he made sure to look at them with smoky eye contact. His eyes
traveling up and down their bodies with fuck hunger. He made sure to look at Meshina directly with
a wolfish look in his eyes. She shivered and licked her lips as he passed. She had become frustrated
that he had not fucked her in the last two years. She had spread whispers of this but he did not care.
He had moved on. Both literally and figuratively.

He walked on and glanced back. He shook his head seeing the three women leaning close to each
other. No doubt talking of him. The beautiful women talking to each other with Meshina being in
the middle made it easier for her to grope her friends’ asses as they leaned into her. Before his
ascension he would have turned around to join them for a night of debauchery. He turned around
and walked on. They meant nothing to him now.

A pang ran through his body. His body hungered. He saw two men and a woman look at him with
an intense look but continued their walks past him. Let them fool themselves Ballador thought to
himself. His controlled had slipped with his hunger gnawing at his bones. It was the way of man.
To ignore what their eyes told them if it unsettled their preconceptions.

He quickened his pace. He angled off Independence Boulevard so named to commemorate the
freedom of Braavos from the might of Valyria. The name shouted that all in this city were free and
independent. The people free from the chains that were visible to the unaided eyes. There were
other chains that bound and limited a person. Ballador had freed himself from those chains as well.
Only his will limited Ballador now.

He soon would rise to the rank of Seraphim from his current rank of Acolyte. His masters did not
now it but soon he would rise to the rank of Marshall. From there he would rise in time to Potentate,
then to First Flame and then to the top rank of Supreme Nova. His ascension was assured.

Little did his order know that he would rise to the supreme leadership in quick order. It was his will
that would be transcendent. Still, that was a matter for another day. Now he had to feed.

The tall vain man angled off Independence Boulevard and walked down streets that led to other less
savory streets. He still had to use some caution in meeting his need. He could not afford to have a
person disappear when he may be seen with them shortly before they disappear by those who knew
him. Seeing Meshina had brought back distant memories no matter how faint they may have
become. He hungered. Only the tenor had changed.

He walked down streets that the buildings now began to hide the sun. The shadows lengthening.
Ballador loved the shadows and the darkness now. He walked on to the inner lagoon that housed
the Isle of the Gods. He had no use for those temples. No temple for his dark gods stood on any of
those isles.

He was approaching the bank of the lagoon of the Isle of the Gods. Here prostitutes catered to
higher stations of cliental. These women wore the best garments, had hair and nails expertly done.
They may be of low station but they spoke well and were well mannered. These women were not
yet picked up by madams and were still establishing their rank and skills. They all hoped to be picked up by the high end brothels or escort services.

Like the courtesans of the City, high end prostitutes were respected. Ballador waked down the Lakeshore Drive. The prostitutes walking along sedately while men and some women plied them with advances and questions of skills and desires sought. If agreement was met then a price was agreed upon. With the new formed liaison for the night or some hours of the night having been established the new partnership would move on.

Ballador had a type in mind and walked on till he found what he desired. She was 5’6” and voluptuous of build. Beyond that her beauty meant nothing to him. He came up to her. In his most melodious rich baritone he told the woman he wanted to partake of her for the evening.

She tried to flirt and be coy but he had no time for it. He felt another pang of hunger. He gave the woman a pouch. When she opened it and saw the thirty gold dragons a broad smile filled her beautiful face. She took the arm he offered her. She frowned slightly at the first touch but then shook her head. In his weakened state Ballador had to concentrate. The smile returned to her face. He led her back the way he had come to take his prize back to the Independence Boulevard and walked towards the docks of the Purple Harbor. He made the necessary small talk to keep his prize appeased and docile. He could not afford attention to be brought to himself with others around.

Ballador kept to the deeper shadows on the street. He made sure to keep his face towards the woman making inane conversation. They were just another rich beautiful couple on the street.

The man and woman slowly worked their way to his destination. The sun setting now behind the mountains that ringed Braavos. The shadows lengthening while the sky darkened. Shades of purple and grey giving way to blacker hues. The woman followed her man for the night’s pleasures. The man happy to be led by such a handsome man. She thought tonight was her lucky night. Maybe he would become a regular client. If he always paid this well she would be set in very quick order.

The whore was playing her part complimenting Ballador on his good looks and impeccable good manners. He was growing tired of her bleating but controlled his ire. He had led his prize to the docks on the Purple Harbor that his order reserved for their use. The two walked past slips to his sought goal. The concourse slowly emptied of other citizens of Braavos. The slips before them dark and dour. A servant to his order appeared from the shadows.

Only now did the stupid cow realize her danger. She stared at the approaching servant in his dark robes. She gripped Ballador’s arm crying out for him to save her. She did not see Ballador reach into his pocket bringing out the cloth soaked in chloroform and jammed the cloth into the whore’s face. She inhaled in startled fear taking the agent deep into her lungs. Her struggles only lasted twenty seconds before she fell unconscious.

The servant caught the woman. Ballador needed to save his strength. He felt the hunger gnawing at his bones. He needed to feed and rest. They took the incapacitated whore down the slip and to the steps down to the quay that held the large skiff. Two of the rowers took the woman and dumped her to the bottom of their craft. None cared if she was harmed. The woman meant nothing to them either. The four rowers took their stations while the man who had met Ballador went to the stern of the craft while Ballador took a seat near his prize.

The sky had darkened to a deep dusk now. The skiff pulled out of its slip the oars lifting and dipping pulling the craft forward while the man in the stern with his sculling oar helped propel and guided the craft. The skiff moved with silent oar strokes. The black craft invisible to the few galleons, carracks and a barque that were coming in and out of the slips taking advantage of the incoming tide to begin their trip beneath the Titan and out to sea or come to dock.
The rowers lifted their oars to cut through the water propelling the craft to the outer ring of tall islands that protected Braavos from both the sea and invaders. The craft angled to the right heading for a set of tall spires of the surrounding hills. The hills had never been colonized due to their steep slopes and the constant fog that wreathed the mountains. Cold sea currents hitting the windward side of the mountains. This cool air hit the warmer air from the lagoon and made for thick sheaths of fog that lasted to the late morning and early afternoon hours. The fog forming soon after the sun set.

On the leeward side the cool waters of the lagoon produced fog too with the hot air wafting over the shallow waters. Ballador saw fog wafting down from the two thousand foot high ridges and rolling down towards the lagoon. Soon that was obscured by the fog in the lagoon lifting up with the cooling temperatures. The craft glided on silently to the secret lair of the Crypt of Skulls. It was here the Dorha Kaku made their lair. The handsome man looked at the servants to the order. They knew of his true appearance but did not shed his clothes. No need to arise instinctual fears.

For half an hour more the craft glided across the lagoon angling to tallest spires near where the range of islands met the mainland. The craft now moved up a cleft that cut into the large island their craft approached. The craft enveloped in thick rolling exhalations of cool fog seeking the lagoon. After many turns and barely fitting between large boulders the craft came to a dock. The craft was saddled to it and two of the oarsmen jumped out and tied the craft to stanchions on the dock.

The man who had worked the sculling oar picked up the voluptuous beautiful whore with a grunt. Ballador conserved his waning strength for now. They walked up a twisting path into the hidden ravens with many switchbacks. The other oarsmen stayed on the dock. For five minutes Ballador walked up the path with his porter behind him five steps respectfully. The path then straightened out. For ten yards the walls of the ravine were cut straight down with the stone floor flat. It was covered in small rocks and the detritus of fallen leaves and limbs from the trees clinging to the rock face of the island.

Ballador took the whore on his shoulder that rippled underneath the load. He had enough strength for the final part of his journey. He waited for the man to disappear back down the path. He heard the sounds of rattles and movement of scales over rock and leaves. He slowly stepped forward and the snakes in the path started to sway and hiss at the intrusion. They sensed his presence but their senses could not fully see him. The Rattlesnakes agitated shook their tails and cobras rose up with hoods extended. Other adders and mambas hissed and swerved their bodies seeking the intruder. Ballador walked slowly. He felt no fear or the need to shy away.

Servants fed the snakes enough during the day to keep them healthy but hungry. The snakes anxious to find a meal and angry enough to strike out at any intrusion. Their senses tuned to their hot blooded prey.

He slowly glided down the path. He tried to step around the serpents but several sensed his presence vaguely and struck out their fangs penetrating deep into cloth and the body beneath injecting deadly poison. Ballador walked on. He felt none of the bites and the poison did not affect him. A spitting cobra spit in his face but he walked on unaffected while a large rattlesnake bite him just below his knee its head wiggling as it pumped toxins into the bite wound. The handsome man walked on with his prize draped unceremoniously over his shoulder. His face did not react to any of the poisons now covered on and in his body.

Behind his body along the path of the snake pit a stream of dead and dying worms and larvae trailed behind the body of Ballador.

He was past the snakes now and walked into a warren of switchbacks. The trees had been pruned up a hundred feet above the path before the lane of vipers. The cut back here had been allowed to
keep its trees all the way down the cliff faces. The trees thick and their boughs full.

He looked up at the rustling sounds he heard in the branches. He put the whore down and then took off the duffle bag he had been given at the dock. He had slung canvas bag over one shoulder. He put it on the ground and opened it up to remove two large chunks of meat wrapped in wax paper. He took the meat out. The larger piece of meat the man threw onto the path in front of him. The meat landed fifteen feet in front of his person.

Two Harpies screeched from their hidden roost and flew down to the ground. The silver chains around their ankles kept the powerful creatures at bay. The two feathered women hissed in fury at their chained mate. Their talon clawed hands slashed at each other. Each trying to shove the other aside to get the meat and consume it. The creatures blue feathers ruffled and sticking up from their bodies in their agitation. Their beaks clacked and slashed at each other. Their loud shrieks and screams of rage echoed off the rocks.

The larger harpy shoved its smaller mate aside and fell on the large chunk of meat. Its beak tearing into the meat. The other approached screeching loudly but backed off when the first slashed at her with its long talons. One wife making it clear to the other wife this meat was hers.

Ballador watched the two creatures with humorless eyes. It was amazing what the instinct to feed made one do. He folded partially feeling his own hunger but rose up straight again. Normally, the harpies were affectionate and loving to each other but they were kept greatly hungered. This was a mating pair and loved each other and yet hunger brought out the savage in them. They were not starved to death but their weight was way down from their natural weight. They were fed enough to keep alive and most of their strength but filled with wild hunger. They would attack anything they were so hungry.

The man bent down and picked up the second hunk of meat and threw it away from the first piece. The second harpy jumped up flapping wings and fell on the meat. Her hands reaching down and gripping the meat and shoving it into her beak. She tore strips of meat off and ate ravenously. The first harpy was finishing its large chunk of meat with slashes of its beak. The meat was quickly gone.

Now, with the meat gone the two harpies lost their crazed aspect. They moved into each other arms and started to groom each other’s feathers and cooed. The harpies using their beaks to clean and straighten their mate’s feathers. The cooing filled the small ravine. Ballador sneered at the affection. The animal tranquilizer soon had the creatures in a deep slumber.

He picked up the whore and moved on past the slumbering harpies.

He followed the path that slowly gained some altitude rising into the fog covered crags. The path twisted around a few large boulders and had several more switchbacks. The path now had Ballador walking among the thick trees. The path straightened again. The handsome man reached into a deep side pocket. He looked down the path but did not see anything. The man knew that a Scion of Tabrok was down that path. It was hidden ready to attack him with its weapons or bite him with a bite that would gravely wound even him if not kill him. He knew Kurouk et Selruk would relish his death. He pulled out the small flute. He rolled the pure sliver flute in his fingers before bringing it up to his lips.

He balanced the whore on his shoulder and played a haunting melody. His fingers moving from hole to hole and pressing levers. He waited. The tune was effective. He saw a dropped bow bounce into view. Then Kurouk et Selruk slithered into view. The snake man was up, his upper body sluggishly weaving right and left. Around its lower torso on the ground was a silver bracelet around its body and the silver chain spiked into the hard granite of the cliff face. His slit eyes half
closed and his tongue lulled out his mouth. The creature’s upper torso rose four and half feet up from the ground. Its snake head focused on him. Its four small legs and feet on its lower body clicked its nails on the rock.

Ballador continued playing his tune. He saw rage in the Tabrok’s eyes at its chained servitude. Slowly the Scion of Tabrok’s upper body lowered to the ground and his red eyes closed.

Finally, Ballador thought. He was weakening. He had been away too long. He moved down the path past Kurouk et Selruk and kicked the somnolent Scion of Tabrok. One day his order would bring them to heel as a race not just a captured renegade.

He moved up the path through several more switchbacks to finally come before the scared doors to the Crypt of Skulls. Before it stood unclothed First Flames. Their skeletal bodies on full display. The empty holes in their skulls spewed fire that writhed and wreathed about the white bones. The second one was a more senior member and his body cavity glowed with scared fires. Ballador saw the worms and larvae writhing in the depths of their orbital sockets. Each First Flame held a sword hilt that spurted out hot flames to form a broadsword.

The three looked at each other silently. Finally, the First Flames stepped back and put out their swords and hung the hilts on the belts around their waist.

The man walked between them. He came up to the rock wall. He traced glyphs on the stone that glowed red. The slab of stone recessed and pulled back. He stepped through the portal. The long tunnel was dark and dank. The slab of stone slammed back into place with his entrance into the tunnel. The tunnel was pitch black. He did not need light to see his path in the midnight dark.

He was no longer a Neophyte who needed torches to light their way. He was an Acolyte soon ready to take the next step and become a Seraphim in the holy order. He was no longer Ballador Aenyrian but Maktok Sutas of the Dorha Kakuk. He was supposed to have subsumed his desires but they still burned deep in his skull. Soon, he would rule this order and they would follow his lead. But that was the future.

Now he had to feed.

He hurried down the corridor. To follow it forward would take him to the communal living area. Deep in the night he would be attending a meeting. Not now. He grimaced the hunger gnawing at this bones. He reached a side tunnel and turned down it to the crypts of the Acolytes. He hurried down the steps eager to feed. He walked down into the depths of the mountain to the living quarters of his order. He went past closed doors till he came to his door. He spoke the magic word and the door opened.

He rushed inside the room. He moved to drop the whore from his shoulder. Her body slumped off his body and landed with a thud onto the stone floor. He cared not if she was hurt. He did not need it but he lit a torch in its scion. He wanted terror in his victim. He looked around with dead eyes. There was a stone table and chair that filled one side of the room. There was a large sarcophagus in the middle of the room.

He shed his clothes. A Neophyte would take them while he slept to be cleaned. He touched the lid of the sarcophagus. It slide back. He looked down at the tomb filled with writhing meat eating worms and larvae. The invertebrates squirming over each other in a sea of writhing wiggling monstrosities. Their proboscises questing for meat to consume. He, who was once Ballador Aenyrian, stared down at the bed of squirming insects.

He still had his facial glamour intact. He quickly went to the whore and jerked her into a half sitting
position. His other hand slapped the whore hard on her cheek. She mumbled. He slapped her again and she awoke. She was confused and looked around groggily. She looked up and saw Ballador’s face. She started to speak but her words turned to screams of terror.

The body of Ballador was not flesh and muscle but instead it was worms, centipedes and wiggling larvae. The obscene mass writhing and rolling all about the bones of Ballador. As the whore watched the face of Ballador seemed to dissolve and soon only a gleaming white skull looked down at her. She saw in the empty eyes sockets and mouth that the inside of his skull was filled with the same mass of insects. The vile creatures half crawling out his eyes sockets before retreating.

The whore felt a tearing pain in her arm. She looked down and her screams scaled up. His hands were nothing but insects with hints of white bone showing through the rolling insects. The vile insects now tearing into her flesh as her screams became shrieks of agony. Ballador dragged the whore over to his tomb. He leaned over it and the insects that had given his body form started to slough off and fall into the open crypt. The vile creatures falling off his body like rain. The excited insects crawled up his body to fall into his crypt.

Only the insects boring into the whore’s arm remained and the insects in Ballador’s skull. Now he was only bones and the ligaments and tendons biding bones to bones. He strained with weakening strength to pick up the voluptuous whore. She struggled fiercely for life but his strength was still great enough to control the terrified woman. He dropped her into the crypt. Her screams reaching a crescendo as the insects started to fest on her flesh. Ballador followed her down into the crypt to lie on her kicking body.

His finger bone had hit the button and the top of the sarcophagus. It slowly started to slide shut as Ballador hugged the screaming dying whore to his body. His beautiful insects engorging on the whore’s body as he felt revived. His insects filled their body with nutrition and he feasted on the dying woman’s terror.

The lid slide shut cutting off the dying woman’s screams.

Maktok Sutas sat at one of the meeting tables of the lower level of the Dorha Kakuk. It was four hours past midnight. Maktok felt revived his strength returned. The insects that had consumed him to enable his transformation were satiated. The ones that resided in his skull were dozing their bellies full of the whore they had consumed. It would be two more months before Maktok would have to feed again. He looked around. He sat on the lower tier with other Acolytes. The Neophytes had no part in the meeting of those who had already begun the transformation. He remembered as faint echoes his anger and consternation at being denied access to this room. Now he understood. He had not been ready.

The Seraphims were milling around. They had setup the table, the maps and documents for the First Flames and the Supreme Nova who would grace them with his presence. He had been in the Far East. He had met with another faction that they would team with to begin their plans for domination. The meeting now complete he had returned to his temple.

The room was split into two levels. The lower level was where the lesser members of their order sat. All below the First Flames sat her. The higher tiers of their order closer to the upper level dais. Maktok Sutas hid his ire at having to sit so far from dais. He knew he deserved to sit at the front of this level no matter his rank. He was a leader and not a follower. His time would come he consoled himself.

Maktok sat with the other Acolytes. The once men looked around with their empty eye sockets the
tendons and cartilage in their neck creaking with their movements. The skeletons bare of insects since they did not need to simulate having organs and muscles. The Acolytes did not speak. They had nothing to offer the upper table and they did not have anything to say to each other. The other Acolytes lived only to serve. Or that was how it was supposed to be. He had greater goals.

The First Flames walked in from the side door and sat at the high table. There was ten of them. Their skulls flamed with fires of Dorha Kakuk. The fires filling the cold room with their fervor and might. Their eyes sockets glowed red with the fires that raged in their skulls. The insects that gave them life wiggled and jerked in the sacred heat. Their barely visible forms writhed like a sickening swarm of locusts.

They each took a seat. Silence reigned in the room for a few minutes. Thoughts were organized. Furok Mellatas called the meeting to order.

“Let us give thanks and obeisance to he who guides the order of Dorha Kakuk. Let us praise the most high Supreme Nova Zeltas Mellitos! All hail the Supreme Nova of Dorha Kakuk!”

All in the room called out the return ritualistic answer.

“All give obeisance to he who guides and he who is our benefic leader … all hail Zeltas Mellitos!”

Maktok spoke the words but he did not bow down in his consciousness. Soon it would be his name they spoke in honor and servitude. It would be his will and goals the order followed.

Zeltas walked into the room from the other side than the First Flames had entered from. All gazed upon his mighty skeletal body. Not only was his skull wreathed in flames but his whole body cavity was filled with flames. The sacred flames wicked down his arms and legs. The flames wiggled and licked around his appendages. He entered slowly looking at his followers. His gaze seemed to settle on Maktok Sutas but then moved on.

Maktok felt a distant memory of fear echo through his bones making them rattle slightly. No, he cannot know. He reassured himself that his subterfuge was safe.

The Supreme Nova went to the head of the table on the upper dais. The Seraphims who had served the higher order members took their seat at the ends of the tables on the lower level. Their glowing eye sockets looked at their supreme leader. The Seraphims having been granted the first of the Flame Powers looked on their leaders with rapture.

Idiots thought Maktok.

Zeltas Mellitos called the meeting to order. The Order discussed their various projects and matters of their House. It was mundane. Matok seemed to play close attention. He wanted to always appear alert and focused on the goals of their Order.

“My most high Supreme Nova. My mission goes well. I will soon be in position to dispose the current Sealord. The chaos that will arise will allow us to advance our plans. We can then move against the Iron Bank and the Seaport and Ivory Coast consortiums. Our Order can increase our power and influence.”

“Most excellent Maktok” Zeltas told the Acolyte. “I do believe you are ready for your ascension to the Order of Seraphim. Are you ready for the pain? Only through pain can one reach ever higher.”
“Yes Supreme Nova. I always stand ready to serve the order. I crave the pain of ascension.” Matok spoke with an even tone. When one joined the ranks of the Dorha Kakuk you eschewed emotions and personal goals. You followed the lead of the Supreme Nova.

“Good. Good Maktok Sutas. I foresee great things in you Acolyte.”

Maktok looked back at their supreme leader. He was indeed meant for greater things. His goals even surpassed what the position of Supreme Nova alone could bring him. His goals had exceeded even his Orders ambitions and goals.

The meeting moved onto other topics.

Maktok thought back on his first ascension from Neophyte to Acolyte. He remembered drinking the sacred root juice of First Ascension. He remembered the blood of an innocent virgin painted all over his nude body preparing his physical body. The drink preparing his mind. He remembered standing over his own sarcophagus. He gazed upon the bed of insects and larvae that would become his new body. He was lowered into the open grave of his tomb.

The body and mind could be prepared but still there was pain. His screams filled the room that was now his. His mind filled with terror as he felt first his flesh, then muscles and finally organs consumed by his own sons and daughters. He screamed and screamed as his brain was consumed his consciousness absorbed by the insects. Even as his body died his soul exalted.

He had taken his first step in his true destiny.

His thoughts came back from the past. The council was discussing the risen Targaryen Queen of Westeros and Essos. He listened to his leaders discuss what to do about her. She had arisen from nothing and somehow impossibly conquered two continents and made alliances with powerful allies in the East and the Summer Islands. She had literally become too powerful to confront through armed might.

Also, there was the problem of the Ice King and the sycophant on his back.

“We have not the power to fight this Ice King and his ‘son’. The Queen is marching north to wage war with him. If she loses then all is lost. The Ice King is inimical to all life both physical and spiritual. We did not know of him soon enough to oppose.” Their Supreme Nova spoke to his followers. “I sense she will defeat his body and She Who Must Not Be Named will defeat his spiritual power. This will garrote She Who Must Not Be Named supreme might. We can then remove the Dragon Queen from the equation.”

“On that note I am sending a force of twenty of our best First Flames along with Seraphim Furleck Zartoloss to Westeros to ambush and kill the Dragon Queen. She is mighty but we will ambush her in a moment of weakness to dispatch her.

We must assume she will succeed against the Ice King. All is lost otherwise. When she is removed we can take down our opponents one by one till we are unstoppable. We can then rule the world through the shadows. Let others fight our battles while we reap the benefits.”

This was met by approval. Maktok Ballador did not agree with this rule from the shadows. He would rule from the Sealord Palace but that was still some ways in the future. He was sure the Dragon Queen would defeat their strike force. She had proven her mastery of armed combat. It would be he who brought her down through guile and subterfuge.

Soon the meeting was over. Zeltas Mellitos came to Maktok after the meeting and told him the
ascension right to the order of Seraphim would be in two weeks. Again the Supreme Nova stared at Maktok with his steady penetrating sightless gaze. “You have much ambition Maktok Sutas. Our order needs this in one of our own in each new generation. Not all can be sheep.” With that he left Maktok.

If Maktok still had a heart it would be beating hard and fast in his chest. The leader suspected his desires and yet encouraged him. He was still to be promoted it seemed. It did not matter. He would grasp for greatness. A greatness he would achieve.
Confluence

Forestal :: The captain of the Black Swan cursed the gods, fates and his bastard father for the hundredth time since the start of his fight with the sea. Captain Donaphos Phasselar who hailed from the port of Tyrosh cursed the gods and fates. He was a captain in the hire of Leeward Shipping Consortium and was on his way back to his home port. He had traveled to Astraphor to deliver a load of raw cotton, hemp and ivory buttons for the production of finished clothing. The new merchant classes were producing cotton and linen clothes. His galleon was filled with finished clothes for the working class of the free cities on the east coast of Essos.

His ship was a four deck galleon with the traditional square-rigged sails. His was a larger craft and had four main masts with a large spinnaker mast on the prow of the ship. His ship’s long beak was adorned with the figurehead of a beautiful black swan with her wings just opening up for flight adorning each side of the prow of his ship. The swan’s beak slightly parted and was painted red as were its eyes. The feathered wings highly stylized and finely crafted.

When he first took over command of the Black Swan it had been a run of the mill ship that was a middling performer. Donaphos had changed all that. The first thing he did was buy all the slaves on the ship and freed them. He had allowed them to leave but most stayed. He paid all top dollar and listened to their thoughts and input. His ship was now the best performer in his company.

Four years ago he had gotten rid of the horrid placid swan that had been the masthead. The swan with its placid I am lazily swimming across the lake had to go. His new figurehead had pizazz he liked to say.

The rigging of the sails was traditional lateen-rigged to the mizzenmasts. He was at the pilot wheel on the square gallery at the stern off the captain's cabin. His ship was one on the largest vessels in the merchant fleet of the company he worked for. The largest vessels were only given to the best captains. The Black Swan displaced a full 1700 tons when fully loaded.

He had been a rising star and given the laggard performing ship to prove his mettle. He had more than proved himself and had become rich. His crew well payed and happy to be in his service.

Two days past on the early morn he had seen the monster coming. The bright red sunset the day before had warned him that the skies were uneasy. All seamen knew that a red sun at dusk meant an angry sea was coming their way. He had put up all the sails and hurried his ship along crossing the wide body of Slaver’s Bay. It had not been enough. His crew kept the sails at full trim while many prayed to their gods and some who had hands free gave offering to the sky and sea.

It had not been enough. An hour before noon it had appeared as a black band low on the horizon to the east. The monster storm quickly chased them down the black wall of clouds boiling across the sky until the sun was blocked as it rose in the East. The winds became confused as the storm approached. Captain Phasselar yelled at his crew to slacken the lines and let the main sails down and fold them up and put below decks. They were not going to outrun the monster that was on their
trail. The crew put the full spinnaker sails on the jutting forward mast.

The Black Swan prepared to ride out the hurricane. The crew had watched with terror the boiling black wall approach and the large waves it sent out before it. The hurricane hit with the force of a fist from the gods. The waves began to crest at twenty-five to forty feet making the prow ride high into the sky and then the ship went down the leeward wall of the wave to hit the forward wall of the next wave.

The ships prow driving deep into water and digging in making the whole massive ship shudder before it lifted up again to ride up the next wave. The wind was a constant howl of rage that made it impossible to hear any commands. Phasselar sent runners down the deck holding onto lines run between the masts and the rails. The first night the spinnaker sails ripped to shreds. The crew worked feverously to lower the ruined sails and run new ones up.

The first time they had been lucky. They had passed between bands of the storm and winds were not quite so ferocious. The second time the sails ripped away they were just east of the eye and the winds were murderous. The ship began to founder rolling and tilting harshly as it wallowed between the waves getting pounded with walls of water. The timbers of the mighty Black Swan began to stave in from the pressure and pounding.

The sails had to be replaced. He sent his best men up the rigging and lost Ballaro Ahryl and Brachan Enninar to the angry sea gods but the new sails were raised up. The canvas caught the howling winds and brought the Black Swan around to again run before the snarling wolves at their heels. After midnight their beautiful masthead was ripped free and flew back in splintered shards. Captain Phasseler prayed to gods he did not believe in that the mighty two foot thick spars of white oak and pegged in crossbeams of the same strong oak would hold the planks together on the bow and sides of his ship.

Men below decks worked feverishly caulking sprung leaks and slammed massive six by six beams into several spots where the planks began to give way against the pressure of the mighty waves. They nailed planks in place before the ends of the beams were jammed in and crew bolted them in place to reinforce the wood. The repairs held. The ship lived to continue its flight from the behemoth that pursued it.

Another terror gripped the captain by the end of the second day. The storm was finally letting up as it spun slowly off to the North but the ole nag had pushed them far off course. The sky ahead was a sullen red that spread from horizon to horizon. The clouds were slowly lifting and the rain lessened to reveal that they were heading straight for the Doom of Valyria. The sullen glow showed the angry land they were approaching.

For several hours the ship was blown closer to that doomed land of dragon riders past. The west now dominated by that destroyed land. The sullen red glow dominating the west now from horizon to horizon. The seas had calmed to a three state. The waves made the ship roll and the prow lift and lower but the danger was past. The danger now was the wind and currents were leading them to doomed land of Valyria.

Suddenly off to the far right the sky flared a bright red and then yellow and lightening flashed down white and purple as an ominous cloud even darker than the night descended. A volcano had erupted sending searing ash and molten rock into the sky and sea. Further inland to the left the Captain saw another violent eruption. The captain swore he could see the wounded mountain shake in anguish. They were still so far out to sea that the sound was subsumed by the lessening winds.

He had soundings taken and they were in four hundred feet of water. The next sounding had them at two hundred feet. They had to stop. Now! They dropped both anchors and they caught on the
ocean floor and slowly dragged the ship to a stop seven miles off shore. The storm moved off over the next few hours and the crew rested and counted their blessings. Only seven men had been washed overboard and the one major stave end was being quickly shored up with thick planks that were being bolted in.

When dawn arrived the crew saw hell before them. The crew gazed upon the blasted land of old Valyria. That ruined land of myth and wonder. Valyria may have been the source of so much misery and rue but it still had a mystical call to it. Past stories of rue and tales of magic still held sway over all.

The Black Swan was before the old east coast before the ruined fabled port of Yraegel. The city was once known for its soaring spires and the cathedral to the sun gods that the Valyrians had worshipped. The Valyrians had seen themselves as living manifestations of their gods of the sky and sun. Their dragon mounts were their own suns blazing forth fire across the sky.

Once, the white sands of the beaches had extended a mile from shore. The beaches filled with one hundred foot sand dunes adorned with waving fields of seat oats and saw grass. The beaches had disappeared the day Valyria had died. The mighty tsunamis had swept this and all the other once pristine beaches away.

Now the distant rocky shores were covered in boulders and steam rose from the ocean in many places from vents in the ocean floor where lava met sea. The captain and crew could see on the distant hissing shore the remains of three massive spires that once had soured a thousand feet in the sky. The closest mountain was dark black and the top was a dull sullen red. This would be once mighty and so very beautiful Haôlelyrã Blênon “The Mountain of Cedars”. The sides of her craggy shoulders once covered in massive cedars and towering long needle pines. The logs harvested to make the mighty ships of the Valyrian freehold.

Now it was a waste. A few scraggly pines still clung to life as well as strange bushes that seemed to somehow thrive. No one could understand how. The initial blasts had denuded the slopes of trees and all green vegetation. Now some hardy plant souls clung to the sides tenaciously but that was all. The sun had been up for several hours and the wind shifted to blow off the shores. The air became heavy with the stink of rotten eggs. The Captain had met a Maester in Dorne whom he had talked to of old Valyria.

The Maester told him that the mountains of fire spewed hydrogen sulfide, hydrochloric acid and carbon monoxide all the gases deadly to life.

Suddenly, the earth seemed to tilt and then shake violently. Haôlelyrã Blênon had exploded again. The crew of the battered Black Swan watched in fascination as the top of the volcano spewed out huge boulders, ash and grit and a roiling gas cloud. Ash shot up into the air several thousand feet and the column was growing fast reaching for the heavens. Lightening immediately bloomed in the cloud that surrounded the top of the mountain.

The crew was fascinated but the captain was filled with rising terror. The Maester had informed him of other things as well about volcanos. Donaphos Phasselas watched with great trepidation that quickly turned to horror. The Maester had told the Captain of pyroclastic flows. He was now watching one that was way too close for comfort.

He remembered the short lesson that was given to idle away the time at a bar in Lemonwood. “A pyroclastic flow is a fast-moving current of hot gas and rock (collectively known as tephra), that could run at speeds that could reach 70 kmh moving away from a volcano though that was rare with speeds more often 50 to 40 kmh. The gas could reach temperatures of about 1,830 °F. Pyroclastic flows normally hugged the ground and traveled downhill, or spread laterally under gravity. Their
speed depended upon the density of the currents of gas within the cloud, the volcanic output rate, and the gradient of the slope. They were a common and devastating result of certain explosive volcanic eruptions” the Maester had told the fascinated captain of the Black Swan. The captain remembered that recitation as if it was given to him this morn.

What was truly horrifying to the captain was that at times the superheated gas and ash cloud could travel over the water. The crew watched the flow race down the mountain in a river half a kilometer wide and the ocean erupted into steam and frothing boiling rage at impact with the superheated cauldron.

The captain gripped the steering wheel hard as his crew screamed in terror. The pyroclastic flow was racing out of over the water straight at them. It was moving at least 60kmh. It would reach them in seven minutes the captain calculated.

“If you believe in your gods make peace with them” the captain called out as the cloud of death rolled on towards them at a frightening rate. The front edge rolling and leaping like the hounds of hell. The cloud bank of ash and hot deadly gas thirty feet high as it broiled towards them. Donaphos Phass was fascinated watching this death impossibly leap and surge over the water towards them. The only good thing was the super-heated gas would kill them instantly with their first breath frying their lungs and cooking their heart and brain.

But then the captain noticed that the cloud seemed to be suddenly slowing and had begun to fray. Yesssss! The cloud was dissipating as the cold deep current water sapped the energy and life out of the flow. It finally collapsed two hundred meters from the ship.

The crew began to shout and celebrate wildly. The captain shouting to break out the rum. They had beaten the sea and Valyria!

Elena Covenant Wildwood stood several yards to the left of the flow of magma, ash and gas hurtling down the mountain side. Musical might flowed off her body and her staff in a beautiful melody of health and beauty. The supper heated air and poisonous gas had no effect on her. She gripped her staff in her left hand that had sprigs of fir growing out the staff end. She watched the ship celebrate its escape from the hand of death. She had simply had to intervene to save the crew of the ship.

She had sensed the presence of the ship and then the volcanic eruption that threatened the ship while deep in heart of ruined Valyria. She had translocated herself to the coast with her Forestal melodies. Between heartbeats the former Forestal of Grarroting Deep moved over a hundred miles.

She observed the plight of the ship. She acted without hesitation.

The Forestal changed the notes of her melody to meet her need. With a strong grip on her staff the black skinned woman jammed her staff a foot into the ground and shunted her song and melody into the flow of hot gasses and ash cooling and calming the agitated mass of roiling shattered Earth. The wood did not react to the scorching hot Earth it had been thrust into.

She weakened the flow enough so that it fell short of the ship. Each note of her song flowing into the hot roiling gas cloud cooling it and making it more viscous till she had succeeding in stopping the flow of hot gases over the surface of the water.

Now that she had saved the ship Elena pulled her staff from the ruined Earth. She had worked the gas flow subtly. She had no need to use her full power in an ostentatious display of Forestal might. Let the crew of the ship think providence or simple luck had saved them.
She had decided to intervene. Her old duty to preserve wood and glen no longer constrained Elena. Still, her old self remembered her service as High Lord to the Land. Her sacred duty to protect all life. She kept her power flowing into the volcanic flow until she sensed the flow of earth and gas would fall short of the vessel. She did not feel pride but did feel satisfaction. It was her nature to provide succor and to fight and kill evil when she encountered it.

Elena turned to look at the huge flow of molten rock only now reaching the sea and sending up huge geysers of steam. A mighty boulder the size of her grandparent’s Stonedowner home crashed to the left of her twenty yards away and splintered sending out shrapnel that would have destroyed a legion. It did not touch her. The stone fragments pulverized to dust at the first touch to her obsidian skin.

Her tunic had been shredded but she changed her melody and her sky blue tunic mended itself instantly. The fabric whipping about her slender tall frame in the excited air currents caused by the roiled environment of exploding volcanoes.

She turned her head to look at the mountain top. It would erupt for two more days she sensed. She turned her dark obsidian face to the ocean. Her eyes were as dark as the night sky and her pupils even darker. Her midnight eyebrows angled up like a faery. Her whole tall body was obsidian. She had large canine ears on the sides of her head that stood up. Her nose was long and pronounced with two long slits going up three quarters of her septum. Her arms were inches longer than what most humans would consider normal. Her hands had two thumbs and her heel had a prehensile claw on it.

Elena showed her Ur-vile heritage as well as her human nature. She was now a Forestal. Her body a perfect blend of both species. She had been reborn when Linda Avery threw her essence out of She Who Must Not Be Named into the Ur-vile Loremaster. His name was unpronounceable by human lips which she had again. Her black teeth showed when she grinned seeing the power of the exploding mountain. Her ur-vile nature was always drawn to power and its expressions. The Demondim spawn and human spirits had formed new beings.

Elena had left Garotting Deep. She could no longer remain in the land of her birth. Garotting Deep had been the home to her ancestor Caerroil Wildwood. The ancient forest beneath the foot of Melkuryion Skyweir where she had died. The great mountain above the dark and dire forests of Garotting Deep. The reborn forest still had its former caste. She had been a former High Lord. It had been her duty to the Land and love for her father Thomas Covenant that had led to her death. That and her unbalanced choices.

After her transformation, she had chosen to make that ancient bastion of Forestal might her home because of those associations of her past life. It suited her. Her deep intimate knowledge of the Lore of Highlord Kevin made her mighty before her transformation. Because of her association with She Who Must Not Be Named and her bonding with her ur-vile father / mother Loremaster it had made her the mightiest of the newborn Forestals. All the new formed Forestals agreed that Garotting Deep was the perfect home for her. Her new sisters all agreed she was the mightiest of their kin.

With her knowledge of the Lore of the Lords of Revelstone she was indeed the most mighty of the newly created fusion of Ur-vile and human. With her new magical nature she was somehow absorbed the full knowledge of all the Wards of Kevin as the new Lords now were able to unlock all the Wards lore and how to finally use it fully. The Lords had learned the link between passion and power.

Linden Avery had only been trying to save the lost souls trapped within the essence of She Who Must Not Be Named. In her desperation to save life she had created something wonderful and fire.
Unbeknownst to Linden Avery at the time, the fusion of disparate entities used to create a new mighty race of Forestals.

To begin with, all the new formed Forestals had been sisters. The Land had sensed their creation. It was still not known how they had transformed into Forestals but they had. Linden Avery had created the template unknowingly. She had only sought to save the women She Who Must Be Named had ingested and tormented with searing eternal torture. Elena was sure it was the work of the Elohim who finished the transformation. They had slowly grown in power and might till they were able to sing the melodies of their ancient ancestors and take up the ancient duty of the revived forests that had begun to spread across the Land again.

She and her new formed sisters had taken up their sacred duty. Over time more women joined them in service. With them came a few men who felt the unheard melodies calling them to seek a life and purpose in serving the Wood of the Land.

These Forestals over time had slowly rebuilt the forests of the Land. They had worked in reverse of the first Forestals. The first had been created to defend the forests from the attack of man and Ravers. This time the Lords and Haruchai had stood guard of the nascent forests until the new Forestals found themselves fully and retook their traditional duty. Now she and her siblings had rebuilt the ancient forests. Then with their own might and magic along with their iron will the Forestals had again given the woods the right of self-consciousness.

The Forests now communicated again tree to tree as in times past. This time they were infused with the knowledge of self-defense. Now the Forests had their defenders preformed and ready to attack if needed.

It had not been needed. With the Lords of Revelstone and their mighty allies in protecting the Land, the Giants and Haruchai, the Forests were warded. The Lords ever vigilant for the return of the Raver that had still lived. In time the other two hated evil brothers again found life the Forestals sensed. It did not matter. They were ready. It was the brothers three that taught men to hate the Forests in ancient time.

Now the Lords taught all from the cradle to revere the Forests and all other life.

The Forestals had then worked with the Elohim to recreate the Interdiction at Landsdrop with a new Colossus of the Fall. No Elohim was sacrificed this time. There would no more such waste of Elohim life. The Elohim only needed to provide the insight this time. Now the Forestals provided the might necessary to erect once more the forbidding that would repel the Ravers from the lower lands below Mount Thunder.

The Forestals knew in their hearts that the brothers three would find a way to life again. Such evil would always find a way to life. They would find ways to the upper terrace of the Land and again seek to ravage and kill.

Working with the Lurker of the Sarangrave Flat they kept the Ravers from the upper land. For the most part. When one of the brothers was found in the land they were hunted down and brought to her and she garrotd their flesh and reduced their spirit on the dead trees of Gallows Howe. The soul that once lived in the body long dead and gone. Only the Raver remained once they had lived in the flesh for a time. The land would always need it’s execution ground no matter what her father and his wife thought.

She paused. She still fumed that her father had rejected her love. She had chosen him and he should not have let silly dogma prevent their love. She could not help but love Thomas Covenant. She had been raised on stories of the man from her mother Lena. Her father had raped her it was true but
there had been reasons. It had been Triock that had raised her and was the father of her heart. It was all confusing when she thought about it. She could not help but feel the way she did. Elena sighed. That was well over fifty thousand years ago.

Still the emotions rankled her after all these many years.

She tried to not resent Linden Avery. It had been she that had saved her father from death so many times. It had been Linden that saved herself from She Who Must Not Be Named. It had been Linden who created the new Staff of Law. Still Elena was jealous of the woman. She still wanted her father’s love.

*What could Elena say?* She was attracted to flawed broken down men it would seem.

She alone of the Forrestals had not taken a mate. Since most were sisters in their magical rebirth they had naturally married each other. The Ur-viles the women’s spirits had been thrown into were asexual by the manner of their creation.

The restored women had brought into their new host their physical drives and desires. Most of the women had quickly fallen in love with each other with a few exceptions.

Brenull Allyssal had wed Caerwood ur-Mahrtiir and two other men had taken up the mantel to become Forestals but most of the humans taking the Rite of Music and Wood had been women who had pledged themselves into fealty to the Land and Earthpower. They also pledged themselves to the Forestal turning their human bodies into the new Forestals their bodies turning obsidian and their dimensions mirroring the original sisters.

The new women Forestals also falling in love with their creators. The new formed and the old taking up their new duties together. It was this pairing of Forestals that had proved essential over the millennium.

This had prevented the dissipation and lassitude that had felled the original Forrestals. Linda Avery had been right. Love could indeed change the world. The mated pairs of Forestals service remained strong after over forty thousand years. The love of one for the other sustained the Forestals.

But, she herself, could not partake of marriage. Elena still felt jealousy towards Linden Avery for taking her father from her even though he had rejected her three and half thousand years before Linden Avery joined him in the Land. She was still angered over his decision. Linden Avery was a great hero of the Land and she still wanted to throttle her.

She had finally decided to leave the Land. Though her father and his wife were far away in the land of the Insequent it was still too close. Elena could still feel their mighty white gold like a canker that tormented her. She always felt her father’s presence.

Thus, When Curreal Lunstra and Melalos Heartwood had been ready in their new marriage and love she had abandoned her ancestral home to let the new mated pair of Forestals take on her duties. The women powerful in their love and desire to perform their duty. They were strong and mighty. Elena had performed her task as executioner of the captured Ravers when called upon. She had done enough. Elena had crossed the SoulBitter and SoulCrusher to come to this far away and ruined land.

It’s blasted and blighted landscape called to her. She felt the magic roiling in the very air and felt the potential for rebirth. She wanted to be involved from the beginning in this land’s rebirth if and when it occurred. Much was still in flux.

She could feel the Blood of the Earth seeping into the Earth and water without the necessary
collection and distillation necessary before touching the water of the Earth. She could smell the
corruption of a Raver in this ruined land even though it had been over four hundred years since the
“Doom of Valyria”. Her senses told her that a Raver had had a hand in it. Were not the Forestals
breed to sense their ancient foes?

Elena looked around. She could feel the presence of Raver Turiya Herem but she could not locate
him. She had slain him many times in her former life as the Forestal of Garotting Deep. He had
some bane with him. It did not matter. She no longer had a seat of power but she was still mighty
enough to garrote the Raver and destroy his bane. She had done it before when she was Caerroil
Wildwood.

She would do so again and she relished the thought. She would make her a new Gallows Howe.
Soon the Dragon Queen would bring succor to Valyria and repair the chamber of the Blood of the
Earth. When that occurred Elena would become the Forestal of Valyria.

The Valyrians would return. She would not allow for the corruption of its people or the warping of
Dragons gentle natures into violence and carnage fostered by millennium of abuse by their
“masters”. In many ways she could not blame their Valyrians for their downfall. She had had her
human weaknesses when she was human.

Fifty-three hundred years ago the Vayrians had unknowing brought back a Raver to their land just as
they were discovering magic. Raver Turiya Herem had corrupted them slowly over the following
centuries. Each generation slowly led further down the path of cruelty and filled with the need to
rule and control. In three centuries the Valyrians had fallen into despots.

Elena could still feel humor and smiled with a snarl. The Raver had gotten his just reward. He had
only recently reconstituted his consciousness she perceived.

She began to walk around the mountain thinking. She stepped through a flow of molten rock the
viscous stone splashing on her body and sloughing off. Such things could not touch her august
might. She spied an aliantha bush and moved towards it. She removed a handful of treasure berries
and ate them. She did not need to eat but still cherished the taste of health and lime. She threw the
seeds over her shoulder as she was taught as a child. The berries were the pure essence of
Earthpower.

How these bushes of the Land had come to be here she had no idea. She was only thankful they
were. It was benison and an omen. She was meant to be here.

The renewal of magic would be soon. The Earth magic of the North was dissipating. Without its
renewal the Earthpower would die away and soon the magical creatures like Direwolves, Dragons,
Griffins, Unicorns, Manitcors, and all others would begin to sicken and in time would die. In this
hemisphere magic had taken a different path than in Southern World and the Land.

Here Earthpower was being absorbed into the very land itself giving rise to magical creatures by the
score. In the South it remained a force removed from the Earth ready to be tapped. It allowed for
creations such as herself.

Elena began to hum her melody of wood, nature and balance. Silver notes appeared in the air and
for a slight moment the land around her stilled. She stepped into her notes and disappeared.

**Raver Turiya Herem Kinslaunterer ::** The raver stood near the summit of Blēnon ēlī Zaldrīzes
the “Mountain of Dragons”. It was the mountain around which the Valyrian’s had built their ancient
capital. The tallest peak on the Valyrian peninsula. It stood nearly twenty thousand feet high
dwarfing all mountains near it. It had once been capped with snow that rode down the top quarter of
the mountain.

No more. The raver breathed in deep the poisonous fumes. The flake of the Demonstone sustaining the flesh of the body he now inhabited. He brought the red glowing stone to his face and breathed in the evil vile essence flowing off the stone. It was a bane from the formation of the Earth. Its magic was much older and primal than Earthpower.

The vapors wafting off the rock roiled red in the air. It was the brother of the Illearth stone that Lord Foul had appropriated from Drool Rockworm. A flack taken from it to power his might and allowed him to corrupt a Giant. His new master had given him a flake of the red demon stone five years ago. He would gladly serve his new master. For now. He was not Lord Foul.

He had only recently reconstituted himself from the debacle of the explosion of Valyria. He was still not fully formed when he met his new master. He had gladly taken the flake of the Demonstone. The flake instantly fully reviving the Raver to his full strength and sense of self.

Turiya Herem remembered another flake of stone that fumed green smoke of evil instead of the red of his current flake. Turiya Herem looked to the East. He felt the presence of the Forestal and cursed the Earth for sending the dreaded warder of wood to his blasted land. This was his land! He would shape it in his image and rule from it. In time he would call his brothers to him. Here in this land away from the hated Lords of Revelstone and the Forestals he and his brothers could live and rule in peace. With Lord Foul subsumed the Ravers were free to form their own destiny.

His new master had other plans that did not include the ruined land of Valyria. The ravers would be free to pursue their own dreams of dominance in this blasted and blighted land.

Those dreams were in jeopardy! What was a mighty Forestal doing here? She was a shepherd of trees and glen. Why had she come?! He could sense the ancient stench of Gallows Howe about her. He hated it. It reminded him of his many garrotes by Caerroil Wildwood. Those deaths still reverberated in his foul soul.

The fact that she was Thomas Convenant’s bastard daughter only galled the malevolent Raver more. He and his brothers were connected. His brothers residing in the Land had had the misfortune to be brought before this new Forestal who was the essence of Elena Covenant. She had garroted his brothers on her execution trees in Garroting Deep. Their deaths filled with anguish and torment.

Through their connection to each other Turya had experienced those deaths. He longed to exact revenge on the bastard daughter of Thomas Covenant. How she had come to be a Forestal perplexed the Ravers. It did not matter in essence but her might terrified the Ravers. She was someone even more mighty than Caerroil Wildwood had ever been. Her might was a fearsome thing.

He had long ago totally quashed the spirit inhibiting this body and had made it totally his own. The Raver raved thinking how Elena could have come back from the dead. It enraged him. He would find a way to kill this abomination that was the Forestal Elena Covenant.

He still felt his own death. When Forestals garroted the flesh a Raver wore the body died but the Raver’s spirit lived on. True, they felt great anguish and torture at the death of the flesh that Forestals trapped them in but once the body died they were free to find a new body after a short time of convalescence. This was not the case with his almost true death in the swamps of Saragrave Flats.

He had been exalted when Haruchai Clyme had allowed him to enter his body. He was the first to conquer the hated Haruchai without the aid of magic beyond their own will. The feat had been all the more special since it had been Korvik and his brothers that had struck him down in the Greive
when he was the Giant Raver Kinslaughterer with their fists and feet when the Lord had blasted the Illearth stone flake from his hand.

He had exulted until he realized he was trapped by the Haruchai as his fellow Haruchai hacked his body to shreds with the Krill. The will of the Haruchai too great to break free of his flesh. The Haruchai had lured him into his body so his brethren could kill the Raver. Each cut of the mighty Krill had fragmented Turiya Herem further and further till his conscious was just a faint fading glimmer. He had died. Branl continued to chop his fellow countryman to small ribbons of flesh. Clyme sacrificing his life to kill him.

Only the Raver had not died. When the Worm of the World’s End was delayed by the Ur-viles and Horrim Carabal over the Sarangrave Flat the huge discharges of magic from the Worm had infused his fading spirit with magical sustenance to hold his barely remembered threads of his self together. He was shattered but his tattered conscious was still there. It was diffuse and of no merit but he survived.

That and the fact that the now hated Forestal Elena had broken the Law of Death and that led in turn had led to the Law of Life to be broken by the Forestal Caer-Caveral in Andelain three and half thousand years later. With these Laws broken the grip of life and death was no longer so sure.

He had washed out to sea along with the slashed flesh of the fallen Haruchai. Only he had not died. The infusion of magic from the Worm of the World’s End had allowed him to keep his threads of self together in the currents of the wide oceans. His very nature brought his shattered threads together. He could not reconstitute his being but he was able to survive.

He had drifted for many millennium on the ocean currents. Turiya Raver was nothing but a whisper on the ocean currents. A random quagmire of rage and violence. But he was able to cling to life if not conscious thought and will. He merely fought to survive. For countless thousands of years he had merely existed. He only fought to live. His past was nothing but a half remembered dream to the once powerful spirit.

Then his fortunes had finally reversed.

He had been restored when the currents of the world’s oceans in time brought him to the gyre of the Merewives as they circled around the Isle of the One Tree for several millennium. The siren of power of the One Tree attracting the deadly water spirits. Slowly Turiya Herem had been restored by the wailing strength of the Merewives and the sheer might of the One Tree. Their essences fed and restored the Raver. His restored spirit filled with spite and malevolence. He longed for violence and revenge. Though restored by the power of the One Tree that same power kept his spirit from escaping.

In time the Merewives moved on in their eternal travels around the oceans of the southern world. He had tried to leave with them but had been prevented. No matter how much he raged he was prevented from moving away with the Merewives. The One Tree by its very nature was a benefice that worked to counteract his malevolent spirit. For thousands of more years he had raged and fought but even restored his might was a paltry thing against the might of the One Tree. The tree that had given birth to the three Staffs of Law.

Then he had been saved when a ship from the rising power of Valyria had made it through the Soulbitier and Soulcrusher. The voyage an accident of weather and happenstance. They were tired and worn but had survived. The magic of those maelstroms were aimed to keep him and his ilk trapped in the South and to keep the Vales and Demondim to the North. The magic of those preternatural storms tuned to that focus. The powerful Valyrians were able to pierce those veils coming to the south of the world.
Their magic was different enough that the two mighty storms were not fully roused to attack the seafarers. The Valyrians were able to penetrate what should not have been possible.

The Valyrians were infused with magic and he was able to ride onto their ship and when they sailed back through the barriers between north and south he had ridden with them. The Raver finally had physical hosts he could attach to. Their magic was different than the South and it also served to hide his presence from the two mighty always present storms. The storms meant to divide the world in two. The storms erected by Loric Vilesilencer when he silenced the Demondim and Viles. In some way the Raver still did not understand the Valyrians magic muted the two raging storms.

He had traveled back with the Valeryian crew back to their rising in power kingdom of Valyria. They had been a high and lofty race. They were a kind and gentle people. He set to work on them like he had the King of Berek Heartthew in the time before the High Lords. Like the Viles, Demondim or Ur-viles he and his brothers had not been able outright control them directly.

Like the Haruchai they could not be possessed. Instead he and his brothers had spent centuries whispering in ears of the Viles and their progeny. He now sought to do the same to the Valyrians. He had done this in the Land. He and his brothers spending centuries as they sought to corrupt. It took centuries but with time they slowly corrupted the races of once noble beings. The Ravers were patient and crafty. Saying one lie after another till they found the key to bringing the race down into corruption and defilement.

Thus, Herem had the blueprint on how to bring the Valyrians down. Had he and his brothers not brought other more lofty races low? Slowly over the first centuries he spent in Valyria the Raver slowly corrupted the Valyrians. He whispered in the ears of the leaders of the pale dragon riders. The Raver whispering of desires for power and domination. Whispers for the longing to conquer and to enslave those beneath them.

He had worked generation after generation to corrupt the people more and more. The Raver Herem was patient. With each generation he only corrupted them in small stages. Each generation more comfortable with violence and corruption. With his influence the past was rewritten or forgotten so the Valyrians forgot they were once kind and gentle.

He had also developed a plan. He realized that the Valyrians received their magic and power from the Blood of the Earth that lay below Blēnon ēlī Zaldrīzes. He had been shocked upon this realization. It made perfect sense once he made the discovery. In retrospect, where else could high magic come from. In the Land, Damelon Gaintfriend had sealed the door to the Earthroot and created Amok to keep the key.

The Blood of the Earth was beyond the reach of his kin in the Land. Not so here in Valyria. Here he could become what he was always meant to be. Even his brothers were not worthy of what Herem had conceived within himself.

He had encouraged the Valyrians to dig ever deeper mining precious minerals and gems. He whispered in their rulers’ ears that a great power was buried deep underneath their lands. Unknowingly they brought the Raver closer to his true goal. Nearly a thousand years ago the Valyrians had neared the chamber of the Blood of the Earth and the stairway to the Earthroot. The lake that condensed and concentrated the Blood of the Earth.

There he had been stopped. The Valyrians could dig no deeper. All their magic simply ceased to work. They brought slaves to mine deeper. Their tools shattered when they hit the rock. Valyrian steel constructs were created filled with their magic. The Valyrians and Herem had looked at the constructs slack jawed when they contacted the wall. The constructs immediately melted to slag.
The Valyrians were perplexed and frightened. What could so easily diffuse and destroy their magic.

Herem Kinslaughterer knew. The damned Lords of Revelstone had blocked him. He could taste the damned touch of Amok in this. Amok had erected magical barriers to prevent the breeching of the Earthroot. Amok had moved from passive to aggressive. He had anticipated this and blocked the Raver.

For nearly six hundred years the Raver was stymied in his pursuit of ultimate power. There was simply no way in. He studied the environment. He had of course discovered that the compassionate fool High Lord Loric had not killed the Viles and Demondim. He had transported them to this land underneath Valyria powered by the Blood of the Earth. It was this magical font that had given birth to the Viles in the Land.

Herem understood the logic. High Lord Loric’s compassion would be to his benefit here in Essos. Or so the Raver had thought smugly. When he approached the Viles and the Demondim with his new formed lies he had been confident of his success.

That was not what occurred. It seemed they had not forgotten or forgiven the Ravers for their lies of the past. Both races had fallen on the Raver with their full fury and remembered hate. He had fled but not quick enough. They had fallen on him like Caerroll Wildwood. They tore his spirit apart and scorched him with agony. They had alit his very soul with fire. Every particle of being scorched.

They could not kill him but they scalded his very soul. It took him nearly seven-five years to recover from his ordeal. That debacle had caused Raver Herem to rethink his plans. He could accomplish no more by trying to work with the Valyrians. Their magic was impotent against barriers raised by Amok.

He had been stopped. The Viles being incorporeal could grant him access but he had learned a great fear of them. He had then turned his attention to the Yazloo. After his hateful treatment by the Viles and Demondim the Raver had avoided all the beings both corporal and incorporeal underneath Valyria who hailed from the Land.

Now the Raver studied the Yazloo and tried to make contact with them to see if they could be corrupted. They did not have experience with him or his kind. Herem had seen that the Yazloo and the Viles did not interact. He hoped to seduce them.

Only he had not. They had not been immune to his blandishments and lies. They had simply ignored him. It was not a matter of them not listening to him. They simply did not even notice him. He had raged and fumed but he was powerless against such beings.

He observed them over the centuries and made a discovery that led him to hope. The Yazloo moved though solid rock easily. Even the Viles could not do that. The Yazloo did this my temporarily making the rock incorporeal. The rock became like onto mist. This affect would last for several days. He merely had to wait.

For centuries he had waited. Then four hundred years ago a Yazloo had passed through from tunnels the Valyrians had access to and travelled down through the chambers of the Earth to the Blood of the Earth. He had hurried to the current leader of Valyria.

He had led the Queen of Valyria to the font of the Blood of the Earth. Raver Herem had stood beside the body of the Queen. She was tall and regal and filled with their magical might. She gladly had fallen for his whispers of supreme power. Little did she know once she drank the Blood of the Earth the Raver would slay her soul and take her power unto himself.
She had drunk the Blood of the Earth. Her body filled with red fire that coursed up and down her body and limbs. The pure magic of the Earth surging in her veins. She needed to speak her command immediately or the supremely powerful magic would consume her body. Herem whispered in her ear the command to make as he slipped into her body finally powerful enough with the mist of the Blood of the Earth in the air to conquer her flesh. He had exalted as she spoke the words that would make him supreme.

“Make me a God!” the woman’s lips had spoken

He had made a crucial mistake. You can only make one command and had not fully thought through his desires. The Queen of Valyria had become a God in that moment but with a mortal body. The consequences had been devastating. She had the power of a God but not the body to contain it.

The body had exploded with the force of a true God. Valyria was still exploding four hundred years later.

The force of the cataclysmic detonation of the erstwhile God had again nearly slain the Raver. Again the breaking of the Laws of Life and Death had saved him. It had taken him nearly four hundred years to reconstitute his being and awareness.

The explosion had torn the Earth apart and ripped it asunder. He had both lost and gained. He now had possession of a flake the precious brother of the Illearth Stone. The Demon Stone would in time be his. He would conquer this world with it and the army his current master was raising from its power would be his. Eventually all would be his and also his brothers. The Ravers had been servants long enough.

Valyria would be the seat of their power. The rest of the world would be controlled by them from here. From this ruined land. Where Lord Foul had desired to destroy the world to escape it the brothers three merely wanted to conquer it and torment the life in it.

He moved deeper into the wastes of Valyria. He needed to avoid the “Smoking Sea” that had become a brackish wild landscape. A land that teemed with twisted marsh life. The Blood of the Earth and the released filth of the ur-vile’s magical offal pits form the explosion of Valyria had created a new Sarangrave Flats that had its own Lurker. The hated Horrin Carabal had somehow connected with his newborn brother and infused him with magic and knowledge to resist the Raver. He would have his revenge for this affront!

The raver moved deeper into the high mountain ravines. He pulled a magical cloak over himself as Forestal Elena passed him to the East her senses seeking him out. He felt her ancient hatred for him as she moved on. With only his flake of the Demon Stone he was not as mighty as the Forestal. That would change one day into the future.

One day soon he would kill her.

Ur-viles :: The two supreme Loremasters walked down the warrens in their subterranean world. They barked at each other discussing the past and portents for the future as was their wont. Ur-viles always thought and conversed on the past, present and future concurrently. Their consciousness embraced all three at once.

They walked into a large cavern that had many of their brothers working and conversing on their Wyrd. Their barks discordant and medium pitched. In the cavern their ur-vile barks were interspersed with the higher pitched barks of their smaller brethren the Waynhim. Their barks blending in counterpoint to the Ur-viles as the smaller grey colored version of the Demondim spawn
barked out their Weird.

The two races once at war now lived in peace and harmony. The supreme Loremasters saw a group of Ur-viles jumping up and down twisting their bodies. They barked and bayed at the chitterling Waynhim that were themselves jumping wildly and running on all fours barking wildly. The two spawns of the Viles and in turn the Demondim argued and debated the ethics of their destinies as they expressed themselves on their Wyrd and Weird.

To those not of their races one would think they were about to go to war with each other. The black and grey bodies pressed up to each other their faces near each other. The two races barking furiously at each other. The creatures screaming at each other and bumping into their antagonists. The cavern was filled with confrontations. Their nostrils blowing their mucus all over each other’s faces.

Much information was passed between the races and the individuals within their races with this mucus spray. The droplets containing particles of their essence that helped them to communicate and to give balm and solace to each other.

When it seemed like blows were about to be exchanged the Demondim spawn would suddenly stop arguing with each other and then seemingly start attacking their own race with equal if not greater vigor. The contest of wills and thoughts constantly morphing and ever changing. Their Wyrd and Weird constantly changing as the Ur-viles and Waynhym themselves changed with new knowledge and insights.

All was at peace and as it should be.

The ur-viles when they had arrived below Valyria in the deep warrens had been few in numbers. They had been placed there by Esmer. He had gathered a small group that still lived deep beneath Mount Thunder following their own interpretation of their Wyrd. Their grandsires the Viles had been shocked at their sudden appearance. The few surviving Demondim had long left for parts unknown even to their fathers the Viles.

The Viles had given them the raw materials and magical elixir to again begin breeding and raising new brothers. The Ur-viles had been thankful to their grandsires for their largesse.

The Ur-viles had determined to raise up their once hated Waynhim again. Before it had been compulsion to breed the Waynhim that they could not fight. Now it was a strong desire to have their brothers with them in this new land. The creations when they rose from the pits had felt instinctive fear. The newborn Waynhyn shaking in cold and fear. The Ur-viles tried to provide succor but failed. It was then that the Ur-viles realized their dilemma. They had no knowledge of the Weird of the Waynhim. The new offspring were lost and fading. The Ur-viles had been greatly distressed.

They went to the Viles and begged succor. The Viles had sent a message to Linda Avery and Infelice. The next day the two women came to them with several Rhysh of Waynhim. The new arrivals had arrived in their fighting wedges.

Where the two powerful women had found their lost cousins the Ur-viles had no idea. It did not matter. All that mattered was that they were once more complete in their Wyrd.

The newly brought Waynhim were stunned when their darker taller brothers dropped their staves rendering themselves weak. They were even more shocked when the Ur-viles embraced them with open arms and wetly kissed their foreheads with their nostrils in a showing of friendship and respect. In their own way they loved their smaller brothers.

In time, both of their numbers increased though slowly. They did not desire to move beyond the
depths of their world. That had changed when the Raver exploded Valyria and disrupted their peace and quiet.

The Ur-viles were always the more martial of the two races and had gladly gone to fight for the Dragon Queen and would do so again.

In the past the Ur-viles had breed Vain to be the anchor for the new Staff of Law and created the manacles to bind Esmer so he could be killed by Stave. They had modified them to allow Missandei to imprison and kill She Who Must Not Be Named.

For this age it, was the Waynhim that would create the necessary succor. The Loremasters entered into a large cavern that had large carbuncles of rocklight that blazed in a bright red hue that had been magically enhanced and the light bent to serve their purposes. The Loremasters walked among the rows.

The Waynhim in the massive cavern barked and whined. Many of them in the cavern were running up and down the rows to seeming no purpose with others wildly jumping over the rows. The ur-viles looked up with their nostrils and ears and spied their smaller brothers running up along the ceiling stalactites barking and baying. Waynhim below on the ground mirrored the movements above jumping form stalagmites to stalagmites in time with jumping Waynhim among the Stalactites. Several Waynhim were jumping from rocky protrusion to protrusion and swinging around on their long arms all the while wildly barking to all that would listen.

As these Waynhim argued and conversed they had other Waynhim tending to their plots giving water and nutrients to their sacred project. Their staves jammed into artificial loam and dirt working the soil to the proper PH levels and giving the dirt the metals necessary for life.

The Waynhim were working in peace. All was going well. The Loremasters moved out of the large cavern that housed their gift for this age. The work had been proceeding for nearly a century now. The work slowly coming of age. It was a gift of restoration that the two races of the Demondim spawn hoped to achieve.

They traveled down to the breeding warrens. There the Supreme Loremasters watched other Loremasters working their staves and rods in vats of magical elixir. They would stir their implements and chant adding more magical ether to the vats as needed. They would bark at each other stridently and bump shoulders jostling each other. At times Ur-viles would stop their work and pull back from the vats. As they argued violently other brethren would rush in to take up their work. Each vat had three or four Loremaster working diligently when not fighting with each other.

The creation of their offspring was long and laborious work. They had long ago perfected their breeding no longer having failed births that they cast into their offal pits. It was from these failures that the Jheherrin had been born. The Ur-viles had come to see that his had been an abomination. They would never again create misbegotten life and then cast it aside without thought.

The Ur-viles had kept their breeding level for many thousands of years at a low pace. They kept their population under control. They had numbers that filled their environment but did not tax it. They could not understand why humans sometimes reproduced beyond their environment’s ability to support their numbers.

They had surged their birth rate over four years ago to replace their brothers killed in service to the Dragon Queen. They had increased their numbers and those of the Waynhim. War was coming. They heard a loud commotion in the back of the birth warrens. They hurried over on all fours and rose up.
Four Loremasters were jumping wildly around a birthing vat. They had their staves pounding the vat edges while their raucous barks filled the chamber. At seeming random red ichor would drip into the vat from one staff or another. The other Loremasters joined in barking the excitement level rising. Now ur-viles were chasing each other nipping at heels and doing twirling jumps.

A new birth never failed to excite them.

A rhysh of Waynhim rushed in and lined the birthing vat. A newborn Waynhim slowly rose up out of the vat on shaky legs and began chitterling, shaking with cold. It was pulled out gently by its brothers and they wetly kissed it with their nostrils and rubbed its limbs and torso giving it warmth and knowledge of its Weird. The Loremasters had all paused to see the new birth and barked loudly many doing flips in the air.

The Waynhim passed the Loremasters that had given birth to its new brother and kissed the ur-viles’ faces in fealty and love. The Rhysh took its new member from the birthing chamber.

The Loremasters left the birthing chambers teeming with life. They determined that bringing forth new life was indeed good. They would never again follow the way of despite. Their Wyrd had taught them that.

**Viles**:: The Vile slowly moved through the ruins of Tyria. She was alone in her journeys as she always was. The Vile was more adventuresome than most of her peers. Most cherished their introspection. The Vile loved to explore the world above and see what had once been. Valyria had once been a wonder to the world. True, all Viles were alone in their thoughts and efforts and yet all were connected in thought and deed.

The Vile looked at the ruins with sight that no mortal of physical flesh could see. What she saw was the shattered remains that had once been a mighty city. A city brought low by greed and avarice. The Vile felt no rancor. Had the Viles not brought themselves low with thoughts not lofty and noble as they were at their birth? How had they gone so wrong? How had they been so easily led astray? What did it matter that she had no body? Yet it had once seemed so crucial and so despicable to not have a corporal form.

The Vile wafted between shattered buildings looking at the mosaics depicting the gaiety of life. Frescos portrayed the fealty of family and the wonders of children. The walls now were broken and roof tops lying askance against building walls. Wild vines covered many of the ruins.

This city had once been **Dārōñe Gaomilaksir Rūkluni Ėta Guēsin** “The Royal gardens of Flowers and Trees”. The nobles coming here to enjoy the riots of color of the flowers and the cool shade of the many stands of firs, cedars, oaks, maples and many other species of trees. All dead. All gone. The Vile felt gnats and dragonflies chasing them flit though its essence. There was still some life here.

The volcanos that tore at the heart of Valyria did not explode as regular in this part of the old Freehold. It had been fifty-seven years since the two volcanos nearby had exploded. They rumbled and spewed ash into the air but did not burst forth with poisonous gas or scalding flows of magma down their flanks.

It drifted through the shattered atriums and looked at reflections of its essence in the shards of clear reflective glass. Its midnight ether rippled and chimed blackly with the notes of its being. The Vile moved on its music discordant and yet strangely melodic to the few birds chasing insects or picking for scratch on the ground. A squirrel stopped and looked at the strange cloud that moved along the ground and not the sky. It had seen her shadow several times drifting aimlessly over the ground.
The Vile had visited these lands when they were alive hiding its essence from the Valyrians. It did not miss them. They were a cruel and despotic race. Only their works and children had inspired her thoughts. Children still innocent before they were taught to be cruel.

It had been the children and the edifices that the Valyrians rose up that had attracted the Vile. In many ways the constructs of the Valyrians rivaled the ones she and her kind had created in their subterranean home.

The Valyrians and Vales were a cautionary tale. They too had been seduced by a Raver. The Viles would not make that mistake again. She felt Elena Wildwood coming towards her. She remembered a past encounter and fled to her home deep underneath the ruins of Valyria. That encounter had led to a battle had shattered a whole long valley. The Vale did not want another war with the Forestal.

As she went back to her warrens through the tunnels beneath the mountains of Valyria she remembered the battle between her sisters and Caerrol Wildwood. For a day and a night the battle had raged up and down that long valley. The war had been total and complete. No quarter was given. They and the Forestal had been pledged to life and fealty had instead obliterated all life in that valley. The Forestal who had once been a he but was now a her had fought them to a standstill. Now she was even more powerful.

That day had been the day of their final and total corruption. They had fallen further and further till Loric Vilesilencer had come upon them in their warrens of old. He confronted both them and their sons the Demondim and defeated them with Krill. He had spent four hundred years perfecting his weapon and it had worked. They had thought him foolish for coming to their realm with only a paltry physical weapon.

That was till he had pulled his Krill from its scabbard. Their defeat had been swift and total. Only they had not been killed by the victor.

Instead of death, Loric had translocated them to this new home nearly sixty-five thousand years ago. He had created the Soulbiter and Soulchusher to forever seal the Viles and Demondim from their former homes. The storms violent against all magic it recognized but especially for them and the Demondim. They would have been pulverized and ripped apart if they tried to journey south to return to the Land.

The two magical storms would know of their coming and block and defeat them. It was a certainty.

The Vile went to the Warrenbridge they had constructed to mimic their old one. She went to the guardian barrier and looked at the ever changing threads looking for the one mystical thread that allowed entry. She touched it with her mind and entered her abode. Her race was still impressed that Linda Avery had found the one thread out of millions to allow her entry into their ancient home in the warrens underneath Mount Thunder. They had used the same key with a few safeguards with the arrival of the Raver to this land.

The Vile now passed sisters in the tunnels and chambers of its home. She went into the chamber they had created of the moment when Loric used the Krill to silence their evil and give them a second chance at life and purpose. The viles never forgot that he could have easily killed them instead of showing them the mercy they had forgotten. She moved around the still moment in time again thanking Loric for her life.

She had been among the first of the Viles to be seduced by the Ravers. The shame still haunted her.

Next she flowed into the room where they had recreated the throne room of Doriendor Corishev. The seat of power of the king who opposed Berek Heartthew. It had been a thing of beauty no
matter that the man fell into evil. The Viles only now understood this was metaphor of their own downfall. The Viles had still been a lofty race when they visited that room and were forever impressed with the beauty and magic in that room.

Their wonder had been so great they had felt the need to recreate it in their home. They could visit the mirror of that long lost throne room whenever they felt the need to feel the wonder they had felt that day in that room of magic and purity.

All of it gone. The King corrupted by Ravers as they had been. So much had been lost. She would never make those mistakes again.

Linda Avery had melted their old vision so they had recreated it. Her sacrifice had led to the release of She Who Must Not Be Named but also the imprisonment of Lord Foul so it had been worth the destruction of their first masterpiece. She moved between the waterfall that flowed up and the chandelier that was both there and not there. The beautiful crystal on the tables and the beautifully carved wood furniture that formed scenes and patterns they still debated.

She felt the presence of a sister nearby. She continued to contemplate the waterfall. It was truly beautiful. She saw so many possibilities in it. Possibilities that only she seemed to see. Her sister did not understand her she feared. She sighed her essence rippling with musical notes. She had learned the lessons of the past. Had any of her sisters?

“She has returned.”

“Yes.”

“She will hunt us down and confront us.”

“You are mistaken as you were in that valley so many centuries ago. I was as mistaken as you then. I have grown since then. We are more than the Ravers said. We must not go down that path again.”

“No. the Forestal will not forgive. It is his kind’s way to not forgive.”

“This is not Caerroil Wildwood. He too has forgiven. This new Forestal seeks a new path. Why else leave her ancient home? Elena Covenant has other goals. Our past battle means nothing to her.”

The Vale felt her sister’s disdain for her pronouncement. “We shall see. She Who Must Not Be Named will kill us and the world.”

“No. She has other goals now. She is dangerous but manageable. She is enamored.”

“Enamored?”

“You have not the notes or tunes to understand yet sister.”

“You have always been the most arrogant of our kind sister.”

“Yes. I do not deny it. I will not repeat the mistakes of the past. We must learn to trust I deem.”

“Like with Linden Avery? We all remember how that transpired. That day led to our eventual fall I remind you.”

“She tried to help us. The fault lay in us.”

“Are you sure?”
“Yes.”

She felt her sister’s inner doubt and consternation. Her sister confused still after so many years. She had not grown such as she had.

Her sister who was within her and never a part of her moved on.

Great times were about to occur. The Blood of the Earth must be restored to its proper channel.

The Dragon Queen was coming.

**Yazloo** :: The conclave was a vibrant and noisy affair. No sounds were produced but the riots of purple and gold strobes that filled the Vespers Chamber would be blinding to any mortal eyes. The lights of their thoughts strobed bright in the dark and were then gone. The notes vertical bars of various lengths rippling the air and seeming to vibrate though they had no substance. The notes at times overlapping each other with the various thoughts of individuals. The Yazloo had gathered to again debate the merits of the time and whether to break their vow of solitude.

Solitude had always been the provenance of the Yazloo. Some clambered it was time to shed that isolation like the butterfly emerging from its cocoon. Something new and different.

The Viles had perplexed and baffled them since their arrival so many millennium ago. Time for the Yazloo had no beginning or end. The Viles were spiritual beings like the Yazloo were. They were not linear beings. They had no beginning or no end. They simply were. The Yazloo never understood the Viles fascination with linear corporal beings. The Viles and Yazloo had no beginning or end to their lives. The natural spans of their lives were infinite. Each of their races had all of eternity or until the planet ceased to exist to contemplate their world and more importantly, themselves.

They had been shocked to learn from the Viles with their few contacts with them that a weapon could be crafted to kill one such as them. The Viles had touched their core notes and passed on the knowledge of the Krill. They had been terrified. The Yazloo could not fathom that a carbon based lifeform had been able to craft let alone conceive such a weapon as this Krill. They had touched the notes of the Viles. This Krill would unbind them as easily as it could the Viles.

Some of the Viles wanted to bring this terrible thing into their very midst! This could not be allowed. The Yazloo were thankful that only a few Viles shared this lunatic thought that this Krill should be brought to their realm.

What did the Yazloo care if magic was dying in the world of corporal beings? They were their own manifestation of Earthpower like onto the haughty Elohim. Unlike them they did not spend every moment of their existence contemplating only themselves. The Yazloo found their world and their reactions to that world sufficient to take up their time and thoughts. The Yazloo looked upon the world with not wonder but contemplation.

The Yazloo had purpose. Their purpose had no function or interest to interact with any other being but there own. They lived their lives in peace with their dark and fire surroundings. They were one with the nature of their beings.

The Ravers that had brought the Viles low would not have touched them. They had no care for the thoughts or cares of linear corporal beings or the thoughts of other spirits that were not of them. The Raver had tried to communicate with them but they had ignored it. They had no care for any words it could possibly have to say.
The Viles had listened to the Raver and its brethren. Their thoughts on this were filled with rue. The Viles after so many centuries still were sensitive on this subject. The Viles were still unsettled. The Yazloo could not have cared what any other being thought of their existence and their purpose in the world.

The Viles were mighty in spirit but weak in the spiritual the Yazloo had decided. Their essence lacked the purity of complete acceptance of their being. This was not a problem for the Yazloo.

The Viles left entry to their kingdom open to any who could find the key. The Yazloo had no key to their kingdom. Only their kind was welcome to their home and environment. This openness had led High Lord Loric to easily penetrate their realm and defeat them. He would not have gained access to their realm.

The Viles argued that the Yazloo were conceited. Loric would have found a way they told the Yazloo.

The Yazloo found that laughable.

Mortals would never pass through their abode. They would be unimpressed if they did anyways. They created no outwardly manifestations of their Wûrd. Why was there the need? They were the Wûrd of their race. Their existence was all the expression that their Wûrd needed.

The conclave was arguing vociferously about the merits of action and non-action. The land above had been destroyed by the greed that so often afflicted beings made of carbon. They deserved their fate.

The Viles argued that many creatures of magical life would in time die. That magical creatures and man would die did not move them. Had not the supposed “intelligent” corporal beings brought about their own doom? Had not their greed set in motion the cessation of the interment of the Ice Wright King? Let the world be frozen. It was of no concern to them.

The Viles insisted that in time the Ice King would sense and then seek them out and destroy them. This was impossible the Yazloo answered. The Viles always reminded them of the Krill. Anything could have its life strings severed.

The persistent arguments of the Viles had had its effect. The Yazloo were for the first time in their existence fractured as to their course of action. A few had started to argue for intervention. A very small minority of the Yazloo had total faith in this Dragon Queen and her victory over the Ice King. They argued it was necessary and they in turn must help her to restore the Blood of the Earth to its proper channel.

The argument was that without Earthpower in the world the Ice King may be defeated but that he would rise again and again until he finally succeeded in his dreams of total world domination. That in time he would even seek them out for death or enslavement.

This Yazloo was against any intervention. They had no use for linear corporal beings. They would in time kill their world in place. Ruining it with war, pollution an over population. They were like locusts that breed to the point that they destroyed their environments.

The time to make a decision was close at hand. Only with their help and power could the Blood of the Earth be restored to its proper channel and basin. The Blood of the Earth must be distilled and rarified before it was put into the environment of the world.

They would not give that help. Let he world die if it must.
A hazy penumbra surrounded the table deep in the night in the darkened chamber. The ghostly light provided by candles strategically placed on the table. The candles burning like lost stars wavering and whickering in the night. The candles slowly burning down with long drops of melted wax chasing down the stems of the candle seeking their already fled brothers. One candle had recently burned down to the end of the candle and a new one placed on top of the now dead candle. The new candle high and only marked with the beginning streaks of melted wax.

The sound of a quill working across parchment could be heard in the room. The quill working in short starts and pausing as its owner stopped to ponder and calculate. Again the Quill wrote across the fresh parchment in fits and starts. The quill flowing left to right but digressing up and down to make adjustments to what had already been written. The quill lifting from the parchment at times moving over to the ink well. The metal nib dipping into the well. The faint tip tap of the nib on the bottom of the ink well barely heard. This done to work ink up the hollowed out quill. Satisfied the owner removed the quill and resumed writing on the parchment that was the new page in his master ledger.

For long months, Tyrion and Master of Coin, Vedad Softic, had been working on the “books” from the previous Master of Coin. They had science out much of the convoluted history of the financials of Westeros. It had been a sad story in ineptness, chicanery, greed and outright fraud. They had unearthed many highly questionable loans from all the Great Houses except one. Tyrion was looking over all the books and at their journals he and Vedad had made as they worked the books. He was trying to find any new relationships or causalities that may have been hidden still.

He had found false entries in all the Houses except from House Stark of course while the most egregious was his own House of Lannister. Neither one surprised the dwarf.

Sadly, Tyrion had not been surprised by the actions of either House. Of course the great Eddard Stark could not even conceive of being dishonest in such a way. Tyrion had learned to his chagrin the skills the Stark had in him to play the Game of Thrones most expertly. What a strange man Eddard Stark. He had the intelligence, skill and verve to defraud and cheat and been highly successful at it. If had chosen too. He did not.

This could not be said of Tywin Lannister. His father would not be directly involved with the fraud he was discovering which did not surprise Tyrion. His father was too crafty to have any direct links to the graft and corruption from his House. He knew his father would plead innocence. His father only setup the environment that allowed his lieutenants to perform fraud and worse following his edicts and commands. His father always maintained plausible deniable. He had that down to an exacting science.

Tyrion worked the “numbers” slowly coming to the true debt the Iron Throne owed to the Houses of Westeros and more importantly the Iron Bank. The Houses, when presented the “corrected” books he and Vedad Softic had crafted, the Houses had looked aghast and showed the proper amount of shock and chagrin.

Upon closer examination of the “corrected” numbers, what followed was much whining and bleating and then cries of “this is unfair” and “these numbers can’t be right!” The Master of Coin, Master of Laws and Tyrion would then reexamine the books with the House in question and begin back and forth negotiations which eventually led to an agreed to number.

The Queen had left clear instructions with them that she wanted the “true” amount of loans from the
Houses determined and these would be paid off. She would not use her throne to abuse the Houses. She only wanted an honest accounting. Tyrion had to admire his Queen’s fairness but dearly wished he had some leeway to stick it to these miscreants for their tithing misdeeds.

Tyrion looked around at the high stacks of ledgers on his large work table. With their constant removal and put back in their place the once pristine towers were now leaning in haphazard angles. The stones of their foundation no longer aligned and threatening to topple over like abused towers from the Age of Heroes left to decay and falter with the long march of time. As he thought this, several sheaths toppled off a broken tower to waft to the table top adding to the detritus.

While questionable discrepancies had been found a plenty the number of outright frauds that had been discovered were not onerous. These discoveries together had reduced the debt of the Iron Thrones nearly a million gold dragons. That still left a staggering debt. He would go over the books from Casterly Rock yet again. He felt in his dwarf bones that his dear father still had chicanery to be discovered.

Tyrion chewed on the tip of the eagle quill his lips working up the end feathers of the vane. He would open his mouth and take an inch of the feather into his mouth. The dwarf would then clamp his lips on the rachis of the feather. Then he slowly pulled his head back worrying the individual barbs of the feather until he had pulled it out his mouth. Several times the finer barbs of the end of the feather tickling his gums making him curl his lips at the tickling sensation.

Tyrion reached down for the lever to his chair and pulled up. He pushed back from the table and then pushed the lever back down locking the wheels to keep stationary. Tyrion then wiggled forward and stepped onto the movable steps that were set up by the chair. The Queen had had this special chair constructed with a swivel seat that allowed him to move more easily to reach for books and parchment. The chair was made to move about to let him more easily get to and from the table. Tyrion stepped down to the floor.

Tyrion turned and looked at the chair. The Hand of the Queen again touched by the thoughtfulness of his mighty Queen. Never had anyone treated him so fairly and so well. She did not have to do the little touches for him and yet she did. It made him completely loyal to Daenerys Targaryen.

He stretched his legs. He thought more of Dany and how she was so thoughtful and giving. She had seen beds in Lys made to sit low off the ground. The style from Yi Ti. She had found an importer of the style in Kings Landing and taken Tyrion to it. He had fallen in love with the style. He would not have a problem of getting in and out of bed anymore. He went to the bed and sat on it. The covers were immaculate. He found it nice not having to climb a mountain to go to bed.

The lecherous dwarf smiled with an evil smile. He had fucked Shae and her many whores many times in that bed. He loved how the low height allowed him to get on his knees and bend over without much effort to bury his face in sweet pussy. He loved eating pussy! The bed was definitely made strongly. Much DP and TP sex had and was occurring in that bed. Last night he had a sweet Myr former slave in that bed that Shae had brought to his domicile.

He, Bronn and Shae with her 11” strap-on cock had fucked the willing woman long and hard. The three well-endowed dicks banging the Myr slut so hard and deep. Dorysha Sanin had screamed so hard when she cummed with a dick deep up her cunt and asshole. Of course often her wails were blocked with the dick she was sucking on feverishly as she cummed. Sucking her shithole off the dick that had just ravaged her asshole. The last orgasm had Tyrion roaring as he stood in front of the whore on the floor by the edge of his low slung bed.

The bed the perfect height to let Dorysha tilt her head down to suck feverishly on his dickhead as Shae straddled her hips and torpedo fucked her dick straight down the former whore’s up titled
asshole. Bronn beneath Dorysha gripping her hips as he rammed his dick savagely into her drooling fuck hole. The Myr woman groaning so hard as she cummed sucking on Tyrion’s cock that had been plundering her asshole balls deep. Her vacuum sucks making the dwarf lose control as his dick hard spurted in the whore’s mouth making her choke with semen spewing out her lips and down her face and throat.

Shae reaching forward to fist Dorysha’s hair and help her bob fiercely on the cock exploding in her mouth. Bronn screamed out FUCK and slammed his massive thick dick all the way up Dorysha’s cunt sleeve and pierced her womb flooding it with hot jets of his jizm while he screamed in raw almost agonizing pleasure.

Yes such sweet memories. Tonight he was alone with Bronn and Shae in their rooms just down the hall. They were spending more and more time in his apartment. His room coming to seem incomplete without them in room. It seemed kind of dreary now without their bickering with each other and insulting Tyrion which he happily returned. The insults had them always laughing and snickering.

Tyrion knew their insults and affected affronts hid their affection for each other. He had never considered when he was first introduced to the bodyguard and whore that he would come to treasure them so. Their feisty relationships just seemed to fit. He felt his throat choke up a little thinking of the deep feeling he felt for the cantankerous pair. They were sweet in their vile snarly way.

Tyrion smiled thinking of Shae and Bronn. He thanked Dany for sending them to him.

Dany had done even more for him. She had repurposed the area to the left of his chambers. They had been used for storage and one room unused for over a century Varys told him. Now his bodyguards resided there. Tyrion was not really afraid of Cersei (well mostly) but when Daenerys heard this she first found it amusing and second offered to let them reside next to him.

Tyrion grimaced. Word had spread across King’s Landing of his humiliation at the hands of his sister. Bronn and Shae more than happy at a moment’s notice to reenact the whole scene. They of course left nothing to the imagination. His bodyguard and his paramour had trouble still after repeated telling of the sad sordid tale from not laughing their asses off. They would be rolling on the floor or falling off the furniture gasping and nearly throwing up they laughed so hard.

“All you Bronn! Damnit I will fire the two of you. Do you hear me?!” Tyrion roared last night when Olenna asked again for the story when she invited the three of them to her quarters. She had a delegation from the Free Cities visiting and were in her room sitting about waiting anxiously to hear the story from the ‘horses mouths’. She had Jasline and Nathaley sitting on her lap or pressed into her side. They sat wide eyed listening to the tale and seeing it expertly acted out. They were doing that or were busy ramming their tongues down Olenna’s groaning throat and feeling her up with her bodice all undone.

All had laughed uproariously at his expense. Olenna and her teenage lovers finding time when not feeling each other up to laugh at Tyrion with gales of scorn. The delegation from Essos had at first had the decorum to not laugh uproariously at his plight that changed seeing Olenna and her lovers laughing so hard they were gasping for breath.

Shae had reenacted her garroting Tyrion and was happy to portray Tyrion and his squealing and crapping his pants.

He had flipped her off repeatedly. “Har har Shae. I ought to have your hair shorn as in the days of old you fucking whore!”
Had Shae been filled with fear? *Hell no she hadn’t! “Squeee sqquueeeeee ssquueeeeee!”* Shae had squealed to the delight of the crowd. “I shit my pants! Twice!”

Tyrion had fumed and stormed over to the sofa opposite to Olenna. He might as well make his nemesis even happier he reasoned. He sat up on the sofa and had thrown a frothing fit which only amused everyone the more. He made sure to undulate like a deranged snake to entertain everyone. Bronn used his jack in the box insult that caused gales of laughter at his expense. He had made sure to put on a big show of being affronted and highly insulted. In reality he didn’t mind it really. It added spice to his life.

He just wished he could get over on that *Bitch Olenna!* It galled his ass that she always won when they crossed swords! He would have his revenge. Even if he had to wait a century!

Tyrion shook his head of those thoughts. His mind went back to his sister. Gods she had changed so much. He mused as he gnawed on his quill he had brought with him on this change in his sister. She truly had changed. He wondered what meeting her would be like. She seemed to want to meet him some time in the future and apologize face to face for her past treatment of him.

Tyrion could now see just how stunted Cersei had become not being allowed to follow her heart’s desire to be a warrior. It changed everything for his sister. Well that and getting all the pussy she seemed to crave and need from Obara.

The sparrows and moths reporting that Obara was working his prude sister to have a polyamorous open relationship where they could fuck the whole Battleborne Academy female cadets, teachers and officers. Olenna assured Tyrion it was only a matter of time till Cersei would have her face buried in so much pussy her jaw would probably fall off.

Damn Cersei for scoring all that pussy! She hadn’t yet but not because all the damn females of Dorne didn’t want too! He had read the reports of his niece wanting to pork her own mother. His sister! The ungodliness of it all! The sin against the laws of god and men. His damn sister had better put it all in her damn scrolls and fly them to her now dearly loved little brother. *Post haste!* The greedy dwarf couldn’t wait for all the juicy details!

Still, it rankled Tyrion all the pussy Cersei was about to score. Tyrion fumed to himself. He turned his thought back to his backstabbing bodyguards. Gods, they had so happily gone along with Cersei in her prank! Damn them all! *By the gods one day he would get his revenge* on the incompetent pair.

The couple had gladly accepted the offer to move in next door to him. He often had them over for dinner. Just the three of them dining and enjoying each other’s company. He found them witty. Their caustic humor often aimed at him but as often at each other. The couple were not happy it not dissing someone. They also loved to play poker with him. He was always having to give them bonuses to stop their bitching about this or that but won must of it back playing the two in poker. Their faces were like an open book when they read their cards. They were way so easy.

They openly drooled when they scored good cards and looked like they had been constipated for a week when dealt bad cards. Tyrion annihilated them and loved it!

Then after dinner the festivities would begin most often. The whores and Summer Islander sailors arriving as the stewards took away the dishes, glasses and eating utensils. More of the ship crew of the Fortune’s Gambit joining the three tall black women who had blistered his ass to his misery. It really hadn’t been that bad. He smirked as he rubbed his cock through his trousers. He would gladly accept some humiliation if it brought more black pussy his way. Now he had eight! Summer Islander women in his room most nights.
Add in the Valyrian whores from Chataya’s and the Lost Isle of Valyria that specialized in whores from that doomed land and Tyrion had the best of both worlds! He liked to think of it as pepper and salt with every meal! The women were insatiable. They loved fucking the sweet but depraved ‘Chihuahua’. Tyrion grimaced at his nickname but smiled thinking of all the pussy he was scoring!

Gods, those Summer Islanders could fuck and he loved watching them fuck each other and fuck the white skin whores and courtesans that came to Tyrion’s room to fuck the night through. It was so hot to see dark black faces buried in so pale Valyrian pussy and how the Summer Islander sluts moaned eating the Valyrian’s whores out. The Summer Islander loved to play at being marauding pirates boarding all the white sluts. Gods they could fuck with their strap-ons. They made their white bitches scream in gut wrenching long lasting orgasms. The white bitches begging for more ‘boardings’. His room had quite the positive reputation now. He had Shae to thank for that! Yes. A little humiliation was alright.

Tyrion laid back on the bed and looked up at the ceiling he could only barely make out. The timbers roughhewn. He looked at the chops and rough rasp marks on the logs. He contemplated the Iron Bank. Their demand had been finally given. He had received reports from Varys. He had smiled when he heard that Dany and Arya had finally consummated their love. He wondered how the Iron Bank had known.

He remembered their appearance at the small council. Dany had been most upset when their demand for Arya’s services had been made. Dany had thrown one of her famous temper tantrums. She had absolutely refused. Then the Iron Bank had offered to reduce the debt of the Iron Throne by twelve percent. That had made Daenerys go quiet. Arya immediately accepted the challenge. Daenerys fretted and pulled Arya aside. They argued with much hand motions and cries from Daenerys. Tyrion could see that Arya burned to take on the challenge. Daenerys had gotten the reduction in debt to eighteen percent. The Iron Bank had not argued too much. Something definitely had the Iron Bank worried. The Iron Bank never forgave debt. What could it be? He would soon find out.

Tyrion sat up and stretched. He moved over to the low table in the large alcove that Dany had added to his room off the back of the suite. Here the furniture was carved to his stature. Yet another thoughtful gesture from the Queen. On the table was a spread of fresh fruit and a cooked pheasant that he plucked off chunks of succulent meat. He sat down on a chair sized for him. He tore off chunks of fresh bread and washed them down with a strong malt. He finished his meal with cherries and an orange.

His repast finished Tyrion got up and went to the table of the Hand and got back up in his chair rolling it forward and locking its legs down. He resumed his ledger work finalizing the initial repayment plan to the Iron Bank. He had many schedules of debt repayment to work through. While he worked the numbers he contemplated the journey they would be making to Braavos.

He and Arya had decided on their team members. They had yet to tell Daenerys of their plans. He had convinced Arya that she needed a team to support her efforts. The Iron Bank was up to something and she would need support.

He had been communicating with Missandei by raven as she had travelled north and then upon her arrival at Winterfell. The correspondence that needed to go to Daenerys was passed on. The formation of the strike team to go to Essos was still held close to the vest so to speak. He feared that Dany would think that only warriors were needed and not those whose skills were more of the cerebral manner. He and Missandei would beg to differ. Braavos was a labyrinth of twisted interconnections and hidden byzantine layers that one had to carefully navigate if you were to be successful. That was where he and Missandei would come in.
Tyrion thought and Missandei concurred that their team would be a good mix of intel and fighters. He and Missandei would be the brains of the mission. He smirked thinking that. All were crafty but the others were more action orientated. The muscle would be Arya, Syrio, Bronn and Shae. Shae had to come of course. Bronn and Shae were inseparable even if they spent all their time spiting each other. He was thinking of adding another pair of warriors but hesitated. He would cogitate over it a little more.

At the last minute he had decided to bring Strong Belwas when he nearly broke down and cried in being excluded. How he found out about the mission he had no idea not being up at Winterfell and now on the King’s Road heading to the Wall. Missandei said he pouted throwing out his lower lip. Missandei wouldn’t say how he eunuch found bout but Tyrion suspected she told him not realizing how he would take the news. Tyrion marveled at how a fierce warrior like Belwas could be such a cry baby when he felt left out.

“I want to play in Braavos!” Belwas had whined and blubbered till Missandei said he could come.

Tyrion just hoped the man could somehow blend in. He had a unique physique and his childlike nature might be a hindrance but he was a supreme warrior.

He reached to dip his quill in the ink well. He froze in mid motion. His eyes grew large and his balls instantly pulling back in his scrotum. His breathing had frozen.

Tyrion dared not move feeling a slender blade against his throat and his hair fisted by a hand unseen. The blade nearly bit into his throat. Not again he wildly thought! He felt a breath by his ear. Tyrion was immobilized with fright. The hand in his hair tightened and the feel of very sharp steel against his throat kept Tyrion rigid and unmoving. How had the assassin gotten in the room? The door was locked!

One never knew when Cersei might revert and pay her sweet beloved brother a visit!

“If I release, you will you not sound the alarm? If you even start the attempt I will free your head from your shoulders” the disembodied spoke in his ear. It was male. It wasn’t Cersei. Tyrion kept fearing she might realize she was supposed to be a half crazed bitch and seek revenge on her sweetest of brothers. He knew he had a chance now. He would reason with his assassin. He hoped!

Tyrion very carefully gulped and then whispered making sure to not work his throat over much against the thin blade on his throat. “I will not raise the alarm” Tyrion whispered. He felt sweat bead on his forehead and upper lip. The hand and blade left his body.

The blade and a man appeared to his right. He saw that he was dressed in the general garb of Westeros. He had expected some kind of exotic garb for some reason. Weren’t assassins supposed to wear exotic garb? This man was dressed mundanely. Tyrion watched the man move with a gazelle like grace. The man made no noise with his movements like a ghost walking a graveyard.

Tyrion watched the man pull out a chair and sat down placing his weapon down on the table. Again no sound. This man was a master assassin Tyrion knew. He was hyper alert though he tried to appear outwardly calm. The sword was of a type Tyrion had not seen before. It was a slightly curved, slender, single-edged blade with a circular guard and long grip to accommodate two hands. The blade about twenty-eight inches long Tyrion estimated. He noticed the blade appeared layered as the metal had been folded over and over. He knew this blade was exquisitely crafted with many hours used in its formation.

The man studied Tyrion. He had the general features of Westeros but his eyes had a slight almond
caste to them. The man’s skin was slightly dusky like men from the Southern Reach of Highgarden. Tyrion observed an air of calmness about the stranger, a sense of inner calm. His light brown eyes looked at Tyrion with calculation.

They sat in silence for several minutes. Tyrion desperately wanted to jump down and run to the door and scream for help. He controlled the silly and deadly impulse. This man would cut him down in a flash. Tyrion wondered how this man had been able to sneak into his room unnoticed by Tyrion. The man had passed all the guards that patrolled the halls and grounds. Guards that would have to be increased Tyrion thought as he eyed the man.

Not only that, he had locked the door. It was simple good sense. He was the Hand of the Queen. Intelligence reported that forces were gathering in both Westeros and Essos to oppose the Queen. Then there was the fact that Cersei might change at any moment. Tyrion stopped his thoughts. Cersei really had changed but he could not get out of the habit of baiting his sister in his mind. He had learned to his complete humiliation to not try and cross words with his dear beloved sister. His false garroting had taught him that lesson!

No, he had to worry with the real thing occurring!

“I would speak with you little man” the assassin finally spoke to Tyrion.

“My name is Tyrion good killer. You have me at a disadvantage I must say.”

The man studied him quietly. “My name is Kwai Chang Crane. I have come a long way to talk to you Tyrion. I had feared to come into the august presence of the awe inspiring, august martial arts master of House Lannister. Your boasts claim you are a most fearsome warrior of banty roosters and sumo wrestlers.”

A sharp grimace crossed Tyrion’s face. Damn Olenna! Tyrion locked down on his ire. Now was not the time to ruminate on his past supposed failures. “Funny. I thought you had come to threaten me”

The man snorted. “Yes, I guess I have. I have need to talk to the Hand of Daenerys Targaryen. You are about to undertake a mission for the Iron Bank in Braavos. I have come to warn you. You are about to step into a hornet’s nest.”

How had he known of this! Tyrion thought to himself keeping his face neutral. The plans still nascent and only between him, Olenna and Missandei. He trusted those two women with his life.

“And why would you care what dangerous situation I am about to step in. You were just threatening to part my lovely head from my shoulders.”

“For a dwarf you are very impertinent aren’t you Lion of Lannister” the assassin spoke with a saccharin voice.

Tyrion blushed at the nickname he liked to use when bedding whores. Did the man know this? In fact, how did this man know so much about him?

“Why are you so interested in what I will do in Braavos? I hear they have wonderful heated pools with mineral water said to help improve the circulation. My limbs have been feeling stiff lately.”

The man snorted. “You never stop do you?”

Tyrion smiled. “What kind of blade is that?” Tyrion asked pointing at the sword.
“It is a Katana. It belonged to my grandfather, then it passed to my mother before me and now I possess it. I am a member of the Homeless Samurai.”

Tyrion rolled the name on his tongue. “I would assume by the names you use you are from Yi Ti. Homeless? I wonder why?”

“Yes. Our base is in that land but our operatives roam the world of Essos and now Westeros making sure no one order becomes too powerful. We have no home or allegiance to any house or entity. Our service is to the common good.”

“Like you did the slave cities? You seem lacking.”

The man sighed. “The Slave cities controlled themselves. Also, they predate our formation by thousands of years. We are few. We can only limit not control. We tempered the worst of their actions. We guided the Slave Cities to govern themselves with their greed and avarice. Your Queen has removed those check and balances. A great vacuum has been created and many forces are rushing into the vacuum to welcome a new order.”

“The Iron Bank has need of you to help in their battle with these new rising factions. They cannot be allowed to achieve the power they wish. They all wish to become something new and subtly insidious. They want to become a force that knows no boundaries or heeds no government.”

“Also, the House of Black and White has begun to rebel against their partner the Iron Bank. They have begun to refuse contracts from their supposed masters. That is an almost unforgivable sin. Conflict will arise from this.”

“It is this you must now allow. You must help to restore balance. Nature abhors a vacuum. In its rush to fill it great harm may occur.”

“How can we be so important when compared to these mighty forces? We will be but a few. Strangers in a strange land.”

“You are a most clever and devious man Tyrion Lannister. We are very thankful that you do not run the Iron bank, Oligarch or Autarchy. These three major power brokers are all vying for supremacy. The large criminal organizations are also at play. Other lesser players seek to topple the great and take their place. They seek to align themselves to the powers they perceive as winners and to graft and corrupt what they can for their own benefit and profit. Other lesser players are striving to find partners and are increasing their power. All want to be major players in this new world your Dragon Queen has set in motion.”

“The Landless Lords of the free cities are in touch with your Cabal of the Phantom King as they seek to thwart your mission. This has upset the The Godless Tong of my land and now they too are sending emissaries to Braavos to make sure the other underworld factions do not become predominate.”

“All will be wary of your presence and will probably seek to eliminate you. I do assume you will be bringing protection with you little man. You will need it.”

Tyrion considered not answering but reconsidered. This man could have easily killed him if he wanted. Still could. His death was not this man’s mission.

“I will be taking men and women with me who are very deadly. Maybe take care of a Homeless Samurai or two for me.”

Hahaha! The man laughed. “Maybe. I assume Syrio Forel will be going with you and the Queen’s
love? The man asked.

Tyrion was impressed with how fast word spread. There were definitely spies unaccounted for. He was sure Varys, Olenna and himself had accounted for all. They had been mistaken. “Yes they are coming with me. You seem to know an awful lot of what goes on a world away.”

“We need to stay current of events across the continents. We agree with the inclusion of these two for they are most deadly. Syrio was and is the best First Blade of Braavos that the city has ever had. None can stand against his skill and cunning; none but his disciple and protégée Arya Stark. We have watched and waited for her awakening for many years. It had been foretold and now it is here. Both are most deadly. Together they are death personified. The Iron Bank calculated you would bring additional muscle. Will there be more warriors?” the man stated.

“I will be bringing three more most definitely and maybe a few more. I want to keep our party small. All are deadly assassins or mighty warriors in their own right.” Well, Shae was a whore but she had subdued those damn Sumo wrestlers well enough.

“Will you be bringing any intelligence types but your own august regal self?”

Tyrion glared at the man. The words were sweet but the tone was sardonic. “I will be bringing Missandei with me too”

A pleased look crossed the man’s face. “Excellent. Most excellent. She is quite brilliant. Also it is she who will garrote She Who Must Not Be Named. Tell Missandei to memorize this name Diassomer Mininderain. Repeat this name. The life of the Earth depends on it.”

Tyrion repeated the name several times getting the syllable stressors right. Who in the hell was this She Who Must Not Be Named? How a woman with a name like that had anything to do with Missandei, Tyrion wondered? With a name like that he did not want to meet this ‘woman’.

“Right. That is how the name is said. This must be spoken precisely when the time comes.”

“When is that?”

“I don’t know but Missandei will know. Tell her use this name when the time is right.”

“And if she fails?”

“All human life will be exterminated and in a most violent way. It is in her nature.”

“This She Who Must Not Be Named?”

“Yes. She escaped her prison long ago but has returned.”

“What was her prison?”

“The Earth.”

Tyrion gulped. What was he getting himself into?

“Do we know what this woman looks like?”

“All who have seen her have died in one form or another. Therefore, no one knows her appearance. The legends say she was a green nebulous cloud locked underground in a bottomless pit for countless centuries. She hates all life; especially male life. Men she kills immediately and women she absorbers into herself and fills them with anger, self-loathing, fear and the pain she feels within
herself. It is said that this cloud has the tormented faces of all the women she has consumed.”

“She Who Must Not Be Named cannot be permitted to live. Missandei will find a way to kill this blight to all life.”

“You really know how to make one anxious to undertake a mission I must say my Lost Samurai.”

The woman was probably eight feet tall and ugly as hell Tyrion thought to himself. Maybe a Brienne times two or something.

The man laughed again. He looked at Tyrion. “I like you Hand of the Queen. When you get to Braavos you must meet the man you are being sent to kill. He will know of this by the time you arrive of course. You must meet Jaqen H'ghar leader of the Faceless men and make alliance with him before he kills you. Not only will he be seeking your death but probably every other faction of the mighty corporations and underworld crime syndicates.”

“It is their orders they want to be ascendant in this new world that Deanery’s Targaryen has birthed with her destruction of the Slave Cities and cowing of the Free Cities. This woman is what Valyria should have become from the start. Whatever it is that darkened their hearts she is free of. She is the purified scion of Valyria.”

“You must become allies with the leader of the House of Black and White and work to curtail these influencers. Together you can help build a better world order. Peace and prosperity for all rests on your shoulders Tyrion and those going with you.”

The man suddenly stood up gripping his sword. In a fluid motion he picked up his blade with his right hand. All the lanterns on their hooks went out. The fireplace fire suddenly dimmed and went out. Only the candles on his desk still provided illumination in his room. The man now looked like some ghoul from a childhood fable meant to scare the child into obedience.

Tyrion cried out in terror watching the man swing his sword faster than the eye could perceive. Tyrion fully expected to feel his head go flying through the air to land on the floor and roll like a playground ball. The room went dark with the man cutting all the candles down with elegant grace in the space of a heartbeat. Tyrion was trapped in this dark room with an assassin. No matter how mild mannered he had seemed the man was still a killer!

“Help!” Tyrion hated the weak squeak he heard escape from his lips. He fell over back into his chair seat. His heart beating like a war drum in his chest threatening to burst free. He felt terror grip his heart. He looked around but saw nothing. The darkness was complete. He cocked his head but heard nothing either. His eyes were like saucers but he could see nothing in the darkness.

He got up on knees that wobbled and promptly stumbled off his platform around his chair and landed on his knees and then his face. “Owch! Godsdamnit! Help help help!” Tyrion cried out stumbling and tripping over to his door. He fumbled grasping blindly for the door handle and cursed groping around. The killer was still in the room. He looked back behind himself his head rotating like a top but he saw and heard nothing.

Finally in desperation he found the lever. He twisted the lock. It was still in the locked position. He opened his door and slammed it shut behind him trapping his killer in his room. He took the key out of his pocket and locked it from the outside. He sagged back against the door.

Tyrion looked wild eyed down the corridor to his left and right and took off for the first door on his left. His little legs had him fast waddle to it and slammed it open. Tyrion stumbled into the room gasping.
Tyrion saw that his bodyguard was sitting in front of the fire. Bronn turned from the book he was looking through enjoying the paintings of long ago castles, knights and maidens. He was turning the book upside down to look at the current painting of a young maid as if that might make her dress fall up and show her charms.

Shae was building a house of cards that had reached ten levels high. Her concentration on starting the eleventh level. Her hand moving very slowly to add the next card. She had her tongue sticking out the corner of her mouth and her eyes squint in her efforts.

Bonn started to turn towards Tyrion “You hear to pork my whore Imp? You wil—“ Bronn stopped seeing the distress on his employers face.

“Help! Assassin in my room! He cut all the candles—no light!” Tyrion gasped out.

Bonn bolted out of his seat and reached to the hearth and gripped his scarab pulling his broadsword out. He marched to the door. Tyrion loved heaping abuse on Bronn about his acumen and skills but at times like this he knew he was very lucky to have him as his personal body guard. The man truly was a killer. A killer in his employee! Thank the gods!

“Get that oil lamp Tyrion and bring it.” Bronn barked at the Hand pointing to a large lantern glowing bright on the small table beside their bed. Tyrion did not mind the harsh command. His life needed saving! Bronn was all business and that business was saving Tyrion!

It was only then that Tyrion noticed Shae stepping in behind her lover with two seeming sickles. One with a folded chain she had griped in her right hand. He stared at the whore as she got off of Bronn left shoulder. *What is this?* Tyrion wondered to himself. Tyrion was not a warrior but had been surrounded by them since his allegiance with Daenerys Targaryen. He had observed them enough times over the last eighteen months to know competence with weapons. That was what Tyrion saw now looking at with Shae.

They marched down to Tyrion’s door with the dwarf in the rear. He reasoned he was protecting their rear. It was probably the most dangerous spot. Guarding against surprise attack and all that. Tyrion kept looking around trying to not piss himself. They reached the door to his rooms. He scooted up to get close to Bronn and Shae.

“Tyrion when we enter do not immediately follow” Bronn turned his head to speak to Tyrion. “Wait till we give you the order. Understand? Wait to come in to provide illumination.” Tyrion nodded yes. Tyrion noticed that Bronn was using his name and not as an insult. This was indeed serious! Bronn reached down to squeeze his shoulder reassuringly.

Bonn turned to Shae “Ready?”

Tyrion stared at this interaction. *What was that for?* She wasn’t going to go into the room too was she?

A very serious looking Shae nodded yes. She was down in a serious looking crouch. She dropped the chain of her Kusarigama and started to work her wrist making the ball and chain work tilted circles in front of her; first right and then left back and forth. The ball and chain started to whistle as it whirled in the air invisible it was spinning so fast.

Tyrion’s mouth fell open. Associations were made in Tyrion’s brain synapsis. Shae easily catching chickens out of the air and flipping over to twist their heads off spinning their bodies. Her expert garroting of his svelte neck with the Hand chain he had given her. Her feline grace. The raw strength he had felt when Shae pretended to strangle Tyrion. A very real and accurate representation
that had him crapping in his trousers!

The whore was a fucking mercenary! She had been hiding herself all this time! Tyrion prided himself in reading people and Shae had fooled him completely for over a year! She was also a great charlatan! He had been fucking the enemy! Well not really … strange how his thoughts wondered in such a deadly situation Tyrion thought to himself.

Bronn went to the side of the doorframe. He slowly turned the key in its lock and removed it. He then reached over to grip the handle and jerked it down.

Shae half turned her body still working her chain and kicked the door open and lunged through the doorway. Her body went into a low crouch while she worked the ball and chain of her weapon with compact arcs slashing the heavy iron ball in deadly circles around her body.

Her left hand gripped a sickle with a curved blade that looked extremely dangerous to Tyrion. The blade was poised to strike with the back of the sickle pressed along her forearm. The small black haired woman was in a crouch looking right and left with quick flicks of her head. All the while the iron ball was whirling around the darkness. The ball angling out into the darkness seeking the assassin. Shae seemed to know exactly where all the furniture was even in the dark! She was highly skilled. She had totally fooled Tyrion into thinking she was only a whore.

Bronn surged in just past the doorway pivoting right and lunging with his sword and then pivoted and ducking down lunged to the left of the door way slashing his sword. This was done with lightning fast movements and then he was in the middle of the doorway in a crouch his sword resting on his forearm ready to strike as he paused hyper alert.

He moved forward several steps guarding Shae’s back. “Tyrion come just inside the door with the lantern held high.” All the while Shae was swirling the ball to her weapon making it snap out in the darkness at many various angles. The weapon whiplashing out and then coming back to Shae. With her wrist she again had the ball spinning so fast in tight circles that Tyrion could not follow the heavy iron ball.

Tyrion did as instructed. He stood trembling. He watched the two mercenaries quickly scan the room looking around and up and down. They relaxed slightly moving to check the edges of the room. Shae moved in on the thick drapes at an angle. She snapped the chain and the ball went still and she quickly folded up the chain. Shae used her sickles to move aside drapes with a quick rush from one side to the next. Bronn was just behind her ready to strike at any exposed villain.

“I’m telling you there was an assassin in here!” Tyrion exclaimed afraid his protectors would doubt him and then laugh at him.

“I know that Tyrion.” Shae calmly told the dwarf. “You are not giving to seeing things or being afraid of things that go bump in the night. Well, except for Cersei” Shae spoke in a sardonic tone. “If you say an assassin was in here then there was one” Shae again spoke in a serious tone.

Tyrion was comforted that his bodyguards believed him and took his alarm with total focus and were prosecuting with full vigor.

Shae went to the main closet where Tyrion’s kept his clothes. Shae crouched low and whipped around the dressing screen. She found nothing. She then pivoted back around gracefully. She got on one side of the closet and hooked her sickle along the edge of the curtain. Bronn stood ready to the other side off at an angle. Shae spun across the doorway pivoting down to a deep knee bend pulling the curtain behind her as she moved. Bronn looked into the closet peering in. Shae rose up and hooked her sickle again along the edge of the hanging garments and she ran across the doorway
again pulling the clothes along the hanging pole showing only empty space behind the clothes that fell back into place.

Now all relaxed more. With Bronn backing up Shae they explored the small privy and the two alcoves. All were empty.

“I’m telling you he was in here.”

Bonn squeezed Tyrion’s shoulder. “I believe you Tyrion.” Bronn looked around the room and went to the Hand’s table. They all examined the candles that had all their wicks cut just above the wax. The wicks lay on the floor and table. “Most skilled” was all Shae said. She and Bronn relight the candles.

Bonn looked at the windows that were still locked from the inside. “Well Imp, that was quite entertaining” Tyrion totally relaxed. If Bronn was back to being disrespectful then all was clear.

They discussed all that had happened and tried to figure how the man had gotten in and out the room. Tyrion totally trusted his hired bodyguards and told them the basics of his conversation with Kwai Chang. Several Goldcloaks had come to see about the commotion in the hall and rooms. Tyrion explained that a small disturbance had occurred and he would inform the Queen of it tomorrow. He wanted a night to analyze all that he had heard before he reported to the Queen.

The trio walked around Tyrion’s room looking for some way in and out. Bronn and Shae were convinced there was no way in. Tyrion was not so sure. It was a mystery and the dwarf knew just who might be able to solve it. Tyrion then sent for Varys. As Tyrion waited for the Spider to appear he went over all that Kwai Chang had told him with his bodyguards. He was heading into danger. He sighed. It did not matter. He would do all he could in the Queen’s service.

Shae now squeezed Tyrion’s shoulder reassuringly. “Don’t worry Tyrion. Bronn and I will protect you. With our lives if necessary.” Her dark eyes intense as she squeezed his shoulder again.

Tyrion felt a lump in his throat. How had he gotten so lucky! He had the best bodyguards ever!

When Varys appeared he was asked if any hidden passages led to the Hand’s room. Bronn and Shae had gone back to their rooms. Tyrion had known that Varys would not feel comfortable discussing his hidden assets if Tyrion was not alone.

Varys sighed. “I hate giving away secrets for free”.

“We are both in service to the Queen. I assure you Varys that I will hold this information close. I know there are hidden tunnels in the Red Keep. The legends all say so and all legends are based on truth. You can trust me.”

Varys looked at Tyrion judging him and then nodded. The man led Tyrion to a spot by the fireplace. He showed how if a certain stone was pressed on the left rear wall and then two other stones were pressed in at the same time a small door edge appeared. With much effort the door was opened on screaming hinges. Tyrion had heard no sounds before his assassin accosted him. Varys informed him that he had sparrows always patrolling the hidden passage ways. No intruder had been seen.

“This passage has not been used as far as I know for a generation. Thus, the squeaky hinges. I will have those oiled. Let me check.” With that Varys walked down the passage with a torch. He appeared several minutes later. “As I suspected, the dust is undisturbed. The only footprints down there are mine now. Tell me of this man who accosted you.
Tyrion gave Varys all the highlights of his conversation with the Homeless Samurai.

“Humm, It is said of these assassians ‘Listen for—they cannot be heard; Look for—they cannot be seen.’ The man unless he is a ghost who can walk through walls somehow accessed your room. I do not know how this man got into your room Tyrion.”

They talked a little more before the Whisperer left. He too squeezed Tyrion’s shoulder as he left. Tyrion again touched by the thoughtfulness all around him.

Tyrion made a mental note to get all the passage ways mapped from Varys. He would hold the information close. The fewer who knew the better. His bodyguards had returned.

“Come Tyrion” Bronn spoke when Varys left. “You will stay with us tonight. We will have to reconsider your safety.” They left Tyrion’s quarters. The dwarf becoming more agitated as walked down the short distance to Bronn and Shae’s quarters.

“I don’t want to lose my quarters.” Tyrion spoke up not wanting to lose his freedom. Bronn and Shae stopped considering Tyrion’s words.

Bonn spoke with a thoughtful look on his “You won’t. I think we will post some Unsullied in the hall in constant patrols and have guards posted by the doors. Perhaps we can devise some way for you to signal your situation if this occurs again. Though I am not sure how. I will check the outside tomorrow to see if there is any evidence of a forced entry was made from the outside.”

Shae spoke up “I have a better idea. I think it is high time anyways.”

Tyrion looked at Shae with a question in his eyes. Bronn was clearly unsure as to what Shae had to propose.

Shae looked back and forth between them.

“We keep moving back and forth between our apartment and your quarters Tyrion. I grow tired of it.”

“What are you proposing?” Tyrion asked not sure where the whore come mercenary was going.

“Out with it woman!” Bronn barked acting peved.

“Oh for crying out loud you two thick skulled numbskulls. I say we move in with Tyrion. It is time you two make an honest woman of me” Shae spoke fanning herself batting her eyelashes.

The two men looked at each other. They were unsure if Shae was serious. They eyed each other. Both thinking that they did have a great time when all together in Tyrion’s quarters entertaining their various whores, courtesans, Summer Islander sailors and various other women who Shae brought to their quarters. That and all the abuse they heaped on each other.

“It is high time we form a permanent union I think” Shae said.

Bonn looked at Tyrion. Tyrion looked back.

“Do you think we are compatible?” Tyrion asked Shae.

The supposed whore looked at Tyrion with incredulous eyes. Then she was laughing.

“Hell yes were compatible you idiot. I love you Tyrion” Shae said simply.
Bronn face registered hurt.

“I love you equally you stupid buffoon Bronn. I always have. Even when you are an ass!” Shae snarked and punched Bronn in the shoulder. He umphed at the powerful punch. “We are prefect for each other. Can’t you two idiots see that? We are the perfect threesome. You love me too. Just say it.”

The bodyguard fidgeted. Tyrion took a deep breath. A smile crossed his face. Yes he did love Shae. Despite all the abuse she heaped upon him. He loved Bronn too. Just not in that way of I want to pork you kind of love.

“Yes. I love you Shae.”

Bronn scuffed his booted foot on the floor. “I love you too Shae” he said softly. He looked shy and bashful. Bronn at the moment looked like an unsure teenager. Tyrion would have teased the man but he did not want to spoil this bonding moment.

Tyrion started his face showing shock and fear. A horrid thought had crossed Tyrion’s mind. “Oh Shae … if we become … ahhh … ummm … a formal pairing … I mean threesome … ummm … do we have to stop fucking all the sweet whores and other women you bring here? I really like porking them!” Tyrion exclaimed trying to be both funny and see where Shae thoughts rested on the matter.

Tyrion saw Bronn blanch. He started to sweat. Tyrion felt fear grip his balls. He really did like fucking all those sweet lasses Tyrion thought greedily to himself. He looked at Shae with a nervous stare his feet shuffling.

Shae threw her head back laughing gaily.

“Oh hell no! I ain’t giving up my pussy! I can’t live without burying my face in lots of sloppy wet pussies. Plus, Olenna will be bringing another delegation in from Leng next month. I asked if the delegation is bringing Sumo wrestlers. They are!” Shae squealed. “Gods they fucked me so good, hard and deep. They gangbanged my ass air tight Bronn—Tyrion! I can’t wait for them to arrive.” She started to fan herself.

Tyrion saw her nipples had become rock hard and her face flushed just thinking of them.

“Damnit! Are you bringing them up again Shae?!” Bronn groused. “They were a great fuck. I get it!”

Shae walked between the two men and gripped their hands leading them back to Tyrion’s room.

“I say we go back to our quarters and you two fine lions put the fire out that is burning in my pussy and shithole. I want you to pound the shit out of me!” Shae husked to the two men excitedly batting her long eyelashes. Her face filled with primal fuck hunger. Her eyes drifting down to their tented trousers her tongue unconsciously licking her lips.

Tyrion felt his cock throbbing in his trousers rock hard. Bronn had a sweet evil leer on his face. Tyrion couldn’t wait. He loved to DP fuck Shae with Bronn. He felt love surging through his body.

They entered Tyrion’s suite of room. With a big smile on his face, Tyrion thought to himself he could get used to this. He had already had plans forming to knock out the wall to his bodyguards former residence. The combined space would make a nice home indeed.
Melancholy Minstrel

Slowly the cloth traveled up and down the instrument. The soft fine cloth caressed the wood with loving circular strokes. The fabric rubbed gently into the spruce wood that made up the top panes of the viola da gamba. The Maestro had played his instrument for fifteen minutes earlier in the predawn half-light of the rising sun. The Maestro had not needed that light for many years now.

His bow had first caressed the strings like a lover. The bow caressing the strings lightly and then the angle of the bow changed to allow the author of the tune to aggressively attack the strings to bring out confident stirrings of passion and evocative emotion. The bow moved across the six strings with supreme confidence. The Maestro had written out these notes himself for the new play he was housing in his most Avant Guard theatre. The horse hairs of his bow evoked the color and timbre of his desires for the music.

He could feel the minute particles of rosin flicking off his bow as his bow worked up and down angled and bounced into the strings to make the chords and notes dance in his ears. He had been most satisfied as he rehearsed his more difficult passages. It was the silences between the notes he had difficulty with.

He again went over the cord progression of his second prelude in act III. The G,C,D7,G,E,A7,D proving to be difficult. The arpeggios spread over 3 strings and the harmony established within the first 3 notes. He used the pattern as introduced in the first 8/16 in bar 1 as the most common pattern. The measure of a unit of 8/16 was repeated in the second half of the bars, sometimes including a bridging note to the next chord.

He practiced the musical chord progression again. He smiled satisfied. He knew his audience would love his work. He was not conceited. He knew what his audience wanted and he loved creating music that matched the audience’s wants and desires with music that was well crafted and yet still evocative and stirring to the soul. He had the gift and knew it.

Now he had out a thin sliver pick. He used the implement to work his fine cleaning cloth underneath the bridge. The maestro gently ran the cleaning cloth underneath the six strings of his instrument resting in the notches of his bridge. He believed in the adage in not letting any snow build up on his instrument. By cleaning it after every playing he avoided risen dust build up. He did not want to use any of his special cleaning polish he had imported from Oldtown in Westeros. The Quivering Arpeggios was renowned on both continents for the quality of its constructed instruments and care products.

He worked the cloth up the neck of his instrument to the six pegs of his viola de gamba. He worked the cloth back and forth with gentle tugs of the tails of the cloth projecting from the neck. He was slow and methodical. His instrument needed to be stroked like a young nervous colt. He now slowly cleaned the pegbox and the scroll at the top of his instrument.

The cleaning finished the maestro put the cloth back on his work table and ran his fingertips lightly over the spruce and maple of his instrument. He ran them all around the instrument looking for any imperfections in the varnish. He found none.

Without sight he used his fingertips lightly tracing the bridge. He judged the angle of the bridge and the fit of the strings in the notches on the shoulder of the bridge. His fingers tracing over the cutoffs naming them as his fingers ran over them: heart, heart wing, kidney, waist, greve, shin, ankle, toe and crotch. The bridge had a tendency to pull forward towards the fingerboard as the strings were tuned.
If one did not keep up with any movement of the wood then the bridge may warp and eventually break. The maestro judged that the bridge had moved forward a slight fraction of a millimeter. Very carefully, the maestro gently pulled it back with the thumb and forefinger at the top of either side of the bridge.

Satisfied with the condition his instrument after his inspection he moved to inspect his bow. With his fingertips the maestro felt that the screw was secure and ran his fingers down the stick to the tip. The bow was perfectly balanced. He then very delicately ran his fingers on the sides of the hair of the bow. His horse hairs were from mares only. He liked the more aggressive response of the highest quality mare hairs.

The Maestro was satisfied now that his instrument and bow were ready for the play tonight. He turned in his seat. He had his room laid out exactly but he still clicked his cheeks and tongue moving his head slightly. He had read in his youth of a blind man who used this method of clicking to echo locate large items in his environment. He felt all was in place. He got up and moved to the case leaning against the far wall and put his instrument in its expensive carrying case. The insides cut precisely to hold and protect the instrument from any excessive force or shock from normal movement. Thick velvet lined the cutouts and along the lid of the case. The Maestro closed the lid and latched the belts and buckles in tight. He then lifted it and put it in its custom made dolly to give the instrument a smooth ride. The black wood gleamed bright in the soft lift from the windows.

He moved to his bed. His clothes were laid out precisely on the bed from left to right. He took off his robe. Now nude he sat on the bed and put on his silk undergarment. The then pulled on his dark black trousers. He left the laces loose tight and did not run the buttons in the eyelets. He pushed his belt through the loops but did not buckle it in. The medallion on the belt was circular with a raised image of an ancient stylized horseshoe shaped lyre with four strings. To the right and slightly behind a painters pallet and to the left in the forefront slightly the traditional smiling and frowning actors mask. The raised bronze painted black except for the smiling mask painted white.

He bent down to work on and then pulled up black socks and slipped his feet in black supple aurochs leather shoes. The feel on his feet was exquisite. He pulled over his head a pullover silk slip shirt to absorb sweat during the performance. He put on his starched brilliant white dress shirt with ruffles at the sleeves and pleats along the upper chest. He buttoned it up and tucked the long tails in his pants.

He now laced and buttoned his trousers up and snapped the belt in place. He flipped the collar of the shirt up and put the tie around his throat and tied it with a perfect Windsor knot the thin tie kept in place with a tie tack on the third button. The gold chain swung slightly with his movements. He flipped the collar down. He felt to make sure his knot was centered over his throat.

He now pulled over his ensemble his black conductor coat with long tails. The last piece of his outfit was the thin purple sash he tied over his blind eyes. The owner, director, conductor and composer for the Theatre of the Sublime was ready.

He heard a knock at the door to his small apartment. He picked up his walking stick and clicked as he moved his head moving down the short entry hall. He was very comfortable in his environs.

He opened the door.

“Are you ready to leave Maestro?” the teenager of middling years asked. Behind the boy a small well adorned carriage with two horses pulling it awaited the man. The man heard the horses knicker and the left horse stomped his steel shod hoof on the cobbled street. The bells on the reigns tinkled
in the soft breeze off the lagoon. He was very familiar with this carriage and driver.

“Yes I am ready. This will be a most excellent premier tonight.” The Maestro felt confident in tonight’s premiere performance of his new play. He let the attendant roll his instrument down to the carriage and place it in the boot in the back of the carriage. The attendant very careful moving the instrument down the steps to not jostle it needlessly. The boy had proven himself over the last year. The boy ran to the door of the carriage. The man heard the teenager let down the step that snapped into place and offered his arm. The Maestro did not need the assistance but used it all the same. He sat on the fine satin seat that was thick with deep dimples with ornate buttons in diamond pattern on the seat.

The boy got up on the wagon seat that had a lazy back. He sat beside the wagon master and relaxed. The man who had been looking up at the buildings stopped his idle wasting of time. He took the reins that were tied around the brake post and jerked them getting the horses in motion. The horses nickered and the carriage went down the cobbled street. The wheels clicking in the grooves between the paving stones. The silver bells tinkling soothingly as the carriage advanced down the lane.

The maestro rolled with the motions of the carriage. He went over in his mind all the items he needed to do to make his show a success tonight. His theatre was staging a new play in the avant-garde style that the high aristocracy of the business classes in the free cities had come to love of late. Three years ago the jaded audiences needed something new. This was evident by the declining attendance numbers. The Maestro knew his audiences could be most fickle.

He had several other theaters catering to the Bourgeoisie and Nouveau riche. He had met the management of his playhouses and over several months determined the jaded crowds needed more titillation in their dramas. In Myr and Lys they had certain new elements added to their plays to much acclaim. Those two City States were always trendsetters in the Avant Garde of plays and operas.

The Maestro had decided to follow suit in Braavos. Thus, live sex had been incorporated into their plays and operas. Demand and attendance was again strong at his theatres. The Maestro wrote his operas with the standard two scenes of sex in the second and fourth act. He was a strong believer in giving the audiences what they craved. He wondered about the lowest common denominator and just how low the rich and poor both could go. He smiled. He had no problem playing to the new lowering standard.

And anyways the Maestro wondered, what the lowest common denominator truly was. He ruminated on this from time to time. If the crowds loved it then it was what the populace wanted.

What was good for the profit line was what he would cater to. The Maestro would meet the needs of his audience.

He had worked with the librettist on his new opera for this new season in the new current style for the past several cycles of production. His first opera had been about an exiled prince returning to reclaim his throne and claim the princess long ago promised to him. Last season it had been the gallant knight that rescued the damsel in distress from the evil sheriff abusing his post. His new production would have a rouge pirate with a golden heart freeing a slave ship and taking a high Valyrian noble woman as their lover.

He had high hopes for his current play. His apartment was only eight blocks over from this theater. This particular theater was a four story structure in the ornate art deco style of stone work along the front of the building. The center of the building was built to sit out several feet from wings on each side. The windows in the center piece long rectangles running north and south. The wings had
regular sized windows to let light in the foray. Inlaid lines of slate ran from the roof to the sidewalk on the wings the buildings. Each set of slate bisecting the center of the windows on the journey from the roof to the foot of the building.

The stone was a washed out white. Large circular tables adored the front with large umbrella awnings in the center of each table on poles that jutted up like new bamboo. Already an early crowd was eating breakfast and drinking at the tables. Alcohol was no doubt already loosening tongues with high tales and secrets flowing. The rich always ready to relax with some alcohol.

His staff nearby to replenish glasses of bubbly and hard liquor and fill plates with finger foods. The waiters and waitresses ever present to be accommodating. Ears attuned to all that was said. The patrons relaxed with the environment and the liquor and perhaps the supplied hashish and diluted cocaine in their drinks if desired. The relaxation of the patrons had lips loose and voices raised. Just how the Maestro liked it.

The attendant let down the step and the Maestro got out of the carriage and waited for the attendant to get his instrument from the boot. He unfolded his stick and began to click turning his head mapping out the location of people. The attendant reached his side and he walked before the Maestro pulling his instrument behind him on its dolly. Inside the foray the restaurant manager greeted him and told him sales were already brisk of appetizers and early meals. Alcohol sales were brisk as well. The manager was reminded of the high profit levels that hard spirits brought.

The blind man moved to the left and went down several halls angling into the building. He came out a side door by the orchestra pit. His first chair violin player was there already. It was still only six forty-five in the morning. The maestro had set seven thirty for the beginning of practice. He wanted one last run through of the play’s highlights. Opening night was always important. They needed to generate good reviews and an avant-garde buzz. He went to his instrument that had been setup beside his station and examined it. All was well of course. He smiled. He though to his viola de gamba as his most precious child.

He took the opportunity to go upstairs over the audience rows and balcony seats. Here were private bedrooms decorated with the most expensive accruements and furniture made by the most sought after artisans of the day. Large beds for Sealords and other powerful men and women in business or politics to take wives, husbands and illicit lovers to. The Maestro needed to give his wealthy patrons love nests to work off the sexual high his plays provided.

He ran hands over the beds making sure sheets were tucked in tight and smooth as a baby’s butt. He had a staff member with him to be sure all was clean and in place.

He checked the storage rooms above the love nests making sure they were clean and vermin free.

He checked that all the access tunnels were open and doors working freely in case of emergency. The tools that would be needed kept in the supposedly store rooms. The Maestro worked his walking stick into the rooms to tap on the tools that were indeed still in the rooms. He had run his walking stick into one of the rooms to map out the necessary tools. He bent down to pick up and bring out the tools. Handling them to make sure they were in good working order. His fingertips sensitive to the slightest variations. He had an attendant to put them back in the room once he was satisfied with his inspections.

He went back to the first floor and was told most of the musicians, small choir and actors were there now. He went to his elevated seat in the pit. It would allow him to hear both the orchestra and what was happening on the stage. His librettist for the opera nervous like she was before all his new operas. She was a rising star. He believed in paying all of his employee top dollar. He never tried
to chisel wages from his people and they were fiercely loyal to him because it. He often plucked the most talented players and backstage talent from his competitors because of his reputation for fairness and paying top fare to his employees.

He tuned his viola da gamba. He then positioned himself on his chair. He looked around with his blind eyes. He could sense the total focus of his orchestra. He smiled out at them and sensed their return smiles. He gripped his bow and they launched into the overture and then into first act. They played the main passages he had written for the first act most exquisitely. He loved hearing his musicians sighing at the beauty of the music he made. The orchestra played his music exquisitely. A smile was on the Maestro’s face listening to his music come to life. They played through the score highlights and all were most satisfied. Tonight’s first performance would be a smashing success and all in the orchestra knew it.

After the rehearsal, the Maestro talked to his first chair violin and flute players going over some last minute fine tuning of their scores. With a good feeling he left them. He was called to meet the two leads. They were rising stars too. He had used Xhazata Rharas in his last play in the main supporting actor role. She would now play the pirate captain and a freed slave from Lys was the love interest. Renaela Valeneos was ravishing beauty of pure Valyrian heritage with snow white hair and violet eyes.

The women were excellent actors and sopranos. They had had to pass one more test. The Maestro had required the woman to audition for the role in his private quarters. For several hours the women had fucked each other senseless. The Maestro had to make sure the two leads could portray the raw sexual energy the audience craved. They were hired after that performance.

The Maestro may be blind but the cries of ecstasy and the sounds of wet pussies sucked, finger fucked and strap-on fucked to repeated orgasms was not faked. The sounds of sodden cunts expertly gobbled by fuck hungry sluts sweet and loud in his room. He heard the timbre of voices and with his sharp senses felt the women’s bodies’ hard contractions of womb rending orgasms. Both women had cried out in wanton pleasure at the anal invasions of their anuses with thick long strap-on cocks. He had heard the subtle sounds of cocks slipping from asshole to pussy and back and the sounds of women doing hot ATM.

Yes the crowds would be most pleased. Unlike Westeros, the Free Cities of Essos, while they did not completely celebrate homosexual love they were much more tolerant. It was a laissez faire attitude. Thus, the cities all had large centers of homosexual life. Within those bastions homosexuals were safe to be themselves. Many businesses catering to them and their lifestyle with many gays owning and operating those businesses. The police protecting them with many of their own ranks filled with homosexuals themselves.

Essos was much freer about homosexuality but still many felt repressed. In the theaters and art houses the rich were allowed to explore their hidden urges. Here in his theater they could and all were allowed to freely explore their natural dispositions that too many repressed. Her those repressed desires were allowed to run rampant if desired. In the theaters, sex was freely given to all persuasions of sexual orientation. Many suppressed sexually starved women flocked to these theaters to devour all the sweet young sluts and studs offered to them.

His rich audiences loved to watch women get fucked. This season the Maestro was adding lesbianism to the mix. He knew men loved watching women fuck. Women did too. It was just that many hid it. Here they could openly enjoy the natural desires they suppressed. His staff watched the suppressed lust on women’s faces and tried to match them up with women they would be compatible with. The theaters well known for their full support of lesbianism and offering it to the lesbian, bisexual and bi curious. Many women lost their lesbian cherries at this establishments. The women
becoming full supporters of the theater and its arts. The women anxious to attend every new opening night and seeing the play often many times. Each time they had their brains fucked out by the females waiting to fuck them senseless.

Of course, the men were receiving the same treatment. Men fucking all the pussy and asshole they could partake of. Many of the men in open relationships. If they have could all the pussy and ass they could get then they were happy to let their wives and lovers get their own with other women. The men were much less possessive if their lover was with another woman. They did not feel threatened. It was only another woman after all they rationalized with themselves.

The Maestro was giving his audiences what they wanted. Lots of it. Being able to watch homosexual love freely displayed before the repressed audience would drive the audience wild the Maestro knew. He knew his female staff would be inundated with horny rich woman dying to practice what they had just seen.

The Maestro chuckled. Many new bisexual and lesbian women would be born tonight. His female staff were literally licking their chops waiting to get at all the new pussy coming their way after the play. His staff filled with bisexuals and gay employees. The art houses a haven for the gay life of Braavos.

Now the women actors greeted him with chaste kisses on his cheeks. He sensed them sitting back down on their thickly upholstered sofa. The maestro subtly clicked and saw the woman were side by side pressed into each other. He could feel them shaking with lust. He asked them if they were ready and they nervously stated they were. The Maestro smirked when the women told him they would perform all parts of their libretto to sheer perfection. The Maestro was sure they would. They had been practicing for weeks rabidly each night his nocturnal wharf rats reported.

He left his two lead actors. As he let him himself out he heard the women clench and the sound of clothing being hurriedly shed. He knew the two women actors were going to practice their parts one more time. Practice makes perfect the Maestro smirked.

He went to his office and had the latest business reports read to him. He asked question for clarification. He ate an early lunch. He went over the inventory reports. He prided himself on staying on top of all functions of his Houses. Two hours later he heard a knock at his door.

His stage manager and master prop man told him all was ready for one more dry run through the play. He went into the orchestra pit and shook hands with his first chair violin, cello and horn players who had prominent parts to play.

The maestro tapped his foot and lightly said “one, two, three, four” and the walk through was started. He kept one ear literally tuned to the pit and the other following what was going on the stage. He heard the stage manager whispering instructions and prompts where necessary. The music wafted across the stage setting the scenes and intoxicating the actors to give their lines with verve and full throated passion.

The two leads sang their lines as they were indeed a mighty pirate queen and frightened noble woman. The two leads sang with conviction and power. They made you believe the feelings of their words. The audience would easily believe they were falling in love.

When the first sex scene occurred in the third scene in act two the acting would have the audience slavering for the sex. When the Summer Islander cut the noble’s straps on her dress that pooled to her feet. The loud groan of lust Xhazata so hot to hear as she fell to her knees and wormed her face into Ranaela’s already wet pussy and devouring it to a quick screaming orgasm.
The Valerian of pure Blackfyre heritage wobbly moved forward and then ripped the Summer Islander’s top to shreds buttons flying and then she savagely jerked down her trousers. The white haired woman pushed the black female captain up on the desk beside her. The blonde goddess fell to her knees and gobbled the black pussy before her as the Summer Islander gripped her head. She fucked the pale face with her sopping wet snatch like a fuck post. The Summer Islander wildly rode the pale Valyrian’s face and wailed as her orgasms ripped her apart.

The orchestra played his music perfectly. He needed them to practice through the sex scenes to make sure they could keep their focus. When each new play or opera first started practice rehearsals the orchestra had a hard time performing the music but as opening night approached their professionalism and seeing the sex again and again had the musicians playing the music perfectly. With the sex the orchestra had to improvise and play various credenzas by the various first chairs.

One was never sure how long the sex scenes would last. When the actors had great chemistry, which the Maestro insisted on, the sex would often stretch out twenty, thirty or sometimes forty-five minutes longer. The Orchestra was paid extra the longer the sex scenes played out so they did not mind having to improvise. The music only secondary during the sex acts and thus they could play simpler tunes but they did have to keep the music sensual and flowing with the sex. Rising to crescendos when the women orgasmed screaming again and again.

The Maestro smiled. The women really loved playing their parts and sucked, finger banged and tribbed to shattering orgasms. The strap-on sex would be in last act.

There was a fifteen minute intermission. This allowed the actors to recover and get their stamina back. The Maestro smirked at this. Men had to be in the best shape and full of manly vigor to be ready to go so quick. Women had it much easier in that regard. They would have the third and most of the fourth act to recover.

Yes the audience would indeed like his new play. The rest of the play went well and the last act scene where Xhazata banged Ranaela doggy style with her leather sand filled strap-on missionary as the pale woman enfolded her with pale arms and legs would indeed be intoxicating. His remembrances of sight reminding him of the sweet color contrasts.

Xhazata then took Ranaela and supposedly took her anal cherry as the woman acted unsure and fearful of having her asshole fucked for the first time. She showed her face going from pain to pleasure and was soon ramming her ass back to take all of Xhazata’s long thick cock up her ass. The black actress gripping her costar’s ass cheeks to slam back into her impaling thrusts.

The first time Xhazata pulled out Raneala’s asshole with shit juice pulsing out hotly the Maestro heard many in the orchestra groan as did Ranaela. The Maestro knew that the sweet juice had just flooded the pale actress’s cunt. The supposed captain lying down on her back pulled her fellow actor down to the bed resting partially on her body. Xhazata ‘forced’ Raneala down her black stomach to her cock jerking on her belly soaked in Raneala ass cream. The Valyrian noble woman ‘forced’ to suck her ass of the black dick. The woman going from shock and fighting the supposed defilement to hungrily bobbing sucking her ass off the black captain’s dick.

Her dick cleaned Xhazata rammed her cock back up the pale white ass of her costar in spoon now. The woman crying out in pleasure. She was fucked savagely Xhazata’s dick soon soaked in sweet yellowish white shit juice again. Now it was Raneala eagerly pulling forward and rolling over to hungrily clean her ass off Xhazata’s shaft slavered with here sweet creamy shit juice.

After Raneala orgasm hard several more times she took the strap-on and did Xhazata doggy style fucking both her pussy and ass. The summer islander howled as she cummed so hard. Raneala straddling her ass next and slamming the dick straight down Xhazata’s shit pipe making her howl.
with raw pleasure. The Valyrian pulling out the now gaped asshole and stepping forward over her lover’s body and fist her ringlet hair jerking the black face up and back. Xhazata balancing with one hand the other gripping Raneala’s ass to anchor herself. Her mouth hungrily bobbing up and down now Raneala’s black shaft. Xhazata moaning and sighing sucking her ass off Ranela’s dick.

Xhazata cummed twice hard with Raneala first fucking her doggy and then spoon plundering both fuck holes to stunning soul crushing orgasms.

That was the script. The woman continued fucking with the strap-on for thirty more minutes with Valyrian showing she was a top and dominated the pirate queen. The orchestra members groaned seeing all the sweet ass to mouth and ass to pussy. He could not see the looks of submission on the strong Summer Islander’s face but he knew it was there. The small Valyrian was a natural top.

Raneala had finished Xhazata with her straddling the Summer Islander’s hips with her legs planted on the furs her hips working to slam her thick long cock deep down the upturned pussy and asshole banging both fuck holes savagely. The blonde doing A2P and then when fucking Xhazata’s black ass savagely she would pull out. The Maestro heard his orchestra groan seeing shit juice gush out the black beauty’s asshole and run down into her open pussy.

The Maestro could hear Raneala fist the black beauty’s hair and harshly jerk her body up and around and feed the Captain her dick soaked in the Summer Islander’s asshole juice. The sounds of the black actress feasting on her ass juice was sweet to hear. Her screams of a multiple anal orgasms was even sweeter.

The Maestro was very satisfied. He would make quite a fortune in gold dragons and other currency. He paid his actors and musicians very well to interact with the clients after the show and give them additional pleasures they may seek. The avant-garde theaters met all their audience’s needs. He made sure plenty of alcohol, aphrodisiacs, pleasure drugs and good food was available. His staff anxious to meet all their audiences sexual needs.

For his musicians, actors and behind the scenes staff the sex was a bonus. They were paid for each sex act by the Maestro and any information gathered was paid for with by ample bonuses. He smiled remembering how his first chair violin and horn player had been total prudes when the two women joined his orchestra. They had been naturals and were prompted to first chair on their first audition with the orchestra.

Orchestra players always competing for position in the orchestra. The two new women were simply the best and their fellow musicians on the same instrument knew it and accepted it. The orchestra musicians valued music skill above all else.

Naerehna Vaelnalys and Prossozlo Shaqo had been virgins of sixteen and seventeen when they joined the orchestra. Both women had long hair. One woman with snow white hair while the other had midnight hued hair. Both were simply ravishingly beautiful with their contrasting skin of snow pale and dusky hued skin. Their cherries both plucked that night as they took their first chairs before their instrument. The women fucked the night through by the many lesbians in the Maestro’s employee.

Both women were now avowed lesbians. They were both in high demand by the rich women of Braavos. After every performance they were flooded by beautiful, horny, often sexually starved women. The two musicians had all the pussy they could handle which was quite a lot. The wives and mistresses drunk on drink and sex spilling all their husbands and illicit lover’s secrets they had been whispered to them. The wives knew to have new secrets to leak to the two musicians who seemed to love to gossip. The starved for sex women loved sharing secrets as most women did. It drew them closer to the musicians.
The orchestra, actors and stage hands dispersed. The Maestro sat on his seat. His staff were used to him just sitting there after the final rehearsal before opening night. Their leader off in his own world. He let his thoughts wander. This performance had been perfection he reflected on. He went over one last time all the music and libretto and went over last minute details in his razor sharp mind.

The Maestro had been turned on by this last run through of the opera. Opening night always filled him with jittery passion. He thought about taking a few of the male choral singers upstairs but decided he did not have the time. He had more work to do this day. He walked out of the pit and walked down the halls with his stick waving and his mouth clicking. He took congratulations from his comrades in this great new opera that would soon be the talk among the Sealords of Braavos. He went to tell his two leads that they would be the toast of the city.

There was a large bedchamber reserved for the two leads. It was filled with the best furniture, accoutrements and stocked with the best food and drink. It was a perk for their positions in the current play. They did not hear him open the door. His senses easily told him they were in tight sixty-nine rolling around devouring sloppy wet pussy. The air rich with the pungent musk of women rutting in the bedroom.

The Maestro could hear the sounds of pussy being devoured and the sound of bodies rolling on the bed as hands pulled bodies tight so their sweaty flesh could jerk and flex over each other. The women were insatiable lesbian sluts. Lucky them he thought. They would have so much pussy during the sure to be long run of this new play.

He chuckled. Two powerful Sealords wives had already reserved the evening with the actors in that very bed. The price was steep but the two actresses were avowed hot horny beautiful lesbians and their prowess already whispered of and longed for by the rich and beautiful lesbian, bisexuals and bi-curious women of the upper crusts of Braavos.

He prepared to leave. He stopped as the two women reached simultaneous orgasms. Their screams swallowed by the pussies buried around their hot sucking mouths. He left the room with a big smile. He would return thirty minutes before the curtain went up at nine that evening.

Reviewing still his play the Maestro walked back to the orchestra pit. He packed his instrument and slowly made his way to the front of the building. He heard his carriage coming to take him to his next destination.

He heard his most trusted employee. He had grown into a young man of great possibilities. The young man pulled the reigns calling to the horses with a gentle voice. The Maestro liked that the man had a gentle touch.

“How was the last rehearsal?” the driver asked getting down from the driver’s seat and pulled down the step.

“It went most excellently. We will have much business from this run. I predict this play will have a most long stay at the theater. Maybe a sequel will be in order. I will make a huge profit in dragons and a huge surfeits of secrets, hidden plots, illicit affairs and plots against enemies and state. Yes, indeed, Rasco, the House of Black and White will gain much currency of information from our new play.”

“I had no doubt Wharf King. I had made sure all was in order.”

“You did most excellently my supreme Wharf Rat. The hidden passages by the balconies had their listening horns positioned properly as always. The storage rooms above the bedchambers cleared and the spy holes properly plugged for easy removal so we can see and hear all that occur down in
the bedrooms. The hearing horns and spy glasses in place to hear and see all that transpires. The reservations say that much hot fornication will be occurring with plenty of secrets ready to be spilled.”

“The master chief and bartender told me you fully restocked all the drugs to spike their food and drink with to lower inhibitions. My musicians, singers, actors and backstage hands will have their lovers unburdening souls in post coital bliss.”

“The two Sealords most involved with the Oligarch have their wives in attendance tonight. They were nearly drooling when I promised them the two lead actors for a full night of lesbian debauchery. Our actors will have all their secrets they have learned from the husbands and the other wives they regularly fuck behind their husband’s backs by the sun’s first light. Men never suspect their women could all under another woman’s charms and influence.”

“Our actors so easily coax out all their secrets when they have a woman’s clit exploding again and again in their mouths or a man’s cock down their throat doing deep throat as they ejaculate. So many are starved for men who know how to fuck for hours and make their cunts and asshole explode in massive orgasms. The women love being fucked by women and men who know how to bone. The men of course are easy. Just give them a hot hole to fuck, have their cocks sucked and they are happy.”

All of the Wharf King’s employees were adept at listening while serving and giving drugs to loosen tongues and lower inhibitions to those in the audience who seemed to have secrets worth working for. They were then guided to comely women or men and soon more alcohol, drugs and sex had secrets flowing.

Rasco took the Wharf King to another small apartment that the man kept. He let off the Wharf King as he looked around subtly making sure no one was observing. He watched the Wharf King use a key from his pocket to undo one lock and then pulled a key out of hidden slit from a lapel and turn the second lock.

The Wharf rat took the carriage on down the lane. He would pick up his employer in four hours.

Inside the apartment, the Wharf King was undressing from his finery as the Maestro. He placed the clothing down on the bed in order like he had put them on. He liked order. He knew that Rasco would come in the back passage in order to pick up all that he left in the bare room. Rasco would clean and have the outfit pressed and ready to be worn again for the performance tonight. The items placed back in the same exact order. The Maestro opened a canvas bag and took out a rumpled and patched monk’s robe. He had taken off his expensive loafers and put on worn and partially falling apart sandals.

The Wharf King had been walking tall and proud with shoulders squared. He was a person in a position of power and influence. He was no longer that person. The man now slumped his shoulders slightly and dragged his left foot with just a hint of a limp. He slowly removed his thin expensive silk cloth from his eyes. With hands that shook slightly with palsy the man replaced the expensive cloth with a much wider weathered strip of non-distinct cloth.

Last he moved his viola da gamba from the expensive case to the rumpled one that had a perfect interior but no one would see that. People were superficial. They would only see the beat up exterior and not the exquisitely crafted and cared for interior. He took a smaller canvas bag with a strap and put it across his shoulder and back. A small folded seat in through the strap.

He put his instrument into a beat up dolly and went out into the hall and followed it to the main hall and turned left to reach the back door. Slowly, with a shaking hand the man pulled a key out of his
pocket and unlocked the door. He stepped out into the overcast sky. He could feel the heat of the sun muted on his skin. He was completely in his character.

From a deep pocket on the cloak he now wore, the former Maestro pulled a folding walking stick out his deep pocket and unfolded it. It was dirty and well-worn with nicks on its worn tip and a beat up handle. He began his quiet clicking and moved down the street. His steps were unsteady with his left foot dragging slightly. He slowly made his way west and north through the winding streets of old Braavos. The walk unsteady and wavering slightly.

Most ignored him with a few curses to stay out of the way “you old cripple”. He tilted his head and begged forgiveness. He needed to get to his best begging station he had near the pool at the Plaza of the Muses. The plaza named for the fountain depicting the nine muses that inspired the artists. What better place for a musical beggar to ply his trade.

He heard the fountain from afar. The spouting and rushing water splashing with tinkling merriment. He wiped his walking stick from side to side just above the stones. His stick hitting a curb. He adjusted his path accordingly. He stepped down into the plaza with a wavering of body nearly losing his balance and falling. He turned to wearily move his instrument down to the plaza. No one came to his aid. He moved forward clicking his tongue and cheek. The bouncing sound and pressure difference telling him of the obstructions in his path.

He had come into the plaza from between two tall building into the large rectangular plaza. The plaza was two hundred yards long and seventy-five yards wide. The buildings bordering it were three stories on three sides and one narrow leg of the rectangle had a four story building on the right and a circular tower in the middle soaring one hundred feet in the air. On the left side was a four story building. The buildings had flat faces with many slim windows. Most were open to let in the flowing breezes off the lagoon coiling the stifling air.

Their narrow doorways between every set of four windows giving entrance to the apartments and lofts located inside the buildings. The three and four story buildings housed restaurants and various food merchants to feed the people of the plaza on the first floor with the tenants living above or the apartments leased out to other local denizens.

He heard the water flowing out the nine female figures of the central fountain of the plaza. He remembered them from his youth. The nine women were all nude in various poses holding instruments of music, painting or writing in their hands. The muses contemplating the fates through the magic of art. He could still vaguely see in his mind’s eyes the water either dribbling or spurting out mouths, eyes, nipples and vaginas wetting the copper figures or landing in the circular basin. A light patina of greenish blue on the figures from oxidation.

His sightless eyes looked upon the tower dedicated to the Moon Goddess of the Qohor. The red column circled with a white marble band ten feet below the top of the tower. Slender windows cut around the circumference of the tower to let worshippers look out at the moon no matter where it was located in the night sky. The tower capped with its walls going to a pointed peak done in pink sandstone.

He whisked his walking stick around finding an open area upwind from the fountain. He did not want moisture getting on his instrument. He took off his carrying bag with the small folding chair strapped into the canvass straps on the side of the bag. He pulled it out and opened his flat topped stool chair. He opened his case and pulled out his viola da gamba. From his canvas bag he pulled out his begging bowel and closed his instrument case. He ran the bow over the A string. He tuned the rest of the strings off that harmonic.

The old man settled onto his seat. He looked around with his blind eyes. His barely audible clicks
told him that many persons were milling in and walking through the plaza.

He began to play sad melodies collected from many lands and times. Tunes that spoke of loss and longing. His mournful viol playing stories of loss and rue. He heard people stop their walking to listen to his music. He would occasionally hear the plink of coins thrown into his bowel. He played and listened to the life of the city walk past him. He aimlessly thanked whoever had been kind enough to thank the man whose music had touched their hearts and souls.

He gripped his bow underhanded and played his instrument playing soft notes of despair with strong strokes of his bow crying out for justice and revenge for lost love. More coins plinked into his bowel the sound no longer ceramic but metallic as the coins started to layer up in his bowel. His listeners knew they were in the presence of some fallen master. He offered his thanks to his unseen patrons.

He received several requests for a melody. If he knew it he was rewarded with a few gold dragons. He loved playing in this spot. The neighborhood neither rich nor poor. The people in his area hard working immigrants working their way up or locals having achieved their initial success and moving into this area and celebrating their first flush of success.

The people who lived here had not forgotten their roots or been jaded by too much success. They could still feel compassion for the less fortunate. Between songs he listened intently to the conversations around him. One never knew when a nugget might fall into your open palm. In this world, information was every bit as valuable as gold if not more so.

He was about to start another sad ballad of lost love when he heard nails clicking on the stones. He heard people exclaiming. First a fox ran past him and then five seconds later a hound came bounding by panting hard.

The Minstrel paused. The fox and hound did most of their chases at night unseen by man or up on the rooftops. They loved to run along the roofs of Braavos. Some of his Rats chose to live on the roofs to get away from the heat and press of bodies all around. They would report to the Wharf Lord of their epic chases. Recently, they had startled several of his rats underneath their pigeon coups. They had been on their chase when he was still a teenager.

The Wharf King had traced their journeys across the Free Cities. When he traced their tenuous history back in time it seemed they came from the land of the Golden Fields. Their origin lost in the mists of time. They seemed to be cursed with a compulsion to chase and be chased. Only those who threatened one of the canines brought harm on themselves. The other canine was soon to come to the defense of their seeming antagonist.

Several times they had been observed when their compulsions had been tamped for a short while. Then the canines would rub against each other and whine in whimpers of frustrations. The Wharf King mused they must have once been lovers before their curse.

They were also vampires with shape shifting abilities when not in their chase. The House of Black and White had lost three men to them recently. The Wharf King felt no animosity towards them. The house of Black and White traded in the coin of death. Their work was deadly and asked for no quarter. The two canines had defended themselves and won. He had not known of the ambush in the warehouse beforehand. If he had he would have contacted Jaqen.

He suspected Jaqen H'ghar wanted to make alliance with the canines. When he made his break with the Iron Bank he would need allies. He was still deciding his position in the upcoming uprising. The Iron Bank was indeed growing too powerful but he would not let his House fight a war it could not win. Those who fought in the shadows always lost. The light of day was to powerful. Where the Faceless Men struck solitary blows from the shadows the Iron Bank could muster forces in broad
daylight. That balled fist could destroy their order in a day if they so choose.

He played a few more songs. The sun was burning down hot now the mist have burned off that tended to linger at this time of season. He packed up his wares and went to the sushi vendor in his open stall in the open market place underneath the first floor of the four story building. Vendors had their small stalls setup between the pillars supporting the weight of the building for the twenty feet the market area ran into the building.

Each little spot between pillars claimed by a food vendor. One sold fried fowl of chicken, pheasant and guinea fowl. Another vender sold fresh vegetables in open boxes: tomatoes, peppers, cucumbers, onions and other normal table fare. One vendor sold melons, fresh picked from the flats which surrounded Braavos. Many other vendors set up to sell food for tastes that ranged the breadth of Essos and Westeros.

He went to the Sushi vendor form Yi Ti. He purchased several strips of blue fin tuna in butter broth. He bought some radishes and celery. He added another purchase of flat bread squares and a bottle of spring water. He moved to set up against the building opposite the sun moving to the start of its final descent from the sky.

He sat his chair down and his instrument. He pulled his purchases out of his canvas bag and set them up on the ground before him. Instantly remembering where he put each item.

He started to eat enjoying his repast. He was sitting underneath the open window of the beautiful redhead whore Nilaena Dirryl. She was renowned for her beauty and sexual appetites. He heard the headboard slamming into the wall and the grunt of a male rutting and a woman crying out in ecstasy. Soon the man was roaring and the woman wailing as they both cummed. He was not a voyeur but still it was enticing to sit below the whore’s window.

He was used to Nilaena’s shrieks of orgasm. Now the man was satiated. He couldn’t but help hearing them talk as the man told Nilaena how she was insatiable and he had fucked her four times this midday and now into the late afternoon.

The prostitute had chortled cutely and the sounds of snuggling could be heard. The Sealord after a few minutes sighed. The Wharf King heard the woman kissing him lightly on his shoulder. Nilaena asked him how life was at home and work. The man soon was unloading all his frustrations and desires. He told the whore of the frustrations and suspicions of the Iron Bank against the Faceless men. The crime families were vying for more power. His wife did not understand him anymore. Only Nilaena understood him and soon they were fucking furiously yet again. The man telling the whore that one day he would leave his wife for her. Neither of them believing the lie. The whore would not have gone with him anyways. He had already proven he was an adulterator.

She had heard of the Wharf King through some of her childhood friends. She had asked to meet
him. To her surprise he had agreed to her proposal. She was had been a no body then. She was still just another whore walking the streets relying on luck for her business at that time. She had not yet built up her clientele ledger. She knew he dealt in information. Information was power she had heard and the Wharf King traded in it.

She made her business proposition. She felt men were fucking little boys who never grew up. They were always prattling to her about their personal and business woes. She had secrets to sell now but what if they worked together. She had asked for his training and his protection. She told him that she could bring her closest prostitute friends into the ring.

She and her lover Taenina Maegirah had already saved three quarters of the money they needed to open their own brothel. They had talked to Chataya and Alayaya in Westeros and planned on opening a brothel catering only to women and willing to meet their more kinky desires. It was amazing how many noble or powerful women loved to be abused in the bedroom. These women craved to be abused in a safe and loving environment. They would make a fucking fortune the whore thought happily.

Their business contract had been most lucrative for both parties. They would still ply their future clientele for information to sell and trade with the Wharf King. Why end such a lucrative business adventure. The Wharf King had reduced their goal of buying their own madam house by at least seven years. Within three years they would have their own whore house. It would be glorious.

The Wharf King had finished his meal. This Sealord had intimate connections to the Iron Bank. He had a ceremonial key and was privy to some of their workings. The Iron Bank was indeed getting nervous with Jaqen H’ghar rising defiance. That and the Oligarch and now the Autarchy had arisen in Slavers Bay to pose a challenge. The Wharf King had learned that and that the man’s wife simply did not understand him anymore and he wanted to make Nilaena his wife. She had cooed and told him in a breathy voice that was her dream too. She had gone down on him giving him hot head.

All were willing to use their power to try and bend governments and institutions to their will. Times were indeed going to be most dangerous in the coming years. The Wharf King thought on the coming storm and how to meet it.

He put his trash in a bag he carried just for that. He hated people who let their trash blow around Braavos. Nilaena may be a lesbian but she never said no to an orgasm as the man was banging her in the ass and now she was crying out in a loud anal orgasm. The headboard banging the wall hard yet again.

He rose up and started to put his canvas bag over his shoulder.

“You sir are a pervert voyeur!”

“Excuse me?” The Wharf King replied to the roughly barked words. His voice was weak and thin. His motions unsteady. The man had walked up to him with the jaunty walk of a Bravo in his first flush of knowledge of the blade. The young man moved toward the beggar with haughty disdain. The Bravo had blended into the background noise of the crowd walking and milling about. The Wharf King had not heard him coming until he was close. “I’m just a poor beggar enjoying his meal out in the open air and cool shade out of the sun. I have made a good showing today—come let me buy you an ale my young man.”

“I think not. No. You were listening in on that man and woman fucking getting your jollies you old beggar. Your kind are a blight on this great city. You are vermin that needs to be cleansed of from this City!” the young Bravo sneered at the middle age beggar.
The Wharf King had his hands up in supplication. “I am just a poor beggar. What honor do you accomplish by killing me” he asked in a placating tone of voice.

“I save the city leaders from having to put up with your trash and defiling the honor of that couple. Your kind are a blight and burden to Braavos! The world will not miss you beggar. You won’t even see your death coming.” The Bravo chortled at his own supposed humor.

The Wharf King had heard in the man’s voice the first flush of adulthood and the power it brings a boy turned man. He also heard a cruelty that would blight his fellow destitute kindred as long as this Bravo walked the streets of Braavos. This youth who thought he was a man would only become more cruel with the passing years.

He heard the sound of a rapier quickly pulled from its scabbard. Now that the young had accosted the Wharf King he easily tracked this man in all his bluster and his loud movements. The young Bravo thought his movements elegant and awe inspiring. The Wharf King found the young man slow and inept.

He heard the Bravo swish his sword theatrically back and forth through the air. The boy was showing off to the uninitiated. The Bravo lunged at him to strike him in the heart. The Wharf King stepped to the side. The Bravos tracked him and slashed at the Wharf King. He moved back staying just of range of the slashes of the rapier.

This would not do the Wharf King thought. He could not afford to bring attention to himself. He could already hear people just starting to take notice and stopping to see what was occurring in their midst. Their senses only beginning to register the conflict in their midst. The Wharf King dived to the left and bent down picking up his bow with his left hand as the rapier swiped over his head.

The Minstrel gripped his bow and held it up. He cocked his head listening intently. He did not need his clicks to center his focus on the man with his hearing. The youth’s hard breaths and boots scraping the stones as he moved told the blind Minstrel all he needed about the Bravo’s movements.

The Bravo gave a barking laughing. “You are a fool if you think that bow can save you old man!”

The Bravo lunged again at the Minstrel. The Wharf King whipped his bow up and got the blade between the wood and hair of his bow. The blade lodging there. The Wharf King stepped in raising his arm in a quick snatch movement taking the Bravo’s blade up and jamming the thin rapier into the crook between the winding, screw and frog of the bow.

The Bravo jerked his blade not understanding how his blade had been trapped. The Minstrel took the moment to reach into his deep right pocket of his robe and with expert skill pushed the thin six inch dagger out its sheath with his thumb and gripped its handle while pulling the blade out of his robe.

He slammed the blade up between the second and third rib of the Bravo driving the dagger deep into the man’s heart. The Minstrel ripped his hand over twisting the blade shredding the heart muscle around the blade and ripped the blade out the now gaping wound.

Blood gushed out of the wound soaking the shirt of the Bravos on that side and running down his side onto his trousers wicking from his skin.

The Minstrel stepped in holding the man up as his heart fluttered for a few heartbeats and then stopped blood still pouring out the savage wound in the Bravos’ side bleeding out his now dead body life’s blood.
The Minstrel clicked his cheek and tongue moving his head. The few that had stopped to see the commotion were now moving on. The excitement was over and no one wanting to get involved in matters that did not concern them. The passerby did not grasp that a murder had just occurred in their midst. It looked like the men had maybe made up their differences. The people now hurrying did not want to take the time to discover what had truly occurred in their midst.

The Wharf King laid the dead man down on his face to hide the bleed out for a few minutes. He quickly put his dagger away after whipping it on the man’s shirt underneath his body on the right side. He put his bow back in its case and closed it. He put his canvas bag around his shoulder and put his folded seat back in its straps on the canvas bag.

His instrument put in its dolly the man calmly walked away humming a melancholy tune. Soon he was gone lost in the crowd.

Jinn

20,000 years ago

The Jinn floated on the wind observing the world as it essence drifted on the currents in the air. High above the deserts the spirit of fire drifted and swirled. The varying invisible currents in the sky felt good on the essence of the Jinn. No animal eye could discern the patterns it wove. The spirit felt the sun warm on its being. The beams of light warmed the ether of its essence. The Jinn shivered feeling a brethren flow through it. The brother spirit acknowledged it and flowed on with a countercurrent breeze.

Far below, the Jinn spirit sensed mighty golden eagles slowly circling on lower rising thermals. The birds golden feathers gleaming in the sunlight.

The Jinns each living apart from its brothers. All seeking their own destiny in the wide trackless world. They knew of each other and randomly encountered their fellow spirits but they only acknowledge their brethren and moved on. Each Jinn focused on themselves. It was the world they were interested in. Not each other.

The Jinn could feel organic molecules wafting up to it from the desert floor. The Jinn smelled the essence of pollen. A rare treat. The sweet fragrances almost intoxicating. A strong shiver of anticipation ran through the Jinn. The Jinn concentrated for a moment and broke the breezes embrace on the particles of its essence. Like rain falling from the sky, the Jinn let its consciousness fall to the floor of the high desert plain far below. Its essence tumbling and swirling as it fell. Its consciousness mingled and flowed over the molecules of the air itself and felt the motes of dust float through its ether.

Downward still the Jinn drifted. The smell of pollen grew stronger. The sun was strong on it as the early spring sun was now at its zenith in the midday sky. A high flowing cloud briefly occluded the sun. The Jinn felt the shift in the molecules in the air as they vibrated less energetically with the loss of energy from the sun. Then the cloud passed and it felt the excited molecules striking its essence harder again. The Jinn felt the sensation of warmth on its constituent particles of its being.

The Jinn continued to flow down. Soon the Jinn was above the ground roiling on the air currents excited by the sun beating down on the ground causes ripples in the air. The heated air currents made the very air seem to shimmer. The Jinn was now on a cloud of pollen that wafted up from the riot of desert flowers blooming wildly on the sandy soil. The Jinn saw the riot of colors. The low berms of sand were covered in riots of blue, orange, yellow, purple with sprinkles of white and red.
The pollen thick in the air now. The almost forgotten signature of moisture still clung to the Earth below. A thunderstorm had passed through producing this bounteous bouquet of sweet scents wafting up into the air.

The Jinn shivered as it experienced the wealth of nature. The scent of many flowers filled its essence. Each species of plant life producing different scents that intoxicated the Jinn on the sweet elixirs. It watched the flowers bend and shake with the little gusts that flowed over the flowers. The Jinn saw the colors and the bands and lines on the flowers that shown only in the ultra-violet spectrum.

It did not know these things only the joy of experiencing them.

It saw butterflies and various bees flying though the sky going from flower to flower. Their wings beating oscillating patterns in the air molecules leaving after images like a line of past incarnations of the insects as they flew from flower to flower. The Jinn felt the insects happiness filled with nectars and pollen clinging to their appendages. The butterflies’ faces covered with white spics of pollen. The bees’ legs covered with yellow sacks of pollen.

The Jinn could feel the bee and butterfly tongues sucking and licking nectars from the flowers. The spirit enjoyed watching the bees work to get inside the flowers to lick out the sweet dew hidden inside the flowers. The colors of the insects themselves a joy to the Jinn. Even the species had variation between the specimens. Each a unique wonder. The Jinn took it all in reveling in the diversity of the world.

Each insect a beacon of energy and light that pulsed with its wings and glowed brighter when the insects drank from the flowers.

The Jinn fell into the still moist Earth. The Jinn felt the fast growing roots growing frenetically drawing up water and minerals from the Earth to grow the plants above the Earth. Nutrients flowed up roots into the stems and then into the leaves to make the sugars the plants needed to thrive and produce their next generation of offspring. The Jinn felt the plants absorbing the light and felt chemical reactions occurring within their leaves.

Energy was taken in and converted and sent back out. It felt carbon dixiode breathed in and oxygen breathed out. It did not know the words of these things but it felt them in the core of its being. The interactions of life a wonder to the free flowing spirit. All facets of the world fascinated it and made the Jinn reflective on beauty.

The Jinn felt grubs and larvae of insects burrowing in the dirt. The insects feeding and some going into cocoons to start their metamorphosis into something new and wonderful. The spirit felt the dirt of the Earth clawed and shoved aside by a mole looking for those selfsame grubs the Jinn observed. The mole eating all that it came across. Death feeding life.

Bursting free of the Earth the Jinn looked upon the waving green stalks all around it at this low view at ground level. The flowers above like orbs of beautiful perfection.

In the ovaries of the flowers the Jinn felt nascent seeds forming. A new generation of life for tomorrow was being formed from the essence of today.


For a day the Jinn enjoyed this profusion of temporary life before it rose up and drifted up and away on the breezes.
2000 years ago

The Jinn was floating in the air above the east coast of Dorne. It was on the fast uprising currents near the Broken Arm. The air was getting excited and agitated as more and more moisture roared up into the air from the heated wind tossed sea below. The sun hot on the sea below evaporating vast columns of moisture up into the sky.

Men were fighting the rough seas to get their boats ashore sensing the turning of the weather. They were frantically pulling up their fishing nets.

The Jinn briefly contemplated these men. They had come to the land over ten thousand years ago. They were not like the first people. Those people lived in harmony with the Earth and with each other. Nature and these Children of the Forest were in perfect balance. The Jinn reveled in these small people. They had lived in this land for nearly a hundred thousand years. These people lived in harmony with the land.

The harmony of the Children of the Forest caused the Jinn to feel peace and harmony.

Not these “men” below. They were volatile. They engender unsettled thoughts and emotions in the Jinn. They made war on the Earth and each other. They had emotions that the Jinn had never experienced before. Strong surges of feelings that were foreign to its kind. These men harmed the world around them when there was no need. These “men” did not live in harmony with it. Even more perplexing these new men seemed to revel in harming others members of their own kind that had nothing to do with survival.

The Jinn had no interest in these men. In fact, he avoided them. These men were not harmonious with the world. They instead wrecked the world around them. Harmony was not in these new “men”.

That could not be said of all its brethren. Some had found that they felt an elation playing tricks on the humans. They would use their control of the elements of the world to move items and hide things the humans valued. The emotions they evidence from these events made these Jinn feel strange sensations. As the Jinn passed through each other randomly they picked up on each other’s observations and sensations they had experienced.

In his interactions with his brothers this Jinn discovered that the Jinns who had interacted with these course men were becoming intoxicated with the emotions of these violent men. This Jinn did not like this intoxication. It was like the birds when they had eaten fermented fruit. Their movements and thoughts became addled. The Jinn disturbed by the changes it sensed in these Jinn fascinated by these new men. The patterns of their essence now had timbres and hues the Jinn found unsettling.

Some Jinn were fascinated with the wars these humans fought. The emotions that occurred at such times intoxicated the Jinn who were fascinated with these humans and their wasteful actions. These Jinns spending more and more time interacting with the cruel men. These Jinn becoming more distant from their brothers even by the aloof standard of the Jinn.

Some went further and were lost to their kind. Where they went and what had become of them confused and upset their Jinn brothers. Many Jinn this one included avoided the humans because of it.

The Jinn forgot about the humans and their powerful emotions that boarded on what it had learned was called madness. How could one kill its own kind? How could any species kill more than what it needed to survive? This Jinn would flee from these men and let the peace of nature soothe its roiled nature.
That was the recent past. The Jinn in the now was in the turbulent air above the shore of Dorne that bounded the Sea of Dorne as men called the body of water. Water molecules were colliding and adhering to each other. Water droplets forming rapidly as clouds formed and began to rotate with the spinning of the Earth. More currents formed in the air. The energy multiplied quickly around the Jinn with the rising currents of heated water. The Jinn was pushed up the up rushing air currents and then sucked rapidly inside the now large dark cloud.

Suddenly, flashes of light that would have blinded the Jinn if it had eyes erupted around the Jinn. The heat of the superheated air pushed the Jinn violently out from its current place and then sucked back in as the void was filled. The boom of thunder buffeted the essence of the Jinn. Water was now flowing down as rain. The water pelting through its essence. The Jinn falling with the rain droplets as they rushed down toward the sandy shore and rolling waves crashing ashore.

The Jinn was suddenly sucked up high into the towering cloud. The water squeezed by coldness sucking out energy. Ice formed and the Jinn fell violently back down through the cloud knocked to the right and the left before ripped up again.

The violence of nature buffeted the Jinn. The roiling air, the shock of the superheated gas and the boom of thunder exhilarated the spirit flowing on the air currents. It reveled in this violence of nature. The Jinn understood the forces of nature. It understood the desert lion taking down the antelope. It was balance. The violence made sense. It was the way of nature.

The violence of man was another thing. It was unbalanced. It was harm and hurt without reason. The passions of this “man” ruled him and made him do things that were against the natural order of the world. Humans unsettled the Jinn. Not so nature. The violence of nature exalted the Jinn. It was pure and right.

The Jinn was buffeted wildly before it became part of the storm of hail that fell violently out of the cloud. The Jinn fell with the hail plummeting to the Earth far below.

Soon it felt the violent impact of icy water striking the grains of sand on the beach and hitting the water sending up gouts of froth. The impact reverberating throughout the Jinn’s essence.

The Jinn felt the humans yelling at each other and running underneath lean-toos and large trees sheltering from the storm. The thunder shaking the very ground.

Then the Jinn was again flowing back up the thermals to again join the clouds above and their fury. This natural fury and interaction thrilled the Jinn. It was pure and beautiful unlike the fury of man. The Jinn was happy to be sucked away from the foul touch of man.

200 years ago

The Jinn was slightly below the enclave the humans called Oldtown floating on the early fall breezes. The air still warm but the first hints of the mild autumn this land experienced stirred the atmosphere. The winter would be more severe than normal. The Jinn was above the marsh slightly below the town. The water flowing in from the river called the Honeywine by the humans. The tide was rolling in. The Jinn could hear the rhythmic pulsing of incoming waves of the tide hammering the marsh banks. The sounds of the waves lapping the shore rhythmic and strangely soothing. Again and again the waves came with the pull of the moon that the Jinn could feel on its essence.

The Jinn submerged into the water and felt the inrush of salty water colliding with the fresh water of the river. The colliding water created a brine of brackish water. The Jinn felt the rush of life in these
waters. The smell of salt in the air. The Jinn felt the decay of detritus in the water and air. The Jinn smelled the death that lead to renewal of life that the humans called the “smell of the sea”.

The water flowed over the Jinn. The particulates of eroded Earth and rotted plant life swirling in the currents. The Jinn felt itself flowing through the Marsh Tails and Saw Grass that absorbed the effluent of the river cleansing it while giving life to small slugs and worms in the earth. The invertebrates eating the rotting mass mixed in the earth. The fish eggs from the last spawn of the shade filled the water and made it silky white in places. More food for the smallest of life’s predators.

The Jinn flowed over the sponges and soft corals that combed the waters feeding on the detritus and small particles of life that flowed over and through the stationary invertebrates.

Oysters and muscles pumped their shells pumping water through their bodies feeding on the particles while clams buried themselves and sent up a tuber foot to filter the water.

The balance of life. Death feeding life. Renewal and the circle of energy and life everywhere flowing between the life forms of this marsh. Perfect balance. This was how the world was supposed to be. Life giving way to death which then nurtured the life of the next generation. The life forms only taking what they needed to survive and create the next generation of life. It felt soothing to the Jinn. It felt right.

A boat passed overhead. Men were fighting over something useless. The shouts loud and discordant. The Jinn smelled alcohol that the humans liked so much. Emotions crashed over the Jinn intoxicating it. The Jinn shuddered and refused the siren call. The emotions too alluring to heed. This fight was not about survival where one must kill to survive like the desert lioness pulling down the wild boar to feed its body and its cubs. This was a fight for nothing over nothing. It was something the humans excelled at.

The Jinn had seen more of its brethren disappear after becoming infatuated with humans. The Jinn felt the blood pumping in the humans fast beating hearts and the hot cocktail of enzymes, hormones and endocrine chemicals in their blood. The excitement of the fighting humans could not but help capture the Jinn’s total focus. It tried to refuse the siren call but it was so hard.

A man fell into the water bleeding profusely. His human’s life blood escaped his body through multiple puncture wounds.

The blood in the water mushroomed out from it’s source in a red cloud that already coagulated in the water. The blood making red swirls in the water some darker than others twisting in on themselves while the lighter colored ones flowed off in the currents. The cloud of blood and death ever expanding in the brackish swirling currents. The Jinn could feel the wrongness of this man’s death. This death was not part of the cycle of life. The very wrongness of the man’s death was what made it so shocking and yet vitalizing to the Jinn. It was unnatural. It was deadly. It was unholy. It was wrong on every conceivable level of existence. It was so wrong and yet men embraced this need for death.

The Jinn felt elation and agitation in the man’s dissipated blood. The blood was starting too touch it! The Jinn felt wild elation and violence coursing through its essence. It fled in a panic.

20 years ago

The Jinn flowed over the Red Mountains. It had watched a golden eagle circling in the sky and then diving down and down to pounce upon a hare that at the last moment sensed its danger and jerked to the right and then shot off at another angle. The eagle’s talons striking only earth. The Jinn had felt
the eagle’s animalistic frustration as it rose back up into the sky.

The Jinn flowed along the thermals riding the currents to the east. It saw in the distant a manmade edifice of stone rising high in the air. The currents took the Jinn to the tower in the sky.

As the Jinn closed in on the edifice, it saw that humans were in front of it. They were fighting! The Jinn tried to resist but it willed its essence down towards the ground. More and more of late the Jinn had become infatuated with the passions of these violent humans. The sounds of metal colliding with metal filled the air. Bright glints of sunlight off the metal men wore dazzled in bright flashes. All the emotions of fear, rage, hope, duty and jealousy thick in the air. The Jinn tried to resist but he had become attracted to the potent elixir of these emotions over the last two centuries. The touch of the dying man’s blood in the marsh that day had altered the Jinn in ways it could not undo.

The Jinn had over the recent decades become more and more attracted to the violence of man. Nature provided sensations and insights but nature could not compare to the violent cocktail of emotions and sensations of man. Man’s avarice and greed generated emotions and sensations that dwarfed anything that nature could produce.

The Jinn knew it should flee but it could not. The emotions coming up from the men were so powerful! The waves of spiritual energy hitting the Jinn like the waves of a tsunami. Forces it could not really understand slammed into the incorporeal essence of the Jinn. He understood why his lost brothers had floundered. The emotions slamming into the Jinn as his essence floated among the combatants unseen and unfelt was overpowering. He could not flee. He had become addicted to the rush of sensations washing over him.

Ten men were fighting in a wild melee of colliding metal and metal bouncing and sliding off metal. Men stumbled and righted themselves. Curses and shouts filled the air, but, it was the emotions that intoxicated the Jinn. The emotions brought into such sharp focus by the thought of death just one slash or thrust of the sword away from each person fighting for survival.

Fear smashed into its being. This emotion being the most predominate and powerful one though other emotions of passion also careened into the Jinn as it floated among the combatants. His being large enough to take in all the fighters as they tried to kill each other. Elation and anger hit the Jinn like punches. Determination and purpose washed over the Jinn. Agonizing pain robbed it of its senses as bodies were cruelly hacked and pierced.

Death in nature had a cleanness to it. The animals involved felt no true emotion beyond the striving for life and raw fear. Here those emotions were only the beginning of emotions put out by these fighting humans. It was all the other emotions mixed into the fight for life that intoxicated and made the Jinn drunk on the fast flowing rivers of emotions flowing in all directions. The violence and raw emotions would have suffocated the Jinn if it did not find them so exhilarating and beautiful to feel.

The screams of the dying stunned the Jinn. This went on for what seemed an eternity. The emotions ebbing and surging with the fight.

Then the smell of blood sent the Jinn into a frenzy. It tried to resist the siren call but there was too much. Hot blood was everywhere. The blood filled with chemicals and emotions of the dying men. The Jinn instinctively knew it was the blood that had snared his fallen brothers. More men fell until only two were left standing. The life in the last two fallen men on the ground left them as blood poured out their mangled bodies.

The Jinn vaguely sensed one man walk off towards the manmade tower. The Jinn did not care as overwhelmed by the intoxicating emotions it had absorbed dove into the dead men and the blood soaked Earth.
Emotions and senses like its kind had never known smashed into the Jinn. It saw with eyes it never had, memories it never experienced. It heard sounds like it had never heard as he relived the past of each of the dead men. The Jinn felt the emotions and memories of each fallen man before the man’s mind’s synapsis totally failed and their souls fled the hacked and pierced bodies. The Jinn reeled from corpse to corpse and back experiencing everything in that man’s just fled life.

The Jinn reveled in how stark their vision was and yet how limited. It basked in the warmth on skin it never had. The Jinn missed the feel of energy form the sun infusing its very molecules. It saw light from a unique perspective. The Jinn missed the wide panoramic view it had of the Earth in his native form. The Jinn felt confusion as a linear corporal view of life warred with his non corporal eternal view of the world and the life therein.

It truly felt for the first time the fear, anger, pain it had only felt viscerally of these humans. Now it felt these things intimately. These emotions were now in the core of his being. He had been forever changed and would never again ride the currents of the world. He would never again be able to be part of nature or his fellow Jinn. He had become garroted by limitations that his kind should never experience.

It now understood the emotions of jealousy, hatred, love, passion for a cause, lust, craving for what it could never have.

In an instant it knew all these things and so much more.

The Jinn reeled into an insentient state.

When the Jinn rose groggily back to sentience it looked around. The two surviving men were riding off into the distance at speed on their horses.

The Jinn could still feel the pulse of life from within the tower however faint it might be. The Jinn rose up and passed through the stone walls. It had not lost that ability yet. He had been changed and was changing more. He now needed a host to survive. He could no longer live as before. He looked down upon the woman lying in a pool of blood and covered in blue rose petals. The woman barely clung to life.

Only to his still sharpened senses could he see the faint reedy pulse of life stubbornly beating through her failing body.

The bed and the body was soaked in blood. The Jinn did not even try to halt itself as it flowed onto the bed, over the dying body and into the human drinking the blood that liberally soaked the environs.

More emotions surged into the Jinn. It felt the elation of giving birth and the fear of approaching death. The Jinn felt the pulse of hot passion and the warm touch of affection. The Jinn felt the concept of honor breed deep into the body it flowed into.

The Jinn was stunned with the feel of orgasm and the shock of feeling one’s life slip away. The Jinn saw the image of new life that had sprung from this body and this life given to a man that looked much like this woman.

Words of promises and love were exchanged. The Jinn felt the afterimages of the love the man felt for this woman and the grief he felt when the woman died to his senses.

Only she had not died. She had slipped to the very door of death but had not crossed over. The departed man’s limited senses could not see what the Jinn was still able to perceive.
The Jinn felt the binding between the body of this human female and its own essence start. It did not even try to flee. It was his fate to bind with this woman. He accepted his fate and mourned the passing of his past self.

Early in the evening the woman awoke. The sun was just setting. Her whole body ached and she felt strange. She looked down at her now naked body and gasped. She could not tell she had ever been pregnant.

She sat up and spread her legs. Her vagina had been torn asunder with the birth of her son but it seemed unmarred and she did not feel the horrible pain in her lower abdomen.

She had been weak as a kitten but now felt alive with strength and vitality. It was dark in the room but she easily saw all the furniture and blood stained sheets and quilts haphazardly strewn about.

The woman stood up and walked to the window. She saw the bodies of men outside. She ran down the tower and out to the dead men. She recognized the bodies of her guard Ser Arthur Dayne, Ser Oswell Whent, and Ser Gerold Hightower. Of the other men she recognized Martyn Cassel and Ethan Glover.

She knew from her brother that her love was dead. She had nothing left here. What had seemed important now had no hold on her. Her son and her brother were safe. Eddard would protect her son. She turned away. She spied the mountains off in the distance. She started to walk. Her steps steady. She felt exhilarated. Her pace increased to a fast loop that ate up the leagues. She did not tire as she ran toward the peaks slowly growing larger.

She reached the base of the mountains. Her body instinctively knew the path higher and began her climb. Her strength and new insights allowed her to easily climb the defiles and move over boulder strewn paths. She climbed higher into the mountains. The rocky paths and sharp edges of stone were no barrier to her now. Her hands and feet easily found purchase and held on tight. The sharp stone edges did not cut her flesh. She easily pulled herself higher into the mountains and did not tire.

She moved upwards into the mountains for several hours wondering what was to become of her. What course should she take? She felt no connection to her past. She looked around at this land. She climbed higher still into the mountains. She spotted a perch and sat down overlooking a high mountain glade. There she sat down to reflect this new thing she had become. She was once two but now was one.

The sky was dark now and she looked up at the stars glittering up in the sky. She saw many more stars in the heavens than she had ever before. The Jinn within her making her senses much sharper than before. The warriors girdle in the sky seemed to literally shimmer now.

She reflected on the many memories flowing through her consciousness. She had memories of playing in the snow as a child. She remembered two male big horn sheep smashing their horns into each other in the rut. She remembered being scared in the crypts as her brothers laughed and teased her. A smile crossed her face when she turned the tables on her brothers. She remembered the run of shad up the river in a frenzy of instinctual need to mate and spawn.

The woman felt the elation of receiving blue roses at a tourney. The woman felt the pulse of a flash flood careening down a high mountain valley. She felt the impact of water from boulder to boulder and the feel of dead wood and uprooted bushes flinging down the blind valley. She longed for her lover’s touch.

The woman felt the birth of her son and she felt the dying of an ibex with its jugular bitten and the flow of blood stopped by a shadowcat.
The woman reflected on these myriad of thoughts and emotions for several hours. She instinctively knew she was not as before. Her mind was coming to grips with the two sets of memories that were trying to coalesce into a whole new viewpoint. What once was two was now becoming one.

Then she felt an unease fill her body. A burning was building in her bones and her skin felt like it was alive with crawling ants. Her stomach rebelled. Her blood was on fire. Her very joints screamed in burning agony.

The woman jumped up and then doubled over while agonizing pain flooded her body. She was on fire. Every pore of body shrieked with agony. Her head tilted back and she screamed her agony to the world. Her screams echoed by the mountains.

As she looked on the full moon started to crest over the horizon of the plains before the mountains. The woman’s brain exploded into a frenzy of raw animal instinct and fire.

The woman threw her head back and screamed at the moon in primal need. He bones snapped in the middle and grew as her limbs stretched and digits elongated. Her fingers and toes snapped and then surged out with talons forming. The bones in her torso and back changed shape and elongated. The sounds of bones snapping shockingly loud in the nighttime desert air.

She looked at her limbs as fur sprouted out and multiplied in an orgy of growth. Her skin felt the agony of hair growth where no hair had ever been. She felt her skull crack and her face form a snot as her teeth erupted in their sockets and rapidly grew and drawled into fangs. Her ears migrated up her skull and formed into triangles. Her shoulders drifted in and a haunch formed on her back as her shoulder girdle reformed.

The woman’s body snapped and reshaped as first screams filled the air that slowly changed to howls of pain and rage. Finally, the transformation was complete.

A dark brown were-direwolf stood on its hind legs and howled to the moon.

AAARRRWWOOOOOOOO! AARRWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Its transformation was complete.

The present

The Jinn moved out from her cave. It was the dark of the moon but it no longer matter. The were-direwolf had full control of its body and mind now. The were-direwolf looped on all fours enjoying the feel of the air flowing over its fur. The creature felt elation at her long looping gait. Her form easily eating the leagues as she ran through her territory.

It had not always been thus. In the beginning she had fought with the primal nature of her second self. She had felt the Jinn reveling in the raw untrammeled emotions. It tried to break her human control and spirit. It had failed. She was Lyanna Stark. Her iron will was ascendant and it was she who won the battle of wills for control of her body.

Lyanna leapt up onto a thirty foot tall boulder. She looked around down onto the plain before her. She had a large territory she patrolled. She went to a small cactus and squatted down beside it marking her territory. She did not want any other Jinn in her territory. She moved forward slightly and scratched dirt to spread her mark on the ground.

The Jinn lopped forward. She went onto the desert plain. She generally avoided humans. She had no real purpose with them anymore.
She only interacted when she felt one of her kind behaving badly in or near her territory or when she came upon men being their evil vile selves.

She had been on the trail of innocents for two days now. They needed her protection. Other less savory men had also found their spore. It was a small family that was moving from a dried up well to a new location. She had felt the bandits tracking them. Lyanna increased her speed. The miscreants were nearing ready to attack. She saw the small fire of the family and the man and wife huddled with two small children beneath their oxen drawn cart.

She saw the four men preparing to attack and kill the man and rape the woman and take the children to put into servitude. She could easily read their evil emotions and the flow of particles off their bodies that shimmered in her heat sight. Her snout told her of their evil intent. Their bodies literally rippled with their vileness.

They never heard her approach as she leapt down on them in their hiding place. Their screams and flailing bodies had been most pleasing to feel and hear as she tore them limb from limb quickly and efficiently.

She drank their blood and then ran off. The humans she saved huddling beneath their cart fearing that they would be next. She had no concern for them now that she had saved them. She ran off to further patrol her territory.

Lyanna had learned full control. It had taken years. The first time she killed a vile man raping a woman she had nearly torn the woman’s throat out too.

The emotions and pheromones of fright and lust blinding to her Jinn self. That wash of emotions and desires had almost overwhelmed her but she had exerted her iron will. A Stark does not harm the innocent. She would never forget her true self no matter what she may become. She would always be Lyanna Stark underneath her fur and sinew.

She had slowly learned to control he baser instincts of her Jinn self. The Jinn was not evil it just did not know how to understand or control the mad rush of emotions and feelings that extreme human actions and reactions caused. It was easy to lose oneself to them.

The were-hyena had been such a case. That Jinn reveled in the uncontrolled emotions of an obviously stunted man or maybe woman. With hyenas it was so hard to tell. She had stumbled upon its scent and into a battle. The battle had been of no concern to her. She cared not for the petty battles of men now. Only her fight with her brethren had mattered to Lyanna. The Were-Hyena had given into its baser instincts. The human it had bound itself with was a weak and a cruel thing Lyanna felt in her snout when she whiffed its scent.

She would right the causes on an individual basis. She had heard it called the Game of Thrones this play of the grand forces of man. Such things were nothing to her. They had not been in her human life and they were definitely not so in her Were life.

Lyanna Stark had no use for such trivial human emotions. She had a territory to protect and humans within her sphere she would protect but no more. She had chased the were-hyena two days out of her territory before she gave up the chase. She had made her statement.

Still seeing all those humans had awakened something within her. She knew her mate had been killed. But sometimes, she still wondered about Eddard and the son she had given up.

What had become of them?
Back in human form and in her cave Lyanna cooked a meal of tubers and a spawning trout from the river. She ate her meal and leaned back against the wall on her furs.

Lyanna snuggled into her furs. She was complete and content in her life. She was one with her environs and loved roaming in her preserve. She yawned. She wondered what her future would bring.

She had a sense that the times were changing. Something was coming; a destiny unlooked or planed for. In her mind she saw the images of lions. One image stood out above the others. A mighty golden female lion with a snake as a mate. Lyanna shook her head. The Lioness was most beautiful and she felt an attraction to his mighty lioness. Strange. She was not attracted to her own sex. Her visions were like prophecies. Blurry and misleading to be sure. She wondered on that. She harrumphed. She would meet this new future when it arrived. Lyanna Stark went to sleep peacefully.

Unholy Pact

The slow clop of iron shod feet hitting the paving stones lulled Archmaester Castor into a drowsy state. The midday sun was beating down on his neck. It may be winter officially but in Oldtown the weather generally was still warm. The warm waters of the Sunset Sea filled Whispering Bay whose waters warmed the old City like a mother’s embrace.

Castor looked at the old buildings that had for the most part been here for well over two thousand years. Major fires had raced through Oldtown during a major drought that had burned down many of the warrens. Even the Citadel had received some damage.

The Archmaester looked at the buildings that were close set to the roads except for the major thoroughfare like the one he was traveling down. Main Street. What a boring name the Maester thought to himself. The wagon moved off the rough paving stones to the large well fitted tiles of the Bedouin quarter. The area settled eight hundred years ago by Bedouins fleeing the persecution of the Martells. The predominate family of Dorne pushing into the eastern high plateaus before the Fire Mountains named for the iron content in the rock that made them glow hot red when the summer setting sun shone on the rocks.

The Mountains located between Skyreach and Hellholt. Skyreach fed by artesian wells and Hellhot fed by the River Brimstone. The Bedouins thrived in the dry headlands before the mountains living off the milk of their camels and the wells they guarded closely. They had waged a hotly contested war with the Martells over the land. Many refugees had fled the conflict and settled in Oldtown and never returned when the Martells had left the land a generation later with their tails between their legs.

The Bedouins waging constant insurgency. They did not fight the Martell’s directly but instead attacked in small numbers unlooked for. The desert dwellers killing in small numbers. Numbers that had individually been small but added together had bled the House of Martell dry. The constant deaths not worth the effort to control a land not really worth it to begin with.

The Archmaester contemplated the follies of the Major Houses.

The carriage went from its jarring motion to a smooth gliding of the seat with the precisely fitted tiles. Castor looked down as his want to look at the complicated tile patterns. He saw in this section diamonds in diagonal rows going from right to left. The diamond shapes made of purple and blue rectangle stones that were of two sizes. The larger size stone at the apex of each diamond. Inside the
outline was a layer of orange and beige tiles with each center with blue vertical horizontal tiles surrounding a black center tile. All to give the impression of flowers.

It was quite lovely. The Archmaester asked the carriage driver to halt. To his right were three story structures with arched and horizontal door portals with transom windows above them of various number of panes. The buildings covered with stucco and painted beige with one a dull yellow. Three of the windows on the second floor of two of the buildings had balconies with wrought iron railings. Further down where the road started to bend an arch had been built as an entryway to the building at that location. The arches looked like traditional Bedouin entryway to their sacred temples.

On the other side of the street were covered sidewalks that had food stalls and several outdoor barbeque and shish kabob vendors. There were fewer doorway and windows on this side of the street since this was businesses like the restaurants he was currently beside. A man came out to the carriage.

Castor asked for a spear of shish kabob. This vendor used tender goat meat and was most tasty. He handed down an eight of a silver stag he had had cut to make such purchases. He knew the vendor would collect all the cutup silver coin bits and when he had enough he would make another spoon, fork or knife of silver. The poorer residents building and saving their wealth thus. Some even saved enough silver if successful enough to make urns and pitchers. The then heirlooms passed down to the next generation. Thus, their wealth slowly accumulated.

After a few minutes the man returned with Castor’s purchase. The Archmaester pulled off several pieces of sweet goat meat and a mushroom cap and enjoyed the meal as the carriage proceeded apace down the lane. He looked down smiling at the new tiled image he was traveling over. The colors pleasing to the eye. He was returning from a meeting beneath the base of the Hightower. The ancient seat of House Hightower, one of the most powerful families of the Reach. The castle and lighthouse located atop Battle Island, where the Honeywine widens into the Whispering Sound.

The city had grown out from around the old venerable castle and lighthouse. He glanced back at the massive stepped tower with its beacon on top to guide ships into port. It was the tallest structure in the Seven Kingdoms even topping the height of the seven-hundred-foot Wall. The people of Oldtown used its shadow to tell the time of the day.

The Archmaester looked forward over the front of the carriage as it travelled down this main lane that would take him to his home in the Citadel. He was returning from a meeting with emissaries from the Oligarch (slavers bay), The Landless Lords – Pentos and disputed lands along the shore and step stones – pirates. He had spoken to a spokesperson from the Iron Bank. They were the intermediaries to the House of Black and White.

The world had become an unsettled place. Of course the world had wars but Daenerys Targaryen had changed everything with her conquests. She had stormed across Essos from Qarth to the Narrow Sea. Unlike past rulers who merely fought and killed and did not change the system the Targaryen had obliterated the old world order. The Slave Trade was simply no more. Sure there was vestiges and small outposts that still existed but they were not waiting to metastasis. No they merely hoped to survive. They lived in dread and fear of her return to finish what she had started.

She had then without a single battle conquered Westeros. Now she was racing North to confront what his brothers said was fables and myths. He knew better. He and his two true brothers knew the truth. The Ice King cometh and if the white haired Queen did not slay him life in Westeros and probably the rest of the world would end.

She had proven herself to be a mighty warrior and devastating tactician. She had joined forces with
Eddard Stark. Both were leaders the land Westeros had never seen. They were simply beyond compare when it came to the Game of Thrones. Marry that with an adept grasp of field combat maneuvers you had the recipe for leaders that none could stand against. The Archmaester hoped they had what was needed to defeat the Ice King.

He and his two true brothers in spirit would have to wait to deal with them. If they lost it did not matter really. Eventually, all would be reduced to an everlasting frozen dark. His brothers in the Citadel and the citizens of Westeros lived in bliss. He was resigned that what would be would be. The Citadel was powerless against such an arcane foe that the Queen and the Warden of the North were rushing to confront.

They may be enemies to his grand designs but the Archmaester could not help but be impressed and maybe even enamored a little seeing such bravery. Daenerys Targaryen and Eddard Stark did not hesitate to throw themselves into the breech of Westeros’s need.

He contemplated all this while he ate. His mouth savored tasty pepper and another slice of goat.

He felt life had to win out over death. It had too or what was the meaning of that life. Thus, he had to plan on for what would come after the defeat of the Ice King.

Daenerys Targaryen had done a great service to the world he supposed in destroying the slave trade. But in doing so she was disrupting all that had existed in equilibrium for over five thousand years. Now all was in flux and major powers were vying to fill the vacuum the Pale Queen had created. Powers that were ecumenical to the order that the Maesters supported. The Citadel wanted placid order that worked through the major Lords of Westeros to achieve and maintain their goals for the continent.

The Maesters through their influences over their Lords could control their actions and responses to the changing world. The Citadel could make peace with them he supposed but these new forces being birthed had aspirations that the Maesters might not be able to ameliorate or control if they reached the shores of Westeros.

Now the Queen was unleashing changes in Westeros and bringing forth magic that the Maesters had been sure was disappearing for good. Of course the Troika used magic in its work but it was only to use the reprehensible tools to ensure their eventual disappearance.

The Valyrian’s dragons were powerful but not as powerful as the populace assumed. The Maesters had removed them once and they would do so again. They were developing a new means to that end. If that was blocked they would use their service to the Queen to get in close and do their work slowly but inevitably lead to the dragons’ demise.

Most thought dragons could produce fire in unlimited supply but that was a misnomer. Their fire was deadly but it was limited. Much of their damage was with their sheer size and bulk used to devastating effect. In the ruin of Harrenhal it was the siege of a week that had weakened the walls and created cave ins that allowed the dragon fire to get inside to the combustibles. The dragons had fired off fast and furious to begin with to ignite the blaze but soon were exhausted and only worked to keep the fire hot with occasional bursts of added dragon fire.

They had done autopsies on several dragons and determined that much of the fires creation was by chemical interactions that ceased when they died. Once dead they could no longer produce fire. Like the rest of life, the dragon’s fire was based on chemical reactions.

The dragons they could handle but now Daenerys Targaryen had brought to the world of Westeros strange creatures called Ur-viles and Waynhim that were not even close to human Maester Luwin.
reported. The creatures did not even have eyes! The creatures capable of great potent magic. Their brother had come into contact with horses with human intellect and met Giants who were twelve to fourteen feet tall. There were Haruchai who could fight one and half ton bulls to a standstill.

Maester Luwin instead of being appalled was enamored with these new denizens to Westeros. He had met two ShadowBender witches and had come to admire them and was partitioning the Citadel to form alliance with the vile whores. Yes, the Valyrian was corrupting the very fabric of Westeros. She was bringing back magic and seducing all to not only accepting it but longing for it.

This could not be allowed to continue. Daenerys was some kind of catalyst that was bringing great magical might to life. It was only with her rising from the Red Wastes that magic seemed to be surging from out of the shadows. They were striving for the proverbial light. Threats that made the Pale Queen pail to insignificance.

He pulled off another two mushrooms and two slices of grease dripping goat. He was eating this perusing his surrounding and pondering the rising threats. Ancient magic that only their oldest manuscripts spoke of were rising again. As bad as the magic the Targaryen was unleashing, as insidious if not more so, were the Queen’s evil thoughts on the place of women. The Queen did not accept the subservience of women. She dared think that they could lead! The mere thought made the Maester shudder in disgust at the unnatural thought.

It had been so since the dawn of time that women were the weaker sex and needed to be guided by man. Not so for this woman. She was a proven leader that was well and truly ferocious on the battlefield. She was a mutant. The problem was she was not satisfied with being a one off. She had decreed that from her reign forward the lay of Westeros would be equal primogeniture. That was detestable enough but it had been reported across Essos that the Valyrian female was barren.

That was no longer the case. Maester Luwin reported that a daughter was indeed in the queen’s life. She was adopted but she was being raised as Daenerys child. Thus, she would arise to the Iron Throne in time.

That could not be allowed. Women could not come to expect to lead. Women were born incapable of it. Nature bore that out. He chose to forget the examples of the hyena and the great raptor birds.

Dorne had always had their own perverted ways but the Maesters had worked hard to keep that poison contained in that dry dusty land. Not only did Dorne practice equal primogeniture they allowed the practices of homosexuality to run rampant in that land. Again, if it was contained to Dorne then the Citadel and the Septons could tolerate that. The Citadel had to for one thousand years tolerated Dorne.

Dorne had proven to be unconquerable both physically and spiritually.

Now, this Daenerys Targaryen was tearing that fabric of society asunder across Westeros. She had declared she was going to marry Arya Stark. Worse yet, Eddard fully supported this Maester Luwin reported. Not only that but the Maester of Winterfell reported that Sansa Stark was to wed Margaery Tyrell again with Eddard’s full support. As of yet, word had not spread. That spread must be stopped at any cost. It was a contagion that seemed to be capable of spreading fast. It was too dangerous. It must be exterminated with extreme prejudice.

The Maester of Winterfell had been corrupted as it well it seemed. He fully supported the unions. What had gotten into Luwin. He knew the precepts of his order! He would have to be replaced at great haste. He would be brought back to the Citadel. A grim line formed on the Archmaester’s face. He knew what must be done with the heretical Maester.
The Archmaester shook his head negatively. The Pale Queen had sent Cersei into exile in Dorne and now she had married Obara Sand and taken her last name. The illness was spreading. All the most eligible High Princesses had turned into homosexuals. Not only that but some kind of Hen Coop of Margaery’s handmaidens were copulating with the females of the Red Keep in wild orgies. The women of King’s Landing flocking to their bed to copulate in nightly orgies of female homosexuality. The vision in his mind filled Castor with anger. There seemed to be no end to the disease. The Archmaester blanched contemplating it all.

On top of this, a threat that made those pale had appeared when the Pale Queen had appeared on the beach of Dorne. The Green Scourge had appeared in their land. The Troika and their confidant minions had been spying on the Queen using Dragon Glass since her arrival. They knew of her magical leanings so had their Dragon Pupils always in hand or near. The magical constructs of old Valyria. They had noticed almost immediately a green glow that came and went in the trapezchedron shaped crystals that had come from an old holdfast discovered in Volantis two hundred and thirty years back.

The crystals that fit in your palm had been designed to let the user know of magical might and threats that were near. The crystals also gave one the ability to use magic while using the Dragon Glass to feel the magic of those you observed. You could see and hear what the ones being observed heard and saw. The Dragon Pupils glowed hotter the closer the magic came to the person palming the crystal. It had the ability to ward and shield one from magic. The crystals created to be a shield of magic to resist other magic. The crystals dampened and suppressed magic.

The Troika had learned how to use the Dragon Pupils to ward themselves from magic and prevent any with skills of Dragon Glass to spy on them. Or so they had thought. This entity that caused a green glow in their Dragon Pupils seemed to come and go and did not come near to Oldtown to begin with. Then the Troika had learned the meaning of terror.

Six months ago near the midnight hour their dragon pupils had suddenly glowed direly hot. The crystals going from a soft pink color to blazing green suns that were so bright they were painful to gaze upon. Fortunately, Bryce their leader and Castor himself had not been holding their Dragon Pupils but laying on their work desks as they slept.

Now so for Archmaester Vaellyn Castor reflected. He had been studying with his crystal beside him. When it blazed up he instinctively gripped it to have its protection in hand. His hand immediately dropped the crystal with its green blazing heat. In that instant touch he suffered second degree burns over his hand with two spots on his palm third degree burns. He had recovered mostly but he would never have full use of that hand again. He definitely earned his name "Vinegar Vaellyn" his acid tongue in full force since that event.

The force had been very close they deemed to flare their crystals so bright and hot.

The Troika had three supporters that followed their lead. One was Maester Asten who was stationed at Honeyholt. He was the most accomplished with the Dragon Glass. They had tasked him to track and see if he could ‘see’ this Green force. Thrice more the Dragon Pupils had burned green hot. The Troika members had wrapped the crystals in Dragon Scales that absorbed heat. The crystals when they flared bright green were still too hot to be held but they did not burn at a mere touch. Whatever it was it was in Oldtown or maybe even in the Citadel when the crystals glowed so hot and green was dire.

Two weeks ago disaster had struck again. Maester Asten reported afterwards he had spied her at Winterfell. He had found her more by luck than any skill. She was standing on the Great Keep atop the dragon Drogon. The dragon did not sense the small woman standing on its back as it dozed.
She was staring down at the ground intently. There was the Queen and her entourage on the grounds. It was them this small woman was looking at.

Master Asten reported that she was small and wore a bright green tunic that flapped in the strong cold winds that did not seem to touch her. For a minute Asten had observed the woman. Then she had turned her head to look him in the eyes. He became frozen. She slowly removed her cowl. She had elven ears and eyebrows with long bright green hair that matched her large lidless green eyes that caught Asten’s gaze and held him.

Her head had tilted right and left regarding him. Then their Maester reported green beams seemed to shoot out her eyes. The result had been horrible. Somehow she had travelled her energies down the Dragon Glass connection and burned his eyes out. The man’s eyes incinerated with scar tissue sealing the orbits shut. Their compatriot blinded permanently. That was when they named this woman the Green Scourge.

Her power seemed unfathomable. More magic. No doubt unleashed again by Daenerys Targaryen. The woman must be removed. It was imperative.

He spied off to the right the spires of the Starry Sept. The original home of the Faith of the Seven the home of the High Septon for a thousand years before the War of Conquest. He spied its marbled walls and arched windows. It had taken the Septon of Oldtown starving himself for a week to realize he had better side with Aegon I. It had saved the order. Aegon took the faith when he became Lord of the Seven Kingdoms.

Power and necessity indeed made strange bedfellows Castor deduced.

The man suddenly flinched hard a look of anguish lighting his face. His feet shot straight out and kicked the front of the cabin he was resting in. The driver of the carriage looked back asking if the Archmaester needed assistance. Castor, with a pained grimace, shook his head in the negative. The man turned back around. The carriage proceeded down the now again cobble stone street. The coachman could not help him.

Even wrapped with many layers of Dragon Scales the Dragon Pupil burned hot in his deep pocket of his robe. The magically rune inscribed dragon scales and hide was tightly wound around his crystal and yet the heat was painful in the extreme. He grit his teeth and endured. Since her attack on Maester Asten they had greatly feared the next appearance of the Green Scourge.

Again a woman Castor thought angrily. What had gone wrong in the world?

The stone glared hot and angry in his pocket. Again she had come to Oldtown. Before Asten had been blinded their adversary had been in Winterfell with the Queen. Castor sensed this green woman was a rogue agent but she had aligned with the Dragon Queen. Damn the Valyrian. She had become way too dangerous to the order that Troika sought to establish and was leading the world too.

Finally, after ten minutes the green heat simply disappeared. She was gone. For now.

Five minutes later he had arrived before the entrance of the Citadel. He looked up at the two enormous Dragon Sphinxes that were on each side of the great entrance to his home. The great beasts in repose and their wings folded back. One was male and the other female. The two obelisk symbolically guarding the Citadel. He got out of the carriage and paid the driver well. He remembered that from his youth.

He did not notice the small green haired woman staring down at him. She stood upon the head of
the female sphinx unseen by all. The green haired woman bent tachyon light particles around her form rendering her invisible. Her cowl pulled back and her long green hair snapping in the windless air. Her green eyes misting as she stared down at him. Her gaze cool and calculating. Then her body seemed to collapse to a dark green horizontal bar only inches wide that then collapsed upon itself and was gone.

The strange apparition unnoticed by Castor he walked into the Citadel. He proceeded down the high arched entranceway that led to the Scribe's Hearth. He observed the novices and acolytes writing letters and contracts for the illiterate. He stopped for a minute watching the anxious patrons and the eager scribes at work remembering his time there.

He moved on. He had a meeting to attend. He would meet with his fellow Troika members Archmaesters Vaellyn and Bryce. It had been Bryce that had recruited the members of their secret order and their three supporters who followed their lead. Asten had journeyed down by boat down the Honeywine since his injury and would be sitting in on their meeting.

He was soon in the small meeting room with the other three members of their secret society. The other two men away on Troika business.

He could not help but stare at Asten. His eyes were gone. Burned out and only deep pits in his eyes socket with deep red scar tissue at the base. The man was not in pain strangely. It seemed this Green Scourge had some mercy to her. The power to do what she did from afar had filled all the members of the Troika with fear. This woman was obviously powerful. To be able to strike from afar frightening. From what Asten could report she had not needed any magical implement to do her attack. That could only mean one thing. This small woman’s magic came from within her. They knew if she chose to attack she would be unstoppable. They had no idea what motivated the small woman. That was as frightening as her raw strength.

The men around the table looked at each other. Bryce the Maester with his Valyrian steel link spoke first.

“The Dragon Queen has left Winterfell and is marching to the Wall. There she will defeat the Ice King. She must. All depends on that. One magic will destroy the other. It is what we must do after that we must prepare for. Magic is returning and we must stop that from occurring. We all agree with our vision. It is paramount that we guide man down the path of science.”

The other men agreed. They had all shared Bryce’s vision through the Dragon Glass. They knew this was the true path of mankind. To reach that prophecy Magic must die.

The prophecy was clear. It was glorious. Man had a destiny that would first take man to the planets that orbited the sun with the Earth. Then man would journey to those twinkling lights in the night time sky. The Maesters of the Troika had deduced these stars were like unto the Sun in their sky but far away. Man would journey to those stars and make them their own.

To reach that hollowed dream the Earth would have to be sacrificed by the mad rush of science unchecked. The world would be raped, much of the life on the Earth would be killed off, the world poisoned and the climate ruined but man would reach out into space. Where there was now only one world to rule, in the future there would be many worlds to rule in this glorious future. Of course their order would be in the lead. They would lead the best of humanity to the stars. The rabble would be left behind to survive as best they could in the shattered world left behind.

Sacrifices had to be made. Did not the strong prey on the weak. They would ameliorate the damage as much as possible but the Maesters would not shirk their duty to reach their prophecy of true greatness. They would be benevolent in their future rule. They did not desire power for themselves
but to help guide mankind to their true great potential.

This true vision of the leaders of the Citadel was kept from their lesser brethren. They would not be able to grasp the grandness of their vision. They did not understand that sometimes sacrifices had to be made to achieve the full potential of mankind.

Bryce continued. “We must as always keep our true purpose close to our hearts. We must not let Maester Marwyn know of our true goals. He actually wants magic to return. Fool.”

“Castor. How is the Dragon Bane proceeding? We do not want to have to slowly poison the dragon eggs and the slow poison of their food like before. It took generations to remove them before.”

“It proceeding apace Bryce but I fear trouble is on the horizon.”

“How so?” Bryce asked with concern in his voice.

“As you know, the Faceless men are helping us in the making of the Dragon Bane but Jaqen H’ghar has become evasive in his answers to our queries. I am not sure he fully means to meet our contract.”

There was stunned silence.

“But they signed the contract” Vaellyn said in a shocked voice.

“I know” Castor replied “but I sense he now hesitates for some reason. I am concerned. We can proceed without them. They have given us enough that we can complete the work but this is their specialty.”

Bryce considered “I will send an envoy to Braavos and see if we can get then back on board. They signed a contract. They will honor it. What is the world coming too?” he asked rhetorically.

Castor again wondered to himself. To many they might seem like hypocrites. Their small order was using magic while they were actively working to see its demise. To achieve the glorious vision they had all shared they would do what was necessary to achieve that dream. If it meant soiling themselves in the now for the future so be it.

The four men continued to discuss matters of their vision and also addressed the more mundane issues of their Order. The classes were going well with training the next generation. Many promising students were quickly forging their links. The Troika always on the lookout for future members. All men aged and died. They would need to find the next generation of leaders of their scared order.

A novice came in and whispered in Castor’s ear. The teenager quickly left.

“Our other ally has arrived.” Castor noticed the looks of disdain that crossed his fellow Maesters faces. Again to achieve a grand design one had to sometimes associate with persons you found unsavory.

He heard a snort from Asten. Vaellyn sneered.

“Let us be civil. We need the High Septon in this. He too has many grievances brewing with our Dragon Queen. She is unnatural to both the laws of our Science but also to the Faith’s religious order. We have a common goal and will work with the Faith of the Seven to achieve our goals. Daenerys Targaryen must be removed. Sacrifices must be made. Her death will serve the greater good. It is necessary.”
All the men nodded their heads in solemn agreement. There was a knock at the door.

Bryce got up from the table and opened the door and with gracious decorum invited in High Septon Pious to the room. The fellow men in the room bowed deeply to the man and had looks of earnest focus on their faces. The disdain they felt did not show on their faces.

“I am happy you could join us High Septon. Our order is most happy that you were selected to rule your religious order with the death of Septon ‘Fat One’. We know you will bring much needed reforms to your order. Your name denotes the fervor you will bring to your faith. We have common cause. The world order is changing in ways that both of our orders cannot countenance. We must make common cause.”

The High Septon nodded. “I agree. Daenerys Targaryen is bringing most unholy notions to Westeros. We have worked for centuries to keep such heretical thoughts out of Westeros. The infection long ago took root in Dorne I fear but they are an insular people and have no desire to spread their vile notions of the equality of women. Their open mores on homosexual love is hideous. We must not allow the Queen to plant those seeds in the rest of Westeros.”

Castor agreed “The natural order is that the male of the species controls the females of that species. The females are weak and inferior. That is clear. It is also clear that man must lay with woman to produce offspring. That man must and will lead the family unit. That the woman will submit to his will. This is the way of nature and the way of man. I will admit that Daenerys Targaryen is a mutant. She is something unique. We cannot let this mutation take root. It will upset the natural order of things. Women cannot begin to think they are our equal.”

High Septon Pious spoke up his voice upset and high pitched. “This woman is unnatural I say!” he cried out hitting his fist on the table.

The Maesters looked at each other. So much for his religion giving the man a sense of calm.

“We agree with everything you have said” Castor answered showing solidarity with the man.

The Septon was not finished in his pronouncements.

“Our god makes it clear that the man leads and the woman supports. Daenerys has refused to take a husband to let him rule with her support. NO! She is taking a wife. That is abhorrent!” the man shouted again. “Eddard Stark and Maester Luwin have lost their minds. Sansa Stark is going to marry Margaery Tyrell. I hear rumors that Loras Tyrell will marry Renly Baratheon. Now reports come from Dorne that Cersei Lannister lies with Obara Sand. The world is spinning off its axis I say.”

The man sat back looking a little piqued.

Bryce continued on with the Septon’s reasoning. “I agree Pious. If women see these unnatural acts go unpunished and worse supported by men in power and influence then the world will change for the worse. Our Maesters have journeyed the world and only seen women take the reins of power in Dorne and the Summer Islands. This cannot be allowed to spread. Women are weak. They bleed every month. We are strong and hale. We will put the proverbial genie back in the bottle.”

“We will remove the symbolic power of the Dragon Queen’s dragons. Then we will work behind the scenes to remove her from power. We will have to deal with these unholy unions. Hopefully, we can get Eddard Stark to see the errors of his ways. We will work with the Faith of the Seven to stop this prevision of the natural order of things.”
“It is against the will of the Seven Faced God!” the High Septon roared.

It was clear to the Troika that the High Septon was clearly in league with them for the current time. The threat of the pale Valyrian Queen was so great that it had made the Citadel and the Faith allies. How long it would last Castor had no idea. The two orders were antithetical to each other but maybe they could continue to work together in the future. One giving support to the other. As long as the Septons understood that they would be subordinate to the Maesters.

Only time would tell.

The meeting soon broke up. Each party planning on subverting the other and if not possible eliminating the threat to their order. It was the nature of things for each order to think themselves ascendant in all things. The Queen had setup a unique set of circumstances. This new environment may allow for new world orders to take root. Had not the Pale Queen done as much in Essos?

The men slowly filled out of the meeting hall. The room was now empty.

From the shadows Jaqen H’ghar stepped out. He had watched the entire meeting with interest. He deemed he had been wise to wonder of his alliance with the Citadel. These men were as craven as what they claimed to be against. The High Septon was blinded by his own faith to the truth and reality of this rising new world. He may still honor his contract but with each passing day and new information gleaned he wondered more and more if he would. The world was changing so might the House of Black and White have to change as well.

When Daenerys Targaryen was married off to Khal Drogo she had been a trifling thing. The order of Black and White had watched her and Viserys since they arrived in Braavos. The boy was clearly mad and of no import. Indeed he had only succeeded in having molten gold poured on his head.

But his sister. That had been the surprise. The very great surprise.

They had both been observed in the house with the red door.

She had been a mere trifling thing. She was weak and meek. She had gone to her wedding bleating it was reported. She had no strength. She was only an ornament. The Faceless man who had spied on her in Braavos assumed a new identity when she joined the Khal’s Khalasar. She had seemed to grow to become an adequate Khaleesi in support of her Khal but then her Khal had died and with it his Khalasar. That Khalasar had turned against the fourteen year old. The witch Mirri Maz Duur had killed her child. The young Khaleesi had become of no account.

Without a Khal to give the woman credence, Daenerys Targaryen was abandon to meet her fate. She had fled into the Red Wastes to escape her enemies. Her flight into the Red Wastes had only one outcome. Her death. The Faceless Man had come back to Braavos. The mission ended.

The only problem to the supposed end of the mission was that Daenerys Targaryen had not died in the trackless Red Wastes. By the time their order knew of her again she had conquered both Qarth and Astrophor. She was leading the army she had formed. The leader of this army was fearless and a mighty warrior.

They sent the Faceless Man back so see if this was indeed the young child they had discounted nearly two years ago. Their agent arrived after she had smashed Yunkai and was marching onto Meereen. It had been debated if this was the same woman or a man in disguise as her. Some clever rouse or glamour being worked. The agent reported that no it was the same person as impossible as it seemed. At first Jaqen had deemed she most die. Their order had been created in their fight against the Valyrians.
But something was different this time. She was indeed conquering each City State she came to and ended the slave owners rule. Jaqen waited for her to institute a new slave trade with her at the head of it. But that did not happen. She was in fact City by City dismantling the Slave Trade till she had fought her way to the Free Cities and compelled them to surrender their slaves as well making them truly free cities in fact as well as name.

She had destroyed the slave trade after five thousand years. She truly was the “Breaker of Chains”. The child was a Phoenix reborn. Something new and glorious it would seem.

Now she had jumped continents and was continuing to change the world order. She was replacing conflict and strife with peace and harmony.

Jaqen H’ghar wondered as he walked around the room touching the table and chairs.

The Maesters wanted Science to rule the world that may lead to a bright future in the stars. He doubted that. He had read their visions they had written down only for themselves to read or so they thought. The forces they hoped to create would probably lead to the destruction of the world long before mankind could flee the world to journey to the stars. It was fool’s gold. It was a chimera on the horizon leading man to its doom.

The Maesters of the Trioka like the Valyrians before them disdained the common man. He could not countenance that.

The problem with magic is that it tended toward the static. A static environment could easily become stagnant which led to decay.

Which path was the right one?

Jaqen H’ghar suspected it was a blend. He had much to contemplate as he disappeared into the shadows.
Eddard

All around Eddard were the sounds of children laughing and bickering with each other. As he stood looking around a little boy was running wildly around with a little girl chasing him threatening to tear his hair out. In a corner was a little girl crying because the chief miller’s daughter had taken her doll. Two boys were trying to stack blocks and failing miserably. Another boy was pretending to sword fight a dragon which was a shadow from the hanging lamp.

The sounds of raucous children filled the room. Another father came in with twins two years old (both girls) and one five year old boy. The noise level went up to the sound of a full scale charge of full armored knights charging a wall of lancers. Their own lances lowered with bright colored streamers attached to the tips fluttering wildly in the slipstream created by the charge of war horses.

Eddard smiled at the raucous noises all around him. The warrior in him thought the high pitched squeals and banging of various items was a discordant opera full of mistimed notes. He shook his head smiling seeing a girl pretending to pour tea in cups and a boy crying in another corner as a girl teased him.

Yes indeed. He much preferred the sounds of combat. He smiled to those memories of a generation ago. The trumpet bugle of warhorses as they charged a line of pike men. Their beauty as they charged line abreast their hooves pounding the turf. The sound of his men pounding their swords on their fellows swords and the sound of metal on metal it had made. The sight of the sun glinting off their weapons. The sound of war drums drumming out a martial march and the notes of war horns being blown to full long drawn out notes. The beauty of the House flags carried by the standard bearers and the bright colored uniforms they wore.

Then his smile faltered and became a sad melancholy reflection of that past. He now remember his memories as they truly had been and not the romanticized words of the poets or strummed cords of the wandering minstrels.

Now to his mind’s eyes and ears came the true visions of warfare and combat. The beautiful sight of lines arrayed in formation had almost immediately devolved into discordant chaos. He saw the sight of men’s arms and legs severed from their bodies. The ground soaked in blood and gore. The sight of men’s head cleaved with horrible wounds and the watching men trying to hold their guts in their torsos.

But it was the sounds that most lived with Eddard and sometimes still woke him up at night eyes wide and body shaking. His body beaded with sweat. The screams of horses feathered with arrows and pierced by those pikes he had just romanticized. The poets and minstrels never mentioned the screams of men who had been hacked apart and bones shattered. The poets always wrote that warriors suffered in silence.

It was lie. Men screamed in agony. Their throats again and again screaming in raw pain and the terror of approaching death.
Memories such as these had slowly over time taught Eddard wisdom, forbearance and tolerance. Eddard put such melancholy thoughts in there place. To dwell on them would rob him of sanity and the ability to lead. He knew the truth now. He would do his duty but he would never again revere combat and the mayhem it left behind.

He spied Kiserri coming up to the boy with his imaginary sword. She challenged him to a duel pulling her dirk out from her Dothraki belt. He smiled his big squint smile. She of course dropped the fake blade crying out in dismay chasing it around the floor and then kicking it underneath the big building blocks in the corner. She charged into the edifice. The fort had been abandoned so no child cried at their art piece being brought down as Kiserri threw blocks right and left looking for her blade crying out in Dothraki.

Catelyn told the girl “Kiserri shiqethi finaan neva ave maisi mae.” The precious little dark haired girl pivoted to the left and kicked the blocks away and cried out in triumph.” Eddard smiled at his wife who come into the play room after leaving the babies in the nursery for the new babes.

“Granma Granma” she cried out in Westerosi proudly holding up her dirk “valloshak azh akka.”

His wife answered “Me zigeree Kiserri. Qual ma sajosoon disse.” The little precocious Dothraki girl threw out her little chest strutttling around chittering in her native tongue. Eddard stared at his wife. Kiserri was teaching Catelyn Dothraki and High Valyrian which the little girl spoke fluently having learned it from mother. The girl learned languages almost instantly it would appear. She chose to speak in her native tongue of course but could switch when she chose to.

Eddard was keeping his thoughts to himself but it was obvious the little girl had picked up magic from her time with these Elohim. He was sure his daughter and the Queen had made the same observation. He wondered if the girl hid other talents yet to be discovered. The Elohim from what he had learned were like the fairy he had seen in that wooden glade from the green haired woman.

Eddard paused at that thought. No these Elohim were more like the strange green haired woman that had been in that glade. The fairies had magic he was sure but the tales that Daenerys told him of her time in the Dothraki Sea and then in Arya’s room had shown the warrior that there were forces with great magical might that lived in the world.

The Maesters were completely wrong. Eddard had seen a small seeming woman chop a tree down with one stroke of his sword as if it was a match stick. The Elohim brought Daenerys and Kiserri back from death. Yes, magic indeed lived in the world. He had had his vision of ‘mist vampires’. The world was filled with magic. It merely lay hidden from the eyes of man. There were forces out in the world that dwarfed man.

He had finally pieced together that this woman spoken of in whispered dread was the woman he had met in the glade. She Who Must Not Be Named. He had met this woman that others spoke of with great trepidation. He talked to Lustra the Lord from the Land and the topic had come up somehow. The Lord had shivered. She told Eddard of her insanity and great hate for all things that lived. She related how She Who Must Not Be Named had fought a Linden Avery trying to drive her insane. Then this woman had fought her Land’s equivalent of the Ice King and with one blow laid him low.

“She Who Much Not Named is an abomination. We do not believe in killing Eddard Stark but this creature is foul and must be put down” Lustra told Eddard with a solemn earnest voice and sad demeanor.

Eddard had squinted at the woman. He hated to say it but the woman was full of shit. He had not told her this of course. It amazed him how people always made snap judgements with people they had never met. Even these people of the Southern world who seemed free of the avarice of normal
men was still able to judge rashly. This woman who was named She Who Must Not Be Named had saved them from treachery. It was obvious to Eddard this was the woman that had enamored Missandei. Any woman this sweet young woman of Naath loved could not be bad in his book.

She Who Must Not Be Named acted in their behalf when she had no reason to. Eddard had seen her strength. He knew that this woman could defeat all the forces of the Queen and the Ice King together if she chose. She choose not to. She seemed to be almost neutral in her efforts and yet she was helping however subtly.

The fairies he had encountered in the glade when he met She Who Must Not Be Named also accepted the strange small woman. The fairies obviously were of no danger. The green haired woman seemed to have an affinity with them. All these facts were enough for Eddard to form his judgement of the green haired and eyed woman.

He listened to his wife continue to converse with Kiserri in Dothraki and broken High Valyrian. If this kept up he would not need a translator for those two languages in the future. Eddard was not bothered. He was not spooked by his wife’s new ability to learn languages. Powerful magic had been performed on his sweet wife to save her life. Some of it had changed her. He still shivered seeing the wives of Jon and the Demondim spawn performing impossible magic to save Catelyn.

He would always be in their debt. The Ur-viles and Waynhim had come all the way from Essos to save his wife. His son’s wives had stopped their journey home to turn around and come to Winterfell to save Catelyn. He was just thankful. Any doubts of magic he might have had were gone now.

He remembered the fairy he saw in that wooden glade. He supposed he would try and save them too. He had been doing extensive research in the library and having books sent from the Citadel on the Fairy folk. They were supposed to be legends and make believe to scare and delight children according to the situation. The Maesters treated them as whimsy and mere folklore without merit. He knew better now.

Eddard knew he must first begin to restore the Weirwood trees to the North. They were the basis of everything he would start to rehabilitate and restore. He would plant Weirwood trees in the Sand Hills and Barrowlands to begin with.

They would anchor the nature preserves he hoped to establish there. If Jon and his wives indeed decided to live there then they could nurture them and help their growth.

He had talked to Jon Arryn. He had agreed to begin the repopulation of the Weirwood trees in his Ward. He knew many trees existed still in remote valleys and high mountain glades but he would work to restore their full reach.

He hoped that Daenerys would agree to continue the repopulation further south.

Of course he had one glaring problem with his grandiose plans of renewal. Where he would get the saplings he had little idea. He had been researching this and was currently stymied. The trees did not generate seedlings from sending sperm in the air like normal conifers or producing flowers like deciduous trees. They seemed to be a cross of the two and he was not sure how to propagate the trees. He feared his plans would be slow to come to fruition.

He needed saplings!

He needed to find the first people. He grimaced knowing his House was greatly responsible for their slaughter. He hiccupped softly fighting tears. It still tore him up this new found knowledge. He
breathed deep controlling his emotions. He longed to start to make restitution. He sighed. That would be a task for a later time after the war was won.

For now he would enjoy the new life around him. Children really were the blessing of today and the promise of tomorrow.

Eddard looked around at all the energy of the young children. Eddard noticed that his wife spent a lot of her time fussing with her newborns making sure they were comfortable and that the young women working the nursery knew exactly what the needs of Brandon and Lyanna were. Eddard smiled. It was the same every morning.

Kiserri came up to Catelyn and held up her arms. Catelyn did not hesitate to pick up the girl and put her on her hip. Kiserri put her head in Cat’s neck and snuggled in. Eddard was thankful that Cat so easily accepted Kiserri into her heart. The girl being the daughter of Arya made all the difference of the world. She was part of the family Arya had formed and thus was part of Cat’s world.

Eddard sighed inside. He wished he had the freedom to tell Cat the truth about Jon. He had done what he thought he must. He was not so sure now. His son had missed out on having a loving mother. He was thankful that Jon had not let it make him bitter and full of spit. It seemed as if the hardships had brought out only the best in Jon. Eddard hoped his love and support had been enough for Jon. It seemed to have been but he sighed knowing what had been lost with his deceptions.

Still, the man Jon had become was most definitely a good, decent, kind man. It had definitely allowed him to capture not only one wife but two. And not any normal high borne lasses that were brought up in court to stitch and dance only. His wives were strong powerful women. One was a wildling girl that was in reality a two thousand year old witch. The other was a pure ShadowBender witch. He still found it strange that Jon towered over the one and the second he had taken to wife he had to look up to at least four if not five inches too.

Being redheads did not hurt either looking at Catelyn at her still rich auburn locks.

Eddard felt a bump on his leg. He looked down and saw the son of Benam Peat, Derren, looking up at him with big solemn eyes. The boy was quiet like his father who was a hard worker. The boy was four and not very assertive. Eddard knew about being shy. He smiled down at the four year old boy.

Cat may concentrate on her “own” but Eddard felt an affinity for all children.

“What is your name?” he asked the small boy.

“Derren” the boy spoke softly.

Eddard bent down so he could be more at the boy’s eye level. “Your father is a good smith. He will one day be a master at his craft. Do you plan to help your father when you get older?”

The boy nodded his head ‘yes’. He smiled shyly at Eddard.

Eddard spent several minutes talking to the boy gently trying to give him a little confidence and love. The boy was a sponge for affection. Cat was ready to leave. Eddard got up and the boy hugged his leg. Eddard patted his back and pulled out a wrapped lemon cake morsel filled with cream and handed it to the boy. He had planned on eating it later but he decided the boy needed it more. The boy took it with his big solemn brown eyes and smiled.

Eddard went to the main nursery maid and requested that she make sure the boy got extra attention and positive reinforcement. The woman smiled at Eddard and told him she would make sure that
occurred. As Eddard left with his wife he turned back and saw the boy watching him already eating the treat. Eddard waved at the boy who smiled shyly and waved back.

They left the nursery and entered one of the main corridors on the first floor of the Great Keep. The halls were bustling with activity. Eddard would be marching to war in two days and Winterfell was active as final planning and meetings were occurring to send the remaining forces off to war to fight the Ice King. He saw many persons from the South.

He was still surprised and happy that he and Daenerys Targaryen had succeeded in getting the Great Houses of the South to march north to come to his aid. He had feared he would only have his House and the House of Arryn and Tully to back up his efforts. Now he had the full might of Westeros at his back. He would have Houses that could be trusted fully. The Queen had accomplished that. He fully supported her decision to keep House Lannister safely ensconced in Casterly Rock. Tywin Lannister could not be trusted to do what was in the Realm’s best interest.

The last thing Eddard and the Queen needed to worry over was another traitorous House. They had enough to worry about with House Frey and Bolton being in league with the Ice King. House Lannister had many numbers they could have added to the fight … or … allied with the Ice King. He fully agreed with the Queen leaving them in Casterly Rock.

If they lost the upcoming war it probably would not matter whether or not Tywin Lannister was trustworthy. The Ice King had no true allies among the living. If the Ice King won, Eddard knew that House Frey and Bolton would be slaughtered along with the rest of the Houses. Eddard understood evil.

Eddard knew that Tywin could not be trusted. His three offspring had no use for the man. That spoke volumes. The offspring of Tywin Lannister knew what their father was. None of the man’s children wanted to even be in any part of the territory their father controlled. At this rate, it seemed the bloodline would fall to Lancel. He seemed weak but was not filled with the drive and avarice of his uncle.

Eddard would never forget the two dead bodies of Elia’s children. Seeing Elia’s broken body underneath the bloody sheet. The cloth covering those bodies had been soaked in blood. Eddard had insisted on looking upon the bodies having the fabric pealed back. He still had nightmares seeing those broken bodies. The boy’s head destroyed and the girl’s body run through with multiple sword wounds. At night, in his dreams, Eddard still dreamt of confronting Robert for his easy acceptance of their tragic and heinous deaths. His blatant disregard for right and justice had made him ill.

Why hadn’t he confronted Robert? He had enough of war he supposed. He had lost his beloved sister. His father and brother killed most heinously. He had seen dear friends killed. He had a secret to keep. He simply had had enough of war. A war he already was coming to regret and question his part in it. Eddard now knew a generation too late that Robert’s Rebellion should never have been. It had only been a tragic waste.

He sometimes still wondered if he should not have put Robert down then. He was a demon with his Warhammer but Eddard had full faith in his skills with the sword. It would have been a close thing but he would have prevailed. Robert had been injured even if slightly. It would have affected his abilities. All great warriors have to think they are the best to prevail on the battlefield. Eddard knew he would have slain his best friend in any battle.

He scowled to himself. He had made mistakes. Robert Baratheon and not turning on him at King’s Landing chief among them. Not taking the throne at least temporarily to give it to a better head. He would have given it to Jon Arryn. He may be old but he was wise and just. His lack of an Heir
would have been a problem but it would have been better than what Robert did to the Kingdom of Westeros. He had dissipated both Westeros and himself one day at a time till both were disheveled and at risk.

He still hated killing Arthur Dayne the best of his generation. He was not sure what he could have done to save Lyanna but he knew deep in his bones she deserved the chance to become what she desired to be. A warrior. He had given that chance to Arya and his faith in his daughter had been handsomely rewarded. Arya had indeed become a great swordsman. With her rune sword he wondered now if he could win against her.

He was an honest man. He was sure they would draw with an occasional victor to one or the other. He had assumed it would be Robb that would be the next swordsman of his family line. It was his middle daughter. He smiled at that. He was thankful he let Arya seek her destiny. She had won a Queen as well with her sword prowess and with her left cross. He smiled again with seemingly incongruent thought.

Eddard sighed. Enough of the past. He had a future that absolutely had to be won.

Catelyn pushed into his side and he pulled her close. She wanted to go the royal kitchen to make sure that “all was in order”. Eddard liked how his wife made sure that all the workings Winterfell were up to par and to her high specifications.

“Our new children are doing so well Ned. I was so afraid during my pregnancy that I would not be able to bring them to term. Thank the gods for Jon’s wives and the Ur-viles and Waynhim.”

There was a long pause. Eddard pulled his wife close to his body. He knew truly that his wife had come to regret her actions towards Jon. Once his wife had been told the truth of Jon’s lineage all her animosity had disappeared. In its place guilt had quickly built up. She realized now just how wrong she had been.

They had discussed this and Eddard had hoped he had made it clear to Catelyn that he had to shoulder as much of the blame if not more than his wife. He had chosen to speak a lie and then perpetuate that lie for almost twenty years. He had seen no other recourse but to keep the secret that Jon was in fact Rhaegar Targaryen and his sister Lyanna’s child. Their progeny from their illicit union.

A union forced on them by society and the strict rules that high royals were forced to abide by. If they had been free to love whom they choose history would have been different. Maybe Rhaegar would have married Elia anyways but with their heritage of House Dorne and Targaryen he could have taken a second wife. Elia was bisexual at the least the rumors said. Maybe that would have worked.

That had rankled Eddard over the years. Why had Rhaegar not taken a second wife? Did one or both of the women refuse? Had Rhaegar not loved Elia at all? Did he hate the woman for being forced to marry her? Maybe his mad father would not have accepted that. Too have two non Valyrian’s as wives.

Eddard did not know and would never know. He only knew that Rhaegar had been forced to marry Elia for duty and not for love. He read that the same was true of Aegon and his wives. One for duty and one for love. He had mentioned this to Daenerys during a conversation at dinner. She had smirked. The next day after a meeting she had pulled Eddard aside. She unsheathed her rune sword that glowed blue and spit out tendrils of radiant light and heat.

She read to him the runes that made it clear that the sisters had married each other out of love and
Aegon out of duty. They had not loved him at all. He was arrogant and a buffoon according to the provenance that Illyrio had provided with the swords.

Eddard was reminded that the victors wrote the history of any conflict. They would twist and obfuscate the truth. Over time the truth might leak through or might not. That had been eye opening considering how the history books went to great pains to state supposedly clearly the love relationship of the three siblings.

A man’s ego was a strong thing. Most men would rather die than admit that the woman they loved did not love them but instead loved another woman. You can compete with what a man may offer but a woman offered what no man could.

Eddard had shook his head at the news. He smiled at the Queen. The truth inscribed into the Rune sword played exactly into Eddard’s thoughts. He was thankful he had sent Arya and not Robb. He had not let societal conditioning hide the reality of Arya’s destiny to be the Queen’s wife. He had heard the rumors of the Queen’s homosexuality and seen his own daughter’s sexual orientation and accepted it. He looked at the situation as it was and not as society had told him it should be. Eddard did not let expectation blind himself to reality.

He had chosen wisely. He now had a very happy daughter and Queen. It had surprised him though when he discovered that Sansa was also gay. He had been surprised but easily accepted that truth too.

The death of his sister and Elia had changed Eddard. It had not occurred overnight and instead had taken years but it had changed Eddard. He had learned to see that the minorities of society had as much right as the majority. He still had to navigate the world he lived in but he would uphold those rights with all his might and guile.

Eddard felt his wife’s body tensing and sensed what was coming “I want you to know again Ned I am so sorry for the way I treated Jon.”

He pulled Catelyn into his side and hugged her hard.

“You would not have treated Jon as you did if I had ever took you in my confidence. I should have had faith in you. In your ability to be able to handle the truth. I, at first I fear, I must confess, did not think you had the strength to handle the truth. You soon showed me that you had that strength. Still, I choose to hide the truth from you. I did not want you in a position of knowing the truth and Robert suspecting you had been in on the secret and torturing you to get that information.”

“Do you think Robert Baratheon would have done such a deed Ned? He grew up with you and he knows me. The two of you were best friends in your youth.”

“I don’t know Cat. When it came to all things Targaryen he was unbalanced. The way he treated Cersei was reprehensible. I am ashamed to say that I suspected his treatment of the woman was cruel and bordering on pure rape but I choose to look the other way. It was not my concern. Robert has never held his marriage vow seriously and his inability to not lie with any pretty woman he met was known by all. He was a bad man when it came to women. He let his fears of succession to the Iron Throne he had won unhinge his moral code.”

Eddard stopped speaking and his eyes seemed to be seeing something that was not in the room. His wife knew her husband was working through his thoughts.

“I had no use for the woman and considered Cersei’s situation a just repayment for her cruel mendacious ways. Now I see what she has become in Dorne and I wonder. I now know she was in
many ways like our Arya. She had her dreams of taking up the sword constantly suppressed and crushed. Now she is being allowed to achieve her childhood dream and she is a totally different woman. I have come to see what the crushing of a dream can do to a person. To a woman.”

He felt his wife stiffen and then relax.

“That was not an attack Cat. I was just connecting the dots in my mind. It had not really hit me to just now how much Cersei’s childhood and Arya’s were the same in so many ways. The difference is in Winterfell Arya was allowed to achieve her dream.”

“No thanks to me.”

Eddard paused a moment. He wanted to choose his words carefully here. In many ways his wife had been in the wrong with their children but he had not made it easier on her. He should have been more truthful with his intense and prideful wife. Eddard knew even as he told his wife the lies of Jon’s lineage he was being unfair to his bride wife and putting her in a situation that her pride would be offended and make her react badly. He had still made the decision to lie to his wife.

To his everlasting shame.

“Catelyn, we were raised by parents that made us follow the paths they selected for us. We got very lucky. I have come to be very wary of such guidance of the destiny of high royal children. I got very lucky in marrying you Catelyn. What if I had married your sister Lyssa” Eddard paused and shuddered. Eddard heard his wife chuckle and felt the vibrations against his side. He pulled his Cat closer to his body. “We both know she is unstable. If I had taken the steps to the Iron Throne and I had delayed in taking you as wife I may have married Cersei.”

He shuddered. Cersei had redeemed herself in Dorne seeking the warrior’s path. With Eddard Stark there would have been no warrior’s path. She would have been bitter and angry. She and Jamie would have continued their illicit affair and putting her in a situation that her pride would be offended and make her react badly. He had still made the decision to lie to his wife.

“With our children I can see scenarios where maybe Sansa would have been betrothed to Joffroy Baratheon. He is a psychotic little shit. Forgive my language Cat but no other phrase accurately captures the little boy who would be king. He is weak and is a small thing.”

“Cat” Eddard paused to make sure he had his wife’s full attention “as I mentioned a moment ago you were raised to follow the path of duty as I was. I told you that I feel I rolled the dice and hit snake eyes with you becoming my wife. I know you had longed to marry my brother and I was a conciliation prize.”

“Ned stop that this moment. I am so thankful that I married you and not Brandon. I am so sorry he died the way he did. It was a truly heinous death. Same as your father. I would never wish that on anyone. But it happened Ned.”

“Yes. Your bother was very handsome—as your are!”

Eddard grimaced.
“I don’t know how many times I have to keep telling you that my husband. I was promised to Brandon three years before I was to marry him. So yes, I was looking forward to marrying your brother. I had been promised to him and I made him into my dream and living embodiment of perfection.”

“But let’s be serious Ned. We both know he was vain and conceited. He was not a bad man. Far from it. But he had very large glaring deficiencies in his personality Ned. He would have been an adequate husband I suppose though I have a feeling he had some of Robert Baratheon in him. Maybe a lot of Robert in him.”

“I will admit that like many young fair maidens your brother cut a dashing figure and had that … how do they say it … he was a bad boy and I was attracted to it as a teenage girl often is. He was dangerous and exciting. What we fail to take into account with these ‘bad boys’ is that this is their true selves. They are not hiding what they are. They will not stop being ‘dangerous and exciting’ just because they have married you. They will continue in their Lothario ways and continue to be selfish and self-serving. It simply is their nature.

“Not you Ned. That was the reason I had such a hard time with Jon, Ned. It was just so out of character for you to commit adultery that I just could not handle it. With Brandon I might have accepted it because I would not have been so surprised and disappointed. I could tell from the first moment I met you that you were honor personified.

“Cat please.”

“No Eddard Stark. You breathe and piss honor.”

Ned threw his head back and laughed at that.

The tension was broken.

“Lets agree Cat that we both could have done better.”

His wife made a deprecating snort. “Agreed though we both know that I have many more marks on my side of the ledger. I will strive to make amends to Jon, Sansa and Arya. I am just thankful that you were in their lives to let them achieve their sought for destines. That in the end our children were allowed to seek their true desire and destiny. I drove our son away and would have led our daughters into marriages that would have crushed them down. I have to accept that legacy and I do. I will strive to make amends my husband.”

Eddard smiled down at his wife. “You had a hand Cat in helping them achieve their destiny. You shaped all four of our eldest children into young men and women that have captured the hearts of willing mates. Mates who love and cherish them. They all have much more personality than I do. That came from you Cat. Let’s be completely truthful here Cat. I am a stick in the mud. I am bland and boring.”

“Ned. Stop that! You have plenty of personality. You just have to get to know you to see it! Especially of late. You are becoming quiet the Direwolf in our bed I must say. You have become quite adventurous and demanding. I like it Ned. I love being taken hard my husband.”

Ned’s face went beet red and he gave his wife his flustered squint smile.

Catelyn laughed at her husband’s discomfiture.

“I can’t wait to have our triple wedding Ned. One thing I sorely missed in our marriage was the lack of a bedding ceremony. I really wanted the whole bawdy antics. I was not always this prude I have
become Eddard Stark I would have you know.”

Eddard grimaced on the inside. His reserve really did limit him he knew. He was trying to make amends in the bedroom with Cat. She had been most receptive and was like a young filly in their bed. He was hanging on for dear life. Not that he was complaining.

“I can’t wait to see Sansa, Alys and Arya drunk and stripped naked and taken up the stairs to their bedrooms to be taken by their new husband and wives. They all might not be virgins but it won’t matter. They will have never experienced the public humiliation of the bedding ceremony. It will get them and their mates all fired up Ned!”

“I have great plans for using the Glass Gardens and the Weirwood. Then we will have the wedding feast and the alcohol will flow freely. Then I get to see my eldest children taken up the stairs like I had hoped to be.” Catelyn paused in her thoughts. She now spoke in a faraway voice “I had hoped for the full ceremony for us Eddard. I know the war precluded that but had wished it. Like I say. I was not always this prude that now stands at your side.

An idea struck Ned. He just had to talk himself into it.

“Cat” Eddard smiled down at his wife. “Again, let us be honest. I am the prude. I am trying to make amends.” The smile that Cat gave Eddard made him feel happy and content.

“Our newest children and grandchild are doing well Ned.”

“Yes they are Cat.” Eddard laughed softly. “I will have to teach Kiserri after the war how to handle her dirk. She seems totally incapable in holding it properly. She is so cute dropping and chasing it everywhere. She is totally precious. She is so fortunate to have Dany and now Arya as her mothers. We had Arya as our daughter. They both chose to make Kiserri their daughter. Dany could have turned aside in the desert when that precious little girl came to her to be her mother. Arya could have rejected the child. Instead both let the Dothraki Bloodrider into their hearts.

Cat hugged him tighter. “She is definitely in my heart. She is so cute and loving. She makes my heart flutter when she snuggles into me and calls me ‘granmama’”. When she looks up at me with those big dark eyes my heart just melts. I hope I learned my lesson with Jon.”

“I know you have Cat” Ned spoke and bent down to kiss his wife’s temple. Cat was the type of woman to learn her lessons.

“I will say the little girl has taken to our two newborns. She takes her duty as their Bloodrider very seriously. She loves them as if they were her true brother and sister.”

“I see that too Cat.”

“I can’t wait for Brandon to grow up and become a great knight or Lord of a new strong holdfast. Lyanna will be some strong price’s strong wife giving him beautiful sons.”

Eddard hugged his wife again. “Or maybe he will become a diplomat in Daenerys service. She has a vast kingdom to manage. He might become like Arya and doing service for the Queen directly. And Lyanna. Maybe she will be like Arya or Cersei and will take up the sword and become a great warrior.”

Catelyn walked on in silence.

“It is Arya who is my heir with the sword. It is not Robb but Arya who is my equal if not my better.”
“You so easily accept the untried and unaccepted path Ned. How do you do it?”

“I let my children choose their destiny. They may choose poorly but at least it will be their choice. I will say again I struck gold with you Catelyn Tully. All other eligible women my age were nothing but dross compared to you my sweet wife. I can still vividly your nude body before me Cat and wondering how lucky I was. You were and are hot!”

“You are becoming quite the flatterer of late husband.” Now it was Catelyn Stark’s time to turn a little crimson. She leaned a little more into her husband.

Eddard snorted.

“If you had a choice Eddard what would you want Lyanna to be. Arya took up your path and Sansa choose my path. And yes I agree with her choice in wife. The only man worthy of her would be Robb and we are not Targaryen!”

They both had to laugh at that.

When they stopped laughing Eddard answered his wife’s question.

“I would want Lyanna to make her own choices. It is as simple as that for me. My sister was denied that right. Seeing Cersei totally change being allowed to find her destiny has touched me Cat. She has gripped this new path with both hands and throttled it. She has convinced me even more that we need to let our children be what they can be. That each of our children must be free to seek their true destiny. We are Starks and I know I sound vain but it seems our children are meant for greatness. I will let them reach for it.”

“Lyanna was like a repressed wolf who howled at the moon deep in the night in her frustration. She was like some mythical werewolf screaming in rage at her plight. Arya was going down that same path but she would never have accepted the path like Lyanna did. We would have lost her Cat. I fear what might have happened had we forced our plans and desires on her. If we had let society dictate how we treated and led Arya.”

“I wish my sister had had those choices. She would probably still be alive. I want our daughter to take the path that that my sister was denied. I wanted Arya to become a warrior Cat. She has achieved that. Her speed and skill is actually frightening. So is Daenerys. The reports say that Cersei is if anything even faster and far stronger. They were meant for greatness. They strove for that greatness and achieved it.”

His wife took his hand and squeezed it. “I will let our new daughter make her own choices Eddard. I have learned my lesson with our elder children Ned. Lyanna will seek her own path. We will guide and support her but she will have the freedom to seek her destiny.

Ned was happy as they walked to the kitchen and sat down at the royal table in the rear that were not being used.

“So dear husband. You fully support our children’s decisions.” The tone had Eddard on guard.

Eddard sensed a trap but was not sure what it could be. He eyed his wife but she had on a face of bland innocence. He could not read where his wife was going.

“Of course Cat. They will make wise and just decisions. As long as their choices are just and harm no others I will fully support them.”

Cat smirked.
“What has Arya done?”

Cat laughed softly. “It is not Arya. It is Sansa”

Eddard was perplexed that Sansa could be the source of any possible consternation.

“Our sweet daughter will marry Margaery before the Weirwood. It will be a holy union between two souls deeply in love. Then Sansa will go to King’s Landing and in a pagan ritual she will marry also all of Margaery’s handmaidens along with Margaery again. They say they have enough love for all. It will be a full wedding Eddard. Sansa will be sleeping with not one woman but with Margaery and all of her handmaidens and a Septa to make it even better every night. She will be having sex with them Eddard. I also have the impression that other women will be brought to their bed to share amongst themselves.”

Eddard squinted at his wife contemplating. He chuckled. “You almost had me fooled there Cat.”

“I’m not joking Ned.”

“But that is …” Eddard paused his forehead creasing as he tried to wrap his mind around what he had just heard. He knew that Margaery had more than one or two female attendants. He kept trying to count them but stopped his attempts at accounting for Margaery’s handmaidens. He kept getting confused. He knew she had a lot of them and weren’t some of them her first cousins. That would be incest. He had known from reports that Margaery was ah—ahem, partaking of their bodies but he had chosen to try and ignore it. He just assumed she would leave them behind now that she was marrying Sansa. That Sansa would make an “honest” woman of Margaery. Not that Sansa would join Margaery in her—her, he was not sure what to call it. Freewheeling sex sort of discombobulated Eddard. “Is it six handmaidens?”

“Eight Eddard if you count the fallen Septa they fuck every night.”

“CAT!”

“Just telling it like it is Eddard. I fully support Sansa by the way.”

“CAT!”

“Ned if we are going to support our children then we need to fully support them. Like you say they are not hurting anyone and they are sharing love and life. If Sansa and Margaery can make it work and I admit I don’t see how they can do it, but, I will support them. You have seen how Sansa has blossomed with Margaery. I hate to say it but I have to be honest with myself now. I cowed and beat down our eldest daughter. I made her docile and weak.”

“Margaery has brought out Sansa’s natural strength and backbone. I like it. I like Sansa being strong and not doting and simpering. I did that to her and Margaery has undone the damage I did to my own daughter. I can never repay her for that. If Sansa wants to marry not only Margaery but her handmaidens too then I will not gainsay it. I want Sansa to be happy.”

“I see you and see Margaery and I realized I needed to change. I needed to be more like the two of you in being accepting and supportive of those I love. I have had an epiphany Eddard. I have thought about many things my husband. My near death experience and all these momentous events of the last year have changed me. I fully support Sansa and Margaery sharing of themselves so openly and freely. How they can make it work I don’t know. That is an awful lot of estrogen.”

Eddard smirked at that. “I say. My gods … that is a lot of menstrual cycles to deal with. Ahem … you know … PMS and all that” Eddard ended lamely. His wife looked at him with a benevolent
smile on her face. Eddard was trying to be funny but his bashfulness hampered him.

‘I have talked to both Margaery and Sansa. Margaery and Sansa are very much in love and will love each other deeply and totally but they will freely sleep with the other handmaids. I think a lot of the time they will have multiple partners. But it seems that Margaery is partial to the Septa Nysterica. She loves her aggressiveness. It seems our sweet Sansa is quite the Direwolf with Margaery. She does the mounting in their relationship. She is the man in the relationship when it comes to things sexual and Magarey loves it. She wants to be dominated by two strong dominate women.”

“Of course every bitch has her night and many times it is Sansa getting mounted and fucked in her pussy deep and up her tight ass”

“CAT!” Eddard exclaimed near swooning. Gods Eddard thought. Had Stannis gotten ahold of his sweet wife and infected her with his new randy ways?!

Eddard was stunned with all this new information and how casually his wife was relying this news to him. She seemed to have fully accepted the idea of open relationship.

“Sansa eagerly awaits arriving in King’s Landing to take all the hens as her own. She is like you Ned. She will be the fox in the henhouse. She had made it clear though she is no fox but a Direwolf. I like the idea of our Sansa being dominate with all those women. Sansa tells me she loves using a strap-on on Margaery and will use it on all the maidens and plans on breaking the Septa to her will. Margaery tells me that she feels that Sansa may have bit off more than she can chew with the Septa. Margaery can’t wait to see it” Catelyn chuckled evilly.

Eddard stared at his wife. He was shocked that she was so easily accepting this new side of Sansa. He grimaced and nodded. He needed to practice what he preached.

“Wow Cat. This is quite the surprise. Our children are really choosing unique paths for themselves. Let’s see where it takes them.”

Eddard was walking down the main meeting table in the largest meeting hall in the Great Keep. He had the Lords of the South, the leaders of the factions from the Land and Rickard Karstark, Wylis Manderly, Maege Mormont and Halys Hornwood of the North.

The meeting was the final meeting of all the Lords and leaders present in Winterfell before they marked in two days. The forces were ready and were highly motivated and of one mind but he and the Queen were in concurrence that this final meeting of minds and souls was necessary. Every great army marching to war needed to have this meeting to unite once more before their coming battle. There could be no dissension in their ranks; especially with the two traitorous Houses that would have to be taken down.

Eddard made eye contact around the room. “We will be leaving in two days to begin our march to the Wall. We have striven hard to reach this point. We will be the last main force to arrive. We have the might of Westeros and much of Essos arrayed to meet the Ice King. He will be met and destroyed.”

“We have the weapons to defeat our enemies. The Queen and I are sure that the Ice King does not realize that we come to him with literally mountains of obsidian tipped weapons. We have worked hard to make sure that House Bolton and Frey are not aware of this. With our strategy we will be able to decimate the undead Others. These weapons are also anathema to the Ice Wrights. We have
dragons. We have Valyrian steel. We will annihilate our enemies at the Wall.”

“We are united as one except for two Houses that have chosen to align for some gods unknown reason with the enemy who means to slay us all. House Frey and Bolton will be dealt with when the time has come. It is their treachery that has led me and the Queen to have only a few of my fellow Lords of the North here now. We needed the other Lords at the wall so House Frey and Bolton will not become suspicious.”

“Those two houses can bring three and half thousand cavalry and seven thousand foot to their treachery. The Queen has brought with her five thousand of her Unsullied with her. These forces are world renowned for being able to withstand any charge. Their lances will pierce and crush the cavalry charge of the two traitors houses. We will then fall on them in their disarray and on their flanks.”

“Fortunately, Missandei of Naathi has discovered their treachery and we are prepared. We will crush these traitors while still keeping the bulk of our forces aligned towards the wall.”

“As you know, the Ice King seems to have found the Horn of Winter. I fear the Wall will be brought down. This will be physiological blow but a fallen wall is still a terrible obstacle to overcome. The dead and the Ice Wrights will have to traverse over the wreckage of the Wall. They will be slow and awkward moving over the ice detritus of the wrecked Wall. We will kill the walking dead and the Ice Wrights with our obsidian arrows and spears. It does not matter where we kill them. Before, over, or after the Wall. We will rain obsidian and fire arrows upon our foes.”

“This battle will be fierce and no quarter will be given. All the foes of Westeros will be defeated and annihilated.”

Edmур asked if any quarter would be given to the two traitorous houses.

Eddard looked at him grimly “On the field of battle—No, they will be annihilated. Any who survive I and Daenerys Targaryen will judge on a case by case basis. All traitors caught will be executed if so judged. They have made their choice. If you attack the forces of light and life and have chosen death over life then you deserve your fate.”

“Does Westeros stand with the Warden of the North and the First of Her Name of Daenerys Targaryen The Breaker Of Chains.”

The roar was deafening. The Lords unsheathed their swords and pounded the pommels down upon the oaken wood table. Eddard was happy. He and the Queen had united Westeros behind them to face their mortal threat. Tomorrow would bring its own set of problems amongst the Houses of Westeros but for today they stood united. Those that were not with them were known and warded against. They would in time be dealt with.

Eddard sat down and watched the Queen of Westeros and most of Essos stand up. She was slight and small and yet she command the room. Every face followed her every movement and the caste of her face. The woman used her voice as a tool. Her chosen words, the cadence of her voice and how she carried herself as she rose to speak further put the Lords under her spell Eddard observed. The faces were in awe of this woman. She had conquered the known world and brought the rest under her control through treaty.

The emissaries from the Land did not have the raw zeal and fervor of the Lords of Westeros but Eddard felt their resolve and strength. They were few in number but he felt that they brought a strength of a Great House to the Battlefield. He had grown used to their strength and their abilities. The enemies of life had not. They would be a tidal wave on the battlefield.
The Queen spent a little time covering the ground that Eddard had gone over to show the unity of the North and the South.

Eddard watched his Arya. It was clear she was mesmerized by the Queen. He smiled. Finally, someone had put Arya under her spell. Arya hung on the Queen’s every word and her eyes worshipped every movement of the woman she loved. Arya was never phased by anything or anyone growing up. She was now totally enthralled and in love with Daenerys Targaryen. His middle daughter had chosen well. To her right Sansa and Margaery held hands on the table with interlocked fingers of lovers and no one cared. The world was becoming a better place.

“We will leave on the rising of the sun the day after next. I have setup camps for to us rest at each evening all the way to the Wall. They will be well stocked with food and water. Dry clothing will be provided if needed and shelter for the night from the elements and warm meals provide every night now that we are approaching our destination and the weather is turning colder as we move north. Horses will be tended and cared for.”

“We are six hundred and eighty miles from the wall. With three or four days set aside to rest we can be at the wall in no more than thirty-eight days. We will arrive rested and refreshed.”

“My dragons are constantly overflying the Enemy Camp at the Fist of the First Men. The enemy seems to be making a slow pivot to the South but the vast majority of his forces are still there or in the forests to the North it seems. They are closer to the wall but their army is not organized and will take many months to straggle down to the Wall and then coalesce into a fighting force with any gravitas.”

“The spying of Jon’s wives and the experience of the Rangers of the Night’s Watch show that these Others move slowly and aimless if they have no foes before them. We have much time to arrive at the Wall and prepare for the Ice King and his forces.”

We will arrive before them and be prepared for their assault. I agree with Eddard. It does not matter if the Wall comes down or not. It will slow the enemy no matter what and make them easy to destroy. Hopefully, after the war we can make peace with the wildlings or make a détente and can live in peace with each other. But, again, that is a problem for another day.”

“I agree that the Ice King feels compelled to fight us on the same ground he lost on before. Castle Black marks that spot. We will fight the war there. There we will defeat our foe.”

“Let us put forth all our energy and focus on meeting the Ice King. He has chosen the spot of the battle but it will not matter. He has waited eight thousand years to rise from the dead. When he meets our force he will rue that he chose this time and the location of his past defeat to face us. As he was slain eight thousand years ago he will be slain again. And this time he will stay dead!”

The table erupted in wild cheers. Eddard joined in the cheers. He was not sure if they could actually kill such a being tied so intimately to the land but he would settle for another eight thousand years before his reappearance.

The meeting soon broke up after that. All stoked to go forth to the Wall and kill the enemies of Westeros.

He caught Daenerys eyes and asked her to stay with him.

Soon they were left alone others sensing they wanted to be alone together before the coming storm.

“I feel compelled to tell you my Queen a dreadful truth.”
The Queen looked at him calmly waiting for him to speak. She could sense that he was about to caste some aspersion upon himself. He was easy to read that way.

“It was House Stark that caused the First People to create the Ice King and his brothers. Brandon Stark led the genocide. Of the original Ice Wrights, one created by those faery people was a Lord from my House. Only he survives from the originals. Alas, he has found a way to make new Ice Wrights. It was my House’s unrelenting campaign against the true heirs of this land that forced them to create the horror we now face.”

“Why do you tell me this Warden of the North?” Daenerys asked Eddard Stark.

“It was my family that created this horror. I am responsible for this war.”

“When did Brandon Stark do this harm to the Children of the Forest?”

“In the Age of Heroes eight thousand years ago.”

“I thought so. Eddard Stark. If you had been alive eight thousand years ago we would not be fighting this war now. The First People would have found peace with you and the Ice Wrights would never have been created.”

“You were not alive then. You are alive now. We will undo the harm of the past and create a better tomorrow. Missandei had told me of your plans for the restoration of wildlife to the North and long to replant the Weirwood trees. I fully support this in the North. Your land is unpopulated by and large. In the South there are still large tracts of unvarnished lands. I will begin programs there of restoration.”

“But that is for another day. Today we go north to the Wall to fight and win a war. Let this be a time of Reclamation.”

Daenerys

The Queen of Westeros sat on Arya’s bed with a happy smile on her face. Life was so good for her now. Last night she and Arya had made wild love deep into the night. She shivered remembering just how good the sex was between them. It left her exhausted and satiated. Arya was a fast learner in everything she set her mind too. She pleasured Dany now like she was a skilled whore in the brothels of Lyse that catered to women of the Sapphic persuasion.

A woman knows when another woman loves pussy and Arya loved pussy. Her pussy! Only her pussy! Dany had only desire for Arya now that she had finally found her soulmate. She had worried at first that Arya may find her less desirable because of her extensive past with other women and her couplings with men.

She had been thankful and supremely pleased that Arya could care less about her lover’s past sexual exploits. Arya was of the mindset that they made Dany into the wonderful lover that drove her crazy in bed and made her cunt scream in agonizing pleasure. Arya was in fact thankful for Dany’s past. She hungered to take their lovemaking to even further limits. She had made it clear to Dany that all of Arya’s body was the Queen’s.

Daenerys shivered at the implications. Dany had discovered she had a definite kinky side to her sexual nature. It seemed that Arya had the same nature and hungered to explore those aspects of lesbian sex. Dany longed to take Arya to those realms of hard sex and rougher sex and the use of strap-ons and toys. She longed to take Arya’s anal virginity but she held off.
She wanted to revel in those discoveries with Arya and fully enjoy it. She did not feel like this was the time yet for those aspects of their lovemaking. She and Arya were still discovering and reveling in the more traditional aspects of lesbian lovemaking. But when the time came they would begin to explore other aspects of what women could do with each other in bed.

Dany smiled down at Arya. Arya was waiting but was making it clear that she longed to start using toys and to partake of BDSM. Dany was a switch and it had become obvious to the Queen that Arya was one too. That made the Queen shiver at the implications. Dany loved to use the whip on her lovers when it was time to get kinky, but, she loved to be on the receiving end of the cattail as well.

With Arya she would be able to partake of it all. What was that saying? … Yes … she would have her cake and eat it too. She knew the meaning but sometimes wonder how it got that meaning … I mean, if you had your cake of course you would eat it. Idioms were sometimes strange.

Daenerys gentle stroked Arya’s bangs away from her eyebrows. Dany loved a woman’s eyebrows and Arya’s were strong, thick and dark. She loved them. Hers were so pail!

Arya was a strong and confident lover who fucked Dany hard like she needed it. Dany had been so thankful that Arya liked to be fucked hard in return. They were often gentle in their love but when the fuck hunger was raging in their blood they would fuck each other hard to make the orgasms as explosive and wonderful as possible. They would fuck hard to begin with and then move to gentle. Then of course they started gentle and moved to hard. Daenerys loved the variability in their lovemaking. It would keep their sex lives strong and vital.

Daenerys would not allow their lovemaking to become stilted and staid. She would keep it hot and dynamic. She knew that Arya would help in that. Arya was not passive in their lovemaking. Arya fully engaged with Daenerys in their sexual trysts. The Queen felt her so fortunate that her soul mate was perfect in all ways. Daenerys would not have to pull back or hide her natural wants and desires with her Direwolf.

The two simply could not keep their hands off each other. They had to have each other. Their hunger flaring each night for each other. It also burned during the day when they could find time to have sweet sexual romps. They could not wait to couple yet again and express their deep abiding love for each other. But the rest of their relationships were proving to be so perfect too. Arya was simply perfect for the Queen.

She had her lover, best friend and confident all in one person.

Many women that Dany had met and fucked simply had no curiosity about the world. They were focused on living their immediate life. When she tried to engage them in discussions of policy or philosophy they would ask her “how will that but food on my table; who does this help me support my children”. She could understand their view. They were about their immediate life and providing for themselves, their children and their loved ones.

The Queen realized that only women who came from powerful families in royalty or from rich families in the mercantile classes could women find the resources to not worry about day to day worries. She found that even in such women a lack of curiosity. Why couldn’t women be curious about the world around them? She had found the same lack of curiosity in men but she did not worry about them. She had no desire for any man.

Arya was intensely curious of the world and how Dany was navigating the world of Game of Thrones. She loved to discuss Dany’s thoughts and plans that she was developing. Arya was happy to hear Dany wax philosophical about the world and man’s place in it. When Dany told her a factoid
about the world Arya hungrily listened and often asked probing questions seeking more knowledge. Daenerys loved that about her future wife.

After they had exhausted themselves fucking each other till their pussies were exhausted and purring Dany would go over her thoughts and fears with Arya. Arya and would listen and give her thoughts. She only offered her insights and thoughts. She made it clear that Dany was the Queen and she would support Dany. She had absolute faith that Dany would weigh the factors and make the right decision. She thought that Dany was like her father. That touched the Queen deeply. For Arya, that was the highest praise.

“My father is a great man. I did not think he had an equal but now I know he does. It is you Dany. You both seek always the greater good. You seek to make the world a better place. Your like is sadly lacking in this world Dany. If the world was more like you and my father this world would be a much better place. You both seek to lift up and not tear down. I have seen enough to know that is so rare. To truly put the realm and its citizen first. I fear you two are unique and thus precious.”

That had made Dany feel so good. She admired Eddard Stark greatly and knowing Arya saw her as his equal in conscious and deeds was a good feeling. Eddard Stark was a great ideal to hold oneself up to.

They would discuss events and her thoughts on courses of action. Arya was insightful and thought before she spoke. Dany loved seeing those steel grey eyes glint with the thoughts whirring behind those orbs. Arya gave her answers and then would go back and forth with Dany to help the Queen form a decision. It helped Dany so much to have a strong, intelligent confident to go over her thoughts and future actions with. It helped the Queen immensely to be able to speak of her thoughts and desires with someone she knew would never betray her.

Dany had her trusted advisors but it helped her immensely to bounce ideas off of Arya first in their bed when she was totally relaxed after great sex and she could let her mind drift and think outside the box. She did not have to fear ridicule or senseless arguments. Arya was always rational and reasoned in her thoughts and advice.

The one thing that Arya made clear was that she wanted no part of the actual Game of Thrones. She hated trying to decipher hidden motives and the mendacity of people. It made her head hurt. She wanted to trust people but too many had proven her trust was unwarranted. She did not want the burden of having to make those judgements. She would leave that to Dany. Arya told her Queen that she could pierce their deceptions easily and knew how to deal with them. Arya wanted to ‘beat the shit out of them.’

Arya wanted to be the weapon, the tool, which Dany could use to achieve her goals and policies.

“I see myself as your Queensguard but also … like … I don’t know—a faceless man. An assassin working in the shadows to help achieve your aims and goals Dany. I am to go to Braavos after the war to fulfill your debt to the Iron Bank.” She felt Dany squirm. “We are sizably reducing the debt of the Iron Throne to the Iron Bank Dany. So stop wiggling. I long to help you remove the yoke of Westeros’s debt to the Iron Bank. The enemy to your rule come in many guises Dany. We will strike them all down!” Arya had crowed. It had made Daenerys smile.

Dany kissed Arya’s forehead and stroked her loves back as Arya snuggled into her side and adjusted her cheek on Dany’s shoulder. Arya kissed Arya’s neck and she murmured in her sleep. Dany continued to reflect on her conversation on Arya’s coming mission to Braavos and the Iron Bank.

“We both know I am not going there to be a diplomat. You have told me and Varys and Tyrion have briefed me on Braavos with their scrolls of what we know of Iron Bank and the House of
Black and White. There is tension there and building. We have the Sea Lord and all the wantabes constantly vying with each other. Their quarrels both public and clandestine. You have the primary crime organization the Autarchy and the smaller organizations vying to usurp them. The city of Braavos is full of Bravos itching for a fight and a night life ripe with death and avarice.”

“I much prefer all that Dany than the Iron Throne and all the subterfuge that revolves around it. You have to work with these miscreants. You have to use diplomacy to keep the peace. Give me an enemy who is at least honest enough to confront you head on. I plan on kicking some ass in Braavos Dany. I and my team will achieve all of your needs and goals my Queen. I swear it!” Dany again had laughed. Her Arya could be so cheesy when she wanted to be.

Dany did not want to send Arya to Braavos without her but she knew she needed to govern. This war was distracting her from her goals and objectives. If a strong leader was not present guiding the levers all would come apart quickly. Also, the Iron Bank had made it clear that they did not want Daenerys present with Arya. Arya was an unknown to the world of Braavos. Dany had simply become too great and well known to be effective in any clandestine operation.

Varys, Olenna and the Jackals of Dorne were working all their sparrows, canines and moths while Tyrion worked his contacts and insights. It was clear that major forces were at play in Braavos. The truly free city was a locus point in the changing world. Forces were coming to the fore that had been hidden for many years. New entities were rising up that would in time challenge the Queen. These corporations sounded subtle and dangerous.

A rouge agent named the Wharf King had made contact with one of Varys’ agent. He wanted to work with the Queen. He knew she or her agent was coming. Could he be trusted? The Queen sighed. Only the future would tell.

Dany played with Arya’s hair as she went to sleep. Yes, Arya was the perfect lover and confident to Daenerys Targaryen.

Arya, also, was the perfect mate in their personal lives outside of their bed and the throne room. Arya was funny (in a restrained way with the subtle ripostes and snarky comments). Her humor made Dany smile and chuckle. She was a keen observer and squired peoples false fronts and pretensions.

She had a good attitude about what was possible but kept a jaundice eye on people and was prepared for the worst if necessary. Arya tried to see events and goals from all angles. Just like Dany did. Arya wanted the best outcome that produced the most good for the people but realized that it might be difficult to get there. So many people had silly side games and outright nefarious intents.

Dany had learned that hard lesson in her conquest of Slaver’s Bay.

Arya was good to people and that warmed the heart of Dany. In fact, every Stark had that quality. Their father had it and had succeeded in imparting that quality to his children. All of them. That was impressive Dany thought to herself. To have five children old enough to show their true personalities and all of them were great human beings. Dany knew that Catelyn Stark had been instrumental in raising their children but she knew the greatness she saw in the next generation of Starks came from one source and that source was Eddard Stark.

That openness of spirit and accepting heart was manifest in Arya’s complete and immediate acceptance of Kiserri. Arya had loved her sweet daughter from the moment she saw Kiserri. There had been no hesitation in Arya to love Kiserri. Her daughter had sensed that total acceptance of her by Arya and fallen completely trustingly in love with her new mommy.
Daenerys had not any choice but to love her daughter when she appeared at her hip on her march into exile. Arya had every reason to not accept Kiserri as her daughter. Arya was barely sixteen and just becoming a woman herself and Daenerys had asked her to accept the full responsibility of helping her to raise a girl going on six years of age.

Dany smiled and she pulled her sleeping woman tighter to her body remembering how Arya just loved Kiserri from the moment she saw the little Dothraki girl in her bed. Dany had tried to give Arya and out. That Kiserri was her daughter and her responsibility and she would understand if Arya did not want to be part of Kiserri’s upbringing.

Arya had flown hot with Daeny at that. “I love this girl with all my heart. You heard her. She calls me momma! She is my daughter too! I will not be denied being her mother too!”

Daenerys had broken down and cried at that. They had made heated love yet again. Daenerys had thought she was exhausted but seeing Arya accept her daughter so totally and unconditionally had filled her body with fire for Arya. The sex wonderful and so binding. It really was two souls becoming one.

They were in the nursery dropping off Kiserri. They would be leaving in the morning to march forth to destiny. Both Dany and Arya were filled with excitement to finally be setting off to meet the Ice King and to defeat him. They were prepared both mentally and physically for the challenge of the coming war. As she moved, the bells in her hair tinkled while they gleamed in the light. She had added bells of gold and bronze to the collection of bells in her hair. Daenerys had long ago passed the point that she could wear all the bells she had earned in battle and conquest.

Arya was walking around with Kiserri on her hip. Their daughter excitedly talking to Arya in her native Dothraki tongue. It was a blessing that Infelice had given Arya the gift of speaking Dothraki fluently. Arya had been very good with High Valyrian but she now spoke it fluently and understood all the idioms and trick of phrases. That had been a gift to Daenerys as well this gift of tongues from the Elohim.

She loved screaming out in her two first languages her passion and love for Arya when she was fucking her to killer orgasms. It was really rad to be able to talk to you woman in three languages and have her fully understand you. Her daughter called Daenerys mother or mommy in Dothraki and Arya mother or momma in her tongue. It was so endearing.

Yes, Arya was the perfect lover, confident, consort and mother. Arya sat Kiserri down on a chair. The little girl looking around the nursery looking for playmates. Wehhi had then picked up Kiserri. Daenerys had pulled the woman from the supply train following the movement of the Lords marching north to Winterfell and soon to the Wall.

Wehhi had taken a seamstress as her wife in King’s Landing. Aurola Norridge was a beautiful brunette with a slender frame. She had formed a union or so she thought with a knight from the Stormlands. He had left Aurola with child and quickly disappeared upon hearing the news. Dany when she heard it had been furious but Wehhi did not want the man found.

The Dothraki lass had fallen for the beautiful brunette woman upon first sight and quickly seduced the woman. She had happily taken the unexpected pregnancy in stride. She had hovered over her wife the whole trip up the King’s Road while still performing her duties tending to the horses in need of care and helping to cook meals at night in the camps. Aurola making sure that uniforms were mended and making new clothing as necessary.
They were now working in the nursery since Aurola had given birth to a beautiful blond girl soon after arriving in Winterfell. Wehhi was ecstatic. Aurola had named their new girl Hoyalli which meant to sing in Dothraki. Wehhi had wept at that. That her wife gave their daughter a Dothraki name with no last name. The Westerosi had made Dothraki garb for herself and was quite proficient in speaking Wehhi’s tongue though not fluent yet. Aurola came over with their newborn and talked to Kiserri in her accented Dothraki. Kiserri loved the accent and happily corrected Aurola’s mistakes. The sweet woman taking the corrections in step with a smile on her face. Kiserri felt even more important throwing out her chest with her new duty of language instructor.

The two women would remain behind in Winterfell. They would join the nursery staff and help with Kiserri. Catelyn was very attentive to Kiserri but she had many duties as wife to the Warden of Winterfell and to care for her own newborn. It was Catelyn’s duty to make sure the day to day operations of Winterfell were performed to the utmost efficiency. Catelyn Stark was most excellent at that those duties. She needed the help and Wehhi and her wife could give Kiserri a pair of women who could teach Kiserri more of the culture of her people whom roamed the Dothraki Sea. Aurola for all extents and purposes had become Dothraki herself.

Kiserri was anxious to help Aurola and Wehhi change the newborn’s diapers. Dany smiled seeing Arya keep her distance. Arya still started to wretch when she attempted to change a diaper with number two in it. She looked positively ill at the mere mention of attempting the feat.

Kiserri finished “helping” with changing the diaper had started to interact with all the other children in the room. With Wehhi and Aurola to interpret the little Dothraki girl was quickly fitting in. Her natural sunny disposition and giving heart made all the other kids instantly bond with the black haired dark skinned girl.

Dany smiled. They saw only the girl and her actions. Her differences from them meant nothing. She loved it here in Winterfell. A bastion free of prejudice. Winterfell was indeed a magical place to reside in. Daenerys knew that King’s Landing could never be like this idyllic place but maybe over time she could at least ameliorate its worse tendencies.

Dany called a meeting for all the Lords and the Land representatives this morning. She told them she had a short ceremony she wanted to perform. She considered it very important. She had had Arya and Missandei thread her bells into her hair this morning. They had crafted a beautiful orchid over her left ear to signal she was spoken for. She was Arya’s mate and had made it clear that Arya would be her Queen. Daenerys had marveled again at the beautiful creations they made of her bells in her hair.

The Lords of the South easily accepted her wishes and she knew that the Lords of the North were following Eddard’s lead. He was to marry off both of his eldest daughters to women. She hoped that the victory in the coming war would further cement their acceptance of her marriage and the marriage of Sansa to Margaery. She would deal with any resistance if and when it reared its ugly head. Nothing would deter the Queen from instituting equal rights for homosexuals and equal progenitor for future heirs to the Iron Throne.

Woe would it be to any who would oppose her wishes on this.

She had on a fine linen top and tight slacks to accentuate her femininity. She was all woman and wanted all the men to know it. It would reinforce her decrees on her marriage and her decree she was about to give.

She entered the large meeting hall with Arya. She walked confidently and took the head of the table. All eyes followed her. Arya took a seat to her father’s left while Eddard Stark sat to her immediate right in highest honor.
“We have discussed the forthcoming war. I will not rehash that. In all wars there are causalities. We have worked hard to minimize those for our side. I hope with our diligent efforts that we will crush the enemy with minimal loss of life.”

She reached underneath the table to retrieve the two swords she had put there this morning.

“In these scabbards are the swords of Rhaenys Targaryen and her brother Aegon Targaryen. The runes name the swords Foe Hammer and Blackfyre. You have seen my sword Foe Hammer. I have taken it as mine.” She pulled it from its sheath and it fired up a bright blue filling the air around the Queen. “It is a rune sword that most did not know existed in Westeros. Only the greatest smiths could create them. Only the owner of the sword could fire up the runes. It is tuned to your ‘soul’.”

“The exception are the greatest of Dragon Lords. We have the power to fire up any weapon made from such skilled smiths. I am a Dragon Lord. I have the power and strength to fire up the runes. It is my destiny.”

She stopped talking. She handed the sword of Aegon to Eddard. “Please remove the sword.”

Eddard smiled shyly. He knew he did not have the power. He pulled the steel out of its beautiful scabbard. The beautiful blue Valyrian steel was on view for all to see. It was a normal sword.

“Eddard Stark the greatest swordsman in Westeros except his equal Barristan Selmy.” The room was silent.

“Eddard. Please hand the sword of Aegon Targaryen the Conqueror of Westeros to Arya. It was this sword my great progenitor wore when Torrhen Stark, known as the King Who Knelt, bowed to Aegon.”

Eddard handled the hilt to Arya. He smiled at his daughter.

Loud gasps filled the room. Many had seen Arya with the sword glowing. What they had not known was the power needed to light it. They just assumed the sword would light up with anyone who grasped it. The instant Arya’s hand closed on the hilt the sword burst into blue fire the ghost runes burning brightly. Blue wisps of eldritch magic leaked from the blade and curled up.

“Arya Stark can hold a rune sword and fire it. Arya Stark can ride my dragons and not feel their heat. Arya Stark can communicate with them as I do. Arya Stark is a Dragon Lord as I am.”

Daenerys held out her hand for Arya’s sword. Her lover did not hesitate to give it to her. The woman had no guile or lust for power. In that she was her father’s child.

Daenerys Targaryen took the sword. She looked around the table making eye contact with all the lords and the representatives from the land.

“I fell in love with Arya Stark from the moment I met her. I knew I had found my soulmate but I hesitated. I hesitated because of tradition, expectations and political expediency. I am not a woman who hesitates in taking what is hers. Arya Stark is mine as I am hers. For the realm I hesitated. When she first grasped Aegon’s sword and fired it I knew I had indeed found my mate. I will take Arya Stark to wife.”

The Queen looked around the table. Eddard was smiling of course. Oberyn was beaming too. She looked at the Baratheon brothers. Renly was smiling big too. He knew this meant he could wed Loras Tyrell. Stannis was giving her a soft smile as well. The Lords of House Tyrell were giving her a look acceptance. Where not two of the next generation homosexuals, Mace and his first two sons nodded their agreement. Most of the other Lords were while not smiling with large smiles she
could read their acceptance in their countenance. She saw only a small number with a look of quickly hidden discomfiture. Only two showed any disgust and they blanched when her violet eyes locked with theirs.

The Queen was satisfied. She had the support she needed. With time, more and more would accept her decrees in these matters with complete acceptance. If the church of the Holy Sept fought her on this she would take them on and if necessary take them down. She had brought down all who had opposed her in Essos. She would do so here to if she must. Her will to take Arya as her mate would not be denied. Besides, it was the right thing to do.

Daenerys felt confident to continue. “Arya, as your grandfather so many times removed did for my grandsire I do for you Arya Stark wife of my heart.” Daenerys Targaryen bent the knee and handed up the sword of Aegon with both hands to a now crying Arya Stark. She took the sword and hugged it to her chest. “Henceforth this sword is of the House of Stark. If I can find a smith who still works the runes it will be given a new lineage.”

Daenerys rose back up. “We go to war. If I should fall in battle then Arya Stark will be Queen.” Arya started to protest. Daenerys with her eyes asked Arya to demure and she complied. Daenerys went on. “If we both fall in battle then Eddard Stark shall be king. If he falls then Stannis Baratheon will be king. If we all fall then Tyrion Lannister and Olenna Tyrell will be co-regents till Kiserri comes of age.”

“I plan on us all returning so hopefully it will not come to that. When the war is won I will soon marry Arya Stark as my Queen. At that time Sansa Stark will marry Margaery Tyrell and Robb Stark will marry Alys Karstark. We three couples will be wed here in Winterfell.”

The room was silent. She looked around and she saw acceptance on the vast numbers of the faces looking back at her. The few exceptions would have to get with the program. She would work on them. She knew she had strong allies in this. She would win out and do so without having to use force. Her victory over the Ice King would give her immense stature and coin with the Lords. She would use it.

“This meeting is adjourned.” She left the meeting with her wife to be. She wanted her edict ringing in the air. She had spoken and her will would be done.

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Dany was eating lunch with the other couples that would be wedding soon. The light banter, jokes and acceptance all around warmed Dany’s heart. She loved Margaery, Sansa and Alys like sisters and couldn’t wait to be wedded with them to their spouses. She liked Robb. He was much like his father and may in time grow to become like Eddard Stark though in Dany’s mind there would only ever be one Eddard.

The man had definitely raised wonderful compassionate and loving children. She laughed at Margaery being bawdy and Sansa’s face going red. Dany wondered if Sansa would always blush in public. From what Arya and Margaery told the Queen, Sansa was all slut in bed and excitedly partook of all straight forward lesbian lovemaking. She also loved the toys and strap-on sex. She loved BDSM sex and being roughed up and as much, if not more, roughing up Margaery. She loved it in the ass. All and all behind closed doors Sansa was quite the liberated lesbian slut. Good girl Daenerys thought.

Dany shivered hard. Gods she hoped Arya was into all that as avidly as Sansa was. Arya said she was. Hopefully once she tried those things she would indeed find out she loved what her sister loved. Sometimes a woman might think she was into something until she tried it. Then she found it
was not quite what she thought it might be and would not want to partake of it anymore. Maybe over time she might come to like it but it would be a process. Dany hoped that Arya would indeed be as adventurous as she claimed she wanted to be. Gods they would be completely compatible in bed if that was so.

She ate more of the brown rice in a chicken broth. She loved the chicken cooked so long it almost melted off the bone. She had never had dumplings before but the flour soaked in the soup made of chicken broth and flour was exquisite. She loved the food of the North. She laughed at Alys blushing when Margaery got Robb to admit he couldn’t wait to see his wife stripped naked and carried up the stairs of Winterfell of their bedchamber.

She glanced over at Sansa who was blushing. Arya was busy eating fast and low her mouth just over her food. She would not look up at Dany. Dany patted her on the back and whispered to her “I will cure you of that shyness my wolf … one day I will fuck you before Khalasar on the Dothraki plains. The Dothraki will want their Khaleesi to fuck her mare before them. I will make you howl as I lunge my strap-on balls deep into your womb and rip you ass wide open on my love dick. You will scream in ecstasy my sweet Wolfling.

Arya’s face was so red she looked like she might catch fire. Daenerys smiled. Arya looked embarrassed but she also saw a hot fuck hunger in Arya’s blown pupils. She wanted to be fucked like that! Margaery was patting Sansa hard on the back with her own sweet Dirwolf swallowing something down the wrong path.

Dany had heard something about fisting Sansa in front of Tyrion who was after the hens to fuck before him. Margaery told Sansa “Sooner or later he has to succeed against my grandmother. With Tyrion watching, you can be the one initially fucking me in the ass as I get TP fucked and you get in front of me so I can suck my ass off your dick.” Margaery was stroking Sansa saying this in a coy voice fluttering her eyelashes.

Dany laughed at how Margaery managed to look so much like an ingénue while being a pure sweet depraved lesbian slut. Dany smiled to Margaery. They both knew that soon both of the Starks would be equally depraved. Soon they would love to fuck their women in front of others. It was written in the stars Dany knew. Her old Dothraki cultural immersion coming to the surface again.

From what Alys was telling them Robb had been very narrow minded when they lost their virginities together. She had older friends and now exposure to Margaery and Daenerys. Robb had loved the new things that Alys wanted them to do in bed. Daenerys had to smirk. What man did not want a depraved slut in his bed that craved hot ‘nasty’ sex? The man would think he had died and gone to heaven.

Dany was very happy with the progress the Stark scions were making in the bedroom. All three were quite willing to learn to be much more depraved in bed than they had ever imagined when their women first came into their lives.

After lunch Arya took her hand and they slowly walked towards the Godswood.

“I want to share it with you Dany. Just you and me.”

As they slowly walked up the gentle slope towards the sacred woods they saw the Lord Lustra coming out hand in hand with Brail her Bloodguard. The Haruchai said something and Lustra laughed great big. She laughed and smiled now. They were happy for the formally sad and angry woman. She picked up Brail and swirled her around in a circle kissing her passionately. The smaller woman looped her arms and legs around the strong Lord and they snogged fiercely.
They finally broke for air and hurried to the Guards Hall where the Haruchai bivouacked when keeping to their own people. They were rushing hand and hand with Lustra laughing and jerking the stoic Haruchai along behind. They saw the briefest of smile on the Haruchai’s face. That was a shout of love for that demure people. All knew that the Lord and Bloodguard fucked almost every day in the Godswood. Must be nice to be immune to the cold like she and Arya were immune to fire. Dany herself because of her hot nature could endure the cold fairly well but Arya did not have that natural affinity unfortunately.

You can fuck in the cold but not a fire. What a strange thought Daenerys mused to herself.

Dany walked into the Godswood hand in hand with Arya their fingers interlocked. She loved holding her lover’s hand in such a way that all could see they were lovers. She had hated conquering her way across Essos always being told she would have to marry a man to solidify her power. She had had the worry of an heir in her subconscious but now with Kiserri returned to her that problem was removed.

She would raise up her daughter with Arya to be just and magnanimous but also have the ability to judge when force would be needed to keep the peace.

They entered the Godswood and the outside world in some ways ceased to exist. The world was still here. The concerns and tribulations of the outside world seemed to slough off the Queen’s shoulders and instead peace and comfort enfolded the pale haired Valyrian. She looked back out the path they had entered the Godswood and saw the Great Keep in the distance and other structures but it was as if they were in a hazy dream far off. They were no longer important in this scared groove. She could feel the pulse of old magic in this place. It was a potent magic of life and purity unlike the corruption and decay of the House of the Undying.

They walked deeper into the grove and felt the ambient temperature rising as they approached the Weirwood tree. The Queen smirked. No wonder the Lord and the Haruchai loved to fuck here. The temperature had moderated at least twenty-five degrees warmer if not thirty. One would think that a Dream of a Spring was near. The air seemed to warm even more with her pleasant thoughts.

Her head turned. Did she hear a faint melody? She swore she heard the murmur of whispers far off. She looked at Arya. Daenerys could see that Arya did not feel it.

Daenerys looked around at the thick brush and brambles that filled the space between the trees. She heard songbirds singing and sparrows were on the ground picking up seeds and grit. She looked deeper into the woods and saw a silver back fox looking at her before disappearing. The fox had shown no fear only curiosity. Looking off to the left she saw a badger lifting its head from its burrow beneath a blackberry patch of twisted branches with their thorns. The badger staring at her unafraid.

The wildlife here was not afraid of man. A testament of the Starks. Dany pulled Arya to her body tight enjoying the feel of her soon to be wife against her. She looked up at the Dornish moss hanging from the branches of the maples and birch trees. She noticed many of the leaves still clung to the branches though they had lost their green. Again she felt like she was lost in a Dream of a Spring yet to come. They would conquer the Ice King and then spring could spring forth the Queen thought with a smile.

They walked on till they were before the Weirwood tree and its carved face. She looked at the eyes and mouth that wept red sap. The tongues of sap running down the bark towards the roots of the tree. She felt peace emanating from the Weirwood tree. The face seemed natural to the tree. One might think it grotesque, the face carved in the bark but to the Queen it felt right.
The rays of light that filtered through the tree boughs made this place feel like the center of the world. She supposed the Tree of Life was the true center of life in Westeros but this was close. She had read in a tome Missandei gave her that in some mystical way all the Weirwood trees were connected to the Tree of Life in the North above the Wall. That Greenseers such as Bran had become could see out through the trees across Westeros.

Those that survive she thought sadly. Her eyes widened and she shook her head.

“What is it Dany?” Arya asked her.

“It was most strange my love. I was thinking how sad it is that so many of the Weirwood trees have been felled. Your father wants to restore them but is not sure how. For some reason I had a vision of Ur-viles and Waynhim in a large cavern. They were arguing with each other as is their norm and doing wild acrobatics. They were doing something important I sensed. Strange.” Daenerys shook her head wondering why such a strange errant thought came to her.

She looked around at the moths and other insects flying though the wafting shafts of light. A robin snatched a moth out of the air. A blue jay cried out its warning. A small antelope scurried down on an animal path to take another through the luxuriant growth to the north of the Weirwood tree. Eddard refused to have any game shot in Winterfell and a small herd of Pronghorn Antelope thrived in and around the environs of Winterfell. She had seen a few taken down by the Direwolves but that was nature at work and not man. The antelope running around on the grounds and out the gates at their free will.

They were now before the pool that lay at the roots of the Weirwood tree looking at the face. The face was inscrutable Dany thought. The emotion you saw in the carved wood was what the watcher brought in their heart. Dany looked up at the tree with its five-pointed red leaves whose color was the same as the red sap leaking from the cut face on the tree. The smooth bark on its wide trunk and long limbs were bone white.

A Weirwood will live forever if undisturbed Dany had read. She found that hard to believe since all things die. While they could live forever they were still vulnerable. They could be chopped down, burned or poisoned. So much had been lost. Like Eddard she hoped to restore the trees across Westeros.

She had read from the books that Tyrion had brought back from the Citadel how Greenseers of the children of the forest could see through the eyes of Weirwoods with carved faces. Since trees have no sense of time, the greenseer could see into the past or present when looking through the eyes of a tree. It was said that through the faces on the Weirwoods the old gods watched over the followers of the old ways and bore witness to important events.

Thus, Weirwoods were used to bear witness to important ceremonies such as marriages. It said that it is impossible to lie in the presence of a heart tree. Dany liked that thought. She and Arya had no secrets in their hearts. Their love for each other was pure and sacred as this groove. There would be peace in their marriage as there was in this sacred groove. There would be fights to be sure as there were storms. They would weather them as the Weirwood trees weathered the fierce storms that blew in from the north.

Weirwoods once grew throughout Westeros and Daenerys planned on that happening again. She was not sure how to make it happen but she longed to make it so. She hoped the surviving Children of the Forest would carve faces in the new grown Weirwoods in future generations when the trees grew large enough. Let there be new Greenseerers to promote the old ways Daenerys fervently hoped.
The two lovers skittered around the shallow pool to stand before the Weirwood tree. The leaves rustling even though there was no wind. The two women observed the long strands of moss tendrils hanging from the limbs. The moss swaying back and forth gently on invisible unfelt currents.

“What can you feel it Dany? Can you feel the scared air and the feel of the Earth sighing? It is so strong.”

Dany could feel it “Yes I do Arya. This is the most sacred ground I have stepped upon. At the Tree of Life I was in a life and death struggle. I felt nothing there but I feel it here. There is something magical here in this place. When I was guided through here before with others by Eddard I sensed it but here with just the two of us I feel it like a bass drum rhythmically being pounded.”

“I can feel it too Dany. I feel so connected to the Earth in this place. All that is good about life flows through groves like this.”

The leaves began to rustle more and the moss strands moved more forcefully. Both women stood still as deer. The branches in the now rising breeze bent down. The wind was not strong enough to bend the branches and yet they bent low. Their leaves brushing over the face of Daenerys Targaryen. The moss sweeping over her shoulders and coming to rest for a long moment like a royal mantel. Then the moss would blow off her shoulders. The breezes carrying the moss to and fro but always they came back to rest on Daenerys Targaryen’s shoulders.

“The old gods recognize you Dany” Arya whispered reverently.

Dany was about to argue when she and Arya heard loud cawing. They looked up at a large crow staring down at them from the Weirwood tree. It had three eyes that stared at the Queen intensely. I screamed out its qwords and tilted its head singing its unknowable song.

The two women hand and hand looked up at the large black bird transfixed. Its head worked back and forward as the bird cawed and crowed loudly. The bird cawed hard its feather’s ruffled out. It stared down at the two women. It would hop from foot to foot moving its head like it expected an answer.

Dany and Arya had none to give. The leaves rustled harder and brushed over Dany’s face. The moss now hanging down off her shoulders. The strands holding in place.

“My gods Dany. It as if the old gods are crowning you as their Queen.”

Daenerys looked up at the three eyed crow letting it know she was not afraid. She would meet her destiny but she did not think she was being crowned. Her world was the world of man. She would partner with the old gods to restore the land but she was not their Queen. Not in this time and this place.

The crow cawed for another minute hopping from branch to branch all the time staring down at the two women but it was clear that the bird was focused on the Queen. The bird stopped cawing. It bobbed its head as if in agreement. The three eyed crow then flew off flying through the branches to clear the scared grove. It was flying straight north.

The two lovers hugged each other mulling over the portents they had just witnessed.

Oberyn

Snorting and pushing a leg off his face the Red Viper unceremoniously rolled out of bed and landed with a loud thump on his side on the floor. He sat up rubbing his face and rocking on his ass
cheeks. He was nude. It was the middle of the night. He saw Stannis and Renly snoring with Fohn snuggled on Stannis’s broad body. Her legs hanging over his ribs her head on his shoulder sleeping and snuggling in close.

Oberyn shook his head to get the fuzzies out. He smiled thinking back to earlier this night while looking around himself. Such sweet memories filled his mind.

Renly had his arms wrapped Char on his right and Trami on his left as they slept. Earlier they had tagged teamed Renly making him howl on the cock fucking his throat while his asshole had been plundered again and again. Oberyn, was brought back to the present. He saw Fohn start to slip off Stannis’s body but he reached up in his sleep and pushed Fohn back onto his chest and stomach.

The girl wiggled her pussy on his hard stomach sighing in spent contentment. Oberyn snorted his thoughts going back to last night.

Loras and Stannis had fucked all of Fohn’s holes hard and deep with Harrnor joining the fun. Renly only wanted to fuck males where Loras was a true one hundred percent bisexual. He was in love with Renly but when they wanted to have playmates. Renly only wanted cock where Loras loved whatever he could fuck.

“Hey, a hole is a hole” was Loras’s mantra.

Fohn had loved sucking the three men to hardness and then being fucked up hard and hung up wet. Three men slamming their thick long cock hard up her ass and pussy in DP with the third shoving their long schlong deep down the sweet slut’s throat. The three men gripping the cord’s body and lunging their pricks deep up her pussy, ass and down her throat. Her lithesome body jolting and roughly held place so three hard dicks could slam deep into her willing hungry fuck holes.

The slut cried out she could feel their dickheads jacking over each other in her belly. Her face twisted and slashed with the ecstasy she felt having two cocks furiously slammed deep into her belly hard and deep with spearing thrusts that jolted her body hard. She had cummed screaming twice. The last time her spasming fuck holes had both Stannis and Loras roaring as they speared the Ramen Cord deep their dicks spewing hot ribbons of sperm into her womb and up her ass.

Harrnor had let the cord scream out her orgasm when he gripped her hair and jerked her head up. The groggy slut opened her mouth and started to suck his cock like she was dying from thirst. Harrnor no longer kept his control and soon his head ripped back and screamed as the cord sucked semen up his thick long shaft with deep throat love sucks. His body convulsing hard with throttling bliss. His face no longer stoic but twisted with almost agonizing pleasure.

The four were temporarily spent. After a few minutes, Loras moved on to find a new partner. Oberyn was more than happy to move in to replace his absence. Fohn all soaked in sweat and her hair plastered to her face and neck. They rested and drank water and ate raisins. Fohn recovered and looked at her fuck mates with doe eyes. She was soon on her knees sucking the three men to hardness again.

The Haruchai sure could fuck. When they were fucking they growled, groaned and screamed out with the best of them. Fohn had squealed like a filly as Harrnor held her up easily with his grip on her ass cheeks. She had her arms and legs wrapped around his torso. The Haruchai flexing his hips and working his knees to ram his cock with virulent force up into the slut’s spasming cunt. The Ramen and Haruchai kissing with fuck hunger. Fohn gagging her eyes rolling into her skull with Harrnor ramming his tongue down her throat.

Oberyn and his now close friend moved in to join the fun. First Stannis moved and slapped Fohn’s ass hard making her squeal into Harrmor’s neck. He stillled his fucking. Stannis moved in as Oberyn
watched approvingly. Stannis pulled Fohn’s ass cheek back and pressed his massive bulbous dickhead into her rosebud. He growled and slammed up impaling Fohn’s shithole with his thick towering prick. The slut crying out in pain but much more pleasure feeling her ass torn in two with thick veined cock.

All knew now of Fohn’s love for anal sex. The slut’s sphincter rings loosened with her starfish nice and loose from recent hard anal fucking. It made for easy invasion and slamming thick dick balls deep up Fohn’s hungry shithole. The sweet teenager groaning so hard deep in her chest as her asshole was fucked with sweet feverish strokes of deep anal plundering.

With a smile on his face, Oberyn watched the two strong buff men jerk Fohn up and letting her body drop impaling her fuck holes on their thick hard ramming cocks up her cunt and ass. Their shafts soaked in her fuck juice. The men pulling out her cunt and ass with sweet fuck juice splattering out. Fohn jammed down to her knees forcefully like she liked it. She loved to be controlled while fucking.

The slut dove on the cocks soaked in her cunt and shit juice. The veined shafts slavered with the effluent from her hard fucked pussy and asshole. Fohn sucked with cheek hollowing sucks cleaning her fuck holes off the shafts. When she was pulled up Stannis stepped aside as Fohn jumped backup on Harnor. Harnor guided his cock to her drooling clamshell and slammed it home balls deep making Fohn gurgle and whinny her face torn with ecstasy. Oberyn watched for a minute Fohn’s body jolting hard with dick savaging her tight cunny her small tits wallowing on Harnor’s pecs.

The strong man easily lifting the small Ramen woman up his thick shaft that stretched out her pussy into a tight O ring around his veined shaft. Then slamming her down with savage force. The slut’s face tore with ecstasy as her body jolted hard with the dick slamming deep into her belly. Again and again Harnor heaved the woman up and slammed her down impaling her cunny with hard rampaging cock. Her small tits whiplashing up add down with the force of hard dick lunging deep into her belly.

The Red Viper moved in. He slapped her ass cheeks hard for a minute with loud smacks making her cry out in pain and pleasure. Fohn’s ass cheeks now red. Then Harnor stopped his fuck motion and Oberyn torpedo rammed his cock up Fohn’s ass pipe fully sheathing it up into her tight ass. The two men immediately started to stroke their dicks hard in and out Fohn’s pussy and asshole. Fohn cried out in pleasure her face slashing with her ecstasy. Her throat cawed and moaned like the slut she was. The two men fucked the sweet lass hard. Her body jerked and vibrated with two shafts slamming home with feral force buffeting the slut’s tight fuck holes with thick hard cock.

Then the two men sat Fohn down. She immediately fell to her knees. She eagerly sucked her pussy and ass off their cock with happy slurps and moans. Her head bobbed fast her lank hair jerking with her cheeks hollowing out with her fuck hunger to suck her pussy and ass off the dicks giving her such sweat pleasure. Then she rose up to be mounted again. Now it was Stannis fucking her pussy while Harnor ripped her asshole to shreds making Fohn shriek with pulses of anal ecstasy. Both men arching their backs to lunge their pricks up into their fuck slut filling her fuck holes with hot dick.

Back and forth Fohn was taken by the three men. Their strong bodies easily holding her up. Only letting her down to clean their cocks of her cunny and butthole juice. The slut came hard with her arms around Harnor and Oberyn’s shoulders her body levered between the two men lunging their pricks up into her exploding fuck holes. Her body bucked and convulsed with the orgasmic waves ripping through her body. Her head whipped around her face slashed as she shrieked her ecstasy.

They let her down to clean the shafts soaked in her fuck juices. She sucked first her ass off Oberyn’s
dick and then slurped her pussy off the Haruchai’s cock. Her mouth twirled on their cockheads hungrily sucking as she looked up with doe eyes at the man whose dick she was sucking on with vacuum sucks. They then took the still cum groggy slut between Harrnor and Oberyn again. They filled her belly with hard dick. The men flexing their knees to ram their dicks balls deep up into her drooling fuck holes. The cocks soon reviving the slut with fuck hunger as she gripped their shoulders to lunge down impaling her fuck holes on sweet dick.

Stannis and Oberyn took turns pounding her asshole with their up ripping cocks slamming deep up into her hot pinching asshole. The men taking turns pounding her booty hole. Harrnor then lowered Fohn’s body as the man not fucking her asshole currently held Fohn up horizontal as she leaned her head down and sucked on the dick just plundering her busted asshole.

Then the strong men helped Fohn back up to drape arms and legs around the Haruchai’s body. Then Stannis and Oberyn again pounded Fohn’s asshole while Harrnor banged her cunt. Harrnor lunging his own thick long cock hard up into her tight teenage cunt with bent knees and violent up thrusts. Soon Fohn was screaming again in stunning orgasm. The Haruchai’s dickhead pounding her cervix. Her spasming pussy milked the Haruchai’s dick plundering her exploding couchie. He had roared as his cock spurted hard flooding her womb with long pearly jets of jizm.

Fhon had wailed cumming so hard as Stannis screamed flooding her ass with deep thrusts of his spurting cock. Stannis emptied his nut sack into Fohn’s ass. He then slipped his dick out Fohn’s asshole. Sperm leaking out in slimy tendrils. Good ole Harrnor did not tire as he held the filly up so Oberyn could slip his cock up into Fohn’s asshole when Stannis pulled out.

It was so hot seeing sperm and shit juice splattering out her slack asshole before he could harpoon his cock up her plundered asshole. Harrnor still hard prick slam fucked the teenager’s hot tight cunt fisting his up and down slamming cock. Oberyn pounded her hard in the ass for a minute and let his control slip. His head rocked back as she screamed himself as hot semen boiled up his dick and spurted hard and deep up Fohn’s colon. The sweet girl had a second anal ‘gam that flowed into vaginal orgasm throttling her with fucking bliss. Then Harrnor roared his body convulsing as he cum again flooded the teenager’s womb with what seed remained in his balls.

Oberyn wished Ellaria could be here to see what a lesbian slut Selyse Florent had turned into. She was asleep her cheek resting on Ranrika shaved mound. It was cute seeing Selyse’s cheek pressed into the Haruchai’s camel toe compressing it with her face. Selyse drooling onto the pretty plump pussy.

The Haruchai had one hand threaded Selyse’s hair possessively. Ferna had her head resting on Selyse’s rump snoring softly. Jeertel and Murel had joined the fun. Seregrom warding Arya as she and the Queen fucked in Arya’s room. Bannor maintaining his post. The Queen also guarded by her Bloodriders and a small contingent of Unsullied.

Jeertel had her head on Ranrika’s bosom her head moving now to snuggle in more. Murel had her body pressed into Jeertel’s body spoon her medium tits pressed into Jeertel’s back. Her pussy pressed into the Haruchai’s ass and her arm holding both Jeertel and Ranrika. The room was thick with the smell of happy pussy. The Haruchai cummed hard their bodies flipping and convulsing on the beds and furs on the floor. They had nicely proven to be insatiable needing to devour pussy relentlessly and then spreading their legs wide to be devoured in return.

All were exhausted by Selyse Florent of all people. She had sucked and finger banged them off repeatedly. The Haruchai women wailing and jackknifing wildly as Selyse’s now awesome lesbian lovemaking skills stunned the strong vibrant women of the Haruchai. When the women were all wet and their pussies distended she had then fisted them in turn hard and deep. She twisted her fist in so
hard their couchies riding up their wrist as she fucked them almost savagely.

Selyse was kinkily rotating her fist up to bulge up the bellies of her Haruchai lovers. Selyse growling and chuffing to work her fist with a twisting motion that plundered her Haruchai lovers cunts with pounding relentless arm ramming thrusts of pure love. The women’s pussy clinging to her wrist and lower forearm as she rammed fucked their pussies relentlessly with feral force. Just like they loved it.

The Haruchai had screamed so hard in their orgasms he heard the Direwolves faraway howl in answer. Selyse did not seem to tire as she sometimes did the Haruchai two a time. The wife of Stannis had both of her fists twisting slamming up two drooling clamshells. Murel and Ranrika had grunted with the deep thrusts. Their fists clenched in the sheets to jerk their bodies forward to take Selyse’s fist even harder into their sloppy wet quims.

Their bodies had slowly started to stiffen. Their faces slashed and mouths cried out in ecstasy. Then their wombs detonated and both women screamed and screamed as Selyse gritted her teeth to hunch down and keep her fists ramming their exploding couchies helping to prolong their orgasms throttling the female Haruchai senseless with soul crushing pleasure.

Selyse had become quite dominate when she wanted to be. She pulled her fists out of the Haruchai’s tired slack pussies. Hot gushes of trapped cum spurting out the tired pussies as Haruchai women cried out in pleasure. Then they were moaning like Lysian whores with Selyse slapping her hands onto their faces and slavering their own cum all over their faces, throats and up into their hair.

Then she roughly got the still groggy Haruchai sluts up into doggy. The two beautiful brown skinned women turned their heads to watch Selyse as she got behind them. They squealed when Selyse viciously slapped their asses hard and cooed when she kissed their abused bums. Selyse went back and forth slapping and then kissing Murel and Ranrika’s asses making them squeal and then moan repeatedly.

The women watched with limpid eyes when Selyse again fisted their spent cunts. Their bodies shivering and shuddering as they groaned deep in their chests. But Selyse had other plans. Soon she pulled out her hands all milky in female cum. Oberyn watched those hands fist worm two fingers up the Haruchai’s assholes. Soon all four fingers were in their starfishes with the thumb soon wormed in as well. Then Selyse concentrated and pressed her hands into the Haruchai’s shitholes. She rocked her hands loosening the women’s sphincter rings. The two Haruchai women gurgling with stuffed assholes. The brown skinned women chuffing as the pushed back onto the fists in their rectums.

Oberyn saw Selyse’s forearms flexing as she formed her fists in the Haruchai’s rectum. Both Haruchai women groaning hard in their throats their faces slashed with Selyse starting to pump her fists deeper and deeper up their asses. Stannis’s wife now adding more force as she jacked her fists into Murel and Ranrika’s inner sphincter rings and then lunged her fists deep up the Haruchai’s spasming bellies making them screech out their ecstasy in raucous wails of sheer ecstasy.

Selyse lovingly growled ramming her forearms up the Haruchai’s hungry assholes till her elbow rammed into their taunt ass cheeks. Their body shaking with the force of Selyse’s elbow slamming into their asses as she twisted her fist viciously up their shit pipes. The Haruchai women sagging down to their forearms with shocking pleasure overwhelming their bodies. Their faces twisted with sublime bliss. Their eyes slit open but unseeing as they groaned deep in their throats.

Several times Selyse collapsed her hands and pulled them out the asses of her lovers. Hot gushes of ass juice poured out their assholes and drooled into their cunnies and their clutching pussies drinking in the shit juice. The Haruchai keened and shuddered hard. Then Selyse was in front of them taking her hands and smearing their creamy ass cream all over a moaning Murel and Ranrika’s faces. Then
she was licking off that shit juice making all three women moan in slut happiness. Then Selyse quickly wormed her hands back up weakened sphincter quickly forming her love fists again and lunging them fiercely up the asses of the beautiful brown skinned warrior women.

Oberyn loved watching the hot anal fisting show. After several more minutes the two Haruchai women were clearly ramping up to asshole shredding orgasms. Selyse was in heaven plundering her women’s sweet asses with her plunging fists up their assholes. Stannis’s wife grunting as she twisted her fists up till her elbows rammed hard tight asses.

Murel and Ranrika’s assholes exploded on the same savage thrusts up their shithole with Selyse’s elbows jamming into taunt ass cheeks simultaneously. Both women screamed in shocking orgasmic bliss as if being boiled in oil. Their bodies flipped and jackknifed violently as their throats kept screaming harrowing ecstasy. Oberyn was surprised Selyse’s shoulders were not wrenched out of their sockets with the wild flips and jackknifes of the Haruchai women as their assholes exploded on the fist and forearms pounding their booty holes.

The women’s bodies would snap up and down their backs arching deep. Their heads snapped around and up and down as their faces crumpled and slashed with seeming horrible pain but was really on extreme pleasure that was harrowing. Their fingers clawing and tearing at the sheets. Their pelvises were shuddering and rippling with the orgasmic spasms tearing at their beautiful bodies.

It was funny. Oberyn had once thought Selyse to be an almost ugly woman with her big ears and sour demeanor and face. Now with her smiling all the time with her laughing and jesting she seemed pretty to Oberyn and her ears were actually quite pretty now that he liked the woman. All the Haruchai women sure found her beautiful and begged to suck her off and groaned so gutturally when she filled their mouths with her hot slimy snail snot.

He had come to love fucking Selyse. Her pussy was damn fucking tight and when she rode you cowgirl she really worked her hips to slam her pussy down on your up thrusting dick. She growled and jammed back when you fucked her doggy. When fucking her Septa face to face she clenched her legs on your hips with her arms looped around your back pulling you close as she worked her hips to work her pussy to take your dick balls deep. The slut striving to tilt her pussy so you could deep dick her with all of your love dick. The slut fucked so hungrily.

Selyse hungrily mating her mouth to Oberyn’s. She moaned so hard when Oberyn rammed his tongue down her throat. Their bellies slapping and her tits ground into his down pressing chest. The woman working her hips to lift her cunt take all of Oberyn’s cock into her tight snatch.

Earlier this night Oberyn had fucked her thus and her screams of cumming as he slammed her down into the bed and the way she held him tight to her writhing body as she bucked and writhed had sent Oberyn to the edge of the precipice. Stannis had encouraged Oberyn on “pound my wife Oberyn! Slam your dickhead into her womb man! She’ll cum again feeling your dick spurting hard as you slam your dick into her womb man! Do it! Do it!”

Oberyn had lifted his hips even higher with Stannis urging him on. He loved the feel of his body slapping down hard into Selyse’s beautiful body. The sound of their sweaty bodies loud in the room and urging both on to fuck exuberantly. Selyse grunting begging Oberyn to fuck her harder. Her urgings surrounded by slutty groans and desperate whinnies of striving. Then her head jerked up and pressed into Oberyn’s neck as she cried out in approaching orgasm. Her body convulsing wildly with killing shocks of womb rending violence that throttled her with fucking bliss. Her screams now loud in the room.

This sent Oberyn over the edge “AAAARRUUUNNGGGGGG! FFFFFUUUUUCCKKKKKK!” Oberyn had screamed with his dick convulsing as he pulled his hips
back again and again to savagely slam his dick into Selyse’s womb while it spurted hard flooding her womb with a fresh load of sperm that the Haruchai women would hungrily lick up as it leaked out her worn out slack cunt.

Oberyn smiled with Selyse fulfilling Stannis’s prophecy. Selyse cummed hard again feeling his dick flooding her womb with his potent seed. “OOWWWGGGGGGGGG! AAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH! … Mmmmmngghhiieeeeee! Unngghhiieeeeee! Aarrgggguuunngggggggggg! … oh oh … FFFFFUUUCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!” Selyse screamed her body flipping and jackknifing up into Oberyn’s hard pressing body as he continued spurt hot semen into her womb. Oberyn felt her cunt gushing cum down her spasming fuck sleeve soaking his cock as her cunt fisted and squeezed his dick hard with each killing pulse of nirvana tearing her cunt inside out.

Her arms around his back were squeezing like a constrictor as each killing pulse of cumming ripped out her rupturing womb. Oberyn’s dick continued to spear Selyse’s twat as her feet kicked wildly in the air over his hips. Oberyn grunted and snarled as he kept his hips working sensing Selyse would cum again if kept fucking her hard. He was right. Selyse’s body shook in a violent spasm and she did indeed cum hard yet again on Oberyn’s spurring dick. She tilted her pelvis up to keep taking Oberyn’s spearing thrusts impaling her womb. “GGOOODDAMMMNNNNN I LOVE YOUR DICK FUCKING MEEEEEEEEE OBERYNNNNNN! Aarruunngggggg! Ooowwwggggggg! Mmmnnngghhhiiiieeeeee!”

Wow, Selyse was indeed one hot fuck! Her pussy had milked his dick dry so hot and tight with wet slippery squeezes of her velvety cunt fist. Her body undulated and wallowed up into Oberyn’s body. Their sweaty bodies slipped and slide against each other sensually. Sweaty bodies wallowing and slapping.

He could not wait for them to sail to Sunspear and fuck Ellaria and himself. Ellaria had read his scrolls and was hungrily awaiting their visit also. Ellaria had taken Oberyn’s words to heart and could not wait to fuck Stannis but especially Selyse.

Oberyn shifted and got up to walk to the table to get water. He stopped and smiled. All the Haruchai had opened an eye to track his movement for a second to make sure all was safe. The damn Haruchai slept like mice in the seven spired temple.

He drank water to replenish all the sweat and semen his cock had spurted deep in wombs and hot tight assholes.

The door opened silently. He turned to see Tass enter the room. He knew the Haruchai felt safe to allow so many members of their people in one room with their guard down. He knew their mind link had them all in communication with each other. He wondered if they were sharing the sex in this room. Just how far did that mind link go he wondered.

Tass slowly moved her head. She surveyed the room. She untied the belt holding her tunic to her hips. She pulled the tunic over her head. Her small high brown tits so enticing. His cock was rapidly hardening and lengthening. She walked over to Oberyn and fell to her knees. She grabbed his cock and guided his half hard cock to her mouth and hungrily swallowed his cock bobbing hard. The Haruchai he had learned were very oral. He soon had a raging boner again.

The Haruchai were loud lovers. Her slurps and hungry sucks wet and loud in the room. The woman gripped Oberyn’s ass cheeks to anchor her body to let her head fly up and down his shaft with her lips glued to his thick veined shaft. Her mouth sucking like a succubus had Oberyn groaning hard.
She gave sloppy wonderful head drooling on his shaft using the lubrication to pump his cock with her two fists pumping up and down his shaft her head bobbing on just his cockhead. He had to exert all his control to keep from ejaculating down her throat. She would pause in her bobbing and begin to swirl her head on Oberyn’s cockhead in tight circles her cheeks hollowing out as she hard sucked. Oberyn smiled down at Tass when she sucked his balls into her mouth and swished his testicles in her hot sucking mouth. Then licking up his shaft all around before she tilted her over and swallowed his mushroom cockhead again and started to bob hard again.

Soon he was doing Tass doggy. Her small tits whipped forward and back as the loud slaps of their sweaty bodies smacking hard. The sounds of sweet fucking filled the bedroom. Tass turned to look at Oberyn with heated eyes and a slutty smile on her face as she groaned hard deep in her throat. She rubbed her clit as he pounded her twat. Oberyn gripped her hips hard to jam her back into his hard plunging dick slamming deep into her couchie and slamming her cervix. The Martell loved seeing the Haruchai’s hips and ass rippling with each powerful impact of their surging bodies.

Tass cummed hard screaming. Her head thrashed as it looked like she was being garroted. Her eyes squeezed tight shut while her face slashed as if in agony. Her short hair plastered all over her forehead and neck. Sweat dripped off her body from her ass to her face. Oberyn shoved the slut forward and flipped the willing whore over to her back. She looked up at him with limpid submissive eyes. He knew she was much stronger than Oberyn and it turned him on immensely that she let him easily control her body.

He then took her Septa. Her legs gripping his hips and her arms looped around his back as she locked her ankles over his back. He pounded her ass down into the furs on the floor. Their mouths came together to kiss deeply with their tongues wildly flipping around in Tass’s mouth as she continued to be submissive for Oberyn. He had found the Haruchai females generally seemed to want to be the bottom. He lunged his dick savagely into Tass’s tight gripping slurping pussy. He pulled out several times of her squishy trim and moved forward on his palms and bent feet. His dick now above Tass’s face. She gripped his hips while he gripped the back of her head to lift her head to his prick. She swallowed his dick and bobbed fiercely sucking her slimy white cum off his dick.

They fucked gloriously for ten minutes as he fucked her hard and fast and then slow and sensual. He bent his head down to siphon in her hard nipples and stretched out the small titties tenting her nipples as she cried out in searing pleasure. Then he was kissing her deeply fucking her fast and furious. Oberyn fucking her hard and deep sometimes up on his palms to change angles and fuck with more force. She had cummed screaming her strong hands gripping his upper arms painfully but she controlled her great strength as her body wildly bucked in orgasmic bliss.

Then he would slow and hesitate between strokes for small random seconds before coiling his hips back and then lunging down and forward to impale Tass’s cunt on his thick shaft splitting her fuck hole in two. Her inner lips pulled out her couche on the back stroke before those lips were again shoved back into the woman’s tight quim. Her couche spread out into a tight O ring around his pumping prick slamming balls deep again and again into her drooling spasming clamshell.

Now he was slam fucking Tass as she jammed her hips up to take all his manhood balls deep into her hot tight milking cunt. Oberyn felt his control slip. He had roared and then Tass screamed when she cummed again feeling his dick spurt hard in her belly flooding her womb with his hot seed.

She needed more so he happily sucked his sperm out her cunt and sucked her off three times as she wailed and threw her cunt up into his mouth as he sucked her off. He might not be Ellaria but he was just behind her with his oral skills. His cock was up again and he fucked Tass in the ass hard. She sucked her ass off his cock again and again and he slipped his dick into her cunt soaked in her ass. She cummed hard from that. Then he was on his back and the woman rode his dick in her
asshole cowgirl.

He gripped her hips slamming her down as he lunged up with his thick long dick impaling her asshole. She would dismount sitting between his spread legs and bent her body forward to suck her ass off his dick. Then she mounted her ass on his dick again. She did this several times moaning sucking her sweet ass juice off Oberyn’s cock.

Now she was cumming again. She rubbed her clit furiously as her small tits whiplashed up and down her torso. Sweat poured off her face and her torso running down her hard body in rivulets. Her tight pinching sphincter gripped his cock tight with hot spasms. He slammed his head into the furs feeling hot semen again shooting up his shaft spurting deep up the Haruchai’s asshole. The woman screamed in another anal ‘gasm of awesome strength.

He fell asleep with Tass sprawled all over his body. He loved feeling her sweat and cum soaked body draped all over his. He knew that this idyllic time of rest and relaxation was coming to an end. It was time to march off to war. He stroked Tass’s strong back and she murmured kissing his shoulder. This time in Winterfell had been a most interesting time.

He was wondering about the seeming strange new twists his relationships had taken since the arrival of Daenerys Targaryen to Westeros. She had sent Cersei to Dorne to become the warrior she had always whined she was meant to be. He argued against it. Vociferously. He had not been happy when the Queen smiled at him and overrode his strenuous objections.

He was sure Cersei would fail. In fact Master Marion had damn near killed the stubborn woman when she would not stop striving to perform the impossible tasks he had heaped on her shoulders. She had survived and now had conquered Battleborne Academy. She was the top cadet now and all were in awe of her. He now knew she was the Lion that the Sand Witch had prophesized of those many years ago. She would take the sword of House Dawyne when the time came.

She had married his eldest daughter. Obara was simply besotted with the woman. Ellaria was besotted with Cersei. She was almost desperate with her desire to fuck the woman. Oberyn shook his head. He had been told by Ellaria that Myrcella was whining to fuck her mother. Myrcella had hated her mother as much as much as Oberyn had. Cersei had been such a bitch back then. Not anymore.

Oberyn wondered. He once wanted to rape Cersei to break her spirit. She had opened his eyes. In her tired anger she had relayed to Oberyn her story on their way to the ship that took her into exile. That story had changed Oberyn. He would never rape again. It was disgusting and nor would he allow any in the Dorne military. The women in the Dorne forces were not predisposed to it but many men and some women did it in the battle lust. The men of course thought it was a right and ritual of warfare.

No more.

He thought of Cersei again. He chuckled. It seemed his whole freaking family was thinking of the woman anymore. His wife’s constant chirping about getting Cersei in their bed and her going on and on how hot she was sucking off Obara in the Officer’s Sauna. They had fucked in their again many times and Ellaria still hurried off to the sauna when she heard they were in the sauna rutting again. She had it bad. He had it bad. Ellaria assured Oberyn that when she had Cersei in their bed she would get Cersei to see the light.

“Oh, Oberyn, you are my mate. She will fuck you too. Wait and see.”

He doubted it but he could hope. That led to thoughts of Stannis. He shook his head wondering. It
was amazing how his perceptions of people were changing of late.

He had not hated the man per se but he and his wife were so straight laced and had sticks rammed up their asses that they made him want to throw up. No more. He looked over at the man and his wife. They had finally let go and gods they could fuck. He actually liked the man. Out in the “world” he was still stiff and glared all around but Oberyn accepted that. Stannis just dealt with the world in that way.

His wife had gone from a ‘homely bitch’ in his mind to a ‘smoking hot bitch I want to fuck!’ The change in his thinking sometimes still surprised the Red Viper. To call Selyse a ‘hot slut’ was a real high compliment in his mind. Selyse actually had a sweet demeanor now that she and Stannis were actually happy and had a nice non biting sense of humor. Personally, Oberyn liked ‘biting’ but not a lot of men could handle a woman who was funnier or smarter than himself. Oberyn could care less.

But when Stannis felt he did not have to be filled with honor and rectitude and could show his human side he was actually funny in a dry drool way. And Selyse was an absolute bisexual slut now. She sucked cock like a succubus and buried her face so deep in pussy she was like Cersei. Two nights ago three male Haruchai, Stannis, Loras and himself had gangbanged the slut. She was constantly cumming and screaming as they fucked her air tight filling all her fuck holes. They had done Double Anal on her for the first time. She had nearly passed out she cummed so hard. Gods, the slut loved ATM and A2P with an almost evangelical fervor.

You used to have to yank words out of her mouth. Not anymore. She was engaging and laughing a lot now. It was amazing what hot good sex did to a woman. In the bed, she was constantly cawing “Fill my fuck holes with cock!” “Gods let me suck my shithole off your big cock!” “Gods I love having all my holes fucked air tight!” “Pound my shit good!” “Stretch out my cunt with two cocks!” “Pound my ass till I can’t shit for a month!” Oberyn smiled big. Yes, Selyse had become his kind of woman.

Ellaria would die and think she had gone to heaven when she got to fuck this new Selyse. Oberyn had been sending Ellaria ravens raving of Selyse’s now ravenous (he chuckled to himself writing that) appetites. Ellaria had a new slut in her line of sight down her arrow shaft. Soon Ellaria would be sampling these new Baratheons.

They were going to visit Dorne for a month and then in the next six months Oberyn and Ellaria would visit Dragonstone. Selyse had her eyes on a lot of nubile young lasses she planned on deflowering and making into depraved bisexual sluts when she returned to Dragon Stone. Yes. Oberyn had come too really like this new woman Selyse had become.

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Oberyn had finished dressing for the beginning of the trip to the Wall. He had on his light mail shirt and leggings. He was a fighter who relied on speed and skill to survive and kill on the battle field. Let others weight themselves down with armor that he would pick apart and like praying mantis attacking a beetle, he would find the weak spots to attack and defeat his opponents.

The Haruchai and Ramen had of course melted away sometime in the early morning light from Oberyn’s room. He was an extremely light sleeper as was Stannis and Renly. When you are a warrior you learned that talent. One never knew when you might be awoken in the middle of the night fighting for your life on the battlefield. Surprise was always an advantage any commander sought on the battlefield. Despite this, and trying to catch the persons from the Land leaving them he and the Baratheon brothers never heard or felt them leave. It was unnerving how they could move so silently.
Stannis and Renly had put on their mail and plate armor. They did look impressive with their height and large broad shoulders. Renly he knew he could take fairly easily. It was Stannis he would have a hard time with. He was lightning fast and so fucking strong. He was sure he would take him. Of course he knew Stannis thought the same thing.

Oberyn smiled a soft smile. Again he could not believe how he had changed his thinking with Stannis and Selyse. I was like his thoughts on Cersei. They had gone from enemies to people he genuinely cared for and loved to fuck. Well, Stannis was still one hundred percent heterosexual. That did not prevent them from fucking his wife and Stannis watching her get fucked. It turned on Stannis to see Selyse fucked hard by other men.

Like last night. Gods Stannis wife had become totally insatiable. A fact that made both Oberyn and now Stannis happy. They wanted one last great fuck before taking to the King’s Road. Last night the new nursery minders had joined in the hot orgy of intense fucking yet again. Selyse had fallen on them the first time they appeared like a famished wolf. She was like Ellaria in that way. Always wanting new dick and especially new hot wet pussy.

Oberyn couldn’t wait for them to meet now! Ellaria felt the same. How things had changed. Great sex had drawn them all so close now. Now they were all close friends. He and Stannis had watched his wife simply devour Wehhi and Aurola like she was starving. She sucked them off each twice as they laid side by side on the bed their legs on Selyse’s shoulders. The two lovers snogging and hard sucking on rock hard nipples on their mate’s small B cup tits.

It had been so hot to see the two women’s legs kicking out behind Selyse in their orgasms. The last time Hehhi orgasmed her feet slammed into Selyse’s lower back like a kicking filly. Selyse grimaced but with a happy smile as she drank down the hot gushes of female cum flooding her mouth as the Dothraki slut screamed hard her body filled with harrowing convulsions. Aurola helped Selsye give Hehhi pleasure by trying to suck her engorged right teat down her throat.

Then they had watched the two women who had entered Oberyn’s bedchambers dressed in Dothraki gear that had quickly been shed fell upon Selyse like lionesses devouring a love kill. They sucked and finger banged Stannis’s wife to the edge of a soul crushing orgasm quickly. Stannis was encouraging on the young sluts to “fuck his wife hard—she’s a filthy fucking MILF! Bang her hard!” he had joyfully encouraged the sluts in defiling his wife.

The two women did just that.

“AAAWWOOGGGGGGGG! HHHNNGGGGGGGGG! HHHHNNGGGGGGGG!” Seylse screamed as her body convulsed and jackknifed violently on the bed. Whenever Aurola and Wehhi did not have duty in the nursery they often came to Oberyn’s quarters. They were both bisexuals but only wanted to sport fuck men as “a taste of strange” Aurola had told them. They came for the females and especially Selyse. Wehhi had her face buried in Selyse’s exploding cunt her mouth glued to the woman’s fuck hole drinking down the hot slimy gushes of creamy white cum.

Aurola was lying beside Selyse sucking furiously on her left breast tenting her nipple and areola with her feverish deep throat love sucks. Her head lifting with her sucks. Her right hand was a blur rubbing Selyse’s clit in a furious back and forth motion. Gods Selyse’s cunt sounded so sodden and watery to Oberyn. It was like a sweet symphony,

Oberyn shook his head. Selyse was very happy now. She would miss her husband and her other fuck mates but she was absolutely addicted to pussy now. Wehhi was like a famished lamprey sucking Stanni’s wife off. Aurola like a good lesbian slut sensed Selyse’s clit getting sensitive and now had Selyse’s left tit pushed up with her hands and was trying to suck the nipple down her throat with long ragged deep throat sucks her head lifting even higher with each long ragged love suck.
“Ram two fingers up her asshole and slam fuck her shithole—it will make her cum again” Stannis casually told Wehhi. Oberyn smiled at Stannis. The man had really come a long way. Wehhi immediately started to comply. Stannis’s wife’s anus was lubricated liberally with sweat and cum that had leaked out her clamshell and wicked own her ass cleft soaking her anus.

The Dothraki maid worked her fingers into Selyse’s ass cleft unerringly finding her shithole and twist rammed her first two fingers deep up into Selyse’s well fucked anus. “Uunngggggggg! Ohhhhh shit that feels so fucking good—uunnggg aaarrngg … hhnnn hhnnn unnggggg!” Selyse jabbered her pussy and asshole flooding her with ecstasy. Wehhi fucked Selyse’s asshole furiously while swallowing her whole upper cunt into her mouth. Wehhi pumped her head up and down stretching out her cunt meat nearly an inch. All wet and dark pink Oberyn and the Baratheon brothers watched Stannis’s wife get her pussy devoured. Aurola own head was pumping stretching out Seylse tit and nipple with voracious wolf sucks.

Selyse’s head lifted off the mattress pumping up on a neck stiff with raw need. The tendons in her neck jutting up and looking like they might snap. The woman’s dark hair plastered over her forehead and along her neck and shoulders. Her face slashed with almost crippling pleasure. Then her eyes flared wide open and her mouth fell open into an O of helpless scalding agonizing pleasure. Her head jammed up hard several times as the breath was knocked out of her then.

She gasped hard getting her breath back and then her screams filled the room "Oh! Oh AAAARRUUUNNGGGGGG! AAAWWOOOGGGGGGGG! Hhnnn hhn n ohhhhh—fuuuucckkkkkkkk! Godsssddeeddmmnnnnnn—Owwwwwwggggghhhaaaaai! Mmmmmngggggg ... oh GODS! GODSSSSDDDAAMNNNNNIITTTTTT! " Selyse cried out, as another wave of orgasmic shockwaves wrenched her beautiful body. Her body was pulverized with horrific convulsions and flips of shocking bliss. The women made her orgasms roll through the dark haired woman’s body. Her heels slamming the bed and her hands clawing and tearing at the sheets her head jerking up off the mattress her eyes unseeing as searing bliss tore her cunt inside out.

She finally went limp temporarily exhausted. She was mewling limbs kicking as the two sluts kept randomly licking her throbbing nipples and clt. Stannis bent down and gripped his wife’s sweat soaked face. He kissed her hard ramming his tongue down her throat that made her aftershocks surge and had her jerking wildly on the bed. Stannis broke the kiss and smirked down at his cum rattled wife.

“Take care of my sweet wife you two” they lifted their faces smiling at Stannis. “Make sure you repay Aurola and Wehhi with your sweet tongue, fingers, fist and strap-on cock Selyse” he chuckled at his not so funny remark. “I expect all the details of the pussy and cock you partake of while I am gone sweet wife. When I return I will fuck you for a week along with Oberyn and others Selyse.” His wife tiredly smiled sluttilly at her husband.

Yes, Stannis had indeed loosened up. He was pretty cool now Oberyn thought to himself.

“Ummngggppfff mnnnggg yessssss oonngggg” was Selyse blasted reply. She had cummed really hard Oberyn could clearly see. She was groggy still out of it with a beatific smile on her face. Yes she and Ellaria needed to meet soon.

He and the Stannis brothers left his quarters. They adjusted their armor that had been polished and their leathers stropped to give them a sheen. They wanted to make an impression for the citizens of Winterfell and Winter Town as they departed to go forth to war. They would instill confidence in the people that they would indeed reign victorious on the battlefield.

He saw Eddard coming down the hall making sure his black armor was all aligned and properly fitting. He looked up and saw Oberyn and the Baratheon brothers. He stopped walking.
“Eddard … you missed quite the orgy last night—you got to loosen up man!” Stannis shouted out to the Warden of the North. The three men chuckled seeing Eddard blanch and look nervous.

Eddard made an I forget something motion “Danm I forget my glove liners. Sorry you guys. I will catch up with you later.” He turned around and scurried back up the hall to his quarters. He looked back several times with a harried look.

Oberyn chuckled. The day was starting off well.

He and the Baratheon brothers headed outside. They left the Great Keep and walked to the East Gate. He passed underneath the thick arch looking up at the dark granite. He could feel the age of Winterfell here. The weathered rock ancient looking to his eyes. He walked through the arch into the bright light. He smiled when his eyes adjusted to the light.

All the knights were in their polished armor. The sun glinting off the plate metal or made their dark grey or black chain mail glow. Some of the knights had painted armor that glowed in the intense sunlight. Their sercoats brightly colored with their house colors. Many nights had long lances with brightly colored streamers tied to the tips that whipped in the breeze.

The horses of the knights had quilts on that had their houses heraldry emblazoned on them. Of course he saw the Coat of Arms for the main houses of the north: Direwolf; A white sunburst on black with the words The Sun of Winter for house Karstark; A black bear in a green wood with the motto “Here We Stand”; A brown bullmoose with black antlers on orange and the words Righteous in Wrath of House Hornwood.

Gods Oberyn loved the pageantry of it all. The colors and bright glinting light off armor reminded of him of how he felt seeing warriors when he was a little boy. He remembered feeling so elated seeing those warriors as a youth and vowing to become one himself. He had become one and earned the name of Red Viper for his deadly strike. He smiled. He did indeed use poison on then sword and now spear tip.

He looked at the heraldry at the Houses of the South. He loved the multiple colors and the pageant of it all. He spotted the many banners of Dorne. The lords proud and standing tall in the saddle. He was presented his horse and he mounted it. He moved to be beneath his bannermen. He looked up at the banner of a gold spear piercing a red sun on an orange field and the words beneath Unbowed, Unbent, Unbroken.

He looked to the right and saw a red cockatrice with black snake in its beak on gold of House Gargalen and behind that he saw the House of Wyl with its banner of a black adder biting a heel on yellow. To his immediate left he saw the banner of Qorgyle. He looked at the three scorpions in a triangle on a circular red circle.

Oberyn looked further away on the grassy plains. He saw the colorful flowers of all the Houses. He was proud to be part of Daenerys Targaryen’s army. She and Eddard Stark had united the whole of Westeros for the forthcoming war. Never before had all of Westeros marched united against a threat. Even in the age of Heroes there had been mini wars between houses even as they met the threat of the Ice King.

He admired his Queen so greatly. She had done this. Eddard had helped and been the catalyst but it had been her will and guile that had brought it all together.

Oberyn spotted Eddard astride his warhorse. Oberyn wondered how the man had gotten to his horse so fast. Lost my glove liners my ass Oberyn snorted. He spotted the Queen and her future wife riding their horses up the line. As they passed, Daenerys smiled at him. It was a smile that was just
that little bit larger than almost anyone else got. He was happy inside seeing that acknowledgement of his special place in her entourage. He was indeed a most valuable ally to his Queen.

He joined up behind his Queen as did Eddard and Stannis and Renly. Up at the head of the column he spotted Garland Tyrell and Edmure Tully leaders of the other great houses of Westeros. Jon Arryn was already at the Wall keeping an eye on Houses Frey and Bolten.

He looked around. The Giants were at the head of the column off to the right. The Giants towering over all. They were like columns of granite with their strong bodies. Their granite armor covering them from helm to armor down over the tops of their feet. They wore war sandals on their feet. The Giants mighty swords mainly on backs but a few of the women carried them on their hips. Two male Giants were with them. He had asked what weapons they would use.

Braveheart Tillerkeel answer was two words “Their fist”. Oberyn could believe that. A Giant’s balled up hand looked like a sledgehammer head.

Oberyn wondered where the Haruchai were. The ramen were also not visible. He thought that they would form their own group also. The Queen had almost reached the head of the line. Like the mist evaporating in the morning it seemed the Haruchai and Ramen had melted away from the milling forces of Westeros.

This group was mainly knights, cavalry and wagons that was transporting and providing support for the cavalry. It seemed as if the Haruchai and Ramen could disappear into anything be it nature or groups of people. He knew they had warded all the banquets and meal times of the Queen and Arya and yet he rarely saw them.

Then the Haruchai and the Ramen were seen walking in from the flanks. They came to stand with the Lord of Revelstone. They conversed softly. It looked like some kind of agreement was reached. The Ramen moved off in a loose formation. Oberyn saw Lustra with Brail as the Haruchai moved off fifty yards from the column. He and the Queen were at the head of the column. All had turned to focus on the Haruchai and the Lord. They stood up tall and looked off to the north. The sky was clear. There were low rolling hills that the King’s Road twisted and turned slightly to pass between. A few corpses of trees of birch and maple stood denuded of leaves but thick with brambles.

That was when Oberyn noticed the Ranyhyn were not present. How that was possible with the party ready to leave he wondered. The Ranyhyn always seemed to be present when their riders would need them. Would they have to wait for the mighty horses to appear? He was shocked by this since the horses seemed to have a link with their riders. Fohn had moved over to be near him and the Baratheon brothers.

She reached up and stroked Oberyn’s leg.

“Where are they? I thought the Ranyhyn would be here” he softly called down to the woman with a smile. She had been a great fuck.

“They are loyalty given flesh. They will answer the summons.”

Oberyn kept quiet. He wondered what this summons was. He saw the Haruchai and Lord raise their right hand to their mouths. A loud piercing whistle filled the air from multiple throats. Again and yet again the loud whistle was issued. The sound slowly faded from the air.

The forces of Westeros looked around curiously. Then from the North the air was filled with low rumbling thunder that slowly built up to a pounding fury of mighty hooves pounding the Earth.
From around the curve of the King’s Road on the left of the first rolling hill a line of Ranyhyn exploded into view. They were still a league distant. The stars on their foreheads caught the morning light and glowed like the full moon close to the horizon. The horses were pounding out a mighty pace. Their bodies bunching and stretching as they ran at a furious pace.

Oberyn wondered why they were running so fast. They would tire before they reached them. He watched the display of speed. A Sandsteed would tire at about two miles and have to slow to a fast canter. The horses kept a perfect line as they galloped at a furious pace. They did not stumble or break their perfect formation. They kept flying forward. Already they were halfway to them. Their speed seemed to increase. Nothing could run that fast! They were flying like the wind! They were running half again faster than the mightiest Sand Steed could gallop for maybe two furloughs. They had already ran eight. They kept running forward as if tiring was not possible.

All were staring slack jawed at this impossible feat. Only Eddard seemed unfazed but then Oberyn remembered that the Ranyhyn had run multiple leagues to get him back to Winterfell to save his wife in her hour of need. Hearing of the feat was one thing. To see it in the flesh made it into a truly awe inspiring event.

Then the Ranyhyn were before them slowing with dirt raising back kicks of their legs. The individual Ranyhyn moved to their riders. They came forward nickering and throwing their heads in exuberance. They pushed their heads into their riders cupping hands and enjoyed the bonding of the moment. The great horses showed no sign of being even slightly winded. Then the Haruchai bowed deeply to their horses and easily jumped onto her backs. Five Ranyhyn immediately ran back up the King’s Road to the North with their Haruchai riders. Three pelted to down the Road to the South. Two ran off to the east and west.

The Haruchai were forming a picket line around the advancing column. Oberyn knew of their mind speak now. They would be constantly communicating to each other and to Brail their leader forming a strategic picture of the land and the forces around the advancing column. Gods he wished he could have such a tool in his marches and battles!

Fohn gripped his leg looking up at Oberyn. “The horses of the Plains of Ra will always answer the call. Believe.” With that she was gone. She ran off to the North at a fast loop her body dwindling until she disappeared into the rolling land.

The Queen watched the Haruchai disappear. By her side was Bannor of course. He was surprised to see Seregrom by her other side. By the Lord Lustra was her lover Brail and near Arya was Jeertel. Oberyn was impressed. The Haruchai also knew who was the most important person in Westeros was. Daenerys Targaryen the Breaker of Chains and the First of her name.

Everyone was looking at her. She looked resplendent in her flat black dragon bone mail. Arya had on bright chain mail with plate armor on her shoulders in the colors of House Stark. The Queen looked over at Arya. Together they pulled their Rune swords from their scabbards. They both exploded into life. They glowed their ghostly blue with thin tendrils of eldritch magic that wisped up into the air several feet above the blades before the magical ether winked out.

The Lord of Revelstone beside them lifted up her body gripping the Ranyhyn with her thighs. She was stronger physically than she looked Oberyn mused. She took her staff in her hands and began to twirl it above her head in a blur. She was more coordinated than she seemed too Oberyn observed. She did this for fifteen seconds. A bright blue haze began to surround her body like a nimbus of gauzy mist. She then jabbed the staff up. It exploded into blue though a darker richer hue than the rune swords’ blue. A thick lightning bolt from the end of the staff shot up into the sky rising several thousand feet.
Then it exploded in a blinding flash of dark blue that shocked the eyes. Thousands upon thousands of arcs and tendrils spread out several miles in all directions sizzling the very air. A concussion of force roiled over the column like a fist that hit animal and man. A shocking loud clap of thunder reverberated over the column. If that bolt had been aimed at the column—she was much more powerful than she seemed.

The Queen and Arya still had their swords lifted and now turned their horses and put their swords away. There were not speeches. None were needed. They had heard what they needed to hear. They were moving up the King’s Road headed to war. A war that Daenerys and Eddard had prepared them as well as they could be prepared.

The column moved out from Winterfell in full armor and regalia. The citizens of the castle and Winter Town by the road cheering them on. Their spirits lifted by the martial display. The riders’ hearts filled with pride and desire to meet the threat and defeat it.

Soon they left the castle and town behind. They kept moving down the road for a league and passed around the low hill. They continued on for another mile. The Queen then called a halt to the column. Fifteen large freight wagons pulled up being drawn by oxen. These wagons would fall behind and be guarded by the mercenary company of the Black Panthers and a troop of Dothraki running picket. The knights unmounted and removed their armor. The display for the citizens of Winterfell and Wintertown was done. Their mission to install a last bolt of confidence accomplished.

The Queen refused to have the men and their mounts exhausted wearing armor that would not be needed. She had Dothraki and Mercenary companies prowling the lands below the Wall looking for any spies or raiding parties of the Ice King. There had been none found. Again all signs pointed towards a decisive battle at the Wall and Castle Black.

Soon all the knights and heavy cavalry had divested themselves of their armor. Stewards were busy marking the armor as to House and person and neatly bounding up and stacking in the wagons. The riders put on their normal clothing that had been unpacked for them.

Two hours later they were again riding down the King’s road to the first bivouac. They would have to ride into the dark to reach it but they would have hot meals ready for them and a dry spot underneath the tents erected. The queen had massive quantity of her mercenary companies riding up and down on the flanks of the King’s Road. The camps safe in the shields around the King’s Road.

There would be no ambush of unprepared troops. The Queen had learned her lessons well in Essos.

They started up the King’s Road once more. Oberyn was talking to the Lords of Dorne. All were excited to be part of this large endeavor. Dorne tended to not involve themselves fully in the matters of Westeros. They had sent forces to support Rhaegar Targaryen but they had not fully committed. In the wars of the recent past one or several of the large Noble Houses of Dorne would not commit to the endeavor.

Oberyn supposed that was happening this time too. The Lannisters had been left behind. They could have brought many warriors to the field but Oberyn knew that as long as Tywin was the leader of the West they could not be relied upon. The might of Casterly Rock must remain there. It could not be trusted elsewhere in Westeros. It had been Tywin’s machinations that had led to sweet Elia’s death. He longed to get revenge for her death. One day he would corner the Mountain and chop him low.

As they road forth up the road he observed that the Giants and Ramen easily kept pace with the march of the horses. The Giants were constantly laughing and telling long stories that seemed to ramble and lose their ways before they came back to the main point. If there was one. They would
pull huge jugs out of their backpacks and drink deep draughts of Diamonddraught. After a few deep drinks they would be walking with a more lively step and their voices louder.

Oberyn and many others had learned the errors of their ways while at Winterfell. The Giants would be in the inner yards or in the feast hall and drinking their liquid fire. Many men had taken the draughts the Giants freely offered. Oberyn could hold his liquor. He remember taking a long deep draught. It had not affected him at all he was positive at the time. Was he not the Rid Viper?

In fact he felt great. He never felt better. He was singing and making loud jibs to all his fellow seat mates. He carped and japed at one and all. He had always wanted to score with Sansa. He tried to run his hand down Sansa's bodice. Margaery had nearly clawed his face off. For some reason he could not seem to block her hands but Sansa had come to his defense. The last thing he saw was the big bowl of mash potatoes coming towards his face for some reason.

He awoke later in his chambers with the laughing and smirking Manethrall Shapa and Char licking his face clean of mashed potatoes and gravy. Fohn was licking his neck clean while Trami was giving him hot deep throat as Oberyn grabbed his head to encourage him to suck and keep deep throat his long thick cock. He had been rather passive in the fucking that night.

Oberyn still found it hard to believe that one fucking drought of the Diamondraught had put him under. The Haruchai who came in later that night inquired with their serious mien. "How can a warrior such as yourself be so flyweight?" "Do you drink milk all the time?" "You looked weird with drool coming out both sides of your mouth" "Are you normally wall eyed?"

Oberyn had made sour faces and flipped them off and gripped his throbbing head. "Fuck you all!" Fortunately, they had taken his words literally. He soon forgot all about his headache getting his brains fucked out.

The sun felt good on Oberyn’s face and shoulder as the column rode north. The Giants were easily keeping up with their long legs. A Ramen would come in from the field and come up beside the Lord of Revelstone. The two speaking in soft words. The Ramen would sprint ahead and check the immediate path to make sure all was safe for the horses. Then they would race off into the distance.

Throughout the day a Cord would run back to the column and talk to the Lord on her Ranyhyn. They would cycle by the Ranyhyn and Oberyn knew they were somehow communicating the intelligent horses.

From time to time a Haruchai and their Ranyhyn would come galloping in. They would communicate with Brail and Lord Lustra before riding back off in the direction from which they had come. Oberyn knew that they were completely safe with this picket guarding the way ahead and behind and their flanks. He knew the Haruchai were in constant communication amongst themselves.

There would be no ambush of this column.

The Direwolves of Robb, Arya and Sansa were running around and moving off to the woods off to the side and looping ahead of the advancing column. Oberyn knew their keen senses were on full alert. Robb was riding with his father while Sansa and Margaery were in a special wagon that was sized for them to have comfortable sleeping quarters. The wagon as spacious as the one the Queen had constructed for Missandei. The wagons had benches and large bins for scrolls, messages and maps. The two High Princesses and Missandei were all the time calculating supplies and the column spacing. The women planning to keep men and supplies moving apace up the King’s Road.

More supply trains were heading up the road. Also, Oberyn had heard that after the war Eddard was
planning on creating something called a “nature preserve” in the Sand Hills and the Barrowlands. It seemed that Jon Arryn wanted to do so in the deep mountain ranges of the Vale. Places that animals were to have absolute protection. Some of the pure breed animals would be released into these preserves to repopulate the species in the wild.

Oberyn was not too sure about this idea but he would be willing to listen. He was sure Arianne and Myrcella would instantly buy into this idea of protecting nature so he knew he had better get used to the idea. Arianne would one day be leading Dorne. This led Oberyn to think of his brother. He worried about his brother’s health. He feared that Arianne would be the leader of Dorne sooner than later.

Later in the day, Oberyn spotted Nymeria “innocently” loping closer to his mount. She was looking around nonchalantly acting like she did not know that Oberyn was near her and his spear was balanced on his saddle both ends of the spear jutting out from the flanks of the horse. The wolf’s eyes looking with longing at the spear of the Dorne man.

The wolf would sniff hard. Her lips rippled and her nose snorted. Oberyn had leeched out the cinnamon with water and vinegar but it still smelled of the spice. He knew the Direwolf’s sensitive nose picked up the cinnamon just fine and had her worried. He was not wearing gloves anymore so that should let Nymeria know the wood was not hot any longer. It had taken two days of constant runs to the pool before the Weirwood tree before Nymeria’s mouth stopped slavering constantly and made the wolf howl in pain, frustration and the need for revenge.

It had all been worth it for Oberyn. He would take the wolf’s retribution when it came. For now he was enjoying getting over on the infernal beast. He deliberately made his spear haft tilt down enticing the Direwolf. Nymeria eyed the wood with an intense look of longing. She looked at the spear and then up at Oberyn calculating. The great wolf was calculating reward versus possible burning slavering mouth. She would shy off. Evidently, her ordeal had made her a coward Oberyn smirked wiggling his spear end at the wolf. Her snout sniffed and she shied back shaking her head in fear and worry.

The wolf had trailed Oberyn around Winterfell but had yet to screw up her courage to again try and take the spear from Oberyn. The wolf was again working on her verve and courage. She would slowly creep up on Oberyn that he observed out of the corner of his eye. He had gotten very good at that. Nymeria would first slink from horse to horse and then retreat back. She would race forward and lie in the tall grass. Oberyn had gotten good at spotting the wolf’s snout jutting out the grass or brush. As he passed her Oberyn saw Nymeria’s snout sniffing hard. The cinnamon had filled her heart with fear. She did not charge him trying to get his spear.

He smirked. All day Nymeria had been trying to screw up her courage and failing miserably. The wolf really, really wanted his spear and would advance on Oberyn from the rear yet again. Her belly almost brushing the ground. Her tail held straight out and low brushing right and left agitatedly. She knew something was not right with Oberyn not reacting to her evil intent.

By the late afternoon the wolf’s nerves were frayed with frustration. Nymeria on her last stalk had again chickened out when she got close to Oberyn. She had straightened up her fur all risen up bristled on end. The Direwolf’s tail swishing hard back and forth he fur fluffed out like a duster. She barked at Oberyn furiously. Her jaws snapped angrily at Oberyn promising him retribution. He only cocked an eyebrow down at the furious Direwolf. He offered her his spear.

Nymeria’s eyes flared with desire and then fear. She had thrown another fit. She barked and did wild flips in her anger and frustration. Slaver again flung out her mouth with her wild barks and howls. Oberyn noted it was not slimy like it had been with the cinnamon infestation in Nymeria’s
mouth. Pissed off Nymeria then run off into the distance. Her head had been cocked back her hot
eyes promising him the matter was not settled.

He couldn’t wait. He would never admit it but he loved this game with Nymeria.

Sansa

***Sansa bumped up and down on her cushioned seat. She was beginning to see that going on the ‘campaign’ definitely had its disadvantages. Her rump at times was taking a beating as they wagon wheels went in and out of the ruts. She did not complain. She still preferred the occasional bumps and sudden jolts in their wagon than sitting on a horse all day and having her ass mauled, spine rattled and her poor pussy sawed in half.

They were four days out from Winterfell. Sansa was really happy with events. She was actually part of the war effort. The Queen was a warrior as was Arya so no one could argue that women did not belong. The rest of the company had a small sprinkling of other female warriors to leaven the bread so to speak. Barristan had his Marleya Blackmyre and we had of course Dacey Mormont to represent the North. But the greatest of them was Daenerys Targaryen the Queen of Westeros and over half of Essos.

What made Dany so special was she was both. She was of the elite warrior class in both Westeros and Essos. When she choose to wear her Dothraki bells her hair was aglow with them and in the heavy wind her hair literally tinkled with the sounds of sweet chimes. She had fought her own battles. She had killed and crushed enemies to get those bells in her hair. She had earned every one of them. In fact, she had so many she could not wear them all anymore.

Not only had she fought on the battlefield she had shaped the battlefield itself to ensure her victories. She was the master strategist that made the plans on how to conflict the battlefield. How to envelope the armies of her enemy on the field of battle. She developed tactics that allowed her to conquer the walled cities she had quickly defeated in Essos.

Many Kings and a few Queens had been that strategist that led from the rear. The war leader who fought from the safety of the rear and had their Field Marshalls lead the battle.

Not Dany. She implemented her plans she had developed from the front lines. She was the general who led the charges. Her exploits in Essos had become the stuff of legends. She had one by one conquered the Slave City States and she had led each of those battle from the frontlines. She had led the charges into attacking armies and led the sappers taking down the walled cities.

Sansa had only seen one other person that seemed to have all the qualities of a great war time leader. Her own father, Eddard Stark. He too came up with grand strategies, made the tactical decisions when the battle was joined and everything went to shit and plans had to be changed. Her father and Dany always seemed to be able to process the confusion of combat and develop the tactics necessary for victory. Then lead the troops under their command in implementing those decisions. Eddard was the great warrior on the field of battle who would bring down his foe and inspire his followers to victory. Dany was his equal in this in every way.

Sansa thought on this as she adjusted her seat on the cushioned bench. Beside her was her wife in all but name. She hugged the woman she loved Margaery Tyrell. She looked at her wife in her simple dress she wore in the comfort of their wagon. They had several small braziers with coal burning to keep the wagon warm. The tight construction keeping the warmth in.
Her father had taken a large transportation wagon and outfitted it so she and Margaery could ride and sleep in it at night. Missandei had such a wagon from the Queen. There were several other such wagons for seamstresses and women good at the intricate work of clasps and delicate metal work to keep clasps and buckles working correctly. Sansa knew they were lucky to have their wagon fitted out with the nicest upholstery and goose down stuffed bed and thick cushion seats.

Missandei had the same accruements in her wagon. Sansa was not ashamed to be taking advantage of the fact that her father was the Warden of the North. Nor was Missandei feeling any guilt with her fine phat ride. They were providing invaluable service to the Queen and the Warden of the North.

The wagons had other benefits as well. They were free of having to worry about riding a horse and being out in the open and the elements. They were valuable to the war effort but they were definitely not warriors. It was midafternoon and they had had the whole morning free since their meeting with Missandei had not been scheduled till after lunch. The troops ate mostly in the saddle or ate quick meals of beef jerky, whey bread or trail mix when stopping to let the horses rest and crop grass or eat oats offered them by the Dothraki and now Ramen tenders.

That had ate a nice tasty meal of left over pheasant and rabbit in a rice and green bean broth. Towards evening Arya moved out from the column with her bow and brought down rabbits and shot pheasants and quail out of the sky when she spooked them into flight. She did this just for Sansa, Margaery and Missandei. Arya preferred to eat with her fellow warriors and ate their fare.

The queen had special meals made for the other women in the other wagons but Sansa, her wife and Missandei got to eat fresh succulent meat every night. Her sister was very thoughtful in her own way. She found it hard to believe they once could not stand each other. Too bad she was so conservative in matters of the sex. She and Margaery would love to fuck Arya and Dany but they were in a committed one on one relationship. There loss.

This morning Sansa had been on her knees in front of the bunk in their wagon. They were both nude as their name day. Margaery’s legs on her shoulders. She was noisily eating Margaery out. Her mouth made obscene wet slurping and snuffing sounds as she devoured sweet swollen dripping wet dark pink cunt meat. Sansa would use a lose lip lock just to make sure her mouth made much obscene noises while dining on Margaery’s drooling clamshell.

Gods she would never tire eating out Margaery. She tongue raked her love’s slit and clit. She would then suck her upper cunt deep into her mouth and pump her head in and out stretching her wife’s upper labia lips and clitoral hood all stretched out. She loved the slimy feel of Margaery’s labia lips rolling around in her mouth when she sucked them in for sweet munching. Then back to licking Margaery’s sweet muffin with her mouth off her love’s pussy. Her tongue flat tongue licking and then flicking like a viper’s tongue over her love’s shiny clit.

Then burying her face deep in her woman’s vulva again making it flare out around her mouth in a wet kiss. She loved to feel Margaery’s cunt swallowing her mouth as she devoured it. The wet heat of the intimate kiss almost as pleasurable to the redhead as the woman she was sucking off. Gods Sansa thought she loved eating pussy! Sansa interspersing wet quick noisy sucks that put hot suction and friction on Margaery’s clitoral hood making her whoop and hips buck up into Sansa’s mouth.

Margaery gurgled how hot it looked so see her slimy wet cunt meat stretched out over an inch from vulva. “Unngg hhnnngg hhnnn oohhhhh shit baby! Godsssdamm that is so fucking hot … hhngg auuugg shit! Snap it out your mouth Sansa—pull my cunt out your mouth baby!” Margaery rose up on her elbows looking down her taunt belly. Margaery pleaded her eyes on fire.

Sansa smirked her mouth filled with hot slimy wet sweet pussy meat. Sansa sucked with all her pure love on the clit deep in her mouth and tongue lashed the rigid slimy wet nubbin. She then pulled her
head back and up slowly stretching out Margaery’s wet trim in her mouth. Margaery’s eyes flared and Sansa moaned feeling the cunt meat stretched taunt and then snapping out through her lips whiplashing back down to Margaery’s wet vulva.

Sansa loved looking up and seeing Margaery’s face torn with sharp pleasure. Pleasure her mouth was giving her love’s steamy cunt. Margaery’s feet kicking beside Sansa as raw pleasure wracked her body. Margaery’s hands were roughly cupping and mauling her own breasts compressing and rolling her little dotes. Her clenching fingers sinking deep into her small firm boobs. Her palms grinding down torturing small rigid nipples with grinding motions pressing hot friction into the rigid nips gagging Margaery with hot gouts of shocking ecstasy filling her tits and arching to her harsh sucked clit.

"Ohhhgggnnn sweet gods!" Margaery moaned softly. The princess of Highgarden watched Sansa’s head dive down and started a lapping motion tongue raking her shiny clit and sucking in briefly for quick short love sucks before tongue lashing and then “hhhuuurrrrrssssllpppppp”. Sansa sucked Margaery’s upper cunt back into her mouth. Sansa pumped her head stretching her slut’s sweet snatch in and out with her pumping head motions. Then Sansa pulled her head higher that snapped the wet folds and whorls trough her lips with a wet snapping of over wrought sweet cunt meat out the vacuum suck of Sansa’s mouth sucked tight to the trim filling Sansa’s mouth.

"Ohhhnnnnnn unngg hhnggg hhnnngg hhnnnn oohhhhh fuccekkkkkkk!" Margaery moaned in primal bliss. Sansa was back to tongue lapping her drooling slit and clit. Then hhhuuurrrrrrrsssspppppppp as Sansa sucked Margaery’s cunt back deep into her hot sucking gobbling mouth. "Ohhhnnnnn unnggghh uuuhhnnn fuck—shit baby! Goddsdaammnnn it feels so fucking good . . . godsssss!" Margaery got up on her elbows and watched Sansa suck and devour her pussy. The Tyrell’s fingers now pinching her diamond hard nipples and tightly squeezing. The bolts staggering the brunette beauty. She watched Sansa’s head pumping up with her hard sucking mouth. Then Sansa jerked up snapping Margaery’s wet pussy out her mouth making Margaery cry out in ecstasy.

For the next few minutes both women were in heaven. They were both sweat and cum soaked from early orgasms and Margaery reveled in the slow buildup of pressure deep in her womb and the delicious increase of spasms deep in her cunt. Sansa was in the heaven of giving pleasure that Margaery was in her heaven taking.

Margaery’s head was on the mattress rolling right and left. Demented moans cawed out her pleasure stricken throat. Margaery’s body began to judder and her thighs clamped hard on Sansa’s face. Her heels digging into her wife’s back. She used her heels to lift her trembling snatch up to her wife’s hot sucking mouth. Sansa cupped her woman’s ass cheeks with clawed fingers jerking up to grind Margaery’s sodden cunt into her devouring mouth.

Sansa groaned deep in her chest feeling the “moment”. Margaery went from tensing and straining to falling off the precipice of searing agonizing ecstasy. "AAARRRUNGGGGGGGG! AAWWOOGGGGGGGG! … oh oh hhnnn hhnnnggg … Annggghnnmmnggiieee! Unngmmmngghiiiee! Unngghnnnggeeerrrreee!" Margaery shrieked feeling her womb explode.

Margaery’s body exploded in a rupturing orgasm, gagging and squirming uncontrollably on the mattress as wave after wave of shattering pleasure broke over her shuddering body. “Ffffffucccekkkkkkk! Hhngg hhnnn hhnnnn Oowwwggggggggggg! Arruuungggggggg! Shit baby shit—Oowwwggggggggggg!" Margaery screamed feeling womb tear itself apart deep in her belly and sending scalding bliss into her veins. Her hands slamming the mattress and her heels pounding Sansa’s lower back. Her lover did not care grunting as she continued sucking her wife off. Sansa had lowered her mouth and sucked in sweet cunt meat and gulped down the hot gushes of sweet girl cum broiling out Margaery’s spasming fuck hole. The overflowing running down Sansa’s lower face
and now her throat.

Sansa drank deep as Margaery’s orgasm slowly faded. Gods the smell of fresh ripe pussy flooded their wagon again with Margaery’s orgasm. Sansa would never tire of the sweet musk.

Several hours later they were finally satiated for the morning at least Sansa smirked. She left the wagon as they were at a rest break. She walked down the line two wagons to Missandei’s wagon. She approached the rear of the wagon. She walked up to the door slowly listening. Two mornings ago she had gone to Missandei’s wagon at the first rest break for the horses to see if the scribe wanted to eat a late breakfast with her and Margaery.

As she was about to knock on the door she heard Missandei moaning loudly. She put her ear to the door. She smiled loving having caught the small shy Naathi Jilling off. Missandei was moaning louder and louder quickly. Sansa felt a rush run through her body hearing the sounds of sexual excitement. She couldn’t wait to tell Margaery. She had not really gotten to know the small woman. Guttural caws and sibilant moans were constant now.

“Oh baby! Yesssss! Unngg hnnngg uunngggg … oh shit!” Sansa smirked. The composed teenager never cursed or even got riled that Sansa had seen. “I’m going to cum baby! Keep sucking keep sucking baby!” That got Sansa’s attention. “Ummnggg yesss that right … oh baby move around move around uunnggg huunnggggg … lets do sixty-nine mash that hot cunt in my mouth baby!” Missandei chuffed out through her labored breathing.

She was gay! That immediately made Missandei’s stock go up with Sansa. She definitely needed to talk to Margaery. Sansa did not care if she looked like a perv she pressed her ear hard to the wooden door. She heard the loud groans of rising ecstasy and the sound of a palm smacking a wet pussy.

“OOOWWWWGGGGGGG! UUNNGGHHHHHIIIEEEEE! MMNNNGGHHIIIEEEEEEEE! NNNNNHHHEEEEIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!” the beautiful black girl screamed in almost soul blistering agony of hard cumming. She had listened intently as she heard Missandei work hard to prolong her orgasm for another thirty seconds of shrieks and piercing wails of shocked bliss.

She had hurried back to Margaery. Margaery had listened raptly. Sansa saw desire rapidly igniting in Margaery’s eyes. A light meal was available at the rest top for the women in the wagons. It had been postponed as she dined on succulent wet pussy!

Later, she and Margaery had Missandei in their wagon heading up the King’s highway. It was just after noon and they had shared a meal of oats and toast with raisins mixed in. The meal chased down with sweet goats milk. They had cleaned off the plates and set them outside to be picked up by the camp followers who were doing general cleanup and running errands and supplies up and down the column.

They had the ledgers out and were going over supplies. The Queen was fretting over not having enough obsisian tipped arrows. Margaery and Sansa pulled out the books that showed the shipments leaving from Winterfell to the Wall. Missandei had brought a scroll from her wagon with the numbers she had pulled from her ledgers.

Then Sansa had sat agog as the girl started writing strange symbols on a blank scroll. She excitedly looked at the ledgers. The two women watched Missandei look over her ledgers and roll her quill in her fingers. She turned to engage the two women with her.

“I asked Arya and Marleya Blackmyre how fast they could shoot arrows and how accurately. Then you factor in windage – I looked up records for the average speed of wind during winter at Castle Black – having a Maester is so cool; provides lots of good info – like the humidly which affects the
bowstring. They can be made of linen, hemp, other vegetable fibers, sinew, silk, and rawhide.

Missandei had worked out formulas to see how many arrows would miss based on fear, adrenalin rush, environmental factors. She had read Jon’s report of the major skirmish between him and the force of undead. How larger bodies needed multiple arrow strikes to bring down quickly.

She then excitedly started doing “algebra” working out the number of arrows that would be shot in the conflict.

Sansa looked at Margaery. Her head was spinning too. They just smiled at the small black sixteen year old as she chirped and hummed working her “algebra” and coming up with answers with her strange symbols on the parchment. She then solved for how many troops it would take to block the tunnels leading through the wall.

It made the black teenager endearing … and alluring. Intelligence was sexy.

***Sansa had discussed with Margaery about the Naathi girl and what she had heard in the moaning. She was obviously gay and she had no attachment. She was always alone. She had told Margaery she found her so attractive. “You want her don’t you, you slut?” Margaery had asked her with a big smile.

Sansa had shook her head ‘yes’.

“I want her too. You are becoming quite the fox in the hen house aren’t you my love. My hens are going to love you Sansa. Missandei will be at King’s Landing with the Queen. Maybe we can add her to our hens.”

Sansa had heartily agreed. Her dark skin and kinky hair was so exotic. Her dark skin and midnight eyes intoxicating. She was sweet and nice. A perfect mate for them and the fellow hens. Sansa was so happy to have made the discovery of Missandei’s homosexuality. She and Margaery had fucked themselves out thinking of Andi between their legs sucking them off. They talked of how they would suck her off to wailing orgasms and trib her to soul crushing orgasms. They would then fuck her in the pussy and ass to scalding orgasms.

Talking of fucking Missandei so good and long had them fucking again heatedly.

Now they looked at each other over Missandei’s head and smiled to each other knowingly. Missandei had just solved her last problem and was almost bouncing using her use of “algebra”. Seeing Missandei so excited had her wagon mates horny. The scribe’s excitement with her algebra had her nipples poking out her dress. The sight had the two women nearly drooling with desire to fuck the beautiful black girl.

Sansa filled with the rush of conquest saddled up against Missandei. Missandei shivered and shied away. She and Margaery would make her lesbian fantasies come true. They would show her such soul shattering pleasure. It was time to take the girl and make her a woman.

She started rub Missandei’s inner thigh as the girl trembled. “Stop” she weakly croaked out. Sansa stroked her fingers up higher. She remembered Margaery plucking her body like a harp filling her with fuck hunger for the female body. Margaery now pressed into Missandei on her other side. “Oooohhhhhhh!” Missandei mewled feeling Margaery pressing into her side. Sansa could imagine the desires filling the young scribe’s body. Missandei weakly mewled “Please stop”.

Sansa smiled. Margaery was right. Seducing a sweet virgin was intoxicating. Margaery leaned her head down and started to nibble on Missandei’s earlobe. She would soon be theirs.
“I SAID FUCKING STOP!” Missandei screamed out.

Shocked Sansa pulled back as did an equally stunned Margaery.

“My gods Missandei I’m sorry!” Sansa blurted out. “I heard you masturbating two mornings ago and I heard you begging for your imaginary lover to jam her pussy in your mouth. I—we thought we would make your fantasies a reality. We were obviously mistaken. We apologize.”

Missandei started to cry softly. “I am saving myself but she won’t come to me!” the girl cried out.

Sansa looked at Margaery. Who could it be? The girls torment touched the two would be seducers. They now wanted to comfort the distraught teenager.

“You mean Dany? Arya?” those were the only two women the young interpreter interacted with.

“No! My dream lover!” Sansa looked at Margaery. Okay. This had just gotten officially weird.

Missandei seeing their confusion spoke her love’s name. “She Who Must Not Be Named”. Now it was even weirder.

“Dream lover?” Margaery asked.

“Yes. She gives me green roses every morning again but I grow tired of waiting.” The black girl slammed her fist on the table. “Why won’t she come to me and love me. I am smart and beautiful. I am saving myself for her to give her my virginity as she will give me hers.”

“What is her name?”

“I just told you!”

“That is her name?”

“Yes!”

“Missandei, tell us from the beginning if you can sweetie about this special lover of yours” Margaery encouraged Missandei.

The scribe took a deep breath collecting her thoughts. She gave them a tremulous smile to them. Andi took another deep breath and started to them about how She Who Must Not Be Named had come into her life when she bought to her the purloined scrolls from House Frey that exposed their treachery.

She told them of the several times they had touched minds and she learned some of She Who Must Not Be Named past. Missandei told them what she learned of her lady love’s fear that Missandei would harm her from Kiserri. The little girl’s revelations of the mystery woman’s fears shocking.

“Where is this Krill now Missandei?” Sansa asked the sniffling girl.

The little black woman face took on a look of concentration. Sansa and Margaery gaped seeing a long dagger flow out the left hand of the scribe and suddenly the room was filled with blinding light. When the light faded they both stared open mouthed at the Krill. Its edges so sharp they seemed to almost glow in the air. The gem shone like the sun come down to Earth. They could feel heat radiating off the gem.

Missandei told them how she had found she could keep the Krill and manacles within her body. The small scribe pulling the manacles out of her torso. The two astounded over what they saw as Missandei put the manacles back in her body. It had just kind of happened Missandei explained to
them. She was able to translocate the items without conscious thought.

Only her desire to protect her love had caused the weapon to flow into her body. The manacles would trap her lover and the Krill could kill her. Missandei was sure her desire to protect She Who Must Not Be Named had caused the weapons to flow into her body. There she could keep them safe and away from anyone who use them to hurt her love.

Missandei turned the blade over and titled it so that her friends could see it from all sides. It radiated out heat that kept Sansa and Margaery back from the weapon. The edges of the Krill were impossibly sharp. The gem in its center blazed a pure argent that was beautiful to behold.

Missandei’s face was filled with a look of concentration and the blade melted back into her hand. The room lost its radiance.

The three women sat silently at the table. Missandei was calm for a minute. That changed in an instant. Her fist slammed down into the table again. “Where is she? I want my woman! It isn’t fare! You two have each other and Dany has Arya. I want mine!” the little scribe whined in frustration. She was looking around tears in her eyes. ‘Why won’t she come to me?’

Sansa and Margaery looked at each other.

“Missandei … you are in love with a goddess sweetie. She is so powerful. It sounds like she is afraid of falling in love again. She was hurt to the point of insanity. Now she thinks you will kill her …”

“I would never kill her!” Andi yelled at the messengers who tried to comfort her.

Sansa and Margaery recoiled from Missandei’s venom but understood her hurt. “We know that Missandei but maybe she just needs more time to see that. Let her come to you Missandei. If she is giving you magical roses she is saying she is in love with you.”

Missandei eyes went dreamy. “She is giving me a rose each morning. She is near and watching.”

Again the two lovers looked at each other. Now with fear!

“Uh Missandei … we are sorry for coming on to you. We did not know you were spoken for. You will let your girlfriend know that. Right?!?” Sansa asked urgently.

Missandei was distracted with her thoughts.

“Missandei?” Margaery asked more urgently. She looked over at Sansa. They both were really afraid they might have pissed off Missandei’s ‘dream lover’.

“What? Oh … uummm … don’t worry Sansa, Margaery … I will make sure she realizes you didn’t mean anything. She will not consume you and drive you insane or ripe the flesh from your bones as you scream in agony” the little scribe said distractedly. She was processing her desires and the words of Sansa and Margaery were only a tangent to the small black scribe.

They both gulped looking around. Again they asked for reassurance from Missandei. She was more focused now and assured the women she knew that her secret lover would not harm them. They were safe. She spoke with an assurance that relaxed them.

They worked some more on troop movements and they came to stop to let the horses rest and let the mounted troops to take any calls of nature.
Missandei was getting nervous and twitchy. Sansa looked over at Margaery with a sly smile. Missandei hurried back to her wagon to “do some much needed research”. The girl was going to do some more intense masturbation. The girl was proving to be like her caracal. A real hell cat in heat.

“Wow!” Sansa exclaimed. “We almost stepped in it there love. Who would have thought that shy, quiet and demure Missandei has a goddess wrapped around her little finger. I wonder when this goddess will come to Missandei.”

“I don’t know Sansa. It is strange she hesitates. She is so powerful. Sometimes having the strength to love is a hard thing to do. I am thankful I had the courage to take what I wanted” Margaery spoke with limpid eyes.

Their clothes were soon shed and on the floor of the wagon and they were again fucking heatedly with the smell of pussy so thick in the small space intoxicating the young lovers. They devoured sweet pussy and then took turns with their strap-on pounding swollen pussies. Soon the women were shrieking as stupendous orgasms throttled their beautiful bodies with fucking ecstasy.

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They were at the campfire in the early evening gloom. The fires were raging providing light and heat. They were seated with the Queen and her consort and Missandei. The interpreter looked at them and smiled. All was forgiven Sansa sighed relieved. If she held no rancor in her heart she had to believe that Missandei’s woman with the long name would not come after her and Margaery.

As they waited for the food to be ladle out Sansa looked around the camp. There was still enough light to see all the standards softly rippling in the light breeze blowing down the King’s Road. The grass on the hills gently swaying in the soft wind. The various colors and various shapes and words on the banners were so colorful and exciting to see. It was like the grassy plains and low hills had become a high desert plain in spring and a thunderstorm had come across the plain.

The nurturing rains causing a riot of wildly colorful flowers to spout in the nighttime air. The flags gently flapping in the soft gusts. Houses from across Westeros were represented. She again marveled at what her father and the Queen had accomplished. They had brought most of the might of Westeros with them to fight the Ice King.

Sansa enjoyed the comradery she felt around this fire with the women of Queen’s inner circle. Her father was at the next fire over with nobles of the High Noble Houses. Lords and knights were around the many other campfires. The might of Westeros was united in the cause of the Ice King’s defeat.

Because of Missandei and her strange lover they knew of the treachery of House Frey and Bolton. She hated Roose Bolton and his bastard son Ramsey. The fucking bastards were going to give her father the excuse he needed to take down the rabid dogs. Soon that House would be exterminated. She couldn’t wait.

She saw Missandei looking out into the darkness with longing clearly written on her face. She was looking for her lover. The sweet little black teenager deserved to have her love. Too bad about her being spoken for Sansa thought. She would have been a great fuck she was sure. Sansa looked up and saw the Warrior’s Girdle glinting up in the night time sky. Its light slighting up the middle of the sky down to the horizon.

Sansa was so happy and exhilarated to be so intimately involved in history. She knew they would be victorious. She would be part of the songs they would write of this time. She might not be named in song but she would have been part of it. That was enough for Sansa.
She pulled Margaery to her as they waited for their meal. Soon the food arrived and they all ate heartily. Everyone was friendly and laughter filled the night time air. Sansa soaked up the comradery of her compatriots. There was singing and made rabidly jokes which produced peals of laughter.

Giants were walking around laughing and joking with each other and the persons sitting around the fires. The Giants telling loud stories that while they rambled in their storytelling the laughter and zeal of the Giants had everyone laughing.

The Haruchai walked around the edges of the periphery keeping their eternal watch over the camp. She heard Lady howl and Nymeria and Grey Wind answered. She heard the loud neighs of the Ranyhyn as they joined the Haruchai in patrolling the edges of the camp. Sansa felt safe with all the protection around her and the Queen. The Bloodriders were eating with the Queen but they were alert.

Wormtail and his honor guard were arrayed around the Queen and by proxy she and Margaery were also protected.

The meal ended about an hour later. Sansa and Margaery made their goodbyes. They walked hand in hand back to their wagon. They looked up at the glittering stars filling the sky and half full moon in the East low in the sky. As they slowly walked back to their wagon Margaery snuggled into Sansa.

“I am sure that Dany will be asking us to come back to King’s Landing Sansa. When I got out of the wagon this morning she was walking by with Arya. She told me this morning when you were still in the wagon that she truly valued all that we have done for the realm. Your father has told her how instrumental we were to his war effort. He told her of your sly ideas we used to help fool her scouts and the use of the double agent spy. She was most impressed.”

“She said she needed such skills in King’s Landing. She asked if we were up for a voyage South after the war was over. You hear that Sansa. We will be going back to King’s Landing. She sees us as valuable assets she wants near her. She needs us Sansa. She had officially asked us in her subtle way. I am so excited” Margaery had exclaimed.

Sansa was smiling from ear to ear. She hugged Margaery tighter to her body. All her dreams were coming true. She would be married to her sweet love and be able to walk proud with Margaery on her arm. She would be a valuable tool for the Queen. She shuddered to think how once she was destined to be some breeder for some dullard Lord or another.

“You know what else that means don’t you Sansa?” Margaery asked with coy tone to her voice.

“Yes I do my love” Sansa replied now groping Margaery’s ass. “Ummnnggg” she shivered hearing Margaery moan and shiver pressed into her side.

“It means I will finally get to meet the hens. It is going to happen. I must say I have come to long for his meeting. I plan on devouring said hens. You are my hen now Margaery. When I get to King’s Landing I will be the proverbial Direwolf in the chicken coop. I will be devouring all the hens Margaery … first you and then all your sweet handmaidens. The first night in King’s Landing I will devour all of you. I will have you lying on the bed with your legs spread and pushed back. I will be between your legs feasting on hot wet dripping sweet cunt. Then I will move down the line of the other hens devouring sweet couchies. I will suck you all off again and again till the sun comes up.”

Margaery whimpered.
“I will suck you all off so well. I am getting very horny Margaery. I think I will pound your asshole till it gapes and I give you sweet anal ‘gams of soul crushing pleasure. After you clean your ass off my dick I will then slam my dick up your cunt till you come wailing as I rub your clit. Is that what you want my pretty little hen?”

Sansa looked down at Margaery. She was glassy eyed and her breathing was getting ragged. She nodded silently up at Sansa. Sansa smiled. Margaery was teaching her well.

They arrived at the back of their wagon. They paused. Lady was sitting by the steps to the door. She looked at them and woofed. She pranced over and licked their faces and woofed happily. They scratched her ears and under her neck. They opened the door to their wagon and Lady bounded in and leapt up on the bed and circled around on the bed. She kicked until she had made a nest of the now haphazardly piled furs. Half of the furs now on the floor. She then plopped down and tucked her nose underneath her front leg and was already dozing off.

Lady could be selfish sometimes. Normally she liked to sleep on the floors on the furs laid out for her but after a long day of running around and getting tired the Direwolf needed to sleep on the bed it seemed.

Sansa laughed her head tilting back. Margaery and she chuckled as they straightened out the furs on the floor. They pulled others out of their storage bins above their bed and threw them down on the floor too. They threw one over Lady and tucked in the Direwolf. Lady was already twitching. Her muzzle and her lips quivered as she chased some rabbit or maybe was running in a pack.

They quickly stripped their clothes and fell down on the floor and were soon making heated love. Sansa was so happy.
Eddard / Daenerys / Oberyn / Sansa / Arya / Ice King / Daenerys / Ygritte

Arya

“AAAARRRUUUNGGGG! OOWWWWGGGGGG! FFFFUUCCKKKKKKK!” Arya screamed like a banshee not caring who heard outside of the Queen’s tent. Each night after they had made camp from traveling up the King’s Road Dany had fucked her brains out. Arya loved fucking her lover and no longer cared who knew it. At first she had been embarrassed knowing others could hear her screams of hard orgasm.

Discovering that Sansa who was once every bit as shy as her did not hold it in when she cummed had been liberating for Arya. Sure they both still blushed in public when their sweeties were salacious but when it came time to fuck Sansa and now Arya lost their inhibitions.

Dany had made it clear that when time was found she would fly Arya back to the Dothraki Sea and make love to Arya before the Khalasars that were under the Khalasee’s control. Dany had five large Khalasars under her control and would put them all under her complete sway after this war. Dany had made it clear she would take Arya before each one. Her Queen would throw furs on the ground and fuck Arya before all as they watched and shouted obscene jests and instructions on how to fuck each other.

At first Arya had blanched but no more. She was happy to fuck in Dany’s tent. It was cold outside! Also, her father was a prude and the idea of him knowing she was fucking Dany for all to see was … well … just too weird for her. Sansa yes. She was a bigger perv than Arya was becoming and by the gods Stannis and Selyse had gone wild and could now give Oberyn a run for his money. But good old Dad was still so shy and reserved that doing the nasty in front of him was not possible.

Arya wondered. She was becoming more liberated all the time. She would wait to see what the future had her doing. Her mind stopped wondering with all the wonderful things that Dany was doing to her.

Dany was behind Arya eating her out doggy. Her face buried deep in her red wet seam. The Queen of much of the known world snuffling and groaning into the pussy she was devouring. Her nose wallowing in Arya’s anus as her tongue lapped and lashed up and down in Arya’s honey hole. The Queen’s long tongue probing and licking around in her slimy fuck butter filled fuck hole. Dany making obscene dining noises eating her slut out. Dany then punching her head to tongue fuck her Wolfling’s cunny.

Then Dany was licking her tongue up and down Arya’s drooling slit. Her lips giving short sucks to torment and stretch Arya’s inner lips and lick the smooth red seam. Dany’s face mashed into her twat her nose like a plow working her seam from top to bottom. Her right hand she had looped around Arya’s groin and was rubbing her shrieking clit. Arya was gripping the furs jamming her groin back into the face of the Queen mashing her clamshell into Dany’s face hard. The Queen’s muffled moans swallowed by Arya’s vulva engulfing Dany’s mouth.

Arya was again on the precipice of orgasm her body stiffening and that wondrous tension filling her
belly and making her thighs clench. Sweat poured off both of their bodies. Arya could feel her hair plastered on her forehead and cheeks and down her back and upper ribs. Her breathing ragged as she gasped and whimpered in aching need. She had her eyes closed tight as she fought off her orgasm to prolong the ecstasy Dany filled her body with. The feel of Dany’s fingers whipsawing Arya’s clit had the teenager whimpering and shuddering with primal fuck bliss.

Dany mashed her mouth tight to Arya’s fuck hole and sucked in a mouthful of sweet cunt meat and munched groaning like a whore. She jerked Arya’s clit harder and faster. The teen’s pussy now making wet watery sounds of a cunt rising to orgasm. Arya’s eyes shocked wide open as her body fell off the cliff face into searing agonizing ecstasy. Her breath knocked out of her body for a handful of heartbeats. Arya’s body bucked and jackknifed wildly up and down her back arching up and snapping down again and again as fucking convulsions of searing bliss ripped her cunt inside out.

Arya took a deep ragged breath to get her air back. "Aaaaaarruuuuunngggggg! Auuhghnnnnnnn! Unnnngghhiiiieeeeee! Uuuuummmnngghhiiiieeeee! … hhnnngg hhnnnh hhnnn hhnnngg … Mnnhggghhiieeeee! Ohnngg! Ungh! Oh godssssddaaaammn! Oowwwgggggeeeegggg!" cried out her pussy convulsing with searing pulses that Dany expertly pulled out her spasming cunt. Arya cried out again and again feeling her body seize up and then shake violently with each new contraction ripping her womb out her cunt. Dany applying just the right rubbing friction with her fingers and hard sucks with her mouth on Arya’s sloppy wet quim to prolong her sweet orgasm. Arya’s plum nipples nearly bursting with blood rush and her throat and upper chest hot with blood rush her skin fiery pink.

Her orgasm finally began to wane. Arya gasped and mewled as he body still bucked with the dying waves of her orgasm. Her fingers finally unclawed from the furs lining the sleeping pallet setup for the Queen. She gasped for breath and shook her head to get the sweat out of her eyes. Her belly felt like it was filled with melted butter and a sweet tingling filled her limbs. She mewled and shivered with the aftershocks running through her body prolonging her ecstasy.

She and Dany had been fucking for several cycles taking turns sucking and tribbing each other to shattering orgasms. She was still filled with fuck hunger for her sweet pale haired lover. Dany had moved her hands up to pinch and hard squeeze Arya’s pulpy nipples. The pressure sending scalding pulses to her clit and making her breasts throb with pleasure. Her body would lock up with a strong aftershock throttling Arya with fucking bliss her head thrashing and her face locked up in a rictus of gagging ecstasy.

“Get on your back d-d-d-danny-y-y-y” Arya gagged out as another searing aftershock made her throat convulse and her body jerk as she sat up and back on her ass. Dany knew how to prolong and stretch out Arya’s aftershocks that gave a woman that bliss that in some ways almost equaled the pleasure of orgasm.

Dany was on her back grinning up at Arya spreading her legs out and pulled her knees back pushing up her swollen drooling cunt. Dany pulled her knees out opening her seam to her lover and slut. She smiled up at Arya. She had moved like a panther her body pirouetting down to the furs on her back ready to be fucked.

She reached down. With her fingers the pale beauty opened her wet seam. Arya loved how lewd Dany was. She was sure that a high born woman should never display her charms so slutty. That is what the septas would teach. Fuck them! Arya loved it! She drooled seeing Dany’s cunt all open and pulsing wet and red in her clutching core. Dany’s inner folds all wet with cum and dark red with her previous cums. “See anything you like Arya? Hhhmmmmmm? You want my pretty gash baby!” the Valyrian husked up to her lover.
“You fucking slut!” Arya play snarled her body still locking up with strong aftershocks. Her body would freeze up and her arms thrashed with harsh short jerks beyond her control. Her face locking up in a snarl of receding ecstasy. “I’m going to make you scream so all your generals know I am fucking you so good Dany!” Arya husked looking down at Dany as she crawled between Dany’s legs. She leaned forward and fell to her palms that were beside Dany’s head.

Arya looked down on Dany. The pale Queen’s face dripping with sweat and smeared with her cum on her lower face and nose. Dany’s snow white hair plastered in strands on her face and shoulders. She looked up at Arya with raw fuck hunger. The slut still humping her pulled open pussy at her love. Arya lowered her head and their mouths came together hungrily.

Both women moaned loudly feeling their tongues coil and wetly wrestle deep in Dany’s mouth. The appendages slippery and wet as they squirmed around deep in Dany’s mouth. Then Arya conquered the Queen’s tongue and slammed her tongue down the Queen’s throat with spearing thrusts of pure love. Arya slit her eyes opened and smiled into the devouring kiss seeing her love’s face slash and her eyelids bugle and jerk showing her eyes rolled back into her skull and convulsing hard.

The sounds of wet snogging filled the Queen’s tent. They would break for a quick breath. They would then kiss sweetly for a moment making wet smooches and slurps before locking lips again for deep Dorne kissing. Arya had lowered her body so both women could enjoy the slippery wet sliding and jerking of their sweaty bodies over each other.

As they continued to kiss, Arya wallowed her lower body down onto her lover. Their bellies wallowing and now slapping as Arya added a sensual humping motion to get that sweet slapping of sweat soaked flesh. She supported her weight on her knees and her forearms beside Dany’s shoulders enough to not crush her slight lover. Dany liked it rough but Arya did not want to tax her slight frame with all her weight.

They had both tilted their heads to mate mouths as tight as possible. Their tongues wetly wrestling from mouth to mouth. Arya and Dany exploring fully each other’s oral orifices when their tongues were not coiled around each other. Arya loved the feel of Dany’s sweaty body pressed the length of her torso. Their sweaty skin slipping and sliding against each other. They took turns sucking on each other’s tongues which was a huge turn on for both women. To feel their tongues receiving hot head went straight to their nipples and clit.

They snogged fiercely with Dany’s arms looping over Arya’s shoulders and her thighs coming up to clasp the Stark teenager’s ribs her heels resting on Arya’s ass. Dany held her tight as Arya broke the kiss and smiled as Dany chased her lips. That smiled turned to an evil leer as she lowered her mouth to Dany’s throat. She licked and nipped the tender flesh she found there. Her tongue rasping the Queen’s pulse point. Dany gurgled feeling Arya suckle her throat.

Then Arya mashed her face hard into Dany’s throat which made her gasp. Then Danny shrieked. “AAWWWOOGGGG GGGGGGGG!” Dany screamed as Arya for the third time this night marked Dany as her bitch placing a vicious hickey on her neck at her pulse point. Her teeth seesawing the sweet tender flesh sucked in and out her grinding teeth. Dany convulsed her limbs pulling Arya down harder into her body and her pussy wallowed on Arya’s lower belly sliming it with fuck need.

Arya locked their mouths tight again and tilted her head over to get a deep kiss while she tried to ram her tongue down Dany’s convulsing throat. Their tongues wrapped around each other, Arya pulled her tongue out of Dany’s mouth wetly. She loved the strands of slimy spit roped between their lips. Dany pouted lifted her head to try and catch Arya’s lips just above hers but Arya pulled back chuckling with a smile. She kissed Dany’s nose which stopped her pout with a smile.

Then she was kissing down Dany’s cawing throat and her hands cupped her love’s full breast and
pushed them in and up. Her head moved right and left sucking thirstily on rigid stiff nubbin nipples. Her tongue rasping light brown stems and steeple areolas. Dany’s head jerked back into the furs her face contorted in fierce pleasure feeling the rasping tongue licking her throbbing nipples so well. Arya’s hands pumped the warm orbs in her fingers pumping the udders hard like Dany loved it. Her fingers sinking deep into the Queen’s breast.

"Ohhhh . . . god, you do that so well . . ." Dany moaned her lilac eyes looking down at Arya who looked up at her as she pressed her lips to the Queen’s areola and vacuumed sucked. "Oh! Oh . . . yesssss! Unnggg hhnnnggg . . . shit—yeessssss!!!" Dany groaned softly, looking down at Arya’s mouth on her wet, pointing, throbbing nipples. Arya worked both nipples before kissing up Dany’s flushed throat and locked lips again with Dany for more deep Dorne kissing. Both women chuffing into their heated kisses.

Back and forth Arya worked Dany’s cawing mouth and rigid nipples. Now she was kissing down Dany’s palpating belly. She smelled the thick rich musk of her lover’s wet cunt. It smelled like heaven to Arya. Dany’s legs had fallen off her hips while kissing and now the Queen spread her legs wide whimpering in anticipation. Arya smirked kissing firm abs nipping sweet firm flesh. She kissed down Dany’s belly sucking on her belly button which made the white haired woman whoop and her hips jolt.

Arya now kissed down Dany’s lower belly as she mewled “yessss yesssss oooh yes!” Arya continued kissing as she worked straight down the bald camel toe smiling hearing Dany sigh and then the change of tone to WTF as Arya now kissed up Dany’s thigh. She kissed and licked up Dany’s muscular upper leg to her knee. “Unngg Baby pleaseeee!! Don’t tease me baby!” Arya smiled gripping Dany’s lower leg and rising up to sit on her ass with Dany’s right leg in her grasp.

She kissed up the quivering calf and then Dany’s ankle. “Oohhhhhhh yeeessssss!” Dany gurgled and then sighed feeling Arya kiss her instep and up to her toes. Two nights before Dany had shown Arya how to worship a love’s feet. She had loved it. Now she was going to show Dany what she had learned.

Arya looked down at her woman with smoky eyes making the twenty year old mewl. Keeping eye contact Arya sucked in Dany’s big toe. Her lips closed tight and she swirled her mouth on the toe. Dany moaned and her toes curled and flexed in pleasure. Then Arya sucked in the next toes and slowly gave them head with her warm mouth and lathing tongue. Up and down Dany’s toes Arya pumped her head. Ohhhhhhhhh . . . uunnnhhhhhhnnn . . ." Dany moaned, almost melodically, but her moans increased in intensity with nearly each second. "Unhhh! Unhhh!" the Queen began to pant more rapidly.

Arya sucked hard her head moving over to suck in Dany’s four small toes and bobbed on them and then slowly wormed her tongue between the digits and circled them and used her hands to spread Dany’s toes sucking on each one individually as her woman looked at her with slit slut eyes. The Valyrian’s lilac eyes looking up at Arya with slutty intensity.

Arya kissed down Dany’s leg as her slut humped her pussy up in wanton need. She smiled hearing Dany gag moan and then curse her as she kissed down Dany’s inner thigh and over her wet twat and now up her other leg. She reached Dany’s toes and made love to them with her wet sucking mouth. She had no desire to suck a man off but she could understand the love of sucking a phallic shape. She wished Dany would stop delaying fucking her with her strap-on dicks.

Arya took a deep breath sucking on Dany’s big toe sensually. She had plenty of time. Soon Dany would fuck her in her cunt and then deflower her willing asshole with her dick. Through Nymeria Arya had seen Sansa and Margaery fucking in the hayloft over the stables. Sansa had become quite
adventurous it seemed. Arya watched through Nymeria’s wolfish eyes Margaery fucking Sansa septa style face to face and Sansa cummed so hard her ankles kicking over Margaery’s hips.

Arya loved to watch women fuck through Nymeria. Her wolf moving silently as she spied on the women in the rut. The wolf knew her master enjoyed watching women fuck and enjoyed it in a curious way. Making her master happy made Nymeria happy. Arya found it hot to watch her sister fuck. She found it hard to believe now how much she used to really dislike Sansa.

It had never gotten to the level of a hate but it had trended that way for a short while. Thank the gods those days were over. Arya was a one woman woman. Arya knew that if the she and the Queen were willing Sansa and Margaery would happily fuck them. They were totally into open relationships. They knew who they truly loved but evidently wanted to bring other women to their bed.

Sansa had told Arya of her plans with Magarey and her hens. Arya had blushed hard with her mouth hanging open when her formerly stiff and prudish sister had told her those hot juicy details of what she would do to her ‘hens’. The Sansa had intimated something else to Arya that at first had stunned her. Sansa had hinted that she and Margaery would love to have a “close intimate relationship” with Dany and Arya. Sansa had told Arya that with a direct smoky eye contact. It was clear what Sansa offered. Her sister stroking her arm slowly, sensually.

Arya was not upset or put off. In fact she had been touched by the offer. Arya had politely told Sansa that she and Dany wanted only each other. They completed each other. It was a sweet tempting offer but she only had eyes for Dany and Dany for her.

Sansa had smiled and tipped her head. She left saying the offer would still be there. Yes, indeed Sansa had changed mightily. She remembered seeing her sister being a hot slut with Margaery in the hayloft several weeks before they left Winterfell. Watching them fuck surreptitiously had turned Arya on immensely. She could not practice all the time while Dany was in her interminable meetings. A little sniffany around by Nymeria usually found Arya some hot sex to watch somewhere on the immense castle grounds. The grounds filled with people in the prime of life and extremely horny!

Yes. Arya had enjoyed immensely watching Sansa and Margaery fuck. She watched Margaery fuck her sister down into the furs on the straw. Her hips lifting and snapping forward and down to impale her sisters hot tight twat with spearing thrusts. Their sweaty bodies slapping hard. With Nymeria’s sensitive nose she smelled their pussies so strongly it had the teenager drooling. The Sansa cummed so hard screaming while her body jackknifed and flipped hard underneath Margaery as she continued to slam fuck her sister’s hot drooling love box.

Then Sansa sucked her pussy off the cock hotly driving Arya wild with desires to do the same with Dany. Then Margaery had gotten Sansa spoon and slowly invaded Sansa’s asshole with her dick. Of course Arya knew of anal sex and observed it often through Nymeria, Arya felt her body on fire seeing again through her wolf’s eyes her sister fuck. The fact that it was her own sister taking at thick eleven inch strap-on up her ass “balls deep” was so fucking hot. Margaery was soon fucking Sansa so hard in the ass. Sansa’s voluptuous ass cheeks shaking with the pounding they were taking.

Both women making such sweet slutty sounds. Margaery snarling and chuffing as she arched her back and slightly changed positions to work her slut’s asshole from different angles. Her sweaty legs slapping hard into Sansa’s lower back and ass cheeks. Sansa was moaning and whinnying constantly her face slashed with anal bliss feeling her woman’s dick ram fuck fully up her tight spasming shithole. Their bodies slapping with each impaling thrust.
It turned Arya so much when Margaery would pull her dick out her sister’s asshole. The cock slavered with sweet shit juice in thick smears. Especially underneath the crown of the cockhead. The Tyrell rolled on her back cupping the back of Sansa’s head. With her hand controlling Sansa she rolled her sister over and pushed the redhead down to her dick. Sansa reached down to the base of Margaery’s dick and lifted it off Margaery’s belly.

Sansa stared at the shaft slavered in her sweet shit juice. Sansa looked up at Margaery. “Clean your shithole off my cock slut!” she barked down at Sansa. Arya felt a thrill run through her body. She wanted to be in Sansa’s position with Dany barking down at her to clean her ass off Dany’s dick. Shivering Arya watched Sansa’s head dive down to swallow the soaked with ass cream cockhead. Sansa pumped her head moaning sucking her ass off the cock. The dreamy look on Sansa’s face told Arya all she needed to know. She wanted to suck dick ATM!

Arya was masturbating watching the hot show. Dany had been in another boring meeting with some of her mercenary commanders who had come to Winterfell to give reports. Arya had cummed screaming seeing her sister suck her ass juice off Margaery’s cock hungrily through Nymeria’s eyes. Arya had seen ATM and A2P before but seeing Sansa doing it had forever hooked Arya on ATM. Seeing Sansa’s lips glued to Margaery’s cock and how Sansa moaned cleaning her ass off her lover’s dick was heaven to Arya. It was so fucking lewd and deviant seeing Sansa do it. *She loved it!* She wanted it with Dany!

She knew her experienced lover was anally adventurous. She had hinted at it and Arya was tired of waiting. Watching Margaery fuck Sansa in the ass made Arya a total believer in anal sex. Again and again Sansa sucked her ass off Margaery’s cock with sweet ass juice ringed down at the base of Margaery’s black leather cock. Sansa bobbed so hard sucking her ass off the black shaft. She would cup the shaft and lick up slowly from base all around and then tilt her head down and swallow the cockhead and shaft and pump her head hard. Her sweaty lank hair jerking with her head bobs. Then Sansa pulled off pumping the shaft with her fist. She looked at Margaery with pure slut eyes. “Gods I love sucking my shithole off your dick Margaery!” Sansa’s shocking lewdness had sent Arya into orgasm again.

She wanted that with Dany but would be patient. She loved what she had learned so far and Dany was slowly bringing her forward. She would be patient. Arya had so much to look forward too. Her mind stopped drifting and came back to the present.

Arya sucked on each of Dany’s toes and then was able to get all four small toes and almost the big toe in her mouth. Arya bobbed her head on the toes giving them head. The toes and foot stretching out her mouth wide. She knew she looked lewd with her mouth stretched out like that but she didn’t give a fuck. She was pleasuring her woman and that was the only important thing. Arya hungrily sucked on them and went back to the four smaller toes and gave them wet lewd slurpy head on each individual toe. Dany moaned and pleaded. “Unnggg unnggg oohhh shittttttt! Baby baby—suck me off Arya! My pussy is on fire for you baby! *Pppplleeasseeeee*!”

Arya needed some wet gash herself and slowly kissed back down Dany’s leg and settled between her lover’s spread legs. She inhaled deep the sweet pungent musk of her lover and looked at the swollen snatch of her woman. Arya wasted no time burying her face in her lover’s sweet snatch and hungrily licked up and down her wet dark pink seam. Dany’s neck ached ramming the back of her head into the furs hard moaning like the slut she was. “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh gods” Dany moaned deep in her chest feeling Arya tongue lap her slit and lash her rigid throbbing clt. “Auuugggg hhnnnn mmnnnnnggg . . . ohhhhh gods . . . Arya!” she gasped.

Her head rose and she looked at Arya with cum bleary eyes staring at her in their purple intensity. Arya wiggled her head to get her face deep into Dany’s mons. Dany’s vulva hungrily enfolding
Arya’s mouth as she tongue lashed Dany’s clit relentlessly. Her tongue running roughly over the rigid nubbin again and again. Then Arya lifted her head so she could extend her tongue folding it on her chin and roughly flat tongue lick Dany’s engorged shiny wet clit. Dany whopped and gurgled. Arya moving her mouth down and giving the nubbin short hot suck kisses that noisily popped off the turgid shiny button. Dany was crying out throwing her hips up into Arya’s hot gobbling mouth.

Arya would stop her licking to give her sweetie’s clit hot short sucks followed by wet sucking kisses. The sounds wet and sloppy filled the tent with the obscene sounds of a wet pussy being devoured hotly. Arya drooled spit onto the feast before she slurped that spit back up all merged with sweet slimy love snail snot. Arya would suck in a mouthful of sweet cunt meat and roll it around in her mouth while her tongue batted and speared the sweet bud in her mouth. Then she would back off enough to flick and spear her tongue into Dany’s clit and work her face up and down Dany’s slit inhaling sweet cunt meat to roll around in her starving mouth.

Arya could feel the tension rising up hotly in Dany’s jerking body. She sucked Dany’s clit deep into her mouth and rolled it with her tongue while vacuum sucking on it. Dany was crying out louder and louder as she rotated her hips up into Arya’s hot sucking mouth. Arya had been gripping Dany’s hips to anchor herself but moved her hands to cup Dany’s ass cheeks as they flexed and rolled. She loved the feel of Dany’s taunt ass cheeks contracting and flexing as Dany rotated her wet cunt up into Arya’s hot sucking mouth.

Arya scooted up to jam her elbow into the furs to help Dany fuck her mouth. Her hands lifting Dany’s pussy harder up into her gobbling mouth. She sucked and tongue lashed sweet cunt meat. She then sucked Dany’s clit so hard she hoped she might tear it off her sweetie’s cunt with her deep throat love sucks. Dany froze and her hands slammed on Arya’s head and clawed in. Her face contorted in almost agonizing pleasure. “Don’t stop Arya! Gods suck harder! Sucksucksuck—aaarruuunnggg oh ohhh so close so close …”

Arya took a deep breath and deep throat love sucked on the clit deep in her mouth her tongue polishing the Diamond hard tip of Dany’s now shrieking clit.

“GGOODSSSSAAAMMMNNNNNNN! OOWWGGGHHHHAAA! AAWWWOOOGGGGGGGG! …SSSHIITTTTTTTTTT!” Dany screamed as if she was being butchered alive her cunt jerking up hard into Arya’s hot sucking mouth. The Queen’s body wildly flipped up and down grinding her immolating camel toe in Arya’ mouth. Arya sucked with cheek hollowing sucks now wiggling her head to tongue lash the shiny clit. Dany grunted and snuffled fucking Arya’s face with her exploding cunt. Arya worked with total focus to keep Dany’s orgasm running on. “AWWWOOOGGGGGGGG! Hhnnggg hhnnn hhnnn uummggggg Owwwwgggggggg! Unngghhhiiiinnngggggg!” Dany continued to screech out her shocking pulses of hard cumming.

Arya moved her left hand from cupping Dany’s ass up to her drooling fuck hole. Arya lined her fingers up slammed three fingers in Dany’s tight fuck sleeve. Her fingers instantly soaked again in the creamy buttery cum flooded in Dany’s fuck hole. Arya pumped them hard in and out for a long moment and then flipped them up and found Dany’s g-spot she knew intimately having long ago mapped the sweet spongy hillock. Arya would never tire of the feel of that raspy nerve bundle.

She harpooned the spongy hillock and rubbed furiously. Dany’s body had stiffened as killing convulsions tore through her sweetPale body. Then suddenly the tenor of Dany’s weakening moans changed. A second orgasm exploded out her clit being sucked viciously and her g-spot being harpooned savagely. Now her upper body exploded forward and snapped back into the furs repeatedly. Dany’s full firm tits whiplashing on her flipping chest. Killing convulsions ripped through the Queen’s body.
Her body folded forward again. All the while her shrieks filled the room "FFFFUUCCKKKKKKKKKKUUUNNGGGRRRRRRRR! AARRUUNNGGGGGG!
HHHNNNGGGG! HHHNNNGGGGGGG! … Unnhhhuunnhhhh! Unnhhhuunnhhhh! Oh . . . unggghhh . . . oh yes!" Dany cried out, her body jackknifing violently as her orgasm up surged through her young tight body like a shooting star orgasm. Her body snapped back slamming back down to the furs. "Unnngghh! Oh! Auunngghhhhhhhhh! Ooohhmmngggg!
Auungghhmnnnggggeeeeee!" Gods Arya thought watching Dany’s young warrior body torn apart with ecstasy from her ministrations was so fucking beautiful!

Dany’s orgasm started to wane now. Arya stopped giving oral ministrations to Dany’s now sloppy wet trim. She now gently lathed the spent pussy of her lover. Arya moaned slurping up creamy dollops of cum smeared on Dany’s spent cunny, inner thighs and belly. Dany mewled feeling Arya’s tongue rasping up her body licking up sweet cum.

To Arya, Dany’s sweet cum was like manna from the gods. She licked over Dany’s clit several times making the Queen’s hips jolt with sharp pleasure her sensitive clit jangling. Sweet aftershocks gripping and shaking the Queen’s lissome body. Arya now kissed up the sweat soaked hard belly and detoured to suck each of Dany’s nipples thirstily making the pale haired Valyrian cry out in sharp pleasure.

Then the lovers were in a lover’s clench rolling around on the furs. Their bodies pulled tight by looped arms and hooked legs on the back of their lover’s legs. Right and left the bodies rolled with heads titled over to allow mouths to lock tight and let long tongues snake down cawing chuffing throats. Arya felt her eyes roll back feeling Dany’s long tongue drilling underneath her tongue and then swirling over her tonsils before spearing repeatedly down her throat.

Dany got Arya on her back with her on top. Dany wiggled down on Arya letting her future wife and Queen feel the length of her toned body wallowing down on Arya. Arya griped Dany’s ass to help the twenty year old grind her body down on the barely sixteen year old teenager. They kissed ravenously. Arya’s plum nipples fully engorged with fuck need as Dany stroked her body and mouth with her tongue and pressing body.

Dany broke the kiss and her lips found the shell of Arya’s left ear. She nipped and sucked on Arya’s earlobe. That had Arya’s legs scissoring on the furs. She then drilled Arya’s ear with her wet tongue and breathed hot air into the shell. Arya cried out in pleasure. Dany kissed over to her temple and then down her face with hot kisses and wet tongue licks. Then Dany’s mouth was on her throat below her ear.

“AARRUUNGGGGG! AAAWWOOGGGGGGGG!” Arya screamed feeling Dany mark her with a vicious bruising hickey sucking the tender flesh deep in her mouth cruelly between the pearly white teeth of the Queen. Arya’s body jolted up into the Queen’s body pressed down on her. Arya pulled Dany’s body tight to her body as she whinnied and jolted. Then Dany was kissing down Arya’s chest and kissed over to Arya’s left plum nipple. She kissed around the bulging nipple nearly an inch thick and bulging up like a bursting plum slightly turnip shape the middle bulging out slightly.

Then Dany sucked the engorged hot bulb deep into her mouth. Dany’s cheeks hollowed out with her hot hungry sucks on the delicious pulpy nipple. "Unhhh! Unhhh!" Arya panted, her eyes wild with excitement. Dany caught Arya’s eyes instantly telegraphing to Dany how good she was making her young slut feel. Arya’s head started to thrash as Dany hooked her lips on the bulging bottom of Arya’s nipple and areola where it met the barely there breast of Arya.

"Dany . . . Dany . . ." Arya moaned, saying her lover’s name with infinite love since she could say nothing else at this moment. "Oohhhhh . . . Dany . . ." Arya’s helpless caws inspired Dany. She
sucked so hard her head lifted stretching out the plum nipple in her mouth. Arya lifted her head and pounded it into furs over and over as her nipple filled with hot pulsing pleasure. Dany quickly moved over to the other engorged teat and swallowed it deep and hooked her lips on the crown and wolf sucked the engorged teat. Then her tongue stabbed the pulpy nipple all over and then lathing it in a circular motion.

Dany moved back and forth working both plum nipples. Her elbows on the furs her hands squeezing the pulpy nipple not deep in her mouth. Now Dany’s head was back over Arya and she looked down at Arya with glittering lilac eyes. Her fingers hard pinching and squeezing the engorged bulbs of Arya’s nipples her fingers sinking deep into the rubbery teats.

She could feel Arya’s soupy cunt humping her lower stomach and sliming it with fuck need. She wanted her love’s well fucked cunt lubricated with fresh fuck juice. She had something so sweet planned for her sweetie. A new pleasure to share. Dany spent another several minutes loving Arya’s sweet plum nipples. She loved to vacuum suck with long ragged love sucks while she slapped the engorged teats with her tongue.

When not sucking on a sweet plum she squeezed hard with her fingers pulping them with hard squeezes that had Arya’s head jerking up from the furs her face twisted with primal ecstasy. Her body soaked in sweat with her rising fuck need. Dany smiled seeing Arya reduced to a wanton slut. Arya loved having her body plucked so expertly by her lover.

Arya groaned feeling Dany kiss down her sweaty heaving body. She felt Dany sit up and lifted her head to see why her sweetie was delaying sucking her off. Her cunt was on fire! She was about to whine when she saw Dany reach for a small urn she had placed near it when they had entered her tent. Dany picked it up now and turned to face Arya.

Dany had used the special lubricant form Lyse a few times before to make her fingers extra slippery when she fucked Arya in the ass with her fingers. It felt so greasy and sensual. Arya was excited to get her ass penetrated but her eyes narrowed when Day tilted the urn and the liquid fell on her right hand she held over Arya’s snatch. The liquid that missed the hand or rolled off it falling on her cunt. “Uummmggggg yeeessssssssssss!” Arya moaned in a sibilant hiss feeling the warm liquid land on her mound. She loved the feeling of the greasy concoction. It tasted a little of coconut milk and loved it.

Dany sat the urn down beside the furs and lowered her face. She used her tongue so spread the spills of lubricant all over Arya’s swollen dark pink slit and medium brown folded over labia lips. Arya whimpered feeling the tip of Dany’s tongue and needing more. She humped up her pussy enticingly to her lover. She was up on her elbows plucking her pulpy plum nipples whimpering in need.

She was about to plead for it like a fucking whore when Dany sucked her entire upper cunt deep into her mouth and suckled voraciously and her right hand slipped two and then quickly a third finger into her frothing quim and fucked her sensually in and out with slow thrusts of her long pale fingers. Her greasy fingers sliding deep up into her twat sensually. In and out Dany thrust her fingers into Arya’s aching quim. The lubricant had the fingers easily sliding in all the way in deep. Dany’s knuckles hard pounding Arya’s mount.

Arya was in heaven. She felt Dany slip in a fourth finger into her sloppy wet trim and slow stroke her aching core with sensual hard thrust that jammed knuckles into vulva. Dany sucked and lapped her head to tongue lash Arya’s clit with loving strokes of pure love. Arya humped her hips to grind her mouth into Dany’s hot sucking mouth and lift her drooling spasming couachie into the fingers stretching her out and fucking her quim so fucking good.

"Anngghh! Oh yes!" Arya gagged feeling her pussy stretched out so good. In and out Dany pumped her fingers into Arya’s tight cunt. Her pussy felt so good with its sensual fuck of Dany’s
long fingers and her hot mouth sucking fiercely on her love aching clit. Then Dany started to fuck her with more force. She felt Dany’s hand start to ram her pussy with hard jolting thrusts. The forward part of Dany’s hand mashing into her drooling clamshell. Then Dany slowed her hand pumps. She again started her slow sensual fuck of Arya’s cunt. Dany slipping her fingers out near the first knuckle and forcefully sliding them back in deep.

Arya felt her pussy clenching on the fingers and sucking on them as fucked her drooling clamshell. Her slimy inner folds wetly sucking on the digits. Dany started to slowly twist her wrist moving her fingers right and left in Arya’s cunt churning her inner folds sweetly. "Unnhh! Unnnhhhh! Ohhnngg! Fuck! Ungggghhh!" Arya jabbered. She then gagged and hissed when Dany slipped her hand from Arya’s cunt. A hot gush of creamy cum leaking out her fuck hole and running now her ass cleft soaking her rosebud. "Unh! Unh! Unh!" she whimpered at the intense sensations.

Dany ran her hand up Arya’s body and slapped her hand down on Arya’s face running it around on her face as she extended her tongue licking the digits as the Queen rubbed her cum saturated fingers all over the teenager’s face. Arya reveled in it. “Ooggggg uuunnggg … shit! So fucking hot! Mmmnggg uunnggg hhngggg!”  Arya chased the slimy fingers and palm with her tongue.

Dany paused and reached for the small urn again and dribbled out a slimy stream of lubricant that soaked Dany’s hand again. Arya was up on her elbows staring down her belly transfixed. Dany sat the urn down and still up on her elbow looking at Arya’s pussy she slowly folded her thumb up along her palm while pulling her right hand back. Now she slowly pushed her hand forward again burying her fingers and resting thumb into Arya’s snatch.

Arya gasped realizing what Dany was doing. Dany sensed this and looked up at Arya. She was pausing to let Arya stop her. Arya shook her head ‘yes’ enthusiastically. Dany smiled great back at Arya with a great big smile and turned her head back down to focus on her task at hand. She pushed her hand forward. Arya gagged feeling Dany’s thumb sliding up into her cunt slowly until Dany’s knuckles were brushing her vaginal opening.

Dany paused drooling put long ribbons of bubbly spit to land on the back of her hand and run into Arya’s bulging cunt hole. Slowly but forcefully she pushed her hand forward pushing her knuckles into Arya’s mound stretching her love’s pussy out.

“Dany I don’t know … your hand! … oh baby you filling me up!”  Arya wanted it desperately but was still shocked seeing Dany’s hand pushing into her cunt. The sensations so intense and flooding out her squired pussy. She humped her groin up to encourage Dany to continue.

Dany paused and drooled out more spit. Arya looked down her muscled belly and her breath caught. She felt Dany push hard and her hand and knuckles bulged out her vaginal opening and her hand slipped into her cunt her inner folds gripping the hand tight. Arya’s head thumped hard on the mattress. Her pussy was so stretched out and full. "Unngghh . . . oh shit!" Arya gasped. "Ungghh . . . auungghhhh!"  Her pussy felt so full. She loved the intense sensations of her lover’s hand in her snatch.

Dany slowly worked her hand in and out in a gentle rocking motion stretching her lover’s pussy out. Arya moaned at the sweet sensations. She loved feeling so stretched out. The feel of Dany’s fingers
pushing in deeper up her cunt was heavenly. The sight of her pussy tightly gripping the Queen’s wrist turned Arya on no end. For a several minutes the Valyrian pumped her hand slowly in and out Arya’s cunt slowly stretching out her baby’s trim. Then Dany stopped pumping her hand.

Arya felt her sweet Queen slowly fold her fingers up and formed a fist in her pussy. She was back up on her elbows gasping looking down at her cunt impaled on Dany’s fist. She gurgled and then groaned deep in her throat. She slowly lifted her pussy up with her now rotating hips. She whimpered feeling Dany start to slowly pump her fist almost imperceptibly. Her knuckles rubbing along her vaginal walls. Her pussy felt so full! “Uunggg hhnggg … oh shit! Fuckkkkkkkkk!” Arya whimpered.

Arya so loved the look of concentration and hot lust in Dany’s eyes. She began to pump her hand slowly in and out Arya’s twat. Her fist slowly twisting into her fuck canal. Dany would push her fist in deeper and deeper into Arya’s belly before slowly pulling her fist back out Arya’s quim till her fist was near Arya’s vaginal opening. Dany worked her fist deeper into Arya’s belly till her fist thumped Arya’s cervix hard making it shriek but numbing it making it ready to be rammed fucked. Dany pulled her fist slowly back till the knuckles were near Arya’s vaginal opening. The bottom of the Queen’s hand jutted out Arya’s cunt all soaked in cum slime. Then Dany twisted her fist and rammed it home sinking it into Arya’s cunt her pussy lips enfolding Dany’s wrist wetly almost two and a half inches down her forearm.

Again and again Dany almost pulled her fist out to Arya’s love hole and then twisting it forward hard and deep fulling burying it into Arya’s spasming cunt and clenching belly. Her forearm ramming forward with Arya’s drooling cunt tightly clinging to Dany’s forearm. Dany bent her head down to siphon Arya’s clit back into her suckling mouth. Dany rhythmically sucked with long ragged love sucks her fist twisting deep in and out Arya’s cunt. "Awwonnggg!" Arya groaned, looking down her body at Dany’s wrist protruding from her pussy. "Oh shit! Unghhh! Oh gods, yes! Give me your love fist honey! Ram it home deep baby! Fuck my cunt hard—aaawwoggg hhnhnggg uuunga with you fist! . . . Fuck me. Hard! Dany, harder godsdamnit! Pound my cunt Dany. Aauuggg uuunnggg mmnnnmmmm mmmnggg uunnggg!”

Dany whimpered twisting and slamming her fist in deep fully burying it up Arya’s stretched out cunt. They both looked at the Queen’s wrist. It was soaked in Arya’s fuck cream that was leaving a fuck ring of cum on her wrist that dripped cum down onto the furs. Arya was almost hypnotized seeing Dany’s wrist pull back and then lunge forward and burying her fist deep into Arya’s belly. The teen gagged and cried out in ecstasy feeling her inner folds and swirls churned by Dany’s twisting fist lunging up into her cunt and pounding her cervix sending her paroxysms of gut wrenching pleasure.

Arya felt her belly tensing up with raw pleasure now flooding out her squired pussy. Again and again Dany lunged her twisting fist up into her belly. Her cunt was spasming harder now. Then her cunt gripped Dany’s lunging fist in a velvet fist of wet heat. Dany felt the wild spasms and twisted her fist buried in deep up Arya’s exploding cunt as it ruptured on the fist rotating right and left buried in deep knuckles rasping Arya’s cervix and vaginal walls.

The intense pressure and pleasure sent Arya’s body crashing off the cliff face into shattering ecstasy as her head jammed back into the furs and her mouth shocked wide open. “FFFFUUUUUCCKKKKKKK! AAARRUUNNGGGGGG! HHHUNNNGGGG! … eeiiggghhiiieeeee! Mmmnnngggghhhiiieeeee!” Arya screamed so loud she feared Jeertel would run into the tent to save her from seeming death. Her body flipped wildly lurching up and down. Arya felt her engorged nipples throbbing with blood rush and felt like they might burst. Dany kept lunging her fist up deep into her woman’s exploding snatch.
Arya screeched feeling her pussy pumping out hot cum around the fist and wrist plundering her stretched out pussy. She felt her orgasm beginning to wane. Her body was flipping and jackknifing violently almost as her head slammed into the furs. She felt cum flooding out around the forearm in her twat and soaking her ass crack and anus.

Her orgasm began to wane. Her belly felt like it was filled with melted butter that sloshed around in her belly. She felt so fucking good. Dany grunted and moaned drinking down the hot gushes of cum flooding out Arya’s pussy around her buried forearm. Dany rolled her face in the cum to smear it on her face. Dany gauged Arya’s body seeing it coming down from her orgasm. She sensed Arya could cum again. She slowly pulled her fist back to the entrance of Arya’s vagina. Arya was quivering all over with the dying waves of her orgasm.

She bent her head down and sucked Arya’s shiny clit deep into her mouth and deep throat sucked with all her pure love while tongue polishing the shiny nubbin. Her fist slammed back up Arya’s cunt into her cervix. She quickly pulled her fist back and slammed forward again and again. Arya’s clit and pussy exploded tearing themselves to shreds her cunt imploding and twisting before exploding yet again. Her legs and arms shot out and went rigid.

“FFFFFUUCCKKKKKKKK! AAWWOOGGGGGGG! FFFFFFUUUUUUYCCCKKKK! AARRRRUUUNNGGGGGG! Arya screamed as her belly clawed open and sent hot gushes into her veins scalding her limbs and brain with fucking shocking bliss. Her rigid wrist and heels pounded the furs in a staccato helpless rhythm. Arya’s toes curled painfully while her fingers clawed desperately at the furs. Her body was mini convulsing all over. Ecstasy continued to rip her womb to shreds. "Ooohhmmnnggg! Ahhnnngggg! Oh Godammnnn—my cunt is tearing itselllff insiididee ouutt-t AARUUUNNGGGHHH HHH AAWWOOGGGGGGG Oh Oh ARRRUUNNGGGHHHHH!".

Her body bucked wildly again while six or seven killing convulsions of agonizing pleasure tore her wildly shaking body. Then the seizures of hard cumming ramped up as a third orgasm ripped through her hard musclecd toned flesh. Her whole body quacked so beautifully while her face looked like it was being electrocuted. Her screams loud and deafening. Finally, the third orgasm fled and Arya went nerveless down into the furs. Her eye open but unseeing as she gasped hard while sweat poured down her body from her hairline to her toes. "Oh ... Dany oh Dany oh Dany ..."

Arya began to weep as pure pleasure and love flooded her body. Dany started to pull her fist from Arya’s spent happy pussy. “No baby! Leave it in me for a minute … I feel so connected to you.” Strong aftershocks rippled through her body.

Dany left her fist buried deep in Arya’s belly for several minutes. Arya started to weep softly she was so much in love. She felt Dany slip her hand from her satiated pussy. She moved Arya’s body and enfolded Arya in here arms and cooed down to her lover. She ran her hands into Arya’s hair slicking it with cum. They kissed deeply. Arya was so happy, satiated and fulfilled. She quickly went to sleep enfolded in Dany’s loving embrace and the warmth of her weight lying half on her.

It was the next morning and Arya rode on her horse feeling happy and satiated. Her body was aching but in that wonderful way of being well and truly fucked. Her joints felt used and abused but in a way that invigorated the teenager. Her pussy was worn out but purring contentedly. She shivered remembering last night. She remember again the feel of Dany’s fist filling and slamming so hard and deep into her pussy.

She licked her lips. Tonight it would be her turn. She couldn’t wait!
This morning Dany had asked her with a lidded look how she felt. “Wonderful!” had been Arya’s response. Making Dany beam.

She did have a folded blanket on her saddle. Her pussy was happy but so worn out and tender. She remembered wearing out her pussy growing up with marathon masturbations sessions. By tonight it would be purring and ready again for my womb rending orgasms. Dany would have to be easy on her kitty but it would be ready for lots of licking!

She looked over at Dany who was talking to her father. Dany felt her love’s eyes on her and turned to look at her. Arya brought up her fist and twisted it making hot eye contact. Dany gulped loudly and shook her ‘yes’ hungrily. Tonight would be so good.

She looked at her father who looked at her curiously. He had not picked up on the subtle hand motions. Plus, she doubted her father knew too much about fisting.

They were three weeks up the King’s road now. She smiled thinking of her father’s prudish nature. The first four nights he had had his tent pitched beside the Queen’s tent. Her and Dany’s screams of rapturous ecstasy had proved too much for her father. He had made the mistake of pitching his tent by Sansa and Missandei’s wagons.

Sansa was a screamer like herself as was Margaery and it was amazing how much noise Missandei could make all by herself.

Her father had decided to move his tent away from the wagons. It seemed that Stannis and Oberyn were still enjoying the Haruchai and Ramen and some of the camp followers. Her father had moved his tent yet again to the outskirts of the camps away from the more adventurous and loud members of the company moving north.

All were getting as much sex and love as they could before they reached the Wall and assuming a combat position. Now was the time to relax and partake of the pleasures of the flesh. The Queen’s mercenary companies and roving bands of Dothraki had the columns moving nearer to the wall in a cocoon of safety. The safety increased by the pickets each column sent out to scout for any possible danger.

Arya could feel the tension slowly rising in her body. They were over half way to the Wall now. Dany’s dragons had made another sweep over the The Fist of the First Men last week and still the enemy seemed to be milling around aimlessly. It made no sense and it was filling the leaders of the forces of Westeros with agitation. It simply made no sense this dallying around doing nothing by the Ice King. Why move south at all if the enemy had no designs to strike at the Wall.

Dany had sent her dragons north again to scout the Fist of the First Men this morning. They would be over the Fist of the Men in a few hours and Dany could see through their eyes what their enemy was doing. They should return this evening with the latest reconnaissance flyover completed. Dany still felt nervous keeping her dragons high not wanting to be attacked by what had hit the wives of Jon Snow. She also kept her dragons high to avoid any hurled projectiles from below. The Targaryens knew the danger of scorpions and the bolts they could hurl.

All knew something was afoot but no one knew just what. Arya was happy to let Dany, her father, Sansa, Margaery and everyone else worry about it. She just fretted with her desire to prove herself the warrior she wanted Dany to see in her. She had proved herself on the river frigate she knew but this coming battle was going to be epic. She could feel it. She wanted to prove herself before all she loved.

She practiced with Barristan and Syrio when they made camp in the evening and the meal was being
prepared and the royal tents erected. She felt sharp. All of Westeros was sharp and anxious to put the Ice King down.

Arya was sure the Wall gave them the defense they needed to decimate the Ice King. Even if it came to the Wall being brought down the dead were slow moving and awkward in their motions. The copious arrows, javelins, bolts and spears tipped with obsidian would bring their enemies down in droves as they milled before the standing Wall or over its shattered remains. She had a Valyrian steel sword and she would be able to hack the Ice Wrights down. Her Valyrian sword more than a match for the icy swords of her foes.

She could not wait to take the fight to the enemy. Then she looked off to the distance. She would be journeying to Braavos to do the Queen’s work. She was sure her sword skills would be tested their as well. She would prove herself there as well.

Arya saw the Giants walking easily beside the column laughing and jesting as they always did. The Giants stamina did not really surprise Arya. Though they wore stone armor and their long broad swords were weighty in themselves. The Giants carried the hundred pounds of armor, sword and their camp clothing and the items necessary to setup their lean-toos with ease. They did not tire. Their long strides and legs like tree trunks roped in veins gave them the strength and stamina to easily do their march day in and day out. Their Diamonddraught they said also gave them magical healing. They would arrive at the Wall ready to go to war.

The ramen she wondered more about. They were constantly moving out to scout around the column and running in and fore searching the corpses they passed and would run with the Ranyhyn that would come in with their Haruchai riders to make direct reports to Lord Lustra and Brail. She marveled how the Ramen seemed to be holding up so well. At all stops the Ramen came in from their sweeps to tend to the horses with the Dothraki tenders and horse handlers from King’s Landing that had been augmented by tenders from Winterfell.

The Ramen had bonded with Dothraki. The Giants gift for tongues allowing the two desperate people to communicate. The Manethrall and her Cords obvious love for horses captured the Dothraki’s hearts. The Dothraki asking questions constantly about the powerful Ranyhyn they would stare at with open awe when the mighty horses came running in and thundering away at speeds no horse could even begin to touch.

The ramen seemed to have formed a fascination with Oberyn and going to his tent that Stannis was staying in. The men fucking the hell out of the Ramen and now a steady stream of young filly and colt Dothraki to their tent. Arya had chuckled seeing her father shake his head and scowl at the display of carnal pursuits. He was a prude. What could she say? He would eat his meal with his fellow lords and smiled and talked genially. That was until the randy Lords and denizens headed to their tents. That was when her father quickly made his salutations and retreated. He always left muttering under his breath.

The Haruchai were equally refreshed Arya observed. They were riding true but they were constantly patrolling up to five leagues away. This seemed to be the limit of the reach of their mind speech. They could extend the range if they had more of them to station at intervals to increase the reach of their mind to mind speech. They were able to somehow process all the myriad viewpoints and the information this brought to their mental minds. They were able to process one and all views and keep it coherent. Another marvel of these strange and powerful people.

Unlike the Ramen and Giants, the Haruchai patrolled day and night. They could ride on the Ranyhyn and sleep in a light state to refresh their bodies. The Ranyhyn themselves the Ramen told them only needed to rest for several hours at need such as the march. They would gather in small
groups of two or three to rest and let the brothers and sister watch over them as they patrolled for danger.

Arya felt that the forces of Westeros were truly fortunate to have such allies at their side. She had asked her father what he thought of these powerful new allies.

He had looked at the Giants laughing marching beside them. The Manethrall had come up to Lustra on her Ranyhyn to report on something and then run off at a fast loop to disappear into the swaying grass.

The Haruchai visible for a moment as one appeared on a hill ridge atop their Ranyhyn. Arya would look at the column and when she looked back at the ridge line the Haruchai and their mount would be gone. Like a ghost who was never really there.

“I feel we are truly fortunate Arya. I can feel great power in the Lord. My sword, Eveningstar, shivers in its scabbard when I am near her.”

Arya was not so sure. Making pretty lights with her staff was not that impressive to her.

“The Giants, Haruchai, Ramen and Ranyhyn are all mighty that is plain to see. I just wish there was more of them. Still, they will add much to our war effort. They are magical in some way. I hope they will be a counterweight to the magic of the Ice King and his icy brothers.”

Arya was happy to have this additional might marching with them.

Arya eyed her Direwolf. Nymeria was up to something. She was sure of it. She had been looping near Oberyn the last three weeks. She would feint in just to keep Oberyn on his toes but she would not bite his spear. Her cinnamon burnt tongue had taught her caution.

But there was something about her actions the last few days that told her that the battle was about to be joined again. She could tell Oberyn was on edge too waiting sensing the coming storm.

Grey Wind and Lady tended to mind their own business really. Grey Wind looping off into the hills and corpses or by Robb’s side. Lady would lope along the column her body alert but she rarely ran off. She would come up to Arya, Eddard or Daenerys for some rubs and scratches. She would spend hours sleeping in Sansa and Margaery’s wagon. Sansa told her the wolf had grown accustomed to their noisy lovemaking and slept through it snoring.

Now Robb’s great wolf was with Nymeria as they came in on Oberyn and they worked to cut him out of the troop. They were working Oberyn like he was a diseased Elk isolating him to take him down. His horse was no longer nervous having Direwolves around or even barking at it furiously which hadn’t happened recently. Oberyn curious let the Direwolves slowly push him away from the column. The man kept his spear angled away from the two wolves.

This changed. Suddenly, Nymeria and Grey Wind were barking furiously at Oberyn and his mount their fur bristling and snouts slavering. They were side by side howling taking turns charging forward the mount of Oberyn. The horse was nervous with this increase of the antics of the two wolves and Oberyn had to work his reigns to keep the horse settled. The two Direwolves snarled and jumped at him twisting back at the last moment trying to intimidate the man. He was unfazed. He offered Nymeria his spear haft. The wolf shied back and barked even more furiously snarling at the shaft eyeing it suspiciously. She was spooked.

This went on with Oberyn laughing at Nymeria which pissed her off even more. This terribly upset the Direwolf and sent her into a fit of wild twisting jumps and rolling around on the grass in a fit.
Her feet kicking the ground propelling the mighty Direwolf around in circles. Her mouth snapping at nothing her eyes slightly addled. Grey Wind had stopped his antics and looked at Nymeria like she had lost her mind. Nymeria’s feet kicked the air in frustration. Her body writhed on the ground rolling around her mouth foaming. Grey Wind woofed at Nymeria asking her if she was alright.

Oberyn was laughing at Nymeria holding his spear on the opposite of his horse from her wildly gyrating wolf throwing a fit of frustration. He had a triumphant look on his face knowing his cinnamon prank was still affecting Nymeria all these weeks later.

Then Arya saw Nymeria’s ploy. He had his spear on the other side of the horse from Nymeria and her antics. From nowhere Lady came running in and snatched Oberyn’s spear from his grasp while he hurled abuse at Nymeria.

Oberyn gasped “What!” His body had been jerked hard by Lady taking his spear. His body twisted around. He looked at Lady aggrieved. “You fucking traitorous bitch!” Oberyn shouted at the pristine gentle loving Direwolf of Sansa Stark. “How dare you side with that bitch Nymeria!” the Red Viper roared.

Lady just stood there looking around with Oberyn’s spear in her mouth. She was clueless as to what to do with her purloined spear. She just stood their smiling doing nothing with the spear in her mouth. Oberyn saw this and was moving his horse to get his spear back. He did not see Nymeria snap roll to her feet and eyed Lady with an intense look of calculation. Arya understood. Her wolf was gauging Lady’s reaction to the spear’s wood. Nymeria had talked Lady into taking Oberyn’s spear to see it was safe to bit into.

Nymeria was crouched down her tail swishing back and forth. She had seen enough. It was safe!

In a bolt she ran underneath Oberyn’s horse all slunk low and snapped her teeth on the spear haft. Lady let go of the spear as Nymeria went tearing off. She looked back at a now storming Oberyn with a big wide happy wolf smile.

Off she went running with Oberyn giving chase howling his rage. Both wolf and man on horse flying down the King’s Road. Oberyn’s howls filled the air. Score one for team Direwolf Arya thought.

That late afternoon as the tents were being raised her and Dany challenged Jeetel and Bannor to sparring. The two Haruchai bowed their heads slightly. They walked away off into the flattened grass. They stood before Dany and Arya.

Then in unison the male and female Haruchai slammed their fight fists into their upper chest “Fist and Faith. There is only victory or death.” Arya had seen and heard this display before from the Haruchai. She knew it was a ritual they performed before every contest but it was still intimidating. She did not have long to contemplate it. The Haruchai then came running at the Arya and Dany. She was never sure how she and Dany’s Bloodguard would come at them. It seemed they had tired of doing their normal stoic defense with their charges. They realized the skills of their charges and now sometimes attacked with seeming reckless abandon.

Arya and Dany in a flash pulled their rune swords out of their scabbards. The swords glowing bright blue throwing out mystical sparks and tongues of eldritch magic that wafted several feet up into the air before they began to dissipate and fray before fading away. As the women moved their swords the air was filled with blue arcs and afterimages their swords left in the cold air. Arya had Needle in her right hand. Arya while extremely strong did not use her strength like Barristan. She would use both swords. They did not use practice swords with the Haruchai. To do so would have insulted them.
Arya made a sweeping swipe to her left and Dany to their forefront making the Haruchai split and twist to the side. Then the Haruchai were on them. Arya and Dany kept together to guard each other’s backs. The Haruchai were impossibly quick. Their abilities to twist their bodies at impossible angles and to jump almost ten feet in the air had their attack coming at them from all angles. The two Haruchai kept coming at them in opposed angles trying to separate the two. The Queen and her Queen not allowing that to occur.

Dany sliced the sleeve of Bannor who rolled underneath her guard and came up kicking her hard sending Dany flying back. Arya screamed and came in furiously chopping and swiping at the Haruchai who had to back off. Her two swords slashing and swirling so fast no one but Haruchai could track them. Jeertel moved in to attack Arya’s unguarded flank. Dany came up and used her sword held crossways in front of her to make Jeertel jerk her windmill kick up and away to keep her foot being cutoff.

The fight went on and on. Dany and Arya were soaked in sweat and gasping but they kept their guard up and counterattacked viciously keeping the Haruchai off balance and having to feint and fall back when they thought they had an advantage. Even though their swords glowed hot the Haruchai were able to endure the heat in the instant their feet and fists struck the Rune swords knocking them aside with each swipe and parry of Arya and Dany. Again Arya was struck by the supreme skill of the Haruchai. Their abilities to strike with such precise effort from all angles and state of balance was shocking. She had grown used to it though and continued to block and parry their assaults and launch her own.

The sparring continued. Arya made a chop at Bannor when he was spinning to the left to get at Dany’s flank. Faster than she could follow Jeertel came in on her. She kicked Arya’s right hand when she thrust Needle at Jeertel’s heart. Arya brought Blackfyre around in arch in a flash of shining blue light. Jeertel swooped in low and used her forearm to block the sword up as it whistled by above her head. The Haruchai could endure the heat for the flash of instantaneous contact. Her foot came up at an impossible angle and lightly tapped Arya’s throat. The battle was over. That would have been a kill shot if Jeertel had wanted it to be.

For the second time she had lost to Jeertel who had lost to her twice. They were even again in their recent sparring matches. Dany and Bannor had again fought to a draw. Arya fumed but Dany had gotten after her for acting like a baby when she lost so she swallowed her tongue. *She hated to lose!*

They walked back to the now fairly well set up camp. Dany detoured to talk to the High Lords present. She was always working and talking with them to further build up rapport with them. She was working to make sure she had buy in for her polices and plans for after the war.

She had Jeertel still walking beside her. She knew her Bloodgaurd and Bannor would eat quick meals separately when Dany and Arya were back together so one would always be on guard protecting them. Most of the night they would be prowling around their tent making sure they were safe. The same way their sisters and brothers were patrolling around the camp at distance providing protection against any surprise attack. The Ranyhyn adding their own supernatural perceptions to their protection.

“Jeertel, can I ask you some questions about your people?”

“Of course. We have nothing to hide. We are Haruchai.”

Arya smiled softly. The Haruchai were so solid and dedicated. They were like the permanence of granite with the protection such stone gave one.

“I know you say that using weapons diminish you. Weapons do not allow the Haruchai to truly...
prove their own worth against their foes. But still, if you used weapons you would be unstoppable. In this coming war you would be able to take down so many more foes.”

Jeertel did not answer for a moment. Arya had the feeling she was consulting her fellow countrymen.

“We must be true to our nature. From the moment we can first leave our parents succor we must begin to strive and prove ourselves. In the high passes of the Westeron Mountains life is harsh and deadly. Many of us do not survive the travails and threats we face in those high mountain passes. There we must meet the challenges of our life face to face. To do any less diminishes our people and ourselves.”

“We must prove ourselves. It is necessary. But we know caution. Once only our men went forth out of our native mountains and into the wide world. They went too far. They were never able to distinguish service for service sake. They always tried to do too much. They gave allegiance to men and ideals that could not be matched by our rectitude. They lost sight of the purity of the service itself. Stave came back to our people after the slumber of the Worm at World’s End. After Thomas Covenant, Linden Avery and her son Jeremey redeemed the world from utter destruction.”

“It was a close thing Arya Stark. Almost they failed their heroic effort. In the battles beneath Mount Thunder in the warrens of the Cavewrights we determined that we needed to take up weapons. The need of the Earth was simply too great. We picked up the swords of fallen Giants and the weapons of the Cavewrights we killed. We were indeed able to kill many more of the foes we had to face.”

“Still, we were diminished. We have not used weapons since. If the time proves right again we will take up weapons. We deem this is not that time. The Worm sleeps.”

Arya processed what she had just heard. She respected their being true to their nature.

“We deem that some among you if raised from childhood could have taken up our ways and become Haruchai as Lustra will in time now that she has bonded with Brail.”

Curious Arya asked “Who?”

“The Dragonthane and her mate. That is obviously you and Daenerys Targaryen. You two have been filled with Earthpower. Those of us from the Land can see it easily. It radiates within the two of you.”

Arya could not help but be proud of that. She had felt since she was a little girl she was destined for greatness. Thank the old gods her father had let her achieve her destiny.

“There is one other the old storytellers spoke of. A Lioness in the desert. She is filled with even more Earthpower than you and the Queen. She has become mighty and Amok has visited her already as foretold. She will contend with great horrors. She will prevail. She will eventually show herself though now she is still hidden.”

Arya knew who it was though she could not believe the transformation that the harpy had gone through. The woman had been a royal cunt; totally worthless. Now she had married Oberyn’s eldest child, the man gushed about her, his wife in all but name wanted to fuck her desperately. Oberyn had told her father that she was to take up the sword of House Dayne. Her father worshipped Arthur still and never really forgiven himself for helping cause that man’s death.

How could Cersei Lannister become all this she had no idea. She shook her head.

“You father could have become Haruchai as well Arya Stark. We deem that Oberyn and Stannis
have such mettle. Maybe Renly Baratheon and Loras Tyrell.”

“I have one more question if you don’t mind. Why did not more of you come to our aid if you traveled half the world to help us? With an army of your people, Giants, the mighty Ranyhyn and their Ramen tenders and these Lords of Revelstone our victory would be assured.”

Jeertel looked at Arya with her unreadable face. “We hear your words. The Soulbiter and Soulcrusher were erected by Loric Vilesilencer to forever separate our world from yours. He deemed that the Viles and Demondim could not again set foot in the land of their birth. These mighty storms repel all who enter them.”

“Only the Giants have the ships and the fortitude to contend with these preternatural storms. These storms seek out magical inclined beings such as ourselves and our companions. The storms will resist us or any we may bring with us. We barely won through the storm. More of the Giant Dromond ships and the storms would have fully taken notice of us and destroyed us. We barely won through with our two ships.”

Arya sighed. These people of the Land were indeed mighty. She just wish there was more of them. She was thankful for them. She felt they would tip the balance of the coming conflict in their favor.

Another question came to Arya. “I have one more question Jeertel.” The woman inclined her head. “This Worm at the World’s End—is it as dangerous as you say? How can it destroy the world?”

“The world is built upon the Worm by the Creator of the universe. How he accomplished this we do not know. He put her into a slumberous state and built our world upon it. Only in sleep can the world live.”

“So it is unstoppable?”

“Yes. By mortal man yes. Even Lord Foul or the Ice King is a paltry thing compared to the Worm. The Elohim flee in terror before it for the Worm eats them for strength and sustenance. Only one being could contend with the Worm of the World’s End.”

“Who?”

“She Who Must Not be Named armed with the Krill. The weapon can channel any might and she has the raw power to do the deed. If she succeeded the world would still end though. Our world is tied to the Worm. If it dies our world dies.”

“Well that sucks” Arya snorted.

“Indeed” Jeertel replied drolly. Arya looked at the woman. They could show humor Arya thought amused.

Dany soon joined Arya having finished talking to the High Nobles. They discussed the exhilaration of their fighting the Haruchai. They reviewed what Dany had to say to the Noble of the High Houses. Arya was always interested in the words and actions of the meetings that Dany had with all the nobles, generals and others she met with to run her kingdom. Given a synopsis was enough for Arya. Sitting in those meetings were a personal definition of hell for Arya.

Arya was happy to provide a sounding board for Dany to run her ideas by and to help Dany work through thorny issues or to help her divine which course of action might be best. Her lover always had a good grasp of the reality of the situation. Arya found that Dany most often in discussing issues with Arya came to her decision fairly quickly. Arya allowed the Queen to “think out loud” and ask
Arya questions about her thoughts and decisions. Dany knew the course of actions she must take but being able to talk on them helped the Queen’s heart and soul and Arya was happy to provide that counsel.

Arya had a very good grasp of all the things that Dany had to deal with. She just knew she never could handle all the competing demands. Having to divine who was telling the truth. How to deal with motherfuckers like Tywin Lannister without gutting the bastard on the spot.

Arya loved being there for Dany. Dany had told her many times that she cherished having someone she could talk to one on one and confide in her worries and concerns. She trusted all in her Clatch of Confidents but she cherished being able to go to Arya first and sound out her ideas.

Arya found it easy. Dany was very intelligent and had a good conscious that led her to the right decisions. But Arya was finding that in the Game of Thrones and in politics in general that many times the optimal solution from a philosophical viewpoint in reality did not bring the most desirable answer. Dany had to almost divine what the best answer was that satisfied the most people and would move policy or projects forward.

What angered Arya was the peevishness and greed of people that she saw again and again. She had seen it while the Queen heard supplications before the Iron Throne. She sensed that the High Lords could easily devolve into discord and maybe outright war without a strong hand to control their avarice. They were so unlike Dany and her father. They did not seek the greater good in all things but instead were selfish and greedy. How Dany put up these people she would never know. Dany just smiled softly when Arya ranted and raved about these “callous sons of bitches” and told her that to govern you must often find the least objectionable path among many choices that none were optimal and some not even good.

Thank the gods that Dany was Queen. Arya would put herself into exile trying to rule Westeros.

They were eating their evening victuals with the other Nobles. The troops were eating around fires by their companies and squads. There was much jesting and ribald jokes. Her father was squirming as he normally did when sexual innuendo and outright talking of fucking was present. His face actually turned red. She supposed hers did too but she found that lessening being with Dany. Dany was sexually liberating Arya from her prudish nature.

Arya idly wondered if her mother ever wished her father was more adventurous in things sexual.

Dany leaned into Arya speaking softly “How is your cunny my sweet? I hope your kitty is purring. My tongue is feeling like lapping up some sweet cream tonight.”

The first week she was with Dany she would have died at such a comment. Not now. “I assure you my kitty is feeling most frisky. I used to wear my cunt out with masturbation marathons. Most of them dreaming of you I may add. I would Jill off till my pussy was raw and felt like it was on fire with the last few cums I stroked out my spasming cunt.”

Dany looked at her with a cocked eyebrow “Gods I love it when you talk dirty baby! It makes me wet for you.” she husked to Arya.

That made Arya feel so good knowing she was making Dany happy and horny. She was about to make her even more of both. Arya returned Dany’s intense lilac stare. She slowly brought up her left hand and made it into a fist. “Tonight I will slide my hand into your pussy Daenerys. Then I will ram my fist hard and deep up into your belly, slut, and pound your cervix till you cum screaming in helpless shocking ecstasy.”
Dany slowly reached up and gripped Arya's wrist and brought her fist forward and slowly licked it with her sensual tongue. "I can’t wait Arya—fuck me hard and truly make me your slut!"

"Oohhhhhhh" Arya gasped. Dany was so fucking hot! Then Dany upped the ante.

"When we get back to King’s Landing my sweet slut. Your asshole has a date with my strap-on. I will deflower that hot tight anus and fuck you so hard and balls deep. I will pull out your ass and make you suck your sweet ass off it. I will do A2P and make you scream from it Arya."

Arya was glassy eyed longing to have her ass deflowered. She longed to feel what Sansa felt with Margaery slam fucking her asshole so good and hard.

"Then my sweet wolf … I will work my fist into that hot tight ass of yours and fuck you so good with my fist baby! I will make you die from it! You will love it … then Arya … it will be my turn” Dany murmured to her future wife.

Arya could not speak with all the desires she was feeling. Dany pulled Arya to her and they snogged deeply moaning as they primed their libidos for some hot debauchery this night when they went to the Queens tent. Arya loved the Queen’s Dothraki leanings toward her willingness to fuck Arya and not caring who heard them.

Dany stopped their necking ten minutes later when she felt her dragons coming back from their most recent reconnaissance over the Fist of the First Men. As Arya got up with Dany she saw her father give her his squint smile and shook his head. She loved her father. He was so cute in his consternation.

She saddled up beside him. “Embarrassed father?”

“Yes, a little. I am trying to do better. I am finding your mother is most adventurous. It is, well, shocking really. I am what I am Arya.” He smirked down at his daughter and hugged her.

Arya was interested in what her father and mother were experimenting on. Arya knew what that might be she smirked. Her mother was getting some new action! She wondered if she could somehow get Nymeria in there. Inquiring minds did want to know she smirked to herself.

Soon Dany and Arya with Eddard, Barristan and Lustra with her Bloodguard Brail were standing off in the large field by the large camp. The other nobles and those riding with the Queen had come to find the dragons almost normal and maybe even somewhat routine. If they not were doing acrobatics in the air or scaring the shit out of you they soon blended into the background like the Stark’s Direwolves.

In the dark sky the dragons came flying in unseen with the new moon in the sky. All was silent till one heard the mighty backbeat of wings and small windstorm blew up with the backwash of the dragons settling down to land.

The three dragons landed in front of the Queen. Barristan walked forward and greeted Viserion who whined and shook seeing Barristan and his head launched forward for affectionate ear scratches and rubbing of cheeks. Barristan looked stern but it was obvious he enjoyed pleasing Viserion. His tail now thrashing and rising up to shake like a baby’s rattle. Rhaegal looked around and curled up to catch a snooze.

Drogon slowly brought his massive head forward to have it before the Queen’s face. Dany reached out and patted her black dread on the head between his horns and scratched around the base of his ear. The mighty dragon rumbling in satisfaction.
Lustra moved to stand beside Daenerys. She looked up at the dragon calmly. Her Haruchai Bloodguard at her side. Arya could see the Haruchai poised to throw Lustra aside in an instant and sacrifice her life if needed to give her charge a chance to live. It had nothing to do with the fact they were now lovers.

Dany spoke to the Lord “You want me to get Drogon to focus on the scene at the Fist of the First Men and then you will touch my forehead with your Lords Staff.”

“Yes. If you open up your thoughts to my Staff it will see your thoughts and I will then be able to see what your dragon saw through you. We both know that something is not right. I am hoping I might see something. Anything. The Ice King cannot win any war if he does not fight.”

“Maybe he seeks to draw us to him. To make us travel to him an attack our flanks.”

“Do you feel that is the case Daenerys Targaryen?”

“No Lustra I do not. He will attack us. I can feel it.”

“I too feel the approach of evil. I know we draw closer every day to his evil presence but I feel something more. Some other approaching evil. Some subterfuge.

“As do I” answered the Queen.

“Are you ready Daenerys?”

“Yes” was the simple answer.

The Lord brought her staff up to her forehead holding it with her hands just outside the width of her head. She rested her head on the staff and began a soft chant. The Queen waited until the Lord shook her head “yes”. The Lord herself was only two inches taller than the Queen. She had tilted her head down and the Queen rose up slightly and pressed her forehead up into the staff.

They were both silent for a minute till they broke their contact with the Lord’s staff. They both looked dissatisfied.

The Lord spoke first “I did not doubt you Daenerys Targaryen but I had hoped maybe I would see something that had been missed. Something does not feel right but I cannot perceive anything other than what you dragon saw. He is high up but the army of the Ice King is fully visible. He is definitely not trying to hide his forces but why should he. He wants to intimidate us with his vast forces.”

“I agree Lord Lustra. It is just illogical for him to leave the high north and its perpetual night and bring his forces this far south and contend with the light of day. Since the age of heroes it has been known they prefer to attack at night. It makes no sense.”

Arya listened to them discuss matters for another few minutes without coming to a satisfying conclusion.

The night was getting on now. Finally, the meeting ended and Dany came to Arya.

“Come my sweet love. Let us go to our furs.” Dany grabbed Arya’s left hand and made it into a fist and ran her tongue all over it with her purple eyes hypnotic as they stared into Arya’s eyes with hot promises of scorching sex. Dany’s eyes seemed to dance in the reflective fire light. “My cunt aches for your fist to pound deep up into my belly and make me cum so hard Arya. Fuck me honey. Make me howl.”
What this woman does to me! Arya thought now dragging a very willing Daenerys Targaryen behind to their tent. Howl Daenerys Targaryen would Arya thought with rampant lust.

Ice King

The Wall stood towering over the Ice King. He looked up the blue face of the titan that divided the wild North from the South. He fingered the ribbed horn that hung around his neck. Soon that Wall would come crashing down. He looked at the medium blue that dominated the color of the Wall in the bright sun. He was hiding in the deep shadow of massive titans of pine, spruce and fir. He stood unseen in the thick underbrush that thrived under the canopy of the primeval forest.

He and his kind hated the sun but they could fight in it if they must. They would use that to their advantage. He planned to hit his enemies in ways they had never thought of. He would attack in the light of day and not in the middle of the night as he had always done in the past. He would surprise and destroy his enemies.

His plans were coming to fruition exactly as he planned. The crows were sending out a few patrols but they stayed close to the tunnels that ran to Castle Black. He harassed the two patrols that sought to penetrate the forest. He had blooded them. They had killed a handful of his dead. He was surprised that they had dragon glass weapons but he was sure their supplies were limited. Only the First People had truly understood the potency of that weapon against him and his sons and the Dead he had raised.

The dead were fired by the same magic that gave him and his progeny life and were thus susceptible to the same deleterious effect of obsidian. The enemy knew of the susceptibility of his dead to fire but they would not be handle his vast army of Dead. He would use his dead army to absorb the enemy’s limited dragon glass tipped weapons supply and then his sons could attack free of that fear.

He had come to fear greatly the Dragon Queen. Daenerys Targaryen had proven to be a most fierce and deadly opponent. She had two things that he now knew were extremely deadly. Her dragons were a force beyond all measure. Those three hideous beasts alone could defeat his plans. He would eliminate that threat. That part of his plan had been delayed but it was moving forward now.

The journey he had sent his strike force on had proven to be much more arduous than he had at first thought. He had told his sons to move with great caution. They could not be discovered by the forces of man patrolling the Wall and its environs. With the arrival of the Dragon Queen might the forces patrolling before the Wall had greatly increased. They had to move in depths of night and away from the easy pathways around the Wall and back down. Also, their numbers were limited. They had to be remain hidden.

He had given them three magical signal flares. When they invoked the runes on the earthen ware basins the liquid in it would resonant in magical timbre and vibrations that he could sense with the aid of his true son the Croyel. He had felt the first pulse when his sons had passed around the Wall. The second one had come last week. They were so much closer. They had not been detected. His little surprise for the Dragon Queen would work.

Without her dragons she would only be a nuisance. A deadly nuisance though. The sword on her back that lit up like the sky given life was a most horrible weapon. Its blade was both impossibly sharp and strong. The Croyel had considered itself immune to all steel weapons. He had been sadly mistaken. Valyrian steel was the full equal of his blades of Ice. The cold did not make those blades
brittle as I did normal steel. His true Son would still start gibbering and drooling unseemly remembering the cut of its blade.

He had no understanding of the magic in the blade but he feared it. He was not able to find out how many such weapons existed with the enemy. He only knew the number was low. He would have to endure losses from those blades until their masters could be brought down and made to rise again as dead for his army. He doubted he and his kind could ever touch the steel of Valyria and survive. He would destroy the blades or if nothing else take them to the sea and dump them into its depths.

The Ice King stared at the Wall in the afternoon sun. The reflection blinding as the light was refracted back in beams of piercing light and rainbows of spangles that caught the eye. Maybe once he would have found such a sight beautiful. He might have thought so when he was still just a man. No more. That was a different age and a different man. He felt lethargy wash over him.

His son was feeding ravenously. He reached back and petted the Croyel on his head. His son hummed in happiness. The situation of impending combat had his son nervous. This filled the Croyel with the need to feed to calm himself. The Croyel felt the Lord of Revelstone approaching towards the Wall. He whined and shook gibbering about the Lore of High Lord Kevin. The lore was deadly. The Ice King was not afraid of any one woman. Daenerys Targaryen may be strong but she had to be the exception. Were not men born to be superior?

His son’s spittle and enzymes coursing in the Ice King’s blood made him drowsy at times. The sunlight playing on his retinas and sending echoes of the past reverberating through the ghosts of his mind. The echoes of his almost forgotten past. A past he sought to expunge from his mind and consciousness.

He remember a man. A Stark. He remembered a man running. Darick Stark. He was running for his life. He had no choice. His wife Tanea and their two young sons had been a millstone around his neck holding him down. They suffocated and drowned him. They kept him from the life he had deserved. He thought their murder had been perfectly planned and executed. Gods it had felt so good to be free of their weight dragging him down to an early grave.

He had loved seeing his uncle Brandon falling for his lies and false platitudes. The man was insipid. He should be leading House Stark!

He had not meant to kill the minor lord’s daughter. Ellya Rane had loved her sex to be rough. It was not his fault that she had died while he choked her during sex. It was an accident. She had wanted it! He was a Stark and it should have been swept underneath the furs! Then the knife he had slit his wife and children’s throat had been found. He had kept it as a trophy. He could not fight the desire to keep the weapon that showed his superiority. His secret discovered, he ran to the north to lose himself in the wilds.

He was misunderstood. The world could not fathom the greatness of Darik Stark. He was a great man and it should be understood he had to take care of his needs. He had the right by birthright to take from those lesser than he. He flew to the North in his desperation. He had felt no qualms killing the miller’s daughter and baby girl. She had been so boring and wanted to cling to him. He needed his freedom.

He was hated. The world could not fathom the greatness of Darik Stark. He was a great man and it should be understood he had to take care of his needs. He had the right by birthright to take from those lesser than he. He flew to the North in his desperation. He had felt no qualms killing the miller’s daughter and baby girl. She had been so boring and wanted to cling to him. He needed his freedom.

Brandon would not let go of his scent. He kept fleeing into the dreaded North. He had to choose between his uncle and the hated First People. He had enjoyed killing them. Killing them following his Uncle’s directions. They had screamed so sweetly on his blade.

No! No! The Ice King shook his head. He saw again in his mind’s eye his body restrained and the blade held by the Queen of the First People.
“You are filled with hate. Good. You hate all that live and breathe in your cowardly way. There are others like you coming to us even now. You will be our weapons.”

“Nooooooooo!” the Ice King screamed in his mind. His body felt the freezing cold of the stabbing blade piercing his heart.

The Ice King was on his knees. He did not remember getting there. He looked around confused. His son was humming feeding on him contentedly. He felt anger. His son was feasting on his distress. He rose back up onto his feet. The Ice King took a breath he did not need calming his thoughts filled with ire. He needed his true son. He reached back and patted his son on his head. It hummed in contentment. His son knew how much he needed him. He could overlook this slight. He would use his remembered past to fuel his hate. A hate that would allow him in time to kill the last of the First People and in time conquer the world and all that live in it.

The Ice King could feel the Stark coming to him. He still had that link to his past. He could feel his hated family moving to him to die. He felt the half breed in the Crows. He hoped to kill both in the coming battle. He would see their life leave their hacked bodies and he would raise them and keep them close by his side so he could see their ruined bodies near him. Always.

It worried the Ice King that Azor Ahai had been reborn in the half breed but the past would not repeat itself. Magic had for all intents and purpose left this world. The present only had this paltry Lord from the far southern hemisphere. The Croyel kept whining that she was powerful but she only had a staff. She was a female. He would quickly and easily dispatch the bitch. Once she had been vanquished the true magic would be finished. Brandon had had a whole order of powerful mages fighting at his side.

The fools of his lineage and the rise of these Maesters had either forgotten or actively worked to remove magic from the grasp of man. He, who was once Darik Stark, would use that ignorance to totally crush and kill his enemies.

The wives of the half breed could only play with shadows. They were of no consequence. He hated women. They were weak and pathetic. He had always loved killing women. He would kill he witches personally he determined. The fact they were of the homeland of his hated foe Azor Ahai only made their impending deaths all the sweeter.

The Ice King turned and looked back into the depths of the dark ancient forest. He had fought hard to keep the patrols of the crows hedged into the entrance to the tunnels to Castle Black. He was sure his enemy still thought the vast bulk of his forces were still at the Fist of the First Men. They were not. His deception had worked perfectly. His son’s magic had worked exactly like he said it would. It was magic unknown to this land.

The dragons did not know what they saw. It was beyond their kin to fathom and understand.

It had his chill heart beat with rapid beats knowing soon he would kill all his hated foes and then Westeros would lie exposed for his taking at his leisure. All his plans and deceptions were coming to fruition.

The Ice King walked back into the depths of the sentinels guarding the ancient forest. The trees were up to eight feet thick here with their boughs interlocked shoulder to shoulder fifty feet up off the ground. No one could see through the thick canopy to see the truth. With no Crow patrols he was safe with his secrets.

He soon came upon the leading edge of the sea of dead that wavered on their feet or hooves. The dead waiting for the command to move again. The dead were always arriving and steaming in from
the North. The journey had been slow and arduous.

The dead were mindless and were guided by the will of the Ice King. Still the dead was as vast as the sea. The waves of their movements were relentless but like the waves crashing ashore were mindless and heedless of all before them. A thick tree or small gully had brought streams of dead to a standstill. The lead dead of the stream of moving zombies would stop at a large blocking tree, mound or rocks or small gully. The ones following piling up and milling around always capturing more and more milling dead. They were like a stream blocked by a beaver’s dam. Progress was halted.

His strongest and most adroit Ice Wright sons would find the proverbial logjam and use their influence and guidance to move the lead dead around the obstruction to again get that stream moving forward. This had to be done again and again with his sons constantly moving from blockage to blockage to move the dead forward. His sons moving all along the leading face of the flotsam of dead to again get the tide moving. His dead minions were moving forward like the relentless waves of the pounding sea. The advance slow but as sure as the moon tide.

Those waves would bring down the Wall. Nothing could withstand the storm he was bringing. The Ice King walked deeper into the old growth forest. He was now in the sea of his dead. He looked right and left at the multitude of dead. He saw small animals like wolverines and doe deer up to giant bears and mastodons. He smiled his cold smile seeing dead walking crows. He always loved adding crows to his dead army. Soon he would add a flock of crows. He would have laughed at his jest if could remember how.

He walked on for a mile easily pushing his way through the sea of dead that waited his will. This was but one wave in the sea that was gathering to sweep through Westeros and change all into his image. This sea of dead ran for miles above and below Castle Black. The wave of dead was miles and miles deep. He would move them forward to the wall when the assault was near. He would use his will to bring them tight together for the final surge. He would use the same magic he was using at the Fist of the First Men to hide his forces though the forest. This close to his enemies he had to be careful. Their senses sharp. He would be wary. He was too close to his goals to take chances.

He would sound the Horn of Winter and bring down the Wall. His son would do the rest. His son would provide access to the crows. With his surprise attack he would kill most of the crows and their new wildling allies on the Wall. Its collapse would crush those fools in one fell swoop. They had no idea what was coming. With them gone and with them their limited knowledge of his kind and how to fight them the rest of the Dragon Queen’s forces would be helpless before him. He would annihilate her army first and then her.

He felt grim satisfaction run in his icy veins. He would avenge himself on all but his greatest wrath was reserved for the Starks. They would suffer greatly for the ignominy of his original death. True, the Starks had made him great but his nightmares still remembered his terror and the pain of his death. The world, but especially the Starks, would and must suffer for that crime. He had been born for greatness and been denied what was his birthright.

This time he would kill Azor Ahai. Their battle would not be how it had been in the past. He would take care of his hateful wives. With his opponent’s magic support gone he would gut and chop the bastard of the Starks into a thousand wiggling pieces. He would leave him there to forever writhe in a futile bid to do his will.

The Ice King felt Ice Fang afar off. He had formed a bond with him through the magic of the Croyel. Ice Fang would do his father’s will. He knew that it was three against one but he would remove that threat and then he would be able to deliver death unfurled from the heights. He would
have his victory. The Ice King had done all in his power to assure his victory. Soon his enemies would be at the Wall. He would first bring the Wall down and then his enemies.

He moved on for several more miles into the depths of the forest. He stopped. He and his true son looked up at the interlocked boughs overhead. Though they could not see the dragons flying overhead they could feel their power as they winged beyond the Wall. The Ice King still marveled at their sheer power. Even from this distance he could feel their might. His son shivered. They both remembered the dragons impossibly shattering their mystical shields. The feel of their claws trying to tear them asunder. The feel of the sun burning down on them with each gout of their magical fire. They both calmed with the dragons passing.

The dragons were focused elsewhere and did not feel their mortal enemy just below them. Father and son both had shivered in fear and now felt anger at having been shivering in their fright. Soon they would kill these abominations and raise them again in their own images.

Then his true son was gibbering again about the Lord yet again. She had fused her mind with the Dragon Queen and tried to pierce the glamour he had laid. The Croyel writhed sinking his teeth deeper into his father’s throat. The Ice King had frozen. If the truth was found out his plans could come crashing down.

He was not ready yet! His strike force still had leagues to travel. It was not right! He had unbidden memories of his distant past and being hunted when he should have been exalted. Finally, the Croyel relaxed. He sensed no alarm being raised.

The crisis had been passed. The hated warm bloods were overconfident. He would swamp and kill them when the time arrived.

He walked on and soon came to a small circular clearing of brush that had no dead milling around in it. In the middle of the circle the Ice King saw his throne. He stepped forward and turned around and sat down on it. He pulled the horn of winter from around his neck and put it up on the spire that came off one shoulder of his seat. He relaxed back and looked out over her kingdom. Soon it would be so much more vast. Soon he would have the world as his throne.

It was assured. He again thought of all his plans and machinations. The allegiance of the traitorous humans was the final part of his plan. He would attack the front of his enemy unawares and throw them into disarray. Then the traitors’ houses of Frey and Bolton would fall on the rear of the enemy and throw that into confusion. The armed and fully mobilized traitorous Houses’ forces falling on the hated warm bloods and slaughtering them as they tried to form up to repel his frontal attack.

They would be hit from two sides unawares at once. The death toll would be staggering and glorious. He could see in his mind’s eye the vast sea of dead before him. Dead he would soon raise up to add to his army. More men, horses and oxen to add to his army. He sat back. He thought and planned. He could see no flaw in his plan. He would take losses but in any war there was losses. He would more than replenish his losses with the mountain of dead he would cause.

He relaxed back putting one foot on the seat of his throne. He looked around. First Westeros and then Essos. He had known of Essos in his human days but it had only been a name on the map. Now his ambition had been fired. Daenerys Targaryen had conquered her way across it to reach Westeros. He would reverse the march till he had reached the land of Asshai. Then beyond it to find more humans to kill. He would conquer the known world. Nothing could withstand him.

Then he would contemplate the riddle of these storms called Soulbiter and Soulcruhser. He was sure there was a way around them. There always was. Then it was on to the Land and its destruction. The Croyel was nervous with his thoughts of going to the South of the world but he assured his
father that other Croyel would join him. With his brothers they would have the might to overcome Revelstone and its High Council. They would succeed.

The Ice King would rule the world.

Daenerys

Dany was groaning deep in her throat feeling Arya’s body wallowing into hers and the way Arya swirled her hips back and up to ram down impacting her groan hard into her lover’s swollen muffin. The impact so delicious and perfect. Arya was settled down on her woman’s body. Her belly wallowing on Dany’s belly as the Queen knew there were a countless thousands of glistening tendrils of cum webbing their bellies together whenever they separated in their humping. Both relishing their sweaty bodies wallowing all over each other. Their sweaty cum soaked bodies slipping and sliding all over each other.

The Queen loved the feel of her body soaked in sweat and cum. Dany had watched women fuck up close like this and when the light struck those little sweet cum filaments they would glow with so many blues, reds and some greens. It was beautiful. She knew those sweet filaments were now roped between her and Arya’s sweaty belly, groin and thighs. They were deep into their second fuck tryst of the night. They had fucked hard and long and then broke to drink water and eat some plums and berries in sweet goat’s milk. They had giggled like little girls feeding each other the berries.

Their bodies replenished they had felt the fuck hunger surge in their bodies yet again. Dany had shivered seeing Arya’s grey eye turn dark with her blown pupils showing her hunger for her lover’s body. It had made Dany feel so loved and hot. Arya desired her ravenously in the way that Dany needed to be desired.

Dany was an insatiable slut in bed or furs and needed her woman to be. She needed many orgasms to put the fire out in her couchie. Khal Drogo had tried but he simply did not have the stamina or skills necessary to really and truly give Dany the pleasure and orgasms she needed to feel fulfilled.

Only women had given her that. Even when she was thirteen it had been Dorea and then her other handmaidens that had ever truly given her the pleasure she craved and given themselves to her again and again to truly satisfy the Khaleesi. Khal Drogo had made her cum but her handmaidens had made her womb explode and her belly tear open in agonizing pleasure that had told her even then she would only ever connect with women. Not only physically but mentally and spiritually. Men at best were toys to sport fuck. They could never truly satisfy her. With women she had the need to go down on them repeatedly and trib fuck them relentlessly. With women she needed to give pleasure as well as receive it.

With men it was simple really. Let them poke your pussy and asshole and suck on their cocks and they were satisfied. Drogo had given her pleasure but she had known that it was his own pleasure that was paramount in his mind. His ego led him to try and satisfy Daenerys needs but that was always secondary to his needs.

With women it was different. Of course a woman wanted her orgasms. But for a woman pleasing her mate was paramount. A woman strove to make her man happy. It was a woman’s nature. But when it came to women making love to each other both women strove to give as well as take pleasure. It was this nature at the core of women that made them superior lovers. When women made love with their innate desire to give as well as take the sex simply could not be matched. Men may bone well but they were simply too selfish to truly give pleasure like lesbian and bisexual
women did with their female partners.

Daenerys needed a woman who was a slut in bed. A woman with insatiable appetites for lesbian sex. A woman who desired, no needed, many, many orgasms to truly satisfy her need to cum hard and often. She would have loved Arya anyways if she had not been a complete slut in bed who needed to feel her pussy cum many times in the night. Dany would never get enough of the taste of Arya cumming hot in her mouth and seeing her young tight body jackknife and flip so violently in orgasm as she screamed loud and long not caring who heard her wails of hard cumming.

One day she would take Arya to her Khalasars and they would fuck beneath the stars as any who wanted to watch them fuck could. They could watch but not touch! Dany would fly them to all her Khalasars to show the Dothraki she was the Khaleesi that mounted the world and her filly, her Queen, was Arya Stark.

Fortunately, Dany would never have to worry about Arya not satisfying her needs in bed. Arya was the perfect woman for her. A fierce warrior who longed to fight alongside Dany where she would prove her mettle to be the Queen’s consort. Dany pouted with thoughts of Arya going to Braavos but she had no other options that she could see. Arya could accomplish so many tasks and goals for Dany that she had to let her go to Braavos. The Queen had too many tasks to fulfill in Westeros to go with her love.

Yes, Arya, was the perfect confident who would never betray Dany’s thoughts, hopes and fears. Arya was smart and intelligent and often gave insights and answers to questions that plagued Dany. Arya would leave Dany to do her duty in Braavos. Dany would long for her return to her arms.

Lastly, she was perfect in bed. Dany had been a little worried with how provincial Arya had come to her when they fucked in Arya’s bed the first time. That fear had been allayed from the first night. Arya hungered to fuck in all the ways that Dany knew of and simply loved to fuck. In fact, it was Daenerys herself that slowed the teaching of Arya. She wanted to make sure the girl was ready. She was, but Dany wanted to fully explore other aspects of lesbian sex she craved with Arya back in her Queen’s chamber in King’s Landing. There they would fully explore other aspects of sex like anal sex, BDSM and rough sex. She shivered at the thought.

Now her body was physically shivering because of her Wolfling. Her Arya was proving yet again she was a Direwolf given human form. Her body shivered with the impact of Arya wallowing and riding her cunt down into Dany’s aching love chute of her Queen and roughly dragging her sloppy wet camel toe up over Dany’s cunt. Arya’s vulva mashed into hers hard. Their labia lips stretched and rolled while their clits jacked through and over their wet slits.

Both women shrieked out ecstasy when they hard ground their sodden muffins over each other. They were humping like two bitches in heat. Arya working her groin to drag her drooling pussy up and down Dany’s pussy with hard and fast jerks of her hips. Their cunts wallowing and stretching labia lips and jacking into rigid clits.

Yes . . . oh yes!” Dany breathed hotly luxuriating in their mashed quims rubbing over each other so hard and wetly. "Unhhh! Oh . . . oh gods!” Dany moaned, shivering uncontrollably as raw aching pleasure pulsed out her ground into snatch "Oh! Unhh!” Dany had always loved trib sex. The feel of her mound compressed and mashed by a woman’s mound pounding down and over hers was heavenly to the Queen. Arya had taken to trib sex like a seasoned Lysian whore schooled in the arts of lesbian fucking.

Arya had been up on her palms angling her drooling clamshell into Dany’s supine muffin roughly dragging her swollen muff down into Dany’s cunt she opened up with her spread legs. She took the offering of her lover’s total access to the core of her essence. Arya had chuffed and snarled lifting
her twat on the back stroke and moving forward to slam down again and again pounding their sloppy wets cunts into each other so deliciously hard. Then Arya wallowed down grinding her sloppy wet pussy up and down over her lover’s swollen snatch. Arya’s body dripping sweat off her torso and contorting face. Arya snarling and cawing as she fucked her woman with her pussy.

Arya had tired several times from arching her back and working her hips in a tight swirl to ride down so hard repeatedly driving Dany and herself insane with pleasure. Arya would settle down like she was now her body supported partially with her knees and elbows with bellies rubbing and their tits mashed into each other. Arya now humping down into Dany with short strokes of her hips working her pussy into Dany’s. Their cunts working into each so labia lips were pulled and stretched and opened up to allow slits to slide wetly over each other. The slimy wet contact heavenly to both women.

The close skin contact intoxicating to both women. Their pussies drooling cum into each other’s snatch. The two women’s bellies wallowing and slapping while their muffins ground up and down over each other. Their sloppy wet cunts easily sliding up and down over each other. The friction and pressure exquisite to the humping sluts. Dany loved feeling her cunt mashed and contorted by Arya’s hard rubbing muff.

Dany loved Arya’s hard swollen bulb nipples. Her tits rolling and mashing with Arya’s plum bursting nipples. They roughly dragged and furrowed over Dany’s tits. The rubbery stiff nearly two inch nipples jamming and roughly rubbing over Dany’s now flattened tits that Arya’s pressed down on with her sweat soaked dripping body. Dany loved how their sweat allowed their bodies to easily slip and slide over each other in this face to face tight trib position.

Arya had her fingers clenched in Dany’s now dark white hair that was sweat soaked. The hair twisted and matted with strands glued to her sweaty face, shoulders and throat. Arya was anchoring herself down as she stared into Dany’s lilac eyes her hips lifting down with short humps of her twat immolating her Queen’s cunt with hard impacts and fierce rubbing. Dany cried out at the sharp impact of their groins colliding. The Valyrian lifting her hips to take each sweet loving down slam thrust of Arya’s groin down into hers. The sound of sweaty bodies slapping hard filling the tent. Their cuffs of exertion sweet music to each other’s ears.

Then Arya was back to wildling riding her cunny up and down over Dany’s pussy. Their muffins wallowing and compressing over each other. Labia lips stretched and rolled while their clits furrowed and jammed into their mate at random gagging the two striving women with bolts of ecstasy. Dany was gurgling and chuffing her face twisting up with ecstasy feeling her cunt pulped and the hot friction of constant hard rubbing.

Her breasts on fire with Arya’s engorged bulb nipples plowing over her heated sweaty tits. Dany’s tits filled with pulses of gagging pleasure. Then her eyes rolled back into her skull and jerked violently feeling Arya mate their lips tight with heads tilted to let Arya ram her tongue hotly down Dany’s deep groaning throat. She knew she looked like some demoness the red capillaries showing and jerking obscenely as her pupils stared into her skull and jerked violently.

Arya kept grunting like a sow in heat harshly jamming their swollen couchies into each other and roughly sweeping her pussy up and down Dany’s jerking spasming twat. Arya was constantly ramming her tongue down Dany’s chuffing gagging throat. Dany’s arms and thighs had come up to instinctively clasp her lover to her. Dany relished the sweaty and cum soaked skin contact. Arya’s tongue down her throat kept her eyes rolling in her skull.

Dany was in heaven feeling all the delicious wallowing sweaty skin contact. For another minute the two women rutted like rabid dogs. Arya was again looking down into her eyes their mouths barely
separated and spit roped between swollen lips. Dany cried out with an uprush of ecstasy. She had felt the first uprush of ecstasy that is so much more than throbbing aching pleasure deep in her cunt. She had felt the first spasms of a huge orgasm building deep in her belly. Now those notes were reaching a crescendo of sweet shattering ecstasy.

Arya had sensed it too. She rose up on her palms to angle her groin down over her lover’s mound. Arya had a look of focus and striving as she chuffed as she angled her groin to mash and grind her sodden twat down hard into Dany’s soaked muffin. She rode her pussy roughly over Dany’s swollen cum soaked vulva. “Unnggg uunnggg ... unnggg hhnggg!” Arya moaned as she lifted her hips and slammed down to grind up Dany’s now wildly spasming cunt. The Stark teenager loved how she controlled the fuck. Her hips pushing the Queen’s legs apart so she could take what was hers with her swollen soaked snatch.

“Cum for me cunt ... cum you godsdammed fucking slut—huunngg uunggg!” Arya growled down at Dany knowing how such hot words spoken harshly set Dany off when she was near cumming during hard rough sex. Arya had been shocked when Dany first requested that Arya talk to her like a Lysian whore when they were in the fuck rut like now.

Dany felt her belly spasm and tighten. She had spread her legs wide to open her cunny up for the hard loving grind from Arya’s cunt. The hard mashing pressure hitting her like a sledgehammer. The impact of Arya’s humping body down into hers jolting her body and jerking it forward that small fraction. Dany’s body being fucked so hard and hot like she wanted and needed it. Her thighs began to tremble wildly and her stomach kept contracting hard as her body tensed up like an overwrought coil. Her head thrashed on the furs. Her hands reached up to grip Arya’s upper arms. Her head jerking up off the furs in helpless pleasure.

“Ooohhh uu nggg hhnggg ... oh fuckkkkkkk! Shit! Aawwgggg uu unnggg hh hnnn mmmmngggg!” Dany chuffed and moaned as her belly tensed and she felt her womb spasm so hard and tense up as spasms rocked her womb. Then deep in her belly Dany felt her core explode like old Valyria at the moment of its Doom.

Dany felt an uprush of clenching deep in her belly and thighs as her womb sudden froze up and then ripped itself inside out. “HHNGGGGGGGGG! OOWWWGGGGGGG! F FUUCCKKK—GGOOODDSSSDDDAAMMN!” Dany screamed as Arya cried out too slamming down even harder into her lover’s now exploding cunt. Dany felt her clit spasm so hard it shocked her with killing blows of bliss. Dany howled and shrieked with wails that formed in the pit of her stomach and ripped out her throat. Her fingers jerked into Arya’s biceps harshly with her spasms as her toes curled and her heels slammed the bed of furs in helpless spasms of killing bliss.

She jackknifed and jolted as Arya ground her cunt into Dany’s exploding box. Arya roughly working her pussy up and down grinding down into Dany’s immolating cunt. "Aa arrggghhh unnnnnnnn! U unngghhhnnngggggg! Aunngghh! ... Unngghmmmmmnggeeeeee!” Dany cried out, erupting in a sharp, violent flips and jackknifes. Her body bucked up and down as her womb ruptured spasming out scalding spurts of burning cum. The hot gushes burbling out her cunt filled her veins with burning ecstasy. The hard spasms gushed out hot cum soaking her mound and slavering Arya’s mound. Only now did Arya lessen the force of her hard rubbing and grinding on Dany’s wildly trembling twat and clit that was so engorged and shiny jutting out its sheath. Dany could feel hot cum leaking down her perineum and soaking her asshole and then her ass cleft.

Arya eased up sensing that Dany’s orgasm was waning and her clit would be super sensitive now. Dany saw Arya studying her face as it locked up and then wildly grimaced with the fierce aftershocks now flowing out Dany’s ruptured womb and jangling clit. Dany felt her face freeze and snarl before relaxing and her limbs scissor on the thick layer of furs and her belly tensed up to steal
feeling wondrous pleasure ripple out from deep within her belly. Pleasure so intense it burned in her veins and made her toes and fingers stiffen and curl. The same pulses hammering her clit and nipples with throbbing fucking ecstasy.

“Baby, roll over onto your back baby—Arya! I need your sweet gash honey!” Dany saw the fire flash in Arya’s eyes and she lifted herself up in a quick jerk and thudded down on the furs beside Dany her one leg lying over Dany’s closest still kicking leg. Dany was on a mission. She rolled the other way feeling Arya’s leg roll off her leg. Dany with a body still jerking with aftershocks rose up on palms and knees and with a herky-jerky motion moved over to get between Arya’s legs that Arya spread pulling her knees back enough to fold her legs out.

Dany eyed Arya’s swollen love chute all fiery red, wet and engorged from the hard pounding that muffin had been giving Dany’s cunt. Dany flopped down onto her belly and quickly sucked Arya’s clitoral hood deep into her mouth her left hand gripping Arya’s hip and her right hand worming three fingers into the fiery cauldron that was Arya’s hot tight cunt.

Dany wasted no time in feasting. She suckled Arya’s clit deep into her mouth and began to roll and twist her sweetie’s clitoral hood with her tongue and lips. Her three fingers started a slow pumping rhythm running deep into Arya’s cunny. The heat and greasy fuck channel felt so slimy and hot to the Queen. She loved the oily feel enveloping her pumping fingers. Arya’s tight pussy clenching down on the digits invading deep up the tight hot couchie.

"Ohhhnnn . . . oh Dany" Arya sighed feeling her woman rhythmically suckle on her shiny throbbing clit and her three fingers sinking deep and slow in and out her tight pussy. Dany moaned into the quim she was devouring feeling the hot pulses on her deep pumping fingers. The Queen intoxicated by the sweet taste of Arya’s cunt in her mouth. Each lick and suck brought more sweet ambrosia into her mouth for her taste buds to savor before she swallowed the sweet pungent elixir. Dany was totally addicted to Arya’s pussy and the taste of her cum.

The blond lifted her head to tongue lick and flick her love’s clit and then ran her tongue up and down the juicy slit licking over engorged labia lips. Lips she the sucked into her mouth in turn and rolled them before stretching out to snap through her lips in turn. The friction and tension of her ministrations had Arya whooping and hips lurching up into Dany’s mouth and pumping fingers.

Then Dany used Margaery’s butterfly kiss her tongue flicking all over Arya’s clit with feathery bats and lashes.

Arya’s hands rolled and bent her nearly two inch plum nipples. The teenager rolled her palms over her nipples compressing and pulping them. The callouses on her palms rasping her pulpy nipples sending arcs of pleasure deep into her breast and arching to her rigid clit. Her face slashed with fucking ecstasy. Her hips jolted up mashing her pubic bone into Dany’s mouth. Then hard smacks of Arya pounding her nipples filled the tent. Arya lifting her palms up and smacking down hard pulping her nipples into her ribs and grinding her palms into her swollen bursting plums. Arya head jerking up off the furs. Her face contorted in the agony of ecstasy. Dany watched Arya lift her cupped hands and hard slap her engorged teats pulping and grinding them again and again.

Arya was wound up from her tribbing of Dany. Dany now was slamming her three fingers in and out the hot tight greasy fuck hole. Her fingers already creamed with thick milky cum. Dany reveled feeling Arya’s hot cunt gripping her pumping fingers tight and hard spasms rocking her sweetie’s core. Cum dripping off the Dany’s hand. Her mouth harsh sucked the hard nubbin buried deep in her mouth. Dany began to waggle her head tongue lashing the rigid clit underneath her sideswiping tongue that laughed and batted the clit tip jetted out its sheath.

"Oh! Oh gods! Unghhhh! Oh Dany hhhnngg hhnnngg oohhh gaaawwddss so fucking good!” Dany
sucked harder now having captured Arya’s clit between her lips her head still waggling her tongue tip polishing the shiny tip. “Wwoogggg! Aawwwoogggg! Oh sweet gods! Yes! Yes! Hard . . .
harder! Suck baby! Yes yes!” Arya was rolling from shoulder to shoulder now her hands that had been rolling and pulping her nipples now in Dany’s hair clawing here scalp.

The fingers pumping hard to drive the pale Valyrian’s face into Arya’s quim. A pussy basted in hot buttery cum that splattered out Arya’s pierced and hard fucked cunt. Dany was slamming her knuckles into her lover’s mons fast and furious. “Unghhh! Yes! Oh God, yes!”

Then a horrific spam wrenched Arya’s body hard her head jamming into furs and her hips lifting her tightening cunt up in love offering to Dany’s hot gobbling mouth and plunging fingers. Spasms deep in her womb and belly made her pussy feel like it was being clenched in a tightening vise. The teenager’s eyes squeezed tight shut with sweet pleasure building in her core. The tendons in her throat now tensed and jutting out her throat with her head jerking up off the furs now as her orgasm was on the precipice of ripping her womb to shreds deep in her belly.

The tension built and built. Arya’s head plopped back down onto the furs. Dany paused in her sucks and took a deep breath and then sucked with a deep throat love suck that was long and continuous. Arya’s eyes shocked wide open. Then her cunt exploded.

A loud piercing scream of agonizing pleasure was ripped from Arya’s throat as her head snapped up on a neck gone rigid her tendons out in stark relief again “AAAARRUUUUNNGGGGGG! OOOOOOWWWGGGGGG! AAAARRUUUNNGGGGGG!” the sixteen year screamed as her belly was ripped open and her cunt torn inside out scalding her veins with blistering excoriating fucking bliss. Dany slammed her hand in and out Arya’s immolating snatch her knuckles slamming into the cum slavered mound. "Aunnggghhh! Aaaunnggghhhhhhhhh!" Arya cried out. Horrible convulsions tore through her teenage body hammering her with fucking bliss. "Ohnggh! Unngghhnggghiieeee! Oh fucking godddsssssss unngghmmnniiieeee! Aunnggg! Unhhg! Oh! Unh! Unh! Ungh!"

Dany moaned around the clit she was now only lathing in her mouth as she felt the hot gushes of cum out Arya’s barely sixteen year old cunt. Her fingers felt the spasms ripping through her Wolfling’s spasming love hole. The heat and wetness on her fingers and palm felt heavenly to the Queen. The fuck slime soaking her hand showed the Queen that Arya was coming so hard for her. Arya’s body was repeatedly violently shook with her horrific orgasm that raked her beautiful teenage body.

Dany felt Arya’s body jolting continuously as her orgasm rolled on weakly only very slowly dissipating. She knew the time was perfect to deliver the perfect love kill. She pulled her fingers out her lover’s swollen cum filled pussy and scooted up quickly to hunch down over her lover’s groin. She flattened her cum soaked fingers and rubbed them fast and furious back and forth over Arya’s clit and slit pressing in hard. She jammed in with all her pure love.

Her blurring fingers churned engorged slimy wet labia lips and whiplashed Arya’s still diamond hard clit. Immediately Arya’s flooded cunt splattered and made rich watery squishy sounds and cum splattered like a fountain.

Dany smiled evilly down at Arya’s whose head shot up off the furs her eyes shocked with horrific ecstasy. She never had a chance as her cunt exploded violently again. Her pussy simply tore itself to shreds in violent convulsive spasms of dire fucking bliss.

" OHNNNGGGYYIIIEEEEEE! AAAARRUUUNNGGGGGG! AUUNGGHHH!
OHNNNGGGYYIIIEEEEE!" Arya screamed pummeled relentlessly by exploding waves of scalding spasms turning her pussy inside out. Her head now jerked up and slammed down on the furs in a paroxysm of womb rending bliss. Dany was in heaven rubbing Arya’s greasy cum soaked mound
knowing she was giving her lover such pure fucking bliss. Such soul binding pure love. It was this kind of intense hard fucking that was long and drawn out that truly bound two souls into one.

"Aaaaruuunggg! Mmmnhhiieee! Mmmngghhiieee! ... hnnn hnnnggg hnnnggg ... Onngghhh! Oh shit . . . yes! Ohhh . . . auungghhiieee!" Arya moaned, her body clenching and trembling as Dany now only lightly massaged her clit with her cum soaked palm. Dany then stopped as Arya went limp exhausted from hard gut wrenching cumming. Her legs and arms had been wildly scrabbling over the furs her elbows and heels kicking frantically into the furs were now limp and akimbo her legs spread out opening her drooling cunny like a Lysian whore. Her cunt dark red from cumming. Arya’s face, throat and upper chest scarlet from her orgasm. Her body simply soaked in sweat her hair dark and lank. Her eyes stared at the top of the tent unseeing.

She was softly weeping tears running down her cheeks. “I love you. I just love you” she softly husked out.

Dany moved up and saddled onto her lover’s side and ran her hands in Arya’s hair. She loved the idea of soaking Arya’s hair in her own cum. They usually had to wash out their hair in the morning and let the air dry it after the tangles had been combed out. The advantages of being Queen and high royal.

She held Arya tight and kissed her all over her face and neck cooing to her lover that she had her. That she would never let her go now that Arya had finally come into her life. She told Arya “I love with you with all my heart. I have since that day in the throne room. Your fire and fists captured my heart and soul.”

They snuggled. Then Arya started to kiss and suck on her neck softly. Dany felt the fire resurging again in her love aching cunt. She pushed Arya onto her back and got up straddling Arya’s face with her knees. Arya stared up at her hungrily. The fucking minx licking her lips with her pink tongue her cum smeared face so beautiful and her steel grey eyes throbbing.

“Eat me out bitch. You Queen needs servicing. If you keep sucking me off good whore I will fuck you with my dick when we return to King’s Landing. I will first pound your cunt so good and deep and then I will role you over and take that sweet tight asshole and make it mine. You will cum so had slut. You will beg to suck your ass off my black cock and have me lunge it balls deep into your tight cunt straight from your shithole you fucking cunt.”

“I wi—Aaaaruuuunggggg” Dany cried out with Arya shooting her head up off the furs the same time her arms looped over Dany’s strong thighs and pulled her down roughly onto her stabbing tongue. Arya stabbed her tongue deep up Dany’s cunny hole her lips locking on her cunt and sucking voraciously her tongue fluttering deep into her twat. “Ooohhh oh oh Uunnggggg! Oh babyyyyyyy—yeesssss you suck me do good baby!” Dany gurgled feeling Arya worm her tongue deep up into her so wet pussy.

Dany started to swirl her hips working her groin to grind her aching cunt down into the mouth devouring her quim. Arya used her grip on Dany’s legs to help pound her head up to spear her tongue again and again deep into her hot drooling cunt hole. Arya growled and sniffled deep in her chest as she slurped down sweet hot creamy cum flowing from Dany’s honey hole. Dany whinnied feeling Arya suck in her cunt pets and munched on them rolling them with her lips and licking aggressively the slimy folds.

Dany’s body jolted and jerked with the hot pulses shooting into her belly and into her limbs from Arya’s hot mouth on her pussy. Dany worried her lower lip rolling it with her teeth watching Arya devour her pussy. She was now riding Arya’s mouth her hips working forward and back grinding her twat over the Stark girl’s lashing tongue and sucking lips.
The Queen ran her hands hedonistically up and down her body. Dany loved to rub her calloused palms all over body. She loved the feel of her palms sliding over her sweaty belly, ribs and ribcage of her body. Those hands then riding up and cupping and hard squeezing her swollen breast and then working up to pinch and jerk her engorged light brown nipples making the Queen cry out with the hard pulses of pleasure this produced in her tits.

Then one hand still worked her tits back and forth while the other ran all over her neck and face ghosting over her skin filling her skin with pleasure. Then she ran those fingers through her sweaty lank hair enjoying the feel of her sweaty hair working through her fingers till the last strands had run through her sweaty fingers. Then the hand again stroked her face and throat like the slut she was.

Arya moved her head up and sucked in Dany’s clit and upper cunt deep into her mouth. Arya pumped here head pulling and stretching out Dany’s cunt meat. Then she spit out Dany’s pussy and gave it wet kisses that made sloppy wet noises and pulled her clit and lips out. The stretching and friction filling her pussy with aching pleasure. The white haired Queen stopped working her hips and settled down enjoying Arya devouring her sweet cunny.

Arya sucked the sweet cunt meat out and then would pull her back and lick the sweet red cunt meat aggressively with her long pink tongue licking rock hard shiny pink clit and deep pink inner lips. Then her head moved in to wet kiss and suck before pulling back to tongue lash with her flat tongue and then swiping with her fast side swiping tongue and then back to harsh pulling suck kisses.

"Oh gods . . . what you do to me with your mouth!" Dany gasped. "It feels so good! Shit, it feels so good, Arya! Ohnnnn! Yes!" Dany leaned back to put her hands back by Arya’s hips. The change in angle adding pressure to her belly and groin. She grimaced and chuffed feeling Arya swallow her clit deep into her hot sucking mouth her locked lips rolling her clit as Arya lashed it with her wet slapping tongue. "Oh gods, yes! … auunnggg hhnggg Fffffuccckkk! Unnggg hhhhnnn mnnnggg ohhh shit! Mnnnggggggg!" Dany moaned as she felt the first delicious spasms rising that were so much more in force and quickness deep in her belly.

Dany humped up and down her fingers clawed into the furs to keep her balance and grind her twat down into the mouth gobbling her hot drooling gash. Arya whimpered as she suck hard and lifted her head enough to wild tongue lick and slap Dany’s clit hard and then tongue lap again before swallowing deep into her mouth and locking her lips on Dany’s clitoral hood and rolling it while her tongue drilled the stiff throbbing nodule.

Dany was working her hips rolling her pussy over Arya’s mouth. Arya licked feverishly whimpering as she devoured succulent red sopping wet cunt meat. Dany felt her couchie spasming and clenching. She arched her back to grind her cunt harder into Arya’s hot sucking mouth now locked onto her clit and deep throat sucking. Dany reached down with her right hand and fisted Arya’s long hair to pull her face deeper into her pussy as the teen sucked and tongue raked the clit deep in her mouth. Dany groaned gutturally and cawed as her face twisted up and slashed horribly as sheer ecstasy flowed out her sucked twat.

The tension rose and rose. Her cunt was making wet obscene noises in Arya’s hot sucking mouth. Dany saw her nipples on her chest rock hard and dark pink brown and her chest and neck were flushed pink. Sweat rolled down off her face and ribs. Her tits swirled and jolted on her chest as she humped. Dany was humping desperately her back arched deep and her hand snap jerking to pull Arya’s hot sucking mouth tighter to her now spasming out of control snatch. Her cunt exploded.

“Uuuummmgghhhiiiiiiieeeeee! Mmmnnhhhhhhiiiiiiiiiiieeeeee! Nnnhhhhiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiieeee!” Dany screamed snapping her hips down to mash her exploding trim harder into the mouth devouring it. Horrific convulsions tore
through her body jolting her hard making her firm tits whiplash on her chest. The Valyrian kept jerking her hair knot she had fist ed in Arya’s hair up to keep Arya’s mouth glued to her exploding fuck hole. Arya had gripped Dany’s ass cheeks hard to keep Dany somewhat in place so she could continue to wolf suck on her love’s throbbing clit. "OOOOWWWWGGGG! Oooowwngng! Auuuooowwngghhh!" Dany shrieked, her whole body undulating in shockwaves of hard cumming.

Arya had moved her mouth now and sucked in hard on Dany’s cunny hole groaning hard swallowing mouth fulls of sweet delicious creamy cum. Her nose pressed into Dany’s clit jacking into it as she worked her mouth keeping her love suck tight on Dany’s cunt hole. Dany looked down her flexing belly watching her future wife nearly swoon slurping down Dany’s love juice.

Arya had lifted her head and tilted it forward as far as possible to keep her lip lock on Dany’s fuck hole drinking down each precious drop of cum she could. Gradually the spasms wracking Dany’s body weakened and her body sagged down and back as she laid down on the bed beside Arya her body shaking and convulsing with dying aftershocks. Dany felt Arya roll over and move up her body bringing up the sheet with her. Dany snuggled in as Arya pulled her sweat soaked body in close to hers. They kissed deep in languid love and they quickly dozed off in pure love snuggling into each other’s bodies.

Dany was in love. Pure and simple.

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The next morning as the sun started to approach the horizon Dany left her tent. Arya was just finishing her morning ablutions. Dany had woken up an hour before and had sucked Arya off three times back to back drinking down sweet hot cum. Her sweetie had cum so hard with loud shrieks and wild flips and jackknifes.

Arya had been a little groggy this morning as Dany washed her hair out and then combed it out for her lover. She had already done her morning rituals feeling so invigorated and fucking happy! Arya had felt so good pressed into her boobs and pussy as Dany combed out her hair and kissed her neck. If it had not for the fact they were marching to war she would have taken Arya again.

The Queen had a light step. She looked off to the north by east. There was a large corpse of tall pine trees. The sky was beginning to turn the light purple of before dawn. The air was filled with loud caws of waking crows and ravens. The birds waking up and announcing their desire for food and flight to each other. The tree looked alive as the black shapes in the boughs were milling around and flapping their wings limbering up for flight.

Other birds were just beginning to stir. The first black birds to take flight exploded up into the air but did not rise up. Instead the birds flew wild circles over the pine tree tops and some would go swooping down dodging in and out the outreached arms of the mighty tree limbs. The sound of raucous caws and quorks filled the air in a rising crescendo of a discordant symphony of riotous noises. Eddard and Oberyn had come to stand beside her. Together they watched the rookery coming fully awake.

“Damn fuckers are noisy!” Oberyn growled.

“You would think they would have some decorum” Daenerys snorted in reply.

“Oh puulleeaaaaazzzeeee” Eddard barked back at the two persons to his left. “You make more noise than that rookery and all the others in the North when you all fuck! … Look at these bags underneath my eyes! (pointing underneath his eyes with angry jabs of his index finger) I sleep on the other side
of the camp and I still hear you and Arya (looking at Daenerys with a glare) and you Oberyn are trying to wear out our champions from the South of the World (Oberyn was standing straighter—proud of himself) and my other daughter makes Margaery howl as if the furies of hell are after her ass and that interpreter of yours, Daenerys, screams as if she is having boiling oil poured on her! How can that small scribe of yours scream like that … for hours! I swear to the gods her left hand is going to fall off!"

Eddard glared at Oberyn and herself. Dany gave him her most innocent smile batting her eyelashes.

Oberyn looked at Eddard “You know if you would join us we could take care of that problem you are having with sleeping. We would wear you out and you would sleep like a happy babe. I know you are not bisexual but Ranrika and Ferna of the Haruchai are still at me to get you to join us. They both want me and Stannis holding them up with their arms and legs wrapped around us as we pound their cunts hard and bash their cervixes with our cocks and have you in between moving back and forth pounding their assholes in turn as we DP them standing. They both long to feel you cock shooting off hot loads of semen deep up their buttholes and then sucking your sperm out their slack assholes and off your still hard cock.”

Daenerys noticed in the lightening sky that Eddard somehow looked pale and blushing mightily at the same time. He stared at Oberyn aghast. He was fidgeting. “I think I hear Robb calling for me” Eddard said lamely turning to leave. Daenerys felt sorry for the prude. All you had to do to get the upper hand with the Warden of the North was start talking about hot and nasty sex. The man always folded like a house of cards hit by a gust of strong wind.

Oberyn followed him “Shapa the Manethrall and her cord Fohn told me last night they long to have you on your back on the furs in my tent and let them take turns riding your cock hard with their tight twats as the other is riding your face as you eat their pussy—you do like eating out a hot cunt don’t Eddard (Eddard started walking faster looking most agitated) their goal is to get you to lose control as they take turns changing positions and see whose womb you flood with your hot seed!”

Eddard was running now as Oberyn kept after laughing still giving him smut as Eddard retreated in defeat.

Daenerys felt Arya come up beside her. She felt her taller lover loop her arm around her waist and pull her to her body. Dany wiggled in. She loved having Arya pull her to her body. It comforted her. She wanted all to know she was Arya Stark’s mate. She had chosen her Queen.

“The crows and ravens are about to fly off for the days foraging” Arya announced softly. Dany gripped her love’s ass cheek. Arya’s was hers and wanted all to know. Those Haruchai and Ramen and her own Dothraki were a very randy people. She was making sure again and again that all realized that Arya belonged to her and her alone.

The Queen snorted seeing Eddard swatting at Oberyn who was trying to grip his arm to make further points about all the great sex he was missing. Eddard rushed into his tent. Oberyn followed him but his body came flying back out a few seconds later. He stumbled and turned laughing as he catcalled into the tent. The flap of the tent was snapped shut.

“Don’t take this wrong way my love but I am happy you are not an uptight prude when it comes to sex like your father.”

“Me too Dany! My father is just old fashion I fear. My mother plays it close to the vest herself but she has hinted that my father has become more adventurous of late. Maybe we are influencing my father in a good way.” She hugged Dany to her body. “He has a long way to go though” Arya told her lover waggling her eyebrows.
The two women turned to look at the rookery. The black birds now were fully awake and the cacophony of their calls filled the air. More and more of the birds were flying around the corpse of trees. They were waiting for more of their brothers and sisters to awake and take flight. They seemed to be waiting for some critical mass to be met. The birds had formed a cone above the tree stand and more were flying wildly around the corpse. It was amazing how fast they flew and the way they flew in between the limbs of the boughs. The birds whirling the air tightly packed together in their wild flights. How they did not collide into each other the Queen had no idea.

The air was screaming with the birds now. It reminded Dany of the black birds that had come to her aid at the Tree of Life. She gave the birds a silent prayer of thanks.

As the two watched, some balance was crossed. The birds still in the trees were flying straight up out of the trees. The cyclone above the corpse of trees unraveled with the back birds flying off in all directions initially before coalescing to a road in the sky. Their wings striking a furious beat. They gained altitude and crying wildly they formed a highway in the sky of black shapes heading to the west. The birds looked like black bricks in the sky forming a road a hundred yards wide in the sky. For ten minutes the birds took flight and headed off to feed. The sight was only nature at work and yet it had a mystical touch to it.

When the last of the birds had departed Arya turned to Dany and kissed her deeply and sweetly. It was a kiss of love and possession. Dany pressed into Arya’s relaxing. She loved having her lover being a warrior. Yes, indeed, Arya was the perfect lover.

“We will be at the Wall in eight days Arya. We will meet our destiny there”

Arya looked down at her “I know. I can’t wait to test myself Dany. I want to challenge myself against your foes. I will strike them down for you Dany.”

“I know you will” Dany told Arya. She fretted for the danger that Arya faced but she knew that Arya would chaff at any mention of this. Dany kept her peace. She had wanted a warrior Queen at her side and she had her wish. Now she had to let her love fight by her side. She knew that Arya held the same concern for her in return. She pulled her love closer.

The camp was breaking and the horses prepared to be ridden. The Giants were already up and laughing and jesting as was their want. Dany had never seen a people who were so ready to laugh and always have a smile on their face. She saw them standing together with their armor on except for the two male giants who were the first captain and navigator of the ships the Giants had ridden on their quest to the shores of Westeros.

Dany had wondered if the male Giants would be useful in a fight. That was until she had seen them fight the Haruchai. Like the Haruchai they eschewed weapons. Daenerys had asked their captain Saltheart Starchaser why they did not use weapons like the woman of the Search. He had looked at her strangely with a glint in his eyes. “We are not warriors. Our muscles are sculpted for working the tiller and sail rigging. We rely on our fists. What more do we need?”

The Queen had smiled politely all the while thinking oh, I don’t know … maybe armor, shield and a weapon.

The two men were not as well muscled as the women not working constantly on their strength and conditioning. They were lean and mean Dany thought looking at them. Still she had expected complete defeat in combat. They were not Haruchai after all.

That was until she had watched the male Giants spar with the Haruchai. What the male Giants lacked in raw strength they made it up with speed. They did not have a hundred pounds of armor on
their bodies. They were somehow lightning fast. Daenerys was shocked at how such large bodies could move so fast and with such fluidity.

The Haruchai and the male Giants attacked each other with reckless abandon. The Giants met their attacks head on. The Giants had the size and strength to contend with the Haruchai. The Giants were able to catch many of the attacks that were launched up at them. The Swordmainnir let their armor accept the blows of the Haruchai to get them in range of their swords. The sailors would attempt to catch the Haruchai when they launched themselves at the sailors. The Haruchai with their total control of their bodies would twist and go with the Giants momentum to not let the Giants grapple with them.

That was the goal of the Haruchai and yet still the Giant sailors had been actually able to catch a limb or loop an arm around a torso. Of course this brought them within range of Haruchai’s fists and feet and vice versa.

Dany had gasped along with Arya when the Giants and Haruchai landed blows on each other. The Giant’s blows could shatter granite but the Haruchai were so fast they always parried and rolled with the punches. As a rule but there were exceptions. The sound of fists and feet that were not dodged striking flesh was like sledgehammers striking boulders. The Haruchai would be covered in bruises and swollen contusions that they ignored and the Giants had their bruises on their faces and shiners around their eyes which they equally ignored.

Dany had formed a whole new opinion of the Giant sailors.

The Direwolves came running in with the rising sun. The three Direwolves on the prowl at night with local wolf packs. They would communicate with the lesser wolves and they would spread out and range about the perimeter. If anything had been found untoward the Dirwolves would let their humans know of the danger. There had been none.

The Ranyhyn also ran along the perimeter always on search for any danger. The mighty horses were able to doze while they stood or even walked slowly the Ramen told them. Their Haruchai riders on alert as the mighty horses dozed.

This allowed the Haruchai to stand down at night with only three or four out riding with the Ranyhyn adding their preternatural senses to the watchful defense of the camp.

Dany had to smirk. This definitely made Stannis, Renly and Oberyn happy. The Haruchai and Ramen had seemed to form a close bond with the men.

As Dany thoughts ran along those lines she saw Ranrika and Ferna come out of Stannis’s tent hand in hand. They shared a quick kiss and moved away from the camp with the rest of Haruchai. As one the Haruchai who would form the patrol picket raised their hands to their mouths and in succession gave three long whistles. As the echo of the last whistle was still dying in the calm air the sound of mighty hooves could be heard striking the ground. The sun was just cresting the line of the Earth.

The mighty horses were coming in from the gloom of the West. Their dark shapes taking form out of the lessening shadows. The sun struck their white stars that were on each horse’s forehead. Dany heard Arya gasp and she felt a rush herself. The rising sun’s rays caught the star on the horses’ heads and seemed to catch fire and literally glow with promises of fidelity. The horses thundered across the grasslands and came to a stop before the Haruchai they had chosen to bear.

They had seen this many times now and it still made one’s heart beat louder in one’s chest. The horses were simply beautiful to behold as they charged into the camp to accept their riders.
They had heard the tales from the Ramen how the Haruchai and Lords would travel to the plains of Ra that lay between Andelain and Mount Thunder. The Ranyhyn would come to consider those seeking to ride them. The riders would be chosen by a Ranyhyn. Or maybe they would not be. It was a sad event to not be chosen. It had torn marriages apart between Lords of Revelstone when one was chosen and not the other. Only the Ranyhyn knew what they saw in a person that made them worthy to be borne by that Ranyhyn.

In all the history of the Land and the Haruchai in it, they had never been refused. Sometimes a Lord may have two or three Ranyhyn consider them. The mighty horses almost seeming to debate who among them would have the honor of taking the Lord as their rider. Only Ur-lord Thomas Covenant had had more Ranyhyn offer their services to him. The Ramen still spoke in awe when nearly one hundred Ranyhyn came to offer him his service and he had refused. The man was revered to this day for refusing their offer of fealty.

Now the Queen saw the fealty of the mighty horses for herself yet again. The tall powerful horse pawed the Earth and shook their heads their manes jerking behind their heads. The horses moved forward and nuzzled their riders. The Haruchai petted their steeds for a brief moment and then bowed deeply and sprung onto the Ranyhyn’s backs.

As one the magical horses wheeled around and were flying off to the four points of the compass running furiously to set the picket around the traveling company. Every morning it was thus.

The Queen had gone to the tent that Lord Lustra shared with her Bloodguard Brail five nights past. She had gone and eaten a light meal with Arya by her side. She noticed that both women now wore rings on their right thumbs that they did not have when last she saw their hands. She smiled at that. The Queen could not wait to give Arya her wedding ring.

She had told the Lord and the leader of the Haruchai that they did not need to keep sending out their patrols. This close to the Wall the Queen had established corridor on each side of the King’s Road. The closer to the Wall the wider the corridor of protection. There would be no ambushes of the columns this close to the Wall. She had over ten mercenary companies on each side of the King’s Road in two flanking columns one thirty miles out and one eight miles.

Brail had listened to all this. She had looked at Lustra. Dany felt that the Lord could now communicate to her new wife this close to her. She wondered how long it would before Lustra had the gift of the full mind speech of the Haruchai.

“We know caution” the Haruchai spoke flatly. “We will not shirk our responsibility to protect the Lord of Revelstone and the Queen of Westeros and Essos. We have pledged our very lives with your protection. We will do our utmost to ensure that trust. We have done thus and will continue in our duty.”

“Do you not worry that you wear yourselves down with this relentless vigilance.”

The Lord chuckled. “You do not know the Haruchai well yet Daenerys Targaryen. They have not begun to test the limits of their strength or endurance. Do not worry with the diligence of their efforts to protect us. If we find time someday in the future I will regale you with stories of the mighty accomplishments of the Haruchai.” Lustra leaned into Brail and snuggled in. The stoic woman snaked her arm around the Lord and held her in a possessive clench to her body.

Dany was not sure but she swore she saw a ghost of a smile on the taciturn woman’s face “The Lord … Lustra exaggerates our mettle. We merely strive to the limit of our strength to perform our duties. Thus it was when we first came to the Land and challenged High Lord Kevin to combat. He could have annihilated us with no effort but instead welcomed us with open arms. As did the Ramen,
Ranyhyn and Giants. We learned the wonders of the Land. We still strive to be worthy.”

Lustra did smile softly and openly at her new wife. “That your people have done again and again and will do so to the end of time.” The Queen had left their tent satisfied. She would accept the full measure of the Haruchai’s service.

Daenerys watched the Ranyhyn disappear into the distance as they added their senses to the forces warding the column.

The Ramen took off a fast loop. They too patrolled though the Lord told them they were just out of sight. They scouted the way ahead making sure all was safe for the horses of the column.

The Queen liked the service that these Ramen felt towards the Ranyhyn and their own horses. They were always with her Dothraki tenders working to feed the horses that needed additional nutrition of oats or barley. They curried their coats and worked to make sure their hooves were in prime condition.

The Ramen were fierce warriors in their own right with their cords that they formed garrotes with to break a foe’s neck and limbs and to use the knots in their ropes to bash in skulls and break bones. They did not have the raw granite like strength of the Haruchai but they were as strong as any warrior and had an endurance that no man or woman of Westeros or Essos could match. They could range all day and still not be truly tired. The Queen knew they too had been touched by this Earthpower that seemed to infuse all that came from the Land in the Southern hemisphere.

The Queen noticed that the Ramen had a plethora of Dothraki suitors. She liked that. That dissipate people could bond with their common love of horses. The Ramen for the most part ignored the overtures having already found companionship with Stannis and Oberyn. They did bring back Dothraki to the tents that the two men shared. Of course the men were more than happy to invite the mainly Dothraki women who were the main tenders of horses in camp. In their culture this freed the warriors to focus on their duties as warriors and defenders of the Khalasar and of their Khaleesi.

The Dothraki women especially were forming permanent pairings. Sometimes with men but usually with women. The Dothraki women were powerful personalities and many women from Westeros were falling under their sway most willingly. The Dothraki reveling in being dominate in their new unions. They knew the Queen would defend these same sex marriages and were anxiously forming unions with willing women looking to be loved and pampered and protected without having males dominate and try and crush their will.

The new pairs openly necking and feeling each other up out in public. Daenerys smiled seeing this. The Dothraki women knew their Khaleesi’s desires for the female flesh. They knew in her army they were free to pursue their true heart’s desire. Their county men leaving them be. The will of the Khaleesi was paramount to the horse riders of the Dothraki Sea. Daenerys and Arya would watch the women getting all worked up and rushing off to their tents to start their lovemaking. The two smiled at each other loving all the new lesbian pairings they were witnessing.

Both parties highly satisfied with their unions. The Queen liked making it possible and protecting these fledgling new unions of woman with woman. To Daenerys Targaryen it seemed natural. She would fight to preserve this new way of thinking. Westeros needed to change in many ways. She wondered how much resistance she would receive. Having the High Lords so closely aligned with her and being so open now in their thinking she had great hopes.

She knew she would meet resistance but had she not crushed all resistance in the past? She would do so in the future.
Soon the column was mounted and again moving north to the next way point on the King’s Road. After tonight it would be only one more week till she was at the Wall. There the fate of Westeros and maybe the entirety of the world would be decided.

Dany knew their victory was assured. She had assembled an overwhelming force. She was prepared to meet the Ice King at Castle Black. Legend had it he died at that spot and he would be drawn back to the spot of his defeat and death to avenge his previous death at that same site.

But, if she was wrong she had strong garrisons at the other forts along the Wall. They would delay and harass the enemy till she could bring her main army to bear against the enemy if they did attack elsewhere. She knew the Ice King had an aerial threat. Once she brought it down her three dragons would be free to attack the vast hordes of the dead that the Ice King had raised. She would have them attack the Others to reduce their ranks. With Dragon Glass and iron arrows to break the Ice Wrights ice armor her warriors would take care of the Ice Wrights.

She would have plenty of time to burn them down and deprive the Ice King of his vast numerical superiority. With the copious amounts of dragon glass tipped weapons the dead would fall in droves.

Yes her victory was assured. She was already concerned with the aftermath. She was the Queen of Westeros but that ended at the Wall. That had been the tradition. Jon Snow had changed that. He had given the traditional Gifts of the Crows to the Wildlings. Many of the Lords especially those of the North were not happy with this. Though the land was abandoned and not in active use the Lords did not like the idea of lifetime enemies being gifted land near them.

For millennium the Wildlings had raided the South. They would steal livestock and sometimes young adults or teens to become wives and husbands captured in their ‘hunt’ they seemed to use to claim a mate. There was time to time skirmishes and a few outright wars. Still all in all the fight between the Lords of Westeros and the Wildling were more fiction and history than a current problem.

Dany thought that once the Ice King was put down, that most of the Wilding would choose to return to the homes of their births. She had been an exile from Westeros from her birth and yet she had felt the land of her birth calling to her. So it would be with the vast majority of the Wildlings. She would let them go freely.

She had decided to honor the traditional boundary between the North above the Wall and Westeros. She would not try to extend her rule further north than the Wall. This boundary had been honored for over eight thousand years and she would honor it still. The wildlings had been greatly reduced in numbers from the predations of the Ice King and his forces and there battles with the crows. She would not take advantage of that.

The Queen felt no need to conquer the whole world. She had formed the need to end the slave trade in her youth and had made it happen. The only way to impose her will was to conquer and then rule the Slave States. The Dothraki were a force of destruction and offered nothing of value to civilization. She had had to bring them to task. She could not allow such senseless destruction and slaughter of innocents to continue.

She did not want to break the Dothraki but their carnage of innocents would come to an end. They did not even put to use the loot they plundered from the civilizations they ransacked. Those statues and arches from destroyed cities sitting like obscene obelisks on the road to Vaes Dothraki were a travesty. No more would she allow that. In her time, Kiserri would not allow it.

She had formed alliances with those civilizations and cultures that valued peace and building up instead of destroying. The kingdoms of Yi Ti, the Summer Islands and the Kingdom of Leng had
gladly signed peace and mutual support treaties with the Queen. She would do so with the Wildlings. She would work with them. The Wildling wanted to live in peace and to have enough to live well and know their children could grow up safe and well cared for.

Some though would want to settle in the Gift of Brandon and the New Gift. These unpopulated lands could easily accept the numbers that would want to settle there. She thought maybe ten or fifteen percent would want to stay. That would only number several thousand at most. That would still leave this vast amount of land thinly populated.

Daenerys had an idea she had shared with Eddard. He had smiled hearing it.

Eddard’s Stark idea of creating “nature preserves” in the Sand Hills and the Barrowlands had fired the Queen’s imagination. She had admired that Jon Snow had allowed the Giants of the North to come south beyond the Wall along with the Wildlings.

These Giants were not like the Giants from the Land. Those Giants were just as human as her but easily twice to nearly two and half times her height. They were proportioned in limbs and torso as her just on a grander scale. They were as advanced technological and culturally as any other race of men.

Not so the Giants of the North. These giants were generally about ten to twelve feet in height. The giants of the north generally a few feet shorter in stature than the Giants of the Land. That was where the similarity ended. They were capable of great feats of strength. They were covered by a shaggy pelt of fur that was thicker below their waists than above. The fur of older giants became grey and streaked with white. Their heads were thrust forward from their shoulder blades. They had squashed-in faces with square teeth and tiny eyes amidst folds of horny flesh. Their eyesight was poor and they snuffled constantly, smelling as much as they saw.

The giants of the North had sloped chests, and their lower torsos were about half again as wide as their upper torsos. Their arms hung lower than a man's, while their legs were shorter than their arms, ending in splayed and horny feet that needed no shoes even in the coldest weather. The female giants looked similar to the men.

These giants also differed from the Land Giants in that they did not use much technology. They wielded huge clubs that were often no more than logs, though some did tie boulders to the end to make crude mauls. They rode mammoths as steeds. They spoke the Old Tongue of the First Men. Songs of the wildlings tell that giants were at one time more plentiful, but they were hunted by men and driven from their stone halls. Now in this time it was said that there were only several hundred remaining. Giants do not have kings, but Mag the Mighty was considered their greatest warrior at this time.

She had read that the giants of the North once had stone hall but they had been ruined. She would rebuild them for the Giants as payment for past sins. It would not expunge those sins but it would help to begin to make a new better future. A future of peace and not warfare between the two sides of the Wall.

Dany had read all this from the reports that Jon Snow had sent south to bring the new Queen up to speed on events at the Wall and beyond.

It was this last part that she intended to remedy. She would bring the Maesters of the Citadel to study why the Giants, Direwolves and Mammoths were dying out. She was sure most of it was predation by man which Eddard was going to put a stop to and she would enforce this across Westeros. She hoped to make contact with the First People and make peace with them and help Eddard in restocking Westeros with Weirwood trees and create Godswoods to allow the First People to again
live below the Wall.

The Queen would learn what the giants of the north needed to survive and thrive. The same would be done with the Mammoths, Direwolves, Cave Bears, Shadow cats, and Sabre tooth cats. The Maesters would study the creatures and their environs and devise policies to promote their restoration.

She thought that the North above wall would be a perfect place to help restock the animals that had been depleted bellows the wall. She figured the animals adapted to the cold of the North would not thrive below the Wall if they were in conflict with man. But maybe in the Gifts they could survive and thrive if protected. The climate was basically the same as above the Wall. She planned on asking the Wildlings who decided to stay to become wardens of this preserve. Here man and the wildlife would live in harmony.

The Wildlings knew how to live as one with nature. They would be natural wardens. They would quickly learn the ways of the wild predatory and large herbivores of more southern climes. Maybe the Gifts could be used as their preserves to breed the animals threatened by man to increase their numbers to be released back into the wild. The Queen would work with Eddard, the Maesters and the Wildings to start forming a strategy.

She knew that many nobles, lords and rich businessmen and merchants and their families would pay good money to see wildlife they could never see in their own lands currently. She had plans of establishing a thriving tourist trade in Essos. She planned in studying the wildlife of Essos and see what could be done on that continent to preserve the wildlife and the traditions of all its people.

She would require the wildlings south of the Wall to pay taxes and pledge allegiance to the Warden of the North. Eddard had told her he had no need for them to bend the knee to him. He would only require that they rise in defense of the North from any invasion. The Queen was of the same mind. She would establish trade with the Wildlings and open cultural attaches.

She knew that in time the Wildlings would be absorbed into the Houses of Westeros. She knew that over the generations of intermarriage the divisions would slowly disappear. Of course some of Westeros would take the Wilding way. She was not worried. The cultural interchange would invigorate both cultures. The land above the Wall would remain a bastion of Wilding culture.

She would work tirelessly once she found what the native giants needed to increase their numbers. She would task Maesters to fully master their language and study their culture. She would use her resources to rebuild their stone halls and gift it to them. She would rebuild their numbers and it would become a high crime to assault the giants. The direwolf, shadow and sabre cats and cave hyenas and bears would be protected.

Eddard hoped to reintroduce them into the Gifts. Robb fully planned to carry on his father’s plans. The ecotourism that this would bring would bring Golden Dragons and trade to the North. It would establish new industries to support the wildlife and the tourists that would be visiting. Once the wildlife had value to the people they could see and understand how the wildlife could bring prosperity to them and their children. The people would come to cherish and protect the wildlife.

Dany could not wait to build up the wildlife of Westeros as she planned. This in turn would allow her to improve the lives of her common subjects who lived in small farms and holdfasts in the less traveled and populated areas of Westeros. They had been neglected long enough.

She had done enough destroying to last a lifetime she deemed. Now she wanted to rebuild and make wealth for the common man. She mused on such things as the column marched ever north to the Wall.
The morning march was easy and the air had warmed slightly. They had a meal of way bread and beef jerky washed down with invigorating spring water.

On the afternoon march her mind tuned to what else awaited her at the Wall. The now revealed heritage of Jon Snow or was it Stark or maybe Targaryen. Dany shook her head. Arya had ridden ahead to chide Nymeria who was barking furiously at Oberyn. The man had come up with some wire construction that held this spear up on his head crossways. He did not have to use his hands to keep it up on his head. This freed the Red Viper to heap scorn down on the highly frustrated and pissed off Direwolf.

Nymeria was throwing a fit currently. Nymeria could jump up high enough to get the spear but she had to crouch down to launch herself up and this gave Oberyn time to duck his head to the right or left. This tilted the spear on Nymeria’s side up high to keep his spear out of the reach of the Direwolf’s snapping jaws. It was driving the poor wolf mad with frustration. She would make a handful of wild leaps up to get the spear but come up empty.

These failures would send the wolf into a fit of wild barking and slaver flinging everywhere. Arya was placating the mad wolf. The wolf slowly calmed down. Oberyn then tilted his head over and brought his spear haft down. The wolf went mad again with the temptation again nearly within reach. Nymeria simply had to try and get Oberyn’s spear in her greedy jaws. Oberyn tilted his head back up and back with the wolf missing again. Oberyn’s laugh of derision sent the wolf into yet another fit of wild anger and half crazed flips and twists in the air.

Arya gave up and came back with a big smile on her face. Dany felt her heart go pitter patter hard in her chest seeing that smile. She was so in love with Arya.

She kept delaying telling Arya the true linage of Jon Snow. Why did he have to be her nephew! Why!

She did not care. Eddard Stark did not care. Jon Snow did not care. Daenerys had inquired of Eddard, Arya and Sansa about Jon and his manners and demeanor. She had sent ravens to King’s Landing asking Tyrion, Varys and Olenna to see what their spies had to say. The reports all came back the same.

Jon Snow was like Robb Stark. He was a very good copy of his father. He had taken two wives. The ShadowBender witches of Asshai. Two redheads. This assured Dany. Starks tended to want to pair off with one mate. Jon had done that except with two wives. Well, Sansa was the exception to the rule and brother what an exception.

Yes, Daenerys was sure that Jon would only want to love his two wives. She had met the two witches. They were obviously lesbian lovers and totally in love with Jon Snow too. They would not even allow him to have the thought of marrying or lying with Daenerys. She shivered what they might do with their shadow powers. She had sensed their power when they showed the Lords of the South the truth of the Ice King and again when they helped save Catelyn Stark from death with her pregnancy.

How could you fight shadows that could morph and change shape and yet had the power of a raging bull in the rut. She had heard enough tales to know those shadows could take enough substance to rend and tear men literally apart. Their parts found all over a room. Or bodies hacked and pierced by shadow weapons. The Queen shivered. Yes. Jon was spoken for and he knew it. Anyways he was a Stark. He had bonded with the two women on a soul deep level.

Still, she knew how people thought. Many would want her to lie with Jon to have an heir of pure Valyrian descent as possible to be heir to the Iron Throne. She rejected that idea out of hand. She
had her heir and her name was Kiserri. The history of the Targaryens was not good when there had been more than one possible heir to the throne. With only Kiserri that would be one less problem with succession.

Also, even if she was not barren she would greatly hesitate to lay with Jon to produce an heir. With the last of the heirs of House Targaryen it seemed that it was a fifty-fifty proposition on the insanity card. Her father had been mad. Rheagar had not. Viserys had been mad and she was not. The way she reasoned it, the next child was due to have the burden of insanity dealt them.

No, Daenerys Targaryen thought. It was time for the line of Targaryen to come to an end. She would never sleep with anyone other than Arya Stark. She had found her Queen and would never allow another to touch her, especially a man. She had enough of that a lifetime ago in Essos.

She could not understand why people were so worried about lineage anyways. She knew that heritage was important but how one was raised was more important in her thinking. Kiserri would be a great Queen because she and Arya would raise her to be strong, brave and compassionate.

Yes, she needed to tell Arya the full truth of Jon’s linage. She still had time though. She would tell Arya just before they reached the Wall.

Dany was in heavenly bliss with Arya as her lover and fellow warrior. She knew how intense and honorable Arya could be. She did not want any conflict with Arya as long as she could put it off. Dany had come to think of her time Arya since their coupling as a sweet honeymoon. They were so happy and compatible.

Dany knew she had nothing to fear really but she did not want any conflict with Arya for as long as possible. She had wasted too many precious months worrying and fretting when she should have taken Arya to her bed and made Arya her lover and future wife from the beginning.

Yes, she would tell Arya when they approached the Wall. Why put a fly in the ointment when everything was going so well. She looked over at Arya who was talking to her father who had ridden his horse to be beside his daughter so they could converse. She looked at the daughter and father. She had seen the other siblings of Arya and they tended to favor their mother. Not Arya. She was of the North through and through. Honor was breed into all the children of Eddard Stark but its most pure reflection was in his daughter Arya Stark.

She had read that Jon Snow looked like the North also. He had the same caste of the face as his father and same color hair and eyes. Jon was a man of honor. She would have no problem with one Jon Snow. He had his own mates and he truly loved them. Starks were honorable beyond compare.

Dany looked over at Arya and then up at her standard flapping in the breeze. The three headed dragon. It made sense then. Three siblings marrying each other. Two for love and one for duty. That dynamic in time had caused conflict and strife. No more Daenerys thought. In this generation the dragon would only have two heads. She would actively oppose all other voices. She figured she would have enough battles to fight with equal primogeniture and total equality for all gays and the right for homosexuals to marry. She would let the right to marry one’s sister and or brother for another queen.

Dany satisfied with her thoughts breathed the cold air deep into her lungs. She shivered. The cold did not affect the Queen. Her hot blood kept her warm. She was not immune to it like she was to fire but the heat of her blood allowed her ride with only a light tunic on where all others were riding with furs and multiple layers of woolen clothes.

Her three dragons flew overhead. Tomorrow they would fly north again to see that once more the
Ice King was not moving. She shook her head. Her dragons were like their mother. They too relished the cold of the north. Their great heat warmed them easily. They were seeking out great snow banks to lie in and let the melting snow cool their heated scales. She supposed it was the equivalent of Northerners going south to “soak up the rays” in the south of Westeros.

She would worry about the blasted Ice King sitting on his frozen ass tomorrow. Today she would enjoy the clean Northern air and the feel of the sun on her skin. She saw her dragons now high in the air lazily flying the thermals. The sun glinted off their mighty scales putting out multicolored glints of radiant light.

“They are so beautiful Dany.”

The Queen turned to look at Arya. She was looking up at her dragons with that childlike wonder she had shown at Winterfell.

Yes. Daenerys Targaryen had chosen most wisely.

Ygritte

The wind seemed to always blow in from the North now. The wind while not a northeast gale from off the Shivering Sea was still biting. It was steady blow that always blew with the scent of evil on it. The air was thick with it. It bit at the skin like an angry dog. Ygritte looked down the Wall and looked at the crows and her former countrymen. They did not smell the evil that clung to the wind as it blew in from the top of the world. Of course they didn’t. They were not a ShadowBender witch.

The evil was close. She could feel it but her senses did not find the Ice King though she was sure he was near. She read the reports the Queen sent to Jon on her dragons’ reconnaissance flights over the Fist of the First Men. The enemy was still there and yet her instincts said he was upon them. She sent out her senses but picked up nothing. She would have felt the Ice King was near. She was sure of it. She was unsettled with the war her intellect and intuition said was nearly upon them.

It was strange to Ygritte to have her instinct and intellect at war with each other. Ygritte had been in the enemy’s camp. With Melisandre she had seen the Ice King and his minions up close. Maybe that was swaying her thoughts. She was afraid. She could admit it. His army of the dead was vast and since it was dead it could not be killed a normal death again. She took a deep breath and a grim smile settled on her features. They had a surprise for their foe. Dragon Glass. Lots and lots of Dragon Glass.

Ygritte wore a light cloak over her full length dress that she wore now. She no longer wore the leggings and blouse tops with vests and fur coats that she once did. Ygritte only felt the biting cold as a nuisance. She was immune largely to the cold that blew in from the North. It only nipped at her heels where the Crows and her former countrymen felt its full bite. The Wildlings who knew her when she was one of them whispered behind her back. “Witch … unnatural … evil … working of the darkness” she heard the words spoken in fear.

People always were afraid of what they did not understand and of people that had great strength and power within them. She and Melisandre were both powerful witches. She smiled out into the night. The Wildlings were very liberal as a people. They were proud of their libertarian views. All were allowed to find their own meaning to life as long as they did not harm others. And yet, still, when confronted by the unknown and seemingly unknowable the same old human fears and frailties reared their ugly head.
Sad was the human condition Ygritte mused to herself. Fear was a powerful motivator. Both for bad and for good. Still, her former people in many ways optimized the best in the human spirit. Like their acceptance in the right to choose a mate of your own choice. There was none of the battering and selling off of women as chattel as done below the wall. Ygritte felt her face scowl. Below the Wall women could not even truly conceive of charting their own destiny.

Hopefully, Daenerys Targaryen would begin to change that. She loved how the Wildlings cared not a wit for one’s choice in a mate.

Many choose same sex partners and no one cared. She had won Melisandre by the “right” of the “hunt”. She smiled broader. She had also captured with Melisandre by her side the Lord Commander of the Crows with another “hunt”. She had done very well for herself she thought smugly. She had both a beautiful wife and a handsome husband. The witch stood just a little straighter thinking such thoughts.

She had spent nineteen years of her life as a Wildling but to her those were distant memories now. Her home was not in foothills of the Frostfangs Mountains anymore. The images she saw in her sleep were of Asshai and the Morn Mountains. She loved the land of her birth with its dark skies and the dark fog rolling in off the mountains with magic pulsing in each droplet of water. The dark city and its dark streets.

She remembered the city of her birth. She remembered how Asshai was often called "the Shadow". A city that had always existed and always would. She had loved those shadows. It helped give rise to the witches who practiced the dark arts. She had been so lonely though. The people of Asshai were a tall and perfect race. Melisandre was living proof of that. Tigreti had not been that. Ygritte snorted at her old self. What was that saying, she searched her memory to call it up ‘the exception that proved the rule.’ She was short and her teeth not perfect and face not beautifully formed like others of her people.

It had set her apart from her people but it had also opened her heart to seeing that maybe power was in and of itself not a means that justified its use. Maybe in following R’hlloor one should not be dogmatic. Melisandre had forgotten that in their long separation. She was learning those lessons again. Thinking of her wife fondly brought memories of their first encounter.

When she had taken Melony under her wing she had thought simply that she had taken in a disciple that would leave her as she sought her own truths as ShadowBender witches were want to do. Instead her beautiful student had taken her as her lover. Ygritte still shivered at that thought after all these centuries later. Why the beautiful and more accomplished witch had wanted her she never knew. Ygritte only knew she had and that was enough.

Then they had come for Melisandre and she had given her life to save her wife. She had gladly done it. The Wildling had lost her true self until she was awaken to her true self when Melisandre saved her from the crows. Of course Melisandre had meant to have Jon kill her. Melisandre had forgotten her. She could understand why. It had been over two thousand years since her death. The shock and grief of her death had caused Melisandre to bury those idyllic memories of their shared time together.

The people of Asshai did not believe in reincarnation. Nor did the Wildlings. For Melisandre the death of Tigreti had been the closing of a chapter of her life.

Ygritte looked out over the ancient forest thinking on her past still. Thank the gods Melisandre had chosen to love her. Her life had no longer been alone. She was changed and yet the same. She was both Ygritte and Tigreti. Now instead of a wife she had both a wife and husband. Again with a smug satisfaction the witch thought she had wanted both and taken both. As it was meant to be she
preened to herself.

She was reincarnated Tigreti. She still went by Ygritte but she was Tigreti in her heart and soul. No. That was not quite true. She was still Ygritte deep in her bones. She was both now. The past and present at peace with each other.

She remembered looking in the fires in the cabin Melisandre had taken her too. Her memories came flooding back. Their shared love instantly took root in her heart and bloomed in her soul. She had her wife back! She had been given a second chance to love her tall dark brooding woman!

The stubborn witch had refused at first to acknowledge her own awakening memories. This of course pissed off the fiery redhead. She was no longer simply Tigreti. She was also Ygritte and she would not be denied. She may be a ShadowBender witch once more but she still was part Wildling deep down. She had most enjoyed her “hunt” and taking Melisandre as her lover.

Gods her woman still tasted so sweet when her cunt exploded in her mouth or how Melisandre’s asshole felt when it pinched her tongue so hard when she rammed her tongue in deep. Melony had been a slut in bed and it had taken a short while for Melisandre to remember her true self. Now the woman was again the slut Ygritte sweetly remembered.

Then of course Melisandre had still known nothing! She had determined to throw herself on Jon’s sword to become Nissa Nissa. Silly woman! Jon Snow had figured out a much better way. A pure way to become Azor Ahai. Ygritte felt very smug looking out over the tall sentential pines that were the first brothers of the Haunted Forest. As a Wilding she had captured the heart of Jon Snow. She was not about to relinquish that love now that she had Melisandre again in her heart and her bed. Jon Snow was slow but her sweet Melisandre had been even more daft.

She still chuckled remembering the look on Melisandre’s face. She had fallen to her knees with her bosom exposed to take Longclaw into her heart so it would become Lightbringer. Jon had already transformed it with the strength of will and raw desire. Melisandre had been so blind in her duty to sacrifice herself she had not seen the blade’s transformation. She had been so melodramatic her head thrown back crying out her need to sacrifice herself.

She had looked so cute looking confused when she opened her eyes and seeing she was alone. Her head swiveling around looking for them. She had been bleating about destiny and some such. She knew nothing! It had been even cuter watching her histrionics in trying to convince them to kill her so Jon could become what he had already become. They had taken her in their cabin. There they had fucked Melisandre bowlegged! She saw the light after that along with plenty of stars from coming so hard in her mouth and on Jon’s cock!

Ygritte wanted the war over with and the Ice King once more bound to the Earth. Azor Ahai had taken the carcass of the physically dead body of the Ice King to the far north. There he had buried his magical sword into the icy cold bog through the body of the Ice King. There he left the buried the Ice King in his icy grave. His body pinned in his icy grave with the force of Lightbringer. Someone had removed the sword long ago or the Ice King would still be trapped. The sword had disappeared from the historical record.

Jon’s new sword would do the same in this time. Better yet they would find a way to truly kill the foul fucker for good this time. They would be free then to chart a new path.

Ygritte planned to take her wife and husband to the Sandhills and make a life there away from man. Melisandre was a loner and Jon had had his fill of the Crows. He wanted away from men and their ability to do evil. His Stark nature would never fully forgive his brothers for his attempted murder. Ygritte had no connection any more with her Wildling brethren. She only wanted to be with her
wife and husband and lead a quiet peaceful life.

Like Lightbringer they would pass from the historical record; at least for a while. They would make a home and become the wardens of the nature preserve that Jon’s father would setup after the war.

Ygritte would look forward to helping to restore the natural balance of the land.

She got into the basket attached to the crane and rode it down to the base of the Wall. Even with the Wall blocking the wind it still swayed in the breezes that wicked down the wall of ice. She walked past the crows milling around after the dinner time meal. The Wildlings were also milling about but around their own fires. Ygritte felt the tension between the two camps. The tension had lessoned since Jon’s return but it was still there. They tolerated each other.

She looked between the two camps. Millennium of mistrust was not going to go away overnight or in a generation. It would take long years of not shooting arrows in each other to fully dissipate the distrust between the two groups.

The Crows knew to be on their best behavior though. With their betrayal of Jon they knew he would not tolerate any actions that dared cross the line of disrespect towards the Wildlings and especially the giants. Won Won had taken several months to convince himself and then his people to again work with humans. Jon had made it very clear that any disrespect to the Giants or the Wildlings would be dealt with most harshly. His blazing sword tended to make Crows and Wildlings alike want to follow his decrees.

Her new Jon took no shit! Gods it made her and Melisandre weak in the knees and wet of pussy when Jon showed his dominating side! Of course he was still his normal nice complimentary feminine self in their quarters. He still groused at Melisandre that he wanted to do the household chores and Melisandre whining back that was her duty. Sometimes she had to order them onto the bed after she had stripped and laid back with her legs spread wide. “Satisfy your wife!” she would shout her command. That was one command they had no problem following.

Ygritte went to the entrance to the underground catacombs. Her hand traced the walls as she walked down the steps. She immediately felt the ancientness of the air and the history in the walls she walked down. She had felt the same history when she walked the halls of Winterfell. She could feel the events of thousands of years that had soaked into these walls. If she had the time to sit and listen she was sure she could decipher the whispers she heard.

She did not have the time as she walked down the corridors that led to their bed chambers. They had chosen a neglected set of tunnels to dwell in. These corridors and rooms were deep underneath the Wall. She loved the pressure she felt form all the Ice overhead. Even though torches were lit down the corridors at regular intervals the oppressive pressure above made the air thick and the dense atmosphere seem to absorb the light of the torches leaving the halls in half gloom.

Such light tended to make lesser men blanch and avoid these tunnels. They were left alone.

Jon was at first unsettled by this air but had grown used to it. He would always be a creature of the air and light. Ygritte and Melisandre loved this oppressive darkness because it reminded them of the home of their youth and their first love together. Asshai was a beautiful land but it was perpetually dark and dire. The inhabitants of Azor tended to bore into the mountains of Morn to get out of the dank air and strange magics that wafted down the mountains. The two ShadowBender witches loved the close in feeling of the catacombs of the Crows.

She planned to find someplace like this in the Sandhills to bore into. It would take great effort but she and Melisandre were both powerful witches. She had spied several locations that should prove
good locations to build their new home. She planned on both boring into the side of a hill and to form rooms from the thick grove of trees she had spied at the end of blind gullies in the complex hills complexes located deep in the Sand Hills.

Ygritte finally reached the door to their apartment complex. She and Melisandre had put shadow locks on the door. They would not be surprised by unexpected visitors. None of them had forgotten the treachery of the Crows. Though the traitors had either been killed or sent into exile to the other forts lining the Wall it never hurt to be safe.

The lock was midnight black. It lined the seam of the door and glowed in a pulsing black that was only visible to her and Melisandre’s eyes when quiescent. Word had been let out that any who touched it would die. The magic of their shadow lock sensed a presence and pulsed in a rhythmic heartbeat waiting to strike or admit becoming barely visible to human eyes. The magic coiled to strike if not assuaged with the proper counter spells.

“Dh’òl Iain bainne chluich ì anns an taigh dh’òl i sùgh. Tha mi airson Gàidhlig ionnsachadh” Ygritte spoke the spell of admittance in the tongue of ancient Asshai. The language only the ShadowBenders knew and now one other. Their language was held sacred by their order. It was forbidden to teach it to any but their order. Ygritte didn’t give a rat’s ass what the old rules were.

The seam around the door glowed hot black and then settled down and disappeared. Ygritte gripped the door handle and entered the room. Outside the seam reappeared and glowed its subtle sullen black waiting to challenge the next person who would enter the room. The spell needed to hear both the words and feel the rightness of the speaker. The spell recognized its creators in the witches and had taught Jon the spell. Their essence permeated his essence now and the door recognized him as well. Even if his stress points on certain syllables was still off. His Asshai was improving daily since they only spoke the ancient language in their humble abode.

Jon’s willingness to learn their vowel rich language which most found very difficult to speak another feather in his cape. Jon had actually been anxious to learn their native tongue. “It makes me feel more connected to you and Melisandre, Ygritte. You learned my language and I should learn yours. She spoke in that language now.

“I like what I am seeing” Ygritte spoke smiling as she looked into her apartment complex. There was three fireplaces that were burning hot with piled up logs. Vents taking away the smoke. The warmth radiating out into the large communal living area. Two large braziers were filled with coke and glowed a sullen red putting out warmth.

Melisandre and Jon were both naked and working in the kitchen cooking a meal of fresh mutton, boiled potatoes and cabbage with a plate of hot biscuits setting on the stove near the back keeping warm. Jon was bent over looking at a cake he was baking in the oven with his butt jutted out and dimpling as his ass cheeks flexed while he moved around. Melisandre was pulling the potatoes out of the pot they had boiled in. Her large heavy tits swaying on her chest as she worked. The sight filled Ygritte with another kind of hunger.

Jon loved his hearty meals. Ygritte and Melisandre did not need to eat but a little. Still, they enjoyed the taste of food. Her husband and wife turned to look at her and smiled watching their diminutive wife stripe out of her clothes throwing them on the floor.

“Ygritte!” Jon said aggrieved. Jon left the oven rushing over to pick up Ygritte’s discarded clothes. “Do you know how long it takes me to press out the wrinkles!” he groused taking the dress and light tunic into their bedroom to hang up. Melisandre glared at her wife. “How many times do we have to tell you to pick up after yourself!” she chirped at her wife. Ygritte gave her wife a saucy smile and Melisandre smiled still huffing at her wife’s sloppy ways.
Ygritte smirked moving over to kiss her wife affectionately and grope her ass making her tall beautiful wife squeal in delight though she shooed Ygritte away telling her she needed to finish cooking their meal. Jon was hungry! Ygritte wanted to eat some substance too! even if she did not need to eat. Gods she loved her domesticated wife and husband. She loved being doted on!

Ygritte went and sat at the table where they ate their meals. She watched Jon come back in and he detoured to kiss her a sweet kiss. She tried to slip him the tongue but he backed off as he tisked. “We need to finish dinner sweet wife … always so horny!” he snickered.

“Damn right I am … I expect some sweet gash and hard cock after dinner!”

Melisandre and Jon both blushed a little at her declaration of her basic needs. Ygritte wondered why they still blushed. She just wanted to make sure they understood she had her needs that had to be satisfied. You did not want a frustrated Ygritte in the bedroom. Actually, she was happy that they both blushed. They were so cute!

Soon dinner was on the table and they all started to eat. Melisandre fussed over the meal till Jon had pronounced it “superb” and gave Melisandre a scorching kiss and a nice grope on her full rounded breast making her breathless and her face and throat flushed with rising need. Melisandre preened when she was complimented.

Ygritte smiled at them. She needed them nice and horny for later.

They silently ate for a few minutes as Jon tucked into his delicious fare. He then looked at Ygritte “Did you feel him again Ygritte. I know you and Melisandre feel him close.”

“Yes he feels close but my and Melisandre’s other senses cannot feel him. Our shadow powers should tell us too that he is near. They are attuned to magic. It is strange and unsettling. I trust my intuition but my powers tell me he is not near. I am not sure what to believe.”

“I agree” Melisandre reached over and gripped her wife’s hand. She squeezed tight making Ygritte feel all soft inside. Melisandre was always making sure to empower her wife. “I know some trick is being played on us but I cannot pierce the deception either. It is like he is there and not there at the same time. A contradiction that can’t be. We can only wait for his move.”

Jon chimed in looking at both wives with his grey eyes looking at them intently. “I fully concur. Dany’s dragons fly over his camp every third or fourth day and report that the forces of the Ice King are still at the Fist of the First Men. It makes no sense. He would not move from his seat of power to only come half way to the fight. His dead are mere husks doing his command. They do not tire or consume supplies. His Ice Wrights are more magical than alive it seems and probably can survive indefinitely. Why move only move halfway?” Jon mused over the seeming strangeness of his foe’s actions.

“I wonder if he will try to tire and wear us out? Drive us to distraction by a long endless wait and make us attack him. Make us come to him in the Haunted Forest and fight our way to the Fist of the First Men. It makes no sense. He would not move from his seat of power to only come half way to the fight. His dead are mere husks doing his command. They do not tire or consume supplies. His Ice Wrights are more magical than alive it seems and probably can survive indefinitely. Why move only move halfway?” Jon mused over the seeming strangeness of his foe’s actions.

Jon’s back straightened. “I refuse to do that. He has whittled the Crows down by constantly preying on our patrols and adding their souls to his army. We have weapons now that can kill them but I will not take the losses it would take to fight him at his place of choosing.”
“The Wall is our greatest defense. We need to make use of it. It calls to him like a lodestone. He will come to us. We will remain vigilant. He will not catch us unawares.”

“We have seen the Horn of Winter Jon” Melisandre told her husband. “Our greatest strength may be for naught.”

“I doubt that it is the horn of legend Melisandre. It is a myth. You saw how small it is. I think he wastes himself and his time and effort in his belief on a horn that when he blows it will leave him enraged. Rage causes mistakes. I hope to be on the Wall staring down at him when it happens. I will laugh at him which will only enrage him further.”

“What if you are wrong?” Ygritte asked her husband.

“I am not. It is only a legend. No horn could do what that horn is supposed to do. You two are mighty ShadowBenders. Can you bring down a Wall that is solid ice and up to seven hundred feet tall and stretches there hundred miles?”

“You know we can’t Jon.”

“I rest my case.”

Melisandre caught Ygritte’s eye. Just because they could not did not meant there was not greater magic in the world.

“I feel we are ready for whatever our foe can throw at us. With the might of Westeros now here or soon to be here plus the forces of Essos we will defeat the Ice King. The forces the Queen and my father have assembled and brought north are well trained and disciplined. The march orderly and paced out. The army is refreshed and ready for war. I am very happy at how well those forces already at the Wall have integrated into our forces.”

“We now have weapons that we have proven kill the walking dead and the Ice Wrights. The dead should be easy. They have no brains to understand the fact that we can now kill them. We have plenty of dragon glass tipped weapons to bring them down. The ice wrights are fast and dangerous. We will take losses from them I know. I wish it was not so. We will ran death down on them. They will try for the tunnels. Even if they win through they will face an unrelenting barrage of obsidian tipped weapons. It will be a slaughter.”

Ygritte could understand Jon’s confidence. It made all the sense in the world. Still doubt gnawed at her bones.

Jon then went on to express again his vexation that the Ice King was sitting on his ass for no good reason. How can you conquer if you just twiddle your thumbs? Jon fumed to his wives.

That was the confounding question that vexed all. What was the Ice King up to? Jon, the Queen nor the Warden of the North were going to attack the Ice King. That was a given. Were they to fall into a long protracted stalemate? Ygritte doubted it. The Ice King had been aggressive in beating back the patrols of the Crows and driving the Wildlings out of the far North. With Westeros united it had the resources to wait him out.

The Ice King had shown aggressiveness up till he reached the Fist of the Men. True he seemed cautious but he still had unrelenting pursued his objectives. He had more planned than just sitting on his pretty throne accomplishing nothing.

The Jon touched on the other subject that was like a thorn in his paw.
“I don’t like the Queen coming up to the Wall and demanding an audience with me.”

“She is not demanding anything Jon” Melisandre told her husband reasonably stroking his back with her soft hand.

“I am the Commander of the Night’s Watch. The Wall is my responsibility” Jon spoke testily.

“She knows that Jon. She wishes to consult with you. She has not ordered you to meet with her. She knows the Night’s Watch is yours to command.”

“Bullshit! The Queen may crouch it as a request but it is an order. I will not be told how to run my command!”

I am the Lord Commander of the Night’s Watch!” Jon pounded his fist on the table startling Melisandre.

“Oh Jon, control your balls dear husband. You know nothing!” Ygritte barked at her husband. His testosterone would show its ugly head from time to time. She didn’t mind it when they were in bed but not here and now. “The Queen wishes to consult with you. That is all my dear husband. She has proven wise and competent beyond all measure. Listen to her husband. Save all that testosterone for our pussies and assholes when we go to bed after this.” She looked at her husband pointedly and rolled her eyes toward their wife.

He glared back and then looked at Melisandre who looked mildly upset at this rancor at their table. Melisandre needed calm in their home. Jon and Ygritte could storm at each other and not think anything of it. It led to great makeup sex but Melisandre was a gentle soul. She would start to wring her hands her face showing her upset. She simply did not like conflict. She was strong willed when it came to accomplishing their goals and confronting the world outside their chambers but inside the door when it was just them she craved and needed peace.

Ygritte knew she was the one most likely to show a temper and get bent out of shape. She was thankful she had Jon to cool her hot temper. She returned the favor by helping Jon to cool his ire now. Jon saw that Melisandre was upset and immediately calmed where Ygritte knew she would have wanted to rage a little more. He put his arm around Melisandre’s waist and pulled her onto his lap and stroked her hair and kissed her on the lips.

“I love you Melisandre. I just … I don’t know. The Crows have been abandoned for so long that it is unsettling to finally have the Iron Throne’s notice. I welcome the aid and succor I just need to get used to having the Queen also want a say in the defense of the Wall.”

“I will listen to her Melisandre. She has proven herself conquering across Essos and then taking Westeros without war.”

Ygritte smiled seeing her wife wiggle into Jon. She was such a softy. Hell she was with Melisandre too. She was just so sweet.

The discussed a few more minutes about the Wall and its preparations for the coming war.

“I for one will be glad to get this war behind us” Ygritte told her spouses. “I am getting excited for our new life in the Sand Hills. Lots of open space and no people. It will be heavenly” Ygritte told her spouses.

Jon agreed “I too long to leave this all behind. I will would be done with my duty. I will try and establish a new way of duty for the Crows but they will decide if they follow or not. I will resign my commission soon after the war.”
“Do you think your honor bound father will countenance your forsaking your vows?”

“He will have not have a choice. I will not serve with men who tried to kill me for showing simple human decency. They lost any claim to my honor and loyalty with their attempt to kill me. My father will support me. He has no choice. He has already accepted you two as my wife.”

Jon chuckled. “My father is having to really bend in the wind with his children. His two eldest daughters are gay, Bran has gone off to the Tree of Life and I have forsaken my vows of chastity. My father is a great man though. He wants what is best for his children. You and Melisandre are what is best for me.”

Ygritte felt her heart flutter in her chest. Their Jon could be so sweet.

Melisandre looked at Jon “I too long to leave this place. I detest being with men who would dare harm you Jon Snow! In the Sand Hills we can give service to the land itself and help succor life. It is a noble endeavor. I look forward to it.”

“So do I!” Ygritte chimed in. “I want to find some hill in a thick wicket of trees and brambles before it and burrow into the hill and make a home like in Asshai and still have the feel of life and nature at the front door. We will make a winding magical path through the undergrowth to defend our portal.”

Jon smiled. “I like that. Maybe I can build some platforms up in the boughs and we can stay up there when the weather is nice. To feel the breeze blowing over us and hear the birds as they awake in the morning.”

Melisandre kissed Jon on his neck cooing. “I will like that. You fucking us hard underneath the full moon. Screaming as your cock shots off hot and deep in our tight cunts and assholes.” Her body shivered. Her eyes going distant as she saw it all in her mind’s eye. “Going down on Ygritte again and again as you rest and drinking down her sweet creamy cum … feeling her tongue deep in my pussy and up my hot tight asshole … fisting her cunt … her asshole …” Melisandre’s eyes were blown with lust. Her nipples erect and her pussy was wet filling the air with sweet pungent musk.

Ygritte was squirming listening to Melisandre waxing poetic about them fucking. Her arousal stoking Ygritte’s lust.

Jon patted Melisandre. “Yes Melisandre … we will make love deep into the night and during the day. We will fuck whenever wherever we feel like it!” Jon spoke with force. Both of his wives smiled at his declaration. “We will take on the duties of park attendants to the nature preserve. That is a service I can give myself totally too. Nature will never betray us.” He looked at them evilly. “That should leave me plenty of time to fuck you two bowlegged” he spoke in a humorous tone wagging his eyebrows.

Jon switched topics excited by what his wives had told him. “I can’t wait to see these Giants, Haruchai and these Ranyhyn that are tended by these Ramen. You say that these Giants are as tall or taller than the Giants of the North and are totally human like in appearance and actions.”

Melisandre and Ygritte again told Jon of these strange people from down on the bottom half of the world. It seemed so mystical having people come from across the world to help them in their hour of need.

Ygritte enjoyed seeing the wonder and childlike happiness in Jon hearing them talk about these travelers from the south of the world.

Jon wanted to see the Haruchai and how they fought with only their fist and feet. Could they even
survive a moment against knights if they were in full armor? The two witches had seen the truth of such a confrontation. They would let Jon see for himself. Jon now spoke of the Ramen. The ramen and their ability to use rope as their weapon. To see a Giant actually use a sword as a deadly weapon with great skill. The giants that Jon knew could only use a club cruelly and simply smash things in a crude wild way that was only the application of sheer power.

Jon was especially fascinated with these people’s ability to supposedly see evil in a person. They had devised a test when they arrived at the Wall. It would be interesting to see if such a thing was possible.

Ygritte and Melisandre told Jon again how these people from the Land seemed incapable of lying or being false with anyone. They all seemed to be focused only on doing good. They had seen no greed or avarice in any of the denizens from the Southern half of the world.

They all agreed that seemed almost impossible to believe. Jon couldn’t wait to see them.

They had long finished their meal and Melisandre and Jon got up to clean off the table and wash the dishes. Melisandre of course was telling Jon to go and sit before the fire with Ygritte. She was relaxing putting her feet out to enjoy the warmth of the fire on her toes. She was the queen of this humble abode and knew it. She loved to be pampered and have others do the mundane chores!

She did not clean dishes she thought smugly. She was most fortunate to have two spouses who loved doing the mundane chores of keeping house.

She heard Jon speak up as he washed dishes and Melisandre dried them and put them in the cabinet.

“I think we will ride out and meet them before they get to the Wall. I am not grousing but I want to hear what the Queen’s thoughts are before we get to the Wall. I want us on the same page when we go before my command and the Wildlings.”

Ygritte heard the sounds of dishes and silverware clanking as they were being washed and put away.

“With the problems of the past between my Command and the Wildlings I want to present a unified front when we have the meeting with the Queen. I also would like you to talk to the Queen Ygritte. To explain to her and make sure she understands the Wildling way. That your people will not bow to any King or Queen.”

“I will Jon though I don’t think that will be a problem with her.”

“I don’t think she will be an ass about it Ygritte but she is a Queen and will expect obeisance of some sort. She almost has to demand it. She has to worry about it. To be great you have to demand loyalty from ones subjects. You cannot show weakness. You can make sure that she and Mance Ryder come to an understanding that will be agreeable to both sides. I want to have peace with Westeros and the Wildlings when I resign. I want that to be a lasting legacy of my time as Lord Commander. Peace between our people.

Ygritte loved Jon for his compassionate ways. He was so gentle and giving. He wanted what was best for his fellow man. If the rest of the world was like Jon Snow it would be a much better world.

“I will make sure that Mance Ryder is not being stupid dear husband. Daenerys Targaryen is a woman who is just and fair. She will seek a path that is aggregable to both sides. I know it.”

Ygritte had half turned to look back over the sofa talking to her husband.

“I can’t wait to see my sister. Arya. It has been so long. I miss her. I loved Robb for he always
accepted me no matter how his mother acted but it was Arya that truly loved me as a brother. She never once thought of me as a bastard. I wish I could say it was the same with Sansa."

“I think you will find Sansa a changed woman Jon. When you left for the Wall she was but a child. Margaery has brought out her inner wolf. She has learned the errors of her ways. She sees she should have done better I am told. She will accept you with open arms. She has become a strong confident woman who follows her own path now and not the path determined by others.”

Jon smiled at that. “I hope so. But still, it is Arya I long to see. I always felt close to her and she loved me pure. It will nice to see her again. I am happy that she won the Queen’s love.”

He paused a moment and smiled great big. “I can’t wait for her to see my eyes and hair. I bet it will blow her mind seeing me looking like the Targaryen’s she was always fantasying about. It is cute and amazing she actually succeeded in capturing and bedding the last of the line. She must be so full of herself.”

Jon laughed in a sweet laugh. “Still hearing of my change and seeing will be two different things. It will blow her mind to see me looking like Rhaegar Targaryen my father.”

Ygritte’s spouses were finishing their chores in the kitchen area. Ygritte turned back to look at the fire. The warmth felt good. She may be immune to the cold but feeling the heat of the fire still made her feel so good and relaxed. A fire always felt good. She tilted her head back on the sofa her body spread out before the fire soaking up its warmth.

She let her eyes close and float in her happiness. Life was good for her here in their sanctuary away from man. She felt the sofa settle beside her. Ygritte’s smile broadened on her relaxed face. Let the good times begin! She thought to herself.

She felt Jon’s hand cupped on the side of her head. His fingers threading in her long fiery red locks. He fisted her hair and using his male strength he pulled her body over and down. Her torso sliding down along the sofa back to settle first into Jon’s side and then she was pushed down his hard naked body. She moaned feeling his bulbous cockhead jamming her cheek demanding that it be serviced. His thick long dick rock hard and so warm against her face. Ygritte moaned. She was dominate till it came time to fuck Jon. She loved to feel his male strength when he felt like being dominate and fucking her with that male strength.

She opened her eyes into a slit and looked up at Jon with hot lust. His dick was jerking above his stomach like an adder. His bulbous cock crown so pink with a dollop of precum leaking out his piss hole. His foreskin up over half his bulbous dickhead. Her one cheek on Jon’s hard stomach she moved her head over and down. Her lips parted and her mouth opened wide to slide Jon’s beautiful cock into her mouth. Her lips again tracing the thick veins roped along his towering shaft. She started to bob sensually up and down his shaft enjoying the heat of his manhood in her mouth.

She tasted a drip of pre-cum in his piss hole and savored it. She loved the taste of Jon’s sweat, cum and his pure maleness. She started slow swirling his head on his dickhead sucking hard her cheeks dimpling. Then she started a slow sensual bob as she rode his prick into the back of her throat sucking all the time. Her eyelids had fluttered shut sucking on her sweet candy stick. She started to bob harder taking his cock into the back of her throat with force while her glued lips had her sucking hard.

She felt Melisandre get between her legs and push them out. She felt her wife’s solid body moving in to settle before her drooling gash. Then her wife’s mouth was on her pussy licking her labia lips open and tonguing her groove sensually up and down. “Ummggppff! Mmppfff! Mmmppff!”
Mmunganff!” Ygritte moaned feeling Melisandre working her face deep into her clamshell and lapping sweetly up and down her slit and over her clit. Jon’s hands were on her head now helping her ride up and down his cock while he moaned in pleasure.

Ygritte chuffed on the cock she was giving hot sucking head to feeling her wife suck her clit deep into her mouth. Melisandre began to rhythmically suck on her shiny throbbing nubbin. She felt Melisandre bobbing her head stretching out Ygritte’s cunt meat in her mouth and her tongue lashing her clit hard with fervid swipes of her tongue. All the while Melisandre chuffed and moaned dining on her wife’s sloppy wet gash.

Ygritte sucked even harder on Jon’s cock feeling her pussy being expertly being eaten out. Ygritte felt in balance in both giving and receiving such sweet pleasure.

Life was indeed good.
Arianne looked at her reflection in the mirror. She was nude combing out her long lustrous hair. Her midnight dark hair silky to the touch. She was a beautiful woman and knew it. The heir to the Warden of the South saw no reason to deny the truth. She had used her body since she came of age to achieve her goals and ambitions. She had discovered she loved sex and was good at it. She had soon after learned that her body and sexuality was a tool to achieve goals. She was born to be a “slut”. She reveled in the word. She enjoyed sex and was not embarrassed in seeking out pleasure. She had no problem using sex to achieve goals. She did not hurt anyone and they loved her fucking them hard and long.

Men were encouraged from a young age to seek out female conquests. Those conquests celebrated. The women they seduced or found willing to fuck were demeaned and called “sluts”. How could these boys and young men have conquests if not for willing girls and women? The same double standard existed for gay youth as well. Men were revered for their sexual appetites and women made to feel dirty and immoral for those same desires.

Arianne rejected the hypocritical bastards as did Oberyn. Fuck them! Arianne was proud of her sexual appetites and the prowess they had given her. The nobility of Dorne by and far had progressive views on sex and women. Thank the gods Arianne often thought to herself. She was thankful she had not been born in the suppressive and hypocritical north of Westeros.

Men longed to fuck her because she gave them pleasure they craved and did not get from their wives or consorts. Why was this? Because the women had been repressed and made to feel guilty for enjoying sex and enjoying a lot of it. Arianne rejected those restrictions. This had given her the freedom to pursue her body’s wants and natural desires. Again, fuck man’s hypocritical world Arianne snarked to herself.

Men in general tried to control women. Tried to bend and break them to their rule. They feared women having power and control. Women could rule in Dorne but outside of nobility women were still put down as a general rule. Even in nobility the damn double-standard often found root. Her uncle was a most unique man. He saw women as true equals to men. He knew men were stronger but he had never tried to lord it over his lovers and especially never with Ellaria. Arianne snickered. Ellaria would skin her uncle alive if he tried and he knew it.
Her uncle was more than happy to let women be who they wanted to be. He was bisexual as was Ellaria. They both sought bed partners to seek the most pleasure possible. Arianne was bisexual as well though her tastes had definitely turned towards the female form exclusively of late. She smiled. Having three insatiable sluts as wives tended to make one a dedicated lesbian slut. So much pussy, breasts and assholes to partake of and devour.

Just thinking these thoughts had her dark brown nipples hardening with arousal. Her teats jangling with pulses of want. Those pulses arching to her hardening clit that rested above her shaved bald juicing slit and fuck hole. With those thoughts coursing through her body Arianne shivered remembering great past fucks that had her body jackknifing violently as her cunt and or asshole exploded in shocking bliss. Her breathing accelerated slightly becoming breathy. Her pupils slightly dilated with lust. Arianne reveled in her memories of past great fucks.

The heir of Dorne had an almost eidetic memory when it came to sex. She loved reliving those fucks in her mind. Her body responding to the mental images as she relived the sounds, sights, smells and the way her body was taken and used and she in turn used her bed partners to achieve heaven on Earth. She loved using her memories to fill her masturbation marathons with mental images to take her pleasure higher. She would never stop masturbating! She loved plucking her own body to achieve awesome orgasms!

She had easily seduced many men and women to her bed. She used her wiles and charms to bend them to her will. The beautiful woman had found it all rather easy in fact. People almost always wanted to be seduced by her charms. Men of course were easy. Just flash them your tits and pussy and they were slavering horndogs. Women she had to sometimes work to bring them to her bed. It made those conquests all the sweeter. She did not mind the fact that she was controlling them and using them to achieve her goals and aims. True, most of the time she just loved to fuck. A woman should never say no to an orgasm was Arianne’s strong personal belief.

What woman should not seek to have as many orgasms as she craved. Arianne was highly sexed with her wives but she still masturbated at least twice a day. She loved plucking her body with her own hedonistic fingers. No one knew their own body as well as that person. Arianne knew where all her sweet spots were. Gods she loved plucking her body to womb shattering orgasms that had her body flipping wildly around on her bed as she shrieked her ecstasy as her fingers and toys pleased her exploding pussy and or asshole.

Morsh Allyrion had told her she had a body “made to be fucked” and he had been right. She had loved giving her body to the man who was old enough to be her father. Gods he had fucked her so good. When his wife had joined in and she buried her face in her cunt as her husband fucked her in the ass she thought she had found heaven. She had been only just turned twelve and relished giving her cherries to the couple.

She was thankful to have such wonderful teachers of the wonders of sex. She was shown that both sexes could give her great pleasure. She learned she loved both dick and pussy. She soon figured she liked pussy better but craved both. Delylah Allyrion had been an exquisite lover that had permanently addicted Arianne from age twelve to pussy. And lots of it! Arianne smirked to herself.

She had matured earlier than her peers. Her breasts first beginning to bud at age eight. She had her first period just before her eleventh birthday. She had discovered masturbating in earnest three years before her flowering. She had had to work for those first orgasms. In fact she could not remember not masturbating. Playing with her ‘kitty’ felt wonderful. She had not discovered orgasms at first but once she had she never looked back.

Arianne often wondered if her masturbating at such a young age had spurred her body’s maturity at
such a young age. She had asked her Maester soon after her deflowering. He did not think so. He thought that a woman’s body developed at the pace natural for each woman. Arianne had simply flowered early. She had then easily seduced the supposed celibate Maester. Or had he seduced her? They had both wanted it!

The man could bone like an incubus Arianne remembered. She loved going to his tower or him sneaking into her chambers to fuck her gloriously for long hours. He wore her asshole out! She still fucked him at times though not since her marriage to her sweet pride mates. He had matured into a fine elder man. His dick ever ready to fuck all the young lasses who loved bedding the forbidden fruit.

By the time she was fourteen she was an accomplished lover of both sexes. She was not ashamed of her desires and already a skilled lover of both male and female. She loved the differences between the sexes. One soft, one hard. One dominate (as a rule) the other submissive. She would play in any combination that was offered to her. To fuck both sexes was fabulous to the young woman. It was in many ways the best of both worlds.

She had reveled in sex and learning how to use her power to control women and especially men. She knew she would one day be the leader of Dorne and made sure she would know how to use her intellect, wiles and her body to rule the land of Dorne. She found that using her body to enrapture her conquests made them so much more pliable to her will. Why have to fight a person if you could bring them into your orbit merely by fucking them blind and making them slavish to your wants and desires.

It made ruling so much easier if you used sex as a weapon. Arianne paused here. A weapon was not the right word she thought. Sex was a … tool to be used. You could coax and subtly lead your opponent to your view if you went down on their cock or pussy. And then there was the simple fact she loved to fuck and to experience womb rending orgasms. She loved to fuck! She was making a passion into a tool to further her future rule.

Arianne would never tire of being fucked good and hard. She loved fucking throughout the night feeling her womb rupture and her pussy scalding her with fucking bliss. She loved having her pussy fucked hard and feeling it fisting a hard dick or delicious thick ever hard strap-on cock. She loved feeling her cunt spasm and milk a phallic shaft of fist ramming deep into her belly and bashing her cervix with repeated savage love taps.

She loved vaginal orgasms of course but the heir to Dorne truly adored and worshiped anal orgasms. There was just an intensity and shocking power to anal ‘gasms. She loved that feeling of being filled up with dick up her ass. The initial pain of penetration that gave way to fucking ecstasy. Her belly felt like it was stuffed to overflowing when a hard thick long shaft was rammed balls deep into her colon. Then the sweet anal ‘gasms. Her sphincter rings spasming wildly in orgasm. The rending convulsions made her asshole scream in ecstasy. When her shithole exploded in orgasm it simply scalded her with fuck bliss so intense she sometimes actually passed out in shocking pleasure the spasms were so strong.

Often her asshole tearing itself inside out as it ripped apart triggered an epic womb shattering vaginal orgasm. The dual orgasms feeding off each other. Her body bucking wildly. Her pelvis lurching forward and back as her womb and asshole simply ruptured so hard scalding Arianne with searing fucking bliss. One orgasm triggering the next often sending her into multiple orgasms that rolled on and on pummeling her with fuck bliss. Arianne craved such pleasure intensely.

Arianne smiled. She called it “having both doors kicked in”. Getting hit from the rear and front was awesome!
She had asked her Maester why anal ‘gasms were so hard and intense. He had read of a Maester doing research on cadavers. He had been interested in the white web of nerve ganglia that ran through the human body. They were the pathways to pain and pleasure he had deduced. The Maester had observed that there was many more nerve ending in the anus region of the human body than were present in the sexual organs of man or woman.

This Maester had theorized that with so many more nerve endings in the anus that if one could somehow turn them from pain to pleasure then the orgasms naturally would be much more intense. Men found anal sex pleasurable but the Maester research showed that he rubbing of the prostrate gland by the penis in anal intercourse helped in producing the pleasurable sensations of male intercourse. Why women craved anal penetration he could not theorize.

He had written “it must me be a mental thing”. Arianne had to agree. Focus on pleasure and wanting to get fucked up the ass and the pleasure would naturally follow.

She loved fucking men but the brass ring could only be found with another woman. She laughed at men who said you could only find sexual happiness with their cock. She would hold up her strap-on and rotate her hips in a sweet fuck motion. “It’s all in the hips” she would tell them. She had seduced many so called straight women when they refused to believe she could fuck them better than their husbands or lovers.

Only a few men could match her skills. She had just received a parchment from one of those few minutes ago. It was on her dresser. She had read it through. She was waiting for Myrcella to come back from her duties as her wife greeting dignitaries from the Marchlands. Arianne wanted Myrcella speaking for her in her absences. She wanted all to see her sweet wife being able to perform all her duties.

This would get the people of Dorne used to thinking of Myrcella as one of their Queens. It would be them together speaking for Dorne. She wanted all to know that her wives were her equal. She would be the Warden of the South. She would have three queens that would be right at her side advising and supporting her. Myrcella would be her Game of Thrones Queen while Loreza and Dorea would be her fierce Sand Snakes that would be her hammer.

Everything had changed when Myrcella came into her life. She had come to Arianne so innocent and naïve. She was good natured, sweet, and pure. Arianne had, for some reason she still could not fully fathom, fallen under the spell of the teen. The spell caste upon their first meeting.

Arianne had planned on quickly seducing the girl and making Myrcella her thrall. She had planned to hook the teen on her womanly charms and having her jumping to her whispered commands. She would use Myrcella to work her way closer to the Lannisters. The crime of Elia her Aunt’s death would be avenged. She would use Myrcella to drive a wedge in House Lannister and arrange the death of Joffrey.

Also, she was tired of men ruling the world. Why not have equal primogeniture in all of Westeros and not just Dorne. Myrcella would take the Iron Throne and she would then marry Myrcella and not some stupid odious man. Together they would rule Westeros as Queen and Queen. That had been her plan.

Then word had been sent to her by Olenna that Joffrey would be taken care of. She realized other potent forces were at play. That had changed her calculus. She had already started to fall for the innocent teen. She should have seduced the teen and made her love slut upon her arrival in Dorne. She was to be educated the then Queen Cersei had demanded. Arianne had smirked reading that scroll. Oh she would educate the sweet innocent teen. Instead, she kept delaying and finding reasons to delay the seduction. For some reason she could not bring herself to seduce the innocent
teen simply for sex. She had no desire to try and bend this sweet lass to her will.

Finally, she had to accept she had fallen madly in love with the innocent teen. The teen had done nothing to ensnare the Martell’s heart except be her pure sweet self. She had taught the teen and been amazed. The girl immediately grasped all she was taught and had staggering insights that Arianne sometimes had not herself conceived of. This blossoming woman was not a thrall or dupe. The young woman was her equal in the Game of Throne. She was adept and cunning but she was not corrupted like Arianne now knew she was. Myrcella desired to be the best for any people she might come to hold sway over. Arianne only thought of how to manipulate them.

Arianne became ashamed of herself. She had seriously considered sending Myrcella away or have another finish her education. The mere thought of this nearly made her heart freeze and wither in her chest. She could not be separated from her student. She would die without her. She wanted the girl desperately now. Not as a dupe but as woman she wanted to love with all her heart. She longed to give herself completely to the teenager. For the first time in her life Arianne Martell was well and truly in love.

Then the night had come when their eyes locked and their passions exploded. Their mutual hidden love exploding to the forefront of passion and need for each other. She had taken Myrcella and made her a woman and fallen the last step into total love. She was hopeless before Myrcella and now knew how those she had put in thrall felt.

Thank the gods that Myrcella had not been cruel to her but loved her with a pure heart. Instead of manipulating and controlling Arianne as she could have easily done Myrcella loved her totally and sought a true partnership between them. If possible Arianne fell even deeper in love with the beguiling teenager.

Still Myrcella was not through showing Arianne the true meaning of love. She had brought her two youngest nieces to her. She had always admired the children of Oberyn for their beauty and fierceness but had shied away from the youngest of the Red Viper. They had too much passion and fiery spirit. She was afraid she would be burned by the fire that burned in their souls. The young women were not women who could be cowed or duped.

Myrcella had easily captured their hearts as well and brought them to Arianne. She had taken the gifts of love that had freely been offered to her. Myrcella had seemingly without effort or forethought forged the Pride of Dorne between the four of them. Gods, the sex was divine. So much sweet pussy to be devoured every night. She was fucked nearly senseless every night by the three teenagers. She considered herself bisexual but much preferred the touch of a woman. A woman knew how a woman wanted to be touched and how to make her body quiver with raw wanton need with but a touch. Then to go down on a woman or trib fuck her to heaven.

She quickly came to long only for the touch of her new wives. She longed to fuck women only now. They seemed to complete each other. Their raging libidos put out by their mate’s own intense deep abiding sexual hunger for the female flesh.

The Sand Snakes and now Myrcella knew how to use a strap-on. Maybe a strap-on cock could not thrill her with bolts of hot cum but that was a trifle. Their cocks never grew soft! Many a night her three wives spent hours wearing her fuck holes out. Their thick long shafts slammed so hard and deep up her clutching cunt and pinching shithole. A dick fucking her throat as her fuck holes were plundered. Arianne shivered with remembrances of being fucked airtight. Gods she loved to be TP fucked!

Arianne had forgotten the desire to fuck males. That was until she had received this scroll and read its offer. Old memories of past great fucks with men came flooding back. Her body remembered
their strength and the skills of a true cocksman.

She picked up the scroll and read it again. She and Myrcella had wanted to give the Queen a gift so precious that they would have to be considered her most trusted of advisors and acolytes. That had been the plan when Queen first landed on the shores of Dorne.

Myrcella and herself had wanted to leave Dorne and seek to further her rise in King’s Landing. Two things had changed her thoughts on that. First, the rise of Eddard Stark in his machinations and his mastery of the Game of Thrones had been a shocking revelation. That had led the Queen to bring Olenna into her inner sphere. The woman was crafty and sage. She was a master of the Game of Thrones herself. The Queen had taken Arya Stark as her consort and future Queen. A further tie to the family of Stark.

Then it was discovered that Sansa Stark had taken Margaery Tyrell as her fiancé. A further tie to the House of Stark. They would be mighty in the court of the Queen. The Pride of Dorne would be surrounded by powerful women. These women allied with Eddard Stark. All these powerful women would reduce greatly the opportunity to rise above the cream of the others. That task would prove very difficult if not impossible.

That had tempered Myrcella and hers desire to go to King’s Landing.

Arianne’s desire for revenge had long ago been tempered. Her father and uncle kept planning, planning and planning on bringing vengeance down on House Lannister. Her father being ever cautious kept delaying and changing the plans. Her father always finding new angles to analyze. It reminded Arianne of the old adage “Paralysis by analysis”. Her father never seemed to be to pull the trigger on his crossbow.

He had first planned on marrying her to Viserys but the fool had gotten himself killed with gold poured on his fucking idiot head. Her younger brother Quentyn somehow succeeded in getting himself roasted by the Queen’s dragons. To say her father’s efforts did not go according to plan was a vast understatement.

Those plans were useless anyways. When Daenerys Targaryen had been married off to Khal Drogo all including herself had written the girl off. She was a soft weak girl according to all reports. Nothing more than breeding stock. That is how the frail Valyrian went into the Dothraki Sea.

That was not what came out. She came out transformed. She had come out a great warrior. Arianne had been shocked at the first reports on this Targaryen warrior queen. She did not fight as Arianne, Olenna Tyrell or how Cersei Lannister tried to rule using their bodies to bend weak men to their will. No. Daenerys Targaryen did not need any man to do her will. She came out of the Red Wastes a force of nature that demolished all before her. She was a warrior supreme now who fought her own battles. She was now armed with a fearsome sword that glowed blue death to all her enemies.

She was Nymeria reborn. No. She was not. She was much greater than Nymeria had ever been. Oberyn and her father had watched in awe as this slip of a girl shattered Khalasars and brought Slave city states low that had existed for thousands of years. She smashed the slave holders and then had the audacity to free ALL the slaves and was rebuilding what she had destroyed.

Her many conquests and then governing them should have slowed her march west to a crawl and then stopped it. But that did not slow her down. The generals of Dorne were stunned at the speed of her conquests and bringing the wild Dothraki to heel so quickly and seemingly easily. Master Myrion Dwellen and the lead instructors at Battleborne academy along with her uncle had chuckled when she confronted Volantis.
Oberyn had joked “Well there goes her lightening quick campaign. She is overextending herself.” Word had come in that the united Dothraki hordes were sweeping across upper Essos smashing all the inland slave cities and were impossibly quickly at the gates of Qohor. Reports had the Queen and Barristan and a fat bald eunuch name Big Belwas flying off several times from the siege of Volantis. It seemed that a Khalasar had risen up in revolt to the new Khaleesi’s rule of the Dothraki. Barritan and this Belwas dispatched the Blood Riders and Daenerys herself killed the Dothraki Khal or wannabe with her own sword. End of rebellion.

She then flew back to Volantis to continue the siege.

“It will take her ten years to defeat that City and her forces will be ground into dust” Oberyn confidently told the war council of Dorne. Her uncle had been smug in his predictions.

In two months Volantis’s defenses had been annihilated and proud Volantis whimpered for peace. Never before or since had Arianne seen Oberyn speechless and dumbfounded when that news reached Dorne.

That was when Arianne had seen the change. Doran had immediately sent emissaries to the Queen. Soon Oberyn and Tyrion were on their way to their first meetings with the Queen who was obviously coming back to Westeros to reclaim what was from her eyes rightfully hers.

The Queen continued her lightning fast conquest of the rest of Essos and had soon crossed the Narrow Sea.

Arianne had hoped to put Myrcella on the throne after Olenna and Margaery killed that little shit Joffrey. They had it all mapped out. They had been delaying the wedding using parasitic worms. How poetic. A worm to bring a worm down low.

The House of Martell had been ecstatic. The Targaryen was coming for her throne. Who sat on the throne but the hated Baratheon and his loathsome wife. The Queen would come and dispatch the fat King and his vile Queen and that would be that. Much of the longed for revenge done for them.

There was only problem; it had not turned out that way. The Queen had totally upset all their plans by pardoning all the members of family Baratheon. Her father and uncle had no choice but to accept her edicts. The Queen had totally changed all the rules. It was useless to fight her. This Targaryen would conquer Dorne where Aegon could not. Her lightning fast of conquest Essos had proven that. She would succeed if they caused her problems.

Dorne had no desire to fight this new Queen. Doran and Oberyn accepted the reality of the situation. They would build on the close relationship that House Martell and Targaryen had formed over the centuries. They would elevate their House through alliance and allegiance.

That had been the first reason for not wanting to leave Dorne. The second reason was much more personal and touching to her heart. Her father’s health was failing. Doran Martell’s body was breaking down. His crippling gout and arthritis had worn his body down. His heart had started to fail. His strength fading and breathing beginning to become difficult as water built up in his body.

Myrcella was spending much of her free time caring for Arianne’s father. Her father was thankful for Arianne’s sweet wife. She spent many hours of with her father too. Often with Myrcella and her sweet Sand Snakes Dorea and Loreza. They were attentive and kind to her father and their uncle. She was thankful that she had her wives to ease the father’s distress.

Another woman came to dote on Arianne’s father. The woman she had hated along with all of House Martell visited Doran her father almost every third or fourth day along with her wife! Her
wife of Obara Sand! As Myrcella had Arianne and Dorea and Loreza Sand eating out of the palm of her hand so had Cersei caused Obara Sand to fall in love with her.

Arianne had been sure the vile, evil, loathsome, harpy Cersei was merely playing a murmur’s plot. Arianne was sure the woman would revert to form. Except it never happened. She continued to be this new beguiling woman she had become. It was no ruse. Cersei the Warrior had become a totally different woman than the harpy that had existed in King’s Landing.

Cersei was a completely changed woman. It was obvious when you looked at Cersei. She was nearly moonstruck over Obara. She worshiped the ground her eldest niece walked on. She cooked and cleaned their home for god’s sake. No high born noble woman did that! Not even a high born bastard would clean house! Yet Cersei did it willingly and happily. She had been in their home and seeing Cersei smiling and happily chirping as she cleaned house. If it wasn’t so sweet it would be cloying. To see a high born woman on her knees scrubbing the kitchen floor was … well … shocking.

Who the hell wouldn’t love that kind of devotion! Cersei had won over Obara. Ellaria longed to fuck her. Her uncle was enamored of the woman. She wanted to continue hating the woman but she was so gentle and attentive to her father it made her cry. Cersei had sealed the deal with Arianne when Cersei forsook her name. She had come before Doran saying she needed to make amends. All wondered what she could be speaking of.

“I ask that I take the name Sand, Doran. My family has committed so many sins. I have. Can you forgive me? I will go into exile if you deem it necessary.” Obara had nearly fainted and her Uncle blanched. Her father had wept. He broke down and forgave Cersei completely. He looked forward to each of her visits and the way she tenderly bathed him and listened to all his stories of the Water Gardens with rapt attention. Nothing was fake. Arianne knew all about false guile and lying platitudes. Cersei was none of that. She had thought about it. She forgave the woman too. How could she do any less than all the rest of Dorne?

Her own wives were becoming besotted with this new Lioness of Dorne. She had kicked everyone’s ass. Some multiple times. She was worshipped at the academy. Physical prowess was a powerful aphrodisiac to the martial people of Dorne. Master Myrion Dwellen had ceased challenging her with the battle staff. She easily whipped his staff out of his hands now. She had become something fierce and near magical now. All could see that the woman was becoming supernatural. Everyone but Cersei it seemed. She just kicked ass when necessary with increasing ease. In fact with total ease now. She let the fights go on longer than necessary to not totally humiliate the combatant.

The only exception was when anyone dared insult Obara. Then it was nighty night time for the stupid man. Cersei wasting no time punching or kicking them unconscious. Women were to smart to insult Cersei and especially Obara. No. They all wanted in Cersei’s short cloth. They were whining to Obara when she and Cersei would start fucking them. The women and teenage sluts were getting a little nasty about it in their frustration.

Arianne had watched her wives fall for Cersei too. Myrcella eyed her own mother hungrily. She was openly lusting to bed her. It was clear with the hungry gaze Myrcella followed Cersei’s movements when in her presence. Arianne had confronted her on that and she had confessed her desires. Arianne had smiled at the news. Cersei had indeed become very desirable. She too looked at the woman with a new light herself.

In Dorne incest between consenting persons of age and polygamous relationships were easily accepted. Arianne had no issue with her Lannister wife lusting after her own mother and wanting to
fuck her. She had told Arianne she desperately desired to go down on Cersei as her other wives rode her mother’s face to screaming orgasms. Myrcella longed to make her mother scream into her wives cunts as Cersei ate them out. Myrcella deeply desired to fuck her mother’s hot tight cunt and butthole with her long thick strap-on dick. She wanted Cersei to fuck her the same way. The daughter wanted her mother to use her vaunted strength to fuck her and her wives senseless with hard grudge fucks that were really deep expressions of love.

Myrcella waxed poetic with fantasies of how they would fuck Cersei. Myrcella wanted to sit on the bed and watch her mother suck each of her wives off. Multiple times. She wanted to see her mother between their legs eating out their sloppy wet cunts and then riding her mother’s face hard like Obara said Cersei loved it. Then the four women of the Pride of Dorne would spend the rest of the night devouring Cersei.

And that was only one of Myrcella’s fantasies.

It was contagious this desire for Cersei Arianne snorted to herself. She too wanted to fuck Cersei’s brains out. The woman had always been known for her mouth. She was still caustic as hell but it was sweet now her snarky humor. It made every woman’s pussy wet. Arianne’s included. Humor, strength and beauty made women want to drop their short cloth for anyone who had any of those attributes. Cersei had all three in spades. In the past all Arianne wanted to do was skin Cersei alive. Now she dreamed of burying her face in Cersei’s hot wet snatch and suck her off like a feverish whore. Her daughter had a succulent cunt and she knew her mother’s would be equally sweet and juicy.

Obara had been over two nights ago. She was excited for the plan her father had hatched to get Cersei more liberated when it came to partaking of the incestuous pussy longing, waiting and dreaming of fucking Cersei with her sisters and aunt. Arianne was impressed with how her uncle had devised a plan to kill two birds with one stone.

Obara had waxed poetic talking to the Pride of Dorne. “Oh gods I can’t wait” Obara had husked. “It will be so hot when I bring my sweet wife over to your lair. We will fuck her soooooo good! I want her first gangbang to be with you Arianne and Myrcella along with my youngest sisters. We will get the juices flowing with plenty of pussy gobbling and finger banging. Then we will get strapped in with our thick long cocks.”

Her eyes had become unfocused. “It will be so good. I will be on my back slam fucking my dick balls deep up Cersei’s tight oily cunt. While I am banging her pussy you all will be fucking her ass so hard and deep. I want to see and feel her body jolting over mine as we pound the living shit out of her. Gods Cersei is an anal whore. She loves to be filled with dick deep up her ass. I will love watching you do ring around the asshole fucking her sweet shithole and pulling out to feed her your cocks soaked in her shit grease. She is such an ATM whore” Obara spoke in a dreamy tone “she moans and groans sucking her ass off my dick and will with yours.”

“I can’t wait to do double vag and anal on my hot slut” Obara husked her eyes distant her nipples pocking out her sheer top. "She loves my ramming my fist into her cervix and elbow deep up her ass. Cersei will die for it when she feels two dicks savaging her cunt and asshole” Obara husked her voice now clotted with need. It was the middle of the afternoon. Cersei was busy performing her tasks for Master Maryln. Soon Obara was stripped naked with Arianne and her wives strapped in with their 9½ to 11” cocks pounding the living hell out of Obara.

“Unngggg shitttt yeah! Pound my ass—arrggnnnnnnn uunnggg unnggg oohhh … ummnggg-pppfffff” Obara gibbered like a Lysian whore. Her voluptuous body rippled with the taunt groins slapping hard into her stout body to ram dicks balls deep into her spasming pussy and asshole. "Unngggg
Obara babbled out her belly impaled with thick dick. That was till Myrcella slide her prick soaked in Obara’s ass juice down her throat and skull fucked Obara with her hands clenched in Obara’s dark locks jamming her head forward while her hips pumped hard forward ramming her dick down Obara’s throat. Arianne swooned almost seeing Obara's throat bulge out around the cock pushed balls deep into her gullet. Myrcella slow pumping her hips impaling Obara airway deep throat. Obara choking and drooling spit as she happily took Myrcella's cock fully down her throat.

All the while Dorea was straddling Obara’s hips while the Sand Snake rammed as much of her 11” dick up into Obara's tight asshole as she could. Obara’s sister, Loreza, was underneath Obara’s juddering body slamming her dick viciously up and forward impaling her eldest sister’s tight trim. Loreza’s hands gripping Obara’s ribs to anchor her body as she surged her dick balls deep into the tight cunt of her sweet eldest incestuous sister. Arianne on her knees by Obara’s ass waiting her turn to again take her niece’s hot tight shithole. Dorea growled as she hunched over Obara ramming down with pure savage love slam fucking her sister's asshole with rampaging balls deep thrusts.

Arianne got off seeing Obara’s stout body ripple and jerk with the force of three dicks ramming deep down her three fuck holes. The slut fucked airtight. Myrcella arching her back in a slow sensual rhythm sliding her dick down Obara’s chocking gullet making her throat bulge out around her ears showing the shaft down her throat. Obara’s youngest sisters panting and growling as they slam fucked their older sister’s cunt and shithole so savagely but sweetly like they all liked it. Obara whinnied and cawed feeling nearly three feet of dick pumped balls deep into her belly and down her spit spewing mouth.

Obara opened her mouth around the shaft Myrcella pumped in and out her mouth and down Obara’s throat. Myrcella working her hips to ride her dickhead down the gullet of Obara. "Hhurrkkk uurrkkk uurrkkk uurrk aawwookkk ... aawwwwkkkk nnggg nnggg hhurrkkkk hhuurrkkkk" Obara choked and groaned with spit spewing out her mouth in slimy hanging tendrils. Then roping off with Myrcella jamming her groin into Obara's face pile driving her dick down her beautiful slut's throat.

They all wanted to feel their fucks the next day! Everyday!

The sweet fuck continued with the partners changing the holes they were plundering. Dorea jacked her cock out of Obara’s gaped wrecked asshole and kneed around to get in front of Obara with Myrcella kneeling back. Arianne got behind Obara. She eyed he gaped shithole slowly closing up. Arianne gripped Obara's ass cheeks running her fingers down the cleft and pulled back easily making Obara's asshole gape again. Arianne pushed her face into her niece's sweaty ass cleft and snaked her long tongue deep into Obara's rectum and licked all the sweet runnels and soft colon folds. She sucked the folds into her mouth and moaned running her tongue over the sweet undulations. Obara's shit cream like manna from heaven.

Obara moaned hard around Dorea's dick now fucking her throat deep throat. Arianne now torpedo rammed her dick with brutally love up Obara's shit pipe with a killing stroke of pure savage cruel love. Obara crying out around the dick in her throat. Arianne pounded her eldest niece's ass good and hard. Her hips pounding the slut's ass cheeks making them and her hips giggle had with the impact of striving bodies seeking pure love and exquisite pleasure. Then she pulled out and moved to get to Obara’s mouth and proceeded to deep throat fuck her niece's throat with hard strokes of her dick. The fuck continuing sweetly.

Loreza was behind Obara now slamming her dick up Obara’s spasming asshole. Each collision of bodies had the voluptuous body of Obara jiggling so hotly. The sounds of sweaty bodies slapping loud and in the room. That sound encouraged all to fuck harder and kept the fires of lust burning hotly in all their bodies. Obara's sweaty body dripped sweat from her face to her shaking ass
cheeks. An opaque ring of sweet ass cream was slavered around the plundered anus and smeared up and down the shaft slamming in balls deep. Mingled fuck juice slavered all over Obara's groin, inner thighs and up and down her ass cleft and up her ass cheeks. The savage strokes of incestuous love jolting Obara's cawing body forward onto the dicks fucking her pussy and throat. Loreza had her fist in Obara's hair too helping Obara to suck on Myrcella's cock. Soon she pulled out Obara's asshole.

The sweet orifice gaped a beautiful round hole. Obara's asshole gushed out shit juice liberally that ran down onto the cock plundering her tight pussy. Loreza moved off to let Arianne move in. She did and guided her cockhead to Obara's clenching gaped shithole. With a harsh forward lunge Arianne torpedo fucked her shaft up into Obara's ass with one killing stroke of 11 inches of pure anal love. Their bodies slapped wetly which was loud in their bedroom. Obara's long sweaty hair hung lankly about her head jerking with impact of a hot tight body into hers.

Obara cried out as she moved her head right and left now sucking her ass off Myrcella and Loreza's cock. Arianne was in heaven slamming her dick up her eldest niece's clenching butthole. Ass juice now weeping out her squired butthole and running down her perineum to dribble into her fucked cunt. Arianne ripping her dick out Obara's ass and holding her ass cheeks tight for a few seconds watching the gape and ass juice dribbled out her squired asshole and down into her hard fucked pussy.

Only then slamming her dick back home making Obara cry out. It had been so sweet. Obara's asshole gaped so large that she now could let her dickhead find her niece's asshole and slide up into her ass and ram home without her hands. That was hot! Again Arianne pulled out Obara's ass only to slam her dick home again up her eldest niece's ass. Again and again Arianne pulled her dick out Obara's gaped asshole and paused watching the gaped orifice clutch and pulse before ramming her dick savagely back up her niece's asshole. Her niece crying out in raw pleasure around the dicks sliding in and out fuck holes and her hot sucking mouth.

Obara's screams of many orgasms made Arianne smile then and now. Obara was very vocal in her orgasms like all Martells seemed to be. Obara was one sweet hot fuck.

The heir to Dorne smiled even broader. Life was becoming more perfect to Arianne. Recently her other nieces had formed their own pride and come up with the Viper's Liar as their moniker with a little help. It was cute and Arianne liked it. They had seen the happiness of their two youngest siblings being married to women and each other. They did not have to worry being married off for political gain since they were bastards. This had given them the freedom to choose their own destiny. They had chosen each other. Even the supposedly straight Sarella Sand. "I grow tired of men and their bleating. They never give me what I want, need or desire."

The newly married nieces had come over to celebrate three weeks ago. Wine and champagne was consumed to celebrate. Well ... one thing had led to another. Gods the sex had been wonderful. She had feasted on her other nieces again and again savoring their sweet wet cunts. They had eaten her out to ruin along with Myrcella. And gods they knew how to use strap-ons. All the sisters had happily tag teamed their Aunt and Myrcella. Hey had worn her and Myrcella out with rough TP sex.

It had been a gangbang of epic proportions. Arianne was in heaven having dicks pumped in all her fuck holes at once. She loved being fucked air tight with thick cock. It had been natural for the eight sisters to fuck their aunt and Myrcella together. The sisters ever changing which slut they were fucking and which hole they were currently fucking with total focus and love.

Arianne shivered remembering the cries of ecstasy of herself and Myrcella when her nieces had taken them with sweet double anal and vag fucking. It was so rad to feel one of the Sand Sankes
slipping their cock out their stretched out pussy and move their dickhead soaked in pussy slime and push that mushroom cockhead onto the shaft already buried up their ass. The thrill of feeling that bulbous dickhead worming around on their sphincter seeking purchase.

The intense rush when that thick septa helmet found purchase and pried their shitters open and the second cockhead slipped into their rectum stretching their sphincter ring’s out. The pain intense but so fucking pleasurable as ecstasy poured out their double pierced shitholes. She and Myrcella had cum so hard they nearly passed out. Then sweet back and forth with dicks soaked in pussy and ass. Their cunts fucked with dicks soaked in ass juice and then two dicks in stretched out pussies soaked in ass cream. That had been a sweet fuck!

Then the heir to Dorne and the High Princess of House Lannister had been double anal ring around the asshole fucked with four sisters around Arianne and four around Myrcella. The sweet sadistic sluts worming in two dicks up the beautiful women’s asses and see-sawing their thick strap-on cocks in and out squired assholes. The shafts soaked in sweet ass juice for the fucked sluts to slurp and suck clean when offered to their hungry slutty mouths.

Needless to say the new grouping of incestuous sisters had visited twice more and they had gone to their quarters three times. Plus, the two loving groups were freely moving from bed chamber to chamber suite fucking in whatever combination pleased them for that night. It was heaven on Earth. All the great sex was truly bonding the women ever tighter together. All the incest was making Myrcella a sex crazed maniac. She found incest supper hot!

This made Arianne so happy. Incest was the best! Keep it in the family! The only thing that could make it better would be to add Cersei to the mix!

This had led Obara to come over to her the last time she and Cersei visited her father. She guided Obara away from the group and off to the side as Cersei and her wives talked to her father making him chuckle.

“Myrcella is really dying to fuck your wife Obara. I hope she can wait until your father’s plan comes to fruition.” Obara gave her a brilliant smile before leaning in and locking their lips. Their tongues dueling wetly from mouth to mouth. Gods Obara was so fucking hot Arianne thought. She could not wait to fuck her and Cersei’s sweet succulent pussies together! To move her mouth from cunt to cunt would be a heavenly dream.

“I know” Obara husked dreamily her eyes filled with desire to share Cersei with her family.

Arianne continued her narration “Cersei has cast a spell over all of the Battleborne Academy. She was always beautiful and now she has the personality that is equally as beautiful and alluring. I and your sisters long to bury our faces deep in Cersei’s succulent cunt and suck her off. We all have witnessed you and her fucking exuberantly in the Officer’s Sauna and behind the practice grounds. Everyone loves to watch you two fuck.”

Obara smiled hearing that. She was an exhibitionist who loved fucking in front of others.

“We want to watch you fuck Cersei senseless before us as you take and abuse all her fuck holes. We love the fact that Cersei is so powerful and yet totally submissive to you.”

“Do you have a problem with that?” Arianne asked Obara coyly. “The fact that my wives and I want to fuck Cersei in front of you. They and I will make her scream as if the demons of hell are after her. She will beg us to fuck her again and again.” Arianne smirked. She already knew the answer to her questions about sharing Cersei with Obara. All knew Obara’s desires regarding Cersei.
Obara’s return smile had been radiant. “I do not. I would love to share Cersei with the Pride of Dorne. I long to share Cersei with my father and Ellaria. She is still prudish but I am breaking down those barriers. My father’s plan should speed that process up greatly. He fully supports our efforts to hurry along the shredding of my sweet wife’s inhibitions. I look forward to the future Warden of the South fucking my wife often. Both with me and alone. I want Cersei to love my entire family completely. I want her fucking you, my sisters and her own daughter as often as possible. I want Cersei totally open with her love with us.”

Arianne was so happy to hear this. She had been sure but to hear Obara speak the words reassured Arianne. Cersei was a special prize and she had feared that maybe some jealousy might creep into Obara and not have her want to share Cersei with her sisters, daughter and aunt. Competitiveness was a strong trait in family of Martell.

Arianne smiled and again they snogged heatedly longing for the day when Cersei was totally in the fold. Their family dynamic would be so much stronger when Cersei was freely fucking them all.

They finally broke their lip lock. “As I said, I can’t wait to share Cersei with you and my sisters Arianne. It is very loving.” Arianne smile became larger.

Now Arianne spoke in a dreamy tone “I can’t wait to watch Loreza, Dorea and Myrcella dine on Cersei’s succulent body all night and day. I want us to watch them fuck Cersei blind. I want to see their mouths devour your wife Obara. Then they will fuck her cunt and ass out with their long, thick hard dicks.”

“We will watch as her daughter, Myrcella, bangs her mother’s ass and then ‘make’ Cersei suck her ass off Myrcella’s cock. We will watch my wives savagely ram their long thick dicks into Cersei’s belly and down her throat fucking her airtight.”

“Then it will be our turn as they watch us take and fuck Cersei like the Lysian whore she is!” Arianne crowed. She was getting wet just thinking of it.

“One of us will be lying on our back as she rotates and slams her hips back and down impaling her cunt on the dick. The other watching and then moving in and ramming our cock hungrily up her clenching butthole. We will ravage her asshole and then move forward as we all watch her sucking her shithole off our dicks as she moans like the whore she is. We will make her scream before her daughter as we savagely DP fuck your slutty wife.”

“We will make her cum screaming to multiple orgasms again and again” Obara chimed in finishing the thought totally caught up in the dreamy scenario they had built up.

“Then it will be your turn to just watch, Obara, while I and your younger sisters torpedo slam our cocks up Cersei’s tight asshole and pussy. We will fuck her with savage deep thrusts of pure love. Her asshole and pussy coating our dicks with thick smears of cunt and ass juice that she we all know she loves to suck off your strap-on dick. We have all seen you ravage her ass in the Officer’s Sauna. I tell you we will wear her out and make her beg for more.”

Obara shivered hard and smiled. “All this talk of fucking Cersei has me so wet” Obara whined. I can’t wait to fuck you again. It feels like forever since we fucked!” she pouted though it had just been two days ago. “I love fucking you. I love your voluptuous body. So much like mine.”

Arianne smiled they indeed did look like sisters. They had shared many great fucks aunt to niece and shared so many great orgasms binding the Martell family ever closer.

She kissed Obara with a hard kiss her body inflamed with remembered passion shared with her niece. She knew they would have plenty time later for sweet incestuous debauchery. “I long to fuck
you again Obara. It always feels like it has been too long since I sucked you off and fisted your hot
tight pussy and steamy asshole niece. I will again make you scream as you eat out Cersei and she
has her daughter sitting on her face and eating out to orgasm.”

“We have all heard and seen her enormous skills in bed. She had become the Lion of Dorne in all
things. We will fuck gloriously with you and your wife Obara.”

Obara had kissed her deeply then with lots of tongue to seal the deal. Arianne could not wait.
Arianne shook her head clearing out thoughts of sweet incestuous lesbian debauchery to come. She
couldn’t wait!

She looked again at the parchment from the Maester of Magic, Marwyn, of the Citadel. In it he
detailed how he had important news that needed to be shared with the Queen. He was most sure that
the Queen would want to hear what news he had for her. He also told Arianne in the scroll that he
would come bearing gifts that the Queen would find most advantageous and alluring. They were
from her homeland and culture of Valyria. She would be most satisfied with his news and gifts. He
had heard how they longed to be first among the Queens provincial advisors. This would assure it.

Arianne had been excited by this news. She knew that Myrcella and her reports were shining at the
Queen’s Small Council meeting. They were by far the most insightful and researched reports
provided by the Wardens of Westeros. Their reports shined brightest at the small council. Their
jackals had made that clear. Other Houses were trying to catch up to them but they never would.
She and Myrcella were like the Queen in trying to solve problems for her people. They were trying
to serve others and not themselves. This would always give them the advantage with the Dragon
Queen.

She and Myrcella had commissioned a grid survey of the Shadow City. When finished they would
start putting in public latrines with running water. The running water to be provided by water towers
that the Queen had given them blueprints of from Volantis. Seawater would be used to cleanse the
sewers with the water pressure created from the water towers. Using gravity lines they would run
the sewage to the marshes dispersing the waste to let the marsh cleanse it. The waste should actually
feed the fish and shellfish nurseries if closely regulated out into the delicate environment.

There would be a second set of towers erected to provide fresh water. People would be hired to build
and maintain the towers. This would give employment to artisans. People with low education and
unemployed would be hired to keep the water levels up in the towers and keep the sewer feed lines
cleaned and flowing. These low skilled persons would be trained to spot problems that would be
reported to the artisans and engineers for repair.

It was the type of project that would better the life of Arianne’s people and catch the Queen’s
attention. Arianne smiled at this. The Queen was quick to learn and take to new ways. Arianne
was sure that the Queen would start to use some of the ideas that Dorne were developing. She
admitted to herself that she liked having the Queen’s attention. She knew that this “news” that the
Maester of Magic had to offer the Queen could be big. Very big.

She took up the parchment and snorted. Of course he had his price tag. Marwyn never did anything
for pure altruistic reasons. He made it clear he expected one thousand gold dragons. He said he
needed the gold to further his acquisition of rare books and artifacts. Arianne was sure that was true.
The man was true to his specialty of Magic. He had a genuine passion and love for that arcane link
he wore around his neck. He did scour the world looking for anything magical related. The man
especially sought out books. The books teaching insight and knowledge of magic itself.

Arianne smiled seeing his other demand. Arianne had always thought it funny how orders that had
vows of chastity were always looking for cock and pussy. The young silent sisters were famous for their lesbian orgies amongst themselves. They were always seducing young maidens and relieving them of their maidenheads. The excess daughters of Lords sent to the monasteries of the Faith of the Seven. The women were quickly taught the ways of the Church to satisfy the hierarchy.

That hierarchy turning a blind eye to the deflowering of the young maidens (most often) by the septas. The lesbian sex tolerated since it kept the young women’s libidos in check. Many a Lord’s wife and daughters went to visit septas for religious guidance. That was the guise used to get plenty of hot sex that actually satisfied their usually unsatisfied selves. Getting your brains fucked out tended to calm a woman’s agitated state which made for a calm castle or holdfast. Arianne snorted. The stupid men never knew. They simply could not conceive of women finding true satisfaction in another woman’s arms.

The septas skills in the oral arts were famous. Their skills with strap-ons and dildos legendary to those who knew where to look and listen. The septas were willing to spend long arduous nights helping the women of a Lord’s household find the path to enlightenment and service to the seven faced god.

Translation. The women visiting the septas or having them come to them in their very own beds while their husbands were off on business or wenching. The women fucked to a near comatose state of bliss. The women anxiously waiting for their next lessons in piety. The septas helped keep the peace by keeping all these horny and desperate for pleasure women satisfied. Many men vainly secure in their inept skills. Fools and assholes Arianne noted for the millionth time.

Arianne often wondered if the women might not revolt if deprived of their religious counseling from their septas. The septas willing to bury their faces in dripping wet pussies and clenching ass clefts to make sure their pious messages were truly received. It was amazing how often they had to repeat their sermons Arianne joked to herself.

Men could be so dense the heir to Dorne mused to herself. Arianne had fucked many a woman right under a Lord or knights nose and they never suspected. Even when they were almost caught in the adultery. They always explained it away to themselves. They could not even conceive that their woman (who was supposedly satisfied) would find comfort and love in another woman’s arms. Let their blissful ignorance blind the men to the truth. It made it so much easier for women to commit adultery with their women lovers.

As for the septons, they were famous for buggering young boys and fucking the women they were supposed to give religious guidance to. Arianne supposed it got their supplicant’s closer to their seven faced god. It was a rare septon that kept his vows. It was asking for the impossible. Humans were sexual animals and they could not fight their natures. If they did succeed in blocking there natural instincts and desires many broke down with neurosis that made them unstable and unable to perform their religious order tasks and sometimes any other.

When one tried to block the core instincts of the human animal it did not usually turn out good. On the surface all may seem calm but underneath the seeming placid surface of the body water the currents were most often roiled and unsettled.

Sure there was the few exceptions but they were exceptions. If you fought the basic instincts of your nature you were asking for trouble.

When it came to their vows of chastity, the Maesters were some of the worst. They loved to fuck. It was unnatural to ask humans to give up sex. The drive to survive was the strongest: food, water and shelter were essential and people would do what they needed to acquire enough to survive. Wars often started for such reasons. After one’s survival was assured sex was by far the strongest
motivator. The basic human desire to procreate made people randy. Maester Marwyn was a prime example.

He may be short and had a hard ale belly Arianne mused but the man could fuck like a raging bull. She smiled remembering the hair in his ears and nose. None of that mattered when he was slamming Arianna with his long hard thick cock. Gods he had made her cum so hard. Over and over. She loved feeling his long hard cock buried deep in her pussy or up her ass ejaculating hard sending spurts of his pearly jizm flooding her womb or colon.

When he went on voyages overseas he traveled through Sunspear to get to the port on the coast. The man always first went to Lys first to meet his contacts he maintained there. From there his contacts scoured Essos for artifacts and books on magic. The heir of Dorne knew he visited many of the whore houses as well. She supposed mixing work and pleasure had its benefits Arianne joked to herself.

She had been fascinated by the man. He was so different from the other pompous Maesters who were self-righteous and sanctimonious. He was actually courteous and was reported to be civil to those lower than himself in the Citadel. He was raw and forthright with all but fair.

He was very intelligent and adroit. Arianna loved his curiosity and his desire to know the world and had an open mind. She had talked to the man for hours. He was funny and made her laugh. He would actually listen to her ideas and thoughts which was very rare in a man. Of course talking was only a prelude. He then would take her to bed and fuck the living hell out of her. She preferred pussy but a man who could bone was a fuck not to be missed.

Men had a power and roughness to them that gave them a particular allure. Of course their male ego tended to ruin it for her. Their insecure bleating only turned her off. She could put up with their insecure chest thumping if they knew how to fuck. If their skill in the sack was lacking and she did not need their influence or strength then she quickly caste them aside.

The Maester had evidently not traveled through Sunspear to parts unknown of late. She had not thought of him since her heart was captured by Myrcella and her two youngest nieces now. Myrcella would like the man. The teenager also valued intellect and curiosity about the world. She had never planned to fuck him again but she always loved his intellect.

Arianne smiled. His chewing of Red Leaf would be a no go around Myrcella. Myrcella hated people who chewed tobacco and Red Leaf was even worse. Those red teeth were a definite no go but she had not cared when she was giving the man a blow job or he was pounding her pussy and fucking her asshole inside out and making her cum so fucking hard.

Arianne knew that if Marywn delivered what he implied she would be very powerful with the Queen. She wondered what it was the Maester of Magic had to offer. She was waiting for Myrcella to come to her. She had sent a servant to fetch her when she was done with her current duty. She knew that her wife would want to go for it. This information would be a gold mine of influence and status building.

Myrcella made it clear that she wanted them to remain in Dorne now. She kept telling Arianna that the more they curried the Queen’s favor the more likely they could get resources sent to Dorne. When trade deals and alliances were being formed they would be at the table and would get favorable clauses and legislation. The largesse of the Iron Throne could be used to make Dorne ever greater and be able to provide more to the populace of Dorne.

Arianne had been and always would be touched by the change of Myrcella’s focus. When their Pride first formed Myrcella had wanted to go to King’s Landing to further the power of the Pride she
had formed. Now her focus was on Dorne and supporting Arianne. She wanted to be great in
Dorne. It made Arianne and her nieces love the scion of House Lannister even more.

Her father was a great leader but he was a cautious man Arianne reflected. He was reluctant to take
risks. She would be careful and husband her resources but she would strive to make connections in
the greater world and form new alliances. She hoped to form new ties with Highgarden that she had
fostered with the successful venture in vineyards east of Nightsong. The land reclaimed and already
showing great promise of profits for both Houses. Profits the grease that eased many tensions.

She saw so many chances for profit and cultural exchanges from the birth place of Nymeria. The
Queen was setting up a new world order in Essos. Huge profits could be made and still help the new
world form a better template than the old slave trade.

The door opened and her wife came in. Myrcella smiled at her. Her beautiful lioness Arianne
thought as she gazed upon her beautiful golden haired wife. When it came to Game of Thrones it
was Myrcella she relied on. When the sword was needed that was when they talked to Loreza and
Dorea. Arianne with her wives would prove to be an unstoppable force in Dorne.

Myrcella shivered seeing her naked wife her hair gleaming from the brushing Arianne had given it
while contemplating the parchment. Myrcella quickly unhooked and undid the ties to her own dress
and let it fell to the floor. Her silk panties followed. Nude she walked over to Arianne and bent to
down to her wife and kissed her on the lips. The kiss lingered with a touch of tongue. A hint of
what was to come. She sat down beside Arianne. They turned to look at each other. Ariane felt her
pulse quicken seeing raw naked desire for her in Myrcella’s eyes.

Myrcella started to move in to initiate lovemaking. Arianne felt her desire burning through her body
but she wanted to get Myrcella’s take in the parchment and give her opinion on it first. Her pussy
quivered with want but she knew she would be satisfied shortly. She put her finger to Myrcella’s
lips. She made eye contact with her wife and Myrcella saw that her wife had something serious she
wanted to discuss and sat back and patiently waited. This willingness to follow Arianne’s lead
always made the daughter of Dorian so happy and feeling totally loved. Arianne smiled at her and
held up the parchment.

Myrcella took it with a questioning look in her eyes. She started to unroll he scroll reading it as she
worked her wrists unfurling and rolling up the scroll as she read it. Arianne loved reading Myrcella’s
face as she digested what the Maester of Magic had written. She saw curiosity, calculation and
finally possibilities running across Myrcella’s face.

Myrcella finished reading the scroll and set it down. She looked up at Arianne. She smiled at her
wife. “You know what this could bring us. It would really be a huge benefice that we could bring
the Queen. We would have so much cache with her if this Maester delivers what he promises. My
gods what we could do with that backing behind us. We would be able to advance the interests of
Dorne so much.”

Arianne felt her heart bursting with love for Myrcella. The woman was of Dorne now. She looked
at all things through the prism of what was best for Dorne. She loved Arianne with all her heart and
now focused all her effort on making sure the Pride of Dorne supported the Queen and sought to
make Dorne the first of all the Houses in the Queen’s eyes. Myrcella wanted to make Arianne shine
before the Houses of Dorne and in the Queen’s court. The Queen would value them above all
others.

They would use that cache for the good of Dorne.

Arianne had gotten so lucky she knew. The seven gods had given her the perfect spouse who had
been so loving she brought Arianne two additional wives.

“Can this man be trusted in what he says Arianne? Will he deliver?” Myrcella asked her with searching eyes.

“Yes. The man is honorable I have found. Not only that but I think in his own way he is being true to the Dragon Queen. He wants her to succeed” Arianne answered her wife’s question.

“I know you are bisexual Arianne. I have never slept with a man. I will if it I must. Your other wives also do not crave the touch of any man.” She looked at Arianne intensely. Arianne saw her wife’s eyes cloud with doubt. “I have not harmed you have I wife? I … I have been sleeping with our other wives and now we are sleeping with your other nieces but— … have I denied you something that you have craved my dear sweet wife. Do you miss the touch of a man? I do not desire men but I know in the past you freely slept with both sexes.”

Arianne enfolded Myrcella with her arms and pulled her slender wife onto her lap. She loved how Myrcella wiggled her slender body into her voluptuous body. Her perfect pale skin pressed into Arianne’s deeply dusky skin. They looked at each other deeply and their breathing deepened. Myrcella shivered and mewled making Arianne smile wickedly.

She bent her head in and kissed Myrcella. The kiss started sweetly but fuck hunger raged thought their bodies. Arianne swiped Myrcella’s lips hard demanding entrance to her sweet mouth. The instant Myrcella parted her lips Arianne’s tongue speared into her slut’s mouth making her love jolt hard. The kissed turned deep with her tongue wetly exploring her wife’s mouth and wrestling Myrcella’s tongue hotly. Their bodies instinctively pressed into each other. Myrcella whimpering with Arianne ramming her tongue again and again down her throat. Their tits mashed into the other’s breast flattening as they held each other tight.

Arianne broke the kiss and put her forehead to her wife’s forehead. Spit roped between their lips swayed and then broke off to land on their throats. Both women still held each other tight relishing their naked bodies pressed tight into each other. “You have denied me nothing my sweet wife. You and my sweet Loreza and Dorea satisfy me. Now my other nieces are giving me sweet pleasure and their own familial love. I have not missed cock. But I will not lie to you. I will enjoy fucking Marwyn. He can definitely bone. Almost as well as you my sweet Lioness.”

Arianne saw Myrcella preen at the compliment. It was true. Like the lioness she was, Myrcella had become quite the cocksman in bed. Arianne had taught Myrcella it was all in the hips. One worked your pelvis to work one’s hips to pound your strap-on shaft hard and deep into your squealing woman’s pussy or ass. You swirled and snapped your hips to give yourself torque to harpoon your dick into your slut’s fuck holes. The motion sliding one’s strap-on cock smoothly in and out the hot wet fuck hole you were currently taking. Arianne shivered at the thoughts of Myrcella’s skills with a strap-on.

Still, Arianne had to admit that a man’s body had a strength and power that women with few exceptions could match. Even her sweet Dorea and Lorenza could only generate so much power. Men were heavier and more solid of build. Weight gave power. Arianne had always relished that power in a man who actually had the skills to use his cock to truly pleasure a woman.

Most men only poked at a woman’s pussy. They brought no skill or imagination to the bed. They made fucking boring. But. A man who knew how to truly bone was a divine fuck. The Maester of Magic was such a man.

“Will you have a problem with this Myrcella? Me taking pleasure fucking a man. I have not missed fucking men since you and I became lovers with Dorea and Loreza. But now that the opportunity
has arisen I will take it. Will it bother you Myrcella? I want to be sure in this before I meet Marwyn. You know Obara’s plans with Cersei and Oberyn and how she wants to draw us into the sweet fucking. Will you have a problem with that Myrcella? Knowing that my uncle will be fucking me in all my fuck holes. That his hot spunk will be flooding my womb and asshole.”

Myrcella smiled at her. “No my sweet wife. It is only you who will find pleasure with a man in our Pride Arianne. It will be like you fucking your other nieces, my mother, Ellaria or your uncle Oberyn. You will be taking pleasure with lovers you crave. I love new sweet sluts we bring to our bed or will in the future. I will be happy to watch you fucking Oberyn as I fuck my mother or Ellaria. I plan on sucking Oberyn’s sperm out of your slack cunt and asshole.”

Arianne felt a hot rush run through her body at that declaration. She had fantasied about that. Life was about seeking new pleasures and expanding one’s perspectives. Maybe she could cajole and tempt her wives to fuck Oberyn. It would be so hot. If not she could live with that. She hoped to get them to accept a taste of strange from time to time.

“I will be watching you fuck Marwyn” Myrcella told Arianne with hot eye contact and a firm voice. Her tone had no rancor only open lust. Arianne shivered knowing her wife wanted to watch her get banged hard by a man she had made clear knew how to bone a woman. Hard and deep.

“You wicked little pervert you. I love it!”

Myrcella smiled evilly at her. “If Marwyn bones as well as you say he does then I want to see it. Hot sex is hot sex my sweet. When we fuck in the Officer’s sauna I love watching hets fuck. It is hot to watch. I just don’t wish to partake.”

Arianne smiled. Again Arianne hoped that just maybe she could get her wives to fuck Oberyn. She longed to seduce them into taking of her uncle’s sweet cock. It would be beyond rad to see Oberyn taking his youngest daughter’s hot tight cunts while their mother, Ellaria, banged their tight pinching shitholes and moved around again and again to let her youngest daughters suck their sweet ass juice off her cock. It did not matter really if it did not happen but it would be so sweet if it did come to pass.

Then in Arianne’s imagination it was first Cersei and then Myrcella being DP fucked by her uncle and his paramour. It would be so hot to see their shafts lunging balls deep up into their hot tight cunts and assholes. Arianne shivered picturing Ellaria and Oberyn doing double anal on the hopefully by then incestuous mother and daughter sluts.

Myrcella spoke “Plus, I can see you trust him but I will not take any chances. We will arrange a safe place for you to meet him. A place that we will have our Sand Snakes positioned for any danger. We will have Cersei with her strength. We will bring along the most skilled of the female cadets too to make sure we have the womanpower to meet any possible threat. Which of course means we will have to be able to observe all that occurs during your meeting.”

Arianne loved the coy smirk on Myrcella’s face. She had indeed chosen wisely in her choice of a mate.

Their arms enfolded around heated bodies and their mouths came together tight tongues dueling wetly. Arianne pulled Myrcella tight into her bosom as they snogged with coiled tongue fighting desperately in their hungrily mated mouths. Hands in hair pulling tilted heads tight allowing tongues to spear down deep groaning throats. Both women’s bodies heated and their breathing ragged as sweat started to film on their bodies.

Soon they were on their bed in a hot sixty-nine eating sweet pussy. They would devour each other
till their other wives arrived and the fucking would truly soar.

Myrcella

Myrcella sat at her desk in the elegant sitting room of the suite of rooms she had taken out on the penthouse fifth floor of the old hotel on the Sunrise Boulevard. The grand edifice on the shore of Summer Sea a short distance to the South of the Water Gardens. Over the centuries the wealthy of Dorne had built grand retreats here on the beach below the Water Gardens. Families coming to visit the children they had fostered in the grand gardens of the Martells.

From those beginnings a thriving hotel industry had taken root. The hotels needing other businesses to keep them in business had sprung up. Thus, a whole eco system had sprouted that gave employment to many in Sunspear and the Shadow City around it. More and more businesses taking root supporting its kindred.

The hotels and businesses that had sprouted up catered to the rich and famous from all over Westeros and from the now truly Free Cities of Essos. The southern clime seemed to engender a looser set of morals than the rest of staid Westeros. Prime and proper Lords and their chaste wives would come to this spot on Dorne and “let their hair down”. This spot had come to be known as Nightowl Isle. It was said that “what happened in Nightowl stayed in Nightowl. Who would be the wiser.” One emphasized the word ‘who’ like an owl.

People from across the known world came to the hotels, gambling parlors, swanky bars and brothels to have fun and commit all manners of debaucheries. They would let loose and fornicate and partake of gluttony and drunken revelry. Men and women fucking freely and partaking of the ‘sins of the flesh’ with glee and abandon. Then at the end of the stay they would once more don their conservative air, dress and speech and return to their boring lives. They would again live the lie till their next visit to the City of Sin.

Myrcella shook her head. Hypocrites. She had learned the truth from her wives. In Dorne people did not try to suppress their desires. It was a much more healthy way to live. Still, she supposed it was better that the hypocrites blew off ‘steam’ and not blow like an overheated pressure cooker. Better to get it out of the system than let pent up frustrations extrude into areas where it might cause problems in the staid northern Constituencies. By letting off this ‘steam’ problems were reduced back home.

The former Lannister knew that those urges would still be in the hearts of the returned personage when they travelled home. Then it was back to the shadows and deceptions with ones desires. Frustrations would mount with the lack of freedom they craved in Dorne. The skullduggery pressing in on them till they could once more migrate south for succor and soothing.

Myrcella thanked the gods she did not believe in that she had come to Dorne and Arianne. She had been freed of a ‘fate worse than death’ she smirked to herself.

She was in the luxury suite in Nymeria’s Eyrie. In the next suite Arianne waited for the Master of Magic Marwyn to appear. All was ready.

Arianne and Myrcella had had the man under observation for the last week on his journey to them from Oldtown and the Citadel. When he had contacted Arianne and they had decided to accept his offer they had contacted their jackals in Godsgrace by ravens to keep the Maester under surveillance. He had waited till he had gotten close to Sunspear to communicate.
It was from there the Maester had sent a raven to Arianne. He was there making arrangements with a merchant in antiquities to travel to the great inland grass seas in the Disputed Lands inland of Myr. He thought there was an ancient lost city of early Valyria there he wanted to explore. The references were vague but he was sure of his translations. The gold he wanted as payment would help pay for the expedition.

He had often fucked Arianne in one or the other high end hotels of Nightowl Isle. The man luxuriating in the high life for a day or two as he transitioned from various points across the two continents. It was the closest he would ever get to luxury living. A night or two was all a Maester could hope for if he continued to wear his chains. This time they would be in the establishment owned clandestinely by the Martells. The hotel was setup up give it clients the best of all the sins they may hope to have. The hotel was also setup to allow for maximum espionage to be done in the name of the House of Martell. The rooms had plenty of spy holes and hidden halls behind the wall to allow easy access to various rooms. The staff all well trained in spy craft.

The family of Martell had formed working professional relationships with the best brothels. The women were hired on a rotating basis to work in Nymeria’s Lair. The women trained up in spy craft and how to coax out a man or woman’s secrets.

The whores in the employee of the madam who went by the name of the Shady Lady were the most beautiful in all of Dorne with many of the best whores cycling in from King’s Landing and the Whore Houses of Lys. Her whore house went by the same name. She made sure she kept her house stocked with new women. The! cliental always had new women to choose from. This kept her services in high demand.

The madam made it a policy to make sure the whores in her hire were experts in the arts of lovemaking. She had two teenage sons that the women had to fuck to prove their skills in the arts of boning a male. Her sons always anxious to show off their skills and get fucked!

The women were then tested in their arts of Sapphic lovemaking. It was the Madam that did this testing. Her standards high. The new whores had to prove themselves to the Madam over a weekend of continued sweet fucking. Her living quarters thick with the smell of happy pussy by the end of the weekend.

This arrangement of keeping new women in her establishment had ancillary benefits for the women. It allowed the high end whores to travel and explore new climes and cultures. It was a benefit working in the high end brothels of Sunspear, Kings Landing, Pentos, Tyrosh, Myr, Braavos and of course Lys. The ability to travel and live life the best in multiple locations. The whores sought after and respected. These women were valued assets and were treated as such.

The women for the most part fucked their clients for the money it brought them. The more money they brought in the higher they were valued. The women loved being oversexed and getting boned. These women were highly sexually and craved orgasms.

True many of the men were not that skilled and much fakery was employed. The ones who could bone were almost fought over. Many a whore was steamed when a true cocksman selected another whore to bone.

The women who sought out the whores were often novices to lesbian love. The whores knew they could quickly be trained up to become expert pussy gobblers if novices. Women once shown the wonders of lesbian lovemaking were so anxious to learn to suck and fuck women. The whores happy to do the training. The whore always happy to convert another woman into a bisexual slut. A woman who continued fucking her ‘man’ because she must but who secretly craved the touch of a woman. The whores thrilled in teaching women the Sapphic arts. The newly converted lesbo sluts
almost famished in their need to gobble sweet gash. For the whores it was the best of all worlds. Women, often quite lovely, anxious to be eaten out and nearly drooling to eat out the whores. All night!

Most of the whores were bisexual with a very strong leaning towards women or outright lesbians fucking men as work only. If they received orgasms from their work all the better. Many of the whores married each other and moved around the upper end whore houses as a pair. The women committed to each other but fully in the polyamours lifestyle. It was the best all worlds for these women.

Some of the whores had once been trapped wives locked in marriages they detested. The forced marriages sapping their very essence. They had been liberated the first time they went down on one of whores. They had become addicted to lesbian sex. They had become addicted to women. Many of the women were able to live with their clandestine meetings. Their husbands usually glad their woman had made friends with a woman. The man felt relived she was out of his hair (if he had any).

Some of the aggressive women making arrangements with the Madam to have them disappear. Some rouse formed to throw the man off the scent. It was easy enough to hire a man to act as the cad lover on the side that the woman had 'run away' with. In truth the woman leaving for one of the high end brothels in another city far away. There to live a life she chose.

There was the situations where a whore fell in love with her client. Then the both women were sent to another local to live together as wife and wife. The woman almost always joining her new wife in her work at the oldest profession. In Lys especially, but in other major cities too, one found whore houses catering to only women. It was here these newlyweds often flocked too. The newbie lesbian living the high life gobbling all the pussy her tired mouth could feast on.

Myrcella had loved this when she discovered how many of the whores were lesbians like herself. Women who had found freedom with other women. It made her smile. Of course the whores who worked at Nymeria’s Lair had so many other talents.

The whores who worked here had talents other than only purely fucking. The women were very skilled in prying information from drunk on liquor or sex clients, pick pocketing documents and keys from clients (copies hastily made and returned while the clients were fucked into comas of spent pleasure). The art of pickpocketing and lock picking taught to the whores. The women would plant thoughts that the clients would swear were their own the next morning. They were practiced at the arts of influence peddling, recruitment of diplomates, emissaries to defect and the recruitment of spies.

The staff of the establishments of Nightowl Isle were most accommodating in helping their clients be at ease and ready to be seduced and coerced by the women and men they would be fucking that night with. This setup was mirrored across Westeros and Essos. With a few exceptions, no one had setup up their spy craft as fully executed as in Dorne. Dorne had both the moral liberal climate and the aggressive national security apparatus to achieve the highest results with their espionage.

The State used these establishments to gather information they used to set and execute State policy. Of course everyone was trying to get the advantage on everyone else. It was Dorne’s security and spy agencies job to be the best. Nightowl Isle filled with spies from across the world seeking information as well.

The agencies both working with and against each other where it made sense for each entity. It could all get very confusing actually. The art of the double cross thrived in Nightowl. The one thing that was not tolerated was murder. With so many spies and operatives it was literally hard to get away with murder. The culprits discovered and dealt with.
Myrcella was looking over the security and dossiers on one Maester Marwyn. Myrcella had read through the paperwork on the Maester to get a better feel for the man. Who was he and how did he comport himself. By all reports he was arrogant but fair. Myrcella felt the man could indeed be worked with. Maybe in the future as well.

Arianne had wanted to know what he had to offer beyond promises of “something good” and the “Queen needs to know”.

On the threat to the Queen and the realm he would not say more than that the “status quo” was being upset and that forces were aligning that wanted “new and unsettling ideas and customs” put down. Myrcella and Arianne read that as the conservative elements of Westeros did not like the more liberal ideas and ideals that Daenerys Targaryen was bringing to the Iron Throne and in time across Westeros.

Dorne was allowed its “proclivities” in its remote Southern part of the country. Many in the north considered Dorne an arid wasteland. Most of the stuck up Northerners thought that Dorne was full of ‘rubes’ who lived in dusty tents and dirty cities. Myrcella knew she had been raised to think thus. She had heard the snickers herself growing up. The gods knew her mother used to say that all the time in a derisive tone. Myrcella shook her head. Now her mother was as Dorne as one could get. Just like her daughter.

Myrcella reflected on this. On how providence had guided both daughter and mother to Dorne. One a willing a teenager and the other an unwilling exiled Queen. Now both were extremely happy and so thankful they had been sent to Dorne. Myrcella shivered. It would become more perfect once she and her mother had become incestuous lovers. She dreamed and fantasied many times a day of going down on her mother. Myrcella shivered again. Gods her mother’s cunt was going to taste so good in her mouth when Myrcella went down on her mother. Repeatedly!

Yes, Dorne kept their ideas and culture to themselves for the most part. Rarely did Dorne go on wars of conquest. They may honor treaties and fidelity to House politics but when the wars were over the forces of Dorne were more than happy to return home to their dry southern climes. If the North did not want to learn the ways of Dorne the people of Dorne did not care. They had found a better way and if the rest of Westeros did not want to learn from Dorne then that was there lose.

On the gifts, Maester Marwyn was offering, he was more forthcoming. He had gifts from old Valyria that he thought the new Queen would find most beneficial. On a recent trip to Tyrosh and Volantis he had acquired knowledge of certain magical ‘items’. His research had led him to several dealers of questionable reputations in the field of artifacts collection.

They had found a treasure trove of items from the failed freehold of Valyria. The dealers had found the remains of a consignment store in the basement of an exchequers office for the Iron Bank in Tyrosh. This had led to many finds and paperwork that led to an old abandon warehouse on the docks of Volantis. The runes had led the adventurous intrepid collectors to a hidden room. Only seven of them had died breaking the magical seals. The ‘dealers’ had made to get away with their largesse.

The merchant mercenaries had moved up the Dragon Road to the ruined city of Sar Mell. There they crossed the Roynar and went to Volon Therys. The fallen stronghold of Valyria now under control of Volantis. The artifact mercenaries put together a camel caravan to haul away their finds to The Orange Shore to avoid any authorities that patrolled the Dragon Road and the environs around Volantis especially the docks.

It was at this stage that the Maester had stumbled across their find and his knowledge let him know just how valuable the finds were. He had acted immediately. It helped immensely to have ravens at
his disposal.

It had been worth it. Maester Marwyn had hired a small company of mercenaries to hit the caravan with the express orders to use only minimal force. There had been a few survivors of the raid. Marwyn said a few prayers for the dearly departed. He had some of the items sent to him that he knew of and how to activate and use. He was on his way to pick up main bulk of the items he had purloined. He had inventoried what he had and had pulled out five items that he knew the Queen would find beneficial and sent them ahead. The rest had been sent to back to Tyrosh. It was there that the Maester was travelling to pick up his ‘purchases’.

The items he had wanted sent to him had arrived in Godsgrace. He did not want his ‘precious’ magical items getting to close to the Citadel. He would be bringing them to Arianne. Myrcella read over the items. Dragon Glass she knew of. It had become almost as synonymous of old Valyria as dragons and even more mysterious. They were said to have great power.

She remember reading in her studies with Arianne on Valyria to prepare for this meeting (the study delayed to make time for some heated fucking Myrcella thought shivering with remembered delights then more hot fucking after the their study time with their sweet wives joining in now off duty). Many facts of the Dragon Glass left behind after the Doom of Valyria were known. Most who observed the candles and left accounts on them were not of Valyria. They found the candles gave off a bright light that were unpleasant to the eyes. It was said there was something queer about the light. It left viewers unsettled.

The flames did not flicker even in a strong draft of a hard closed door that would blow papers off the table top the Dragon Glass candles were placed on. The light did something strange to colors too. Whites were bright as fresh-fallen snow, yellow shone like gold, reds turned to flame, but the shadows were so black they looked like holes in the world. The candles themselves were three feet tall and slender as a sword, ridged and twisted, glittering black.

It was said the sorcerers of the Freehold could see across mountains, seas, and deserts with one of these glass candles. They could enter a man’s dreams and give him visions, and speak to one another half a world apart, seated before their candles.

The Maester had several candles already in his possession in the Citadel. In his scroll Marwyn said that other Maesters had Dragon Glass and were using them in their limited ways.

Maester Marwyn asked if the Queen might find such tools useful. She was a true Dragon Lord. She could easily fire them up where he had to concentrate and use many arcane spells to even light the candles. He was able to communicate easily within the Citadel but across distance he found extremely difficult and limited. He tested his abilities with his few trusted acolytes. He suspected that Arya would have the same ability with her unnatural powers she was evidencing. He suspected from the rumors of Cersei Lannister transformation she too could use the old artifacts but that was conjecture on his part.

He was certain Daenerys would not be limited. He almost certain Arya would be like her mate. They would be like the Sorcerers and Dragon Lords of old. Their might enhanced by the items from the doomed land of Valyria.

The next two items Myrcella had not heard of and were not mentioned in the text she and Arianne had read. The first were Dragon Glass Eyes. These were magical gems that were within two hexagons one within the other. The dimensions exact copies of one within the other. The stones were either pink or violet the scroll said. The smaller hexagon encrusted with zirconia that had hidden glyphs to channel the magic.
It was said that Olenna Tyrell had a set of three though this was doubted by the Citadel and anyways she would not have the knowledge or strength to fire up the magical elixir one put in the magical scrying dish. Only a very skilled Maester or Valyrian sorcerer or Dragon Lord could succeed in using any magical artifact of old Valyria.

The Dragon Glass Eyes allowed you to see, hear and even smell if attuned all that touched the gems within their hexagons. They had been given as gifts to the unsuspecting and used to spy on them. The more powerful the viewer the greater the distance they could be used. They could reach across continents like the Dragon Glass. One had to bind the Dragon Glass Eyes to oneself but again Daenerys was a Dragon Lord. The Maester was sure she would easily be able to use them.

The next item he was going to gift them with were Oscillating Dragon Bone Hoops. These she found fascinating reading of them. They were roughly twelve to eighteen inches across from edge to edge cut from great powerful dead dragon femur bones. They rings themselves were one inch from top to bottom and only a 1/32 inch thick. They were inlaid with Valyrian steel that had been poured into glyphs cut into the bone. They looked like oversized doughnuts that she found in the specialty shops bakers from Myr. Only the holes were much bigger with the Dragon Bone Hoops. The bakers were from a guild of bakers called Krispy Kreme. Gods they were so good fresh out of the fryer! Myrcella thought licking her lips.

Maester Marwyn had written that the disks when properly spun and the right incantations spoken could displace anything in their path. He had tested them on solid granite and could attest to their ability to cut through solid rock. He had succeeded in cutting through six feet before he fell exhausted. He was sure again a Dragon Lord of Daenerys strength could use them without becoming so weakened.

His research said they had been extremely rare and used mainly in warfare and espionage. The Valyrians had had slaves to do their mining operations. Thus, the rare artifacts were not used for such mundane task.

Marwyn had requested that a wall be available to demonstrate. Arianne had spoken to the owner telling him any damage would be repaired and additional repairs and minor renovations he might have planned would be done with the wall restoration. He had gladly accepted the offer. He had sent in a “small” list of slight improvements. Myrcella wondered what the definition of “small” was with the owner after perusing the list.

Arianne did not quibble and nor would Myrcella.

The Maester said he had several other items of interest he would bring.

Loreza came into the room. She came over and gave her wife a quick kiss on the lips. “He comes.” The Sand Snakes were never loquacious and taciturn by nature but she was a little more stiff than normal. She always became focused when she was on a mission to protect her wives. She started to move off. Myrcella gripped her wrist gently.

“Where is he?”

“He just got off the barge from Godsgrace. It is at the far docks as we requested. The Greenblood River is running fast and they are having trouble tying up the barge.”

Good Myrcella thought. She pulled Loreza onto her lap. The Sand Snake could easily have resisted her efforts but she came willingly. “Don’t fret my love. Let Arianne have her time with the ‘man’. It is for our benefit she is sleeping with Maester Marwyn. It will increase our status and power within Dorne and in the Queen’s Small Council.”
“I know. I just don’t like it Myrcella!” her sweet Sand Snake whined. *Loreza was so cute when she was jealous.* Her wife had on her combat leathers so access to her delectable body was limited. Myrcella smiled wickedly. That would not stop her quest! The thick leggings and vest of leather were strapped in place. She had become most adept with the Sand Snakes armor and its laces, clasps and hooks. She patiently but quickly undid the hooks, buttons and loosened laces that allowed her access to her wife’s groin area. Loreza watched her intently with her dark eyes her body limp leaned into Myrcella’s body. Loreza’s body complaint. The fierce warrior shivering in want for her wife.

The warrior cupped the back of Myrcella’s head and brought Myrcella’s mouth to Loreza’s. Their lips first melded and sucked gently on. The sounds of wet smooching filled the room. The sweet bee stung lips a sweet offering but the Sand Snake was filled with fuck hunger. She needed much more. Her tongue swiped hard on Myrcella’s teeth. The blonde beauty parted her teeth and gagged in hard love feeling her wife surge her tongue into her mouth. Their tongues meeting and twining in a slippery dance of wet wiggling and flipping love in Myrcella’s mouth. Both women jolting hard with the sweet sensations.

With awkward hand movements, Myrcella’s mind clouded with lust, she worked her hand to slip between Loreza’s leathers and snaked underneath her trousers and short cloth. Myrcella twisted the silk short cloth to get out of the way of her fingers. She found a waiting cunt sopping wet. The labia lips swollen and slimy with oily fuck juice. Up and down Myrcella ran her long fingers over her clit. The blonde beauty loved the feel of Loreza’s bulging clitoral hood underneath her fingertips and the slimy engorged labia lips rolled between her stroking fingers. Myrcella using her first two fingers to pinch and squeeze Loreza' clit in its nest and jerk squeeze her wet labia lips. Loreza cried out and Myrcella used the opportunity to surge her tongue into Loreza’s chuffing mouth. Their tongues meeting and twining in a slippery dance of wet wiggling and flipping love in Myrcella’s mouth. Both women jolting hard with the sweet sensations.

Loreza groaned deep in her throat and kissed Myrcella fiercely her hands threaded into her wife’s hair holding their mouths tight as tongues duelled wetly. The Sand Snake broke their kiss as they both needed air. Her face slashed with fierce shocks of pleasure as she felt her woman fork and rub over her now slobbery wet clit. Myrcella feeling cunt cream pooling around her wife’s groin making it opaque with snail snot. The sodden cunt making squishy obscene wet noises so hot to hear. Myrcella rubbed Loreza’s clit harder with her fingers pressing in on the sides of Loreza’s clitoral hood as she jerked her wife off. Myrcella knew what her sweet Sand Snakes needed.

Myrcella and Arianne had had to talk and talk to the daughters of Oberyn. They were fierce and very, very gay like Myrcella. They did not like it one bit that a man would be touching their wife. They did not mind other women touching their wives and they did not mind if their father fucked any of them but that was as far as they could countenance.

Myrcella kept reminding them that Arianne was bisexual and they should be thankful that they had Arianne who could do this for them. Otherwise one of them would have to have soiled themselves with the Maester. No matter how well he fucked them they could never truly enjoy it. They may
have epic orgasms for a body always craved pleasure but their souls would not be touched. They would have to enjoy laying with Marwyn or really fake it. Arianne had none of those limitations in sleeping with the man.

They had whined and bitched incessantly about the situation. The twins knew it was necessary but that did not stop them from complaining vociferously.

Dorea had been furious and wanted to force the man to give them the information. “I say we fillet the bastard with our bullwhips! He will beg to give us the information!”

Loreza snarled “The fucking pig! I dare he demand compensation. He should beg us to take his meager offerings!”

Myrcella had told them they would not harm anyone. They had read the books and took classes at Battleborne Academy. Any information from torture was unreliable at best and outright lies otherwise. When a person was in great pain and fear they would say anything to save themselves. No. Arianne’s way was the best way. She would get the unvarnished truth and get a great fuck on top of that. “One should never say no to an orgasm” Myrcella told her two fierce wives.

Still her two Sand Snakes were not mollified. They still snarled and bitched.

When Arianne started to snuffle and her eyes got that unsure look Myrcella had been furious and glared at her two Sand Snakes. Seeing Arianne crying and knowing they were the cause of it finally broke through their silly rancor. They had gone to Arianne and begged forgiveness. She of course accepted their contrition but it was the sweet hard intense fucking they gave her and then her sucking them of so many time their cunts were worn out and on fire that finally allayed her hurt. The Sand Snakes had been most solicitous towards Arianne since making amends.

The normally fierce Sand Snakes hovering around Arianne doing all her bidding and seeking to do for her to make up for their surly actions. Letting Arianne pound their fuck holes to ruin had helped all around into a much better mood. Myrcella had loved watching the Sand Snakes all docile and submissive. It was beautiful watching Arianne straddling their hips on her feet slamming her thick shaft straight down Loreza and Dorea’s shit pipes with their bodies on their knees faces pressed into the mattress. Arianne snarling leaned over them gripping their hair and slamming their faces into the mattress repeatedly and rubbing their faces savagely into the sheets.

The Sand Snakes crying out and cawing hard. Their faces all dark with blood rush from their facial abuse. It was so hot seeing Loreza’s eyes all crossed and vacant with Arianne jerking her neck back cruelly and slamming her face into the bed viciously. Loreza’s wails and repeated screams of orgasm sweet. Dorea had gotten a huge dose of face slamming and Arianne rotating her face into mattress pressing down hard with her hair knot. Dorea’s screams of her orgasms swallowed by the sheets jammed into her face and mouth. Around and around Arianne ground her niece’s face into the bed as she cummed hard with full body spasms all the while her face slammed and ground into the bed.

The twin sisters were tops but every once in a while they enjoyed being topped themselves and wanted it hard and cruel. Myrcella and Arianne were more than happy to give me them pain and abuse they required at those times.

Loreza and Dorea had accepted the situation but it still made them cross with Myrcella at times. They were careful to give Arianne their full support. The whole situation still fired them up. This of course made them very horny. Myrcella suspected Loreza’s little bitch fest had been just for this reason. To get some sweet fucking from her wife.

Thinking on this the blonde teen slipped two fingers into the tight greasy fuck sleeve of her Sand
Snake. The well lubricated fuck hole hungrily taking the full length of Myrcella’s long fingers. The wet heat gripping tight her fingers working in and out her drooling quim. Myrcella wormed her fingers deep up into her sweetie’s tight cunt. Loreza threw her head keening in pleasure. The blonde worked her fingers in and out her slut’s twat with slow sensual strokes. She used her bent thumb to hammer Loreza’s clit again and again with powerful strikes. Loreza’s tight pussy sucking down and gripping the fingers fucking the dark hued woman’s cunt expertly. Myrcella looking down and up to see the sloppy wet cunt she harpoon fucked and the face of her wife twisting in shocking bliss.

Slowly now, the almost eighteen year old blonde stroked her wife’s kitty. Her fingers pausing on the out stroke and slamming fucking in harder into the sloppy wet couchie. Loreza’s groin now slavered with fuck juice and her cunt a soupy mess that slurped with the digits pumping harder into her spasming quim. In and out Myrcella pumped her fuck juice soaked digits. The force of the piston motion increasing in speed and force now harpoon fucking her wife’s dripping wet trim. Loreza’s mound compressed and contorted with the hard knuckle wraps pounding into the wet cunt.

“Unnggg oh oh yeesssssss!” Loreza gurgled her body jolting and hitching hard. Her ass wiggling on Myrcella’s lap. Her groin rotating up and grinding her cunt up into the fingers pounding her love box. Her hips humping hard to take Myrcella’s fingers deep into her snatch. The sweet fuck flowing as both women now sweated in sweet love. Cum wept down Loreza's ass crack and slavered all over her groin and inner twitching thighs. Myrcella grit her teeth ram fucking the burbling cunt of her wife. Her bent knuckles of her free fingers pounding her slut's vulva.

Myrcella was slam fucking Loreza with three fingers now her mouth locked tight to Loreza’s groaning mouth and her tongue down Loreza’s throat. Myrcella slit her eyes open. She loved seeing Loreza’s brown face grimacing and snarling. Her throat cawing in helpless chuffs and moans that were swallowed by her devouring mouth. Loreza’s closed eyelids showed he eyes rolled back in her skull and rolling around in spastic jerks her pupils half rolling down before rolling up again with harsh jerks. The motions bulging her eyelids.

They broke their kiss gasping for needed oxygen. Loreza gripped Myrcella’s shoulders hard her fingers clenched. She stared into Myrcella’s eyes hard. She was chuffing with her body jerking with sudden spasms of bliss. Myrcella grunted slamming her fingers like battering rams up into her sweet wife’s hot flowing cunt. Her fingers and wrist now milky with female love snail snot. Her bent thumb hammering the rock hard clit nestled in its slimmed love nest.

“Hunngg hhnngg uummggg …” Loreza groaned and then a look of concentration came on her face “Look at me when—augggg nngggg shit—fuck nngrrrrrrr nngggg … look—look—at me—hhhnnnggg nnnnngggg when I cum Myrcella. Oh shit! Goodssdaammmmmnnn—auuunggggg!! … Watch me cum baby! I want you to see the ‘shock’ when I—I—I—I—ohhhhhhhhh godssdaammmmnnnn nnnggg nnnnggg ... watch me cum Myrcella.”

Myrcella loved watching her sluts cum so she was totally focused on Loreza’s face. She needed to see the ‘shock’ of Loreza cumming hard on her fingers.

Then a hard spasm gripped and shook Loreza violently. Her eyes shocked wide open her mouth falling open in an O of searing fucking bliss. Their eyes were indeed locked together as ecstasy gripped and throttled Loreza with searing burning shocking pleasure. Myrcella saw the jolts hit Loreza hard her whole body filled with hard spasms. Her face was slashed and twisted with womb rending bliss.

Her head whipping around Loreza screamed her shattering ecstasy ripping her cunt inside out. “GGGOOODDDSSSDDDAAAMMNNNNNNNN! UUNNGHHHIIIEEEEEEEEE!
“UUNNGGHHNNGGIIIII! AAAWWWWOOGGGGGGGG!” Loreza screamed long blood curdling screams as her body folded and unfolded. Her body contracting and jackknifing hard on Myrcella’s lap. The Sand Snake’s body spasming and slapping into the blonde’s body in the throes of her killing orgasm. Myrcella used her free arm to help Loreza on her lap. Her right hand slamming the exploding trim of her wife. Her fingers squiring a cauldron of slurping wet and hot sucking folds of Loreza’s rupturing cunt. The hot gushing love cream felt so good soaking Myrcella’s long fingers.

More seeming horrendous convulsions tore at the Sand Snakes body. Myrcella cupped the back of Loreza’s head having seen the shock. She mated their mouths tight. Their heads tilted over. Loreza instinctively opening her mouth wide for her wife’s long tongue. Her sweet wife screamed and screamed into her mouth as the ferocious orgasm pummeled Loreza senseless for a minute. “Uunngggfffff! Mmmnngggfffttt mpppphhhhffflf … hmmfftt hmmmffffff ooowwwnnmmmnnmmffffffff!” the screams swallowed by Myrcella’s hot hungry mouth mated tight to Loreza’s mouth.

Loreza went boneless and sagged into the beautiful blonde seventeen year old with her limp body. Myrcella pulled her fingers out Loreza now slack twat and fed her wife her cum soaked fingers.

The gorgy Sand Snake gripped Myrcella’s wrist. Myrcella moaned feeling Loreza’s greedy lips clenched tight to her fingers sucking Loreza’s own cum off them. Her coochie happy and purring Loreza let Myrcella hook and tie her leathers back tight as she nibbled on her wife’s throat purring. “I can’t wait to fuck Arianne after all this. That murmur’s play she has in mind is so fucking hot!” Loreza told her wife.

Myrcella knew how to calm the savage beast in her sweet Sand Snakes breast. A hard orgasm always calmed them down and made them tractable.

Myrcella agreed with Loreza with what Arianne had planned. It was indeed sizzling.

Loreza got up after her breeches and leathers were tight and closed. “I love feeling my cunt and ass soaked in my cum” Loreza hummed while Myrcella synched up her leather armor.

She walked over to the spy hole in the wall that allowed her to see into the room next door. There Loreza observed Arianne sitting on her bed patiently waiting for her erstwhile agent and lover to arrive. She had washed and groomed herself to perfection. “Godsdamn she is so fucking beautiful Myrcella” Loreza husked over to Myrcella. Loreza had been watching her wife off and on since they had arrived two hours ago in the room taking their guard stations. Arianne patiently waiting to make sure she was ready for Marwyn when he showed up to fulfill their mutually agreed to contract.

Arianne had convinced Myrcella that Maester Marwyn was no threat but he might be trailed unaware and it never hurt to be safe. They had master keys to all the rooms. The owner had been happy to agree to that when he was offered an extra fifty gold dragons on top of the steep price they were paying for their rooms.

The Pride of Dorne had a well-established and furnished suite at Sunspear. The Viper’s Liar was still new and they had not finished furbishing their new layout at Sunspear. Cersei and Obara preferred to live in Obara’s modest abode.

The Viper’s had rented a honeymoon suite on the second floor of Nymeria’s Liar for three days and four nights for glorious fucking. Oberyn’s eldest daughter had come to visit on the third morning and early afternoon. Obara knew how to describe the hot fucking she partook of with her new wife. Her descriptions of fucking Cersei had the Pride of Dorne in heat. The elder Sand Snakes then telling the Pride of Dorne all the sweet details of all the hot fucking.
Obara had told the rest of her sisters they would have to wait to get at Cersei’s sweet hot body. She was still working on her prudish nature but soon it would happen she promised all her sisters and aunt. All had pouted including Myrcella. She wanted her mother’s hot gash gushing hot sweet cum into her mouth from a rupturing womb into her greedy hot sucking mouth. Cersei had put the fuck fever in all around Sunspear by now. All wanted to devour Cersei’s now hard warrior body.

Myrcella had stared hotly at Cersei the last two times her mother had visited them in their rooms. Cersei had gotten flustered and nervous seeing her daughter looking at her with obvious lust. Arianne found it all humorous. All the gay and bisexual women of Battleborne Academy and Sunspear wanted desperately to lie with Cersei. They all wanted to say they had slept with “Lioness of Dorne”. All knew her physical prowess on the training fields would translate into scorching sex in Cersei’s bed.

Obara promised them that Oberyn’s plan would work. Myrcella would hold Cersei’s wife to that promise. It was frustrating her no end to not be fucking her mother. Arianne, Dorea and Loreza would fuck Myrcella’s mother blind when they finally got their claws in her. Myrcella saw it all so clearly in her mind’s eye.

She and her wives sucking her mother off as her wives rode her mother’s hot sucking mouth to multiple orgasms taking turns riding Cersei’s face. Then the strap-on cocks would be strapped on and they would fuck Myrcella’s mother airtight filling her pussy, ass and throat with hard leather sand filled cocks. Their ten and elven inch shafts sliding deep in her belly and down her mother’s throat.

Her mother had loved fucking Jaime. Robert Baratheon had taken the fun and verve of het fucking away from Cersei with his cruelty and ineptness when he came to Cersei’s bed drunk and still angry that Cersei was not Lyanna. Now with Obara’s strap-on she had revived Cersei’s love of being fucked with hard dick. Cersei would go wild when she had her first DP and TP fucks the daughter knew. Myrcella couldn’t wait! Obara had promised they would the first to partake in a gangbang of Cersei and Myrcella was ecstatic with the news.

Speaking of her mother she was in the room across the hall with Dorea. They were both armed with spears. Dorea had a short sword along with her whip. They had offered Cersei a sword too but she had refused saying “My Master Trainer Myrion Dwellen has not allowed it. I will not go against his wishes. I am fine with this spear.”

What had happened to her mother and who was this imposter? Myrcella still found herself thinking. This woman was kind, loving, gentle, a prude and followed the rules religiously. Her mother loved to cook and clean Obara and hers home. When Myrella had first heard all this she had nearly fallen on her face. True her mother’s tongue was still acidic and vitriolic when pissed off and it was fun to watch but most of the time she was sweet and gentle now. Gods she wanted her mother so bad! She could almost taste her mother’s succulent trim in her hot gobbling mouth. That cunt exploding and filling Myrcella’s mouth with hot sweet mommy cum! The thought nearly had Myrcella swooning.

Cersei was the muscle in any relationship. She truly had become something almost otherworldly now. Her strength and speed on the practice fields matched and exceeded all others now. But that did not change Cersei’s love of Obara. She was gentle as Obara wanted though she roughed up her wife with the best of them when Obara was in sub mode and needed some masochistic fun and games.

Obara had regaled the Pride of Dorne with tales of Cersei slapping, whipping, flogging, caning and punching Obara in the stomach, upper chest and thighs like she loved it. The beautiful blonde
pulling her punches but still delivering blows that Obara felt hard. The eldest Sand Snake loving the abuse! Cersei threw Obara into the walls, doors making them rattle in their frames and hitting the furniture hard.

The blonde MILF beauty slapped Obara’s body so hard and often when in sadistic mode she left Obara’s dark skin all reddish dark brown and splotchy from all the cruel slaps on her face and down her body to her legs down to her knees. The burning pain setting Obara’s blood on fire. It made Cersei’s deep dicking of her pussy and asshole all the better. Obara nearly passed out she cummed so hard.

Obara had waxed poetic telling the Pride of Dorne all the breath play she did with Myrcella’s mother. Obara had passed out several times when Cersei choked her out. The tight squeezing of her throat cutting off her oxygen till she had tunnel vision and her throat screamed soundless screams as her hands clawed at the hands around her throat strangling her just like she liked it. Gods Obara loved to be gasped.

Cersei loved it too. Obara choking her out. Cersei was so strong now she could easily break Obara’s choke hold on her throat with almost negligently ease now. Obara was sure Cersei now had the strength to twenty men if she exerted her full strength in a dire situation. She had simply become something magical. Despite all that raw strength no matter how much her body instinctively needed oxygen and her vision was tunneling as unconsciousness was fast approaching Cersei never broke Obara’s strangle hold from around her throat.

True, her hands tore at Obara’s fingers but she never overcome Obara’s grip. The total trust Cersei showed in Obara made Obara’s heart do pitter-patter in her chest. Being choked out in orgasm made it so much more intense as adrenaline rushed into your brain as it instinctively fought for oxygen. Seeing Cersei’s eyes bulge and mouth shriek soundlessly and then her tongue lulling out as she started to slip into unconscious her body torn apart with massive killing seizures of hard cumming. Only then letting Cersei breath again as her body instinctively took in chest rattling heaving breaths her body still convulsing wildly as she rode her orgasm on the edge of consciousness riding the waves of pure fucking bliss her body bucking in seizures of still hard cumming. Sometimes Cersei passing out her body going limp pressed down on Obara’s body. The hard muscled body still convulsing hard as Cersei made demented choked whinnies as she struggled back to consciousness still cumming hard. Her face still torn with ecstasy searing Cersei’s mind with pure fucking bliss.

Obara loved it all. She craved and loved the abuse and humiliation when she was in the mood to be sub and totally topped. Of course Cersei wanted it back even harder. Myrcella longed to give and receive such abuse from her mother. Myrcella was a total switch like Obara and loved to give and receive pain and humiliation. Myrcella shook her head to clear such pleasant thoughts.

That had been something new to the Pride of Dorne. The art of the choke out. Myrcella had nearly lost her mind the first time Obara choked her out to just to the edge of unconsciousness and maybe over it. She had nearly died she cummed so hard. It was so hot to feel yourself strangled and loving it! To make it hotter one would pretend to try and break the hold. As the lack of oxygen grew greater the fight to breath became stronger and one really tore at the fingers around one’s throat.

Her womb had ripped out her belly while Dorea pounded her asshole and Obara fucked her cunt with Myrcella straddling her. Then Obara had reached up as her orgasm exploded and throttled her throat with both hands choking off all her air. She had fought the hands around her throat as her brain shrieked for oxygen and her eyes bulged and tongue lulled out her mouth as her world started to go black. Gods the adrenaline rush had made her cunt and asshole tear themselves inside out. Now they choked each other out when they wanted to be dirty and ultra kinky.
She couldn’t wait to choke her mother out! The still seventeen year old shivered with thoughts of choking her mother out in orgasm. She smiled returning her mind to the present and watching over Arianne.

They had master keys to Arianne’s room but if the shit hit the fans they would need that door to come off the frame in a hurry. Her mother did not really realize how strong she had become. She was always unconsciously holding herself back until you pissed her off and then bodies went flying all over the academy grounds and the legend of Cersei Sand grew. She was still holding back but quick unconsciousness was usually your fate if you fought Myrcella’s mother now.

Cersei’s daughter and the Sand Snakes knew that the thick oaken door would not last two seconds against Myrcella’s mother’s fists. Cersei had laughed when they told her this. Cersei did not believe her own strength.

The rest of the Sand Snakes were on the other side of the suite that Arianne awaited the Maester in. They were in the room off the pallor that bordered the wall that housed Arianne. The room’s furniture had been pulled back away from the wall for the demonstration that the Maester planned to provide. Dorea and her sisters were at the spy holes but would pull back into the bedrooms when the Dragon Hoops were used.

The Sand Snakes were poised in the bedroom and small atrium awaiting their need if needed. They were armed with their whips, swords and spears.

None expected any trouble but they would be wary till the Maester had left. Obara had pulled in some of the senior female cadets to pose as patrons and whores in the main pallor downstairs and stationed in some of the rooms they had rented on the first floor. They had many spies out in the streets for the last three days watching over everything. No unusual foot traffic was observed. The ledgers were studied for any unusual pattern of long term rentals of rooms back to back which might signal an operation taking place.

All the patrons were scoped out for appearance and luggage brought that might hide weapons had been searched by the hotel staff. Nothing had been found amiss. All seemed safe but they would not relax their vigilance until the Maester had left. He would be leaving with the morning tide to procure the items he had acquired in Essos.

Myrcella heard a knock on the door. Loreza rushed to answer it before Myrcella being her protective self. Gods that made her pussy wet for her wife. She loved being protected and coddled. A Captain of the cadets was at the door. She was from the Wyl and had some of the Marchlands in her blood. Her hair brunette and skin of moderate hue. She was tall and athletic. She was a rising star at the Academy. She was also a hot fuck that the Viper’s Lair had fucked senseless the two nights before and last night she had come before the Pride of Dorne proud and naked. Hey had fucked her completely out with their strap-on cocks after sucking her off multiple times.

Gods Myrcella remember how they fucked her air tight with cocks in her three fuck holes and hot double anal and vaginal fucking. The seventeen year old had thrust back so hard to take their shafts so deep up her ass and belly as she wailed and cummed so hard for her love sluts. The slut hungrily sucking her pussy and ass of the shafts plundering her fuck holes.

Poor Obara was almost whining forgoing such pleasures until she could get Cersei loosened up. She only had extramarital trysts when Cersei was busy. Cersei gave her the freedom to fuck more but Obara wanted as much of Cersei as could get. Obara wanted to fuck others with her wife. Gods Myrcella hoped Oberyn’s plan worked. Everyone was tired of Cersei making them wait to fuck her!

Tiffally Baerley reported that the Maester was downstairs signing into the hotel. He had two novices
with him and they were lugging carry bags into the hotel. That would be the items that the Maester was bringing as good faith items to bribe his way in the Queen’s good graces. He would be up soon. Myrcella thought she saw a light hitch in the filly’s giddy-up. The blonde smirked. The slut was still feeling her hard sweet fuck!

Myrcella gave the cadet a quick kiss on the lips and a firm rump squeeze that had her squealing in pleasure. Gods she couldn’t wait to suck her off again! The Cadet moved down the hall and went up the stairs. They had a room above the suite that Arianne was in. She and seven other cadets would be watching from spy holes to make sure all was well with Arianne (and also getting nice and wet for later fucking). Myrcella knew it would be a good show. Arianne could bone!

Other cadets that Tiffally had brought were in the hidden access hall behind the north wall. They too would be using spy holes to track events on the lookout for danger. Myrcella knew they too would be enjoying the show. The Maester was harmless and they had made sure no agents provocateurs had invaded the hotel. All would be safe but they would take no chances with her wife. One had to prepare for the impossible even knowing it would not happen. They would not take any risks with Arianne’s safety. They would kill two birds with the proverbial single stone.

The hot sex show much anticipated by all.

Myrcella left the desk and walked to the wall to the other spyhole in the painting that Loreza was looking through. She heard the knock on Arianne’s door. The show was about to start. They watched Arianne take a deep breath and get up from the bed and opened the door. She took a surprised breath.

Both Myrcella and Loreza pushed their eye to their spy holes. This was not the man that Arianne had describe to them. He was indeed short but he no hard ail belly. He was not skinny but stout without any protruding gut. His hair was well kempt. He had no hair that Myrcella could see in his ears or nose. The man smiled at Arianne. His smile while not blinding white was not red either. The man was famous for his slovenly appearance and being drunk most of the time. This man was sharp and focused.

Myrcella watched her wife look the man over with obvious surprise. “Forgive me for saying this Marwyn but what the fuck happened to you. You look hot man!”

The man smiled bigger and came up to Arianne hugged her tightly his right hand moving around Arianne to cup and massage Arianne’s ass cheek sensually. Arianne moaned hard. The voluptuous woman leaning into the hard bodied man. A wanton look on her face.

“You still know how to treat a woman I see” Arianne husked. He was an inch taller than Arianne Myrcella observed. He was short for a man but still taller than her wife. Myrcella felt the current of hot desire already building between Arianne and the Maester. That heat already settling in her loins making her moist. She glanced over at Loreza. She had her eye glued to the peep hole. Her look totally focused her breathing slightly hitched as was Myrcella. Seeing Arianne aroused made all of them aroused. Myrcella knew all watching this tableau were getting hot watching.

Intently, Myrcella watched their mouths come together and kissed hungrily. The Maester was a confident man and took what was freely offered to him. His tongue immediately prying apart Arianne’s lips and then teeth open and slamming his tongue deep into the slut’s mouth. Arianne moaned hard in wanton lust. Her body sagging into hard the now hard body of the Maester. Marwyn loopig his strong arms around Arianne’s voluptuous body to his body mashing her full tits into his hard manly chest.

Myrcella could see their tongues flipping around in Arianne’s mouth. She sagged into the Maester as
he tilted his head over and slammed his tongue down Arianne’s throat with hard spearing thrusts. Her knees turned to jelly and the Maester held her to his body. The man now gripped Arianne’s ass cheeks and ground her twat into his large hard cock bulging out his trousers at his groin and down his left thigh. He rode Arianne up and down his hard shaft her cunt dragging on the thick long shaft that would soon be plundering her fuck holes. Their moans filled the room.

Several cadets were in the room as well now. They had slipped in to supplement Loreza in case trouble should arise. It wouldn’t but again extreme prudence was being exercised. Their eyes glued to their peep holes located in another painting in Arianne’s room. The girls all lesbian sluts but who did not enjoy watching a woman being seduced to be fucked hard and deep. One of the cadets after a minute made a whiny noise her eye pressed hard into her peep hole. Her face slightly flushed with desire.

Arianne was surrounded by a rings of steel that extended out beyond the hotel. She was safe. Many were on full alert letting the heir of Dorne and the inner ring relax and enjoy the hot show about to be shown them.

The two lovers broke their kiss. Arianne sucked on Marwyn’s tongue as he withdrew it form her mouth. Her lips clenched on the long appendage sucking greedily. As they broke apart spit roped from his tongue to Arianne’s lips. The spit bridge breaking and falling onto her chin glinting obscenely in the soft lantern light. Their eyes hungrily eyed each other.

Seeing that Marwyn had gotten his body in shape was definitely turning Arianne on. Myrcella glanced over at Loreza. She looked at Myrcella. Her eyes were dilated. “That is fucking hot” her wife spoke to her softly. Myrcella smiled at her wife. This was going to be one hot fuck to watch! They went back to looking at the events in Arianne’s room.

“Let us finish the business transaction why don’t we Arianne. I want our time together to be unhindered. You agree?” the Maester asked Arianne.

The voluptuous slut mutely shook her head yes. Her long thick nipples jutting out her sheer top.

The Maester opened the door to the suite and called his two young novices into the room lugging their bags. The boys set them down on the carpeted floor and fidgeted. They moved from foot to foot. The Maester bent down and opened the bags and riffled through them. He looked up and smiled. “You did well Gerrad—Warrek. You can go to the room reserved for you on the first floor. The youths bowed slightly and rushed out of the room giggling.

Myrcella had paid a room for the two novices per the Maester’s request. She suspected why they had been so anxious.

“Why were your charges so anxious Marwyn?” Arianne asked with a sly tone and a smile on her face.

The Maester laughed “Young love. They don’t think I know they are fucking every chance they get. They will be down their sucking each other’s cocks and banging booty the whole night through I am sure. They probably think they have died and gone to the heavens we teach them to not believe in.”

Arianne smiled and went to the bed and sat down on it her hand stroking the silk sheets. The Maester sat down beside her. “So what brought on this new Marwyn. I must say it looks quite good on you.” Arianne

The man saw Arianne’s hungry eyes wandering over his now hard handsome body. The Maester of
Magic preened at the intimate inspection. He then sobered “I had a health scare last year. My heart was racing and my legs aching. I was starting to retain water. Our Maesters specializing in medicine told me I would probably have a heart attack soon. These are great times. I wanted to be around to live and affect these times of possible great change. I dedicated myself to losing weight and getting back in shape. I must say I have not felt this good in two decades.”

“I gave up the drink and the red leaf. It was hard and I went through withdrawal but I was determined. I never lost my faculties but I feel so clear headed and focused now. I will never go back.”

Arianne was genuinely happy for the man. She had always liked Marwyn. “I’m happy for you. Life is short enough without putting ourselves in the grave before we need to. So are going to show me what you have?”

The Maester laughed. He took her hand and placed it at the thick protrusion in his breeches. “You know what I have my sweet Arianne. You will see that soon enough. We both know why I am here.” Arianne rolled her eyes at the man’s narcissism. Her hand still squeezed his thick hard cock and stroked the python that would soon be giving her so much pleasure. He knew what she wanted to see first. “You will not be disappointed. I do not mind parting with these items I have brought. I will be replenishing my stocks with my trip to Essos. I made quite the haul I must confess. Humbly of course.”

Arianne snorted. He still had his sense of humor she saw. Her mouth watered with thoughts of again sucking on his thick veined shaft. The feel of his foreskin riding up and down his shaft as her lips sucked hard on his uncircumcised dick. She couldn’t wait to take his cock deep into her tight pussy and asshole. She had a task to perform first though. She knew with these items and the news he had to give her that the Pride of Dorne would place them highest on the Queen’s personal list of trusted and valuable advisors.

The man went to the first bag and started to unloosen the laces. It was much longer than the first bag. He reached in and pulled out one by one six three foot long Dragon Glass Candles. Even inert they seemed to glow with an unearthly brilliance. The air was filled with static even in Myrcella and Loreza’s room. Myrcella wondered if others felt it too. She noticed the six candles were indeed slender as a sword, ridged and twisted, glittering black. The Maester picked one up and procured from the bag a holder sized to hold the candle.

He put it on the table in the center of the room. Arianne looked at the candle holder and then the Maester with a raised eyebrow. “It is pretty but I am not sure that is worth my pretty pussy and ass Marwyn.”

The man leered at her. “Everything comes with a price with you doesn’t it Arianne” the man chortled.

Arianne laughed with great mirth. “That is like the pot calling the kettle black. You have never given anything away in your fucking life Marwyn. Nothing is given only bartered.” Arianne laughed again. “Not that my pussy and ass are complaining mind you. Can you light it?”

“Yes I can” the Maester spoke while putting the candle in its holder. “It takes me great effort. I must warn you that a group has formed in the Citadel. They too are using magic. They are using it to destroy it but they are using magic all the same. They do not realize that to truly use magic to its fullest you must come to it with your heart open to possibilities, and, thus, they limit themselves. I am sure Daenerys can easily light the candle though, as can Arya and Cersei I suspect. Time will tell if my hypothesis is correct.”
“What is your hypothesis?”

“Magic has chosen them for some great purpose. The Dragon Queen and the forces she has aligned with her will put down the Ice King but I feel she has other tasks ahead of her as do Arya and Cersei but that is a conversation for another day.”

“I have left a candle lit in my study in the Citadel. The Trioka do not realize that I am onto them. They have no idea I have it. I have left it in care of my most gifted student.” The man took a deep breath. “I will now speak some spells in High Valyrian. I will have to concentrate hard. The Valyrians seemed to have a natural affinity to magic that the rest of us do not.”

He started to speak in a soft murmur the language of the now long dead empire. He spoke the spells staring hard at the candle sweat already beaded on his forehead and then running down his face. Suddenly, the candle was burning with flames that jumped up nearly two feet. The flames filled with colors and shapes that writhed all over each in a serpentine dance. The flames were silent and gave off no heat. The colors seemed to shimmer and burn with an intensity that was clearly not natural.

“Arianne come here please” the Maester held out his hand. Arianne came to him. He pulled her tight to his body. “Look deep into the flame.”

Arianne did and then gasped “I see it. I see our quarters and your student! I can see you still live like a slob!”

“Be quiet please” Marwyn spoke to Arianne. “Landar … Landar can you hear me?”

From a far away place Arianne and Mrycella heard faintly somehow “I hear you Maester. The candle is flaming bright and the flames are writhing sensually.”

“I will be shutting down the candle Landar. Good work.”

Marwyn spoke a loud word in High Valyrain and traced a glyph in the air. The flames seemed to resist for a moment and then were no more. The Maester was obviously taxed.

“I will regain my strength in a minute. If I was to keep the link open for ten minutes I would be totally exhausted and it would take me a full day to recover. This distance between Oldtown and here is my limit I feel. The Troika is using Glass Candles but their distance is more limited I think and can only pass quick messages. The Lords of old Valyrian had no such restrictions. The passages clearly state they could communicate across the known world easily for as long as they wished. They could perform magic through the links formed between the candles.”

“We cannot. I am not sure if you have to be Valyrian to be able to truly use the candles or were the Valyrians merely astute in magic. It is probably a mix of the two. Daenerys is of pure Valyrian blood. I am sure she can use any and all magical artifacts of her homeland and culture. She is untrained I know but I think that can be overcome. How quickly I do not know. We have no one to teach her.”

“Still I am sure that Daenerys will have no problem or Arya for that matter if given time and guidance. Arya Stark has the innate strength and has learned the language of Valyria. They both are able to light rune swords that were tuned for others. In all of Valyrian history that I have been able to read of only a handful of the strongest Dragon riders were so powerful. It is strange that two would appear at one time. I am sure that Cersei would light one herself though according to a Sand Witch I met she will soon take up the Sword of Dayne.”

The man shook his head. “I wonder if we are entering into a new age of not Heroes but of
“You have a problem with that Marwyn?” Arianne asked in an aggrieved tone.

The Maester laughed boisterously. “Hell no! I love it. Stuff it up my superiors’ assholes! I for one have no use for science” he paused “I got a little carried away there … we need a balance is my thought. The one counterbalancing the other. I for one hope that Daenerys Targaryen issues in a new age where magic is equal if not ascendant to science. Magic is ruled by the heart and science by the mind. I will always trust the heart over the mind.”

“But science has a purpose. It propels man forward in the world. There have been paintings found in caves that are thought to be tens of thousands of years old. They show a world where man was in fear of the animals of the world and worshiped them. If not for our natural curiosity and seeking of knowledge we might still be in those caves. It is science that led man out of the caves.”

The Maester went back to the first bag. He reached into the opened bag. He pulled out a purple trapezchedron shaped crystal that easily fit in the palm of his closed hand if he chose. He showed the small crystal to Arianne who took it when he shook his hand encouraging her to take it.

Myrcella watched Arianne take up the crystal. She watched her wife look at the crystal held between her thumb and index finger. Arianne turned it around and over looking at it curiously before looking back at the Maester.

“This is called a Dragon Pupil. It is a talisman meant to detect the use of magic near the holder of the crystal. The history of the Targaryen’s in Westeros is bloody and deadly. The House of Daenerys lineage was considered the lowest in Valyria. The Great Houses in that dead land were just as vicious with each other as they were with their foes. They could be as cruel to each other as they were to those they conquered. They were always attacking each other’s Houses with direct physical and magical attacks.”

“These crystals are easy to use and require little magical potency. I have the spells necessary to activate the crystal in the carrying bag. Children carried these crystals to warn of imminent magical attack. I think Daenerys should carry this. I have one on my person. It will forewarn the Queen and let her know she may be about to be attacked.”

Myrcella listened to the man finish describing the Dragon Pupil.

He went over to the next bag and pulled out four pendants. It had the jewelry and chains that were in the notes he had sent to them. The purple and pink baubles beautiful. He then pulled out two shallow basins and two medium sized flasks with stoppers.

He set one basin on the table and unstopped the flask and poured out a purplish liquid that seemed almost solid as it slowly fell out of the flask and into the basin. The liquid slowly spreading out in the dish. He then stood up and put a chain around Arianne’s neck and led her to the dresser. He asked her to turn her back to him and pick something up and hold it in front of the bauble. He asked her to not let him see it.

He then spoke in High Valyrian and moved the liquid with a small stirring spoon made of bronze he had pulled out of the carry bag. He looked down murmuring. “You are holding before the jewel not one thing but two things you sneaked off the dresser. One is your hair brush—you need to clean it I might add and you are also holding a pearl hair clasp. It has engraving on it—please bring it closer to the jewel … yes—“form your loving Sand Snakes. Loreza—Dorea.”

Arianne turned around. “I am impressed. These will be most useful in espionage.”
The Maester was sweating but only lightly this time. He held up the basin and tilted it over the flask. Arianne was about to tell Marwyn that his aim was off but the thick liquid angled out thirty degrees to flow back into the flask with not one drop spilled.

Myrcella was very impressed. Four sets of the jewels. The Queen would not need all four. Myrcella thought that the Pride of Dorne should claim one of the necklaces to use in service of Dorne.

“The next thing I have to gift are Dragon Bone Hoops.” He reached into the bag and pulled out hoops with both hands. They were twelve inches in diameter. The hoops were thin in thickness. He stood up and twisted his hands as he flung the hoops down towards the wooden floor and fine spun Dorne rugs. Myrcella expected the hoops to fall over especially on the rugs. Instead they spun lightly on the thin sliver of metal touching wood or fabric. The hoops were jet black except for where the dark blue of Valyrian steel rippled in the cut bone.

“These were cut from the thigh bones of mighty dredd dragons of the most High and powerful Dragon Lords once they had died. The Valyrian steel poured into the glyph shapes cut into the bone. These glyph pull out the magic innate in the bones of dragons.”

Arianne gasped along with her wives in the next room. The hoops were now spinning into each other and forming spheres with the spinning hoops somehow constantly flowing through each other to make larger spheres. The circumferences of the spheres impossibly passing through each other. Soon the spheres that were roughly eighteen inches in diameter were touching and forming larger spheres that formed and broke apart. The twirling circles now making a pulsing sound and the air around them rippled distorting the images behind them.

The Maester went to the first larger carry bag and pulled out two rods of Valyrian steel a quarter inch round. They were covered the length of their three foot long length with Valyrian runes. The Maester put one rod in each hand.

“Stand back Arianne. Is there anyone in the apartment next door?”

Arianne easily lied “No it is abandoned per your request. You can control those rings? I told the owner only the wall would be damaged.”

Myrcella admired how Arianne was checking to make sure her nieces were safe in the adjoining rooms. She knew they would be retreating to other rooms in the suite but she was still cautious with their safety. Her question to the Maester giving them time to move away from the wall and hide themselves.

“Yes. I can control the Hoops.”

He slowly lowered the rods to touch the spinning hoops. Arianne in the room watched with wide eyes. Myrcella and Loreza in the next room also watched with large eyes. They all watched the Maester use his rods to skim along the edge of one of the orbs spinning on an unknown axis. The Maester ran the rods along the circumference of the sphere and lifted it up impossibly on its edges. He moved it till it was spinning on another sphere. The two spheres had been spinning in their own orbits at different angles and speeds but were now perfectly synched with each. The spheres spinning with seeming great speed. The column impossibly was stable resting on the thin metal rods they rested on.

They now spun in the air in perfect synch. Arianne gasped when he removed the rods and the discs remained in the air spinning in perfect sync. Marwyn spoke softly in Valyrian. The discs remained spinning.
The Maester then used the rods to corral the third sphere and lifted it off the ground. Marwyn
maintained the merest metal to metal contact ninety degrees apart on the spinning orb. Slowly he
lifted the third disk up from the floor. He placed it on the first two orbs.

They now hummed loudly and speed up. The air around them rippling and seeming to fold in on
itself. Objects behind them blurred and indistinct. The Maester now with his rods touched on the
edge the three perfectly synched spinning orbs by the middle sphere. He held them out at his chest
level. The air was filled with energy that was felt but unseen.

He walked towards the wall. Arianne cringed away expecting the rings to explode apart. Instead
where the whirling disks touched the wall it took the wall away with each spinning cycle of the
spinning disks. The rings ate through the wall effortlessly with each spin of the hoops. A hole had
been eaten that was four and half feet tall and eighteen inches wide. He moved the rings around until
a door roughly four by eight feet had been cut through the plaster and wood.

The material of the wall not splintered and on the floor. Instead the material was gone as if eaten by
the spinning discs of ancient Valyria.

He walked back and put one rod on the bottom of the spinning hoops supporting them easily. He
took the other rod in his right hand and slapped it down hard on the top of the rings. They
immediately stopped spinning and feel lifeless to the floor.

“I have cut through eight feet of granite in five minutes underneath the Citadel. That was my limit,
exhausted by the effort. There is nothing except Valyrain steel that can resist the spinning hopes.
No defensive fortification is safe.”

All were impressed. The Queen could easily penetrate any enemy’s defense with those hoops.

The Maester was tired and sat down in a chair. He was sweating heavily.

“I need to rest.”

“I have one more gift. There are two rods about two feet long and three inches in diameter. They
are called Lightning Rods. They absorb energy. I have set them out in fields during electrical
storms. They seem to attract lightning. The lightning strikes the rods repeatedly. They glow hot and
bright and then fade back to their native black. For up to a week they will be hot to the touch.”

“They will also absorb the heat of fires. They seem able to hold onto energy. In text I have read
how they were used as weapons to hurl electrical attacks on enemies. They were also used to power
magical spells. I cannot use them. Maybe the Queen can use them.”

Arianne thanked the man for the gifts for the Queen. She had no desire to not give them to
Daenerys. She was not a mage anyways. She needed to discover what the Maester had learned of
threats to the Queen. “Tell me of the threats to the Queen Marwyn.”

“One come to you Arianne and not the Queen because I fear I had some part in this.”

“I see. You want us to speak for you to the Queen. Speak of your help. Make intercession with her
in your change of heart.” Arianne spoke searching the man’s face. She was satisfied with what she
saw. He had not needed to tell Arianne how he had once worked against the Queen’s interest.

Myrcella too was satisfied with what she saw. He would still be watched in case he was an
accomplished liar but she was confident he would prove himself true.

“Yes. She is famous for most harshly dealing with those who have attacked her or her dragons.”
“Dragons?”

“Yes. We have developed with help from the Sea Lord of Braavos a poisonous gas that can bring down the Queen’s dragons. He was given support of the House of Black and White. They have developed a formula that should negate the dragon’s strength and their ability to fly. They will die if they breathe enough of the gas or be left weak as newborn kittens if they survive the gas itself. They can then be easily dispatched.”

“Why would Braavos attack the Queen? It makes no sense.”

The Maester of Magic gave Arianne the eye with a look that said ‘you do not know? How could you not?’

“Two reasons. One, they started this project when she first appeared from the Red Wastes. They feared she might be trying to institute a new slave trade with her as the leader. She was proving herself to be greatest Field Marshall Essos had ever seen. They feared she might set her sight on Braavos.”

“Her conquest of the Khalasars on the Dothraki Sea and then her one by one conquering of the Slave Cities filled Braavos with fear. She was doing with three dragons what Valyria had not been able to accomplish with the sky full of dragons. Her tactics were brilliant and all fell before her.”

“When that fear was allayed another new fear rose to take its place. Whose side would she choose?” He saw the look of question in Arianne’s face. “Braavos is very unsettled with the conflict between the Iron Bank and the House of Black and White. The Sea Lord favors the Faceless Men but many of his most powerful adversaries favor the Iron Bank. What side will the Queen fall on? The lessor Sea Lord seek the poison gas as a weapon in case the queen comes with her dragons to defend the Iron Bank.”

“Also, the lessor sea lords have formed liaisons with the sect of the Skull Walkers as a counterbalance. They had been gone many millennium but have again appeared. We know they have returned as does the House of Black and White but they have hidden themselves away. They are a vile and contemptible religion that long ago forsook their humanity for power and a perverted immortality. The ShadowBenders were thought to have annihilated them three thousand years ago. Evidently not.”

The Maester sighed. “Also, the septons of Balor have been talking with the Grand Maester. The Queen is bringing too much change to Westeros to fast. They seek to work with my order to bring her down. Our Maesters are no friends of the church but the church has a secret sect of ancient warriors called the Illuminati. They are adept at all fighting skills and dark magics. They are a most dastardly order. I hate them. They seek to again raise up the Septons to be a mighty force in Westeros. That cannot be allowed to happen.”

“Do you have any proof of these Illuminati? I thought the Faith of the Seven had the Faith Militant for matters of military concern. I know they have been disbanded but wouldn’t they reconstitute that order? Why form a new order?”

With a grim smile Maester Marwyn answered “The Faith Militant is a blunt instrument Arianne. Also, to form the Faith Militant again would be an overt action. It would take time to form and then train up to stand against the might the Queen has formed. She would crush it even as it was formed. The Trioka needs to work in the shadows to achieve their goals.”

“The Illumanit have exited for some time but have only been used for the most delicate of missions. They have been used to keep their own order in line following the will of the High Septon. They
are only shadows and whispers but they exist I assure you Arianne. They have been saved for use in only times of great crisis. The Faith of the Seven deem that Daenerys Targaryen is such a threat.”

“Our order does not support the Septons but there are rogue Masters in my order who are working with the High Septons. I am sure of it. We must be on our guard against them. They are still solidifying their ties to these traitors and making their plans but I think they will strike after the Wright War is fought and won. They know to let the Queen take on the threat that might annihilate all life.”

Myrcella believed the man and she knew that Arianne did too. Myrcella was even surer now that the man could be fully trusted. His aims might not purely align with theirs or the Queens but they aligned enough to form a profitable alliance for both sides.

Myrcella saw that the Maester had recovered his strength. He stood up. He had a hungry look in his eyes. Myrcella smirked. It was time to complete the transaction.

“I believe you have special payment for me sweet Arianne.”

Arianne

Arianne was in the royal bath suite that was near their suite of rooms that she shared with her three wives. Her body was pristine with a nice thorough cleaning with cloth and soft squeegee. Up and down she had run the cloth and sponge along the swelling curves of her body cleaning it till her skin glowed. The soft fabric caressing her breast and over her shaved bald pussy. Her body tingling. She had shaved her limbs. Another advantage of being a royal with all the accruements of the royal life. She sat up from shaving her legs.

Normally, her wives were with her if they were present. Bathing a time for shared grooming and bonding. They would bath together cleaning and shaving each other making it much faster and easier. Bathing together was a special time. It was nice and sweet having your mound and anus shaved by your wives. The intimate act of shaving each other’s pussy and anus almost always led to hot sex in the bath. Water splashed everywhere with their screams echoing off the tiled walls.

But that was not for today. She was preparing herself. Arianne shivered thinking of her soon to be abuse and humiliation. Gods she loved it so. They were going to use the mission with the Maester to add spice the scenario and up the heat. Arianne got off on acting a part and keeping in character as she was ‘fucked up’ by her wives. Myrcella craved such abuse herself too but not as much as she. Arianne preferred the classic sub position by temperament but was a switch for Myrcella since the craved the same rough sex she did.

She Sand Snakes generally had the disposition of their father. They were almost always the top and sadist in their relationships. They were simply born to be dominate and aggressive. Arianne had taken on much more the submissive demeanor of her father.

Arianne gave herself a warm enema to clean herself on the inside like she had on the outside. She was about to have every orifice taken hard and rough. She moaned letting the warm water out and gave herself a second warm enema. The water filling her colon and cleansing it. She would be doing much ATM and A2P tonight. Lots of it. She was sure double anal and vag fucking would be wearing out her fuck holes. One had to prepare for such fun to get maximum pleasure. She loved being a fucking kink slut. Totally being a slut for her wives. They would pound her fuck holes so good with their thick long strap-on cocks. Cocks she never had to worry with getting soft!
Some straight women wondered why lesbians loved to be penetrated. They thought you had to give up being penetrated by a phallus. Shouldn’t lesbians be satisfied with simply going down on each other? That lesbians were only rug munchers. Penetration felt good! Most straight women did not even know of tribbing she chuckled to herself. Arianne knew that homosexuality was not anywhere near as accepted in Westeros North of Dorne. Here it was openly accepted and not discouraged by parents. Children were allowed to find their true sexual nature. They were encouraged to explore and change sexuality if that was their desire.

People changed as they grew and matured. Why couldn’t ones concept of self. In Dorne one was free to explore one’s changing sexuality.

Arianne shivered evacuating her second enema. She was ready to be her true submissive self. She did not want it every night but she craved rough humiliating sex often. Tonight Myrcella would join in with her other wives in being the sadist. Usually, it was her with Arianne being fucked over by their Sand Snakes. Myrcella said she loved the feel of the whip!

Dorea and Loreza were tops and that was the end of that. Arianne smiled. Of course they were. They were Sand Snakes of Oberyn’s lineage after all.

That made her think of her other nieces. She smiled big. It seemed the fact that their two youngest sisters had married their aunt and a royal scion of a mighty House had got their attention. Then the princess of Lannister married their eldest sister and then taken the last name of “Sand” in honor of her wife. She was in line for the royal throne however distant and gave it all away to marry a bastard.

The older Sand Snakes had never found anyone worthy of their love. They had from time to time fucked each other but it had been mainly sport fucking. Recently, they had all seemed to come to the same conclusion at the same time. The path to happiness lie with each other. Now there was new pack though they called themselves the Viper’s Liar. Arianne had grimaced at their first choice of name of “Snake Pit”. They got so much flack they then came up with the “Adder’s lair”. It was better. Still it just lacked that roll off of the tongue quality. She had suggested the name “Viper’s Lair” and they had liked it and took it as their namesake. The name also play on their father’s nickname.

They had quickly torn the wall down between Nymeria Sand and Sarella’s royal suites and made one huge bedroom and living quarters with a large communal living area and plenty of alcoves to allow for areas to have some privacy if desired. The alcoves furnished with nice tables and divans for more intimate fucking and general relaxing around their new home.

They then made a hall to Obella’s apartment suite. This was converted to be a pair of large sitting rooms and a nice spacious kitchen with a dining area attached. They had one huge bed constructed in the larger sitting room to let all five sisters sleep together and more importantly fuck with plenty of space. Having two huge beds to fuck in made them happy. They had amores and large sofas for sitting and fucking. Arianne had smiled seeing how happy Tyene Sand and Elia were now. They had been the most unhappy and aggressive because of their lack of satisfaction in their pursuit of love.

The sisters had always been queens of the one night stands. The sex was great but as the matured they had wanted more. Sarella had once considered herself straight but over the last few years drifted into bisexuality and slowly lost interest in men. Nymeria had been like that in her youth but had decided she was gay seven years ago.

Arianne smiled when passing their suite of rooms and hearing the wails and screams of pure incestuous love. They were besotted with each other for this night, but soon the Pride of Dorne
would be fucking them again. The two groups of women striving to exhaust the other. The sisters were competitive in all things. It led too much happy fucking! Arianne loved having so much pussy at her beck and call! Now many nights the sisters freely migrated from lair to lair to fuck in ever changing pairings. Arianne never tired of sucking off her many nieces. It was soooooo good to be able to suck off so many different pussies in one night!

Arianne loved all orgasms of course but she could feast on pussy all night and want more in the morning. Arianne mused on that as she walked to the entry door to the lair of the Pride of Dorne. For women it was all about giving. Sure you were taking but for lesbians the act of giving gave as much enjoyment as the taking. To look up a woman’s spasming belly and seeing her body reacting to your mouth sucking her off was just magical.

A woman felt so connected to the woman she was sucking off. To feel her grinding her sodden pussy you’re your mouth made for that intimate connection that could not be matched in het fucking. Your mouth feasting on her essence till her body exploded and her cunt ruptured filling your mouth with her pure essence. Arianne would never tire of the sweet taste of the sweet cum of women.

She was sure Obara would soon have Cersei in the family “totally” and they and the Viper’s Liar would be fucking her too. Arianne longed to have that pair in her bed. Obara looked much like herself and she liked that dynamic. And Cersei … well everyone wanted Cersei. Her now hard muscular body and great strength had all the men rock hard and women creaming their short cloths.

Life was so good for all the sisters, their aunt and the princess of Lannister. It was funny. Myrcella had wanted to go to King’s Landing and now she wanted to stay in Dorne. It was Arianne who had then wanted to go King’s Landing. That had changed of late. She had wanted to prove herself on the largest stage. Myrcella wanted to live in Dorne so Arianne would be near the Dorne throne. She had taken the name Martell and was thinking herself more and more of the Roynar.

Of late Arianne had come to agree with Myrcella. Her true destiny belonged here in Dorne. Here she could accomplish the greatest good. Here she was among people she understood and had the same shared demeanor, views and outlook on life. Here people enjoyed life and the pleasures the human body was designed to give a human. The people of Dorne did not put shame on the desires of pleasure and the desire to embrace them more fully.

She loved her homeland for fully accepting homosexual love. Here she did not have to hide her true self and neither did her nieces or Myrcella. Yes. Dorne was truly a special land.

It made Arianne’s heart beat hard in her chest thinking these thoughts. She was getting hot. She was in love and her sweet Pride was about to give her the fucking abuse she craved. They would be pounding the living shit out of her. The scion of Dorne was shaking just thinking of it. She loved to be abused by her wives. She was a strong woman but submitting herself to her wives filled her with raw aching lust. There was a power that came from submitting to your wives. Letting them abuse and humiliate her simply turned Arianne on no end.

Only with women in general and her wives specifically could she let herself go and have total trust to give her the BDSM abuse she craved and needed. She had never trusted men to satisfy this need. She had never felt connected enough to any man to ask for this most sublime and intimate giving of herself. She had let other women “rough” her up some but never like the BDSM that her Pride mates gave her.

She craved the pain and humiliation that her wives gave her. She felt totally safe with them. It turned on Arianne wildly to have her body writing with pain and humiliation they gave her. It was so hard describe to those who did not crave the whip to understand the pleasure of submitting to pain and humiliation. It was a turn on that made Arianne’s body literally throb with need and intense
bursting pleasure.

She did not care that many would not understand the family dynamics of House Martell. She thanked the gods she took after her uncle and not her father. He was such a prude. She loved the joys of the flesh and sought them out.

She did not care that many if not most outside of Dorne would not understand her love of loving abuse and being fucked hard and hung up wet as they said in Dorne. Only in Dorne was all forms of expressing and taking pleasure so openly accepted. The Dorne people with their Essos heritage were a lusty people. She loved sex period but sex with women was absolutely the brass ring. She had enjoyed fucking Maester Marwyn. He had given her orgasms. Many and hard but they still missed that something special. There was no emotional depth to their sex. The sex with her pride was nothing but pure emotion and sanctified love.

When great emotion was tied to the physical pleasure of great sex the pleasure reached another sublime level. Marwyn had given her orgasms that stunned her and throttled her with fucking bliss but she had still not felt that soul deep connection with the Maester that she shared with women.

She left the bathing chamber and walked into the small antechamber where a large mirror was on one wall. She walked before it. She smiled seeing her beautiful voluptuous body in front of the mirror. She had large full rounded D cup breast and swelling hips. Her pussy was already wet and engorged and her nipples rock hard. She loved how her teats were so long and thick. Her firm large tits had a nice up tilt angle to their caste. Her nipples ready to be sucked and teeth raked. She shivered at the thought. She turned around admiring her beautiful body from all angles. She had been blessed with great beauty and knew it. She would not deny it.

Her large breast were rounded and pillowed out on her chest to large hillocks when she lay on her back. Her belly flat with just a hint of muscle underneath. She smiled. Lots of hard fucking kept one in shape! Her legs were stout and strong. Her skin a medium dusky hue. The skin perfection. She twisted to look at her ass. The firm globes flexing with her movements. Her ass taunt as were the back of her legs. Yes indeed she was totally hot.

Her limbs, pussy and anus region were shaved and waxed baby smooth. She traced her fingertips over her smooth mound and traced down over her perineum to her anus. The feel silky smooth to her sensitive fingertips. Tonight was going to be so special. She had acquired information that would make the Pride of Dorne much more valuable to the Queen. The threat to her dragons had to be addressed. The Queen would be indebted to them for the information. This would give them much valuable coin of trust and influence with the Queen.

She came out of the antechamber and walked to the clothing rack on the back wall. On it was the exquisitely beautiful dress she would wear. It was finally made of rich silks and lace. It would soon be ripped to shreds and torn from body. Arianne and Myrcella had three large closets for their clothes. One section had nine dresses Arianne had worn and six that Myrcella had worn. Dresses that had been ripped from their bodies. Dresses torn to shreds. They kept them since they still had plenty of room as souvenirs. The dresses trophies of hot mean cruel grudge fucks that had been sadistic. The dresses worn for roleplaying their roles. Arianne and Myrcella had reveled in each savage faked rape. They loved it. It made them all hot just looking at the tattered remains of the fine ball quality dresses. It made the two High Princesses crave more such fucks.

They would often come in and look at the destroyed dresses together. The remembered fucks heating their bodies up. They had blankets on shelves they would throw on the floor before the ripped up dresses. If clothing was worn it was quickly shed like a snake shedding its skin. They would fall on each other nearly ripping their own clothes off and devouring each other to wailing
bucking orgasms.

Arianne had been into role play since her two cousins Arrely and Kiyana Martell had introduced her to such sex when she was fourteen and they were eighteen and nineteen. She had instantly been hooked on it ever since. The abuse had turned her on no end. Her cousins had been so sadistic in how they abused Arianne’s body. They had abused and controlled Arianne with sweet fuck abuse she craved from the first time. It had driven her wild and the orgasms had been shattering they were so intense.

The now adult women remembered those sweet fucks with a happy smile on her face. She had instantly loved being slapped, thrown around and fucked like a cheap worthless whore. The roleplaying was so hot and dynamic. Her cousins had hooked her completely on masochistic sex.

First Arianne put on her silk short cloth. The silk cool on her already heated pussy. A pussy quivering in anticipation. She then put on her light blue dress and pulled the ties tight and hooked the buttons down the side of the dress. The white and off green lace so beautiful covering her ample cleavage pressed up against the gauzy fabric with the support from the wire in the cups of the dress. She put on silk slippers that enfolded and caressed her perfect feet

She was ready. The excitement in her body increased tenfold. Her body responding to her thoughts. Her body shaking in excitement at what was about to befall her. She stepped out into the hall from the rear entrance of the bathing chambers. She started the short trek to the door to the bedroom of the Pride of Dorne. She knew the instant she went through the door she would be attacked. Her nipples were so stiff and throbbing and her pussy wet and swollen with cum running down her legs already. Her wives would ignore her obvious arousal to keep to the game that she had scripted out. The pain and humiliation she was about to receive had her breathing accelerated and her pulse pounding. Knowing her wives would pounce on her the moment she walked through the door had her body shivered in anticipation.

Arianne had worked out the whole scenario to their roleplay in the late afternoon. She had been happy with their excitement when she explained the scenario to her wives. It was always fun and hot to work the real world into their BDSM sex. Her wives would use the recent past to make the sex so much hotter and wetter for their submissive bottom wife. They would hurl it in her face verbally as that same face was ‘attacked’ physically. Her body shivered again in anticipation. Would a person not into such BDSM role play ever understand the excitement thundering through her veins Arianne wondered? She doubted it.

Arianne reached the door to the bed chamber of the Pride of Dorne. Her sweet ferocious wives waited on the other side to fuck her up and give her the pain and humiliation she craved. Myrcella would be in full top mode. Her hand gripped the door lever. A fresh flood of fuck juice rushed out her engorged twat. The dress trapping her musk hiding for the moment her extreme excitement.

Arianne took a deep breath and slipped into the role she had devised for herself. Her pleasure and excitement would be enhanced by taking on the character she had devised for tonight. By playing this role to the hilt she would be able to get the most excitement and pleasure from the sex and abuse about to occur. With her playing her role to the hilt, her three sweet wives could play their own roles to the maximum and, thus, increase their fun and excitement from their roles as sadistic bitches.

Arianne felt her body shake and her eyes glaze over with lust. She took another deep breath steadying herself and preparing herself for her role. She turned the lever.

She opened the door slipping into the mindset of the unsuspecting cheating wife who thinks she has pulled off her adulteress adventures to get the necessary information from Maester Marwyn. He had fucked her so good but not nearly as good as she was about to be fucked by her three “vengeful”
Arianne buried that thought now. Arianne had a character to play. A role to assume to make her excitement and pleasure greater. She was now purely the smug conniving adulteress slut wife who had gotten over on her dolt wives. She was so superior to them. Her nose rose up with her thoughts.

Arianne walked into the room with a big smile on her face already totally submerged into her role. A lot of the excitement besides the humiliation and pain she was about to receive was the not knowing exactly how it would play out. She did not even truly think of it though getting into character to fully enjoy the next few hours. She had setup the scenario to play and her wives had total freedom on how to play out their parts. Arianne had no idea what her wives would inflict on her.

The not knowing what her abuse would be made her so wet. She was now the cheating wife who was smug in her satisfaction of fucking Marwyn behind her unsuspecting wives. She was superior to her wives in her new character. She tried to completely get into that mindset playing her character for all it was worth.

She walked into the room with a big beatific smile on her face. She was in control. She had gotten over on her stupid trusting wives. She was beaming. Her head turned to look at her sweet doltish wives. She felt so confident in her superiority. That was until she saw her wives.

She felt fear settle into her belly seeing the evil looks on her wives faces. Their bodies were stiff and their faces hard set. What could be wrong? They couldn’t know could they? Arianne was totally lost in her character now but still she knew what was about to occur and her pussy throbbed in anticipation her mound and groin already sopping wet. Gods she was a pain slut and loved it.

She saw that her Sand Snakes were dressed in the traditional ceremonial outfits of “Outriders”. Not truly military attire but used on the military parade grounds. Worn to impress visiting parents when deciding if they wanted to send their children to the war academy or for dignitaries when they visited to impress them with Dorne’s military prowess.

Dorea and Lorenza were wearing bombachas. The trousers made with strong cotton fabric. They were the traditional black of the Dorne military. The trousers easily identified because of the buttons they have at the ankle which was used to narrow them. They were stuffed into the tops of the military riding boots they had on with spurs clinking as they moved from foot to foot.

They had on loose blouses unbuttoned and leather vests not buttoned and open exposing the insides of their small high firm medium brown breast. Arianne could not help but feel lust boil in her veins despite the fear pricking her thoughts that her character would be feeling in this situation. A situation where danger is sensed but not fully understood. Playing the role had Arianne shivering in anticipation and lust. She kept her face in character showing confidence but the first hints of consternation.

Each Sand Snake had a flogger tucked into their wide ceremonial belts with the traditional ceremonial coins of the many cities and holds of Dorne that they had visited. The colorful metal medallions glued to the leather of the belts. The tassels of the floggers hanging down as well as the strap to wrap around one’s wrist to help secure your hold on the flogger as you savagely whipped your slut.

They both glared at Arianne with harsh pulsing eyes.

What could be wrong Arianne fretted? They could not possibly know she had fucked the Maester hard throughout the night his cock exploding deep in her cunt and ass giving her scalding orgasms.
She had had the right to take his seed deep in to her belly she thought defiantly. She was the heir to Dorne and she had the right to do as she pleased she harrumphed to herself.

She had taken precautions. She had drank moon tea to make sure no issue was produced. Gods he had fucked her so good for a man. His cock slamming deep into her tight cunt and up her tight pinching asshole. He was a bull his nutsack quickly producing more sperm to rise up his cock rock hard again and again. A cock that had slam fucked her spasming pussy and clenching shithole so good so many times throughout the afternoon and through the long night.

Her secret had to be safe. She was totally in character. She had told her witless wives that they had no need to watch over her as she met with the Maester. Arianne and the Maester would just recollect over past times and share the plutonic relationship they had always had. Her stupid wives had bought it hook, line and sinker she snarked to herself smug in her superiority.

She turned slightly to see her last wife Myrcella. She sat calmly in a thick upholstered chair done in light green velvet stuffed thickly with dried seaweed. She had sucked off her wives so many times in that chair their legs up on the arms of the thickly upholstered arms. Their spread legs had their sweet pussies and assholes open for her mouth, tongue, tribbing pussy and dildos.

For some reason Myrcella too had a cruel mean look on her face. She had on wide green legged slacks and a sleeveless blouse half unbuttoned. Her feet bare. Arianne gulped seeing the flogger sitting across her lap.

“What is wrong Myrcella” Arianne spoke in a slightly tremulous voice. She looked over at Dorea and Lorenza “my sweet Sand Snakes?” Arianne’s voice laced with confusion. Why were her Sand Snakes dressed so and what with the cruel look on Myrcella’s face? Her secret was safe. Arianne was sure of it.

“Get your fucking skanky ass over her Arianne” Myrcella sneered at her vilely.

She hesitated fear making her heart do palpitations. What was wrong? They couldn’t know! Arianne unconsciously licked her lips her head turning to take in all her wives faces that regarded her coldly with glaring eyes.

“NOW you fucking godsdamn cheating fucking slut!” Myrcella screamed as she jumped up and snatching the flogger to hand the tassels rustling like hissing snakes. Arianne’s body instinctively jerked at the harsh cruel tone. The slender blond stood her body shaking with righteous fury. Her jade eyes spitting daggers at Arianne. The hand holding the flogger jerked with anger making the tassels whisper in the silent room.

Arianna’s eyes went wide with fear as she hesitantly stepped before her pride mates and leading lioness of their Pride. She was suddenly very afraid. Myrcella green eyes spat fire and contemptuous disdain down on Arianne. The slender blonde’s body seemed to almost be shaking with ire. Her hand holding her flogger twitched with repressed fury. Arianne gulped. How had they found out?! She was so sure of herself! Her stupid wives trusted her implicitly.

“What is wrong my sweet wife” Arianne soothed her wife with a placating tone. She would calm her stupid wives with her velvet tone and words. “I got the information from Maester Marwyn. We now know the secrets of the Citadel against the Queen and her dragons now. My mission a complete success. We have discovered the plots against the Queen. We have boons to offer Daenerys Targaryen. We can now take these to the Queen and increase our status greatly.” She had started her words tremulously but gained confidence. She had succeeded with the plan to acquire the information from the Maester of Magic. Maybe just not the way her wives thought she had procured the information. She felt a sneaky pride in getting over on her wives. It added so much spice to her
adultery.

“We only sat at the table and talked chastely of times past. We discussed how we could help Daenerys Targaryen. I told him of my unending love for my sweet wives. I told him in no uncertain terms I was pure and chaste to only my wives. He easily accepted that my sweet wives.” Her lies spilled easily from her lips making her feel more confident. Her smile back on her face. A smile filled with sweet memories of Marwyn’s dick slamming balls deep up her ass and him pulling out and fisting her hair to turn her around to ‘make’ her suck her ass cream off his prick.

“Is that so? Are you sure of this Arianne. Tell us on your honor and your love for us that you did not sleep with a fucking man!” Myrcella snarled at Arianne. The repressed fury startled Arianne. *This was so unlike Myrcella!*

“I swear it my sweet Myrcella” Arianne’s head turned to her other wives “Dorea and Lorenza. I am pure. I would never cheat on you! I swear it!”

“You swear it?” Myrcella asked her slowly. Arianne heard the anger but was sure she could soothe this over.

“Yes” she spoke looking them all in the eye easily lying. She was adept at the Game of Thrones. She had won she thought sweetly to herself.

“You lying whore! Our spies watched you!”

“What?!” Arianne cried out in sudden shocking fear. *Spies?!* There had been spies?! This news was shocking!

“Our spies watched you fucking Maester Marwyen to get this information. Why did you not just give him the money as we agreed? We insisted and you agreed that you would not let his vile man even touch you and instead you let him fuck you! Our spies told us how he again and again slammed his cock deep into your worthless cunt and cheating ass. The way you moaned at him manhandling you as he moved you from position to position. The way he pulled your hair and slapped your face and tits and how loudly you moaned begging for him to do you harder!”

Arianne’s eyes were large now with fear. Her body beginning to shake in that fear. Arianne was totally in character. *She loved it!* Thinking like her character was sending such a rush through her body. The false fear she let rush through her body was intoxicating.

“Your screams of ecstasy were not faked you godsdamn slut!” Myrcella was suddenly screaming. “The spies were quite clear in how your body exploded in multiple orgasms. How you hungrily sucked your cunt and shithole off his dick with avid fuck hunger! You SLUT!” Myrcella roared. “You told us nothing of him fucking you!”

That was an outright lie of course Arianne knew. It had been understood by the raven Marwyen had sent them he would only part with the information he had gleaned by both fucking one of the Pride of Dorne *and* a large bag of golden dragons. They could have negotiated but did not want to risk the man not giving them what he said would be Earth shaking news to the Queen.

As they had read the scroll Arianne knew she was the woman for the task and had immediately started fantasizing and planning for the sweet moment of fucking Marwyn and again feeling hard cock pounding her fuck holes and making her howl with soul wrenching orgasms of fucking bliss. To feel a man’s cock spurting hotly in her fuck hole or all over her face soaking it in semen.
Her next thought had been of this moment here. She had known as she read the scroll through from the Maester that she could not only fuck the stud but also get a sweet savage masochistic humiliation fuck from her wives using her meeting with the Maester as the basis for the scenario of the cruel mean grudge fuck she was now experiencing.

“Are you sure that is how events occurred sweet Arianne? The spies reported how they watched and heard you moaning when his cock spurted his hot seed all over your face. You did not try and move your face as his cock spurted hard spashing his jizm all over your face. You moaned when he clawed his hand in your hair so his fingers came down your face and held your eyelids open while he spurted his sperm into your eyes. You only moaned harder and croaked “yeessssss yessssssss!” When he finally emptied his nutsack your tongue licked what it could off your lips and chin.”

Arianne loved how Myrcella made sure to describe all she had seen and now threw that back in Arianne’s face. Myrcella’s nipples rock hard her face slightly flushed. It was from excitement though all pretended it was from righteous anger.

An evil sneer came over Myrcella’s face “Are you sure you did not cheat on us?”

Arianne was in shock. She had to convince them they were wrong. She had no other recourse. “These spies are in hire with a rival House! I swear it! They mean to bring us down so they can rise up” Arianne spewed out her lies as they came to her. “I swear it Myrcella. I swear it. I got him to take the money only. He was quite easy to manipulate. These spies are probably from Highgarden.”

She saw Myrcella thinking that over. She knew her Sand Snakes would follow Myrcella’s lead. The voluptuous woman started to relax. She had won she thought smugly.

Men were easy. They all wanted was to fuck her. She had wanted his cock she thought evilly staying in her character’s mindset. She was the master of deception. Myrcella only thought she was Arianne’s equal.

She loved getting over on Myrcella. Myrcella was way too smug by half Arianne thought evilly. She would get away with her night of illicit sex with Marwyn and none would be the wiser. The Sand Snakes were so childish in their infantile jealousy. They deserved to be cheated on. Arianne smiled congratulating herself. She would have had a night of sweet het sex and explosive orgasms feeling hot sperm pumping hot, hard and deep up her belly and ass and she had gotten away with adultery. The thought made her shiver.

She was already planning future adulteress affairs.

“We had a spy trailing you and she went to the room beside the one we rented for you.”

“I tell you Myrcella, dammit, that nothing happened! I grow tired of having my innocence questioned! I demand an apology from you Myrcella” Arianne ended in a haughty tone.

"I fear i lied to you Arianne” Myrcella told Arianne in a strangled snarl. Her normally placid loving jade eyes now filled with a shocking fury.

“Ohhhhh …” Arianne felt her heart trip in rising fear. The way Myrcella had said that had the hackles on the back of Arianne’s neck on end. “I assure nothing happened we merely neg—” Myrcella cut off her words.

“We had a spy hole drilled in the wall indeed Arianne. Only it was not spies who observed you willingly give our dear Maester hot head till he cummed all over your slutty fucking face! You moaned how good his semen tasted as you greedily licked it off your face.”
“That is a lie!” Arianne cried out in rising panic.

“That was only the start of the sex I fear … how many times did he fuck you in your couchie and up your tight ass my sweet Arianne?” Myrcella worked her wrist which made her flogger hiss as the blonde worked her flogger forward and back making the tassels jerk hard.

“Do you wish to guess Arianne who it was who observed you cheating on us you fucking godsdamn slut!” Myrcella roared.

Arianne felt sweat breaking out on her lip and brow in her fear (and hidden excitement). She knew she was in deep shit.

She stared at her wife who was snarling at her. Myrcella moved to get in front of Arianne. Arianne’s breathing hitched. *Oh yes she moaned in her mind. It was so close! She was shaking now. To all who might have been spying on them would think it was fear. It was since Arianne was feeling what her character felt but it was much more anticipation and lust of the about to start grudge fuck. Her nipples were literally throbbing as her clit jolted her hard. Her silk short cloth soaked and drooling snail snot down her legs.*

“It was your loving wives who watched you cheat on us you godsdamn whore! We watched you fuck that man for hours! We all watched you wail and shriek as his cock plundered your fuck holes repeatedly and filled your belly and colon with hot sperm. We had to watch you for hours as he pumped sperm into your cheating holes and then watch it leak out running down your legs and soaking your groin and belly you godsdamn slut! You will pay for this betrayal of our love and trust you fucking slut!” Myrcella bellowed her body swaying with the force of her supposedly heartfelt declarations of betrayal.

Without warning Myrcella dropped her flogger and her right hand lashed out smacking Arianne’s face hard making it jerk over. Her brown skin darkening. Another slap landed with a loud smack. Myrcella spit in her face and then slapped her with both hands. The handprints showed on the brown cheeks from the vicious slaps. Each cheek taking stinging slaps that staggered the voluptuous woman. She then felt hands roughly grabbing her from behind holding her in place.

In a panic she realized she had not seen her Sand Snakes move in behind her with her focus on her now riled and violent Myrcella. More vicious slaps landed on her face and then Myrcella spit in her face again followed by wallowing her palm in Arianne’s face soaking it in the former Lannister’s spittle.

“Oohhh hhunnggg hhnnnggg … oh Myrcella baby … please—” Arianne gasped out in shock at the turn of events. Her face pulsing with hot pain. The spit mashed into her face. More spit splattered onto her face. Some of the spittle half blinding her. Myrcella wallowed this spit into her face and up into her hair wetting and ruining her perfectly coiffed hair.

*Smack*Smack*Smack* More vicious slaps stung Arianne’s cheek. Arianne tried to speak—
*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack*Smack* Arianne’s head exploded from side to side from the vicious slaps from Myrcella’s palm. Her cheeks now darkening to a darker brownish hue. The blood rush running down her throat and up her face.

“Shut your mouth you lying cunt!” Myrcella screamed at her adulteress wife.

Arianne felt hands gripping the fabric of her dress at her shoulders at the seam. The Sand Snakes fingers dug into the fabric and began to viciously rip down on the dress sleeves with violent jerks. The fabric had been sown with only the third normal stitching in the seams. The dress designed to be easily ripped apart.
They bought their dresses from a seamstress who specialized in such dresses. She was busy constantly making new dresses for the BDSM craving sluts who were a large part of her cliental. The seamstress was such a slut herself who had tested many of her creations to make sure they flew apart easily by her sadistic lady lovers. The seamstress coming up with new designs that her lovers tested by ripping off her body and abusing her. Then fucking her into a senseless coma of happy fucked out bliss. Her works masterpieces that had her cliental demanding more and more of the specially made dresses.

Her current creation a perfect success. The fabric quickly tearing loose at the shoulders. Arianne’s body jerked around by the strong hands ruining her dress. Her head snapping with the cruel jerks. Huge tears appeared. Myrcella looked evilly at Arianne as her two Sand Snake wives manhandled the voluptuous cheating slut. Then Lorenza and Dorea gripped hand holds of her dress from behind and jerked wildly. Loud tearing sounds were heard from the beautiful expensive fabric but poorly put together material. The motions continuing to jostle Arianne’s body hard.

The twenty-five year old woman’s body was jerked to and fro like flotsam in a violent storm. Her body lurching forward and back and dragged to the sides as her Sand Snakes shredded her seemingly beautifully made dress. Arianna had learned lessons when she and her cousins played their first games of ‘raping’ each other. They had been very frustrated and the damsel being attacked had vertigo from her body spun and violently jerked in all directions. *A well made dress was hard to destroy!* The incestuous cousins quickly figured out how to have their ‘rape fantasy’ dresses made to be easily ripped apart. This had led to several seamstresses taking up the task in the Shadow City making such dresses. Now there was a small cadre of women who specialized in the trade.

Arianne’s mind smiled at her remembrance as she felt her body buffeted in the here and now. Her cunt was a complete sopping wet mess now. Her pussy all swollen and wet. Her lips fully engorged and gnarled up in her silk short clothing. Her nipples fully erect and throbbing as her clit shrieked in happy pleasure from her pain and humiliation. She was beyond turned on!

“Arrruunggggg!” Arianne cried out feeling Dorea grip her arm and twisting it behind her back and jerking it up to cause the joint to screech in pain. Dorea jerked up hard (but not really too hard – no damage would be done – only the pain that Arianne craved). Dorea had expert control of how much force to apply to give the treatment that her wife craved. Arianne rose up on her toes trying to relieve the painful pressure in her arm. Loreza gripped Arianne’s beautiful lustrous black hair and fisted a hair knot. She jerked back hard pulling Arianne’s neck taunt her eyes looking at the ceiling. The rough jerks half choking their adulteress aunt and wife.

Arianne’s cunt was drooling. The gusset of her short cloth soaked and slimed with her snail snot. Her pussy was a sloshing mess now. Loreza pulled hard on her hair knot tilting Arianne’s head back till her eyes looked up at the ceiling. Loreza now jammed her hand down pulling Arianne’s throat taunt choking her wife. “Unggffff mmpfffff fffmmpppfff!” Arianne choked gasping for breath her throat cruelly stretched. She was so fucking hot for it. The pain making her womb melt with churning cum. Loreza threw her head forward letting her adulteress wife breathe.

Her face back down she felt her cheek harshly slapped again. Her head jerking to the right from Myrcella’s cupped palm striking her face. Her face now dark brown from blood rush from Myrcella’s cupped hand violently smacking her cheeks. Tears ran down her cheeks from her pain and humiliation. Arianne watched Myrcella stop slapping her and then reach into a fold of her dress. She pulled out a small dagger of Valyrian steel. The blade impossible sharp and glinting. Arianne stilled her heart racing in fear. *What is she going to do?!!*

Arianne froze in fright completely in character to get the most out of their hot sadistic murmur play. Myrcella slowly and very carefully positioned the blade so it was facing out and the point pressed
into the bodice. The Sand Snakes held her completely still no longer jerking on her. Arianne’s full bosom heaved with her exertions. Slowly Myrcella hooked the razor sharp edge of the blade underneath fabric.

With everything right Arianne nodded her head almost imperceptibly. Myrcella ripped the blade down and away from Arianne cutting the lacy bodice and then the front of Arianne’s dress to her belly. With the blade away from Arianne’s body the Sand Snakes finished ripping the back of her dress to tattered pieces. Arianne felt like she was being ripped in two directions at once her body buffeted as she was violently jerked around. Then Dorea and Loreza gripped her arms again twisting them behind her back. The cruel Sand Snakes pulled up hard making her scream in pain. The scream greatly exaggerated but it sounded so hot to all the participants in their act. The Sand Snakes had Arianne’s body pulled taunt and kept jerking on their wife’s arms to give her the pain and humiliations she craved.

Myrcella had put the knife on an end table and turned back to Arianne. She eyed the disheveled state of her wife. Her hair in disarray around her face and shoulders. She eyed her pussy still covered by its short cloth. The fabric dark and glistening with the cum soaking it. Myrcella stepped up to her cheating wife. Her hand rose up and back. The vicious slap rocked Arianne staggering her. Her cry of pain loud in the room.

“Plesseeeeee plleeasseee—I’m sorry! I love youuuuuu!” Arianne pleaded. Her head rocked over with another hard slap.

“You should have thought of that before you cheated on us!” Myrcella screamed at her adulteress wife.

Loreza and Dorea pulled hard on Arianne’s arms stretching her body out making Arianne cry out in pain from her stretched out shoulders. She rose up on the balls of her feet trying to relieve the pain in her arms and shoulders. The Sand Snakes called her a fucking slut and worthless fucking whore. They told Arianne they hated her for cheating on them.

The insults and humiliation going straight to Arianne’s pussy making it clench and pump more fuck juice into the soaked fabric covering it. Loreza and Dorea jerked Arianne forward and back jerking her shoulder joints which made Arianne screech in pain and cry fat tears down her cheeks.

Myrcella now reached out and gripped the dress at the sides of the rent in the fabric and tore her hands out ripping the dress wide open. Arianne’s full heavy rounded tits spilled out her dress and flipped to her chest and jiggled down in place. Her tits swishing back and forth as her Sand Snakes jerked her around by her arms. Sneering Myrcella gripped the short cloth at the hips and jerked down hard with twisting jerks that bucked Arianne’s body like a toy doll. The fabric jerked down to her knees. Arianne’s swollen dripping snatch on full display. Her exposed pussy had flooded the room with her fuck musk.

Arianne was whimpering in her humiliation but could not help but notice Myrcella breathe in hard taking Arianne’s sweet cunt musk deep into her lungs intoxicating and exciting the young woman. She glared at Arianne vitriically and backed up a step.

Myrcella spit in her face several more times and then slapped her viciously. *Slap*Smack*Smack*Slap* Her hand wallowing the spit into Arianne’s face and smearing it up into her glistening black locks. She spit again in Arianne’s face her bubbly spit splashing over Arianne’s nose, forehead and eyes. Then she slapped Arianne several more times the stinging slaps loud in the room.

Then Myrcella was back at the ruined dress. She tore the fabric of her ruined dress down and it
ripped away. Her dress was in tatters hanging around Arianne’s hips her upper body fully exposed. She had felt her Sand Snake wives move away from her arms. She went to cover her exposed breast. She was shivering in fear at what would happen next. She had no idea what her sweet wives would do her next. The not knowing made her womb quiver and her pussy clench wetly. Her nipples throbbing hard with sweet pulses of hot pleasure.

She stood their shivering in fear. Myrcella played her part of the murmur’s play to perfection. Her face contorted with righteous rage.

Myrcella sneered at her. “You’re a piece of shit Arianne. Cheating on us like a cheap whore. We are just getting started you fucking cunt!” Arianne stared hard at Myrcella.

“Baby I’m sorr—Aagggiiieee! Mnnngghhiieee!” her body jerked and writhed in agony.

“Aarrrruuunnggggg! Unngghiiieeeeee! Eeeeeeee!” Arianne arched her back and was on the balls of her feet her body instinctively arching away from the sudden inrush of pain. This was stopped by Myrcella as she moved in and gripped Arianne’s upper arms roughly and held her in place with hard cruel jerks. Her head snapped with the force of Myrcella’s cruel jerking grip on her upper arms. The voluptuous woman loved feeling her upper arms throttled by her slender wife’s hard grip on her biceps. It would leave bruises but she loved it so much! Arianne had lost track of her two niece wives.

Her two nieces had pulled out their floggers and moved behind their distracted aunt unseen. Now their arms were wind milling whipping their flogger tassels in tight arcs. The long leather tassels whipped down slashing over the body of their beautiful aunt cruelly. The leather tassels striking harshly across the silky smooth brown skin. The leather leaving brownish streaks all up and down the perfect back and ass cheek globes. Again and again the nieces whipped their arms down to deliver vicious strikes of leather tassels on smooth perfect flesh.

“Arrrggggg hhnn hnnn unngghhiiiiii! Mmghhhiiii! Eeeiiiiii! Ngghhhiiii!” Arianne screamed feeling the leather tassels bit into her flesh. Each stinging slash filling her body with pain. Pain that excited and filled the voluptuous body with harsh pulsing pleasure rocking her throbbing nipples and clit.

*Slash* *Slash* *Smack* *Slash* *Slash* *Slash* *Slash* the loud sounds of the floggers being yielded hitting the scion of Dorne on her back, ass and back of her arms. Myrcella grimacing as some of the tassels hit her fingers. She didn’t care. She was so turned on seeing up close her wife’s face filled with pain and her body jolting from each impact of tassels on her body. Each strike so loud and shocking in the room. She envied the pain and humiliation Arianne was receiving. The way Arianne’s face slashed and grimaced with pain turned on Myrcella greatly. She contented herself knowing soon she would be on the receiving end of the harsh but loving abuse.

“Aarruuunnggg uunnggg … oohhhh harder harder, please babies harder” Arianne gurgled needing more and harder. “Unngghhiieee Aaaaiieeeee Aaaaieeeee Eeeeiitiiii!” Arianne wailed as the floggers bit harder into her sweet perfect flesh. Sometimes you had to break character for a moment to get what you needed in a sweet vicious BDSM fuck.

Her Sand Snake wives lifting their arms higher and taking them back further to generate more power as their arms lashed forward to strike leather over sweet perfect flesh. Arianne shrieked her body bucking and flexing as the leather bit into her flesh. Myrcella spit in her face again several times humiliating her wife in her anguish. The spit running down her face in rivulets. Myrcella called Arianne a fucking piece of shit and worthless slut. More spit splattered on Arianne’s face.

“You fucking cunt!” Myrcella snarled at her wife. “You are nothing but a piece of shit you slut.
You are nothing but cheap trash you godsdamn whore!” Myrcella spit out at her voluptuous wife. Arianne was weeping in pain but heard each humiliating word that only added to her pained ecstasy. She watched Myrcella’s head rear back and then she was spit on in the face several more times by her blonde wife who slapped her face a few times before again wallowing the copious spit into her wife’s face and up into her hair.

The Sand Snakes behind were working their arms to slash their flogger tassels harshly across Arianne’s back again and again. Each strike on Arianne’s body loud in the room. The voluptuous beauty’s body lurched and jerked hard with each vicious strike of leather tassels on her body.

She was wailing as fire filled her back and ass. The pain went straight to her clit and nipples making them hammer Arianne’s brain with pleasure. In her distress she did not see Myrcella step over and bend down to the floor with her hand. The scion of Dorne swayed her body jerking feeling one of her Sand Snakes concentrate on her big firm ass cheeks with cruel strikes going back and forth on the clenching globes. The other Sand Snake whipping her tassels up and down her back and shoulders.

“Ohhh pleggsssee stop stop pleggsssee pleaseeeeee stop—aaggghhieeee eeggiiiiinnhhii aaaiiiii!” Arianne screamed. Her pleas for mercy had only elicited even harder strikes of the flogger tassels along her back and ass. Her body swayed now lurching again and again as the floggers were whipped down to lash her cruelly.

Suddenly Arianne was howling louder in anguish as Myrcella wind milled her arms slashing the tassels of her own flogger across the voluptuous woman’s tits and flat belly. Again and again Myrcella lashed her adulteress wife with her flogger. The scion of Dorne staggered forward and lurched back as leather tassels slashed her body front and back. Arianne watched the tassels lash across her large tits and flat belly. She loved seeing the tassel ends ricochet off her body as they delivered so much exquisite pain to her body.

Arianne looked down her brown body and saw dark brown marks running down from her chest above her tits to her belly where the remains of her dress hung in tatters on the front. They had ripped away her dress in the back to fully expose her back and ass. Her body hitched and spasmed feeling the leather tassels bit into her flesh leaving more and more dark brown reddish streaks across her body. She staggered around the room as her body twisted and jerked away from the cruel strikes of the flogger. Her wives following closely to continue cruelly whipping their lying, cheating adulteress wife.

“Arrunnggg hhnnngg … shit! Ungggg nnggg Aaaagggiiiiieeee!” Arianne cried out as her body was lashed savagely front and back by the leather tassels. Her ass cheeks clenching hard with the impacts on them. Her tits sloshed over on her chest when Myrcella lashed them with her flogger leather tassels. Her next strike over Arianne’s belly making it clench then Myrcella adjusted her positioning and the tassels whipped down and then up into Arianne’s wet cunt. The remains of her dress absorbed much of the strikes but the pain was intense. She sagged down to her knees weeping.

No mercy was given. The three women standing around Arianne continued to whip their cheating wife mercilessly with their floggers. Arianne fell to her palms screaming in pain. Her wives surrounding her and slashing down cruelly on her writhing body. The whapping sounds of leather on flesh shocking loud in the room.

The strikes stopped. She was jerked up cruelly to her feet. She swayed crying hard now her body flooded with pain. Pain that had her nipples pulsing hard and her cunt leaking fuck juice down her legs. She gasped feeling hands grip the tattered remains of her dress hugging her hips. Hard jerks quickly jerked the ruined dress down off her hips and the ruined dress pooled around her ankles.
Arianne now totally nude.

Myrcella suddenly reached out with her left hand and fisted a knot of Arianne’s long glossy black hair. She savagely jerked down flinging the stumbling woman down half bent over. Arianne’s full tits swaying underneath her folded down body. Myrcella jerked her head around making the voluptuous women stagger behind Myrcella.

She screamed in agony when Dorea and Lorenza had their floggers slashing their tassels over her now fully exposed ass and legs. She jerked and involuntarily jumped feeling her ass and legs put on fire. Myrcella jerked down with her hair knot hard twisting her hand sending the Martell stumbling to the floor on all floor. The former Lannister had released Arianne’s hair. She took her flogger back in hand shaking out the tassels.

“Get ready to suffer bitch!” Myrcella snarled. Arianne screamed in supposed agony. She was not close to saying her safe word of “red” or even yellow to slow down. The pain made her feel on edge and so alive!

Myrcella’s arm slashed down over and over down whipping savagely her wife’s back with the tassels of her flogger. “Uunnghhiiieee! Mmmngggiiiiii! Aaaaaiiiiiiie! Eeeeiiiiiiiii! Aaaaaiiiiiii!” Arianne screamed in pain and humiliation. Her other two wives focused on her ass and the backs of her legs, calves and feet. Her long hair was flagged down around her hanging head. A head jerking around and back as agony twisted her face as her ass was blistered and her body cruelly whipped like a mule. Her shrieks loud and whimpers for mercy ignored.

Myrcella enjoyed watching Arianne’s body jerk and writhe with the sever flogging it was receiving. The sounds of leather on flesh loud. Arianne’s screams and weeping music to Myrcella’s ears. When she was in sadistic mode she loved hearing Arianne’s sounds of distress. Next it would be her weeping and shrieking and Arianne reveling in giving Myrcella agony and pleasure.

All the while Arianne’s pussy was a soupy mess with cum running down her thighs and dripping off her distended hanging labia lips. Her rigid nipples screamed and pulsed pain and pleasure straight to her diamond hard clit. The future Warden of the South gasped and wheezed as raw aching pain filled her body. Arianne’s body jerked with each strike of the tassels on her body. The pain was cruel but it filled Arianne’s body with such exquisite pleasure. Pleasure that was shown in the tears running down her cheeks and throat. Tears of pain but with sweet pleasure all jumbled in.

Myrcella put her flogger on the floor and stepped up to her wife. Arianna was jerking and writhing as she was whipped with floggers on her back, ass and legs by the Sand Snakes. She did not see Dorea step in and fist her hair. Suddenly her head was ripped back and up viciously. Her eyes seeing only the ceiling as she wheezed in constricted breath. The gasping only adding to her pleasure. Myrcella had gathered the remains of her ruined dress and wallowed the shredded fabric roughly all over her face as she cried and whimpered. Her pussy was so swollen and covered in cum that trickled down her thighs.

The Sand Snakes ceased their abuse for the moment. Arianna was still crying looking at Myrcella. Her wife looked at her with disgust and threw the ruined dress down. The look on Myrcella’s face made her pussy spasm and juice out fresh fuck slime. Her pussy coated in fuck juice liberally. The opaque creamy effluent slavering her mound, lower belly and inner thighs. Myrcella gripped her face cruelly by her jaw and spit in her face. Arianna moaned.

Her two Sand Snakes pulled Arianne up to her knees fully and held her in place with rough grip on her arms. Myrcella looked down at her with contempt and hateful spit. She stepped close to her cheating wife. Myrcella studied her for a long moment. She bent down slightly to look her more directly in the eye. “You always think you are better than us don’t you. You fucking cunt!” Then
Arianne cried out with Myrcella lifting her hands up and smacking down hard on her tits again and again making her tits jolt and flip. Now hand prints joined the tassel marks that covered her tits all over. Again and again Myrcella slapped Arianne’s breast hard with cupped hands. The impact compressing her tits and making them flop on her chest.

She cried out in pain and raw fucking pleasure. Her heavy udders were full of fire now. Fire that was hammering her with harsh pleasure as well. The intoxicating mix of pain and pleasure besetting the twenty-five year old. Her cunt was pulsing now. The pain was harsh but gods she loved it so. She felt alive and filled with the sweet energy of masochistic pain and pleasure. The sound of the cupped hands smacking her tits loud in the room.

Loreza and Dorea had gotten out their floggers again with Arianna focused on Myrcella. They had released the voluptuous beauty unnoticed as Arianna focused on Myrcella. Their wife did not even think to move as Myrcella abused her tits now dark brown with blood rush. The smacks of palms striking firm tits filling the room again and again. *Smack*Smack*Slap*Slap*Smack*Smack* The scion of Dorne bleating in pain. That changed in the next instant.

Loreza and Dorea slashed their arms down floggers whipping tassels through the air. The floggers slashed their tassels over Arianna’s back and ass cheeks. “Eeeiiiiii! Eeeiiiiii! Aaaaaiii! Eeeiiiiii!” Arianna wailed in pain. Myrcella bent down to squat before her writhing wife. Myrcella gripped Arianna’s arm roughly holding her still. With her other hand she lowered it to below her cheating wife’s groin. Myrcella turned her hand palm up. She cupped her hand and started to smack her wife’s sloppy wet twat with hard smacks. “Arrunnggg! Nngggiieeeeemnhhiieeeaaaiiiiiii!” Arianna cried out with the fresh new pain flooding her body. Arianna was jolting forward and back as her body was assaulted from the front and the back. Her screams sweet music to abusers and abused alike.

The sound of a sodden cunt being slapped merged with the sound of leather lashing over sweet exposed flesh. Again and again the blond teenager smacked her wife’s drooling clamshell. The impacts making wet squishy sounds as palm compressed sodden cunt. Myrcella paused to lift her hand cum slimed hand before Arianna’s face. She now slapped Arianna hard in the face on both cheeks with her cunt slimed hand and then smacked the heavy tits of her wife. Arianna was panting heavily now. Her body was soaked in sweat and tears. Myrcella went back to smacking her drooling clamshell. Arianna shrieked with the hard smacks on her drooling cunt and the slashes on her ass, legs and now up and down her ass.

Her legs were getting shaky as her body shook with rising need. Her eyes weeping tears of raw lust and pure love. The tears filled with her agony as well.

“Hhuunggggggg!” she cried out and then whimpered feeling Myrcella slide two fingers deep up into her greasy fuck canal. Her cunt was filled with buttery lubricating cum. Myrcella set up a hard rhythm immediately fucking the drooling honey hole. Cum splattering out in hot creamy droplets. Tassels slashed Arainne’s back relentlessly making her body jerk into the fingers banging her twat.

Myrcella then slipped in her third finger into her adulteress wife’s cunt stretching out the hot cunt that clenched down on the fingers that finger blasted her hungry cunt hole. Myrcella pumped her fingers hard and deep up the slimy cum filled fuck canal. Arianna cried out and moaned feeling her cunt stretched out tight and her inner folds gripping tight the long digits banging her drooling quim.

Myrcella took her left hand and rubbed her wife’s clit. The fingers whipping sideways in a blur. The slimy cum lubricated fingers hitting the rigid clit hard from both sides. The slimy lubricating the sweet fuck. He slimy cum let the former Lannister’ fingers whirl in a blur over the rigid clit they were jacking off. All the while Arianna’s body jerked and jolted with the floggers slashing across her
back repeatedly. The slut both crying out in pain and pleasure.

“Cum for us you fucking slut! Show us what a fucking back alley whore you are! Show us how you cummed for the Maester!”

“Auungghhhh! Oh oh gods oh oh auungghhhh!” Arianna gagged with Myrcella wiggling her buried fingers furiously in her twat and her left hand’s fingers buzzed her clit. The merciless flogging of her back and ass had ceased. Her nieces moved in on Arianne. Their hands started to give Arianne’s back rough massaging squeezes. The hands rough but soothing as they worked up and down her back from the top of her shoulder blades and down to her ass. The stroking hands soothing in a rough calloused way.

Myrcella watched Dorea bend down to bit Arianne in the middle of her back to leave dark love bites. Loreza bent her head in now too and began to leave other love bites on Arianne’s marked and dark brown streaked back. Their hands roughly kneading the abused flesh of the twenty-five old. Their hands as the massaged held Arianne up to be fucked by Mrycella.

“Ohhh unngg unngggg ohhhh shitttttt!” Arianna cawed and gasped her belly clenching. The taunt belly showed the muscles in her flat belly. She began to shake violently. Myrcella was slamming her fingers in and out her stretched out twat her wife’s bent thumb hammered her slit and clit. The wet cunt being fucked hard relentlessly slurped and squelched with the buttery cum being churned hot and fast by Myrcella’s long fingers pounding her wife’s twat.

Myrcella’s free hand moved up to pinch and twist the engorged teats of her wife. Arianna had gripped Myrcella’s shoulders to keep her balance. Myrcella was staring hard into her midnight eyes with her green orbs. Arianne felt her nieces urging her to get up fully on her knees. Her weak body shakily complied with the harsh hands jerking her up. All the while Myrcella banged her twat with her three harpoon fucking fingers.

Arianne gagged in lust feeling Loreza pull her ass cheeks wide open exposing her shithole. Her anus clenched in spasmodic clenches. Her ass cleft and starfish shiny with her sweat and the cum that had wicked back over her perineum and soaked her asshole. Dorea slowly slipped and twirled an oiled anal ribbed dildo up into her spasming starfish. The bulb head jacking her clenching shithole open. Dorea pushed in and Arianne’s asshole was penetrated by the glass dildo. Dorea slowly pumped her arm in and out as the oiled shaft quickly loosened up the sphincter rings and the glass slide ever deeper up into Arianne’s hot hungry ass. The ribs rippling Arianne’s sphincter rings gagging her with raw pulsing anal pleasure.

Lorenza was massaging her back and shoulders while she kissed the hot abused skin all over. Myrcella watched it all as she slipped her small finger into Arianne’s tight cunt stretching it out around the wedge now slam fucking the drooling couchie. Wet slobbery sounds of a drooling cunt being harpoon fucked. Watery sounds of a well fucked cunt filled the bedroom along with the labored breathing of women fucking hard.

Dorea worked her ribbed dildo rippling the asshole of her wife. The ribbed glass shocking Arianne with hot pulsing bolts of pleasure. Soon the Sand Snake had pushed in deep with a foot of cool glass buried up Arianne’s wanton tight asshole. The glass ribs rippling her spasming shithole shocking Arianne with pulses of anal bliss. Her niece started to push and pull the ribbed dildo in and out her spasming asshole. The love rhythm was quickly set and the thick dildo ripped in and out her hot tight pinching butthole. Arianna was becoming delirious. She could feel the dildo head brushing against Myrcella’s hard pumping fingers plumbing deep into her frothing cunt.

Her body began to shake violently. The blond brought her left hand back down and whipsawed her fingers over Arianne’s clit fast and furious. Myrcella pressed in harder with her fingers rubbing her
clit and her right hand harpooned her fingers all the way up her wife’s twat. Myrcella moaned feeling the tight oily heat of Arianne’s tight cunny spasming on her hard pumping fingers. She smiled feeling Dorea slamming her dildo up her aunt’s asshole. Dorea’s body was flexing as she worked her forearm to jerk the anal dildo half out her wife’s asshole and then slam it back up her ass till her fist pounded Arianne’s ass jiggling butt cheeks.

Myrcella was looking intently at her wife’s face seeing it slash and contort with aching pleasure. She looked deep into the midnight eyes to see the “flare”. Then she saw it. The magical moment of Arianne falling off the precipice into pure fucking ecstasy.

“AIINNGGHHIIIIIEEEEEE!” Arianne suddenly shrieked, like a murder victim. It was such a blood-curdling shriek that Myrcella was sure their bodyguards would pound the door down if they had not grown used to such screams from their charges. “OOOWWWGGGGGGG! AARRRUUNNGGGGGGGG! UUNNGGHHIIIEEEEEE! MMNNGHHIIIEEEEEE!” Arianne screamed full throated screams of shattering bliss and almost crippling pleasure. Dorea and Myrcella continued to slam fuck their wife’s spasmig fuck holes.

Loreza had moved around and roughly gripped Arianne’s heavy left tit. She throttled it and stuffed the half inch long thick nipple deep into her mouth and long sucked on it as her tongue slapped hard from all angles. A second orgasm exploded out on top of the first orgasm. “OOOOWWGGGGGGGGG! HHHUUUNNGGRRRRRRRR! Ummngggiieee!” Arianne howled again, as fresh convulsions tore her body apart. “Ohnnnggg! Mnnngggg! Oh! Oh! AAUUNNNGGGHHH!! AAWWOOOGGGGGGGGGG! HHHUUNNNGGGNNRRRRRRR! Ungghh! Ungghh! AAUUNNNGGGHHHIIIIIIII!” Arianna simply roared, wincing and arching her back again, pushing forward with her pelvis, as if to draw Myrcella’s fingers deeper into her body then jerking her ass back to take the dildo as deep as possible up her exploding butthole. Her body pumped and spasmed so hard her free tit whiplashed on her body. “Auuunngghhh! Oh . . . shit! Ungghhhmmmm! Oh sweet fucking gods and jinns hhnng hhnnngh hhnnnnn Ooowwwggggggggg! Awwwoogggggg!” Arianne screamed feeling the last killing spasms of her orgasms hit her and now fade away.

Arianna was floating on a cloud of pure fucking bliss. The pain had made her orgasms so much better and hotter. She was weak her body felt like jelly as it quivered and jolted with strong dying shocks of her orgasms. Myrcella pulled her fingers out of her wife’s drooling snatch that dripped cum out around the fingers jammed up into her hot honey hole. When Myrcella removed her fingers cum trapped in the plugged cunny came gushing out in a hot splatter.

Then the fingers were smearing Arianna’s twat juice all over her face. The voluptuous woman moaned at the humiliating treatment. Then Myrcella roughly started to fuck her mouth with a wedge of her fingers. Arianne gagged and moaned. The sweet taste of her cunt slavered all over the long fingers. The wedge of Myrcella’s fingers filled her mouth stretching it around the fingers pumping up and down her tongue and jamming her uvula. She made choking noises feeling the fingers fill her mouth and rap the back of her throat. Strands of spit streamed out her mouth and flooded down her chin and roped off her chin and ran down her throat in slimy tendrils of bubbly spit.

Dorea pulled her dildo out Arianna’s hot asshole. It was soaked in ass juice to the base of the shaft. Myrcella took her fingers from Arianne’s mouth. Dorea leaned around Arianne’s body. She took her anal dildo and pressed it to her aunt’s lips. Arianne moaned hard opening her mouth. Dorea ran her glass dildo up her incestuous aunt’s tongue. Arianne hungrily sucked her sweet ass off the shaft sliding up and down her tongue. Her lips clamped tight to the ribbed glass shaft. The ribs now rippling through her sucking lips. Arianna felt like such a depraved slut savoring her hot ass on the shaft.

Dorea leaned around Arianne’s body. She took her anal dildo and pressed it to her aunt’s lips. Arianne moaned hard opening her mouth. Dorea ran her glass dildo up her incestuous aunt’s tongue. Arianne hungrily sucked her sweet ass off the shaft sliding up and down her tongue. Her lips clamped tight to the ribbed glass shaft. The ribs now rippling through her sucking lips. Arianna felt like such a depraved slut savoring her hot ass on the shaft.
“What does your asshole taste like bitch?!” Dorea snarled at Arianna pulling the shaft out her wife’s greedily sucking mouth.

“Ohhhhh … it tastes like sweet dark chocolate baby!”

She was shoved to the ground. Her body crumpled down to the ground but she slowly rolled over and levered herself up to her knees. Her sweaty hair hung down. She shivered waiting with ragged breathing. Sweat dripped off her face and belly as she hungered for more pain and humiliation that would lead to such sweet pleasure.

Then Arianna was screaming again as she felt her three wives again flogging her mercilessly with their floggers. Her body surged and rocked her back arching away from the cruel whipping. This went on for a minute when it was stopped. Arianna cried out when one of her nieces fisted her hair pulling her up and put her crooked arm around her throat and roughly held her up half chocking her.

Arianna watched with large eyes as Myrcella attached nipple clamps to her long thick nipples the teeth biting into her thick teats. Her head ripped back into her niece’s body. Arianna watched Myrcella pick up little circular weights she attached to the nipple clamps the weight tugging on her nipples filling them with heat and pain. She was choked hard and then thrown forward. The scion of Drone stumbled to her palms. Her breathing harsh and ragged. Her hanging tits swayed rocking the nipple clamps and weights pulling on her screaming nipples. The pain intoxicating Arianna with raw fuck hunger.

As she looked on Arianna saw her three wives quickly divest themselves of their clothing. The slut moaned hard seeing their delectable teenage flesh exposed to her slutty eyes. Their nipples were swollen and their cunts were swollen as well. Their pussies showing their arousal. Myrcella’s pussy was a medium red. Her Sand Snakes pussies were a darker hued brown. Their inner lips engorged and half bloomed out their slits.

Myrcella had gotten on her knees in front of Arianna and turned around so her ass was facing Arianna. The blonde then got on all fours. The blonde beauty moved back till her ass was right in front of Arianna’s face. She wiggled her ass in front of Arianna’s face. Her wet seam in front of Arianna’s face.

Myrcella looked back over her shoulder with a slutty look on her face. She presented her wet swollen wet seam to Arianna like a bitch in heat. The heir to Dorne moaned hard deep in her chest. Myrcella slowly backed her body up till her gash was right in front of Arianna’s face with only a small space separating mouth and pussy. Arianna’s eyes crossed seeing Myrcella’s young hot pussy in front of her. The sweet hot musk wafting up from the drooling seam was pure heaven to the twenty-five year old. Myrcella’s sweet teenage pussy smelled so ripe and heady.

“Suck me off you fucking cunt!” Myrcella snarled back at Arianna and shimmed her ass. Arianna knew her pupils were blown with raw lust and need. Arianna scooted forward fast removing the last separating distance between her mouth and her blonde’s drooling snatch. She loved the sexy lust in the blonde’s eyes. She saw off to the side her two nieces eyeing her with hot staring eyes. They loved to watch their two wives fuck.

As they watched their Aunt they began to stroke their drooling clamshells and reach up to their little firm titties and rolled their tits and tweak their nipples hard making Dorea and Loreza gag with intense bolts of hot pleasure.

Arianna felt her swaying breast jerking the heavy balls clamped to her nipples. The pain so exquisite as her nipples were roughly pulled and jerked with her movements. She felt and heard the balls actually clank into each other with her wiggling hooters jerking with her rash movement forward to
get to Myrcella’s succulent gash right in front of her face.

Then her mouth buried itself in her wife’s cunt and pure happiness flooded Arianne’s body tasting her wife’s hot snail snot flooding her mouth as she licked and slurped her tongue up and down Myrcella’s greasy groove. She sucked on labia lips and licked up and down sweet red swollen cunt meat. Myrcella’s seam so wet and red. The slit soaked in hot cum that Arianne slurped up groaning at the sweet taste. Her head rocking to let her tongue work the delicious seam and rake her tongue over the teen’s clit making her body jerk and throat warble in pleasure.

Arianne’s nose plowed the wet seam and as she worked her head up and down. She pressed in harder to get more sweet cunt meat pressed into her mouth and face. Arianne felt her nose slide over Myrcella’s perineum and sweet clenching shithole. She would pause to rub her nose all over the sweet asshole. Arianne pressing in to show off the depraved slut she was. Arianne worked the sweet seam and then licked over Myrcella’s asshole making her gurgle and shimmy her ass. Arianne then lowered her head and sucked Myrcella’s clt deep into her mouth and deep throat sucked on the divine nubbin polishing it with her tongue.

Myrcella’s body jolted and shivered hard feeling her pussy eaten out with the expert oral skills of Arianne. She moaned and pushed her pussy into the mouth eating her out. She groaned deep in her chest when she felt Arianne start to tongue fuck her cunt hole with her long tongue. The tongue shoving deep into her drooling clamshell. The long tongue plowing her fuck hole exquisitely. Arianne’s lips gluing to her fuck hole and Dorne kissing her pussy with lots of deep wiggling tongue action and sucking lips.

“Mmmggfffff! Uunggiieefff! Mmpphhhfff! Aaggiiieefff!” Arianna squealed into the cunt she was devouring when she felt a cane whipping her ass with a tap-tap-whack-tap-tap-wap-whack-tap-tap rhythm that was repeated. Her face scrunched up and knotted with the fierce pain flooding her voluptuous ass cheeks. Her screams of pain swallowed by Myrcella’s hot pussy she continued to focus on as she sucked and slurped on through her pain. Her eyes squeezed tight shut with the pain filling her ass. The pain made her head surge forward burying her mouth into the hot pussy humping back into her mouth.

She knew her ass, back and back of her legs were going to have marks on them that would take a week to fully disappear. As Arianne continued eating Myrcella’s twat out she saw up close the red marks from Myrcella’s caning of five days ago. They were pale ghosts that would be gone by tomorrow night or the next morn. She moaned hard feeling the cane biting her ass and back. Her face constantly twisting and crumpling with the pain searing out her caned ass and back.

Then she felt her right foot lifted up and placed on a sweaty thigh. Arianna’s eyes went wide. She screamed hard into Myrcella’s drooling clam shell when she felt the cane on the sole of her foot. She squirmed and wailed into the twat she hungrily devoured. Her head jerking hard in a lapping motion helped by the pain of the cane striking her ass, back and legs hard enough to leave welts but no blood. The marks dark with blood rush and raw in throbbing pain. The cane striking the bottom of her foot made it kick hard but the hand on her ankle kept it in place for more cruel strikes of the wooden cane on the bottom of her foot.

Her mouth was screaming as she ate Myrcella out. Her mouth surging forward to bury itself deep in the quim engulfing it. Her tongue slashing and her lips sucking wildly the sweet snatch of her blonde wife. Her eyes bulging out and then squeezed tight shut with tears running down her face with the pain flooding her body. Her mouth active. The pain inspiring Arianne to devour Myrcella’s drooling cunt.

The caning of her ass, back and legs stopped. Relief flooded her mind but it changed to terror when
she felt her other foot lifted up. Her eyes bulged large as she buried her tongue in her wife’s honey hole and flailed her tongue in the soupy mess sucking out mouthfuls of sweet hot creamy cum. Her screams vibrating into Myrcella’s cunt hot and deep. Myrcella was jamming her ass back desperately into Arianna’s mouth grinding her quim into the Martell’s sucking mouth that had sucked sweet cunt meat deep into her mouth where the future leader of Dorne worked the wet cunt meat in her mouth. Arianna loved her nose jammed into Myrcella’s hot sweaty asshole as she lapped at the sweet cunny hole.

Her wails increased though they were swallowed and muffled by wet pussy. Now both feet were being caned with hard raps surrounded by soft taps. She wailed and screamed as the canes worked up and down her feet. The strikes on the arch of her feet especially agonizing. She never faltered in her eating out her wife.

Myrcella reached back and fisted Arianna’s sweaty disheveled hair and wallowed the dusky skinned beauty’s face even deeper into her sloppy wet snatch. Her fist snatched forward burying Arianna’s face deep into her camel toe. Arianna groaned feeling her heavy tits jerked hard by her tits gyrations. Her body’s harsh motions caused by her being caned and eating out Myrcella. The weights hooked to the clamps on her nipples pulling and jerking on her aching nipples sending pain and pleasure to her clit and happy besotted brain. The clank of metal jerking in clasps and weights hitting each other turning on Arianne immensely.

Arianna could feel the tension building in her Lannister wife’s body. Over the sweat on the teenager’s back Arianna saw Myrcella’s head rip back and the Lannister’s fistful of hair slammed Arianna’s face hard into her cunt. Arianna was in heaven now. The Sand Snakes were rubbing soothing lotion on her inflamed ass, back, legs and the soles of feet. The aloe vera based gel soothing and starting to take the heat out of her skin and abused muscles. The anti-inflammatory properties working to reduce swelling and inflammation. The relief had Arianne working even harder to suck and munch on sweet sopping wet red cunt meat.

Myrcella was grunting like a whore in heat ramming her couchie back into Arianna’s mouth engulfing the Martell’s mouth with her camel toe. The heir to Dorne head snatched forward with the hair knot Myrcella had in her sweaty lank lustrous black hair. “Unnggg hhnnnn hhnnn hhnnnggg suck it you godsdammed fucking aldultress cunt—aawwoogggggg! Hhnnnnnggggg! Ooowwgggggg!” Myrcella cried out feeling her wife lowering her face and trying to suck her clit down her throat. Myrcella felt the delicious spasms of rising orgasm starting deep in her womb and mashed her wife’s face harder into her spasming cunt.

Myrcella was throwing her head around her faced slashed with primal fuck ecstasy. The former Lannister felt her cunt spasming so hard her belly contracting to steel with each hard pulse of searing bliss pulsing out her clit. Then her womb exploded and tore itself apart deep in her belly. “FFFUUUUCCCCKKKKKKK! Hhnnn hhn hhn AAWWWWOOGGGGGG! AARRUUNNGGGGGGGG! Arruunnggggggggg! Oh! Oh! Auungghhiiiiieeee!” Myrcella cried out as fierce undulations began to wrench her flesh.

Arianna rammed her face forward to get a good love suck on her woman’s clit and sucked with pure deep throat love suck. The nearly eighteen year olds body flipped and her back snapped up and down as killing convulsions tore through her body. “Oohnngghhhmnngghhiieeee! Mmmngghhhiiieeeeeee! Nnnngghhhiieeeeeeee!” Myrcella wailed, her body convulsing from head to toe in gut wrenching spasms of pure fucking bliss. The princesses body began to weaken as her orgasm spent itself leaving her to instinctively twitch and pump her cunt back into the mouth now running a long smooth tongue up and down a cum filled slit.

Myrcella slumped down onto her forearms quivering and jolting with fierce aftershocks searing her
with pure fucking bliss. Those sweet aftershocks that makes a woman’s clit burn with ecstasy and nipples throb with searing bliss. Arianna rose up slowly gripping her wife’s ass cheeks lifting her mouth to lip lock her wife’s cunny hole and shoved her tongue in deep lapping out sweet tongue fulls of sweet creamy cum as her wife gurgled and shuddered feeling Arianna’s long tongue wiggling deep in her sensitive twat.

Arianna moaned in pure happiness swallowing sweet girlie cum. Her tongue licking Myrcella’s love hole feeling the dying spasms and fresh cunt cream slavered her tongue she brought back to her mouth and savored. She moaned and hummed drinking sweet female cum. She loved sucking hot sperm out of Master Marwyn’s cock and feeling the hard pulses hitting the back of her throat and filling her mouth. But it paled to sucking a woman off and having her delicious cunt explode in your mouth and gushing hot sweet cum into your gulping mouth.

She was relishing Myrcella’s spent pussy when her scalp was suddenly flooded with pain. Her face jerked back with a hard jerk on her hair. She looked back and saw that she was flanked by her two nieces Loreza and Dorea. Her two loving nieces had each fisted a hair knot of Arianna’s lustrous black hair. They each pulled up hard and high making the future ruler of Dorne cry out in pain. Her hands came up off the floor and her neck was pulled taunt by the hard pulling on her hair.

The weights hooked to her nipple clamps swung around wildly and pulled mercilessly on her throbbing nipples making them pulse so painfully. The throbs hitting her clit hard making it jangle. As she was pulled up the weights thudded into her breast and rolled around and jerked hard as her nieces jerked their hair knots viciously making their aunt’s body whiplash back and forward.

Arianna tried to reach up to grip the hands pulling so hard in her hair but her blindly searching hands were gripped hard and thrown down. Then stinging slaps hit her face making her cry out in pain and humiliation. They spit in her face and Dorea wallowed her palm all over Arianna’s face. Then she and Loreza slapped down on their aunt’s breast. The stinging slaps making her tits whiplash and they started to slap her nipples cackling as they made the weights wipe up and down flopping around.

The lead weights jerking up and hitting Arianne’s tits hard. The weights rolling around on the big tits before flipping up again with another hard jerk of the voluptuous body. When gravity and momentum had the weights jerk down hard the weight pulled mercilessly on Arianne’s nipples making them shriek with pain but oh so sweet pleasure all jumbled in with piercing pain.

“Ohhhh ... nnggg! Oh! Oh god, Loreza—Dorea, please!” Arianna whimpered as she was abused. Her clit was throbbing like a Warhammer and her nipples screamed in fiery pain and ecstasy. Gods she was loving the abuse so much. Her face and tits were slapped so hard her head jolting and tits wildly giggling. “Ungh! Ungh! Ownncchh! Unghh! … hhnnngg uunggg Unnggmhhggmm!” She saw Dorea bend down and she gripped the clips to the clamps and released them on her aunt’s nipples.

“Ih???!!!” Arianna screamed feeling the blood rush back into her abused nipples. The pain hitting her clit so fucking good. Her body writhed and flipped wildly. Her flat stomach clenching with the pulses of pain hammering the scion of Dorne’s voluptuous body. Then her head was snapped hard and she cruelly jerked forward towards the divan sized for two on the South wall of their bed suite. The arms wide and splayed out fashionably. The light red material soft and inviting. Arianne’s hair roots shrieking in pain from the cruel jerks of the hair knots the Sand Snakes had fisted.

Arianna gasped and choked being dragged forward her head pulled up hard. She gibbered and Loreza spun around and slapped her hard in the face. Arianna gasped at the fresh flood of pain in her cheek sent a rush of pleasure to her clit. She was sobbing now in pain and humiliation and hardly remembered being dragged and then pushed down to her ass in front of the divan. Her hair
was released with her nieces sitting down on the divan.

She saw the twins had sat side by side. Loreza had placed her leg over her twin sister’s inner leg. Their outer legs spread wide over the arm of the divan. Their hips on the edge of the divan and their drooling clam shells swollen and labia lips all dark brown and dripping sweet girl cum.

Her pain while still throbbing in her face, tits and ass faded as she stared at heaven on Earth. Her thoughts were focused elsewhere. The way she had been positioned she was in front of Dorea’s sweet drooling gash. The Sand Snake reached forward and fist Arianna’s hair again and roughly brought her aunt’s face forward and mashed it deep into her swollen love box.

“Huunnggggggggg!” Dorea groaned feeling her aunt suck her clit into her mouth and feverishly attack her clit with ravenous fuck hunger. She watched her aunt with slit eyes devour her swollen cunny excited from abusing her aunt. Arianna’s face darker from the hard slaps and shiny from the blood rush to her cheeks and nose. Arianna head lapped hard as she sucked and tongue raked the hard nubbin jacked out its sheath and being hard flat tongue licked with gusto. Dorea watched Arianna suck in her clit with a harsh love suck and her head pumped as she lavished her skills on the clit she rolled and tongue slapped in her mouth.

Her head made a soft lapping motion rolling the sweet clit around in her mouth. Her cheeks dimpling with her love sucks as her tongue raked over the hard shinny nubbin. She pulled her head back and flat tongue licked over the pea sized clit. Arianna loved the feel of her tongue as it raked over the hard nubbin. She then swallowed the clit again sucking with short vicious love sucks with her tongue slashing over the hard bud.

Ariana loved eating her nieces’ cunts out every night. It felt so right and so perfect. Thank the gods Myrcella came into her life to give Arianna her sweet nubile body and to open the way for her to be able love Loreza and Dorea every night in their wedding bed.

She looked up and saw the fierce pleasure she was giving Dorea written all over her face by the hard slashes and fierce grimaces working over her face. Her body jolting as her head jerked right and left. Loreza was squeezing her small tits and pulling on her own nipples making her chuff and body writhe on the divan back. Loreza’s pussy all swollen and dripping wet. Arianna gave the sweet pussy wet sucking kisses worrying sweet cunt meat in her hard sucking mouth.

She rolled Dorea’s clit around with her tongue and sucked with fuck hunger. Her cheeks hollowing showing her tongue feverishly licking her niece’s clit again and again with lightening licks. She loved how Dorea instinctively humped her pussy up into her starving mouth. The force of Dorea’s humping twat mashed her vulva fully onto Arianna’s mouth engulfing her lips as she feverishly devoured her niece’s hot bubbling snatch. Each swallow of her sweet Dorea’s intoxicating cum filled Arianna with more fuck hunger. It made Arianna’s belly purr in happiness tasting her niece’s cunt.

She pulled her head back lowering her face and began a slow sensual tongue fuck of the sweet tight pussy of her niece. Her tongue working in deep. The wet heat and tight pulses on her tongue so sweet to Arianna. She slowly worked her rhythm up and now plunged her tongue in hard and deep. Her nose burying itself in the wet slit of her Sand Snake. Dorea’s cum flooding her nostrils. Arianna’s neck tired and she buried her face paradise and sucked in a mouthful of sweet slimy sopping red cunt meat and happily munched on it.

She rolled her tongue over the slimy petals sucked into her mouth. The slippery oily feel of Dorea’s labia lips in her mouth felt exquisite to Arianna. Her nose buried in Dorea’s slit that soaked Arianna’s nostrils in sweet slimy snail snot. Arianna’s face soaked in her niece’s cum by now. Her mouth rolling in the cunt meat she had sucked in and now pumped her head to stretch and love torment the slimy lips in her mouth before lapping her head up again to suck and tongue lash her
niece’s shiny hard clit.

Arianna looking up saw that the identical sisters had slumped into each other their upper bodies pressed together. Their heads cantered over and mouths locked tight with hands in each other hair. They were kissing deeply with heads tilted over. Arianna saw their tongues twined and twisting around in each other’s mouth wetly wrestling.

Dorea dropped one hand to cup and hard squeeze her sister’s firm plaint little peach breast. Her fingers pulping the firm dove making Loreza chuff hard into the mouth devouring it. Loreza whimpered and shook with such love for her sister. Arianna slowly pulled her head back still sucking hard until the sweet cunt meat snapped out her mouth. Dorea’s head snapped back “Awwoogggg … hhnnn hhnggg hhnnnggg hhnnnn!” Dorea groaned and then squealed when her aunt slowly siphoned her clit back deep into her warm wet mouth.

Arianna brought up her right hand and slide two fingers into Dorea’s buttery cunt and started to hard fuck the greasy fuck hole. Arianne pumped her fingers in hard twisting them in and out of the wet cunt that was quickly starting to make wet watery noises being expertly fucked. She saw Loreza move her head down. She cupped both of Dorea’s peach tits and pulped squeezed while her mouth hard sucked her identical twin’s rock hard nipples. Her tongue lashed the hard buds making Dorea’s body pulse and jerk with rising ecstasy.

The wet heat enfolding her hard pumping fingers intoxicated Arianne. Dorea’s hot cunt spasmed and clutched on the fingers plunging deep up her cunny. Arianne licked up and down the juicy slit her mouth munching on slimy labia lips and sucking in the sweet love cream soaking the slit. Then her mouth again found Dorea’s tender shiny bud jutting out its sheath. She sucked the hard pinkish nubbin deep into her mouth. She began a rhythmic deep throat love suck her tongue polishing the hard clit. All the while her fingers slammed deep and hard up Dorea’s tight teenage cunt with spearing thrusts.

Dorea’s pussy went from rhythmically pulsing on her fingers to wildly spasming on her hard pumping fingers. Arianne felt her cheeks hollow out with hard voracious deep throat love sucks on her wife’s clit. Her tongue relentlessly gigging the rock hard shiny bud jetting fully out its sheath. Arianne’s head lifted with the force of her love sucks stretching out Dorea’s sweet cunt meat in her mouth. Dorea’s head was twisting on her neck her face constantly slashing her eyes slit with her searing ecstasy. Her mouth was twisted making caws and whinnies of excoriating pleasure.

Dorea’s womb exploded and ruptured her cunt tearing it inside out. Her body stiffened and her face slashed horribly while her throat screamed ecstasy “GGGOOODDDSSDDDAAMNNNNN! HHWWOOOGGGGSSDDDAAMNNNNN! OOOWWWGGGGGGGGGGG!” Dorea shrieked her hands jamming down on her sister’s head to help her suck her nipple down her throat. Arianna whimpered sucking with all her strength and pure love. She pumped her fingers into the steamy cauldron of her lover’s exploding cunt. Hot milking spasms worked up and down her plunging fingers. Loreza was sucking as hard as she could her mouth stretching out Dorea’s left tit. Her mouth tenting the puffy brown nipple.

Hot white cum sloshed out of Dorea’s ruptured womb and flooded down her fuck channel. The creamy white effluent sliming down the fingers pumping hard and fast into the spasming cauldron of Dorea’s cunt. Arianne’s hand soaked in cum now. Slimy dollops of cum jerking off to the floor. White slimy tendrils working down her pumping forearm. All the while, Arianne’s tongue swiped and slapped the rock hard clit in her voraciously sucking mouth.

She felt Dorea’s body go rigid the tension rising exponentially feeling a second orgasm forming and exploding over top of the first orgasm. “Ahhhn . . . ahhhn . . . ahhnn AAUUUNNGGGGHHHHH!
OOOWWWWGGGGGGGGG!” Dorea suddenly cried out again, a fierce cry of ecstasy that filled their bedroom. Her body jolted and ripped apart with spasms of fucking bliss. “AUUNNGGHHIEEEEE!” Dorea continued to wail. Her voice scaled down as she was throttled with savage throttling spasms. The orgasm gripping her body and shaking it violently with relentless force. “Oh! Oh! Unnggghhieeee! Mmmngghhieeee! Mmmuuunngghhiiieeee!” she shrieked as her cunt filled with melted cum butter that splattered out her exploding cunt.

Arianne was in heaven seeing how devastated Dorea was from the orgasms she was giving her sweet Sand Snake with the help of her other Sand Snake wife. Her mouth was filled with sweet cum burbling out the fuck hole she was squiring. Her fingers churning in melted buttery cum pouring out Dorea’s cunt hole. Her niece’s mound and lower belly soaked in opaque cum.

Dorea’s body went rigid as a board and shook with micro tremors the length of her torso her arms and legs shaking violently with clawed fingers and curled toes. Dorea’s dark eyes staring at the ceiling unseeing. Then her body went slack her orgasms fading rapidly, now that they had finished savaging the Sand Snake.

Arianna removed her fingers from the pussy that was now spent. She lifted her hand up to Dorea’s mouth and her slut niece hungrily sucked in the fingers and mewled sucking her own pussy off them. She gasped when her aunt glued her mouth to her spent twat and sucked out sweet mouthfuls of hot cum from her quivering trim. Her tongue exploring deep to pull out hot tongue fulls of hot cum.

Arianna spent several minutes slurping out creamy incestuous cum from her niece’s cunt hole. She slowly moved over to get between Loreza legs and dived her face in to get it buried in her other’s niece’s hot honey hole and started to suck and lick feverishly. Dorea had toppled over onto the extended arm of the divan mewling and still hitching with strong aftershocks.

Myrcella had recovered from her orgasm a while ago. She had first watched the sweet hot fucking on the divan lying on her back luxuriating in the warm fuzzy feeling deep in her belly. Her body tingling and purring in the happiness that a hard orgasm gives a woman. She felt so beautiful and hot at the moment. She had now pushed herself to sit up on her ass and watched Arianne suck Dorea off to wailing thrashing orgasm that was so beautiful to watch. Now she watched Arianna move to settle between Loreza’s spread legs.

Arianna sucked her other niece’s clit into her mouth and devoured sweet hot wet cunt meat with gusto. She lapped her head to rack her tongue over her woman’s clit and upper slit. She moaned and chuffed eating out beautiful sweet pussy. Loreza was writhing her back into the divan her face slashed. Her hands cupped and roughly massaged her B cup aching tits. Her fingers moving up to squeeze her small nipples against her thumbs and index fingers. Loreza pulled on her little nipples with harsh up jerks of her hands making her face slash.

Arianna moved in and now lifting her body up slightly. She attacked Loreza’s clit from on high her head bent down. She locked her lips on Loreza pea sized clit and sucked voraciously while she jerked her head right and left. Her tongue whiplashing over the hard nubbin in her mouth. Now Arianna rose up to her knees lifting her mouth off Loreza’s sloppy wet cunt.

She brought up her right hand. With her palm she wildly circled her palm on Loreza’s cunt pressing in hard compressing and rolling the swollen juicy wet cunt. The well lubricated pussy soaked Arianne’s palm immediately. Arianne pressed in with her cum soaked palm and hard masturbated her niece’s soaked quim with her grinding circling palm. She jacked off her sweet niece with her hard in pressing palm on her sloshing splattering pussy. She loved how Loreza cried out and jammed her back into the divan back and rotated her pussy up into the palm jerking her off.
Arianne did this for a minute watching both her palm jerk off her niece and watching Loreza’s face
slash and crumple with searing fuck bliss. After another minute of his Arianne removed her hand.
She sagged her body back down and first wiggled her tongue over the slimy cunt and clit before
mashing her face back into the clitoral hood. She gave it quick love suck kisses and wiggled her face
wiggling her tongue over the shiny nubbin before sucking it back into her mouth and voraciously
deep throat love sucking with cheek hollowing forceful sucks.

Arianne felt her breath catch when she felt Myrcella behind her. She gripped Arianne’s abused ass
cheeks making the heir to Dorne cry out into Loreza wet cunt. Myrcella now poured peach flavored
lubricant onto her anus. She moaned hard into the twat she was eating out. Then she felt her breath
catch when Myrcella inserted into her asshole a two and half inch thick anal bead. Arianna gagged
into Loreza’s cunt sucking even harder on the wet red cunt meat in her mouth. The thick bead
bulging out the sphincter rings of the Dorne Princess before her asshole jerked to swallow the bead
up into her rectum.

Myrcella massaged Arianne’s aching ass which had Arianna cooing and moaning into Loreza’s
pussy the vibrations hitting Lorenza hard. Myrcella poured more lubricant onto Arianne’s anus. She
swirled the vicious liquid into her anus with two fingers. Myrcella smiled seeing the twenty-five year
olds ass cheeks jiggling from the sweet sensations she was giving her wife. Arianna whimpered into
the sloppy wet pussy she was devouring. Dorea had recovered and leaned over to siphon her sister’s
breast deep into her mouth. Arianna loved how the Pride of Dorne always worked to give each wife
ever more pleasure.

Arianne felt her body shimmy and shake as four more anal beads were stuffed up her spasming
anus. Myrcella had made a sweet play of working the beads through Arianna’s clenching anus. The
blond teenager pushed and pulled the beads in and out the tight sphincter rings and used her grip on
the circumference of the bead to twirl it right and left. Myrcella used her fingers to penetrate
Arianne’s asshole and push the anal beads deep up her wife’s asshole.

She would tease and then jam the thick ivory bead back into the sweet shithole of her lover making
Arianne cry out. Myrcella loved the tension of the anal bead caught in Arianna’s sphincter and then
how her pulling hand jerked back when the bead slipped free out her wife’s hot ass. Sweet shit
cream slavered all over the anal bead and coating her anus with sweet glistening ass juice. Arianna
jolting hard and chuffing into the pussy she was devouring. Twice the sensations were so intense
that Arianna had to lift her head and rest it on Lorenza’s groin to cry out her pleasure as her faced
twisted with fucking bliss.

Lorenza roughly fisting Arianna’s hair and jammed her aunt’s face back into her cunt and roughly
jerking said face to bury it back into her drooling clamshell. Lorenza grinding Arianna’s face deep
into her pussy burying her aunt’s face in her spasming quim. This encouraged her aunt to again suck
and slurp her gash dragging the beautiful woman’s face roughly up and down her swollen drooling
clamshell. Arianna avidly resuming devouring sweet sloppy wet succulent cunt meat.

Arianne now felt all five beads in her rectum again rolling around in her colon. She shivered feeling
Myrcella throw the drawstring up on her back. The next moment Myrcella had buried her face in her
muff and was avidly sucking her off. Arianna sucked Loreza snatch deep into her mouth and lashed
the sweet clit in her mouth. She loved looking up her niece’s muscled stomach and seeing Dorea
trying to suck her sister’s boob down her throat. Above Dorea’s head Loreza’s head thrashed and
her face looked like she was being garroted the way it slashed and contorted with sheer ecstasy.

She felt her own eyes rolled up into her skull feeling Myrcella harsh suck her clit. Myrcella’s mouth
was glued to her clit pulling on it sweetly with her bee stung lips. Myrcella sucked so hard and
tongue lashed her nubbin with relentless love. Myrcella moved up and pressed her face into her twat
hole and tongue fucked her wife with deep slow strokes of her tongue. She worked her wife’s honey pit licking out dollops of sweet cum. Her right hand came up to work Arianne’s rigid clit jutting out its sheath. Her fingers rolling and squeezing her clit that throbbed and spasmed with rising need and want.

Then Myrcella licked up and over Arianne’s perineum to lick and rim her sweet Arianne’s anus. Her fingers clawing into abused buns to expose her wife’s asshole clenching around the string hanging out her shithole. Myrcella circled the darker brown starfish of her wife’s buttock with her pink tongue. Round and round Myrcella worked her tongue rimming Arianne’s asshole with her rasping tongue. Then she licked hard up and down over the quivering starfish.

Myrcella paused for a brief moment looking at the sweet anus clenching before her hungry gaze. Myrcella then stiffened her tongue and drove it deep up into Arianne’s loosened asshole and lick around on Arianne’s wet red rectum. Arianne chuffing and whinnying into Lorenza’s pussy feeling the blonde teenager’s tongue driving in deep up her ass and doing a sweet sensual tongue fuck of her spasming shithole. Myrcella glued her mouth to her slut’s anus. She sucked and tongued hungrily the puckering shithole. Her tongue wiggling deep and brushing over the rear anal bead stuffed up Arianne’s shit pipe. The string hanging out her slut’s ass a sweet chaser.

The teen smiled feeling the last ivory bead on the tip of the tongue she worked deep up her wife’s asshole. The teen pumping her head to work her tongue deep up Arianne’s ass. Myrcella loved the wet steamy heat of her slut’s ass cleft intoxicating her as Myrcella sweetly tongue fucked her eldest wife’s asshole with focus and fuck hunger.

Arianne felt her eyes roll into her skull in helpless pleasure. Myrcella driving her tongue in and out her asshole was intoxicating the heir of Dorne. The silky stiff feel of Myrcella’s tongue was heaven in her asshole. Myrcella was again rubbing her fingertips up and down the drooling slit of Arianne’s quim. The fingers soaked in slimy opaque cum. The slick cum letting Myrcella’s fingers easily slide back and forth over Arianne’s rigid clit jutting out its sheath.

For the next minutes it was pure heaven of giving and receiving for Arianne. Arianne was eating out Loreza with all her verve and skills. Her mouth had latched onto her woman’s upper pussy and sucked it deep into her mouth and rolled the sweet cunt meat in her mouth. She stretched the quim sucked deep into her mouth while her tongue lashed and giggled the shiny nubbin. Dorea was pulping her sister’s tits with both hands her palms grinding rigid small nipples. Her mouth licked and nibbled on Loreza’s sweet spots on her throat.

Arianne lifted her head several times to tongue lash the rigid clit. Then her mouth lowering to suck in sweet rubbbery slimy labia lips. The expert slut prolonging her niece’s pleasure by giving her clit short rests to let it settle. Arianne munched on the medium brown lips rolling and stretching them around in her mouth. The twenty-five year old moving down to tongue fuck the drooling fuck hole of her Loreza and would lip lock the honey hole to suck out mouthfuls of sweet slimy cum and swallow with glee before moving up to torment her niece’s clit again. The respite prolonging Arianne’s feast of sodden cunt meat.

Myrcella was working Arianne’s pussy and asshole with her sweet mouth and long tongue. It was simple heaven for Arianne to feel her wife’s tongue fucking her snatch and asshole with fervor. Then Myrcella gluing her mouth to her clit, fuck hole or shithole and sucking and Dorne kissing to drive her tongue deep up cunt and ass. Or moving her head down to give veracious sucks on Arianne’s hot pulsing clit. Myrcella moving her face to constantly pleasure both pussy and asshole to prolong her own dining.

Arianne felt the spasms intensifying in Loreza’s sweet body. Loreza’s hands were now in Arianne’s
hair grinding her face into Loreza’s rotating trim mashing itself hard into her mouth. Arianna was in heaven feeling that sweet muffin totally engulfing her mouth and clasping tight to her cheeks. Her head rocked back that slight fraction by the force of the cunt fucking her mouth. Dorea had gripped her twin’s tits and mash squeezed them pulping Loreza’s firm tits. Loreza chuffing and head thrashed as her hips rotated even harder mashing her muffin into Arianne’s mouth driving her pulsing bud deeper into the mouth sucking on it.

Myrcella sensing Loreza getting close was now buzzing Arianne clit with her fingers all cum slicked. She had sucked Arianne’s cunt hole into her mouth and munched on the sweet red sopping wet cunt meat petals and whorls deep into her mouth. She rolled the slimy meat with her tongue and pulled on it with her lips. Arianna felt her body begin to convulse with that delicious tension forming deep in her belly. She concentrated in sucking her niece off.

Arianne looked up at Loreza who was jamming her back into the divan back and was jamming her snatch hard into her aunt’s mouth. Her face looked like she was being tortured. Her mouth feel open into a helpless O of shocking bliss. Then the hurricane of her orgasm gripped and throttled Loreza. “OOUNNGGHIIIIEEEE! OOOWWWWWGGGHHHHHH! ARRUUUNNNGGGGG!” Loreza screamed feeling her womb rip itself to shreds deep in belly and flood her cunt and limbs with shocking bliss. Her body thrashed and flipped but Dorea pressed down on Loreza’s torso to keep her pinned down as she pulped her sister’s tits with grinding palms into her sister’s small doves. “Oh . . . oh shit . . . auunngghhhh! … Aaarruuuuunnggggg! Unngghiiiiiiieeeeee! Mmmngggghhiieeee! Nnnnhhhhhiiiiiiieeee!” Loreza screamed feeling her cunt rupture and flooded her aunt’s mouth with hot gushes of steamy creamy cum.

Arianne swallowed the first two gushes moaning in pure happiness. Then suddenly her womb exploded in her own belly and her screams were swallowed by Loreza’s hot steamy couchie. “AAUGGPPPPFFFFF! OOWWWWGGMMMFFFFF! MMPHHHHFFFFF! Hhnnggg mmfffttt mmffff . . . SSSHHIIFFFFMMMFFFFTTTT!” Arianne’s screams swallowed by the wet cunt swallowing her hot sucking mouth. Both aunt and niece screamed and wailed in scorching ecstasy. Loreza’s screams now scaling up as a second orgasm exploded in her pussy tearing itself inside out. Arianna was wailing and then her head ripped up away from the sweetness of Loreza’s gushing pussy.

“Auuunngghhhiiieeee! Mmmngghhhiiieeee!” Arianna screamed feeling the first anal bead jerked out her tight anus. Her head snapped back her eyes shocked wide open. Myrcella paused for a few seconds her hand gripping the string to the anal beads. Then Myrcella jerked the next four beads out Arianne’s ass in quick succession.

Arianne’s asshole exploded in anal ‘gasm of epic strength. “FFFFUUUCCKKKKKK! AARRUUUNNNGGGGGG! AAWWWOOOGGGGG! Hhnnggg hnnnggg ooohh Shhhhiiittttttt!” Arianna cried out, now flipping and twitching and surging her ass back in a wild, uncontrollably frenzy of continuous coming. “FFFFUUUCCKKKKKK! Ohhhnggggg! Ummngghhh! Anngghhhieeee . . . oohhh MMMYYRCEELAAAA! Awwwwongghhieel!” Each bead ripping out her asshole sent shockwaves straight to her clit that exploded along with her asshole scalding the heir of Dorne with excoriating pleasure. Her head thumped Loreza’s thigh and the back of her feet slammed into the carpet. Her face felt like it was being clawed to shreds with killing pulses of shocking ecstasy.

Arianne fell into a sweet place where there was only pleasure. She felt her very veins awash with fucking fire of ecstasy. She and Loreza were both screaming in agonizing pleasure. Arianna was rendered nearly comatose with pleasure. She slumped down onto the floor spent and floating in a cloud of fucking bliss. She felt movement around but she did not care. Her body was tingling all over. Her feet and ass throbbed in pain that flowed into her pleasure making her shiver and mewl in spent bliss.
She suddenly felt her body pulled up roughly by her hair. She cried out in pain but she already felt her body reviving. Gods she was a pain slut! she thought to herself. She was roughly jerked over to the south side of the bedroom suite. Her feet ached and her wives were supporting her weight subtly through their cruel jerks on her body. She spied the construct made of metal bars that she and her wives had constructed last night. The tubes connected by interlocking joints the pipes fitted into the joints. The connected parts giving the whole construct strength. Key points had wing nuts on tightened to give it strength.

The tubes had been placed together so that the construct had a seat and the back leaned back with legs and arms splayed out. The seat and back were padded.

The tubes constructed by a business that worked strictly in the world of constructing implements to be used in hardcore BDSM. The business quite busy in the city of Lys on that island city state. People from all over Westeros and Essos buying from that establishment. The rich and powerful constantly sending emissaries back to the business to give requests. The clients giving detailed descriptions and often detailed drawings of what was desired. The emissaries waiting for the items to be crafted. The cliental coming back to buy more of his finely crafted items.

She was jerked into position before the construct and spun around. Her body listing and swaying with both pain and pleasure from her hard cum. She was put on the seat and roughly pushed back in the leaned back part of the construct. She was roughly strapped into the apparatus by her wrists and ankles with thin leather straps to hold her limbs in place. She squirmed her ass aching but she relished the pain. Her nipples were throbbing and fully erect yet again. Her pussy was reviving and her clit was spasming in its sheath and jutting out the knotted flesh of its nest.

She looked around silently. She knew what was coming and shivered in eager anticipation. She had done this for many years and Myrcella was addicted to it now too. She had specifically told her wives what she wanted from her “punishment” for her “adultery”. She had felt so alive seeing her wives eyes going glassy eyed with the thoughts of what was going to happen tomorrow. She did not know how they would work it into the sadistic sex. That was half the fun. To know it was coming but not when or exactly how.

Arianne remembered thinking that tomorrow she would be the focus of everyone’s attention. She had wanted to save her couchie for tomorrow. The pain would be so much more intense if her pussy was on edge from lack of attention. Arianne was thankful her three wives were like herself. If she did not have three or four orgasms at least a day she was a jangly mess. She would get snappy and easily pissed off. She had been so wound up this morning. By forgoing sex yesterday she had been primed to feel all the sensations of the play drama of today.

The only thing that had kept her calm throughout the day was all the pussy and sweet asshole she had fucked with her mouth and fingers last night. She might have been saving herself but that was not the case with Myrccella, Loreza and Dorea. Her mouth had ached by the time she finished sucking off her three wives over and over and snaking her tongue so deep up hot tight assholes. Now she was groggy from her abuse and hard orgasms. She was placed in the metal tube construct they had purchased from Lyse. The tubes could be interchanged to allow for different configurations. Today they were not going for anything exotic. She was sat down on the cushioned seat made of thick plush velvet. The back had been leaned back and she was pressed into it. She saw her wives get out thick hemp rope that was so scratchy. Her arms were roughly tied to the tubes. She looked up with limpid eyed at her wives.

Any defiance had been flogged and caned out of Arianne. Sometimes she tried to put up a fight but she was a caught adulteress slut and was being made to ’suffer’ for her indiscretions. She watched
her wives tying her up into the tubed chair. The thin leather straps came off now with the hemp rope being tied around her limbs. Her body thrumming for the next act in their little play. The rough hemp roped looped around her thighs and calves. The rope not needed to keep in place but used to press in hard into her body and let her feel the rough rope digging into her skin when she moved.

“Don’t think you are getting off so easy you adulteress hag! We need to make sure realize that you can’t go whoring around when we send you on a mission.” Myrcella told Arianne crossly. Arianne watched Myrcella lift her hand. A hand that delivered a vicious half slap to her cheek. Arianne cried out in pain as her face was slapped hard by Myrcella. Her nieces moved so they could slap her heavy breasts hard. “Aaiiiiieee! Oowwcchh! Owwchh! Eeeei!!!” Arianne cried out as her tits were soon darker brown with the blood rush.

Her wives did not strike her with the force they had initially. Her body already abused and not as much force was necessary to give Arianne the desired pain. They were not out to batter and bruise their mate but only give her the pain and humiliation she craved. Some women craved true bruising and blood sport but not the Pride of Dorne.

Arianne was already on edge. Her nerves jangly from pervious abuse immediately started pulsing and throbbing in remembered pain. Arianne writhed but she was tied securely into the apparatus constructed to be her seat of torment. They all spit in her face and slapped her face harshly again and then wallowed their palms all over her face and fist her hair and cruelly jerked her head around. Tears again running down her cheeks and down her throat as she wept in pain and humiliation.

The rough rope tied to her arms and legs and now across the middle of her belly was scratchy and roughly rode around on her sweaty flesh.

Her legs were spread out and she shrieked when Loreza slapped her exposed pussy hard. The impacts making her cunt scream in pain but her clit was throbbing so hard sending hot ecstasy to her nipples and her brain was drunk on the pleasure that only BDSM sex can give a woman. Her legs were tied to the tubes to restrain her lower body. Her legs spread out to fully expose her couchie for abuse from her wives.

Her face was slapped hard more by Myrcella as the Sand Snakes slapped her heavy tits making them flip and flop. Her pussy was struck with hard stinging slaps. Loreza’s hand now wet and glistening from her hot drooling cunt as her cupped hand pounded Arianne’s heavily flowing cunt. Cum dripping off her pussy lips and trickling down her thighs to hang in slimy tendrils before breaking off to fling down to the floor.

Her wives left her and went to the dresser table. They had also purchased some special candles from Lyse. The wax was a special formula that melted at a much lower temperature. They were designed to melt at one hundred and twenty degrees. This let one get closer to your slut to let the melted wax drip on her body. By not getting closer than eighteen inches the wax had a chance to cool before it splattered onto the human body. For sensitive areas one pulled the candle up higher to let the wax cool more. The candles melted down fast and were not useful for giving light. They had been designed for hot wax play. Her wives moved over to her slowly holding their lit candles. The light of the flames wiggling as they moved.

Arianne was squirming now but her immobilized body could not move. “Please no! No, I beg you, not that! It will hurt too much!” Her wives stood around her holding their candles letting the wax build up. Arianne was jerking immobilized limbs. Her eyes large with the fear she was projecting to stay in character. Her cunt was drooling juice down her legs and her nipples were fully engorged and rock hard. Her wives had surrounded her now.

“You are going to suffer cunt!” Myrcella snarled down at Arianne. The Sand Snakes did not talk
much. They just delivered pain. Myrcella looked at her two Sand Snakes. The candles were
bowled out at the top to let the melted wax build up. All three gave small almost imperceptible head
nods they were ready to proceed.

Myrcella watched Arianne stare at the candles as they were slowly tilted over. The red wax dripping
out bowls on the top of the candles and falling first onto Arianne’s breasts. The hot wax splattering
onto her heavy tits all over with three candles pouring hot wax onto medium dusky skin all marked
with dark brown streaks from her abuse. It was clear that Arianne loved feeling her tits hit with hot
wax. The hot wax splattering and running down the full globes till it cooled.

Of course she could not show that. Instead “Aaargggg! Eeeiiiii! Please st—aaawgggg! Eeeiiii!
Hhnnnggg hhmmmppp Eeeiiii!” Arianne cried out and writhed seeing the melted wax splattering
on her breast and starting to dry clunging to her skin. Her body jerked with pain. Her torso twisted
as much as possible as she cried out in agony feeling the hot wax now traveling on her body. Her
limbs jerked involuntarily. Her arms and legs spasmodically jerking hard with the rough hemp rope
digging into her struggling flesh. Arianne’s face twisted and her throat shrieking her pain.

Dorea ran her candle down Arianne’s body in a slow motion. The red wax striking her belly and
then her mons as her niece avoided her clit that was fully engorged and sticking out its sheath. Up
and down Dorea moved her candle leaving red trails over Arianne’s tits and heaving belly. Arianne
loved having such a large clit. It gave her wives something to suck on voraciously. Now it gave
them a target to hit with their melted wax.

Loreza was running her hand up and down over Arianne’s immobilized body right and left. The
Sand Snake dripped hot wax onto her aunt. First she drooled wax from candle to splatter Arianne’s
upper chest with red streamers of hot wax. Then she lowered her hand while moving it down
slightly over Arianne’s locked in place body. The long streams of hot wax splattered directly on
Arianne’s large steeple areolas and on her on long thick nipples.

“Awwwoggg aaggiieeee! Stop! Stop! Pleeeasseeerrrr—arruunnngggg! Aaiieee eeeiiiii eeeiiiii
nnngggghhiii!” Arianne wailed as Loreza ran her candle right and leg splattering hot wax directly onto
her aunt’s nipples and then up to her throat. Arianne’s legs tried to kick and her arms jerked but the
rough hemp rope dug into her body as her legs tried to kick and her arms jerked up from the arms of
her tube chair. She screamed in pain as she thrashed in agony. Her teeth gnashed with her searing
pain.

The pain sent agonizing arrows to her mind but also her clit and nipples. Arianne thrashed and
heaved as much as she could in her immobilized position. Her body rocked with her body’s
gyrations. Her eyes would first bulge out and then squeeze tight shut with the pain flooding her
veins. The pain was harsh but just right for Arianne. She loved it hard and rough but her sweet
wives knew her limits and did not cross them. She and Myrcella were extreme pain sluts and reveled
in the pain, abuse and humiliation.

“Ssstttttooooooopp!! Arruuungggggg! Unnggghhiiii aaaaaiiiii aaaaaiiiii … oohhhhhh ggoodddssss stoppppp …
godsssss I’m beggginnggg youuuuuuuu! Aarruunnngggg! aauuuuggggggg!” Arianne first shrieked
loudly but weakened as pain flooded her mind. Never once did she come close to saying ‘red’.

Then Dorea was running hot wax down Arianne’s inner thighs and over her wet cunt making
Arianne’s groin jerk and jump on her seat. “Oowwgggg! Nnggghhiiii eeggiiiii! Aaaaiii aaaaaii
nnhhiiiiii!” Arianne shrieked in agony her restrained body twisting in its immobilized state. The pain
was delicious but the pain was a bitch! The two Sand Snakes leaving long trails on her body of
splattered red wax.

The beauteous blonde had been watching her Sand Snakes play with their adulteress wife. Then
Myrcella worked her arm to run her hot wax down Arianne’s belly the red wax splattering and leaving trails on the jerking belly. Myrcella lifted her candle up to let the hot wax cool a minute fraction before she let the hot wax fall from the candle. The wax falling down to splatter onto Arianne’s shiny clit.

Arianne screamed in pain and pleasure that rocked her soul. Her arms and legs tried to jerk and kick wildly as pain seared through her body from her clit taking direct splatters of hot wax. The metal construct rattle and shook loudly with Arianne’s wild jerks.

Loreza let hot wax run down Arianne’s arms and then back up. Then the hot wax was dripping onto her convulsing throat and again on her nipples as she screamed in agony. Dorea dripped hot wax onto the tops of her feet and shins. Arianne could not stop her arms and legs kicking hard though the rope kept them in place. The rough rope digging into her flesh marking her hard with dark brown marks. The rough rope hurt but also turned Arianne on no end. Her head ripped back and she screamed when more hot wax splashed onto her pussy and covered it with hot wax.

Myrcella concentrated on Arianne’s clit and nipples holding her candle up to build up wax before again letting long streams dribble down to splatter on nipples and clit. Arianne shrieking with her tied down body wildly jerking and writhing in her restraints. The rough hemp rope digging into her voluptuous flesh so deliciously into Arianne’s jerking body.

“Aarrrunngggg! Oohhllllh huucckkk—nnngghhiiiiiii! … ppleeeassee sstop sstop I’m begging you SSTTOOPPPP-AAARUUUNNGGGGGGG! OOWWWGGGGGG! ngghhiieeeeeee! Uunngghhiieeee!” Arianne wailed when Myrcella and Dorea lowered their candles and dripped hotter wax all over her fat drooling camel toe and shiny hard clit.

For the next ten minutes Arianne was covered with hot wax from her chest down to her shins. Her wives would stop after several minutes to light new candles. This also allowed Arianne to rest between torture sessions. Arianne’s head was lulled over as she watched her wives with bleary eyes. She begged them to stop when they would approach with fresh candles. Once more hot wax was splattering all over her body. Loreza sneered at her wife. She put hand up higher to drip hot wax on Arianne’s forehead and cheeks making sure to keep away from her eyes. Arianne keeping her eyelids squeezed tight shut at the moment.

“Auuuuggggg! Nnngghiiiieee!  Sstop I’m begginnggg youuuuuuu! Aaiiiii aaiiiii nngggiiiii!” Arianne shrieked as no respite was given. She wailed and bucked as her wives cackled at her. She was in so much pain and her pussy was a soupy mess in masochistic pain and pleasure. Her breathing was ragged as she cried and gasped for breath. Her wives would avoid her sensitive nipples, pussy, throat, face and inner thighs for a short while before again splashing hot wax on those areas making Arianne wail in agony.

The voluptuous slut loved feeling the cooled wax all over her body. The dried wax making her skin feel tight with the waxes contraction with its cooling. Then more streamers of hot wax landed on her body covering untouched areas or adding more and more layers to the wax already dried on her body.

Arianne’s eyes tracking the red streams of hot red wax as they left the tilted over candles. The streams running up and down her torso or limbs. At other moments the candles held steady to let a steady stream of the searing wax splatter in place on a certain part of her body. Her nipples and clit taking long streams of the wax. The previous layers somewhat shielding her sensitive nipples and clit. Several times her tits and cunt were slapped hard to fling off melted wax. The again exposed nipples and clit again hit directly with hot wax. The pain had her shrieking and kicking wildly with her head thrashing. Her eyes first squeezed tight shut and then bulging as hot wax seared her nipples
and clit with exquisite shocking pain.

The candles were melted down now. Her wives went back to the dresser. Arianne groaned in pain and pleasure. Her mind and clit were a jangling mess now. She saw her wives pick up short handled floggers with leather tassels. The tassels only half as long as the full handled floggers. She started to squirm in her seat.

“Please no more! Please have mercy! Show me merc—Aaaaiiiieee! Uuggghiii mmmggggiii! Ouwwch! Arrrgnnnn!” Arianne cried out feeling the short tassels slap down into her tits, belly and groin. Her wives working their floggers and down her arms and legs. The hard strikes on her body had the wax flinging off her body in all directions with each hard strike on her body. Again and again the leather tassels lashed into her body the leather digging in with stinging strikes. Her body lurched and jerked as much as the rope allowed her too. Arianne cried out in pain and begged for mercy that was not given. The red wax flung in all directions. The rough hemp biting into her flesh making her pleasure soar even harder.

Her head snapped back the tendons in her neck standing out with her screams of pained pleasure. In a long minute the vast majority of the wax had been whipped off her body. She was punch drunk on pleasure and pain now. She sat back in her tubular chair and watched her wives with bleary eyes as they walked back to the dresser table and they hurriedly strapped on their thick long cocks. The shafts over one and half inches thick with Dorea’s nearing two inches thick. All three shafts long that had bulbous cockheads. They were made of black leather filled with balsa wood and sand. The shafts a little over ten inches in length.

Myrcella watched Arianne as she looked at her wives pour lubricating oil up and down the black leather. Their cocks glistening now. She groaned hard seeing her wives thick cocks waving in front of their bodies as they approached her. She stared with limpid eyes at the thick cocks. She was roughly untied from the tubular chair. Myrcella smiled seeing that Arianne’s marked up body was still ready for more hot sex. Arianne loved abuse and was more than ready for the play to continue.

Myrcella was the same way. It took a lot of hard fucking to wear her out. Pain and humiliation only wound Myrcella up to be fucked hard and deeper more and more. Myrcella was a masochistic pain slut who craved more and more. She nor Arianne had ever used the safe word of ‘red’ or even ‘yellow’ to slow down. Her Sand Snakes and each other knew how to dish out the pain and abuse and yet stay within safe limits.

Loreza and Dorea fisted their aunt’s disheveled hair. They jerked Arianne as she cried out in pain. Her body lurched up and out of the tubular chair she had been immobilized in. Arianne stumbled out of the chair onto her knees. Weeping she was dragged over too their bed with rough jerks of the hair knots the Sand Snakes had fisted in her hair. Her knees stumbled as she was jerked along behind her nieces. Arianne’s folded body was jerked forward as Arianne wept and cried out in pain. She was thrown up on the bed.

“Get on your hands and knees bitch!” Dorea snarled at her aunt. Arianne obeyed her abused body moving in slow motion as she got up on her knees and palms. Her hanging udders swaying beneath her. Her head hung down her sweaty matted hair flagged around her face. “You like cock so much we want you to show us how much you like dick you adulteress slut!” The three aggrieved wives of Arianne got up on the bed on their knees in an arc in front of Arianne. She slowly rose up her hanging head up to look at her wives and their dicks waving in front of her.

Arianne was surrounded by her wives who had gotten upon their feet up on the bed before her. Her hair was fisted by Myrcella and her head cruelly jerked up. Arianne reached up to try and relieve the pain in her scalp but her hand was thrown down. She was now up on her knees staring up at her still
‘angry’ wives. Her neck turned so she saw all three dicks waving in front of her face all black and glistening with the lubrication on them.

“Suck you whore!” Myrcella roared at Arianne. The scion of Dorne looked at the three dicks wavering around in front of her face. The leather filled cocks were rigid packed with their filling material. Her eyes moved from cock to cock her mouth watering at the thought of giving sloppy head. The humiliation hurled at her went straight to her rigid engorged clit and nipples.

Myrcella threw Arianne’s head aside in disgust. Dorea reached down next gripping a handful of hair and jerked her adulteress wife’s head to get her mouth in front of her black cock. “Suck” was her one word command. The Sand Snake gripping the base of her long shaft and jerking it in front of Arianne’s face. Arianne looked at the thick beautiful phallic shaft hotly.

With a whimper Arianne’s mouth dove down on Dorea’s cock swallowing it. Her lips clamped tight on the slicked leather shaft and she bobbed hard. The liquid had a peach taste that Arianne craved her lips sliding up and down the black shaft. She moaned sucking hard her eyes rolled up to look at Dorea. Her sweaty lank hair jerked with her fierce head bobbing. Her lips sliding up and down the slicked leather shaft. Dorea’s hot glare was so hot to Arianne. She loved the hard glitter in her Sand Snake’s dark eyes.

Arianne knew her wives did not feel the pleasure a man felt with her hard love sucks on their cocks but they were enjoying the show and seeing her so avidly suck on their strap-on cocks. The lubricating oil was peach and tasted yummy Arianne thought. Her head bobbed hard her mouth quickly lubricating the thick lather shaft with her spit on top of the oil already on the shaft. Her wet sucks and slurps obscene in the room as she bobbed with cheek hollowing long sucks up and down the shafts she was giving fellitio to.

The voluptuous beauty leaned forward gripping the front of Dorea’s strong slender legs to anchor herself. Her mouth glued to the shaft. She bobbed first fast and then slow changing her tempo. Then she was swirling her head on the cockhead in a tight spiral. Her moans of happy sucking head filled the room. She would pump her head on just the cockhead like it was a man’s real dick pleasuring the sensitive glans. Then back to head bobbing sucking up and down the shaft.

First Loreza and then Myrcella fist her hair and jerked Arianne’s head over to service their cocks. She dove on each shaft in turn bobbing hungrily. Her abused body reviving thinking of the great TP fuck about to be administered to her body. She would suck hard and then pull the cock out her mouth and lick up and down the shafts and circle her tongue on the bulbous dickheads. She looked up with kitten eyes moving from cock to cock. She fist each cock now and twisted her head on their dickheads and then bobbed first slow, then fast and back to slow giving each shaft all her skills as if a real dick.

She moved her body slightly to give each cock head in turn now. The slut bobbing hard on each shaft. Then slowing to slow suck and twist her head off the mushroom cockheads with wet lewd plops. Arianne reached out with her fists to pump the shafts her mouth was not currently sucking on. Her fist squeezing the slicked shafts as if they were real cocks. Her hands loved pumping the slicked shafts while her mouth bobbed hot and tight on the dickhead in her mouth.

Arianne loved oral. She twirled her head in a tight swirl on the dick she was currently sucking after a session of hard bobbing. She swirled head first one way and then the next. Her sweaty hair jerking hard. She would then pull her head off the mushroom cockhead she was sucking on. Her mouth popping off with an obscene plop sound. She sucked fiercely while pulling her mouth off the dick. Spit roped to the dick and breaking off to soak her lower face and throat.

Her sloppy head had spittle drooling out her avidly sucking mouth. The spit leaking out the corners
of her mouth as she sucked with rabid sucks. She would jam the dick in the side of her mouth. Arianne twisted her head so the cockhead bulged out the side of her cheek. She worked her head so the cockhead bulged out her cheek down to the corner of her mouth. Arianne then jerked the dickhead out the corner of her mouth. The cockhead jacking out her mouth sending spit flinging. Repeatedly Arianne did this to show what a lewd slut she was. Spit now soaking her whole face. Her wives fisting her hair and working their hips as they jerked her head forward to take their cocks hard into the back of her throat. Spit pouring out her choking mouth. Bubbly spit running down her face to drool off onto her throat and hanging tits. Her hands pumping hard shafts with tight jerks.

The slut paused in her head giving. She looked up at the woman whose dick was in her mouth. Myrcella looked down at her with hot eyes. The voluptuous women released her grips on the other cocks to grip Myrcella’s hips. Arianne took a deep breath and slowly worked her throat down the thick shaft. She was able to get the shaft half way down her throat. She pumped her head down on the shaft working two more inches down her throat the cock filling her throat. She paused and pressed down again until her nose was pressed into Myrcella’s flat belly. Her lips massaging the smooth skin of the blonde’s belly. Arianne gag drooled out spit when she lifted off the dick filling her throat. Her body heaving for breath while spit poured out her mouth and ran down her face and onto her tits and belly.

Again she took Myrcella's cock down her throat. The slut loved feeling her throat bulge out with the dick sliding down her throat. The dickhead riding down over tonsils bulging out her throat beneath her ears before sliding down her throat till the mushroom cockhead was down beneath her Adam's apple. Myrcella pumped her hips to mash Arianne's nose into Myrcella's belly with hard thumps. Arianne now gripped the blonde’s ass cheeks keeping her throat filled with her cock. She would rise up and choke out spit heaving for breath.

She took turns doing deep throat on her wives dicks. She sucked them like she had the Maester’s thick veined prick. She loved taking the dicks of her wives into her throat worming the mushroom cockheads as deep as she could into her throat. Her head pressing and pumping down till her nose was pressed into flat bellies. The feel of her throat bulged out made Arianne feel so fucking hot and slutty. Arianne pumping her head up and down riding their cocks in her dick filled throat. She rose up choking out rivers of bubbly spit as she choked for breath.

Arianne knew the thick shaft was bulging out her throat with the log down it. It always turned on Arianne watching a woman take a dick or strap-on down her throat. To see the throat bulge out below a woman’s ears as the shaft slide into her gullet and then the throat bulging out if a thick dick. She in the past watched her uncle fucking men seeing the same thing. It was hot.

Arianne turned her body so she could again and again do deep throat on her wives cocks in turn. She loved choking off her air on their thick dicks filling her throat. She rose up off Loreza cock again gasping after deep throat her dick again. Thick streams of slimy spit poured out her mouth while her body rocked taking deep breaths to get oxygen into her lungs. Her face and throat soaked in spit. Her tits and belly covered in long streams of bubbly spit slowly running down her body.

Arianne knew she looked like a total whore and loved it. She felt slutty and it empowered her to know she was reaching for maximum pleasure and taking it. Giving head always excited the Heir to Dorne.

Loreza now fisted her hair and jerked her head back from her thick shaft. She barked at her aunt to open her mouth. She ordered her aunt to keep her hands by her sides. Arianne docilely complied looking up at Loreza with doe eyes. Loreza guided her thick shaft to Arianne’s lips. Then she slammed her hips forward ramming her cock hard into Arianne’s mouth. The shaft sliding up her
tongue and battering into her throat hard.

First Loreza and then her other wives took turns skull fucking Arianne. The three standing women snarling at Arianne what an adulteress slut she was. How they hated her for cheating on them. Arianne’s hands gripped thighs or hips to hold her body in place while her head jerked back slightly with the force of the cocks being rammed into her throat fast and hard.

She loved how her wives gripped her hair and slammed her head up and down their cocks. Their dicks slamming into the back of her throat making her choke and spew out mouthfuls of spit around the shaft lunging up her tongue and slamming her throat again and again. Arianne choking and gasping as she grudge fucked hard. “Urrrkk hhhrkk aawwookkk hhnnkkk unnkkk hhrrrrkk” Arianne gurgled as her throat was wound with slam fucking bulbous cockheads.

She gripped the body of the wife fucking her throat viciously. Her mouth open to let the sounds fill the room of her skull fuck “Hrrkkk hhrrkkk uukkk … aauukkk hhrrrrkkk uuukkk”. Her head jacked back by the shaft ramming her throat. Arianne loved the feel of being absolutely controlled. Her body now soaked in her spit flowing heavily out her mouth. The spit now running down her lower belly and slavering her mound and dripping off her mound and groin in slimy tendrils.

She spent sweet minutes giving hot sloppy head as her wives used her like a piece of shit. The humiliation and rough treatment making her hot beyond reason. She would lift her head and drool out hot mouthfuls of spit on the black shafts and pump the cocks with her fists that she was not currently sucking avidly on. Her eyes looking up at the wife’s whose dick she was fisting and keeping eye contact slowly sliding her mouth down the mushroom cockhead and siphon suck it with deep cheek hollowing love sucks.

The wife she was sucking fiercely on again gripping her head and pumping her face hard up and down the cock she pumped her hips savagely to grudge fuck the cheating wife they supposedly hated for cheating on them. Her throat choking out rivers of bubbly spit while she gasped for breath. All the while her mouth sucking as hard and good on the dick in her mouth riding hard and fast up and down her tongue and into the back of her throat. She loved giving head no matter if the cock was not real.

Then she would open her mouth again to let the full sounds of her skull fuck fill the room. To let the spit flow freely out her mouth and down her body. To excite her sadistic wives with the full sound of her choking and wheezing for breath with the dick assaulting her throat mercilessly. Hot slimy strands of spit roped off her chin and jaw line wiggling before breaking off and flinging onto her chest, tits and belly.

Arianne serviced all of her wives dicks as they stared down at her with hot eyes. The women constantly calling her a slut and adulteress whore. That she was a worthless piece of shit for cheating on them. They called her a pig fucker for sleeping with a man. Arianne loved all the humiliation.

The voluptuous twenty-five year was leaned forward her hands gripping Dorea’s legs to anchor herself as she pumped her head hard up and down the Sand Snake’s long thick strap-on. Dorea helping her slut wife pump her head with her hair fists. Her hands jerking hard to slam Arianne down on her cock that her hips pumped up hard into the back of Arianne’s throat. Then Dorea roughly jerked Arianne’s head back ripping her head off her pumping dick. Arianne gasped for breath, rivers of spit flowing out her mouth that ran down her chin and down her throat in fresh streams of bubbly drool.

Suddenly, Dorea gripped her shoulder and hip and roughly pushed Arianne back. The voluptuous women chuffed in surprise as she flopped back onto the bed. Her body landing with a loud umphff and bouncing once. Arianne looked up at Dorea with slut doe eyes. Her body spread out for her
niece to take as she chose. Dorea got down on her knees and picked up a bottle of the lubricant they had all poured on their strap-on cocks.

Arianne looked up at Dorea with limpid eyes her breathing elevating in fuck slut need. She watched her Sand Snake unstop the bottle of lubricant and poured a long stream of the clear slightly gelatinous liquid on her thick shaft and poured some on her hand. Dorea fist her strap-on cock working the lubricant all over cock soaking it in the slimy effluent. The dusky Sand Snake now poured a stream of the liquid down onto her shivering and now breathy slut wife’s slit and over her clit.

She handed the bottle to her twin sister. Dorea reached down with her slimy hand. She rubbed Arianne’s couchie and rubbed it hard mashing her fingers into her wife’s slit. Up and down the long digits worked the slimy trench. Arianne gasping and her hips lurching at the sweet sensations especially when Dorea circled her clit. Dorea smiled down at Arianne with a slut smile. She loved fucking face to face.

She pushed Arianne’s legs out with hers and leaned down onto her knees and elbow. She guided her bulbous dickhead to her aunt’s drooling clamshell. She rubbed her dickhead up and down the slit making Arianne mewl. She made sure to use her bulbous dickhead to plow Arianne’s long wavy labia lips and over the rigid clit in its clitoral hood. Arianne humped her hips up into the sweet appendage jacking her couchie. The cockhead plowing her clit sending jolts through the voluptuous slut.

Then Dorea stilled her motion. She aimed her mushroom cockhead at her wife’s drooling fuck hole. She looked down at her dick at the entrance to her wife’s love box. Then Dorea leaned down and forward. She slide her cock slow and deep into Arianne’s hot tight cunny. The long thick shaft splitting her wife’s trim in two sinking in balls deep. Arianne arched her back and moaned like the whore she was feeling the thick long shaft filling and stretching her pussy out. Slowly Dorea impaled her aunt with her dick stretching her aunt’s couchie out tight on their thick black leather prick. She pushed in till her shaft was fully buried in her aunt’s hot tight cunt.

“Unnggg yesssssss! Fuck me Dorea like only you can baby!” Arianne gurgle chuffed feeling her belly stuffed with sweet hard dick. Dorea slowly started to work her hips forward and back plowing her mushroom cockhead in and out her wife’s tight clutching pussy. The thick shaft stretching out Arianne’s trim the cockhead plowing through tight folds and whorls of Arianne’s hungry cunt. In and out the shaft plumbed the depths of Arianne’s couchie. “Unnnnggg nnnng oohhhh shit! Yessssssss” Arianne moaned sibilantly. "Unnhhh ... ommmnt!” she cawed her face slashing with sublime pleasure. "Yes! Ungghhh! Gods—yessssss plough my cunt baby ... yes—godsssss yes—auuuggg hhnnn hnnn hhnnng, fuck me hard! Ungghhh! Oohhhhh nnnnggg ooohhh fuccckkkkkk!” the voluptuous the beauty moaned like a Lysian whore.

Slowly Dorea picked up her rhythm. She worked her hips to slide her thick shaft in and out her aunt’s quim harder and harder. The thick shaft stretching her wife’s cunt out tight into an O ring around her shaft. The Sand Snake pumped her hips slowly faster driving her cock deep into Arianne’s belly. The penetration had Arianne moaning deep in her chest. Her face contracted and slashed with the primal pleasure she was feeling having her cunny expertly fucked balls deep. Her throat cawing her soul deep pleasure.

Arianne’s inner lips clung to the thick black shaft on the out stroke the red wet lips so delicious looking all tight on the shaft until the hard strap-on cock slammed into Arianne’s belly taking her wet inner lips back into her tight greedy cunt. Dorea lifting her hips and rotating them to drive her dick hard into her aunt’s belly making her incestuous love slut groan deep in her chest. Her head twisting and face contorting with the pleasure her niece was giving her fucking her fuck hole with deep love
strokes their groins slapping hard with each impaling stroke.

Their bellies slapped and wallowed with their instinctual love rhythm. Arianne arms looped around Dorea’s back pulling her to her body as she gurgled and groaned deep in her chest. Her hips humping up to take her niece’s dick deeper and harder into her belly. After a minute Dorea rose up.

Dorea was on her knees and fists sliding her cock in and out her aunt’s drooling quim. Dorea arched her back now to increase the force. The sounds of sweaty bodies slapping as Dorea’s groin jacked down into Arianne’s moun and belly. The sounds loud in the room. The shock of impact so sweet on Arianne’s clit. Her head lulling over her face slashing constantly while her throat moaned like the pure slut she was.

Arianne felt the bed settle on each side of her body. She had her eyes closed but opened them and smiled slutty. She saw Myrcella and Loreza’s cock by either side of her face. Her other two wives on their sides and bodies cocked to get their dicks near her face. She tilted her head right to siphon in Myrcella’s cock. Her head pumping softly to suck on the sweet lubricated dick. Her face slashing with the pleasure she was receiving from her beautiful niece plowing her cunt.

Arianne slurped and moaned around the shaft she was undulating her head on. Her face twisting with the pleasure she was feeling from her niece plowing her trim. Her lips siphoned tight on the shaft she was sucking on. The peach lubricant so tasty as her cheeks hollowed out with her love sucks.

Loreza fisted her hair to pull her mouth off Myrcella’s dick and pull her head to the left. Arianne smiled like a whore up at Loreza sucking in her cock and undulating her head up and down the cockhead and upper shaft. Her dark eyes locked with her niece. She sucked fiercely on Loreza’s dick with cheek hollowing love sucks making kitten eyes at her fierce Sand Snake.

Back and forth her head was tilted by her two greedy wives. Both Myrcella and Loreza tilting over roughly Arianne’s head to suck on their black shaft and bulbous dickhead. The voluptuous beauty sucking hungrily on the proffered cock pumped up and down her tongue by working hips and her own head pumping to take the dick to the back of her throat with glued lips and hard cheek hollowing love sucks.

All the while she sucked on the proffered cocks Arianne chuffed and her face slashed feeling Dorea pump her thick shaft deep into her belly. The bulbous septa helmet plowing her inner fuck folds and whorls. The dickhead punching deep into her belly. The delicious friction and slapping of groins intoxicating to the voluptuous brunette. The sensations shocking her clit with sweet hard jolts and friction as their bodies slapped wetly into each other. Both women soaked in their sweat of sweet fucking.

Myrcella and Loreza flexed their hips to slide their cocks in and out her tight sucking lips. Their cockheads jacking into the back of Arianne’s throat jerking her head with each hard thrust into her throat. Her mouth drooling out spit all over her face and onto the sheets as she gave wet slobbery suck with her tilted over head.

Arianne mewled feeling Dorea starting to stroke her harder. Her body jolted with the force of the shaft squiring her sloshing quim. Arianne reached up with her hands to grip Myrcella and Loreza’s body when she leaned their way to anchor her body while she bobbed fiercely on their dicks. Her lank hair jerking as she half rolled over to her shoulder to let her give even more fierce head. Her head bobbing harder while Dorea held herself up on her feet now and her palms on the bed to harpoon fuck the buttery cum filled fuck hole of her sweet Arianne.

Fierce pleasure filled Arianne as she jerked her head off Myrcella’s cock. "Unnhhh ... ohnnnn!"
Arianne moaned feeling her couchie expertly fucked with thick hard dick rammed into her belly balls deep. Her trim stretched out with her inner lips clinging to the black shaft plunging hard and deep into the squishy cunt that made wet slurpy sounds as it was fucked hard and deep. "Yes! Ungghhh! Gods … yes, fuck me hard! Ungghhh! Yes—Dorea pound my ass! Auuggg nnnngg hhnnn hhnnn hnnnggg!" Arianne gurgled from Dorea’s expert deep dicking of her tight cunt.

After another minute her other two wives pulled back after a quick head shake from Dorea. Arianne settled fully onto her back looking up at her Sand Snake fucking her hard and deep. Their groins jamming hard and lower bellies slapping. Sweat pouring off the brown skin of Dorea and splattering all over Arianne’s own sweat drenched body.

Dorea settled down onto her elbows by Arianne’s head and melded her lean warrior body into the voluptuous body of her aunt. She worked her hips to pull her cock out her aunt’s pussy and slam in hard and deep. Their sweaty bodies had their bodies slipping and sliding over each other. Their bellies slapping while Dorea pounded her groin down into Arianne’s with loud smacks that seemed to echo off the walls. Arianne moaned and groaned her body jolting with the force of her powerful wife fucking her with her dick stretching out and plundering the dark haired beauty’s tight cunt. Her pussy sloshing and slurping as it was deep dicked with plunging strokes of pure love.

Arianne’s legs came up to clasp her niece’s hips and locked her ankles over her ass. Arianne moaned hard feeling her body pressed into the bed and Dorea’s groin slamming down into her pussy the shock and friction working her clit. Dorea fisted her hair and mated their mouths tight and kissed her aunt deeply lifting her hips to impale her aunt’s womb on her dickhead with each violent down thrust of her hips. Arianne’s body jolted with savage thrusts up into her tight cunt. Her mouth chuffing into the mouth devouring hers. Dorea’s tongue like a serpent twining with her tongue. Their long coiled tongues flipping around in Arianne’s mouth.

They were both sweaty and soaked from head to toe. Sweat dropping off Dorea’s body onto Arianne whose body was covered with rivulets of sweat running down Arianne’s face and ribs. Their dark black hair matted and lank. Their bodies slipped and slide over the other’s body. Arianne loved feeling her niece’s nipples digging into her full bosom with her fuck motions. Their tongues wetly wrestling in her groaning mouth. Her body jolted forward that small fraction by the power of her niece’s hard full on slam fuck of her aunt’s hungry cunt. The thick shaft slamming in balls deep. Groins smacking and bellies wallowing. Sweat and cum slavering bellies and groins.

Dorea broke the kiss and stared down into her aunt’s eyes. The throbbing current of pure sex connected the two women. Dorea loved the look of sheer pleasure flashing across Arianne’s face. Both women loved the impact of Dorea snapping her hips down and impaling Arianne’s tight juicy slurping quim and their sweaty bellies slapping and their tits mashed into the other’s tits. Dorea’s smallish B cup tits swallowed by the large hillocks of Arianne’s ample nearly DD tits.

Arianne tilted her cunt up into the impaling thrusts of pure love from Dorea. Her face was slashing fiercely now. Her forehead pressed into Dorea’s neck. Her body was being slammed fucked so hard and good. The feel of the thick cock stretching out her cunt heavenly. Each thrust had her seeing stars as Arianne’s body started to tighten up with the first hints of an orgasm forming deep in her belly.

Arianne with her grip on Dorea’s hips with her locked ankles over Dorea’s ass had the dark haired beauty titling her couchie up to be impaled. Her cunt open for deep dick thrusts. Her body humped up into the down thrusts to take all of Dorea’s dick deep into her sweaty belly and drooling trim.

The pain in her abused bum only added to her pleasure. Arianne’s body bouncing off the bed and rebounding into Dorea’s down thrusting body. The Sand Snake’s dick slamming balls deep into her
aunt’s belly again and again with savage strokes of pure love. Arianne’s cunt filled with cum and made wet sloshing and squishing sounds of a sodden cunt fucked well. The strap-on bulbous dickhead plowing Arianne’s inner cunt whorls and petals with powerful strokes.

“Unhhh! Oh yes ... unh! Do it hard ... fast!” Arianne encouraged her lover to pound her ass into the bed. Her hands were gripping Dorea’s ribs and her face was slashing as a stunning orgasm was forming deep in her belly. “Pound my Ass! Fuck me hard!” Dorea chuffed in a guttural voice hard now. Dorea’s sweat dripping on Arianne’s face. Dorea worked her arms underneath Arianne’s shoulders and fisted her aunt’s hair to anchor her body down. Their tits and bellies wallowing and slapping. Dorea lunging down and forward. The power of her stroke jerking Arianne’s voluptuous body forward a fraction with each womb impaling stroke of the Sand Snakes hips.

“Oh oh I’m going to cum so fucking hard ... hnnng hnnng hhnngg” the orgasm slowly gathering force in her belly. Each savage stroke of Dorea’s cock took Arianne higher up the rungs of ecstasy. The voluptuous woman’s face slashed and twisted with the ecstasy building in her womb. Dorea grunted and growled lifting her hips higher to slam down with even more force pounding Arianne’s cunt with vicious strokes of love.

Arianne’s face shocked into a rictus of wondrous rapture. Her orgasm had still felt off still building but suddenly her orgasm exploded out of nowhere rupturing her womb and tearing her snatch inside out. Arianne’s eyes shocked wide open and her mouth opened wide.

“GOODDSDDDAAMMNNNN! AAARRRUUUNNGGGGGG! OOOWWWGGGGGGG! AAWWOOGGGGGGGG!” Arianne shrieked as she cummed so hard and exquisitely.

Dorea chuffed and grunted working her hips to impale her wife’s womb on her dickhead slamming in balls deep. The cockhead plowing the gushing cunt hole that spasm and milked the hard thrusting dick filling the tight fuck sleeve. Arianne felt her cunt was tearing itself inside out on the long shaft plumbing the depths of Arianne’s tight couchie. Her head slammed up into Dorea’s neck. “IIIIII love youuuuuuuuuuu—OOOWWWGWGHHHHHH!” Arianne screamed feeling her womb rip out her belly. She convulsed and screamed in blistering agonizing pleasure. Her veins filled with burning ecstasy that had her toes curled and her fingers digging into Dorea’s back with her very short clipped nails.

“Auuoonngggg! Ohnnnggg shit uungghhh!” she groaned, cumming, arching, shuddering, biting her lip and swearing again as a new sweet set of spasms wrenched her flesh. She felt like a fist had gripped her body and was shaking her with harsh jerks jolting her body hard. The hard contractions shook her body violently with each searing spasm. Maester Marwyn had fucked her good and made her cum so hard but it could not give her this pleasure. Love married with great sex made her cum so fucking hard.

Dorea fucked her through her orgasm. Her dick savagely plunging balls deep into the couchie fisting the shaft slamming in all the way home. The shaft churning the cum filled love box making obscene slurping noises. Dorea then slowed and rested for a minute their sweaty bodies melded together as their tits mashed together. Their hard breathing rocked their bodies making their tits wallow into each other. Harden nipples digging into soft but firm titties.

They kissed in languid love their tongues coiled and flipping around in Arianne’s cawing mouth. Dorea tilted her head over to get their lips mashed tight and let her tongue slip down Arianne’s throat as Dorea’s voluptuous slut convulsed with searing aftershocks shaking the beauteous woman’s body hard with random gagging shocks of the purest ecstasy that aftershocks gives a woman.

Then Dorea pulled her cock slowly out her wife’s spent tired but happy pussy. Arianne gagging in sweet sensations feeling the thick shaft that had been buried deep in her belly slide free out of her
twat hole. Hot cum spewing and flooding down her perineum and soaking her anus, ass cleft and the bed beneath.

Dorea on her toes and palms moved up Arianne’s body her cock waving beneath her. The cockhead soaked in creamy pussy slime. She cupped the back of her aunt’s head and lifted it her fingers threading in lank sweat soaked hair. Arianne moaned hard seeing Dorea’s dick soaked in her cum down to the base just above her face. The twenty-five year old gripped the base of the strap-on and plunged her head up and forward while her hand tilted the shaft down to her slavering mouth. Her lips sliding up over the bulbous cockhead and down the shaft soaked in cum.

Arianne sucked hard her cheeks hollowing as she sucked her cunt off Dorea’s black cock. She pumped her head hard her lank hair jerking with her bobs. Sweat dripped off Arianne’s body all over soaking the sheets in her love sweat. Arianne’s head bobs helped by the fisted hair clenched by Dorea to drive her aunt’s head harder up and down her shaft. Arianne loved the creamy white cum soaking the shaft and worked her mouth and tongue to clean her effluent off the beautiful shaft that had just taken her to heaven and back.

Dorea pulled away. Arianne chased the shaft like the slut she was. Dorea pulled a still cum groggy Arianne up onto her knees and palms. A languid Arianne was guided to straddle Myrcella who had lubricated her cock again with a fresh stream of peach lubricant and was lying on her back. She looked up at her twenty-five year old wife with slut eyes. Eyes that promised to fuck Arianne so good. The voluptuous woman’s pussy already reviving and hungry for more pleasure.

Myrcella held the glistening shaft aloft at its base. Myrcella smiled a pure slut smile making her dick swirl in the air inviting Arianne to impale her drooling clamshell on the thick nearly 11” shaft. The mushroom dickhead soaked in oil and waiting to penetrate Arianne’s cunt with its thick shaft capped with a mushroom cockhead that was slightly exaggerated to pleasure the slut fucking it. Arianne moaned seeing that thick turgid shaft being jerked my Myrcella. The jerking dick hypnotizing her like a waving cobra. Her pussy clenching needing to ride another cock to orgasm.

With a happy moan, Arianne reached down and gripped Myrcella’s strap-on taking it from Myrcella. She wanted to impale her tight wet cunt on the delicious dick of her blonde wife. She guided the bulbous dickhead to her drooling fuck hole. The slut swirled the dickhead around her fuck hole and up and down her slit teasing herself for a short minute. Then Arianne pressed down and back as she gagged feeling the mushroom cockhead slowly penetrating her fuck canal.

The oversized dickhead heavenly feeling as it stretched out her pussy hole and then slide slowly up her twat till the shaft was buried balls deep in her belly. Her stretched out just fucked pussy hungrily eating the thick shaft stretching out her couchie tight around the thick log penetrating deep up into her spasming belly. The oversized cockhead plowing her inner folds sweetly gagging Arianne in ecstasy. Her pussy stretched out wide on the thick shaft. Her buttery cunt gripping tight the shaft splitting the tight pussy in two. Arianne’s head ripped back feeling her pussy stretched out.

"Ungghh! Oh! Yes! Auunngghh!" she cried out feeling her twat filled and split in two by Myrcella’s love dick sinking fully up into her buttery cum filled fuck sleeve. Myrcella started a slow sensual rhythm pushing and pulling her dick in and out of Arianne’s pussy. The voluptuous woman rocking her body to take the dick deeper into her tight cunny. The dickhead sunk deep into her belly. “Oh! Oh! Ungghh unnggg hhhmmm hnnn! Oh gods! Auunngghh!” Arianne groaned, feeling her flesh throb and ache with sublime pleasure flowing out her pierced cunt.

Her cunt already filled with buttery cum the shaft sliding sensually in and out her twat was quickly slimed with snail snot. A ring forming at the point at the deepest point of penetration. Their bodies wallowed into each other with Arianne looking down at Myrcella who looked up at Arianne with a
big bright smile. All the while working her hips to slide her dick deep into her lover’s tight oily cunt with long strokes.

Myrcella began to pump her hips harder up while Arianne rotated her hips back and down slapping her groin down into Myrcella’s up thrusts. Arianne’s heavy tits swirling and scraping over Myrcella’s slender frame beneath her. Arianne’s smiling down at Myrcella her face twisting and slashing with raw aching pleasure.

"Auunngghh! Oh! Oh ... gods—of fffuuuccckkkk! Oh oh yes unngghhh! Oh” Arianne jabbered feeling her pussy stretched out fucked deep with the thick shaft sliding harder and deeper up into her quivering snatch. “Oohhnngghhh! Oh! Oh! Shit! Hhhnnng hhnmm hhnnggg hhhnnn ... Auuggnnn!” Arianne gag whimpered feeling the thick shaft sliding more forcefully in and out her drooling fuck hole. Her lubricated cunt letting the dick slide easily deliciously in and out her burbling cunt. Myrcella grunted accelerating her rhythm gripping Arianne’s hips to more forcefully slam her dick up into Arianne’s hungry twat.

The shaft now ram fucking Arianne’s pussy hard with deep plunging strokes. Her cum filled twat sloshing and slurping. Arianne had taught Myrcella it was all in the hips to work your strap-on in and out your woman’s cunt. Arianne pumped up and down to take her lover’s dick harder into her spasming milking cunt. She had hooked her feet over the tops of Myrcella’s thighs to anchor herself down. She whinnied working her couchie on Myrcella’s cock. Both women working to get in sync so Myrcella’s cock slammed hard and deep up Arianne’s hot tight clenching cunt. Arianne cried out and gurgled. She needed more orgasms!

"Gods, yes!” Arianne gasped. She felt her cunny spasm and grip the thick shaft splitting her cunt in two. Her cunt stretched out into a tight O ring around the thick cock slamming deep up into her cunt. "Anngghhh! Oh ... oh yes! Do it hard!” Arianne’s body surged forward and back to take all of Myrcella’s cock that the slender blonde worked her ass and hips to lift and ram up and forward impaling the juicy quim fucking Arianne with her pleasure rod. "Ohhh!” Arianne gasped "Oh gods... Myrcella ... oh the sweet seven—your dick is fuckingggggg me so deep and good baby!” Arianne panted.

She had been half crouched down on her forearms jacking back to take her wife’s dick hard into her pussy. The feel of their sweaty bodies slipping and sliding so sweet and intimate. Their sweat letting bodies jack and slap wetly up and down each other. Myrcella grunting as she flexed her hips to impale Arianne’s drooling clamshell on her thick plunging cock.

Arianne rose up onto her palms to more forcefully jam back with her body to take Myrcella’s dick harder into her slobbering cunt. The shock of colliding bodies reverberating through Arianne’s voluptuous body. Her ass and hips rippling with the powerful collision of colliding bodies. Bodies fucking hotly to slam their groins into each other to impale Arianne’s fat camel toe and ram the bulbous dickhead balls deep up the tight greasy fuck hole being rammed fucked with slapping impaling thrusts by Myrcella.

Arianne loved her big rounded gourd tits. They flipped and slapped into each other as Arianne fucked herself on Myrcella’s cock. She felt her tits lift off her chest and slap into each other to whip down and pound her sweaty chest. A change in angles had her heavy hooters whipping forward and snapping back the shockwaves making her tits compress and fold with Arianne’s wild gyrations of hot fucking. She whooped and gurgled feeling the bulbous dickhead slamming in so deep up her wet swollen love box. She tired and she settled forward on her elbows and lowered her groin. Myrcella took over and gripped her hips and lifted her hips off the bed to plunge her shaft fully up her wife’s squishy watery cunt.
The two Sand Snakes watched the fuck with glittering eyes. They loved to watch sex and were pumping their oiled shafts getting more horny. Their breathing elevated and sweat beaded and running down their bodies.

Arianne was in heaven. Myrcella tired and she took over and rose back up on her palms and slammed her love aching pussy down on the shaft that Myrcella short jerked up to fully impale her wife’s tight cunt. Arianne’s eyes widened as an orgasm was suddenly rising up in her spasming womb. Myrcella saw it and now worked her hips furiously to slam her dick savagely into the now wildly spasming fuck hole. The blonde’s strength renewed seeing her wife approach to orgasm. Her strap-on cock a blur as she whipped her hips in a frenzy to impale her wife’s spasming couchie with a sizzling fuck. Arianne was clenching the sheets with her hands and slamming her hips back into the cock impaling her heavily flowing twat that leaked out streams of creamy cum that slavered Myrcella’s hard pumping dick.

Out of nowhere the orgasm forming in Arianne’s womb went from forming to exploding.

"AUUNGGHHIIIEEE! UNGGH! OH! UUNNGGGMNNIIIEEEEE!" Arianne screamed out, cumming fiercely, her lovely voluptuous body wrenched by sharp spasms of ecstasy. Her womb felt like it was being wrenched in the fists of the gods and first twisted and then ripped out her belly scalding her with dire fucking bliss. "Arrruuunnngggggggg! Auungghh! Oh ... fucking godss— yeessssssss! Oh ohnggghh! Auuggnmmmnnggeee!" she wailed, her body surging forward and back as spasm after spasm of nearly unbearable pleasure wracked her. "Oh! Nnnnnnggeeeeee! Unnnngggnnhhieeee! Shhhhhiittttt ... uummmmnnnggeeeeee!" she cried out, flipping and straining, shuddering violently as the spasms ripped through her.

Her body convulsed with killing waves of pleasure that nearly robbed her sanity as her cunt shrieked with pleasure so intense that it was painful. Her body shuddered taking in gasping breaths like a bellows. Her strength fled and she sagged down onto Myrcella still crying out with the dying waves of her soul crushing orgasm. Her big heavy hooters splayed out on Myrcella’s slender frame.

Myrcella loved to have her small doves smothered by Arianne’s big firm tits. Their sweaty bellies now pressed hard into each other. Their elevated breathing made their sweat slippery skin wallow, slip and slide over each other.

With a throttled mewling Arianne felt Myrcella thread her fingers into the sweat soaked black lank hair of her lover. Myrcella roughly guided Arianne’s mouth to hers and they first melded lips kissing sweetly tracing lips with tongues and sucking on bee stung lips before Myrcella roughly demanded entrance to Arianne’s mouth. The instant the twenty-five parted her teeth Myrcella’s hungry tongue lunged into the voluptuous beauty’s mouth and wetly wrestled with Arianne’s tongue. The woman lying spent on top of Myrcella mewled and hitched feeling their tongues flip around in her mouth dueling in wet slippery twined love.

Arianne had felt her aftershocks dipping but they surged with the sweet tongue action in her mouth. Her nipples poking into Myrcella’s tits and chest sent sparks that made her aftershocks ripple on with that searing pleasure that was so heavenly.

They continued to kiss deeply with Myrcella now tracing her fingertips up and down Arianne’s back beaded with sweat that came together to form rivulets and run down her ribs. Arianne’s body still rocked by strong aftershocks that were slowly fading away. Each shock making her gag into Myrcella hot devouring mouth. Slowly Arianne’s body began to unwind from the delicious pummeling fuck.

After a minute Loreza came forward and pulled Arianne back up into a doggy position. A still cum drunk Arianne looked back at her niece. She whimpered feeling her full tits gripped and massaged
roughly by Myrcella. The pulping of her tits and pulling on her engorged teats rocking the voluptuous woman. Arianne felt her body rush with fresh fuck need. She felt lubrication being squirted in on her anus. She looked back as Loreza slavered her thick shaft with lubrication.

Arianne felt Loreza worm her middle finger up her hot tight anus. Her hot tight asshole clenching down on the invading digit. Loreza started to slow fuck the tight shithole of her aunt. Her butthole soaked with the lubricant, sweat and her own cum. “Unhh! Oh!” Arianne gasped feeling Loreza bury her middle finger fully up her ass. Loreza began to pump the finger sensually in and out the puckered anus of her sweet aunt. The long digit sliding easily in and out the spasming starfish.

Arianne felt her face contort feeling her asshole squired. Loreza ramming her middle finger up her ass hard and then pausing. The Sand Snake then slipped her index finger into her hot pinching asshole and started to stroke her fingers hard and fast in and out the hot clenching butthole of her wife. Arianne gurgled feeling Lorza pound her shit so good. “Ohhhnn! Ohhhnnn yes! Blast my ass baby!” she panted in raw need. The Sand Snake worked her fingers in and out while she twisted her fingers pounding Arianne’s butthole with fast hard thrusts. Loreza pulled her fingers out Arianne’s ass. Arianne mewled missing the fingers fucking her ass so sweetly.

Arianne felt Loreza moving and now her body straddled hers and she leaned down. She had her fingers fresh out Arianne’s asshole at her lips. Arianne looked up with a loopy smile and parted her mouth and hungrily took the fingers Loreza slide into her mouth. Her lips clenched on the digits that Loreza worked them in and out her sucking mouth letting her aunt suck her sweet shit juice off the long brown digits.

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Arianne felt Loreza getting behind her lining up her dick to invade her shit canal. She felt Loreza slap her ass with her strap-on. Her tender ass cheeks throbbing with the whacks of Loreza’s heavy cock. Arianne got a breathy sensation feeling Loreza circle her mushroom cockhead into her sphincter rings. Then Arianne was keening feeling the bulbous head of Loreza’s cock penetrate her asshole and sink into her rectum. Her body shuddered with sweet anal invasion of a thick shaft in her ass. The bulbous dickhead plowing her tender colon folds.

Her butthole still not pinched tight from the pounding the Maester of Magic had delivered to Arianne’s hot hungry asshole. His massive shaft repeatedly pounding her booty hole ravaging her sphincter rings that had them loosened. Her starfish winking not fully shut.

Her asshole loosened easily to take in the thick shaft penetrating her ass. “Unnggggggggg! Oh fuck yeahhhhh! Gods I love it when you DP and TP fuck me!” Arianne cried out feeling Loreza slowly push her shaft deeper up her butthole. Myrcella was short stroking her cock in and out her wife’s pussy again. Loreza now had her hips pressed into Arianne’s ass cheeks having fully buried her thick shaft up her aunt’s asshole. Arianne reveled feeling Loreza shaft buried deep up in her bowels. The teenager started to work her hips working her thick cock in and out her aunt’s tight pinching
asshole.

Myrcella worked her hips slowly to slide her dick in and out the hot buttery cum filled fuck sleeve. The bulbous dickhead plowing her slimy petals and whorls of her cunt. The dickheads felt so good pumping in and out her belly Arianne thought in a cloud of induced hazy ecstasy. Arianne’s two teenage lovers working their cocks in and out her fuck holes in a seesawing motion.

Slowly Myrcella and Loreza picked up their rhythm working their shafts in and out Arianne’s tight fuck holes. The two women seesawing their cocks in and out Arianne’s ass and cunt. The lubed shafts sliding easily in and out the greasy fuck holes. Loreza working her hips and arching her back to drive her dick harder up into Arianne’s ass. Myrcella gripping Arianne’s tits and pulping them as she short jerked her cock in and out Arianne’s steamy pussy. The twenty-five year old’s body jolting and jacking forward with the force of two dicks now slamming deep up her twat and ass.

The twenty-five year old observed Dorea fisting her cock waiting till she was ready to join the festivities.

Arianne was moaning and gurgling feeling the two shafts sliding in and out her pussy and ass. She loved feeling so full and the cockheads thumping over each other in her belly. The two women fucking her working a see-saw motion of one shaft in and one shaft sliding out. The tension and slimy friction felt exquisite to the twenty-five year old.

Arianne was expertly fucked by her sweet wives. Dorea was waiting her turn. “Oh! Ungghhh! Oh babies, yes, oh yes,” Arianne panted, moving her hips rhythmically pushing back to take their cocks hard and deep up her pussy and ass. Her body now buffered by the slapping of sweaty bodies into her body to impale her on thick hard shafts.

She reveled feeling strong hands grip her voluptuous ass cheeks, hips and around her ribs. Hands clutching her body to propel her back into the thick shafts slamming hard now into her willing body. Arianne’s body jolting forward with the power of Loreza’s body slapping hard into her ass cheeks making them and her hips ripple with force of impact of their sweaty bodies. Myrcella was lifting her hips and jacking forward and up impaling the tight trim of Arianne with her thick dick slamming fully up into the tight fuck hole of the heir of Dorne.

Arianne bit her lower lip. “Ungh! Oh gods! Keep fucking my honeys! Pound my fuck holes! Owngg! Aunggg unngg hhhnnnn hhnggg!” Arianne gurgled feeling two thick shafts ripped up into her willing fuck holes. She could feel her pussy leaking hot cum all over Myrcella’s groin and harness. Her asshole had slavered ass juice all over the cock slamming in balls deep. “Ohhhngg shit!” Arianne gasped. “Shit, your cocks are so big!” Arianne gagged feeling seeping ass juice slaver her butthole and along her inner thighs and ass crack.

“Unngghhh, oh fuck me ram me deep babies! Do it, do it hard and fast!” she panted deliriously to them. “Fuck me, deep, do it!” Her body bucked and writhed in primal bliss. She felt Loreza pull out her spasming asshole. Hot ass juice gushed out her squired asshole and ran down her perineum down into her pussy. The hot gush of shit juice pouring down over her perineum made Arianne groan like a whore as she felt the slimy cocktail weeping down to her squired cunt. Myrcella was nibbling on her neck now as she pumped her dick hard into her juicy quim.

Dorea was behind Arianne in a flash on her knees. Myrcella stilled to let Dorea take what was hers. Dorea swished her mouth and then tilted her head down to let long streams of bubbly spit rope down out her mouth and land on Arianne’s loose asshole. The spit pooled on the clenching anus. Dorea roped out more spit to pool on the clenching anus.

She lined up cock with Arianne’s clenching asshole. Then with her gripping the base of her nearly
eleven inch cock she slammed her dick balls deep up Arianne’s asshole with a savage torpedo stroke her hips slamming into Arianne’s hot sweat dripping ass cheeks. Dorea wasted no time setting up a punishing rhythm arching her back to slap her hips hard into Arianne’s ass to slam her dick fully up her aunt’s hot tight ass. Dorea pounded her aunt’s ass savagely just like Arianne liked it.

Arianne threw her head back and keened feeling her butthole fucked savagely. The cockhead plundering her shithole hard and deep just like she craved it. The feel of Dorea’s hips and thighs slapping into her ass cheeks thrilled the slut. Her body sliding and jolting over Myrcella’s body as the slender blonde worked her hips to impale her slut’s drooling clamshell with powerful short jabs of her thick cock.

The Sand Snake loved watching her aunt’s ass cheeks and hips ripple with the force of her groin impacting her aunt’s ass. Again and again Dorea slammed her dick home burying it balls deep into Arianne’s shithole. The force of impact lurching Arianne’s voluptuous body forward an inch. Dorea would slap Arianne’s ass randomly making her squeal and then grip the big firm hips of her aunt to anchor her body to lunge her dick savagely up the asshole of her sweet hot aunt.

Myrcella loved the feel of Arianne’s sweat soaked body wallowing and lurching forward on her own. The weight and delicious skin to skin contact intoxicating. Her slut’s heavy tits wallowing and roughly sliding on her own chest and small titties. Their breast mashed and wallowing all over each other.

Loreza was in front of Arianne now. She brushed her cock around on Arianne’s lips who opened her mouth wide to let her sweet Sand Snake shove her cock up her tongue. The slut clamped her lips tight to moan as she sucked her sweet ass off Loreza’s thick prick. Arianne sucked happily on her sweetie’s cock soaked in her sweet ass.

Loreza had found it hot as always seeing Arianne’s eyes watch her intently as she kneed on the bed to get in front of Arianne with her dick soaked in sweet shit juice of her aunt. Her aunt drooling eyeing her thick shaft soaked in her aunt’s ass cream. Then watching Arianne take in the cock circling her lips and then bobbing hard and fast on her cock. Arianne sucking hungrily as her glued lips worked up and down her shaft fiercely. Arianne’s lank sweat soaked hair jerking lankily with her fast hard head bobs. The slut groaning as she sucked her sweet ass off Loreza dick.

Arianne’s body jolted and shook from the savage slamming of dicks hard and deep up into her belly. Her body tightening up as sheer ecstasy started to pour out her squired asshole and cunt. Both fuck holes feeding off each other. Arianne felt her face twist and snarl as the pleasure started to rise exponentially in her straining body. Her head pulled back letting Loreza’s cock slip from her mouth.

Her body started to shake all over her asshole wildly spasming now on the shaft torpedo fucking it with savage glee. Dorea had a tight grip on her aunt’s hips to jerk her back hard into her body slapping into Arianne’s body working every inch of her love up Arianne’s ass. Arianne body tensed up like a board her eyes squeezed shut and then her face shocked with twisting grimaces and her eyes shot wide open her mouth open wide.

"OOOWWWWWGGGGGGGG! ARRROUNNGGGGGGGG! … hhnnng hhnnn hhnnn … Oh Fuck Godsdamn shitttttt—UUUUNNGGGHHHIIEEEEEEEE! MMNNNGGGHIIEEEEE! … Owwwnnghhhhhhhiiiiiiii! Nnngghhh! Anngghiieeee!" Arianne cried out, cumming violently. Her body jackknifed and flipped with hard killing spasms of searing bliss. She wailed and hunched down her back arching up and down hard with each killing spasm ripping out her exploding asshole that had caused her womb to explode scalding her with fucking bliss.

Her head thrashed around her teeth now clenched tight with spittle spraying out her locked teeth. Her eyes squeezed shut her body quacking like an earthquake. Her cunt and asshole clenched and
clamped down on cocks plundering her cunt and ass. Dorea and Myrcella still lunging their cocks viciously into her immolating fuck holes.

Slowly Arianne came down from her throttling cum. Her body gasping for breath raggedly. Myrcella and Dorea only now slowly pumping their shafts in and out of Arianne’s trembling fuck holes. The two Sand Snakes and Myrcella letting Arianne bask in the afterglow of her pummeling orgasm. For a minute Arianne cooed as her wives slow stroked her sweaty flesh. The two knew that Arianne had more hard cums in her and started to work their hips riding their shafts in the slack for the moment fuck holes that were spasm in hard aftershocks.

Myrcella was working her hips to work her cock in and out the drooling clamshell of her sweet dusky skin slut. For a minute Arianne mewled her body resting heavily on Myrcella. Her throat cooing and her sweat soaked body rubbed down into her wife’s slender body. Slowly, though her strength ebbed back into her stout body. Her pussy and asshole hungry for more pleasure. The pleasure only womb rending and asshole shredding orgasms can give a woman.

Dorea and Myrcella could sense that Arianne was reviving and began to work their hips harder driving their thick stalks harder and deeper into the cunny and butthole of their sweet sweat soaked slut. Their flesh beginning to again slap into the voluptuous body of their slut. Hard cock again plundering hot tight drooling fuck holes.

Arianne had slowly revived and was up fully on her palms working her body to slam back into the cocks plundering her fuck holes. The blonde reached underneath Arianne. The twenty-five year old’s tits giggling and swaying her rigid nipples dragging all over Myrcella’s sweat covered body. The heavy jugs felt warm and divine sliding around on Myrcella’s tight upper belly and small tits.

Myrcella roughly gripped Arianne’s jerking udders and throttled them dragging the tits up and forward. The engorged nipples aimed forward now at Myrcella’s mouth. The blonde lifted her head up and forward and swallowed a thick turgid nipple and roughly nursed with sucking lips and her tongue swirling over the steeple areola. The blonde slut moved her head right and left feasting on thick dark brown nipples her cheeks hollowing out with her deep throat love sucks.

All the while Myrcella short stroked her hips sliding her cock in and out her wife’s sloppy wet couchie. Dorea had leaned forward and fist her Arianne’s hair. She had again siphoned in Loreza’s cock and was bobbing on the thick black leather shaft. Dorea jammed Arianne’s head forward to help her slut taking Loreza’s cock into her throat.

As Myrcella feasted on the thick turgid nipple. Her head moving right and left to suck long on the thick nips siphon sucking. The hot friction filling Arianne’s tits with hot pulses of searing pleasure. All the while Myrcella worked her hips to stroke her prick in and out her wife’s wet spasming quim. As she pleased her eldest wife the Sand Snakes changed positions. Loreza moving back and Dorea forward on opposite sides of their voluptuous wife. Dorea had her dick soaked in ass juice in front of Arianne’s face. Her aunt’s face grimaced and slashed with the pleasure the blonde nymphet was giving her aunt with her thirsty sucks on Arianne’s turgid nipples.

She brushed her soaked dick in ass cream around Arianne’s lips. The slut slit opened her eyes smiling sluttily. She opened her mouth and swallowed Dorea’s dick hungrily and purring as she bobbed her head up and down sucking her asshole off Dorea’s dick. Her sweaty lank hair jerking with her hard head bobs.

Arianne cried out in ecstasy feeling her asshole roughly taken. Loreza had pried one ass cheek back and with her other hand aimed her cock up with her aunt’s butt hole. She rammed her hips forward and slammed her dick savagely up her aunt’s asshole. Arianne cried out in slutty heaven feeling her ass pipe filled with hard dick and quickly furiously fucked hard and deep.
Loreza gripped her hips and Myrcella gripped her left ribs having released that tit to slam Arianne back into the shafts plowing her fuck holes. Loreza growled jerking Arianne’s body back to slam Arianne’s ass into her forward slamming body. The dicks savaging Arianne’s fuck holes ramming home balls deep. Dorea was working her hips to run her dick up and down the tongue of her slutty aunt. Dorea watching with glittering dark eyes as her aunt sucked her sweet shit juice of Dorea’s cock.

For several minutes they fucked Arianne like this. The voluptuous twenty-five fucked air tight. Her pussy and asshole filled with long thick cock balls deep. Her mouth full of thick cock she sucked on fiercely. Her cheeks hollowing out with the force of her hard sucks. Her body lurched and rippled with the impact of three bodies fucking her forcefully. Three women taking her and using Arianne as their willing fuck toy.

Now the Sand Snakes switched up positions again. Loreza kneed forward to get her dick in front of Arianne’s sweaty face. The sweat pouring off in rivulets. Her lustrous hair lank and matted with sweat and spit. “Suck your ass off my dick slut!” The Sand Snake’s dick jerked in front of Arianne’s mouth the shaft slavered with shit juice. Arianne whinnied diving down on Loreza cock her mouth clamping tight on the soaked in ass juice prick. Arianne circled her head on the mushroom cockhead sucking fiercely.

Dorea was behind her aunt now. She pulled her aunt’s ass cheek back and torpedo fucked Arianne’s asshole with a savage stroke. Instead of starting up a rhythm she ripped her dick back out of Arianne’s asshole and immediately rammed it back up her ass with a hard forceful slam fuck. In and out Dorea fucked her aunt’s clenching butthole. Arianne thrusting her groin back to take her niece’s dick hard up her quaking ass.

“Mnnnggggg ummmgggg mmmmmmm” Arianne purred savoring the sweet taste of her shit juice slavered thickly over Loreza’s dick. Her lank hair flouncing as she started to bob hard up and down the shaft her lips glued to the thick leather cock her cheeks dimpling as she moaned slurping up her tasty asshole on Loreza’s dick. Her head lurching down the shaft with the force of the dicks slamming home up into her snatch and butthole. Her voluptuous ass cheeks and hips rippling with the force of colliding bodies.

Dorea stopped torpedo fucking the now gaping asshole. She started to work her thick cock in and out Arianne’s asshole pulling three or four inches out the clenching starfish and ramming back in balls deep. Her dark skin slapping the skin of her wife’s dusky rippling ass cheeks. Dorea arched her back to get more force in the thick shaft she slammed up her aunt’s ass.

Arianne’s head pumped up and down the shaft of her sweet Loreza. Her lank hair jerking with her hard head bobs. The slut’s face twisted and grimaced with the ecstasy she felt. All three of fuck hole giving her sweet pleasure. Her body overwhelmed with sweet sensations. Her lips glued to the shaft as she sucked and twisted her head on the shaft. She hummed and moaned and she felt her eyes roll back into her skull sucking her asshole off her woman’s dick. It was so nasty it made Arianne’s womb flip in her belly. She loved doing ATM. It was hot and slutty.

Dorea pulled out her ass. Myrcella dropped the tit she was nursing on again and now gripped both of Arianne’s fleshy but firm hips and gripped hard. The blonde used the freedom of movement to sizzle her cock in and out Arianne’s pussy making it sing in ecstasy. Arianne’s body juddering with the slam of Myrcella’s groin into her mound. “Unnggg mmmnnnggg yes yeessss! Unnggg oohhhh unnggg!” Arianne gurgled feeling her pussy fucked expertly.

Loreza had moved away and now Dorea was before her. Dorea’s dick soaked in ass juice to the base with a ring of creamy sweet shit juice at the base. She started to dive on Dorea’s cock but she
titled her dick back. Arianne whined in frustration. Arianne paused looking at Dorea with pleading eyes to suck her sweet shithole off Dorea’s cock.

The Sand Snake leaned in and pressed the bulbous cockhead to her aunt’s lips. Dorea traced her mushroom cock around the thick sensual lips of her hot aunt. She did this several times before centering her dickhead on Arianne’s lips. Arianne’s mouth opened wide to swallow the shaft clamping her lips tight to the cock. She bob slurping happily sucking her ass off the cock being pumped up and down her tongue. She cried out and keened when Loreza slammed her thick shaft up her tight asshole. The Sand Snakes pounded Arianne’s ass so good and let her feast on their cocks soaked in her ass grease.

The Sand Snakes played ring around the asshole taking turns pounding their twenty-five year old aunt’s ass. The twins switching out with them kneeling around the voluptuous body of their aunt and offering Arianne their dicks soaked in ass juice. The beautiful twenty-five year’s mouth opened wide to swallow the sweet dick soaked in creamy ass juice. Her head bobbing hard as she sucked the sweetness of her shithole off her niece’s cocks.

The nieces moving from their aunt’s ass to her mouth and back. Arianne crying out when a Sand Snake torpedo slammed her strap-on shaft balls deep up her tight asshole with a savage stroke burying her dick back up her aunt’s ass. Then gripping Arianne’s hips to anchor their body as they slammed fucked Arianne up her shit pipe. Arianne crying out around the dick in her mouth. Myrcella gripping her ribs as she slammed her cock up into the tight pussy she was fucking with avid fuck hunger.

Arianne was in heaven. Her abused ass cheeks and her whole body throbbed with pain from her early abuse but it only added to her pleasure. The pain from the grips on her ass and hips only added to the pleasure of her sweet savage fuck. The pleasure of masochistic sex so exquisite.

“Uuggmmfffff! Uumppff! Aaaauugghhh mmppfffff mmppff Unnrggmmppfffff!” the twenty-five year old whinnied around the dick fucking her mouth as she was exquisitely TP fucked. All her holes filled with beautiful ever hard strap-on cock. She sucked happily till the cock was pulled from her mouth. Arianne’s head was now hanging down sweat dripping off her face and throat as her sweet savage Sand Snakes were kneeling around opposite sides of her body to switch fucking their aunt’s mouth and tight ass yet again.

Myrcella took advantage of the switch in positions of Dorea and Loreza to slip her cock out Arianne’s drooling pussy. She got up on her heels. She took her right hand and slipped her mushroom cockhead up over Arianne’s perineum to press her dickhead into the tired quivering starfish of her sweet Arianne. Her cock aligned Myrcella slammed her dick up Arianne’s asshole. Arianne ripped her head back keening in ecstasy. Her face twisted up with fierce ecstasy her throat keening in raw pleasure.

Myrcella humped her groin up and forward slamming her dick home up Arianne’s spasming asshole. The blond setting up a fast sizzling rhythm to work her shaft deep in and out her lover’s spasming asshole. She savaged the clenching butthole for a minute while Arianne sucked on both of her nieces’ cocks thoroughly cleaning both dicks of her ass cream. The older woman’s ass cheeks jiggling with the force Myrcella was putting in her ass fuck of her sweet wife. Then Myrcella pulled her dick out of Arianne’s asshole and slide down her perineum and aligned her cock and slammed it in balls deep splitting Arianne’s cunt in two.

"Ohhhh! Unh! Unh!" Arianne moaned, her hips twitching involuntarily. Myrcella pounded her shaft hard in and out her wife’s pussy. Her dick soaked in Arianne’s sweet ass juice. The thick shaft splitting her wife’s pussy in two so that it formed a tight O ring around her shaft. Her inner lips
pulled out on the out stroke and shoved back in the drooling fuck hole on the in stroke. Myrcella’s thighs slapping hard the voluptuous ass cheeks of her stout wife. The impacts jiggling her firm globes.

Then Myrcella paused again to pull her dick out of Arianne’s pussy that gushed cum. The opaque snail snot webbing between their bellies and groin. The effluent making spidery tendrils between their bodies when they separated as they fucked. Myrcella slide the cockhead up and punched her dick back deep into Arianne’s asshole burying it and working her hips hard and fast to pound Arianne’s booty hole hard and deep. Myrcella’s hips slapping up into Arianne’s body making it jolt and shudder.

The two Sand Snakes paused as they watched their blond wife pound their aunt’s booty hard with a fast furious ass fuck. Arianne’s head jerked around on her neck her face contorted with slashes and gnashing of teeth as anal bliss flowed out her pounded shithole. Myrcella slam fucked Arianne’s ass savagely making her body jerk and jolt. Myrcella grunted and snarled as she worked her hips and dug her feet into the bed to slam her dick balls deep up into her crying out wife’s clenching butthole.

When Dorea was back at her ass Myrcella pulled her cock out Arianne’s asshole and slide down her perineum and slammed it balls deep back up Arianne’s hot cunt. Ass juice pulsed out the slack asshole and flooded down Arianne’s perineum and soaked her cunt hole with sweet ass juice.

Dorea gripped her aunt’s ass cheek with one hand prying it back and the her other hand torpedo slammed her dick fully up Arianne’s asshole making the heir of Dorne cry out in pained pleasure. Those cries stifled when Loreza rode her ass juice slicked cock up into her aunt’s mouth. Arianne’s mouth glued to the thick shaft pumped up and down her tongue. Her lips glued to the prick and sucked her sweet ass off the cock fucking her mouth. Arianne was in heaven feeling all three fuck holes being hard fucked in what she liked to call a “love rape”. She simply loved to be fucked hard and deep.

Loreza hooked her fingers into Arianne’s mouth to open it up. She was beginning to chuff around Loreza’s cock fucking her wide open mouth making her choke and drool all over the sheets. Arianne choked and drooled out of copious strands of bubbly spit that flowed down her face and roped off her jaw line. The pleasure was rising exponentially in her pussy and asshole. She pulled her head back freeing her mouth from the cock fucking her throat. She keened slamming back to take the dicks pounding her fuck holes harder into her now wildly spasming pussy hole and clenching shithole.

Her eyes shocked wide open feeling her cunt and asshole explode simultaneously. Each hole scalding her with fucking bliss. Her cunt and asshole feeding off each other as they tried to tear themselves inside out. “FFFFUUUUCKKKKKK! ARRRRRUNNGGGGGGGG! OOWWWGGGPPGGGGGG!” Arianne wailed feeling her two fuck holes erupt in scalding spasms of pure fucking bliss. Her body felt like it was exploding. The voluptuous woman’s body flapped and jackknifed with killing convulsions of fucking bliss. Her asshole pinched down on the dick pounding her booty and her trim fisted the cock slamming in and out her flooding cunt.

“Awwoonggg!” Arianne howled, writhing between wives hard toned bodies. Their bodies relentlessly pounded Arianne’s voluptuous body. The beautiful black haired woman loved feeling four strong hands gripping her body so her wives could harpoon fuck her pussy and ass driving her insane with pleasure.

Her body jolting forward hard with each slam fuck up her snatch and ass. Arianne continued to cum in wild, throbbing spasms. “Ohhhnn gods! Auungghhiieeee! Mmmnnngghhiieeee! Uummmgghhieeeeee! Unngghhiieeee!” Arianne screamed feeling her womb ripped to shreds
deep in her belly scalding her in shattering ecstasy. She loved how her two wives lunged their dicks up her exploding fuck holes prolonging her blissful fuck and ecstasy. The thick cocks making her fuck holes continue to spasm had rend themselves harshly.

Arianne slowly came down from her shocking orgasm. Loreza pulled out her asshole and kneed around to her head. Arianne tiredly opened her mouth and Loreza slide her dick up her tongue where Arianne clamped her lips on the shaft soaked in her shithole and tiredly but happily pumped her head up and down the shaft savoring her ass cream soaking the shaft.

She gurgled feeling Myrcella slide her cock from her pussy that gushed out slimy cum that soaked their bellies in cum. The blonde moved her cock back up the perineum of Arianne and slide her dick deep up into Arianne’s ass and started to pump her shaft in and out the tired put purring asshole. The voluptuous woman’s asshole was spent but already reviving hungry for more anal ‘gasms.

The voluptuous woman feasted on her sweet ass grease on the dick sliding up and down her tongue. Her eyelids fluttered closed as she pumped her head up and down the cock in her mouth. She felt Dorea at her ass watching Myrcella still fucking her asshole with violent lunges of her prick up her shit pipe. Her body jolting from the force of Myrcella ramming in her cock up into Arianne’s ass burying the full length of her shaft of her dick up into Arianne’s colon.

Myrcella saw Dorea get behind them straddling their legs. Dorea and she locked eyes and smiled. Dorea moved in guiding her cock to Arianne’s asshole. The Sand Snake pressed her cockhead into the already stretched out asshole gripping Myrcella’s dick. Myrcella stopped her motions to let Dorea work her dick into Arianne’s voluptuous ass. Arianne whimpered feeling Dorea’s cockhead riding around on the shaft buried in her ass. Her breath juddered and her jaw shook as Dorea’s cockhead found purchase and pried her asshole back and slide up into her ass.

Dorea loved seeing her dick slowly pry her aunt’s asshole up and the bulbous dickhead slowly worm up into Arianne’s asshole. The two thick stalks jutting out the voluptuous woman’s ass obscenely.

“Aaggggg … unnggg ohhh gods your wrecking my asshole” Arianne cried out feeling her asshole stretched out cruelly with two thick shafts sliding up deep into her ass. The shafts worked up deep into her ass till she felt Dorea pressed into her ass cheeks. Dorea paused letting Arianne’s asshole stretch out on the two dick shoved up her turd canal.

Arianne’s head juddered back on her stiff neck her teeth grit in sweet pain and flooding pleasure. Her asshole cruelly stretched out. Arianne gurgled as she now felt the in and out strokes of the two dicks stuffed up her ass. The sweet double anal penetration painful but also raw pleasure flooded Arianne’s very veins with searing bliss. Hot pulses radiating out her squired and stretched out asshole.

Soon her body was jolting forward with two dicks seesawing in and out her ass. The two cockheads thumping over each other as they plunged up and down her asshole. Her ass drooling out ass juice that dribbled down flooding her cunt hole with her ass cream. The slicked shafts slamming deep up her ass. The dickheads plowing her wet red colon folds. Her sphincter rings spasm hard with the two shafts jerking in and out the voluptuous woman’s shithole. Myrcella and Dorea seesawed their cocks in and out their slut’s asshole so their dickheads thumped over each other as they worked deep up into Arianne’s belly.

"Unh! Oh! Ungghh … anngghh! Yes ... yes! Oh gods yes ... annuungghiiee! … Godsdamnnnn your ruining my shitholeeeeee” Arianne cried out, feeling the two dicks now viciously slamming in and out her asshole in a staccato rhythm. Dorea pulled her dick out of Arianne’s asshole and then cruelly wormed it back into Arianne’s ass and shoved its length up her asshole on top of Myrcella’s punching dick up Arianne’s ass. Her sphincter rings shrieking out pain but so much more pleasure
that was besotting Arianne with ecstasy. The pain only adding to the hot pleasure flooding her veins with throttling bliss.

Loreza watched the hot show before her. Arianne’s stout body rippled and jiggled with the hard deep dicking her asshole was receiving. Dorea and Myrcella gripping Arianne’s body to lunge their dicks savagely up twenty-five year old’s asshole. Arianne cried out in shocking pain as it all jumbled up with sweet bliss. The cocktail intoxicating. Her face a constant mask of grimaces, slashes, twists and face contorting scrunches as her asshole flooded Arianne with anal fuck bliss.

Arianne felt her body pushed forward the two dicks slipping out her ass. She cried out at the intense sensations. A gush of ass juice flooded out her asshole and rushed down her perineum into her cunt and splattered down on Myrcella’s belly. Arianne loved feeling so slutty with the shit juice flooding out her gaped asshole.

The stout beautiful woman was dumped down on the bed. Her body askew as she thumped down onto the mattress. She felt Myrcella fist her sweaty matted hair in a cruel knot. Roughly Myrcella jerked her tired voluptuous body around making Arianne whimper and cry out in pain with her hair roots shrieking. Myrcella dragged Arianne’s head down Myrcella’s sweaty belly. Arianne’s chin riding down the blonde’s toned abdomen.

Her blonde wife dragged Arianne around with hard mean jerks so her cheating wife’s face was by the two dicks of her wives soaked in her ass cream. Arianne gripped the shafts at the base and shoved both dickheads into her greedy mouth. Her mouth stretched out by the bulbous dickhead pressed into the front of her mouth. Arianne’s tongue working over both cockheads before she cleaned the cocks in turn savoring her ass on them.

Arianne pumped her head on each shaft sucking her sweet ass off the cocks. She loved having her three wives watch her with glittering eyes watching Arianne suck hungrily her asshole off the two cocks that had been savaging her ass. Arianne purred and cooed sucking her ass off the cocks. She looked up at her wives with kitten eyes.

Now Loreza laid on her back with Arianne moving to straddle her body. Arianne reached down to guide Loreza’s dick into her hot cunt and impaled her pussy on it and began to pump her body back into the shaft fucking her pussy so good and deep. Now Myrcella got up on her feet and straddled Arianne’s supine body. Myrcella rammed her dick into the hot asshole of her wife. Myrcella worked her hips and fucked Arianne hard and viciously. Now it was Dorea and Myrcella who took turns plundering her asshole and then feeding the thick shaft to Arianne for her to hungrily clean.

The two teenagers fucked hard the ass of their supposedly adulteress wife. The two women working in concert to pound the fuck holes of Arianne. Dorea had moved to Arianne’s head and fed her dick to give her aunt a cock pacifier to suck on hungrily.

After a few minutes Loreza moved her cock up into Arianne’s ass while Myrcella was feeding Arianne her dick soaked in her ass grease. Dorea quickly moved in and fed her dick into Arianne’s asshole on top of her twins. Both Sand Snakes gripping their aunt’s hips and ribs to jack her back into the dicks slamming up into her shithole. The twins pumped their hips with Dorea arching her back to ram her dick furiously up into Arianne’s shit pipe on top of her twin’s short jerking in and out cock plundering Arianne’s asshole.

The twins pulling their cocks out their aunt’s now gaped asshole that winked and did not close up. Dorea reaching down to pull back Arianne’s ass cheeks to gape her aunt’s ass wide open. The gaping orifice full of runnels and clutching. Dorea moaned and bent down and Dorne kissed the gaped orifice sliding her tongue deep into Arianne’s wide open asshole licking her rectum slowly with her swirling tongue as the niece moaned rimming out her aunt’s wet red rectum.
The twins switched positions pushing Arianne off their cocks and feeding her their dicks. The older woman tiredly but hurriedly turning her body around unguided to again feast of cocks soaked in her ass cream. The older woman first jamming both cockheads into her mouth stretching it out as she worked her tongue over both dickheads. Only then working each shaft up and down her tongue sucking with cheek hollowing sucks savoring again her sweet ass juice.

Then the aunt mounted her nieces with now Dorea on her back and fucking her pussy. Loreza and Myrcella taking her asshole with sweet vicious fucking.

Soon Loreza was at Arianne’s head feeding her dick soaked in Arianne’s ass. The slut moaning sucking her ass off the offered cock. She cried out around the dick in her mouth with Myrcella riding her dick double anal up Arianne’s stretched out asshole. Dorea arched her back on the bed with her feet planted on the bed to punch her dick up deep into her aunt’s asshole.

She was dumped on the bed several more times to clean both cocks fucking her asshole with hard and deep thrusts of cock up her asshole. Then she was mounted again. They switched things up having Loreza on her back with Arianne’s back to her and her ass resting on Loreza’s groin. Her dick fucking her ass hard. Now Dorea and Myrcella moved in from the front and first fucked her pussy and then did double anal from this position. Their dicks ramming hard and deep up into Arianne’s ass.

Arianne supporting her weight leaned back with her hands by Loreza’s shoulders. Her head looking down at the cocks fucking her couchie and asshole and then doing double anal on her. She gurgled when Loreza reached up and worked her hands underneath her arm pits and then locked her fingers behind her aunt’s head. She ripped Arianne’s head down with vicious jerks. Arianne chuffing with the rough control of her neck and head. Her head jammed down so her eyes could fully see the dicks plunging hard into her pussy and ass.

The Loreza moved her cock to Arianne’s pussy while Arianne feasted on the dicks that were offered to her by Myrcella and Dorea on either side of her body the women on their knees. Then they slipped their cock into her pussy and fucked her double vaginal in turn. The two women on their knees slipping out her pussy to then feed it to Arianne as the other moved in to double vag fuck Arianne.

Arianne was flipped back over to straddle Myrcella again and she was DP, double anal and vag fucked mercilessly. The dicks slamming hard and deep up into her stretched asshole and cunt.

Soon after Arianne felt her body again rising in harsh spasms of fucking bliss as her body rose up in shrieking pleasure blurred with sweet pain.

Her double fucked asshole exploded wildly.

Arianne’s eyes shocked wide open when her cries of pleasure flooded the room like a death wail of blistering scalding ecstasy. Her asshole simply tearing itself inside out ripping her sphincter to shreds it felt like. "AWOONNNNGGGHHHHH! MNNNGGGHIIIIIIIIEEEIEEE! AWWONNGGGG!" she roared, her whole pelvis shaking and quaking in wild jolts as a scalding ecstasy gripped her flesh. "Oooohhhhhhh ... uuuoonnnnnhhhhh!!" she moaned more softly in the troughs of her orgasm, but then geared up for another earsplitting scream. "HHHAAAUNNGGHHH! OH SHIT! OH FUUUUUUCK! MNNNGGGHHIIIIIIIIIE!!" Her body bucked and flopped wildly like she was being struck by lightning filled with a million killing volts of ecstasy.

A groggy Arianne was dumped back down to the bed and her hair fisted to be dragged around to the dicks that had just plundered her asshole to such pure shocking pure bliss and searing ecstasy. Her body jerking wildly with harsh aftershocks as she sucked her ass off the dicks that had fucked her
asshole so sweetly. Her body filled with molten ecstasy that pulsed in her veins. Her mouth purring as she sucked her ass off the dicks.

For the next hour she was passed around by her wives as they took turns fucking all three of here fuck holes in all manner of pairings. Her pussy and asshole ripped apart by more intense double anal and vag fucking that sent Arianne over the precipice of shattering vaginal and anal ‘gasm shredding orgasms.

She loved sucking her pussy and ass off the thick shafts plundering her pussy and ass and then rammed into her mouth to suck her sweet pussy and ass off the thick black leather shafts. She was laid on the bed and rolled right and left as her wives took her from behind to fuck her ass and pussy so hard and deep. Arianne taken spoon by her wives who attacked her worn out fuck holes from all angles from behind. Then rolled over as her wife fucking her ass moved up on her side so she could do sweet ATM. The wife on the other side of her body taking her worn out fuck holes. She had cum several more times yet again screaming her voice now getting raw.

She loved how her body was flipping so wildly her hips jerking to ram her groin back to take her wives cocks balls deep up her ass and burying the shaft deep up her cunt. Each orgasm made her asshole and cunt feel like they were being seared in broiling ecstasy. Her last vaginal orgasm had made her howl in burning agony that made her toes curl and fingers claw for almost a minute of along drawn harrowing orgasm. Her hands slammed the bed and her head jerk back as her blistering screams filled the room. Her cunt felt destroyed with ecstasy. She tingled all over now basking in nirvana on Earth.

Finally, she was fucked out. She was in that happy place that only her wives could take her too. She was satiated and at peace with the world. She loved the feel of her cunt and asshole throbbing with her still elevated pulse. Her pussy especially had that burn a pussy gets when it has been fucked beyond all endurance. Her asshole throbbing in pain and pleasure as the pulses slowly ebbed way.

Arianne had been ‘ridden hard and hung up wet. She had totally absolutely fucking relished the harsh sweet supposed grudge fuck. She was well and truly fucked out she felt. Her slut needs finally filled she yawned with a beatific smile on her face.

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Sand Snakes

Dorea looked down at Arianne sweetly. She loved her wife so much. She so enjoyed these games that Myrcella and Arianne would dream up. They in the past just would bring out the whips and other implements of pain and start wailing away on their willing and moaning partners. They felt such a sadistic rush giving pain to willing sluts who were pain sluts and addicted to masochistic sex. It was a rush to look upon a woman’s body marked with the marks from her whip, flogger or cane had left on the woman’s body.

It had at first surprised her at how many woman loved to be abused sexually. The sluts constantly coming back to her and her twin for more sweet pain. Pain they craved and begged for. She and her sister were always happy to give the sluts what they wanted and need. They were so happy that Arianne their aunt and Myrcella were such hot willing pain sluts.

There was so many ways to abuse willing women the twins had learned. The rush of hearing their palms slapping willing flesh or the sound of leather whipping writhing women’s bodies was such a turn on. But with their wives they took to a whole other level of realism by putting a story to the rough sex. It was so easy to get into character with Arianne being the adulterous slut caught in the act. To feel the anger of betrayal and to see her pathetic attempts to lie her way out of the situation.
Arianne was always going back to that scenario. It turned Arianne on no end to play the adulterous wife caught and punished.

Myrcella had another scenario she liked to play. The tableau played out more than once. She had told them her mother’s former self had inspired her desires to play out that dynamic. Her beautiful blonde wife loved to play the stuck up Queen who lorded it over all with a snooty and pompous air. Then she, Loreza and Arianne would rise up in rebellion and totally fuck Myrcella over as she plead for mercy and of course none was ever given.

Another difference between Myrcella and Arianne was that their blonde wife would often try and fight back. She would try to thwart the will of her attacking wives. The extra force and abuse required to subdue Myrcella was fucking hot. Having to whip Myrcella even more savagely, punch her in the stomach to take the wind from her snotty mouth and throw her around the room and into walls and drag her by her hair till she finally was beaten and submitted was super rad!

The twin sisters had often discussed how lucky they were. Not once had the safe word ‘red’ been spoken or even the slow down word ‘yellow’. Both of their switch wives wanted it hardcore to the max when receiving pain and humiliation. The two sadist sisters were more than happy to deliver that pain.

Dorea smiled over at her twin sister Loreza. She had enjoyed this last murmür’s play too. It was so hot to play the vengeful wives seeking just revenge. It let you really get into the mean cruel revenge fuck scenario. They never knew when either of their docile wives would crave a hard flogging / whipping and then roughly fucked. It kept it fresh and hot never knowing when their wives would crave a session of hard BDSM sex. Usually, one or the other of them would want to be the center of attention but often both just wanted to be fucked over without any elaborate role playing. Often Arianne or Myrcella would switch to the dom and help in the royal abuse like now during the next play session.

It was always so hot to the identical twin sisters when both of their wives came to their Sand Snakes for some hard rough sex. Many times they would just fuck them mercilessly but the spice of adding in story lines was intoxicating but Arianne and Myrcella did not overdo these “situations”. They did not become burdensome coming up with new scenarios or redoing the same ones over and over to close together and making them boring. Their wives brought the Game of Thrones into their bedroom enough to make the sex always scorching.

One thing Dorea had noticed was the difference in the Sand Snakes general character and disposition. The twins and the other daughters of Ellaria, Elia and Obella were hardcore sadist who did not enjoy being on the receiving end of pain except when they needed a taste of strange. They were all pure sadist. But the other daughters of Oberyn with different mothers than Ellaria were all switches with maybe leanings towards being masochistic. Obara, Sarella were total switches going with the flow while Nymeria and Tyene were switches but were clearly on the masochistic side of the balance.

It was all strange. Oberyn was their father and he was all stud and sadist she supposed but it was only Ellaria’s children that were the hardcore sadist. And yet their mother was a switch who preferred to be the bottom. Strange. Shouldn’t their mother, Ellaria, be a hardcore sadist bitch like her daughters?

Dorea smiled. In the end it did not matter.

It was funny in a way. The Sand Snakes were free lovers but the daughters of Ellaria had never fucked their own mother. They were all headstrong and butted heads continuously. Each woman wanting to get her way and being way too willing to be stubborn about it. Ellaria had been a woman
that the twins had never desired to bed and fuck. Their own mother’s iron will being their mother had subsumed any such desires. Their mother’s iron discipline much too much like being a top. Major turnoff!

That could not be said of Myrcella and Arianne. They had fucked their mother, Ellaria, into a coma many times now. They could not get enough of their mother’s couchie. They had both made it clear that they fully expected Loreza and Dorea to start joining them. “Stop being selfish!” Arianne had whined. Myrcella had pouted cutely.

They had discussed it between themselves and Elia and Obella. They had come to an agreement that the past was the past. They were all adults now with all the responsibilities that came with it. Ellaria had mellowed with the years. Now that she was not the mother hen clucking over them the tension had largely faded. It was time to put the past behind them.

They would soon be fucking their mother. Their two wives had regaled them at how good in the sack their mother was and how sweet her pussy and asshole tasted. They especially loved hearing that their mother loved to be fisted in her pussy and deep up her ass to the elbow. She loved the whip too. They had thought evilly at that. The dramas they could play! Time for some payback the twins thought evilly. They got hot and wet thinking of turning the tables on their mother and first whipping her senseless and then devouring her and then rampaging her sweet fuck holes with their strap-ons and fists. It would be heavenly they had agreed.

Dorea stopped musing about what was to be and focused on the here and now.

The two Sand Snakes removed their strap-ons and threw them on the floor. Myrcella was doing the same as she stretched out. Their attendant would retrieve them in night when they were sleeping to wash and lubricate to make them supple and shiny for their next use.

Arianne was stretching out and luxuriating in her great fuck. Her body was red all over from their loving abuse. Her skin all splotchy from the harsh abuse that she so craved. Arianne scooted up gingerly and put a few pillows underneath her head. She held out her arms to her lovely fierce wives. They came up to her body and snuggled in.

“I love you so much Dorea and Loreza. You always fuck me so good. I feel so worn out and good. Gods I love how you abuse me my sweet nieces. I am so happy that I married you. I was born to be your wife.” Arianne smiled seeing the big smile on her nieces’ faces. They were not loquacious and let their actions speak of their deep abiding incestuous love for their aunt. They loved her and would never let her go.

Arianne shivered and started to weep softly coming down from the high of rough sex. The Sand Snakes kissed and gently stroked Arianne’s voluptuous body soothing her from her emotional high. The future leader of Dorne wept softly remembering how great she felt being fucked so hard on and on. How her wives gave her just what she needed. Loreza and Dorea knew that when a woman was taken to such highs on BDSM sex that she usually was overcome with sweet emotions when the session was over. They needed to be stroked and loved with intimate caresses. Which they were happy to do feeling Arianne’s warm body pressed into theirs.

Loreza saw Myrcella at her desk studying some of the sheaths of parchment and scrolls that the Maester had given them. She smiled thinking of how getting those scrolls had led to such hot intense loving fucking. They had been told the spells were in High Valyrian. She knew that her two Game of Thrones of wives would be learning that language post haste to take advantage of the new weapons of espionage and direct force that Marwyn had given them.

Loreza knew her talented wives would master what those odious and stupid men in the Citadel were
not able to truly master. Her wives would prove their superiority. They were women after all.

Loreza and her sister had been at first so jealous of the man touching Arianne but now admitted that it had been so hot to see Arianne fucking the man so exuberantly. They would never understand what any woman saw in a man’s body but would never again make Arianne feel ashamed of her love for cock. Being fair, Loreza had to admit that men looked okay but she just was not attracted to them in the least. Still the Maester did have a massive thick uncircumcised cock. He had proven he knew how to use that phallic shaft too.

She had to admit it had been hot to see the Maester roughly strip Arianne of her clothes as she fumbled with his hooks and laces getting his long thick cock out of his trousers. Loreza was used to seeing Arianne and Myrcella give head to their strap-ons but it was hot watching in the almost third person like it had been looking out through the spy holes in the wall. She had felt like one of Dorne’s jackals on a clandestine mission.

It had been hot to see Arianne fist the Maester’s cock and jerk his foreskin up and down his shaft and then siphoning his cockhead in that was half covered with his foreskin. She sucked his cockhead and fisted his shaft working his foreskin down. Loreza reflected her strap-on couldn’t do that. Damnit! She watched Arianne bob so hard her hair flouncing. She sucked with cheek hollowing sucks with her mouth traveling up and down the thick veined shaft. She would twist her head on his dickhead. Arianne sucked off his cockhead with loud plops. Then diving back down to hard suck his hard dick. Her lips glued to his shaft as she double fisted his thick cock. Her mouth making wet obscene sucking noises feasting on male cock.

Dorea had to admit it was not so bad watching Arianne fucking a guy after all. She was still jealous as hell but she had gotten so fucking wet. Great sex was great sex after all.

Then he was on the bed lying back while Arianne was sucking him off fiercely. Her aunt was folded down on her legs her tits resting on this highs as she sucked with obvious joy on Marywn throbbing dick. He had taken his right hand and gripped Arianne’s hair like Loreza did when Arianne was pumping her head hard on her shaft. Gods she enjoyed that visual. Arianne chuffed and moaned sucking hot dick. She would lift her head and butterfly stroke her tongue all over his dickhead before swallowing again and bobbing hard with lips glued to his hot cock.

Arianne was over his groin one hand pumping his shaft the other gripping the Maester’s hip to anchor her body as she bobbed furiously on his dick sucking with all her strength. Listening to his groans of pleasure in retrospect had been so hot to listen too. He had both hands on Arianne’s head now. His fingers clawed through her long black hair and clawed into her scalp. He was helping the woman slam her head up and down his dick his cockhead slamming into the back of Arianne’s throat making her choke and caw as she concentrated to keep sucking fiercely.

Then the Maester did what she could not do Loreza lamented. Damnit! He had roared and he pulled Arianne’s head up off his cock. He took his fingers of his right hand and worked his fingers down Arianne’s forehead. He pulled Arianne’s eyelids open. He fisted his dick with his other hand tilting his shaft to point his pisshole at Arianne’s face. He had his cock only six inches in front of Arianne’s face. His fist stroking his cock hard and fast as his body began to shake and convulse.

“FFFFUUCCCKKKK! AAAAAWWOOOGGGGGG! FFFFFUUUUCCKKKKKKKK!”

The Maester screamed as hot semen boiled up his thick veined shaft and spurted out his pisshole on his bulbous dickhead. He blasted his cum all over Arianne’s face with powerful spurts. His semen hit Arianne in her nose and eyes the semen splattering with the powerful spurts hitting her face at point blank range. The Maester roared again his hips jerking up his dick firing off long ribbons of semen that hit hard Arianne’s face. She groaned gutturally her eyelids jerking but unable to close as more
semen pulsed into her eyes. Her face was soaked in semen and her hair soaked and mated with semen from the Maester’s copious hot spurts. She looked so fucking slutty and hot! Gods she was beautiful with her face and hair soaked with slimy pearly semen.

Arianne had told her and Dorea he had the constitution of a bull in the rut and he took herbal supplements that kept the Maester hard and ready for action. He proved Arianne’s prognostication correct. He was soon hard again.

He fucked Arianne so hard in her cunt and ass. The Sand Snakes’ wife howling with orgasms as he slapped his body down into her body face to face impaling her womb on his dick. Arianne gripped his body to her with looped arms and ankles locked above his hard pumping hips.

Then she did him cowgirl. Arianne on her knees her feet hooked on the tops of his thick thighs. Her heavy tits whiplashing up and slapping down as she rode him in a ride of wild exuberance. They fucked hard with bodies slapping. The Maester was then cumming in her aunt’s cunt as he howled and she screamed in orgasm feeling his cock spurt hot and hard into her womb. That was something that Loreza could never do and she thought that really sucked. She had to admit it had been hot to see both of their faces torn apart with crippling pleasure. The Maester’s body jerking up as Arianne slammed down to impale her womb on his spurring dick.

Loreza smiled nestling against Arianne who had gotten her crying jag out of her system and was cooing feeling her Sand Snakes against her. Not feeling their cocks pleasured by Arianne’s hot tight cunt made them better lovers. Their total focus was on their wife and her ultimate pleasure. They had pleasured their aunt’s pussy and ass with expert skills. They had the power to give their wife the hard long loving fucks she craved.

Yes, watching Arianne, she was her usual insatiable slut self with the Maester. She fucked the Maester as soon as his cock hardened again. Arianne sucked his hardening cock back to full erection with obvious fuck hunger. He fucked her spoon and pile driver to a screaming orgasm. Then she rode him cowgirl and rode him up her tight asshole. Loreza loved how her tits would whip up with her hard fuck rhythm and ripple with their momentum before her heavy tits whiplashed back down to slap hare into her chest over and over with her exuberant fuck. Her tits flinging off sweat and her body soaked in sweat and cum.

Gods, Arianne’s screams of orgasm were so loud it seemed like they echoed off the tapestries covered walls. Her body convulsing with killing orgasms of shocking bliss.

Loreza had loved watching Arianne sucking feverishly on the Maester’s cock. Arianne had hunched down and looked up at the Maester with slit slut eyes. “Oh gods I need to suck my sweet ass off your dick Marwyn!” He looked at her with glittering eyes and then growled.

“Suck you shit juice off my prick you fucking godsdamn cunt!” Arianne’s whole body shivered and her eyes went even more limpid with fuck hunger. The Maester cried out watching her suck his cock deep into her mouth and bob hard sucking her sweet ass off his dick. “Oh Gods that is so fucking hot Arianne!” the Maester gagged his hips up thrusting driving his dick up into Arianne’s hot sucking mouth. Arianne drooled spit as she sucked her asshole off the thick veined shaft. Loreza thought anyone would find that so hot and alluring.

They had fucked for hours cumming hard again and again. Loreza was alright with that now. They had just shown Arianne that her wives could fuck her every bit as good as that Maester could. Hell that fucked her way better!

Still, watching that show had had an affect on the Sand Snakes and Myrcella. They still did not desire to fuck men. Not men but one man. They had started to discuss the possibilities of fucking
their father Oberyn. The older Sand Snakes regularly fucked their father and mother. Why not fuck their father and mother when a taste of strange rose up in their bellies and couchies. To feel a cock spurting deep up their ass or in their womb would be so rad. To suck a cock off and have it spurt hard into your face.

Also, with their father they would be submissive. They would submit to both him and Ellaria as his paramour. The possibilities made the Sand Snakes of the Pride of Dorne shiver. In the future they would have to make this happen. They were still lesbians but fucking their father sometimes would be hot.

Loreza looked over at Dorea who was pulled in tight by Arianne on that side of her body. They knew their wife well. She only thought she was fucked out. As one the twins bent in and siphoned in a turgid nipple deep into their mouth. They sucked sweetly their cheeks drawing as their tongue lathed the hardening teat. Arianne began to gurgle her legs scissoring on the bed. Her breathe hitching and accelerating. Loreza began to hard suck on her teat. She looked over at Dorea who was equally sucking hard.

They both loved the look of searing pleasure they were sucking out of their wife’s hard long thick medium brown nipples. Their feverish sucks tenting the sweet areolae and their fingers sinking deep into firm but yielding heavy tits.

They got up on their knees hunched over and gripped Arianne’s heavy full gourd tits with both hands and pumped them hard. Dark fingers sinking deep into the medium brown tits pulping them hard filling them with harsh pleasure that hard milking gave Arianne. They had their mouth latched onto thick stiff nipples and steeple areolae that they deep throat sucked on the nipples. The rigid stems so delightful to lick and teeth rake as Arianne’s body jolted and convulsed with sweet fuck need.

Their fingers sunk deep into Arianne’s full firm tits. Their hands pumping as their heads drewled up with their harsh love sucks on the nipples now sucked deep in starving mouths. They plopped their mouths off the engorged teats with loud noises before sucking in again repeating as Arianne convulsed and played with their hair. They drooled spit out all over the tits they were love mauling. The dark Sand Snakes kissing the heavy udders all over and leaving bit marks that turned the skin more brown.

The twins lifted her heavy udders. The twins licking and kissing the heavy orbs on their undersides and licking along the secret crease where their aunt’s breast met her chest. The Sand Snakes slowly kissing all around the orbs with sweet kisses hitting all their slut’s hot spots. They then worked up the slopes of Arianne’s tits till they again siphoned in her turgid nipples and fiercely suckled like starving babes.

They continued to pleasure their aunt’s tits. While doing this one or the other would kiss up their aunt’s cawing throat and kiss her deeply their tongues ramming down their submissive slut’s throat with repeated hard spearing thrusts. Their aunt’s eyes rolling back again and again into her skull overwhelmed with ecstasy and pure love. The sister doing the kissing was still pulping the heavy udder she would soon be nursing on again. This went on for several minutes as they feasted and Arianne whimpered and jolted with sweet ecstasy.

Her voluptuous body jolted and writhed on she sheets. Her face slashed with harsh pleasure. Arianne’s breathing now ragged and clotted with fuck need. Her body beginning to film with fuck sweat again.

“Unnggg oohhhhh yessssssss! Babies oh babies—my cunt is on fire babies … suck me off again—make me cum so fucking hard!” Arianne gasped her head thrashed right and left. Her face slashed
with ecstasy. Loreza was just moving to comply when her twin, Dorea the slut, was in between Arianne’s thighs in a flash. So selfish she groused to herself with a smile.

Loreza watched Dorea wiggle down to get comfortable and her face in the right position to dine on sodden dripping wet red cunt meat. Her face bent down and buried deep into Arianne’s snatch her head lapping so her tongue lashed and raked her wife’s now rigid clit and drooling slit. Her tongue lapped the slit already wet and sucked in long labia lips and rolled around in her mouth before moving up and sucking on the rigid clit with short sucks and rapid tongue lashes.

Dorea sucked her aunt’s grape sized clit deep into her mouth. Her cheeks dimpled in with her deep throat love sucks and showed her tongue slapping the hard nodule. Then Dorea lifted her head to lick over her aunt’s rigid clit with slow flat tongue licks and then went to fast a rhythm of flat tongue licks. She gave wet noisy kisses to Arianne’s shiny wet clit before again tongue lick and giving siphon sucks making Arianne whoop and cry out in raw aching pleasure.

Loreza watched Dorea work her head to slide her tongue over Arianne’s clit again and again and then she sucked in a mouthful of cunt meat and sucked on it with wet sucks her tongue lashing over the rigid bud all hard and shiny. Wet snuffling sounds filled the room as Dorea dined. Dorea herself chuffing and moaning herself as she dined on the sweetest taste on Earth. Slimy wet cunt meat. A dreamy look on Dorea’s face as she sucked and munched on that slimy snail snot soaked cunt meat. Then Dorea was giving her aunt’s pussy wet kisses that were noisy and stretched out the clit meat with wet loving sucks.

Loreza watched as she gripped both of her aunt’s heavy tits and hefted them up with milking squeezes and wolfed sucked on the thick long teats with drawing long love sucks. The friction and suction had Arianne’s face slashed and twisted with the fierce hot pulses racing out her sucked nipples. Loreza moved her head back and forth licking and stabbing the engorged turgid teats and sucking the nips deep into her mouth and deep throat love sucking her mouth glued to the areolas and tenting them up with her voracious sucks.

Arianne gurgled and moaned like the slut she was. Dorea mashed her face in deep and swirled her face in a tight swirl sucking and licking the sweet clit meat sucked deep into her mouth. Dorea moaned and cawed dining on sweet sopping wet cunt meat. Her eyelids heavily lidded her mouth making obscene wet smooches and slurps eating out her aunt wife. Cum soaking her entire wallowing lower face.

The heir to Dorne swirled her hips up grinding her cunt into her niece’s face mashing her vulva hard into her lover’s hot sucking mouth. Her camel toe engulfing and compressed around the mouth devouring it. Dorea’s nose, mouth and cheeks soaked in the cum of her wife she was devouring.

Loreza leaned back to watch the show. She watched Dorea lift her head to lick sensual circles over the sloppy wet jutting up clitoral hood with her circling tongue. The engorged clit jutted out fully from it hood. The shiny bud harshly licked with strong tongue lashing licks. In between the sweet licks Dorea gave Arianne’s quim wet sucks that had Arianne gagging in helpless pleasure her face filled with a soft wanton slut look.

Dorea moved up so her head was more over than in front of Arianne’s slobbering wet quim. Her head angled down licking strong strokes and then working her tongue up and down the drooling slit and sucking in labia lips and munched on them. Arianne gagged and love jolted with sweet throttling pleasure. Dorea drooled spit onto her wet feast and then sucked in mouthfuls of sweet cunt meat and feasted.

Arianne had cummed so many times this long night. Her couchie was spent and this allowed Dorea to feast to her heart’s content. Her mouth munching on wet cunt meat and her lips glued around the
thick bulbous clit of her aunt and giving strong deep throated love sucks making her aunt’s face crumple in shocking pleasure and her aunt’s throat to cry out in shocking fuck ecstasy.

Loreza watched for a few minutes stroking her drooling snatch. Her fingers soaked in her snail snot. She would bring up her fingers and suck them clean of her own cum. Her belly clenching at the self-induced pleasure and watching her sister and aunt fuck. Dorea was now lapping her head both lifting it and mashing it in hard into Arianne’s wet mound. The back and forth letting her tongue work the slit and clit differently. Loreza especially loved watching Dorea bury her tongue bulging out her aunt’s vulva as it stroked up and down in the drooling slit.

Loreza needed relief. She moved to straddle Arianne’s body. Her knees near the middle of Arianne’s ribs. With a moan sigh Loreza lowered her wet pussy on her wife’s stomach. She stated to sweep her hips forward and back dragging her swollen muffin up and down Arianne’s flat softly muscled stomach. Her aunt looked up at her with a besotted slut smile. Her face torn with flashes of ecstasy that Dorea was giving her.

Loreza felt her pussy seizing up with the sweet friction and pressure. Her drooling cunt nutting on her aunt’s stomach. Her body hitched and lurched with the sweet sensations flowing out her tribbed couchie that drooled snail snot out all over her beautiful aunt’s stomach. The slimy snot letting her cunt easily glide back and forth on the smooth plain.

Loreza looked back and down to glance at Dorea. She had lifted her head and her tongue first flicked over Arianne’s clit striking from all angles before going to down pressing flat tongue licks interspersed with wet kisses that sucked hard on the rigid shiny grape jutting out its sheath. Then Dorea was back to flicking the pinkish white clit with her tongue starting another round of sweet torment. The tongue flicks reminded Loreza of an adder’s flicking tongue. The rapid light tongue strokes all over your clit was simply so fucking rad!

Loreza grunted mashing down to press her clit harder into the firm stomach of her aunt. Up and down the Sand Snake dragged her drooling cunt on her aunt’s stomach. The pleasure shocking Loreza with hot stabs of pleasure pouring her lubricating cunt coating Arianne’s stomach with now tendrils of hot cum as well mixing with her clear effluent.

She was bent down her hands cupping her wife’s spread out tits to push them up off her ribs and together. Loreza had them pushed them into each other the nipples side by side as she compressed her wife’s firm titties. She looked down at Arianne’s face as it twisted and slashed with the harsh pleasure Dorea was sucking from her couchie. She bent her head down to add to her aunt’s incestuous pleasure.

Loreza wolfed sucked on the engorged teats and tongue lashed mercilessly and stabbed with her tongue hard. Her head moved right and left to feast on each nipple her hands squeezing the firm globes making the areola bulge up for her mouth. Loreza pressed in harder making her aunt’s tits compress to get her nipples side by side.

She now did figure eights around both nipples with her wet tongue. Loreza worked them in tandem her tongue loving the steeple on her wife’s areolas. Loreza hands gripped and pulped Arianne’s heavy tits her fingers sinking deep with her rhythmic clenches of her hands. She felt Arianne rocking her hips to grind her sodden trim up into Dorea’s hot gobbling mouth. Her motions getting rougher and more desperate. That motion working Arianne’s stomach which in turn made the pussy fucking it compress and ride over the changing cambers.

She heard Dorea dining on sodden cunt meat. Her lips making wet suck noises and her mouth now swallowing Arianne’s entire upper plump cunt and voraciously love sucking with deep throat love sucks. Her tongue swiping and polishing her wife’s diamond hard clit. She looked back over her
shoulder at her twin. She was pumping her head with her love sucks stretching out Arianne’s upper pussy in her mouth. The sodden trim so red and wet. She turned her back to her aunt.

Looking into Arianne’s eyes she lowered her head and siphoned in the thick rigid nipples and again harsh deep throat love sucked on the rubbery teats. Her mouth moving right and left. Her hands had moved up the tits she was pulping to work her fingers jerking and squeezing the nipple she was not currently sucking on feverishly.

All the while Loreza worked her hips in a circle swirl grinding her drooling snatch on Arianne’s stomach. Loreza chuffing around the nipples in her mouth feeling her pussy clench and pulse with hot pleasure. Her pussy drooling copious dollops of cum down onto her aunt’s light brown belly.

From her hunched over position Loreza saw Arianne’s face contort and slash with constant searing pulses of ecstasy. Her breathing was ragged and sweat again pouring off her face and ribs as her body reheated. Arianne’s eyes went opaque and her throat stretched taunt and a shocked devastated look filled her face. Her head suddenly jammed back down hard into the pillows. Her wife’s sweet voluptuous body began to flip up and down restrained by Loreza’s body sitting on her stomach. Loreza loved the feel of her aunt’s body jacking up and down underneath her wet pussy.

Both Loreza and Dorea felt the rising tension cording tight in their aunt’s body. Both sisters redoubled their voracious love sucks. Their heads both lifting in unplanned union. One trying to suck a clit down her throat and the other trying to do the same to her aunt’s rigid thick long nipples. They both felt Arianne’s breathing get deep and ragged her body shimming and shaking wildly now. Then it went still and Loreza saw Arianne’s head jerk up off the bed on a neck tight Arianne’s tendons threatening to rip out her taunt throat.

Eyes shocked wide open her mouth followed suit to rip out loud screams of almost agonizing pleasure. “AAARRUUUNNNGGGGGGGG! HHHNNGGGGGNNNNNNNNNNNNN! Auuggg unnggg GGGG0000DDSSSSSSSSDDDDAAMMNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!” Arianne screamed pure screams of pleasure as her womb tore itself apart deep in her belly with shattering twisting convulsions. Her body flipped and jackknifed violently now. Her aunt’s stomach and upper chest mashing Loreza’s tits and her groin. Arianne’s pussy jerked up into Dorea’s mouth. Her vulva totally engulfing her niece’s hot gobbling mouth.

Both of Arianne’s hands clawed into Loreza’s scalp now. The niece had throttled Arianne’s tits and slammed them against each other compressing the tits in Loreza’s throttling hands. Loreza had sucked both nipples deep into her mouth mashing Arianne’s gourd tits into each other with her clenching fingers. She sucked with long ragged deep throat sucks of pure love on the engorged teats in her mouth.

Arianne flexed her ass as her body twisted right and left on her clenching ass cheeks. She heaved her hips up as much as she could to mash her camel toe into the mouth devouring it. Loreza’s weight kept Arianne from wildly bucking. Loreza still sucked hard on the teats stuffed deep into her mouth. She saw that Arianne had lifted her head to watch her wolf suck her nipples. Her eyes wild with pleasure flooding her veins with searing bliss.

Loreza smiled seeing Arianne’s eyes roll back into her skull and lock up in violent convulsions in the back of her skull. The red blood vessels in the whites of her eyes obscene with their wild rolling right and left and then up and down. Her aunt’s head slammed back into the mattress. She heard Dorea growling behind her sucking with pure vicious deep throat sucks trying to suck her aunt’s clit down her throat. Loreza’s head lifted with her harsh love sucks on the nipples stuffed deep in her mouth. Her head lifting with her own deep throat love sucks.

Arianne arched her back with her neck also arched jamming the back of Arianne’s head hard into the
bed. Her mouth opened wide to scream as a second orgasm rolled through her body. Her head jammed down hard into the mattress as she screamed as if being boiled in oil.

“FFFFUUCCCKKKKKKKK! OOOWWWGGGGGGGGG! ARRRRRUUNGGGGGGGG! … Oh oh unngg hhnn hhnnnngg … Arruunngggg! Oowwwgghhhaaa! Unh! Unh! Oh ... sweet gods!” Arianne cried out. “Auunngghhhhiiee! Uummgghhiieeeeeee! Fffuuuccckkkkkk—goooddsssaammnnnnn!” as she felt her womb tear itself open again with three more rending convulsions of rending bliss. Her pussy cummed so long and hard. Arianne’s wives knew exactly how to give their wife maximum pleasure.

Loreza reveled when she felt Arianne’s belly nearly rend itself with the force of the killer convulsions that ripped through Arianne’s voluptuous body. Her toes curling with the dire ecstasy. Arianne finally collapsed onto the mattress a soaking wet mess. Her hair disheveled. Arianne was a bleary eyed and a very satisfied slut.

“Oohhhhhh babiieesss … my cunt is on fire … hurtssss so fucking good!” she weakly cawed out her body soaked in sweat again. Her eyes were lidded now and her head lulled over on her pillow. “I love my Sand Snakes with all my heart! I love you Loreza—Dorea with all my heart!” she hiccupped her eyes now closed. Her wives pulled up the sheets and tucked her in. Arianne was asleep. She looked so lovely and happy with a soft smile on her lips.

The Sand Snakes spied Myrcella writing at her desk. Fuck hunger burned in their eyes as they walked to their other wife. Myrcella had been watching them off and on while she looked over the scrolls from the Maester. The Sand Snakes knew their blond wife was waiting for them to take her. They moved in to satisfy their slutty blond wife’s needs.

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It was two hours later. Twenty minutes ago they had led a wobbly legged and cum drunk blond wife to their bed. They had lifted the sheets up off of Arianne’s snoring body. Myrcella snuggled in placing her head in the crook of Arianne’s arm and ribs. Their sweet lioness threw her leg over her wife’s hips and her left arm gripped Arianne’s gourd tit possessively. She was asleep in less than a minute her sweat and cum soaked body pressed tight into the Martells’ body.

The two sisters tucked she sheets back in as Myrcella mewled and snuggled in tight as a bedbug into Arianne’s voluptuous body.

They had then returned to the thick pile of furs they kept in front of the fire place to fuck gloriously before the raging flames. Both of their own bodies soaked in sweat and cum from Myrcella and each other’s bodies.

Of the twin sisters, Dorea was the dominate one and by that right got to feast first. Like most lesbians she derived as much ecstasy from the giving of pleasure as the receiving. She laid out Loreza who looked down at her with lidded eyes and elevated breath. Her pussy rotating up instinctively in wanton need to be devoured and fucked.

With a happy moan Dorea lowered her face to wallow into her sister’s sloppy wet quim till her lips were engulfed by Loreza’s vulva and labia lips. The wet slimy heat intoxicating to the Sand Snake. Dorea quickly working her tongue up and down the gooey slit and raking over Loreza’s rigid clit. Her hands gripping her slut’s legs to spread them out wide to open her sister’s gash to be sloppily devoured.

Dorea worked her mouth lower to tongue fuck her twin’s cunt hole. Her long tongue spearing in deep again and again feeling the drooling wet heat of her sister’s couchie. Dorea pressing her lips in
and Dorne kissing her sister’s cunny driving her wiggling tongue in deep loving the wetness and heat. Feeling her sister’s trim sucking on her long fucking tongue. Then back to working her sister’s clit and slit. The sister working her sister’s quim with all her skills.

The hot look in Loreza’s eyes drew Dorea up her twin’s body. She kissed and nipped the brown flesh. When she reached Loreza’s small titties she vacuum sucked the rock hard little nips and worked her tongue around on the small areolae. Then she was kissing her identical twin deeply their tongues wetly wrestling and flipping around in Loreza’s chuffing mouth. Dorea ramming her tongue down her sister’s throat. Dorea watched through slit eyes as Loreza convulsed her eyes half rolled back into her skull and jerking obscenely up and down.

Then Dorea was feasting again on the sodden trim of her identical twin sister with hot fuck hunger. She moaned at how Loreza slow swirled her hips up into Dorea’s hot gobbling mouth. Dorea was feasting on slimy wet cunt meat sucking first one thick inner lip into her mouth and sucking and licking clean before sucking in the other lip to munch and suck clean. Then lapping the drooling slit and raking her sister’s rigid clit jutting out its sheaf. She made her sister’s eighteen year old twat drool heavily. Then back to lipping her sister’s cunt lips clean again. A perfect dance of lesbian rug munching.

Loreza was whinnying loudly now swirling her hips harder up into her twin’s mouth. Her feet planted on the furs. Her ass dimpling as she lifted her hips off the floor jamming her cunt into Dorea’s mouth. Dorea sucking feverishly on sodden quim. She had her hands on her sister’s ass now helping her sister to fuck her mouth with her rotating cunt. The up and down motion of Loreza’s hips made Dorea so hot for it feeling Loreza work her snatch hard up and down her lower face. This gave Dorea total access to the hot wet cunt she was devouring in gluttonous glee.

“Oohhhh Doreaaaaaaa you eat my cunt so good sweetie auuggg unnggg ooh ohhhh yeesssss! Unnggg hhngggg! Eat my wet cunt sis!” Loreza’s head lulled first left and then right her face slashed with primal ecstasy her identical twin was giving her. Flashes of almost shocking searing pleasure flooding her veins with sweet wrenching bliss. Her toes curling with the force of the pleasure pulses burning through her veins.

Dorea felt her head rising and falling with the force of her sister’s desperate humping. Dorea brought her legs forward folding them underneath herself and gripped Loreza’s ass hard. Now Dorea rose up slowly the balls of her wrist jammed into Loreza ass and her fingers clawing taunt ass cheeks. Dorea rose up to her knees and brought Loreza up with her. Now Loreza’s body was at ninety degrees her ass on Dorea’s collarbones and her back resting on Dorea’s sweaty belly and tits. Dorea gripped Loreza’s sweat dripping ass cheeks as her sister ran her legs up on her shoulders her bent knees had her heels tapping Dorea’s back.

Dorea was in heaven looking down Loreza’s accordion folded body and wet open couchie just below her mouth. Dorea jammed her face down deep and hard to mash her face into her identical twin’s vulva. The wet camel swallowing her hot mouth. Dorea lapped her head to work her tongue raking slit and clit before she moved her head back and down and spearing her long tongue deep up into her sister’s frothing fuck hole. Back and forth the Sand Snake worked her mouth pleasuring her sister’s hot box and her rigid throbbing clit.

The Sand Snake sucking in mouthfuls of sweet slimy cunt meat and munched on the sodden folds in her mouth. Her head pumping up to stretch out the slimy folds before releasing and tongue fucking hot and hard the drooling fuck hole. Her tongue scooping out sweet slimy delicious curled tongue fulls of cum and swallowing with convulsive gulps of guttural moaning happiness.

“Nnnnnn . . . unhhghh . . . oh! Auungghhhhh!” Loreza love gurgled. “Oh sis you eat my fucking
pussy so fucking goodddd!” Dorea felt her sister’s thighs squeezing her ears as she humped up into her hot sucking mouth. “Unnggg hhnnnggg hhlnnn hhlnnn hhngggg!” Loreza wheezed in ecstasy. Her slit humping up into Dorea’s mouth with hot humps and grinding motions. Dorea was in heaven eating heavenly gash. Her long tongue now slow tongue fucking Loreza’s gooey honey hole. Her tongue scooping hot sweet hot cum to swallow convulsively in happy gluttony.

She was looking down at Loreza with slit eyes now moving her head up to wolf suck on her shiny clit. Her head lifted with the force of her love sucks. She watched Loreza face twist and slash with hot pleasure her compressed body chuffing hard. Her sister’s hands had come up to grip and mash her small titties into her ribs rolling her palms to mash and roll her little doves hard and cruelly. The woman giving herself sweet pleasure.

“Oh Gods sis … so close so close … oh gods my cunt is going to cum so hard … suck my clit suck my clit suck my clit!” her sister chuffed fast her voice desperate with striving. Loreza heels suddenly slammed into Dorea’s back and dug in as her sister’s body went to Valyrian steel. The ass cheeks she was gripping hard to keep her love suck tight on Loreza’s cunt were rock hard now and flexing wildly. Looking down Dorea saw her sister’s body lock up her eyes shocked wide open as her orgasm bloomed and then exploded deep in her belly.

Loreza’s head started to thrash violently and face seemed to shatter and her eyes snapped rolled back into her skull. “GGGOODDDAMMNNNNN! OOOOWWWWGGHHAAAAA! Auugnoonnggg! Unghh! Unghh!” Loreza screamed in pure love. Her screams of love echoing off the walls. Her pelvis writhing as she slammed up with spastic heaves of her hips her heels digging into her twin’s back to ram her immolating cunt up into Dorea’s hot sucking mouth. “Aannngghhhuummmggnnn! Unngghmmiiiee!” she shrieked as Dorea sucked hungrily on her identical twin’s hard pulsing clit sucked deep into Dorea’s mouth and being gigged by her spearing tongue.

“Oh my fucking godsssss—aauuggggggg mnnegghiieee “ Loreza cried out, her body jackknifing and flpping as much as her compressed body would allow. Her heels slamming into Dorea’s back spasatically. Dorea loved the pain knowing the pleasure she was giving her sister. “Oh! Oh Dorea goddsssss Doreaaaaa! Unngghmmngghiieee! Aarrruunngggggnnnnn! Ffffiuuuccckkkk!” Hard spasms ripped her body apart her body spasming from her hair to her curling toes on the feet again digging hard into Dorea’s sweaty body. Her thighs squeezing hard on Dorea’s ears as she concentrated on sucking her sister off so fucking well.

Dorea felt her sister weakening now her body going limp her back and ass pressed wetly and weakly into chest and tits. Loreza was still having mini convulsions from her harrowing orgasm her eyes open but unseeing as her face locked up in fierce snarls of aftershocks. Dorea looked down her sister’s hard belly still licking the sweet pussy in her mouth gently slurping up the sweet cum cream leaking out Loreza’s twat hole.

After a minute of sisterly bonding with locked eyes and a slow stroking tongue swiping up and down languidly sweet cum Dorea slowly lowered her sister’s limp body to the furs. Her sister stretched out and weakly mewedled with pleasure. Dorea was still in need and she knew her twin like herself. Her sister’s pussy had one more hard cum in it. Dorea half rolled over reaching for the two headed dildo they had brought back to the furs when putting Myrcella to bed with Arianne. Dorea gripped the roughly twenty inch long double headed cock.

The core of the cock was a rubber tube about an inch and a half thick. The rubber was expensive from the land of Sothoryos. It was hard to collect and then process into the desired shape. The rubber gave the shaft some flexibility. The center of the shaft had fake testicles facing out in both directions and the heads on each end of the shaft was extra bulbous much thicker than a normal
cockhead crown. The rubber had had supple layers of black leather fashioned and sewed around the shafts and cockheads. Multiple layers added up to increase the thickness and give it more rigidity.

Both of their cunts were sloppy wet and loose from their hard orgasms over the last several hours. Dorea moved in pushing her left leg underneath Loreza’s right leg and putting her right leg over her sister’s groin and hip on the other side. She maneuvered the dickhead on one end of the shaft to her wet wanton cunt and slowly wormed the nearly nine inches into her cunt with slow steady pressure. “Unnngggg mmmnnnggggg! Goddssdammmmnnn that feels so good!” Dorea groaned her pussy lips now thumping the fake balls. She gurgled and worked the shaft to bend enough to insert the dickhead on the other end of the shaft at her sister’s honey hole and pushed her groin forward.

The black shaft impaled her sister’s still drooling cunny hole and sank in the full nine inches bottoming out as the fake balls mashed into Loreza’s sloppy wet vulva. Loreza’s head jerked over her face slashed with fuck bliss. She pushed down grinding her fuck hole on the shaft buried in her snatch balls deep. Loreza instinctively rolled her hips and pushed her body back and then forward working the thick shaft in and out her wet cum filled trim. The motion working the other end of the cock in Dorea’s tight greasy fuck channel. Wet slurpy sounds burbled from their sodden squired cunts.

“Anngghhh! Oh! Anngghh!” Loreza groaned, wincing as stabbing spasms of pleasure wracked her lovely, straining body. “Goddssdammnnnn that feels so fucking good Dorea.” Both sisters began to pump their hips pulling back so several inches of cum slimed shaft were exposed and then hips jerked forward impaling sodden cunts on the hard shaft. The bulbous dickheads churning and plowing wet cunt whorls and folds sweetly.

“Oh Loreza you fuck me so good baby!” Dorea chuffed to her sister. She watched her sister’s small tits roll on her chest with her fuck rhythm. She felt their groins colliding pounding the shafts hard and deep up into tight wet clutching couchies. Dorea was seeing stars with the dickhead lunging deep up her love box and the fake balls pounding her soaked mons. Her tits roughly jerking forward and back with her now primal fuck rhythm.

She saw her sister’s tits whiplash on her chest. Loreza’s tits looked so cute. The way they partially folded and flipped as she gyrated her body to impale her cunny on the thick shaft. Both sisters moaning and shuddering feeling their pussies stretched out and impaled by their double headed dildo ramming in deep into their muscled bellies. The fake balls pounding their cum slavered muffins. The shock of impact jangling rock hard clits with fucking bolts of ecstasy.

The sisters’ bodies were in perfect love sync. They pulled back in unison and lunged forward pounding their slurping cunts into the fake balls mashing their mounds and rubbing into and shocking their shiny rigid clits. Their cunts making watery fuck noises. In that wordless way of lovers in sync they would slam their snatches into each other separated only by the fake balls. They would sweep their pussies up and down desperately worming the shafts buried in their cunts around plowing the depths of their cum filled cunts with the twisting bulbous dickheads.

One sister or the other would push themselves up with a palm and reach down to massage and roll their sodden cunt lips with their fingers and flick both of their clits shocking both with hot bolts of pleasure. The sister would work her digital magic till her body became weak with fuck need and she collapsed back down to the furs to hump more urgently driving the dickheads deep into their snatches.

Both sisters rolling on their backs as their faces grimaced and slashed with striving and primal pleasure. Hands gripping sheets for leverage as bellies tensed to help propel groins forward to ram the sweet thick shaft hard and deep up spasing pussies. The sister’s hips striving and pumping in
“Ahhngggg!” Dorea cried out with an especially sharp thrust from Loreza impaling their cunts on the thick hard shafts. “Ungh! Awwonngg! Oh! Oh gods! Ungh! Please . . . unghhh!” she gasped and panted as they hammered their groins together with fierce, stabbing strokes. The sisters had gripped each other legs pressed into her their bellies and torsos holding on tight with twisted faces. Using their sister’s legs as fulcrums to work their swollen muffs hard into each other with pounding strokes of pure love. The locked cunts wildly sweeping up and down grinding the sodden snatchs hard into the fake balls before again thrusting hard back and forth to impale cunts on the thick stalk stuffed deep up in drooling clamshells.

Dorea’s head was thrashing harshly from side to side her face locked in a fierce rictus of striving and searing almost agonizing pleasure pounding out her twat that her sister was fucking manically. Loreza worked her hips up and down and surged forward to slam forward to impale their squishy cunts on the thick shafts. “Ohhhhnmm . . . ohhnnnn . . . gods, it’s so good!” Loreza moaned, twisting, her body rocked with shocking spasms of rising ecstasy.

The sounds of two sweat soaked bodies slapping into each other hard and fast filled the room now. Their bodies slamming forward. The sisters pulling back and ramming forward again and again. Sweat flinging off bodies. Their faces snarled up with love effort. Dorea felt her tits whiplash on her chest as she fucked herself and her sister hard. They slammed their groins now into each other with fierce effort with loud wet smacks. Loreza was crying out in constant anguish now of rising ecstasy.

Loreza felt her eyes bulge hard as an orgasm exploded out of her cunt suddenly. “AAARRUUUNNGG GGNNNN! Aaaaaiiiyyyyyyyyeeeee … Godsdamn—fuck … “Mnnnggiieee! Unghhh! Ohnngg! … Ummggngnnnmmiiieee!” she wailed her shrieks filling the room. She slammed her groin forward locking her cunt with Dorea’s their cunny’s ground into the fake balls. She surged and flipped shocked by fierce seizures of ecstasy. Her whole body rocked by crushing spasms of bliss. Now both sisters were wildly fucking impaling their cunts on the shafts pounding muffs into the fake balls.

Loreza would freeze up in the middle of each killer spasm her body shaking violently. Her body stiffened and writhed and then the spasm weakened and she convulsed as if I was being electrocuted. Her body flipped and jackknifed violently her tits whiplashing on her chest violently. Her body gleaming in the fire light with light refracting off the sweat running off her body in rivulets. “Ooohhnnaggunnggghh!” Loreza cried out as the last convulsion felt like it tore her womb out her belly. Her eyes rolled up, her head falling back and convulsing in hard spasms that snapped her neck flipping her head up and then snapping down as the orgasm finished its searing orgasm. “Ooohhhh ... unhhhhhh!” she sighed, twisting as her body slowly came down after her orgasmic heights.

Dorea had been following her sister close in her body’s striving to cum hard. Her sister’s exploding and grinding body immediately sending her to the very precipice of shattering ecstasy. She felt her eyes shock wide open and her throat spasm rigid rocking her head up off the furs with spastic jerks on her cored neck.

Dorea had paused her hard fuck rhythm letting her sister finish riding out her shattering orgasm. Now Dorea picked up her rhythm again surging her body forward and back impaling her pussy on the thick long black shaft and shocking her mound and clt on the fake rigid balls in the middle of the shaft. Dorea’s small firm tits rolled and jerked hard on her surging body.

Her throat made strange cawing sounds her eyes staring at nothing her head jerking up as a horrible pressure of rising ecstasy filled her womb. Then her whole body tensed for several torturous seconds
as her clit and cunt suddenly exploded. Her pussy felt like it was going to tear itself inside. Her throat had been shocked closed with the searing ecstasy hammering her hard toned body.

That now passed.

“AAAARRRGGGGGUUUUUU! … FFFUUCCCCKKKKK! Annghhiieee!” Dorea finally screamed, as scalding shattering waves of ecstasy ruptured out her snatch pierced again and again by the thick shaft she was harpooning her cunt with her bucking and surging hips. “Ummmngggnneeee! Oh! Oh! Ggggooodssdddannnnnnnnn!” she continued to shriek as her soul was fried alive with pure fucking ecstasy. Her body flipped and surged her tits whiplashing violently. The back of her head pounding he furs her eyes now slit while her face shattered with dire slashes of pure fucking ecstasy.

Dorea’s hips bucked and jerked wildly as she impaled her twat on the thick shaft that Loreza’s gyrations slammed up her immolating trim. Her whole body spasmed and bucked like lightening had struck her body. “Unhhhhhh! Oh! Ungghhh! Annnngghhh!” she now grunted softly, her eyes streaked by delirious fires of unbelievable sexual pleasure. She was sapped of strength as her orgasm finally began to wane.

The sisters collapsed spent on the furs. Dorea gagged at the intense sensations when Loreza pulled the shafts from their stretched out and satiated pussies. She purred feeling Loreza crawling up her twins body pulling a fur up to cover them before the fire.

She hugged her twin tight to her sweaty and cum slavered body. Loreza kissed her deeply their twined tongues speaking of pure love. The Sand Snake wiggled down onto Dorea’s body tracing her fingertip up and down her sister’s muscled belly, chest and still sensitive areolas and nipples.

“I love you Dorea. I always have. I can’t live without you or Myrcella and Arianne. Life is so good baby!” she softly husked.

“I know sister of my heart.” They rested for a long while.

“It seems threats are gathering on the horizon” Loreza sleepily told her sister kissing her shoulder.

“Yes it would seem. Good. I look forward to slaying our foes. We will gut all who challenge the Pride of Dorne” Dorea replied.

Loreza smiled at her sister’s fierceness. “I too am happy. Arianne and Myrcella excel at the Game of Thrones but I crave a foe I can gut and kill with my weapons and not the shadows they fight and defeat.”

Dorea kissed her wife’s temple. No matter how great the rule of Daenerys Targaryen would be there would always be forces that would rise to oppose her just rule. They would stand ready to fight for the Iron Throne and for their homeland of Dorne. They would kill their enemies.

Loreza was asleep and softly snoring in her sex exhaustion. Dorea loved feeling her sister’s little dove tits pressed into her side and her wet pussy pressed into her hip. She pulled the furs up a little more and followed her sister into sweet dreams of their wives, hot fucking and combat against their foes.

Arianne

Arianne was awaken by a noise. She slowly rises up from the sea of sweet dreams to the shore of
consciousness. Her internal clock told the Heir of Dorne that the sun was at the horizon. She felt a warmth pressed into her lower side and legs. She slowly opened her eyes. The fire had been recently stoked and the light form several lamps that had been lit filled the room an ethereal glow of warmth and sensual love. Arianne looked down her body. The covers had been pulled down from her body. The warm air had kept her from getting chilled.

Myrcella was half curled up with her cheek resting on Arianne’s flat stomach. Her body pressed into her hip and legs. The beautiful former Lannister looked like a Jinn come down to Earth. Arianne reached down with her right hand and played with Myrcella’s long golden locks. Her hair even matted with sweat and cum was still silky and felt so heavenly running through her fingers. She looked to the source of the noise that had awaken her.

She looked at the fireplace that had a refreshed fire roaring in the pit. On the furs the Sand Snakes and their chamber maid of two months Kaysie Quagg were in a daisy chain on their sides. Hot hungry mouths were jammed between thighs and hungrily eating out sodden pussies that were jerked and jammed into hot devouring mouths. The wet sounds of pussies being gobbled had sweet notes wafting in the warm air. Thighs clasped cheeks and ears and legs kicked in helpless pleasure. Mouths hungrily tore at sloppy wet quims devouring labia lips and rigid clits. Tongues fucking drooling wet cunt holes.

The way the furs were strewn about and the thick smell of fresh pussy juice in the air Arianne easily deduced they had been fucking for a while. Before Arianne had been roused by their sweet lewd fornication. Arianne observed that all three women’s bodies were simply soaked in sweat and hair totally matted and lank with sweat and cum. Yes, they had been fucking for a while. The thought made Arianne smile.

Kaysie had come from Wyl. She had much of the Stormlands in her with her parentage. Her father from Bronzegate the seat of House Buckler in the Stormlands. Her skin was a light brown more dusky of hue. She was a brunette and had wavy hair to her shoulders. She was of medium build. She had a big firm ass and medium sized breast with small nipples and areolas made to be sucked voraciously.

The girl had traveled to Sunspear looking for a new life away from her dead opportunities in her homeland. She wanted to live in warmer climes. She had caught Arianne’s attention when shopping in the bazaar. The seventeen year old was obviously hungry and afraid. Her heart was touched. She felt a maternal instinct for some reason. She brought the girl back to the castle and fed her and gave her a place to sleep in the warrens for the staff. The cooks liked her and she went to work in the kitchen.

She was soon fucking the female cooks and maids like a mule deer in the rut. Five weeks after she had arrived the Pride heard a knock on their door after dinner. They had just started fucking. In a huff Myrcella went to the door and whipped it open. There stood a very nervous Kaysie. Myrcella liked what she saw and invited the girl into their lair.

The Pride of Dorne encircled the girl. She told them she wanted to fuck them. The Pride admired her forwardness. She stood their shaking with nerves her blue eyes imploring them to fuck and love her. She told them with heartfelt entreaties that she found them beautiful and wanted to give herself to them and to fuck them. They admired her courage to come to them.

Impressed by her forward nature - - the four women looked among selves. Wolfish grins appeared on their faces.

They fell on her and devoured her sweet cunt and fucked her hard in the pussy and took her anal virginity with their cocks. They had made her their personal chambermaid. She was a great fuck in
The seventeen year old voracious in her appetites and her endless stamina a perfect match for the Pride of Dorne and their voracious need to devour pussy and sweet asshole. She simply went wild in their bed.

Kaysie had great fuck stamina and like the Pride mates needed lots of orgasms to make her pussy and asshole happy. She would come into their chambers in the early morn as the sun was nearing the horizon. She would fuck exuberantly with the pride and then clean their toys and generally clean up the suite from the hard fucking of the night before. Her visits often earlier waking them up to have a long round of intense hot fucking.

Kaysie was also fucking Grayce Martell a cousin twice removed from Arianne. She was a widow. She was plump and not the prettiest woman. She had been lonely and easily fell prey to the wiles of Kaysie. The seventeen year old had simply fallen hard for the demure and shy woman.

Grayce was thirty-two but Kaysie was sweet on her to the point she was now falling totally in love with the woman. She had easily seduced the woman and turned her into an insatiable slut. Kaysie had offered the slut to them. The more they looked a Grayce with clear vision the prettier she became to them. Now that she a total bisexual slut the Pride of Drone would soon devour her too they had decided. They would make her want women as her lovers with men as only a sport fuck.

They had already started to have a suite of rooms down the second hall from their hall repaired and done up for the two women to move into. It was obvious they were a pair now. Fortunately, a pair of minxes that they would soon be fucking sweetly.

Loud grunts and moans filled the room as sweet pussy musk filled the room with fresh funk. Arianne looked down on the sweet wife sleeping like a babe on her stomach. Myrcella’s head rising and falling with Arianne’s breathing. A soft smile on the blonde’s face.

She contemplated the items and news they had received from Maester Marwyn. She saw so much potential with the information and insights the Maester had given them. The threats to the Dragons of the Queen had already been sent to Tyrion and Olenna. They would relay it to the Queen. The threat was still not imminent but it must be dealt with as soon as possible.

Arianne had gotten Marwyn to continue to spy. The Maester more than happy to comply with the request. For the price of another one thousand gold dragons. The price seemed worth it for the intelligence on the rogue elements in the Citadel. Also, Arianne and Myrcella admired the man willing to take the risk to spy and sabotage on his fellow Maesters.

Myrcella had joined her the next morning and together they told the Maester to sabotage the Citadel’s efforts. They told him to not be foolish but changing the formulas even a little cold throw off the concoction and force them to reformulate and delay the delivery of the poison. They also advised the Maester to keep his ears open. Learn who the players were. Who was funding the efforts? Learn more of this risen sect from the ashes of the past.

She heard Loreza cry out in orgasm her wails sweet music to her ears. She was still filled with sweet lassitude. Her pussy and asshole were still throbbing and tingling sweetly. She pulled Myrcella to her more firmly with her enfolding arm. She relished the sweet teen snuggled into her side.

The Sand Snakes eyes had fired up with the promise of foes to be put down. Loreza and Dorea were no good at the Game of Thrones that Myrcella and she excelled at. They were warriors. They would love fighting Arianne’s foes. They hungered to prove themselves to their wives. They had done so, so bravely out in the dunes of Dorne.

Recently the Forks of Eastern Dorne had suffered raids from corsairs that hid in the archipelago of
islands roped between Dorne and Tyrosh and the Disputed lands. The Steeping Stones were many and diverse. Many small harbors and havens for cutthroats and thieves to hid and strive in. It was a lawless region that had become bold of late.

They had discussed this situation with the Queen and she had told them after the Wright War she would send Solaja Xo to them and plan a campaign to suppress the perdition of the raiders. The Queen was not too concerned with corsairs but wanted to help Dorne fend them off. She told them she would make sure that her favored allies had the resources and expertise needed to send the Corsairs back deep into their lairs.

Arianne and Myrcella had sent off their initial report to Tyrion and Olenna. They would give in depth analysis of what the Maester had told them. It seemed that Arya would be heading into a cesspool of corruption and power dynamics when she arrived in Braavos. They would make sure the Queen knew all they knew to make sure Arya was prepared. This cult of the Flaming Skulls sounded nasty and deadly.

It seemed that more than dragons and Ice Wrights were awakening. The world was becoming more dangerous in the shadows. The political intrigue in Braavos with the Iron Bank, Sea Lord and the First Lords vying to become Sea Lord was unsettling. The fact the House of Black and White was in the middle of it all only made it more dangerous.

Dorne had much trade with Braavos. Arianne and Myrcella had already sent emissaries on ships sailing for that port to begin intelligence gathering and attempting to get the lay of the land. They were sure that the spiders and sparrows of Varys would be scurrying around or flitting in the air before windows. Olenna’s moths silently beating the air as they invaded rooms and lairs at night.

They should be able to give the intelligence the Queen would need to send her wife into that adder’s pit. Again the Queen would be indebted to Dorne and Arianne for any information and processed analysis they could provide.

Stroking Myrcella’s soft back Arianne thought on the damn Faith of the Seven. She was getting tired of the antiquated dictates and mores of the religion of Westeros. She felt like telling the High Septon to cram it up his overtight asshole. She had no idea why the Seven Kingdoms still followed the bastards. The Iron Islands were full of shit with their stupid drowned god. She liked what she knew of the old gods of the north. Those gods did not want to interfere in your day to day life like a good religion should.

The damn religion of the seven faced god was to heavily integrated into the laws and culture of Westeros. The Faith had a great many moral teachings she mused. It frowned on gambling, preached against bastardy, and cursed things like incest and kin slaying. Some were not bad. She had seen the sin that children were made to feel with being bastards. The damn churched preached against bastardy and then blamed the innocent progeny of that illicit union. Hell many of the bastards came from septs and silent sisters. Hypocrites.

Nothing wrong with gambling if one controlled oneself. The casinos of Dorne closely monitored the gamblers in their dens and cut off the limits of persons who could not afford any more dept. When it came to incest: FUCK THEM! They were harming no one in their choice of who to love.

This Illuminati sounded very dangerous. When you had religious fanatics involved the danger they poised was exponentially greater. The faith militants she could understand. Warriors wanted to live to see another day. A zealot wanted to die for the cause. They would go to any lengths to succeed and if they had to kill themselves in the process then all the better. They would awaken in paradise. Idiots. It did make them extremely dangerous though.
She contemplated in how to penetrate the secret order. It might not be possible. It would take years to infiltrate a supposed acolyte into their midst. Myrcella and herself had discussed it and had no solution. Tyrion was crafty and sly. Maybe he would come up with some way to infiltrate this mysterious religious order. A thought crossed her mind.

It was said that Dragon Glass could control the thoughts of the unsuspecting. The Illuminati leaders were not weak of will or stupid. They would be filled with intelligent leaders. Their foot soldiers may be not so bright though. Good foot soldiers who were stupid zealots ready to die for the cause. But, if they could be tricked into thinking they had control of the situation.

Arianne turned it over in her mind. It might work. She would talk to Myrcella about it tomorrow.

Myrcella and she had discussed the largesse that the Maester had provided. Arianne had already sent word to the lead Maester of Dorne to provide Maesters who could teach herself and Myrcella High Valyrian. They would teach each other as they mastered the language. The Maesters would lay the foundation that they would then build upon. It would not take them long to learn the language. She smiled. That would be another marker in their till speaking the Queen’s mother tongue.

The items would prove must useful. The Dragon Glass would be a means for the Queen to communicate to her most trusted advisors. She knew that they themselves, Stannis Baratheon and Eddard Stark would have one. Who would get the rest she wondered?

Arianne was a little worried if they could master the Valyrian magic. She knew it could be done. On their way back to Sunspear Arianne had told her wives she had seen the Dragon Eyes before. Maester Marwyn was wrong.

Five years ago she and Oberyn had visited Highgarden to tamp down the tensions running high then. Oberyn groused and bitched against Highgarden all the time but he did not crave a war against the much more powerful foe. When she had gone to court at the nightly balls she had seen two ladies of the court wearing what she now knew were Dragon Glass Eyes. They were distinctive with their large gems and the hexagonal within hexagonal setting and rune covered chains.

She remembered at the time asking where they had gotten the identical necklaces. The young courtesans had twittered that Olenna had given them to wear at the balls to make them shine at court. It was a status symbol to be loaned the necklaces by the old crone.

Now Arianne and Myrcella knew Olenna had been spying on the women and their powerful husbands. The bitch! It was brilliant and now they and the Queen could do the same! They would have to be careful to not have too many of the baubles at one place at the same time though. One did not want to rouse suspicions with the same exact necklace being worn in the same environs.

It would make spying so much easier. It would be easy to blend the necklaces into the background of a bedroom and easily spy on the occupants of the room.

Myrcella had been worried that they would not have the strength to use the Valyrian artifacts. Arianne was not worried.

“How can you think that Arianne?” her wife had asked her. Myrcella was fretting “The Maester was a big strong burly man and we saw how it drained him to use them even for a little while. To be useful we would need to be able to use the necklaces much longer” Myrcella had told Arianne.

“I don’t fear love. If Olenna can use two Dragon Glass eyes at the same time I know we can master them. She must have taught herself as we well.”
“But how does she does do it if it exhausts Maester. You saw how exhausted Marwyn became after only a short use of the Dragon Eyes made him?”

“I believe it is because he is a Maester actually. He is believes in magic but his training inhibits him. I believe. Magic is of the heart and not of the mind. Our hearts are large enough and filled with passion. Maester Marwyn’s extensive training in the sciences and ways of logic inhibit and deflect his focus. It distracts and thus weakens his efforts. We will not have those impediments. We will succeed my sweet wife. Mark my words.”

She had loved how Myrcella looked at her with such love and trust. Then it was time for Myrcella to give good counsel.

Arianne had told Myrcella that they should keep one set of Dragon Glass Eyes for themselves. The Queen would never know. They had brought the Queen this large largesse and they deserved to pay themselves.

Myrcella had convinced Arianne to instead tell the Queen the true number of Eyes but make a plea to let them keep one set. A Dorne forever strong and loyal on her lower flank would be an invaluable asset to the Dragon Queen. Eventually, Arianne had agreed with her wife. So far their relationship with the Queen had been based on total trust. Best not to jeopardize that trust.

History was littered with unexpected revelations that ruined relationship and treaties. They had proven themselves again and again in loyal support of the Queen. Arianne was sure the Queen would give them one set.

The Dragon Bone Hoops were a weapon that they had no use for. The Queen on the other hand may need such an item to easily penetrate a supposedly impenetrable defense. She had used out right brute force or devious tactics to bring down the City States of the Slavers Bay and the supposed free cities. Now she had another option. No wall could keep her out.

Such a weapon was useless to the Pride of Dorne. They would never lay siege to a castle.

They would prepare for the future. Her father was failing and in so much pain. It hurt all their hearts. He seemed to have recovered some with the happiness of his daughter and his nieces. Oberyn had stopped crying for vengeance against Cersei and now wanted to fuck her. Joffrey was in exile and sure to die miserably.

That had only left Gregor Clegane to seek vengeance on but he had disappeared eight months ago. Tywin had had a royal shit so it was not some subterfuge on his part. The Mountain had simply disappeared for parts unknown.

Her father would hopefully live for many more years but she had to prepare for eventuality that he might die tomorrow. Arianne was ready to take the seat of Warden of the South when that time came. With Myrcella at her side she would be more than capable of handling any Game of Thrones that may come up in Dorne. Arianne had all the faith that Daenerys Targaryen would keep the rest of Westeros calm and at bay.

Arianne would keep her finger on the pulse of Dorne and take care of any internal strife. That she was ready for. Dorian had been a wise and just ruler. The population was not agitating for revolution. She had her Sand Snake wives to deal with any such strife that might arise.

It was the larger world that Arianne and Myrcella were preparing for. Their close association with the Queen had prepared them for the new world. Since Oberyn had first started meeting with Daenerys, he had been reporting that Rhaegar and his line was not the fulfillment of the A Song Of
Ice And Fire. It was the Chain Breaker, Dragon Queen and first of her name Daenerys Targaryen.

Because Dorne had seen it early they already had emissaries and ambassadors of culture and business in the ports of the true Free Cities and the wrecked cities around the rim of Slaver’s Bay and inland across the Grass Seas and the land of Qohor.

The Queen had smashed the old ways and new ways were taking root. It was a time of upheaval but stress produced change and change caused new systems to take root. Dorne would be there to take root from the start in the new world of Essos. Dorne would be the first of Westeros to bridge the distance of leagues and culture. Dorne would provide a helping hand and reap great rewards for its efforts.

The profits would be staggering and Dorne would be first at the trough. Arianne and Myrcella with their Sand Snakes would lead Dorne into new prosperity and influence. They would be first among the Queens’ Houses. She and her Queens would make it so.

Highgarden and Casterly Rock would be late to the game. Dorne would let them in at the table but they would be at the head of the table. So it would be written.

Sudden shrieking screams of loud ecstasy filled the room as three women orgasmed simultaneously. Arianne enjoyed the shrieks and bodies convulsing like they were swallowing their tongues. The powerful elixir smell of pussy became much stronger in the room as pussy juice overflowed gulping mouths. The three women trying to swallow the couchies exploding in their mouths filling to overflow those mouths with sweet slimy cum.

It took several minutes for the orgasms to fully fade away as the three lovers succeeded in making the woman they were sucking off go multiple with staggering womb rending and belly tearing spasms of fucking bliss. Arianne found it cute how legs stiffened and their feet all stiff on kicking ankles that had their feet tilling the air. Hands gripping asses and legs to anchor down the women so they could continue to gobble pussy and swallow all the sweet cum gushing into their starving mouths.

The three women went limp. They cooed and stroked each other sweetly. The identical twins on each side of their chambermaid. They stroked her still convulsing with aftershocks body. The woman gagging with the hard pulses of searing pleasure rocking her body from her clit. Dorea and Loreza kissing the shoulders and neck of their new lover.

An exhausted Kaysie started to weakly rise to perform her chambermaid duties. Arianne smiled at the Sand Snakes who pulled the staggering girl back down and pulled the furs over their bodies as they snuggled into each of her sides with their heads tucked underneath the crook of her arms. The slut pulled the Sand Snakes tight to her sweaty body possessively. They threw their legs over her torso and lower legs possessively in return. The chambermaid would have plenty of time to perform her duties long after the sun had risen.

Kaysie had a loopy smile on her face going to sleep feeling the warm bodies of her sweat soaked lovers pressed tight to her sides. The twin sisters quickly following their lover into the land of dreams.

Normally, seeing such hot sex would revive Arianne but she was still worn out. Her pussy still tingling and her asshole pulsing still remembering sweet hot anal ‘gams. Her abused body throbbed sweetly. She was in pain but this level of pain was only a chaser to the tough slut. She would not be ready to shag again to the afternoon she determined. It would strictly be oral for the next day or two with some finger banging of her pussy maybe.

She needed to let her bum settle a little more. Her pussy was simply worn out to any deep
penetration. It would be four or five days before her booty recovered enough to again partake of the joys of anal sex. Her pussy and ass could take beating but they had been taxed. She smiled. She had been worn out and loved it! The sex rush past, her body ached and needed rest. She closed her eyes stroking her sweet Myrcella.

Arianne smiled. It may her four or five days before she could partake of sweet anal sex but her booty had given her so much pleasure. Gods she loved anal sex! Her bum was worn out and needed time to recover. Arianne smirked. She may have to shave off a day that schedule. She loved anal sex!

There was nothing on the schedule for today that they had to attend too. The Sand Snakes were on their off cycle of duty at the Academy so they had several days to relax. She would rest up this morning. This afternoon she decided it was time Kaysie bring her sweet slut Grayce Martell to them. She shivered at the prospect of fresh pussy and asshole to take and devour.

She was content. Life was perfect for the Pride of Dorne.
The wind always blew cold now. It was like a wolf howling from the North. The currents in the air were not a gale but a steady dirge of icy wrath and bitter warning. Something evil this way comes. The wind clawing at the unwary and the weak of heart. The wind sapping strength and will. There was something in the wind besides nature. Something was mixed in with the wind now that made the gusts cloying to both mind and body.

It was the Ice King’s hate. It permeated the very air now Jon thought to himself. He was coming.

Jon was not worried. Not now. His father and the Queen of Westeros had indeed come through for the Crows in their hour of need. His father had done the impossible and had the bulk of the forces of Westeros at the Wall or soon to be. He was riding out from Castle Black to reach the last main contingent of forces coming up the King’s highway. Their would be more supply trains of food and war material and support personal to man the burgeoning war camps around the Castle Black and up and down the Wall for its three hundred mile long run across the northern neck of the North.

At Castle Black the forces were predominately those of Westeros. The Queen had spread out her forces from Essos along the rest of the Wall. They would be strong enough to fight a delaying rear guard action to bleed the undead down and hopefully whistle away at the Ice Wrights themselves if a breach was made away from the stronghold of the Crows. The orders were to not directly engage but to send off ravens immediately and commence fighting from distance if at all possible. Even now more long lines of supplies were riding along both axis along the Wall from Castle Black and down from East Watch by the Sea.

The supplies were being stockpiled at each fort along the Wall but especially at Castle Black. The supplies flowing in from the shore at East Watch and the previous beach heads the Queen had established were pouring ever more supplies to the east of Castle Black. Camps were established between the forts. These camps manned mainly by Mercenary Companies from Essos, contingents the Free Cities had sent and Dothraki. Some Houses of Westeros were also being sent along the Wall in small contingents. The Queen wanted the burden to be felt by all.

The Westerosi also mixed into the elements from Essos. The men of Essos needed to be leavened with those soldiers who had the greatest stake in the game. For the men and few women from Essos this was merely a military campaign. For the forces of Westeros they were fighting for their homes and their very lives.

Not only had the Queen provide the weapons necessary to kill her enemies she had brought her army North at a controlled march. Her forces were arriving well rested and ready to fight. The time spent by Daenerys Targaryen and Jon’s father to train their armies had them ready to fight. Jon had no need to train the newly arriving troops.

Jon smirked thinking of the dregs the Crows were made to do with from Westeros in the past. Poor people forced into conscription, emptied out of jails, men fleeing bad pasts, young lost souls were the
not so with these arrivals.  He smiled thinking it was nice to have men who arrived ready to fight.

Not only had the Queen sent her forces North ready to fight she was bivouacking them like a true Field Marshall should.  Jon had read too many stories in his readings on tactics in the library of the Crows just how badly the common man was treated in the armies they were forced to serve in.  They were as a rule mistreated and looked down upon by the Lords and officers who commanded them.

Not so with this army that now was encamped before the Wall.

Jon’s father demanded that all men in his army be treated with respect.  It was not hard with the North.  Men were respected in the North as a rule.  His father would fall upon any Lord, Knight or officer who badly treated his men.  His father was beyond fair and the men under his command worshipped him for it.  It seemed, thankfully, that Daenerys Targaryen the Queen of Westeros shared the same ethos as his father.  She too was fair and demanded it of all who reported to her.

All had heard of her rapid conquest of Essos and her utter destruction of the armies before her.  The Dothraki Khalasars that had fallen before her.  The great walled Slave Cities fell before her.  The Free Cities fell, those that opposed her.  Volantis had supposedly been invulnerable with its great Black Wall left behind by Daenerys forbearers.

In less two months she had crushed them with minimal loss of life on her side and the decimation of her enemies on the field of battle.

All had heard the whispers of how she had ruthlessly put down and disposed of the ruling Slave Lords.  Meereen was whispered of at night.  Westeros knew of the Queen’s past indeed.  It knew she could be reckless in battle conquering forces that had never been conquered since the fall of Valyria.  The leaders of Westeros knew that if she was betrayed she would annihilate those perpetrators.  Her wrath was legendary.

It had helped Westeros to accept her peaceful overtures.  No one really wanted to risk her dragons and her potential wrath.

Now she had united Westeros through peace and it had marched north in full force.  They had arrived united and ready for the coming war.

The Queen had first brought her forces to the Wall intact but she had also planned for their upkeep while they waited for the war.  Large quantities of food, stock to erect large camp tents and many tons of coal to heat the tents and to cook the food.  More dried meat, vegetables and fruits was arriving with each supply train.  Herds of goats, sheep, pigs and cattle had been brought north and purchased from locale farmers.

The fresh meat would be eaten every fourth date to give the troops fresh protein and lift spirits.  All the tents were tight fitting and securely tied to the ground.  With the braziers constantly fueled with coal the temperature was comfortable in the tents.  This helped keep the men healthy and less prone to disease.

The Queen had learned in her campaigns across Essos to keep the latrines away from the camp and away from the water supply.  Some of the ancient guides and company commanders of the Mercenary companies had observed how the placement of latrines near water seemed to coincide with the outbreak of disease.  Almost all of Daenerys commanders had scoffed at this.  Daenerys had listened and believed in their wisdom.

Disease had not broken out in the camps of the Queen from that time forward.  She had made sure
the camps that had been erected before the Wall followed the same plans she had used in Essos. The forces of Man were ready.

The Queen had two plans that Jon had fully agreed with. The Crows and Wildlings would use the Wall to bleed the enemy from on high with clouds of arrows, javelins and spears tipped with obsidian to kill the Others and Ice Wrights. His skirmish had shown that Dragon Glass was indeed effective against both forces of the Ice King. For the Walking Dead fire arrows would also rain down. Jon had seen the dead light up like bonfires. The fire instantly jumped to any Others they happened to touch.

Jon smiled at the death they would rain down on their enemies.

They also had a plan in case the enemy breached the Wall at a point other than Castle Black. The forces the Queen had arrayed behind the Wall would engage the enemy that would come through the breach. The mercenary and Westerosi would provide the foot soldiers while the Dothraki would be the mounted troop. The goal would be for the foot soldiers to slow and bunch the walking dead of the enemy. To make the Ice Wrights engage the phalanx of shields and lances. This would let the archers behind the lines of the foot soldiers and the mounted Dothraki to unleash an unceasing rain of arrows tipped with Dragon Glass and fire tipped arrows.

The Ice King had a big surprise awaiting him. Jon had sent out other patrols since his major skirmish before the gates of the Wall at Castle Back. They had kept close and fled the enemy if they appeared from the woods. No more Dragon Glass was fired. Fire arrows yes but no more Dragon Glass. The message would be to the Ice King that the Crows had used up a limited supply when in reality there were mountains of the tipped weapons now.

And yet more were arriving every day from Winterfell, Dragonstone and Essos. The Ice King’s forces would be decimated by the blizzard of dragon glass fired into their midst. The slaughter would be great Jon thought with a happy smile. Deprived of his dead to overwhelm the forces of Man his Ice Wrights and Ice Giants would be much easier to deal with.

The forts were maned by Crows and Wildlings now. They had come to work well together if still not fully trusting each other. Jon could live with that. The distances between the forts had been secured by a large contingent of armed forces from the continent of Essos. The Free Cities had most of their troops along the eastern part of the Wall. They would be the rearguard delaying the advance of the Ice King’s forces if a breach occurred there.

The forces had moved inland to heavily reinforce the garrisons of the forts along the Wall up to Rimegate. The forces under the local command of Crows or Wildling who knew the land and its environment better than the armed forces of Essos. They had brought large shipments of Obsidian tipped weapons with them and were falling into large stockpiles already left by ships carrying the precious cargo from veins located in Essos.

Other shipments of Dragon Glass had gone up the King’s Road from Winterfell and Dragonstone or overland from the beachheads the Queen had established on the Eastern Shore of Westeros. These supplies had gone primarily to Castle Black but also to the forts west of Rimegate. Those garrisons would have plenty of weapons to fire at the slow moving dead and send out clouds of arrows to pierce and kill the Ice Wrights. If not outright killing them then there advance would be greatly slowed as they sought cover.

Again the Queen and his father had come through. He had blooded the Ice King’s nose with the use of dragon glass weapons. He was sure the Ice King would feel that Jon had depleted his stocks. He had not sent out any more aggressive patrols hoping to make his adversary feel that he had exhausted his supply of obsidian tipped weapons. He made it seem he was merely doing reconnaissance trying
to fathom the intentions of the Ice King.

Jon could not see any reason why the Ice King would think otherwise. A year ago he had little
dragon glass but because of the massive efforts of his father and the Queen the forces of Westeros
and their allies had mountains of dragon glass tipped weapons. The weapons dispersed to the
troops. They would decimate the enemy.

Even in the Age of Heroes only the First People had truly used weapons made of obsidian against
the Ice Wrights. They had created them, thus, they knew how to kill them. They understood their
enemy and how to defeat them. Man did not.

Knowing that the First People had created the Ice King and his first minions had been a shock to the
Commander of the Crows. Worse had been the even more recent revelation that the Ice King was
indeed a Stark. Jon had been shocked and then angered that one of his ancestors could be so base.
That made it personal indeed.

Fools! When he had been told this by Sam Tarly he had been shocked. How could the Children of
the Forest have been so foolish? Then he stopped. If he was desperate enough and felt his very
people were about to killed off would he not try any weapon to save his people. Still. To create a
weapon you could not control was beyond folly. It had almost proven to be suicide to the First
People. Jon sighed. One always seemed to overestimate their own abilities. Present company
included Jon snorted to himself.

It was sad his ancestors were the people who put such desperation into the First People. He shook
his head. That was a sin committed long ago and he could not undo that sin now. He could only try
and make amends in any way he could in the present. He would pay any price to achieve that
absolution of past sins.

He looked off to his left and smiled. His two wives were riding their horses. They were softly
talking to each other. He saw the serious looks on their faces as they tilted their heads up to the sky
to look at the sullen dark woolen skies. The dark clouds were not evil but they had been touched by
evil. The very air of the North beyond the Wall was permeated by the stench of the Ice King.

He may still have the bulk of his forces at the Fist of the First Men but Jon and his wives knew he
had many of his forces near. They could not actually see or sense them directly but they could feel
them. He was acquiring new talents and strengths from his wives. With these abilities he now
sensed the Walking Dead and Wrights. Their stench was real. Jon could now feel the throbbing of their
evils hearts beating. The iciness of the blood that pumped through their veins. They were close. He
and his wives could feel them.

Jon would stand on the Wall and feel it with each exhalation of the wind touching his face. The
common soldier or conscript did not worry why the Ice King was still north at the Fist of the First
Men. Their leaders did. All gnawed on the fact like a dog on its bone. It made no sense. The
military leaders knew it. Even if the Ice King’s army did not need to eat and have need of shelter all
armies fragmented if not used. Even his forces must follow that rule if given time to atrophy.

Jon too gnawed on that fact. He had stood on the Wall three nights ago and talked to Jon Arryn
beside him. They both looked to the North and the snowflakes that flew in the wind. The white
flakes like magical fairies flitting down to their death on the ground far below. The flakes falling but
not sticking long on the ground. That too disturbed Jon. Nothing made sense with what the Ice
King was doing. Even nature seemed confused.

He asked Arryn why the snow was not sticking to the ground. Jon had looked at him sadly “Heavy
snow would hinder the progress of the Ice King’s when he attacks. He wants to get at us when he
finally does attack.”

Jon had digested that insight. He saw the logic in that. Again why the delay if he could control the weather?

“What do you see when you look at the Haunted Forest Jon?” the commander of the Crows asked his father’s old friend.

His father’s old friend and mentor looked out over the forest. This was a man long in years and acquired wisdom. Jon watched the old man. His body still unbent by the years of his life. Jon slowly turned his head as he looked out over the tall pines, spruce and firs of the Haunted Forest. The man scanned the mighty boughs intently. The man knew the Lord Commander wanted him to see something. He continued to peer intently at the forest before him.

He finally shook his head. “I only see the forest Jon. I know he is out there. The dragons say he is at the Fist to the Fist of the First Men but my heart tells me otherwise. With you asking the question with that tone of voice Jon Snow I know you feel something. I alas do not. I only know what I feel in my old bones.”

Jon Snow smiled at the Warden of the Vale. “You are not that old my friend. Your body is still unbowed by the years.”

The older man smiled back with thanks in his eyes for the polite platitude. “I am curious what do you see Commander of the Nights Watch?”

Jon looked back out over the Haunted Forest. What he saw haunted his heart. “I am surprised Jon that you cannot see the evil that permeates the very flakes in the air. That you cannot feel the rot in the wind that blows from the north. Can you not hear the anguish and anger in the howls of wind currents that buffet the Wall and our faces? Do you feel nothing Jon Arryn? I know you tell me you do not my old friend. But I wonder how this can be. My skin throbs with his evil intent. Each flake that touches my skin, each gust of wind brings his evilness upon me. It fills the very air with his evil stench.”

Jon looked at him curiously. “No, alas I do not. I do not hear this ‘anguish or anger’ on the wind Jon Snow or is it Jon Targaryen. Maybe the Valyrian blood in you is attuned to things magical now son. I am only a man from the Vale. I only see and feel nature on my face. In my bones. My senses do not warn me. It is my soul that is troubled.”

The Warden of the Vale looked at Jon closely. “You do know you are in line for the Iron Throne by custom. You are older than Daenerys Targaryen. You are male.”

Jon Snow sighed. “I may have the blood of Dragons pulsing in my veins old friend. But I hear only the howls of wolves in my dreams. I am of the North. I have ever been, am now and forever more will be a Stark. I will leave the throne and any thoughts of it to the Queen.”

“But you look so much like Rhaegar. He was not too much older than you are now when he died on the Trident Jon. You look so much like him. The hair and eyes of course make me see it now. But I see it in the caste of your face. The angles that look back at me. I now wonder if there is not blood of the dragon that flows in the veins of Starks.”

Jon Snow laughed. “I doubt that Jon of the Vale. There is only one Dragon in our House and that is Arya. She was the one always enamored with stories of dragons and their Queens. Never the Kings!”
Jon Arryn paused a moment and he responded pensively. “Yes. It would seem that Myrcella has the same proclivity.”

Jon Snow picked up on this. “Does that upset you Jon?”

The old man took a long time to answer letting the wind blow his long grey hair in streamers behind his still unbent back. The snowflakes brushed over his face or collected in his hair. He looked at Jon Snow. “I do not approve if you are asking that. But I will leave that to others to worry over. The Queen is ruler of all of Westeros. I may not think this is right or normal but is it worth fighting and dying over? I think not. I will let the younger generations worry about this.”

“I for one support my sister!” Jon barked at the man.

Jon Arryn held up his hand to placate the leader of the Crows. “You will have no problem with me Jon. I may not approve but I will stir up no hate or discontent. I wish I could say there will be no others. I can tell you that many in the Faith of Westeros will oppose this. They will oppose the Queen’s desire for equal progenerator. Westeros is not Dorne. They would oppose our Queen and you having two wives but you are beyond them I sense. These are exciting times Jon. I hope to see some of them through.”

Jon looked out at the forest. To know that Jon Arryn did not support his sister and her choice in mate upset Jon but like Jon Arryn had said; “It was not worthy fighting over”. He sighed.

The Warden of the Vale again paused in his perusal of the Haunted Forest. “I want you to tell the Queen to beware of the more conservative elements of the Faith and maybe some Houses. The Houses will probably quickly accept her new ways and thoughts. Daenerys Targaryen is the legends come to life. She is a walking force of nature and all see it. They will come around. Hell I might if I was not so old. But the Faith, I have serious doubts with them. Religion and politics go to the core of a person. Beware of them.”

“I will old friend.” The matter of one’s love was dropped. Maybe Jon Arryn would see how silly he was in time the Crow commander thought. “The Queen is bringing new ways to Westeros and Essos. She plans on being around for a long time. Her ways will take root Jon. I know it.”

Jon Snow bent the conversation back to the matter of the coming war and heritage. “I doubt it is my Valyrian blood Jon that lets me ‘see’ the evil of the Ice King. I only look the part” the Lord Commander told Jon Arryn with a touch of humor in his voice. “It probably has more to do with my wives. Having a relationship with two ShadowBender witches from Asshai has opened my senses I believe. The three of us feel the evil in the air. The nearness of the Ice Wrights.” He looked down at the Haunted Forest. “They are there. I can feel it. How many I do not know, but, they are there. I can feel it. They watch us with hate in their hearts.”

Jon Arryn shook his head. He told Jon again he could not perceive anything out in the forest. The old man sighed and spoke wistfully “It would be a nice gift to have.”

Jon Snow had seen a few Lords or knights up on the Wall staring with an unsettled look at the Haunted Forest. He had seen more of the Wildings but still only a handful whose faces had that “look”. A sense of unease and a look of loathing. They too felt the evilness in the air. Persons attuned to magic as he had become with his wives and his sword the recast Longclaw into Lightbringer. His wives and his weapon now giving the Lord Commander an affinity for magic.

He could not practice it but he could definitely sense its presence. He had felt the ‘evilness’ increasing over the last months. It seemed as if every day the weight of evil increased out there in the Haunted Forest.
He felt it now as he rode away from the Wall. He planned on meeting the Queen at her camp two days travel from the Wall. He wanted to make sure that he and the Queen were on the same page when they spoke as one unified command before the forces opposing the Ice King. If there was to be discord he did not want it evidenced before his Command and the gathered forces of Westeros. It would only damage moral. He would not have that.

Jon looked out ahead of them as their small party moved down the King’s Road. Ghost had come out of a corpse of trees. The wolf turned it red eyes back towards Jon and his wives. The great white Direwolf looked at his master and then went running off over the low ranging hills. The wolf’s tail high in the air as it disappeared into the tall prairie grass that still existed in this land of the far north. No plow shares had touched this part of the Earth.

Jon had seen the unease increase in Ghost. He had taken his Direwolf to the top of the Wall several times. The great wolf had looked to the north. The great beast’s red eyes focused on the tall sentinels before them. His tail erect and bristly. His fur on end. The wolf was silent but his snout rippled. Yes. His wolf felt the approaching evil too.

Jon looked over at his wives as they rode down the King’s Road. Jon smiled. Ygritte was her horndog self. She was pawing at Melisandre lustily. She had gotten her hand in her wife’s bodice and the tall redhead looked scandalized but she was moaning as Ygritte massaged her wife’s heavy breast and rolled her wife’s long teats squeezing and jerking on them. Melisandre was glassy eyed and riding on pure instinct as her face kept slashing and she chuffed.

Ygritte was the fire in their threesome. Her audacity and willingness to be forward and horny brought out the inner sluts in her spouses. Melisandre would act aggrieved and put upon but she made sure to make her body available for defilement by her always horny wife.

Jon shook his head and looked down the King’s Highway. He knew he would be fucking the hell out of the both of them tonight in a tent that the Queen had setup at her camps for the royalty and high commander. He looked back at his wives. His cock stiffened seeing Ygritte had worked her other hand underneath Melisandre’s dress and her pumping hand told Jon that Melisandre’s cunt was being expertly finger fucked.

Melisandre had her hands clawed in her horse’s mane. Her body was jolting and a sheen of perspiration had formed on her forehead and upper lip. Her moans sweet music to Jon’s ears. The sight of her face filled with grimaces and snarls of ecstasy could not help but turn Jon something fierce. Melisandre’s face locked up her teeth clenched as a hard tremor ran through her body as her throat groaned gutturally.

They would travel out to the next camp to meet the Queen and her high royals coming up from the south. He wanted to make sure he and the Queen did not go into the war with differing views. For some reason, Jon felt sure that he and the Queen would have a conflict. It was a feeling but he trusted it. He had kept this council to himself. He had not wanted to show concern to his Command and did not want to upset his wives needlessly.

He did not like the idea of not manning the Wall. The very idea repulsed him. He did not want the Ice King’s forces having free access to the Wall. Jon wanted to make his enemy bleed heavily before the Wall. That was why the Wall had been constructed! If he abandon the Wall, he would be blind except for the Queen’s dragons and they could not patrol the whole of the Wall all the time. There would be large sections of the Wall at any one time that would be unwatched on its North side if Wall was not manned.

He did not really believe the Ice King had found the true Horn of Winter. It had never been seen or used. If it had it would have been recorded by some Maester. It was all legend. It was all hearsay
Jon was sure. Why had it been created and not used when first created. He had to admit he was peeved at the thought of abandoning what he felt was invulnerable. He was the Lord Commander and the Lord Commander did not abandon the Wall!

He glanced over at his wives. Melisandre face was locked in a rictus of passion with Ygritte hands working her tits and pussy hard. It calmed Jon to see his wives fucking. Their hot interaction was about life and love. He felt it was both a little humorous and a lot obscene to see Ygritte’s hands at work. The humor was the mere fact of them fucking on the King’s Road. It was obscene the way Ygritte’s hands bulged out Melisandre’s loosened bodice and Ygritte’s other hand pumped in and out made Melisandre’s dress at her groin jerk up in a fast rhythm.

Jon watched his taller wife’s body jerk and spasm hard. Her face twisted up into a rictus of striving need. Then Melisandre’s had ripped back and she screamed as her body orgasmed hard. The tall dark auburn haired beauty’s body rocked forward and back. Her booted feet pressing into her horse’s ribs to keep her erect on her horse as her cunt exploded scalding the ShadowBender’s body with fucking ecstasy. The waves of ecstasy searing through her veins had the tall redhead bucking and shaking violently. Her voice scaling up in shrieks of shattering pleasure.

Ygritte urged her on “Cum Baby, cum hard on my fingers … yes yes! I can feel your hot cunt gripping my fingers so hot and wet. Cum for me baby! Scream out your pleasure.” The Wildling grunting as she ram fucked her wife’s hot gushing coughee. Jon watched Ygritte lean into Melisandre to harpoon fuck her wife’s cunt tight squeezing on the finger banging Melisandre’s love box.

Melisandre wailed and convulsed as Ygritte worked her magic on her wife. A second orgasm now exploded out of the tall woman’s spasming cunt rocking her body and making her whole body convulse violently. Her body snapping forward and back in controllably throes of blistering bliss.

They were riding alone. Another party was following three hours back. They preferred to ride alone. The Queen had mercenary companies and Dothrak light cavalry thick here. They would appear on the horizon and then disappear. They were being watched and warded as all travelers were this close to the Wall. Jon enjoyed their being protected. It was nice to let one’s guard down. The forces of the Queen watching but keeping a distance honoring the privacy of the riders on the King’s Road.

His thoughts went back to the Queen. Yes he was peeved with her desires to give him orders about his command. He had learned to keep his feelings to himself on this matter. To speak his thoughts caused discord and rancor. Why rile the nest when there was no need he had concluded after again riling his wives with his concerns that Daenerys was overstepping her bounds with the Night’s Watch.

It rankled him that Westeros had ignored the Wall and the Night’s Watch for thousands of years and let the command wither and nearly die out. He knew that Daenerys and his father were flooding in men and material. They were definitely undoing the centuries of neglect. For the first time in more than a millennium the Wall was fully restored and in pristine shape.

He remembered all the faded shields in the mess hall. Once the Crows had been honored. Then they had been forgotten and neglected. Now, at the last moment, they had once more been remembered. What would have happened if not for the conquering Queen coming to their aid? Jon did not want to contemplate that possible eventuality.

Jon thought it was merely the Night’s Watch just due. Making up for countless centuries of neglect. He felt it was the duty of Westeros to support the Crows who sacrificed so much to protect the unsuspecting South. Jon felt what every Lord Commander had felt for the last two thousand years.
Westeros was providing that support in the last effort.

There was only one problem with this support. Now the Queen was telling him how to run his Command. The Wall existed for a reason. He did not like the idea at all of not manning it. That was how it was designed to be used damnit! The coming conflict worried Jon like a thorn in a lion’s paw. The Queen had yet to truly visit the Wall as anything more than a waypoint between two destinations.

He was afraid to let the enemy get to the Wall unopposed. What magic could they use against the Wall if allowed to approach it unopposed and attack while not being attacked? It made no sense to Jon Snow. He did not like it one bit. It went against all of his military training. You used all the advantages you were given on the field of battle.

The Queen would have to convince him. Jon had decided to listen to her though. Daenerys Targaryen was the Queen of Westeros after all. Hell, she was Queen of well over half of the known world. The Queen was both a ruthless warrior and a cunning tactician. He knew he had to truly listen to her. He needed to have an open mind. Jon was a man who prided himself in not letting his ‘male ego’ cloud his judgement. He felt it yammering now. It just burned him up that his command was being challenged. In the dark corners of his heart he knew the fact that a petite woman was the one challenging him made him angrier.

He had decided he would not allow that to occur. He would suppress this immaturity he despised in other men. It angered Jon how inferior men attacked women because they were little men filled with no confidence. Men who compensated for smallness of heart and mind by terrorizing women. Those thoughts had stiffened Jon’s resolve to be a better man. If the Queen was right he needed to let her persuade him. He smiled wryly to himself. He was sure that Ygritte would tell him “You know nothing” in front of all and Melisandre would say softly “I think she is right husband.”

Jon knew when both of his wives weighed in against him he was almost certainly in the wrong. He valued his wives insight. Ygritte passion allowed her to cut through the detritus of specious arguments. Melisandre’s cool intellect would look at the arguments from all angles and then deduce the right answer. When they both reached the same conclusion from different angles then Jon knew that was the right answer.

He just had to make sure that his male ego did not get in the way. His father seemed to always have his in check and he wondered how he did it. That was yet one more reason why Jon Snow worshiped the ground the father of his heart walked on. Jon knew that Eddard Stark had faults. He had just never seen them manifest themselves. His father always listened to all equally. His father controlled his ‘male ego’ at all times.

Jon did suppose his father withholding the truth of his heritage and perpetuating that lie for twenty was a pretty big flaw. Yes, all men came up short at one time or another.

Fortunately for Jon, Ygritte had come into his life. Jon would feel his own ego starting to roar and then Ygritte would cut him down to size yet again. He was happy she was so aggressive about it. It kept him in check.

Yes he would listen to the Queen and let her persuade him if her arguments were good.

He felt Ygritte riding up behind him and now she was beside him smiling sweetly. He eyed her warily. His wife with the head of fiery hair was always up to no good. Jon eyed Ygritte’s awful supposed innocent look on her face. Yup. Ygritte was up to her no good ways that in were actually quite good. Good if you liked sweet fucks and perversion.
His diminutive wife brought up her right hand. Her fingers glistening with Melisandre’s cum that liberally soaked the digits. Slowly, Ygritte brought the fingers up to her mouth. All the while she had locked eyes with her husband. With slow sensuality Ygritte pushed her fingers through her lips and slowly ran her fingers up and down her tongue while she sucked on the digits.

Jon could only moan at the hot sight. He had to at least make the effort at decency and decorum. “Ygritte” he husked aggrieved. “Can’t you control your slutty desires for at least a day?”

The Wilding pulled her fingers from her mouth. “Ppphhffttttt!” was her cheeky response before sliding her fingers back into her mouth and resuming sucking Melisandre’s creamy sweet cum off them. Ygritte made a show of finishing the cleaning of Melisandre’s cum from her fingers. Then she pulled them very slowly from her mouth. The smiled naughtily at her husband. “Most tasty. In answer to your question I have two answers. First: You know nothing. Second: Nope!” with a shit eating grin on her face.

Jon rolled his eyes in resignation. He had tried he reasoned with himself. He watched Ygritte. Jon warily waiting for her next move. With Ygritte there was always a next move when she was in heat.

She hummed leaning over. He watched her hands reaching for the laces of his trousers. Ygritte smiled saucily up at Jon. Then she was undoing them to his trouser jerking the fly open. He sighed dramatically several times. He had to put on the show. It was required. It made Ygritte feel scandalous which she craved.

“Stop huffing and puffing damnit!” Ygritte groused. “You love it and I know it. You damn Starks and that straight laced formality. I will have you know both of your eldest sisters are total lesbian sluts now. Sansa and Margaery are heading for a polyamours marriage with eight other women and that is not counting all the women they will be seducing and bringing to their shared bed. It will be glorious” Ygritte said dreamily.

“So stop your fucking bitching damnit and perform your husbandly duties. I have needs you know!” Ygritte crowed. Jon was beyond turned on by what Sansa had become. He had no desire to lie with her but gods that would be hot to watch! The old gods knew that Ygritte and Melisandre were hoping to get an eyeful somehow.

As Ygritte had made her pronouncements her eyes had been on her task. A look of thoughtful introspection crossed her face “You know Jon Snow. You are a slut too. Banging two wives in all our holes almost every night. Stop pretending you are something you are not!” Ygritte told Jon glancing up at him with a triumphant look. His sun kissed wife chuckled. She had won. Jon smiled looking at the freckles on her nose and cheek. They made her look so beautiful to Jon.

His trousers were loosened now and she jerked his fly open and pulled out his now painfully erect cock. “Yip! Total slut!” Ygritte snarked pumping his long thick shaft pulling his foreskin up and down his shaft. Her hand squeezed his shaft and her hand rose up to fist just his dickhead in a circular motion her palm compressing over his throbbing cockhead and then pumping his upper shaft before she again fisted his dickhead rolling his foreskin up over his bulbous dickhead before pumping the sliding hot skin wet with precum down his shaft again.

Jon could not stop his moans of pleasure. It was hot watching Ygritte pump his dick and the hot look of lust on her face made his cock jerk and throb with need.

He had not noticed Melisandre riding up on his other side close. He had been outflanked Jon thought. She smiled at Jon with an evil leer. Her greater height gave her an air of intimidation Jon noted to himself. Ygritte did all the talking. Melisandre acted. He watched her head slowly lowering to his shaft. Ygritte was still pumping his cock but had moved her hand to the base of his
towering thick shaft. Her fists making tight short jerks on his thick veined shaft.

Melisandre’s head lowered with her long deep red hair flaring around her head like an oriflamme. She swallowed his bulbous dickhead slowly. Jon threw his head back groaning hard feeling Melisandre’s lush lips locking on his dickhead and twisting back and forth her mouth sucking hard. Her head then slowly worked down his shaft with locked lips. She sucked and twisted her head on Jon’s glans her head sucking up and down his glans and dickhead filling the Lord Commander with shuddering pulses of ecstasy.

Her mouth glued to his dick Melisandre began to suck wetly on his thick prick sliding the shaft up her tongue so his mushroom dickhead jammed the back of her throat. Slowly the ShadowBender witch increased the pace of her head rising and falling on his prick. Jon groaned deep in his chest feeling Melisandre’s mouth suck voraciously on the dick sliding up and down her tongue. Her head bobbing up and down as she paused to lick his dickhead on the up stroke and sucked voraciously.

The horses moving slowly down the King’s Road while their riders fucked. Jon had to admit this was all so fucking hot!

Ygritte had removed her hand since Melisandre was sucking up and down on Jon’s now wet shaft. Her mouth letting bubbly spit drool out to lubricate his cock.

“Yessssss! Gods you two are so beautiful together!” Ygritte husked. Her blue-grey eyes dark with her blown pupils. Ygritte had leaned down looking up close at her wife sucking wetly on Jon’s cock. Melisandre’s mouth making obscene wet sucking and slurping noises. Melisandre now spinning her head on Jon’s dickhead sucking with deep cheek hollowing sucks. Her head lifting enough to let her lick her tongue all over his bulbous cockhead and glans with her slithering tongue.

Jon and Ygritte enjoying seeing Melisandre’s long pink tongue slithering all over Jon’s pink septa helmet. The witch sliding her tongue around on Jon’s foreskin making it worm and jerk on his upper shaft and half up his dickhead.

Then Melisandre then again swallowed Jon’s cock and bobbed up and down his shaft with a languid pace while deep throat sucking her lips tight to the veined shaft. Jon groaned hard in his chest and put one hand on the back of Melisandre’s head and urged her to bob harder. Melisandre hummed deep in her chest. She loved to be controlled when she fucked. Jon fisted her head and now slammed her head up and down his dick so his prick slammed into the back of Melisandre’s throat. “Uullkkkk hhrkkk uukkk hhaalkkk” Melisandre choked feeling Jon’s dick slam the back of her throat.

Melisandre was in heaven being fucked rough. She loved it Jon could see by the slutty look on his tall wife’s face. Jon then slowed his jerking of her head and slow rode her mouth up and down his dick. “Suck my dick you fucking slut! Suck it hard you fucking whore!” Jon spoke the words because Melisandre and Ygritte craved them.

“Ummmnnngggg! Mmmmmnnnggg!” Melisandre happily hummed in her gullet her head twisting as she sucked with all her love for her man. Her lips literally glued to Jon’s cock as she sucked like a famished succubus. Jon groaned deep in his chest again and again feeling his cock expertly sucked with fuck hunger. One might think Melisandre was a cold fish in bed with her reserved demeanor when in public but she was just as depraved as the fiery outspoken Ygritte when it came to sex between the three of them.

Jon removed his hand from Melisandre’s head. He enjoyed her hot head and wanted to let her guide her actions at this moment.
Melisandre sucked hotly. She plopped her mouth off Jon’s cock wetly. She kept her head just over his bulbous cockhead. Her tongue came out like a snake’s and flicked all over Jon’s cock with fast tongue swipes. She then lathed his cock crown with her slithering tongue rasping all over the pink bulbous dickhead. Around and around Melisandre worked her tongue all over Jon’s cockhead and bowing her head down to give it fierce short suck kisses on just the upper half of his mushroom cockhead. Jon’s body jolting with ecstasy that his wife’s mouth gave his dick.

She then sucked her lips up and down his dickhead with a slow head bob. Melisandre began to work her head in an undulation motion to work Jon’s cock around on her tongue as she continued bobbing on his prick. She sucked with a voracious suck before she lifted her head again to let her tongue swirl over his dickhead now slithering all over it and giving it wet slurp kisses.

All the while Jon moaned hard with the pleasure his wife gave him with her wet head. Then her lips glued to Jon’s bulbous dickhead. Her lips locking underneath his cock crown and sucking voraciously while she twisted her head up Jon’s cockhead slowly. Her head popping off with wet jerks. She immediately dove back down on Jon’s cock and again worked his dickhead and sensitive glans. Melisandre’s head jerked off his cock again and again after giving Jon’s dickhead hot twisting sucks.

Jon loved how his wives gave him head. They were always so forceful in their sucking him off. They gave their all whenever they fucked. It turned Jon on no end seeing Melisandre all twisted down on her horse to give him hot sloppy head. Her hair flagged down around her head jerking and swaying with her head bobs. Jon did not feel guilty in thinking how slutty Melisandre looked giving him head like this.

It was beautiful. Jon knew he and Melisandre had come a long way under Ygritte’s tutelage. Both had been uptight and repressed when Ygritte came to them. Ygritte had liberated both of them and they were both grateful for it.

Melisandre again pumped her head furiously up and down Jon’s cock. He felt his control begin to slip when Melisandre sucked off his dick. He groaned in frustration. He was about to jam her mouth back down on his throbbing prick when he felt Melisandre grip his cock tight and tilted his jerking shaft towards Ygritte. The Wildling had been watching the entire fellitio session up close enjoying the show with intense glittering eyes.

Melisandre now had Jon’s cockhead in front of Ygritte’s lips. Ygritte leaned in and down the last inch. She hungrily swallowed her husband’s cockhead and twirled her head twisting her lips around his septa helmet. She bobbed hard up and down his upper shaft for a minute before then rising up and tongue licking his dickhead like a hungry cat. Ygritte mewled and moaned swirling her tongue all over Jon’s prick before swallowing it again and slow bobbing with long ragged love sucks.

Jon moaned and now used both hands to grip Ygritte’s head and slammed her up and down his dick. Ygritte gripped his thighs to anchor her head so Jon could ram his dick in and out her mouth. Ygritte choked and moaned as she loved being controlled while sucking her man off. Jon worked her mouth down his thick shaft. His cock slipped into the top of her throat bugling her neck underneath her ears. Melisandre was leaning down like Ygritte before watching her touched by the sun wife give their husband sloppy head. Jon pumped his dick into his wife’s throat.

Wet sounds of sucking was loud in the quiet air. Slurps and gurgling noises flowed out of Ygritte’s throat. Then the slut opened her mouth and the sounds were amplified. The tenor as the sounds of Jon’s cock ramming her throat were now easily heard. “Hurrkk aauurrkk hhrrkkk aawwookkk aawwkkk hhruurkk” Ygritte’s throat made sweet lewd sound with Jon’s cock riding fast up and down her tongue and ramming the back of her throat. Spittle roping out Ygritte’s mouth and
drooling down her chin and cheeks and dripping off her face.

Jon now slowed the fiery redhead’s bobs with his fist in her hair. Ygritte easily complied moaning at Jon controlling her for his wants and needs. Now Jon put a hand on the back of Ygritte’s head and slowly rode his dick down Ygritte’s throat. Her neck bulging out as his dick slide down her throat till her nose was near his thighs. He pumped his hips fucking his wife’s throat. Ygritte clenching Jon’s thighs to anchor her body in position.

Jon now pulled his dick out of Ygritte’s throat. He clenched her hair and started to again fast pump Ygritte’s head up and down the dick sliding forcefully along her long pink tongue. His prick slamming into the back of her throat with repeated forceful jabs. Her head jolting with the force of impact. Ygritte opened her mouth so she made more obscene choking noises as spit drooled and splattered out her mouth as she was skull fucked. Her hands still gripped Jon’s thighs to keep her head anchored down so Jon could ram fuck her mouth and throat.

“Oh gods Ygritte that is so fucking hot!” Melisandre husked hotly watching Jon’s cock slamming into Ygritte’s throat and the spit copiously flowing out her half opened mouth.

Jon could not believe he, Ygritte, Melisandre were fucking on the King’s Road for all to see who might be near. Now Ygritte rose up and tilted his throbbing cock over so his tall beautiful wife could swallow his thick shaft. Melisandre swallowed his cock and started to give it wet hard sucks. Her lips glued to his dick. Melisandre moaned and gurgled sucking hotly on Jon’s cock.

His wives were taking turns going down on him sucking hungrily. They would sense his control slipping. The wife giving him head would suck off his cock and tilt his dick to the other side so the wife that had been watching up close could now give Jon hot head. The pause in switching off between the women giving Jon an opportunity to regain control. The wife that had been sucking on Jon’s cock now pumping the shaft all slicked with slobbery spit for a minute. Only then would the other wife suck in Jon’s dick and resume giving him hot head. The small breaks letting Jon concentrate to get his control back. Jon was enjoying his dick being sucked with a happy slutty smile on his face.

He could not believe that he was letting his wives do this to him in the open. He had been so staid and uptight before they came into his life. Jon knew his father would be dying from it if Catelyn was going down on him while riding down the King’s Road.

In fact a small wagon train filled with dragon glass passed them by. The drivers snorting and whooping at the sight. “Lucky dog!” “Ho Ho give him head Ho!” were called out along with other catcalls. Jon smiled weakly back. He was flushed with embarrassment but was not about to stop the divine head he was receiving by his two redheaded wives. Both of his wives bent down and titling his cock back and forth hungrily sucking on it. The two women enjoying giving the strange men a hot show. Jon had his hood up and his silver hair and purple eyes were hidden so the drivers did not think too much of it beside the hot show.

There were no brigands on the King’s Road with all the manpower under his father and Queen’s rule patrolling up and down the road’s flanks. He had nothing to fear. As the wagon train passed them by and went up the road he still heard the men whooping and going on about what they had just witnessed. Having given the men a show and being an exhibitionist had thrilled Jon and his two redheaded wives. Melisandre sucked fiercely on Jon’s cock while Ygritte urged her on.

“Suck hard Mel … suck his dick and make it cum hard in your mouth! Make Jon wail from it baby!” Ygritte spoke hotly to Melisandre.

Jon felt his balls tightening and Melisandre felt the tension and pumped her head up and down on
just his dickhead and sucked with all her pure love. Her lips glued to his dickhead sucked fiercely just on his cock crown. Her mouth sucking and stretching his crown just that little fraction. Her cheeks hollowing deeply with her long ragged deep throat love sucks. Ygritte had somehow wormed her right hand into Jon’s trousers and was massaging his nutsack rolling his testicles in her hand. Their spit had soaked Jon’s nutsack and had his balls rolling easily around in her hand. She squeezed gently while Melisandre sucked like a starving lamprey on Jon’s mushroom dickhead.

Jon started to shake violently as his head ripped back. Jon screamed feeling hot semen jetting up his thick long cock. Melisandre sucked and rotated her head as she still bobbed her deep red hair flouncing with her head jerks. She moaned hard feeling Jon’s semen blast hard into the back of her throat. She half choked on his hard sprouts. Some spewed out her parted lips from her chokes, but she was able to keep much of his semen in her mouth. Jon’s body bucked as fiery ecstasy filled his shaft as each hot bolt of cum spurted out his piss hole. He had to fight his body to not topple off his horse as his body convulsed with each spasm of his fierce orgasm.

Melisandre kept sucking till all of Jon’s semen had spurted out his pisshole emptying his nutsack. Only then did Melisandre rise up from her task. Her face sultry looking her lips closed. A tired but happy Jon watched Melisandre rise up. Then the tall witched leaned over and locked lips with Ygritte. Their hands came up to cup the back of each other’s head with fingers threaded in long flowing red locks. Their working cheeks showed Jon’s semen being worked back and forth in their mouths and slowly being swallowed.

Jon loved it. He loved watching his wives being hot and slutty.

Soon he was left to tie his strings backup tight to his trousers. His wives smiled at him smugly. Yes, Ygritte was a wonderful bad influence on himself and Melisandre Jon thought again. She was such a force of nature and made both of her spouses loosen up and enjoy life and good hot sex.

Jon was more relaxed as they rode down the King’s Road. He had a happy loopy smile face on his face. Great sex would make a man feel good. Slowly though, his thoughts turned more maudlin thinking of his future. His betrayal by the Crows was always wearing away at him like a millstone. He would be happy to be done with his command and disappear into the Sand Hills. He did not truly hide his identity but he knew people would come to him trying to get him to ‘assume his true destiny. He totally rejected them. He had seen what his future would be if he remained among men.

He would forever be a Stark. He was raised a Stark. He would never be a Targaryen.

He kept his true looks under cover most of the time now. He had become a little manic in keeping his hair and eyes hidden. It was not the statics and long stares that bothered him. He could smile at that. People of obvious Valyrian descent were not common. A person who looked of pure lineage was much rarer still. He could understand those looks. It was the whispers that caused him pause. Slowly word was spreading he was the son of Rhaegar Targaryen and Lyanna Stark. People who were sharp of mind and could think outside the box put two and two together.

He was the right age and Eddard Stark the stiff prig would never have cheated on his wife. The man doesn’t even know how to think the thought. Of course Jon was Rhaegar’s son. It had taken them nearly twenty years to realize this but they were starting to now. Having the living representation of Rhaegar walking beside you helped in making those deductions.

Jon understood why his father had lied about his lineage. It had made his life miserable with how Catelyn Stark had treated him. He understood mostly why she had acted like she did. She was like her husband. Duty before all else. She had performed her duty without question when his uncle Brandon had been killed and she did not speak a word of protest when she had to marry Eddard Stark. It must have been hard for her to have to marry Eddard Stark.
She had gotten to know Bandon. From what Jon had heard, Brandon was charismatic, charming and very pleasing to the eye. He was good looking, knew it, and acted accordingly. Then he up and was killed. Eddard stepped in and he was nothing like Brandon. That had to be hard on Catelyn Tully. Despite all that she had not hesitated to perform her duty. She married a man she did know. A man who was not charismatic and only had a rough hewn good look.

Jon had to admire that in Catelyn.

She had done her duty and laid with a man she did not know and conceived Robb. Then her new husband came home with a bastard. In some ways Jon was surprised she could ever come to love his father with her ramrod sense of duty and honor. He could see her point of view better now after his betrayal by his Command. To think you understand how you relate to somebody or something and then be betrayed by it. That was tough.

He had heard she had softened. He hoped to find out that himself one day. He knew he had softened in his views of Catelyn Stark.

With his lineage coming into public knowledge he heard the whispers. Would he want the Iron Throne? His lineage was more direct. He was Rhaegar’s son. The Iron Throne should be his. He was a man too. Daenerys Targaryen was a woman. Males took precedent. Hadn’t it always been so.

He had told those he heard directly from that no, Daenerys Targaryen, was the true heir to the throne. He may look like a Targaryen but he was Stark deep down to the marrow of his bones. He obviously had Valyrian blood in his veins but his blood did not run lilac but steel grey. He wanted no part of the Iron Throne. He once only wanted to be Lord Commander of the Night’s Watch. That had been slain by his fellow Crows.

Now Jon just wanted to finish his duty and disappear into the wastes of the Sand Hills. He wanted to live a simple life with his two wives. He would like communing with nature. Nature was primal and true. Nature did not play games and try to hide what it was not. He could trust nature. There were simply too few people like his father.

Ygritte was chirping constantly now about the home she wanted to make. They would find a small blind canyon with a thick corpse of trees filling it. They would go to the rear of the canyon and bore into the sandy hill and make rooms. Melisandre wanted to bend the trees to make rooms up in the branches of the trees and spend the warm nights up in the breeze and beneath the stars. She wanted to make love beneath the moon.

Jon had to smile at that. Melisandre had the touch of the romantic to her.

Jon wanted to just disappear and let all who thought he should be on the Iron Throne look for him but never find the missing man who would not be king. He wanted no part of the Iron Throne and the Game of Thrones that came with it.

He wanted to disappear before the whispers rose up to a cacophony of supposed plots and aspirations. He did not desire to force Daenerys Targaryen to have to wonder about all the rumors sure to rise. If one hears lies long enough they start to take on the ring of truth. The Queen would be forced to wonder about all the rumors concerning Jon Snow the son of Rhaegar.

Jon Snow would make sure it would never get to that stage. He would disappear soon after the war.

He did long so see his father, Robb, Sansa and Theon. He missed them. But the person he wanted to see the most was his sweet sister Arya. His father and brother had always treated him well and
Sansa did as much as she could wilting underneath her mother’s withering gaze. It had been Arya, though, who fought her mother fiercely to love Jon as not the bastard but as the full brother of her heart. He would always cherish the now young woman because of it.

He could not wait to show her his silver hair and lilac eyes. He smiled. She always had a thing for all things Targaryen. She would have a love towards him but he was now in many ways the mirror reflection of the Queen she so loved. He smiled thinking of her reaction to his new look. He looked forward to getting over on Arya. To know something was completely different than experiencing it.

He had heard enough times now that he had the caste of Rhaegar and, thus, Targaryens in his visage now. He must look at least a little like her love the Queen. That ought to confuse the hell out his little wolf sister. It would be amusing to see her consternation. She had even as a child been enamored with the Targaryen sisters. Arya always wanting to hear again of the warrior wives of Aegon.

Jon shook his head. To think his little fiery sister had seduced and bedded the last true pure blooded Targaryen Heir. He figured the Queen never even knew what hit her. Well, he snickered, she had known what had hit her. He had heard the tale. Arya’s strong left fist had made quite the impression on the Queen. Who would have known the way to win the Queen’s heart was to try and knock her teeth out. And the Queen had nearly ripped his sister’s arm off. Yes it was true love at first sight.

He laughed out loud. His wives looked at him curiously. Jon never laughed out loud for no reason.

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It was early the next morning. A thick mist filled the land. Jon loved the mist wafting onto his face and hair. With the land shrouded in fog he felt free to keep his cowl down. He tilted his head back and enjoyed the cool mist on his face. He could smell the wood and coal that had been used to keep domiciles warm the previous night. The smell would always make him think of his ancestral home of Winterfell.

Ghost was still beside his horse. The great direwolf head up near the base of the horse’s neck. The horse had long ago come to accept Jon’s wolf. Last night the Direwolf came to their camp soon after they had arrived at the spot. The wolf had sat down on its haunches and looked around silently. The Direwolf’s gaze steady and unknowable. Ghost partaking of the beef jerky thrown his way lying down to chew on the long strips happily.

The horses nickered softly. The horses were a little tired but their riders were not pushing them to hard. The horses hobbled and eating from the grain bags that had been put around their necks. Their tails whisking back and forth in contentment. Jon had curried the horses’ coats and removed any rocks from their hooves. He liked the routine and caring for the animals that so faithfully served their masters. Jon found comfort in performing routines of the hearth and giving care to horses. It did not bother his sense of manhood. He shook his head thinking of men and their fragile egos.

They had ridden till midnight bypassing the Queen’s camp nearest the Wall. Jon had wanted to press on so they would arrive early at the next camp the Queen would be reaching on the morrow. He wanted to arrive first and rest waiting for her arrival. He knew the Queen had positioned the camps far enough apart to allow for a full days march. He wanted to be refreshed when he met the Queen.

He was not looking for an advantage per se. He just wanted to make sure that he was meeting the Queen on a level field. He wanted to be well rested to be able to discern the proper path to take. If one was tired it was much easier to make poor decisions and let ones insecurities get the best of them. Jon did not want that to occur.
He was getting excited. He would be seeing so many of his family. He was most excited that he would be reunited with Arya. He had remembered last night the times they had sat together to talk and dream of what might be with his precious sister. He would ruffle her hair. It was easy to bond with Arya. She loved him true and he, thus, loved her true in return. He wondered if she still had needle. It would be nice if she still did have it or maybe she had felt it was a sword for child. Maybe the sword he had crafted for his sister was moldering forgotten in some lost field or abandon building. More likely left behind forgotten in Winterfell. His little wolf sister had grown up. She was a woman with a woman’s appetites. Those appetites had captured her the Queen of Westeros.

Ygritte was happy and bumping into Melisandre. Melisandre was grousing but had a smile on her face. They were both happy and worn out this morning Jon mused. They had found a small stand of tree and brambles covering a bed of moss. His witch wives used their shadows to push the brambles back and erected their magical damping field. No light or sound would leave their little covey.

As they finished their work the white silent wolf came up to the brambles and curled up in front of it. Jon and his wives would have their guard at the doorstep to their small bivouac. The horses left hobbled slept peacefully. They were fed and watered. The horses had grown to know that the great white Direwolf would protect them.

Jon always felt a rush passing through the glamour that his wives erected. The feel of ants crawling all over his body. Little black sparkles erupting up and down his body and before his vision and then he would be through the magical veil. It was always warm and pleasant inside his wives invisibility spell. Jon could look up and see the moon and stars but all light was bent around the spell and was unseen.

They put their furs down. The furs piled up to form a nest. Jon still felt randy from his blowjob during the day. He eyed his wives. He felt his libido raging. He barked at his wives that he was going to fuck them bowlegged. The two women’s breathing hitched hearing their husband barking at them. Like many strong personalities the two powerful ShadowBender switches felt their knees going weak at the commanding tone. Jon was normally sweet and docile so when he showed this side of his personality it made his wives wet and horny for some nice commanding sex from their husband.

He roughly stripped his wives of their dresses and their silks. His hands jerked their docile bodies around. It still amused Jon how Ygritte could go from fiery spitfire to submissive slut when he or Melisandre went into top mode. Almost in the blink of an eye. She looked at him with docile limpid eyes waiting to be taken hard. He ripped a few buttons off but he would sow them back on later. He liked doing fabric repairs. He was used to maintaining his Crow attire and had happily mended his wives clothes. Jon had to admit it was an immense turn on seeing his wives all doe like before him waiting to submit to his manly desires and needs.

They were now naked before him. Their bodies visibly shaking with lust. Their nipples were engorged and their pussies sopping wet. Their labia lips and clitoral hoods swollen and shiny with fuck juice. Their breathing was shaky and shallow their pupils blown with lust. He smirked to himself. He had not known he had such a domineering side to his personality till his wives teased it out of hiding. He had to admit it was hot to control and ‘fuck over’ his wives. The craved and lapped it up.

He gripped them roughly by their arms and jammed them down to the furs. They looked up at him with slit slut eyes. Their bodies shaking harder now with raw lust. He barked at them to remove his trousers, socks and boots. They complied with shaky hands and constant looks up at him. With them down on their knees taking his boots, socks and trousers off. Jon ripped his top layers of clothes off staring down at this wives. He now stood before them totally nude.
He called them sluts and whores. He again shivered and smiled to himself seeing these powerful women submitting to him and loving it. They loved it when he talked rough and dirty to them. His long thick shaft jerked before his body. His uncircumcised cock rock hard. His foreskin covering almost all of his bulbous pink septum helmet. He loved how his wives stared hungrily at his thick veined shaft. Their eyes following his jerking prick before his groin.

They were powerful women but craved being dominated. He knew some of his Crows went to the whores of Mole’s Town for some rough treatment. The men craving the whip and the humiliation the women were most happy to put them through. He himself did not crave it. He did not like being led and controlled in sex. He did not get turned by being submissive and a bottom bitch.

He stared down at his wives with lilac eyes. He gripped the base of his cock. He jerked his shaft up and down menacingly. The two redheaded women moaned looking up at him submissively. He smiled evilly down at his wives. He whipped them both across their faces with his heavy thick cock. The impact of flesh on flesh loud in the glamour of the witches spell. The women groaning feeling the humiliation of Jon’s cock whiplashing across their noses, foreheads, cheeks and lips. The impact sharp. Jon’s cock jerking with the impact of dick on face. Jon whipped their faces using his cock as a truncheon moving his hips to slash his cock across both women’s faces back and forth.

Jon was turned on big time hearing his wives gasp and moan as his dick slashed over their faces. The impact making them wince and gurgle. Not once did the women try to turn their faces away but instead kept their faces up tilted so their husband could continue to dick whip their slutty faces. Jon loved the feel of impact and seeing the red marks his dick left on his wives’ faces. The way his cock rebounded with the sharp harsh impact on their faces.

Soon his wives faces were crisscrossed with red marks from where his cock slashed over their facial features. They both moaned and kept their faces upturned eyelids fluttered closed. The sound of impact shockingly loud in their glamour. Melisandre gave soft caws and groans while Ygritte whimpered, growled and cawed with each strike of her husband’s prick down over her nose and cheeks.

Both women clearly showing how they loved the rough treatment. Then Jon barked at them to suck him off again. He shoved his cock into Melisandre’s mouth. She sucked hungrily her head bobbing hard up and down the thick veined shaft. She gripped Jon’s muscular thighs to anchor her body as she bobbed hard. Then Jon’s jammed his cock into the tall auburn haired woman’s cheek. He roughly dragged his cockhead down to the corner of her mouth and jacked it out her mouth sending saliva flinging. He shoved his dick back into her mouth repeatedly. He bulged out her cheek like an obscene mushroom seeking the sky. He slowly dragged his cock down Melisandre’s cheek and out her mouth. His dick jacking hard when it was forcefully pulled out the corner of her mouth. He did this again and again showing his slut who was in control. Melisandre moaning deep in her chest. Her dark red eyes pulsing as they looked up at him with hot fuck hunger. Her eyes and body language urging Jon on in his love abuse.

Jon then fed Ygritte his cock and she growled sucking feverishly on his eleven inch shaft. Her head twisting on Jon’s bulbous dickhead before bobbing hard again. Her hand reached around to grip Jon’s taunt ass cheeks. Jon rammed his cock into Ygritte’s throat. Then he slowed his hips thrusts and slowly rode his cock into and down Ygritte’s throat. His dick bulging out her throat showing his dickhead riding down her gullet till his cockhead was past her Adam’s apple and Ygritte’s nose pressed into his stomach. Then she rode back up his dick and chocked out mouthfuls of spit gasping for breath when his dick slipped out her mouth.
Jon let Ygritte get her breath back with heavy heaving gasps and then slowly rode his cock down Ygritte’s gullet. The fiery redhead gripped Jon’s ass cheeks hard as her throat bulged out with the thick cock sliding down her gullet. He jammed Ygritte’s face into his stomach repeatedly roughly loving how Ygritte’s fingers clawed his ass. Spittle pouring out the corners of her mouth. Only when Ygritte’s body began to jerk and she choked did he pull his dick back up her throat.

His dick slipped free as Ygritte bent over heaving for breath. She drooled out rivers of spit and gasped for breath. She then lowered her head and tilted it over and sucked in one of Jon’s heavy testicles and slurped it around in her mouth. She drooled it out and sucked in his other heavy nut and slobbered over it in her mouth. She went back and forth rolling Jon’s heavy balls around in her mouth before licking up his cock and bending her head over and sucked his cockhead back into her mouth and rotated her head on it sucking voraciously.

Jon groaned hard feeling the suction on his cock. Melisandre had scooted near watching the hot oral action. She reached in and fondled Jon’s heavy nutsack rolling his balls in her hand. She smiled up at Jon while her wife’s head bobbed hard sucking fiercely on the thick shaft riding up and down her tongue. For another minute Ygritte sucked hard on Jon’s cock before pulling off. She titled the spit slimed shaft over to Melisandre.

Then Melisandre took over. First the tall voluptuous witch bobbed equally hard on Jon’s cock sucking with cheek hollowing deep throat love sucks her head slow riding up and down Jon’s dick but slowly increasing the speed and force of her bobbing.

Then she slowed again. Now the auburn headed woman did deep throat on Jon’s dick. Jon loved seeing his dick sliding down his wives’ throats. First seeing Melisandre’s throat bugle out around her ears and then her gullet stretched out with the thick cock sliding down her gullet. Down Melisandre worked her head till her nose was jammed into Jon’s belly. Her throat all bulged out around the dick down her gullet. Her throat now in a bulged half circle showing Jon’s dick down her throat.

Jon gripped the back of Melisandre’s head and flexed his hips pounding his dickhead up and down Melisandre’s throat. His bulbous dickhead jacking deep down Melisandre’s throat as Jon fucked her throat. She gripped Jon’s muscled thighs to hold herself in place. She chuffed as her throat was sucked hard. Then Jon pulled out of Melisandre’s mouth and fed his cock to Ygritte.

Ygritte started to suck with fuck hunger as her wife gasped for breath. Rivers of bubbly spit drooling out Melisandre’s mouth soaking her tits and belly with fresh spittle. They took turns deep throating Jon. Finally, Jon howled as Ygritte gripped Jon’s hips and worked his dick down her throat and bobbed with his dickhead riding up and down her windpipe near her clavicles.

Jon screamed feeling hot spunk broiling up his shaft and then spurting hard out his pisshole with his dick buried down Ygritte’s throat. Again and again his body bucked while his cock spurting out of Ygritte’s throat. Jon loved the pressure of Ygritte’s throat on his cock as he convulsed and continued screaming feeling each heavenly spurt of his dick and the ecstasy it gave him.

Jon reveled in his hard cum. He looked down at his wives. Ygritte slowly pulled up his still hard shaft. They snogged fiercely sharing his spunk with tongues flipping between mouths. They had finished drinking down his copious discharge. They were again looking up at him docilely waiting to be used by their husband. Jon gripped their shoulders and threw them down on the furs. The breath whooshing out their lung when they hit the furs.

Jon fell to his knees first and then down onto his stomach. He buried his face in Ygritte’s muffin and started to feast on sloppy wet gash. His mouth making obscene wet slurping noises as he devoured wet trim. Jon was not a man who ate pussy just to get the woman wet for his manhood. He genuinely loved eating pussy. He loved the taste and the wet heat that engulfed his mouth. He loved
to spend happy hours eating hot wet pussy. He totally got into eating his wives out. He was soon on his knees and forearms leaned down so he could really mash his face down into Ygritte’s camel toe.

He had watched his wives suck each other off so many times now. It was true art watching them suck each other off. They ate pussy wildly of course but sometimes it was like watching great artists at work with how they made love to each other’s pussies.

Jon knew he was a natural pussy gobbler but he preferred the straight ahead devouring of a pussy like a starving lion. He groaned and grunted sucking, stretching, slurping, tongue fucking fuck holes and clit and sucking in mouthfuls of cunt meat and munching on happily while he pumped his head up stretching out Ygritte’s trim. He loved to aggressively lick his tongue over his sluts’ cunts and clits. Being aggressive and sucking in Ygritte’s clit deep and giving it harsh long ragged vicious love sucks. Ygritte yelping and moaning deep in her chest.

He soon had Ygritte wailing as her body flipped and jackknifed violently. He had loved how Ygritte growled and gripped his head with both hands and used his face like a fuck post. Her flowing cunt riding roughly up and down over his mouth as he tongue lashed and sucked on sweet cunt meat. He drank down the sweet slimy effluent of Ygritte’s cunt. Her cum tasted like ambrosia to Jon. Ygritte screams reached a crescendo and her body went limp as mini convulsions ripped through her small body.

Jon needed more sweet slimy snail snot. He rolled between Melisandre’s legs. She was up on her elbows looking down at Jon with a sultry look. Jon wasted no time lowering his mouth to her fat pussy. He started to devour her clamshell with equal gusto. His mouth sucking voraciously while his tongue gigged and slapped his wife’s rigid clit. He first buried his face in deep sucking hard and then lifted his head so his tongue had full motion to lick over the tall voluptuous woman’s cunt. His tongue loving the feel of her jutting clit underneath his rasping and stabbing tongue.

Jon loved the differences in his wives clits. Melisandre had a fat grape sized clit that bulged out its clitoral hood and would rise up out of its nest like a sweet orchid half bloomed out. All shiny and glistening. The sweet grape so sweet as he rolled it in his mouth. Ygritte’s clit was a sweet slender nubbin that he would have to work a little to tease out its hood. Seeing the tip all jutted out and shiny begging to be sucked. He loved pulling back the folds of his Ygritte’s clitoral hood to full expose her clit so his mouth could inhale and ingest the sweet nubbin.

He pushed Melisandre’s legs out with his elbows. He loved opening up his wives cunny for sweet devouring. Melisandre was more sanguine while Jon ate her out. She whinnied and mewled her pussy rotating up into Jon’s hot sucking mouth. Jon loved the wet heat enveloping his mouth with the intimate kiss of his wives cunts grinding up into his mouth. He groaned happily feeling her slimy trim. He loved feeling their clits on his tongue as he slapped and gigged them.

He would first lick Melisandre’s rigid clit fast and then slow. Then Jon sucked the bursting grape deep into his mouth and rolled it around with his tongue. His pink tongue stabbing and lathing the hard bud as Melisandre cried out in ecstasy.

Soon Melisandre was screaming humping up desperately into Jon’s devouring mouth. Jon loved how she bucked and heaved her cunt up into his mouth in her orgasms. Her back arcing and her beautiful voluptuous body jolting with shockwaves of crushing bliss. Her full tits sloshing and jerking as her body gyrated in orgasms. Her flips and jackknifes making shockwaves ripple and fold her tits so hot on her sweaty chest.

Jon sucked them off again and again. Their nest smelled so rich and thick with pussy. He had added finger banging after he made them cum the first time. His wives now adding to their wife’s pleasure sucking on turgid nipples and ramming tongues down groaning throats. Jon loved drinking down
the sweet mouthfuls of hot cum gushing out his wives exploding cunts.

His cock was rock hard again. Then he laid on his back and his wives took turns riding his cock to orgasm in their pussies and assholes. He gripped their hips to lunge his prick up balls deep into their hot tight pussies and clenching assholes. He loved how different they looked up over him. One so small and slender and the other so tall and voluptuous. Ygritte’s small tits whiplashing up and down on her chest so firm. Melisandre’s heavy full gourd shaped tits whipped off her chest and slapped down hard with wet smacks. It was cool to Jon how their hair darkened so when their manes became soaked in sweat.

He had the best of both worlds!

He had enjoyed their tight cunts fisting his cock and wildly spasming in orgasm. He love fucking them in the ass with them above him or doing them doggy. The wife he was fucking in the ass groaning and pounding her fist in the furs in pleasure. The other wife pulling his cock out their wife’s ass and sucking her shit juice off his prick and then shoving Jon’s dick back in her wife’s ass so Jon could pound it hard and deep. Again and again his wives did hot nasty ATM which turned on all three of them no end. He cummed hard in each of their hot assholes and groaned so hard when they cleaned their asses and jizm off his cock.

Now the next day they were all feeling refreshed and happy. They moved on pushing forward to their destinies. Jon reflected on what his father and Queen had accomplished.

Soon the full forces of Westeros and Essos would be at the Wall ready for war. The forces of the Queen and Eddard Stark trained up and ready for war. The forces arrived in such a manner that they were fresh and not worn down from the long march north. Sooner or later the Ice King would have to come south to fight. The forces of Man would be ready for them. When the Ice King did finally march south from the Fist of the First Men the forces of a united Westeros would annihilate the Ice King and his force. Jon now had the numbers and more importantly the weapons to fight and kill the enemy.

They arrived at the camp soon after noon. Ghost had appeared from the hazy distance and quickly ran up to Jon and his wives. The wolf easily looping beside the three riders. Ghost looked up at Jon with his intelligent red eyes. Jon knew his wolf too wanted to meet the enemy and rend them. The wolf of course moved forward with no sound. The easy pace did not tax the wolf at all.

They approached the camp. Jon smiled seeing the confusion and fear of those in the camp seeing the great wolf. Jon called Ghost to come close to his side. Ghost obeyed. Jon wanted all to see the wolf was with him.

He entered the camp and revealed his identity and told them that the Direwolf at his side was no threat and would be staying with him and his wives. The camp attendants quickly became used to the giant Direwolf when it made no threatening actions. The wolf walking near its masters his tongue hanging out as the wolf panted.

When the camp saw that he was Jon Snow the Lord Commander of the Crows he was given a royal tent. He thanked them profusely. He would be happy with a normal tent or sleeping under the stars but was thankful for his wives. Their glamour would keep them warm and dry but his wives preferred to not use and flaunt their magic in front of others. His wives knew and Jon had seen how magic made most people uneasy.

He had his cowl up. He did not any word whispered about his appearance. There was no need to stir up contemplation on what his appearance might mean or cause outright baseless gossip. It would not be fair to the Queen. In truth it would not be fair to himself. She would not care but he saw no
need to start the whispers. He had long ago tired of the ceaseless speculation when he walked showing his lineage at Castle Black.

He knew that they would need to put this problem to bed in the near future. How to fight tradition and expectation he had no idea. He was a simple warrior. He could care less about his lineage and how he was in line to the Iron Throne. He remembered the tale that Maester Aemon Targaryen had told him. He would have none of it. He would let the Queen worry about that matters of ascension to the Iron Throne. She was adept and adroit at the Game of Thrones. She would find a solution. She always seemed to find the answers to any problems that came before her.

He would help her like a ghost disappearing as a mirage over the horizon. He wanted no part of any throne. He had first thought of going to the Frost Fangs but he was coming around to wanting to live in the Sand Hills. He would still be near his ancestral home and yet far away from man. He had seen this land before and longed to return to it. His wives made it sound magical. Maybe it was.

He and his wives went into the tent with Ghost scooting in behind them. Ygritte whooped seeing the low bed pilled with furs and pillows. Ghost went over to the braziers and their glowing red embers. Jon and Melisandre put furs and thick blankets down on the ground before the fire. Ghost watched them intently as they worked. Ygritte was bouncing on the bed stroking the furs on the bed. The great wolf circled around on the furs before the braziers. The wolf using its paws to pat down the fur to make its bed. The Direwolf inspecting its work silently. Satisfied the great white wolf plopped down and curled up putting his muzzle on his paws before the brazier. The wolf taking advantage of the warmth instantly fell asleep. Ghost sensed he was safe in this habitation of his humans.

Ygritte was pulling her clothes off at a rapid pace. Her eyes hungrily eyeing Melisandre. Said clothes were being flung willy-nilly around the tent. Jon huffed chasing the articles of clothing and picking them. “Damnit! How many times do I have to tell you that they will wrinkle like that!” Jon huffed.

“You didn’t seem too concerned about wrinkled clothing when you stripped and banged our tight asses last night Jon. Geez, don’t be a hypocrite” Ygritte snarked back at her husband.

Jon paused in his mission of clothing retrieval. He shrugged. “Don’t do as I do. Do as I say.” He resumed picking up clothing and placing the garments over the back of chairs.

Melisandre was erecting spells of silence.

“What are you doing woman! Let them hear!” Ygritte shouted as was hungrily removed Melisandre’s dress off her wife’s hot body.

Melisandre merely cocked and auburn eyebrow finishing the spells.

“Please Ygritte. Have some decorum. These are total strangers.”

Ygritte made a harrumph sound. Her smile cheeky.

Ygritte was Melisandre were both naked now. Their eyes hungrily looking over each other with raw hunger.

“You know nothing Melisandre! I’m horny!” Jon huffed picking up a second set of clothes. He was really happy though. He loved seeing his two wives so happy. Their happiness made the man happy. While he was performing his duty of cleaning up his wives mess he watched Ygritte throw a squealing Melisandre down on the bed and jumped on her wife. They were immediately in a clench rolling around on the bed snogging fiercely. Arms and legs twined around bodies to pull them tight.
He stood watching them for a long minute. They would first roll to the right and then back to the left. Their bodies mated tight like wiggling snakes in a rut. Ygritte wiggling into Melisandre and the tall voluptuous witch undulated her body against her smaller wife. Melisandre’s large tits engulfing her smaller wife’s small tits as their tits mashed out between tight pressed bodies. Their mouths locked tight with tongues dueling wetly from mouth to mouth.

Jon smiled. He casually walked towards the large braziers filled with coke shimmering with heat. He moved over to them and the furs in front of them. He looked down at Ghost who had partially awoken sensing his human near. The Direwolf looked up at him with his red eyes barely slit open. He heard his wives moaning and cawing now as they rolled around on the bed. Jon needed to nap to feel refreshed for when he met the Queen and his family. He lay down on the furs beside his wolf. It large body sending out additional heat into the cool air.

Jon luxuriated in the warmth of braziers and Direwolf. He smiled hearing Melisandre cry out and the wet sounds of Ygritte devouring her sodden cunt and snuffling happily. Jon closed his eyes and quickly fell towards sleep. He had much practice going to sleep with two rutting wives beside him. He had learned to tune out their obscene noises of pussy gobbling and banging each other with fingers, fists and strap-ons when he was sleepy.

Soon he was snoring while shrieks of hard cumming filled the tent as Melisandre convulsed and screamed on the bed and Ygritte moaned hard drinking down sweet hot gushes of sweet female cum.

The two hot redheads were only getting started.

Daenerys

Dany came out the tent reserved for and Arya and herself. She stretched like a satisfied big ole Tom that was master of all it surveyed. She felt like meowing and strutting around to show her dominance but knew she would look silly doing that. Making love to Arya always put the Queen in that state of mind. Dany was insatiable and Arya was insatiable which meant awesome sex!

The time before turning into one’s tent was a time to share comradery and build ties to the Houses and people she hope to finally rule and lead after this war was put behind her. Daenerys knew she had her queenly duties to perform. She had to interact with her subjects to always further build her rapport with her subjects. She would perform her duty. In the back of her mind though, were the thoughts of ravishing a certain Direwolf. As soon as the Queen and her consort turned in for the night after eating a meal around the main camp fire and commiserating with the Lords and Generals they were back in the Queen’s tent at each other like cats in heat.

The Queen had lost nearly a year now to this war and the preparation for it. She smiled grimly seeing Eddard come out of his tent across the camp. He glared and his eldest daughter’s wagon and then the wagon of Missandei the Queen’s small scribe. The Queen shivered. She and Arya had finally put the fire out in their couchies. She smiled knocking Arya out with the last multiple orgasm she had given her love sucking her off and rubbing her g-spot with a come hither motion. Eddard saw her and grimaced looking peeved. Daenerys smiled at the man. He walked off huffing. It was all an act the Queen knew. They both liked playing their part of the game.

She felt sorry for Eddard Stark but not really. The man was a prude and deserved to be surrounded by people who enjoyed sex and lots of it. It was an advantage the High Lords were taking
advantage of with the denizens of the land. They were reserved in the performance of their duties
but once those duties were finished they loved to fuck. Boy did they love to fuck and were quite
vocal about. Lucky lesser lords, camp attendants and Dothraki getting to enjoy the fun.

Poor Eddard Stark had gotten as far away as he could from the more vocal fuckers in the camp.
Many of the nights he had ridden off for a corpse of trees on the horizon and slept under the stars.
“At least I can have some piece and quite. Except for those damn Giants. I can hear them miles
away!”

The Queen had decided to step out of her tent. The hot sex with Arya had not exhausted her but
filled her with a jangly energy. Fucking Arya filled her with energy and passion. Her body was
satiated but her mind was still active. She slowly dressed reveling in a body well fucked. The
Queen went out. She enjoyed the cool night time air on her face as she looked up at the stars. The
light so pure and so far away. She wondered again what those twinkling lights were. She started to
walk to stretch her limbs. As she started to walk the Queen enjoyed stretching her limbs and twisting
her torso to stretch her back. Daenerys reveled in the feel of her worn out pussy.

Arya had fisted her so fucking good and kept ramming her fist up into Dany’s cervix through her
orgasm and made a second one bloom and explode overtop the first when she kept twisting her fist
home with hard plunging thrusts and then bending down to give Dany’s clit wet loose kisses with
her sucking lips hot and fast. Dany had exploded into a million shards of glittering diamonds that
seemed to float up into the air and only slowly gently waft back to the Earth.

She had put on breaches and a loose tunic only. Her hot blood kept her warm in the cold. She truly
was the Dragon. She had walked around her tent and its local environs. Nymeria had come out with
the Queen. She rubbed into the Queen for some ear scratches and then tore off into the night after
receiving them. The Queen smiled seeing the great Direwolf disappearing into the night. She
guessed the great Direwolf was running off to seek her cousins among the hills and woods.

She had seen Bannor and Jeertel at the front of the tent and Seregrom had disappeared around the
side. Aggo was at the other side of the tent and Wormtail with five of her honor guard were out ten
yards in a loose perimeter. Dany was indeed very safe. She started to walk away from her tent.

She walked on and Bannor and Seregrom were beside her now with Aggo trailing. The Haruchai
moved like shadows making no noise. They walked around the camp quietly as people slept. It was
late in the night now. The Queens small procession approached the wagons of Sansa and
Missandei. Suddenly, Bannor moved from the side of the Queen to just in front of her off to the
side. The Bloodguard thrust out his arm in front of the Queen. She hit it and it felt like hitting a bar
of iron. Her body rebounded back.

“You cannot go any further” Bannor spoke flatly.

She looked at him crossly. She was not used to not being allowed to go where she would. She
rubbed her arm and shoulder where she had run into Bannor’s arm. Daenerys was still mildly
surprised at the solidity of the Haruchai. Hitting his arm had been like hitting granite.

“Why not” she softly barked at the man. Her eyes challenged the taciturn man. He returned her
glare without emotion.

“She Who Must Not Be Named is in front of Missandei wagon door.”

“Wwwhatttttt! … How long has she been there??” Daenerys yelped. She felt a squirt of raw naked
fear shoot through her veins. She had heard enough tales from Missandei of this woman’s power.
She could not help herself looking around with eyes large with fear.
“For over an hour” was the flat spoken statement.

“My gods—wh-h-h-yyyy haven’t you sounded the alarm!” Dany spoke softly looking at the wagons. The Queen calmed her breathing and, thus, her pulse rate. She needed to be calm with this situation.

Bannor regarded her flatly. He marginally cocked an eyebrow. “The Haruchai know caution. There are five Haruchai arrayed around She Who Must Not Be Named. They will attack at any indication of danger. What would it accomplish to attack her? She could kill us all with but a thought. We do not wish to provoke She Who Must Not Be Named. She merely looks at the door with longing. She has done this off and on during our entire trip up the King’s Road. She Who Must Not Be Named is clearly enamored with your scribe.”

The Queen processed all this. She was as safe as could be. She glared at Bannor. He returned her gaze flatly. The Haruchai were not fazed by her anger in the least.

“I want to see her.” It bothered her greatly that the Haruchai had not told her of this. She had come to know them well enough to understand their thinking. What would it accomplish telling the Queen? They observed and would fight this goddess if they must and all be slaughtered. Therefore, why tell the Queen when it would not change anything. She sighed to herself. These Haruchai would die for her at moment’s notice if required. She could not find fault in them.

The Haruchai titled his head conversing with is countrymen. Dany was guided to the left and made a wide shallow circle like shadows within the night. She now could see between two supply wagons that had been sighted to be shields to the royal wagons and tents.

She felt her eyes narrow. My gods it was not possible. She was expecting some seven foot tall muscle bound warrior looking woman with a beautiful but dire face. Missandei had thought of her ‘shadow’ lover as a small woman but the Queen had been sure the woman would be a mighty warrior. Such power just had to be housed in a mighty warrior’s body didn’t it the Queen had reasoned to herself. What she saw was not that. Missandei had been totally right.

The woman she saw looked more like a prepubescent girl. She was definitely shorter than Missandei by several inches and Andi was tiny! Her interpreter had the body of a woman but this woman looked like a girl not yet flowered. A girl that had yet to develop any maturity to her body. She was slender and small of limbs. The Queen saw no musculature on the woman’s limbs that were exposed. The woman before her for all appearances was merely a slip of a girl.

The woman’s cowl to her robe was back. Her legs were exposed as well with her tunic only coming slightly below her knees. Daenerys observed She Who Must Not Be Named hands and they too were small and childlike delicate. The woman stared intently at the door of Missandei’s wagon. Daenerys felt the longing in the woman. The queen was both hopeful for Missandei and yet fearful. Though this small female looked harmless the Haruchai made it abundantly clear that this woman was every bit as powerful as Missandei had said she was.

Still Daenerys could not help but wonder. How could such a body have the power to supposedly lay mountains low? Defeat this supposedly unstoppable Lord Foul with but a backhand? How had she ever been chained? By love Missandei told her. Could Missandei control such a woman with nothing but her love? Had not the woman helped them already?

All these thoughts crashed through the Queen’s head as she continued to regard this She Who Must Not Be Named.

Her body was unremarkable but that was the only thing. There was no wind nor any breeze in the
night air. The air dead with no movement. One would think that the air was filled with a very strong angry wind looking at She Who Must Not Be Named. The woman’s hair was silky but instead of blond or black it was bright green that seemed to have a glow about it. It reminded her of the fireflies she saw as a little girl flitting around the courtyard of the house with the red door. The woman’s hair was flowing out behind her in streamers of green tresses. Her hair undulating and whipping as if caught in a strong wind.

The woman had eyes that were completely circular and appeared to have no eyelids. Her eyes did not blink. The eyes bright green. They seemed to glow but provided no illumination to her environment. The sight was unnerving seeing eyes that did not blink and glowed. She Who Must Not Be Named eyebrows were also green and angled up from the bridge of her nose to near her hairline low on her forehead. The woman had ears that jutted out her hair and came to a set of double of points angled back. The Queen had seen paintings and wood carvings of elves and demons. To the Queen this woman had the caste much more like the latter.

“She looks like a demon” Daenerys softly spoke to Bannor.

“You show your prejudices. Just because she does not look like us does not mean she is a demon. In many ways she is just a woman. Albeit a very powerful woman” Bannor answered the Queen, his charge, in a calm voice. There was no scolding in the tone yet the Queen knew it was in those words.

Daenerys tensed her lips and closed her eyes. She hated being corrected but Bannor was right. She had let preconceptions cloud her judgment. She studied this green haired woman again.

Her body was the body of a girl and so was her face when you went beyond the strange features. No caste of a wrinkle marred the perfect features. The face still had a trace of what one would call baby fat it. Daenerys could not get over how She Who Must Not Be Named looked like a maiden. A very young maiden. It was disconcerting to look at. From what Daenerys could gather from all she had been told she knew this woman had to be at least one hundred thousand years old and yet she looked to be ten years of age maybe nine. This green haired demigod for all appearances was still a girl yet to flower. She had no womanly aspect to her body or face.

“She looks like a girl … she can’t be this terrible force of nature” Daenerys spoke softly to Bannor. She knew this green haired woman heard all they were saying and knew she was there and where all the Haruchai were. She simply chose to ignore them. Her focus was totally on Missandei in her wagon. It seemed nothing else mattered to the Lady In Green, Daenerys coined her personal name for the woman. She immediately wondered if She Who Must Not Be Named could read her thoughts. Maybe she would call the woman by her proper name Daenerys decided hastily.

Bannor looked at the Queen. “You appear weak at first glance and yet you are mighty.”

That pissed Daenerys off. She was mighty and anyone could see that! Damn the Haruchai for making that observation!

The Haruchai could see her fit of pique. “No offense was meant Dragonthane. I merely speak the truth. You are petite. Would you be afraid of yourself if you knew nothing of yourself?” He spoke in that strange flat lilt that showed no emotion.

“Ohay. I understand. Still. She can’t be that powerful. Can she?” It was so incongruent to the Queen to be told that so much power was packed into such a small body.

“She Who Must Not Be Name defeated Lord Foul. Lord Foul repeatedly overcame all who opposed him with the mightiest lore and weapons. She crushed him while merely passing by him in Kiril
Threndor deep underneath Mount Thunder as she roared in her freedom. Stave reports that that her attack on Lord Foul was almost an afterthought as She Who Must Not Be Named raced to her freedom.

“We have mused over the millenniums over She Who Must Not Be Named actions that day. She could have killed Lord Foul easily if she had chosen. We have debated long among ourselves why she showed mercy for all the millennium Lord Foul had tortured She Who Must Not Be Named with her chaining in the deep abyss in the heart of Mount Thunder. Maybe she was good even then. Just buried under torment and youthful indiscretions.”

“You must understand Dragon Queen. This small woman before us could contend with all of the Elohim. Would she win? We do not know but we feel the probabilities are much in her favor. It was the Elohim queen with Linden Avery who brought you back from death. Consider the might you have felt with Infelice. Alone, the Haruchai deem that this small woman would instantaneously defeat and dispatch the Queen of the Elohim if She Who Must Not Be Named so chose. She does not chose that.”

“She is death given life if she so chooses. Stave told the Haruchai what She Who Must Not Be Named was like when she was a green incorporeal cloud of hate and insanity. We have been granted a reprieve. The Haruchai believe that She Who Mush Not Be Named has forsaken her past ways. In the forty-seven thousand years since she left our world she has learned control.”

The Queen studied the Haruchai. They knew more than they let on. Their memory back to the beginning of their people gave them a power of knowledge that none could match.

“So it is impossible to fight her?” the Queen asked her Bloodguard.

“Yes, by ones such as those gathered in your army. We are truly nothing to her. We do not understand her obsession with Missandei of Naath. She is enamored of the woman. You are most fortunate. She has chosen to aid our cause. From what we have heard She Who Must Not Be Named chose to aid you before she met Missandei. It would seem in aiding you She Who Must Not Be Named met and fell in love with Missandei of Naath.

“We find this strange. She Who Must Not Be Named should be so far above us that we don’t even prick her awareness.”

The Queen processed that information.

“Is she a god then?”

Bannor looked at her for a long time. The Queen could sense he was conversing mentally with his brethren. “I know how you mean the word. In that context she is not a god. She is not divine. She was born and can die though none of us have the power to kill or even harm her. We know that Missandei holds the Krill within her. That weapon can kill even the Worm at the End of the World if one like She Know Must Not Be Named wielded the weapon. She can be killed.”

Daenerys looked at Bannor. She, Arya and Missandei had not told anyone that she carried the Krill within and yet the Haruchai knew it. Again the Queen wondered what the Haruchai were able to perceive. “Missandei will never hurt the woman.”

“We know. We are not sure what they are but She Who Must Not Be Named has many tasks before her. Tasks that will be tied to your destiny. If not for her love for Missandei you would not be able to complete all of your tasks.”
There was a flash of green. Out of the corner of the Queen’s eye she saw that She Who Must Be Named seemed to fold in upon herself. It looked like squares imploding till there was a bright flash as the green eyed woman folded in on herself from her head and feet. When those two collapsing squares met there had been a bright green flash. Then nothing.

“She has left.”

“He where has she gone?”

“We do not know. She has left the world we perceive. She can travel through time and the very fabric of what is and what is possible” Bannor told the Queen with a flat voice. Again the Queen wondered at the full perceptions of the Haruchai.

The Valyrian tried to process all she had just heard and seen. Her people were a magical race. She had seen magic and felt it within her but she instinctively understood that she was a paltry thing compared to She Who Must Not Be Named. It was humbling thought to the proud woman.

Again she was thankful that this woman had aligned herself however tenuously with her and not with the Ice King or as a force of evil onto herself. From what Missandei and Bannor had told the Queen that could have been a realistic possibility.

Dany’s head spun hearing and seeing what she had just experienced. The Valyrian attempted to process it all. She slowly went back to her royal tent. She quickly shed her clothes. She went back to Arya and snuggled into her lover who instinctively pulled Dany to her shoulder and the Queen cleared her head of distracting thoughts and soon fell asleep. She had learned in the red wastes to conquer her wayward thoughts.

When Daenerys awoke this early morning before the sun had lit the eastern horizon she had been extremely horny. Her nighttime encounter with Missandei’s would be lover had her filled with energy. She was still in Arya’s arms holding her possessively. The Queen felt loved and safe. Her doubt and misgivings from the previous night behind her.

She slowly disengaged her body from Arya’s supine slumbering body and slipped between her love’s legs and slowly pushed them out. She started to slowly lap at her Wolfing’s sweet pussy and enjoyed feeling it swell and juice in her mouth. In the quiet of the tent Daenerys could hear her tongue working the slit that was getting wetter as she licked. She licked up higher and felt Arya’s clit swelling underneath her tongue. Wet sounds of a sodden pussy being eaten filled the room. Looking up Arya’s nude body she saw her nipples swelling with blood rush.

Arya slowly came awake moaning and rotating her pussy up into Dany’s mouth. Arya mewled waking feeling her Queen eating her out. Dany loved the rising moans from Arya. Her woman started to deliberate hump her pussy up and down grinding her now sodden muffin into Dany’s mouth. The Queen loved feeling her head pushed against by Arya’s swollen cunt now grinding up into her mouth. She loved how Arya writhed against her mouth. She always felt connected to Arya when she humped her wet snatch into her lover’s mouth.

Soon Daenerys had Arya chuffing and crying out as she took her slut to the heavens of ecstasy. Arya had both hands in Dany’s hair mashing her face down into the teenager’s pussy. The pale blond sucked with total focus her tongue lashing and gigging Arya’s rigid throbbing clit.

Daenerys had sucked her sweet wolf off twice to soul crushing orgasms of wailing bliss. Dany had happily gulped down the sweet gushes of hot cum sloshing out her sweeties rupturing cunt hole. Arya screaming in her ecstasy. The Valyrian loved to make her sweet wolf howl with her soul crushing orgasms.
Then Arya had returned the favor. She was considerate that way.

Now she was outside her tent with a big shit eating grin on her face as she looked at Arya’s father sweetly. He happened to be near their tent talking to Stannis. The eastern sky just starting to lighten with the approaching sun. Eddard scowled at her. He did not seem to appreciate the screams of his daughters or their lovers and adding Missandei’s high pitched screams to the mix seemed to make him cross for some reason.

“You just couldn’t help yourself could you” Eddard growled. “My two daughters caterwauling like cats in heat. Of course you two are not alone. Gods what in the hell has gotten into Stannis. Oberyn I can understand but not Stannis. They are old foggies like me dammit! Renly and Loras and the other young Lords and Knights the Haruchai and Ramen are making love too—oh fuck it—are fucking … I can forgive their screams I guess … but—well … oh fuck it” Eddard ran out of words it seemed.

The Queen had continued to smile sweetly at the fuming Warden of the North. He did look tired. Dany knew it would take a short while yet for Arya to recover and get dressed. Dany felt the North come awake. Birds were chirping in the distant trees and in their lairs in the prairie grass.

Eddard turned but she saw the small smile on his face. Softie.

She saw Nymeria coming looping in from lifting darkness and sat beside the entrance of the tent that Stannis and Oberyn were sharing. The wolf was staring intently at the flap of the tent. Dany stopped to watch what would happen this morning. Nymeria had been getting the short end of the spear the last few weeks with a couple of exceptions. With the wire contraption that Oberyn had devised to hold his spear on the top of his head had totally foiled the Direwolf. Oberyn had been preening much and Daenerys was sure it was really pissing off the great Direwolf.

Nymeria was not used to losing that was for sure. The great wolf made that obvious. She acted like a big baby really whenever she was bested.

Nymeria would throw fits when she was not able get the spear. She would flip around in the air and bark furiously at the Spearmen who taunted and laughed at the distressed Direwolf that produced only more furious barking and whining. A few times it had gotten so bad that she and Arya had worried for Nymeria. She would be rolling around on her back kicking her legs wildly slaver and foam rolling out of the Direwolf’s mouth in rivers. Nymeria would roll onto her side and use her legs to dig into the ground and slowly spin her writhing body around in circles. The wolf’s dark golden eyes half rolling in her head as she whined and howled in frustration.

It was really remarkable the fits the wolf could throw.

Nymeria had taken to running up to Arya and looking at her plaintively and then looking back at Oberyn with first pleading eyes. The wolf’s head looking back and forth between Oberyn and Nymeria’s master. The message was quite clear. Punish the bastard for thwarting Nymeria’s will. When that did not work Nymeria barked furiously at Arya trying to get her to understand the urgency of the situation. When that did not work the wolf threw fits of howling and rolling all over the ground her legs kicking furiously as she had yet another wolfie tantrum.

A few of Nymeria’s tantrums had left her exhausted lying on her side panting heavily her tongue lullled out. Her eyes addled and not able to focus. She always recovered quickly though. She made sure to give Oberyn a piece of her mind before running off to parts unknown to sulk and plan her revenge. Her head turning back to glare evil promises to the Red Viper as she disappeared. The man flipping her off and blowing her raspberries. Nymeria’s howls scaling up at the abuse.
The Queen had seen Nymeria try and enlist Grey Wind but he had grown bored of it all. Lady was helpless. All she wanted was to be petted.

Then a week ago Nymeria had lurked around Oberyn’s tent in the early morning. Before the Direwolf had always assaulted the man when he was on his horse or during breaks on the march. Obviously, the wolf had devised a new tactic. She ambushed the spearmen the instant he came through the flap his tent. The man was one with his spear and liked to take it everywhere he went. His wire hat in his other hand. He had not thought it needed to put it on his head yet. A shocked Oberyn was caught unawares. The two had wrested over his spear.

Nymeria with her superior weight had won. She tore the spear away from Oberyn before he could get up on his horse. She ran off with a happy wolf grin on her face.

“You fucking bitch!” Oberyn had yelled at the wolf. He was furious. He had gotten used to winning!

An hour down the path they found his spear on the King’s road. The hardened ironwood baked in a kiln had resisted Nymeria’s bite marks as per usual. As per usual, also, Nymeria had pissed all over the spear and then kicked grass on it.

Cursing Oberyn used water and vinegar to cleanse his spear. Daenerys could hear the muttered “fucking bitch” “I will teach that fucking wolf—you mark my words”. Yes the battle had been joined again.

The next morning Oberyn had stuck his head out his tent flap looking both ways for the vile wolf. He did not notice the large stack of furs and blankets that were haphazardly stacked near the tent front. It did not register as a threat. He had not seen the Direwolf working for the past hour pulling furs and blankets it had raided from a wagon to stack before Oberyn’s tent. The wolf had then crawled underneath the liar it had created and waited with just her nostrils jutting from beneath a fur.

Oberyn had looked around but not down. As he passed the pile of furs and blankets Nymeria had exploded out of the pile. Her teeth locking on the shaft of Oberyn’s precious spear. The furious wrestling match for the spear had been epic.

Oberyn refused to release the spear as man and wolf rolled on the ground both howling and gnashing teeth. Finally, Nymeria got a bite hold on the spear and ripped Oberyn off balance. She started to run off but was thwarted. Her movements slowed by Oberyn who had ahold of the other end of the spear. He shouted curses at the wolf refusing to let go. Then the wolf spun around whipping Oberyn off balance to the right. Then she dragged Oberyn over a fire. The flames catching on his clothes. That set Oberyn to really howling. Victory to Nymeria.

Dany remembered the next morning Nymeria was by the door waiting for her spear. Her confidence now restored. She had received a shock. This morning the tent flap was flung back with haughty disregard for Nymeria perched outside ready to attack.

Oberyn came out with an escort of Haruchai and Ramen who walked him to his horse in between the phalanxes of his protectors. Nymeria had watched stunned. Her hair instantly rose up in hackles. Her tail snaking underneath her ass. Nymeria glared at Oberyn and his entourage. She dare not attack. All the Direwolves had learned that you did not mess with Haruchai and Ramen.

Oberyn had walked by a poleaxed Nymeria. As he passed the Direwolf he blew her a raspberry. The Ramen had smirked at the Direwolf. The Haruchai in unison had only cocked an eyebrow at Nymeria.
That had done it.

The Queen had actually been afraid for the wolf’s health after that event. Nymeria threw a fit that was worthy of one of Dany’s royal temper tantrums. The flips, rolls, summersaults and just general wild contortions had went on for fifteen minutes. Her howls answered by the wolves in the far away woods. When she was finished she was exhausted. She actually fell asleep in her exhaustion.

The column broke ranks and started down the road. Arya chewed her lip and told Dany she would catch up to them with Nymeria. Half an hour later Arya came up to the column at a fast canter with a pissed off Nymeria.

Nymeria had barked furiously at Oberyn for an hour up the King’s Road.

The next morning Nymeria did not seem stunned or rankled by the turn of events. It seemed to the Queen that Nymeria was ready to show she was the Queen of the spear. She was aggressive barking furiously and lunging at Oberyn’s protectors. Faster than the eye could follow Manethrall Shapa ripped the cord out of her hair. She spun it up in a flash and then the knotted end snapped out and flicked the Direwolf’s nose. Hard. It was not enough to damage but it definitely stung.

Nymeria had run off fifty yards yammering with her tail between her legs whining and pawing her nose. She did that until she saw Grey Wind looking at her with contempt. Nymeria stopped with a sudden digging of feet. She looked at Grey Wind who turned his rump to her in disgust. Nymeria woofed and her eyes alight with righteous indignation. She had face to save! She ran back up to Oberyn who was on his horse now with is spear safely clasped on his head. Nymeria threw a fit. She barked furiously at the Haruchai and the Ramen and snapped at their heels. They ignored the big baby. Daenerys noticed the one person she did not try and intimidate was Manethrall Shapa.

The Direwolf did this all the time glancing back at where Grey Wind was observing her. Nymeria kept this up until Grey Wind seemed to be satisfied that Nymeria was not a big woose and gambled off. Nymeria immediately stopped and sat down panting. She had saved face and was exhausted from it.

Now this morning the Haruchai and the Ramen walked out of Oberyn’s tent but there was no Oberyn. The phalanx of protectors moved off. Daenerys saw the direwolf come to attention. Hope was in her eyes burning furiously. She crouched down. Oberyn walked out holding his spear. Triumph glowed hot in her golden orbs. The wolf leaped up knocking him aside and snatched the spear from his grasp and started to run off with a look of triumph.

The spear snapped in two. The wolf stopped running and looked confused at the two ends. Woof? She stared a second and then snapped up the half of the spear with spear head and started off running. It snapped in two. The wolf stopped confused again and then picked up the part of the spear with the Valyrian steel spear point. The wood snapped again. Woof? Woof?

Now Nymeria stopped and looked at the spear point and the little bit of the wood haft remaining. She smelled the spear point. Then she howled biting the painted balsa wood spear tip and it splintered. Oberyn was up on his horse now laughing at Nymeria. In his hand was his real spear.

“Ha!” Oberyn laughed at the wolf. He blew Nymeria a big long wet raspberry at the Direwolf. His real spear now safely ensconced on this wire contraption on his head.

“Arya turned to Daenerys and smiled great big. Now that was original. They wondered how long it had taken Oberyn to have the fake spear made.

Needless to say Nymeria did not take the ruse very well. The Direwolf’s fit of flips, summersaults
and belly rolls had been truly frightening to witness. She would lie on her back her legs kicking furiously in the air as her body undulated her howls of rage truly hideous to hear. Foam constantly running out her mouth in her crazed state. Nymeria’s face was soaked in slaver. It was not a pretty look. The poor wolf exhausted herself.

The Queen had nearly laughed her ass off. They left the sleeping exhausted wolf behind knowing she would quickly catch up when she had recovered.

With the rising of the sun they were off. The advantage of not having to break camp they were able to move off and let the staff at the camps take care of the camp. Since the camps were being maintained for the multiple of trains moving up the King’s Road the tenders could immediately start making preparations for the next arrivals. With Sansa, Margaery and Missandei’s planning the camps and their maintenance the tenders knew when each column would be arriving, and, thus, ready to tend to their needs. The break in trains giving the camp attendants time to restore the camps to pristine order and give them to rest themselves. The rest allowed them to be ready to serve the next train moving up the King’s Road to the Wall.

As she moved down the road Arya had moved off to talk to her father. This left Daenerys alone to contemplate what was about to occur. After camp tonight it was one was more camp and then they would be at Wall. The fortune and future of Westeros would be fought there. The fight would be soon. She felt it in her bones. She knew what her dragons saw but something in her bones told her that the war would be soon.

*Why hadn’t had the Ice King moved forward?!* It was the question that perplexed them all.

She looked forward to this war. Unlike the fights in Esso there was no ambiguity in her foe. No hidden sliver of good or decency. This foe was implacable. She would crush this enemy and worry not for any future nightmares. The Ice King was a being of pure evil. His Ice Wrights may have started as pure innocents but he had corrupted them long ago into beings of pure evil like himself. For the good of the world they had to be put down. She would see that that was done.

She heard the new songs crafted to speak of her triumphs across Essos. Those were the ones sung at court. Varys sparrows and Olenna’s mouth brought back reports of the songs crafted along the rim of Slavers Bay and in the Dothraki Sea and the lands surrounding Qohor.

Those songs were not so flattering or painted a picture of the conqueror all fair and beautiful. The songs hinted at or maybe outright said of the beauty hiding the cruel ugly truth beneath a fair visage. The words of these songs painted a much darker visage. A woman not on a conquest with a holy mission. No these songs were of the Conqueror who smashed and destroyed all that was good. Songs spoke of how she had utterly crushed her foes without mercy and butchered whole noble families.

The songs on the face of them spoke true. She had had her reasons. Valid reasons. She would not countenance savagery and butchery of the innocents. Still. Today she would hopefully at least try another path. She would do what she must to achieve her goals. If she could not do so by a more peaceful means she would not avoid the use of her iron fist.

She had the iron glove ready to don if she must. She would then form a fist and the glove would be used. Evil would be crushed.

She would have to let history decide if what she had done and accomplished had truly been worth it. That the means had justified the ends. Daenerys knew they had. She had ended the Slave Trade and ended its cruelty that existed for over five thousand years. She had ended a system that her people may not have started but definitely fostered and nurtured.
She hated the way she had had to end the slave trade but she simply had no recourse. She had been too weak to have any other course when she started her war of liberation. She had barely survived her early campaigns. The cruelty she faced had to be met and punished. She had to match them and in some cases exceed what she faced to emerge victorious. She had won the day with far fewer causalities than Barristan had predicted. He was still amazed at how fast and how little bloodshed the Queen had used to achieve her goals. How she had accomplished her conquests so swiftly and with minimal losses for her side.

Daenerys knew that had been in the aggregate. The means had justified the outcome. The ones crushed and killed may not agree with the Queen’s assessment but in the end that did not matter. The losses could have been more by Barristan’s reckoning but they were still grievous for her enemies. They had been absolutely necessary Daenerys knew. She had swept out the old ways and instituted new ways that were far superior. Let the sins be hers but she had accomplished her goals. The Slave cities were no more. The Free Cities were now truly free in practice.

The Queen was not naïve. She knew she had more work to do to fully root out the old ways completely. The fragments of the old ways now had to hide in the shadows to survive. Over time she would root them out.

Yes, the Queen thought to herself. Her sheer speed and audacity had won the day. That speed had saved many lives on all sides.

She hoped that she and Eddard had come up with a plan to slaughter and kill the Ice King and his army of the dead with minimal casualties. The songs from this war could only have one refrain. Victory. Total and complete.

Eddard had told Daenerys that his son was not liable to agree to pull his forces from the Wall. It rankled the Queen that the Crows and their Lord Commander reported to no one other than themselves. It made her life more difficult than it needed to be.

Eddard had told her to understand the thinking behind the Nights Watch. It had survived eight thousand years. All other kingdoms and great Houses hard risen, fallen and many times risen again. Through bad and good the leaders of the Nights Watch had continued on. Even starved for several thousands of years of the resources they deserved it still endured.

It had been that independence that had allowed the Crows to continue on. They gave an allegiance to an institution and not a person. They fought for an ideal and not a king or queen. Thus, they endured. Still, if this war had been delayed a hundred years maybe two the Crows would have faltered. The Crows had long ceased to be an honorable use of one’s life. Instead of nobility and men seeking to serve a cause, the Night’s Watch was now largely composed of criminals emptied of out of dungeons, drunkards collected from ditches and the simply desperate.

Jon Snow was the anomaly. Benjen Stark had served before him was also such. You had Jeor Mormont. They were like diamonds in the mound of the proverbial garbage. The metaphor was not apt Daenerys knew. All men had value but most were forced into the watch. And one had to be honest. By the norms of society they were the least desirable to serve. It was amazing the Lord Commanders made it work. They somehow formed a cohesive force out of the dregs of society.

Still. The Night’s Watch was dying. The old ways were faltering. The true threat had been too distant for too long.

A new way had to be found that was still built on the concept of service to an ideal but not totally dependent on the largesse of a world that would again forget. This forgetfulness led to the current
situation. One could not let this continue. The forming of an army from prisons of Westeros and the unfortunate duped or forced into service they did not want.

She, Eddard Stark and Jon Snow would find a new way. She turned her thoughts from the men serving in the Night’s Watch to the institution itself.

The independence of the Night’s Watch had allowed it to still exist with its harsh neglect. But now the Queen had to deal with this independence. This independence allowed a Lord Commander to refuse her orders. She did not like that at all. She was the Queen of Westeros. She had fought hard to be able to come to the Wall to save it. She knew she was right. She just had to get Jon to see the rightness of her thoughts and perceptions.

Daenerys snorted. It was a pain in her ass that she could not simply tell Jon Snow what to do. She had fought hard to put herself in a position to impose her will in all situations. She trusted her instincts and her ability to choose the right path for her people. She had found few in Essos who were both a leader and a person of a moral code. It had forced her to rely upon herself. Barristan, Syrio and Missandei were followers and not leaders. They wanted to serve an ideal and let it lead them trusting in her judgement.

She thought again on the current leaders of Westeros. Who would be a good commander of the Crows beside Jon Snow? Daenerys knew she was great and could accomplish great things. Still, she was only one person. She needed others to help her achieve her dreams and goals. She wondered of the leaders of the Great Houses. The Wardens of Westeros.

Eddard of course was as great as herself … well almost as great. There was only one Daenerys Targaryen First of Her Name after all she thought smugly. She went over some of her favorite titles she had gathered: The Unburnt Queen of the Andals, the Rhoynar, and of the First Men, Queen of Meereen, Khaleesi of the Great Grass Sea, Breaker of Chains, Mother of Dragons. She had earned all of them herself. She had no surrogates or generals fighting her wars for her. She had been on the frontline of every war and battle. She had thrown herself at her enemies and many died on her sword.

She was a force of nature and she knew it and fully accepted it. It was not vanity. It was simply fact. She had conquered two continents.

She went over the list of her wardens. Of course Eddard was first among them. He had proven unexpectedly to be most adept at the Game of Thrones. In fact, this quality of Eddard Stark had totally surprised everyone. He had seemed so provincial stuck in his Wardenship of the North. She had read the reports of Varys that had painted Eddard as a neophyte when it came to politics and manipulation. How wrong they had been.

It still rankled her no end that it had been Eddard Stark Warden of the North that had gotten the better of the exchange between them. She had been reacting to him from the start as he drew her to gather her forces and then take them north. He had played her masterfully. Of course being willing to use his own daughter on the board of the Game of Thrones had been a grand stroke. He had thrown his daughter into the den of dragons totally innocent of what was happening around her.

That innocence and the girl’s burning fire to succeed had captured Dany’s heart from the moment she entered her throne room. In a flash, Arya had seemingly been magically transformed from a seeming docile sheep of the Lamb people of the Dothraki Sea to a pure hellion that had given the Queen as good as she got as they fought each other like hellcats before the Iron Throne.

Daenerys smiled at the sweet memories. Sure they had beat the shit out of each other but it had been pure love the Queen thought in a reverie of nostalgia.
Daenerys wished she had not wasted so much time in claiming what was hers. Arya Stark was her Queen, better yet, she was a fierce warrior who was her equal with the sword. She paused in her thinking. Arya was like her father. She was better than Daenerys with the sword. The Queen always analyzed everything including herself. When she met someone with a superior skill to hers she acknowledge it.

She was just like her father though. She could never achieve the greatness on her own that Daenerys Targaryen had. They had the strength and intelligence. They lacked one key ingredient to true greatness though. Without that ingredient they could never reach the greatness that was herself.

Eddard and his daughter lacked the burning over weening ambition to succeed and impose their will on society and of history. Dany had longed since her journey into the Dothraki Sea to take back what was hers. It had started as her brother’s ambition, then Khal Drogo’s. They had the dream but not the ability. Finally, the dream had passed on to her. Finally, the prophecy of A Song Of Ice And Fire had found its vessel.

The prophecy of destiny had found Daenerys Targaryen. She had first conquered and found her revenge on the Khal that had turned on her. Then she had truly understood the Slave Trade and decided it must go. There had been no other option or recourse to Daenerys. In crushing the Slave Trade it became clear to her that she must rule not only Westeros but Essos as well to achieve her true destiny and the dreams that she had birthed within herself.

She would transform Westeros and Essos into a better place. Her visions and ability to translate them to reality would suffice to make this happen.

Eddard and his daughter lacked that vision and desire. Eddard just wanted to guide and gently shepherd his people. In the past, Eddard had had ambitions to keep his people safe but no more than that simple desire. He administrated his rule fairly and justly. Until of late, Eddard had been the perfect Warden who never thought outside of his lands.

His daughter had even less ambition than her father if that was possible. She just wanted to fight by her Queen’s side. The Queen felt her heart beat faster with that knowledge. Arya was hers and the fierce Wolf only wanted her Dragon. Daenerys felt so lucky. Especially at night when Arya was between her legs and absolutely devouring her swollen quim and ramming her tongue deep up her spasming asshole. Gods that girl could fuck the Queen thought dreamily.

So the Starks were capable of greatness but lacked the ambition. Oberyn was not the heir to Dorne. Just as well. He was too hotheaded by nature. He was a great warrior but he never considered the politics to a situation. He always wanted to challenge anyone how crossed him to a duel. At least he was not an asshole about it. He could not see the forest for the trees though. He was a little too confident also. She could see him challenging the Mountain she had read about. Defeating the man with superior skill and still somehow getting his head crushed like a grape.

Oberyn’s brother Dorian had the same problem but exactly in the opposite direction. The brothers were like opposite sides of the same coin. Dorian had spent a generation planning revenge on House Lannister and did not do anything. He kept adjusting his plans and fine tuning his stratagems. The end result was that nothing was ever accomplished on his revenge.

Daenerys shook her head. Life could indeed be strange. Now, the House of Lannister had infiltrated the House of Martell in a silent coup. A coup of love. Cersei and her daughter had the royal females of House Martell wrapped around their little fingers and Oberyn himself singing the praises of Cersei. The woman he wanted to rape and kill outright now was married to his eldest daughter and the lecher wanted to fuck the woman along with his consort and gods knew how many of his daughters. Probably all of them.
Cersei with her newfound sweetness had won over Dorian himself. He loved the woman dearly himself now. Cersei listened to him talk of the past and watched the children play in the Garden pools with the man. She was willing to set with him for hours after she had done her training or on the traditional day of rest in Dorne.

The Martells were nothing if not lusty. Dorian was crafty and had guided Dorne well but these were great times and changing dynamics. Arianne his heir was ready to take that leadership when the time came. In fact, she had done so in all but name. Dorian was happy to spend his time in the Water Gardens watching the children play while his daughter assumed more and more of the duties of being a Warden. Arianne saw the opportunities that Daenerys had created and was seizing the trade opportunities now available in Essos. Dorian never would have been so bold.

Arianne though was like Eddard. She was satisfied with Dorne now that she had her three wives and Myrcella had made it clear she wanted her wife to be the Warden of Dorne. She had no desire for the Iron Throne. They had ambition but it was again truncated to only their province.

Stannis was capable but he had the imagination of a worm. He would go leading his troops into a fight they could not win. He would set his mind on the honorable goal as he saw it and blind himself to all else. Stannis was set in his ways and would not change. Eddard had seen the need to change and done so. Stannis could not. It was that simple.

The Queen paused. Stannis had made one change though. The Haruchai had definitely loosened up the man about sex. They had changed his wife Selyse as well. It had been humorous to see the change in the two. They had been the butt of jokes for having sticks up their ass with their staid ways in regards to sex. Now they were total swingers. Stannis may have changed in his mores in regards to sex but he was still not capable of thinking out the box when it came to matters of state or tactics. He was also a man who did not want to try and change society. He had been totally accepting of social norms showing no desire to change them for the better. He was mister status quo.

The Queen did wonder if Stannis’s new openness towards sex may have opened other possibilities in Stannis. Only time would tell.

Being a great leader was about striving for greatness. She had yet to find that in her list.

Mace Tyrell. Well, we will skip over Mace, Daenerys thought to herself.

Edmure had only been the lead of his Great House for a little over four years. He was a strange mixture the Queen thought to herself. Sometimes he was said to go off charging without looking at the larger strategic picture. He would fight fights that maybe provided a short term gain but harmed the larger picture. He was a man who could not see the forest because of the trees. He was too rash to be a good tactician and too limited in his vision to be a strategist.

Edmure would let too much information completely immobilize him from acting. What was that phrase she heard in Braavos? Paralysis by analysis.

He would vacillate too much and give his command whiplash. That was a flaw that led to armies being routed and then slaughtered.

That led to the dearly loathed Tywin Lannister. The warden of the West. The man was crafty and very intelligent. He was not a megalomaniac in the standard definition. It was not his own power or standing that motivated Tywin. It was an overarching desire to propel House Lannister to ever greater power and grandeur.
Tyrion told Daenerys that his father had found his own father to be weak and ineffectual. Tywin may have been right in that assessment but it had warped the man into a vile loathsome insect of a man. In trying to assuage perceived past slights Tywin had let himself became a vile reprehensible man. Tyrion said that while his mother lived Tywin had been milder but she had died. With that death Tywin had become the embittered man he was now.

He had not ordered or outright gave countenance to the killing of the Queen’s father, sister in law and her niece and nephew. Tywin had not punished those had gone beyond his orders. It had not bothered Tywin Lannister one wit. He was in fact rewarded for his heinous crimes by Robert Baratheon. It removed one more troubling problem for the new crowned king. Many had speculated over the last two decades what exactly Tywin had known and not known on that fateful day. The man was the master of ‘plausible deniability’.

If only Elia and her children had survived long enough for their survival to become known to Eddard Stark. She knew that once Eddard knew those children and mother were alive he would have protected them. If Robert had attempted their demise, well, Robert would have died twenty years ago and Eddard would have become King.

She wondered what her destiny would have been then. But that was not what had not happened. It would not now. It was the past and could not be changed.

Tywin was isolated and closely watched by moths, spiders, jackals and sparrows. The man was loathed and spies aplenty were easily found. The man had treated his three children so vilely that the two eldest had renounced their birth names. Tyrion was done with the man.

The man’s attitude had probably led the twins, Cersei and Jamie, to finding love and comfort in each other’s arms. That did not bother the Queen at all. With the Valyrian custom of marrying one’s close relatives incest did not bother the Queen in the least. The man was such a poor father that both twins had fallen into obsession with themselves. That had eventually led to the dissolution of their relationship.

It amazed the Queen what the two siblings had become. They had totally transformed themselves like Phoenixes rising from the ashes of their past failures.

Tyrion had been tormented by Cersei as he grew up. It had made the man strong though. Varys and Olenna had reported of Cersei’s revenge upon Tyrion for his talking shit about Cersei. Daenerys and Arya had laughed at the humiliation of the dwarf. Daenerys and Arya had laughed at the humiliation of the dwarf. Tyrion needed to be put in his place at times the Queens thought. Varys reported with glee of Tyrion’s failures pitting himself against Olenna and falling miserably short. Heck, even Tyrion’s personal bodyguards were always getting over on the supposedly crafty dwarf.

Daenerys suspected that Tyrion did not mind his losses and humiliation by Olenna and his bodyguards. He kept tilting at Olenna and was always rewarding his bodyguards with raises and bonuses. Yes, it seemed Tyrion had a secret craving for humiliation. The Queen suspected he loved them all dearly but would never admit it.

Of course he failed going against Olenna. He was a man after all. That thought pleased Daenerys immensely.

All three children had renounced their heritage. Tywin now had no heirs of his direct lineage.

Daenerys found that unfortunate in some ways. Sooner or later Tywin would be out of the picture. The man had the constitution of a bull though. He would probably out live her the Queen thought sourly. Then the Queen chuckled. She could see someone putting a bolt into his guts while he took
a shit. It would be fitting justice. How better to take care of a shit than while he was on the shitter.

With the review of the West that left the last land of Westeros. The Iron Islands. That land of anachronistic ideas and customs. In many ways those islands seemed like they belonged to some far off continent. Their customs were unique.

She did not think much of Euron. To the Queen he was just a piece of shit. He lacked the intelligence or guile of Tywin. He was base and crass with no couth. He was just a pain in her ass. Theon was the heir to the Iron Islands but reports found him lacking. His sister though, Asha, had possibilities. Daenerys had kicked the Iron Islanders’ asses once and would so again if needed.

Solaja Xo longed to fight them. She wanted to pit her fleet against theirs. The admiral crowed how her Swan ships would crush the Iron Islands ships. While the outcome was sure to the Queen’s mind she had other concerns.

She wanted to avoid wars where she could but she might make an exception in this case. She would have to see if Euron made too much trouble. The man was stupid enough to force the Queen’s hand. If he did then he would be crushed. If he did not learn the lessons of Essos then he would deserve his fate. When Daenerys Targaryen made a decision to be ruthless that was a terrible thing to behold.

Daenerys heard her lover laughing and she snapped out of her reverie. She would revisit her thoughts on House rulers another time. Daenerys saw that they had reached a waypoint and were taking a break on the march.

She looked over where Arya was looking. She saw that Oberyn was changing out the spear he had on the metal contraption he had devised on his head. One of his stewards rode off to put the spear away. Arya glared at the man wondering if he was going back to the cinnamon trick. Oberyn winked at her. Daenerys saw her lover relax. She was trusting Oberyn to not hurt Nymeria again.

“Oberyn has seen that Nymeria likes to run off after we stop at midday and sniff the surrounding environment. Let’s see what happens?!” Arya asked with an evil glint in her eyes. She did not mind seeing her wolf get her comeuppance in her war of wits with Oberyn and his spear. Oberyn was making a show of talking to one of his generals.

A few minutes later Nymeria came loping in from the east. Nymeria saw Oberyn talking intently to the general. The wolf stood their surveying the situation. Oberyn was vulnerable. The Queen and Arya could see the gears turning in Nymeria’s head. The column formed up again and began its march up the King’s Road.

Nymeria had slunk away to the rear of the column and now came up the column slowly. Her lips quivering in anticipation as she worked up the column. Her body slunk low her tail out behind her stiff with anticipation. She would slink up a few horses and then stop and look intently at Oberyn and then slink up a few more horses. Her ears were back against her head and her tail twitching as she closed in. Oberyn was talking to the rider beside him.

Nymeria had slunk to within striking range. Then she was leaping through the air and snatched the spear at the highest point of her leap. The spear came off the contraption on Oberyn’s head as the wolf landed and slashed its head back and forth in triumph. The wire holder was flung off into the grass. Suddenly, the wolf was snapping her head around. The spear broke but hung limply out of each side of the Direwolf’s mouth. Nymeria tried to spit the spear down but the spear seemed to be stuck in her mouth. She wiggled her head hard but the concoction had her mouth gummed up.

The wolf’s head worked up and down as the thick taffy like material stuck to her teeth and gums.
The wolf tried to howl her rage but they were muffled with her mouthful of taffy gunk.

Oberyn was laughing his ass off and pointing at the Direwolf and heaped ridicule down on the Direwolf. Of course Nymeria took it all in a foul bad mood. She was trying to bark furiously and was terribly frustrated in doing so. This of course led Nymeria to doing her now patented flips and wild rolls on the ground her feet kicking wildly in the air. The large wolf doing pivots on the ground with her kicking legs. Nymeria rubbing her snout in the grass working the taffy out of her mouth.

It seemed as if this contest of wills had no end in sight. Each victory or defeat urging the contestants on.

Looking at her young lover the Queen felt her heart beating faster. She so loved her young wolf. She again thought how lucky her life was to have Arya Stark come into it. They were so compatible. She had her warrior Queen to sit beside her on the Iron Throne. If she could get her to sit there. During high ceremonies she would sit in her armor beside Dany on the Iron Throne. She doubted she would be able to convince Arya to spend any more time up on that dais.

The family line of the Starks generally did not clamor for adulation. They were happy to keep to the shadows and do their duty. They would even let others take the credit. *That was not Daenerys Targaryen’s way!*

Dany gnawed her lip. Arya was getting excited. She knew that her brother waited for her at the Wall. She had commented several times that she and Jon were the Starks of the children of Eddard Stark. All the others had the Tully look about them. The newborns had the angles of the Starks on their faces but had the blue eyes of House Tully. The truth of the statement was evident in the difference between Sansa and Arya. If one did not know they were sisters you would not believe they were related. They could marry and live as wife and wife and no one suspect they were incestuous sisters.

Dany could not blame her wife for being so excited to see her brother. Arya told the Queen many times now that Robb had been good to Jon growing up but he would not fight his mother on her making Jon sit with the commoners. He did not like it but he said nothing. Sansa had been in her own world of princes back then. It was not till Margaery came into her life that Sansa discovered her inner strength. Until Margaery appeared Sansa had been spineless. Bran had been too young to know the conflict in the Stark household.

It had been Arya defending Jon and Jon helping Arya reach for her dreams before any other. He had given Arya Needle despite the taboo of doing so. Eddard was just beginning to realize that his daughter was filled with the same wolf as his sister. To the man’s everlasting credit Eddard allowed those dreams to take root and in time came to nurture the girl’s dreams and ambitions. Eddard had determined that he would not let the same thing occur to his daughter as had happened to his sister. That proved to Daenerys the greatness of Eddard Stark. He totally threw convention to the wind.

The Queen doubted that any other noble father would have done it. Again Eddard Stark showed his greatness in the little things. He had seen what happened to his sister and made sure that history did not repeat itself with his daughter. He learned from history. So many did not.

They continued to march down the King’s Road. Daenerys knew she needed to have her talk with Arya about the fact that Jon was in fact her own nephew. That his father was Rhaegar Targaryen and his mother Lyanna Stark. It was from the mother that the Stark look came from and not Eddard Stark, Arya’s father. Arya’s father using that fact to play out a deception against Robert Baratheon and his insane fear of all things Targaryen. A fear aimed at a young innocent girl in Essos.

She had delayed imparting this hidden knowledge to Arya about as long as she could. She had two
more nights in the future to tell Arya the truth. She hesitated because the girl was so enamored with
the past of House Targaryen. She was especially smitten with the stories of the conquest of
Westeros. With how Aegon flew in from Dragonstone with his two sisters Visenya and Rhaenys
Targaryen. Sisters the brother was married to.

The sigil of the house that was emblazoned on the standard for her House symbolized this. The red
three headed dragon on black background. The very symbol representing the incestuous paring of
the siblings. House Targaryen practiced the traditions of the Great Houses of old Valyria. Her
House had been the least of the Houses of the old empire but they had practiced the same tradition of
marrying within the family that the Great Houses had followed. To keep the lines pure and to help to
reduce the wars for succession. Love, Daenerys knew usually had little to do with the pairings. The
unions usually politically motivated.

The kingdom of Valyria kept all the other nations beat down. They ensured their dominance with
brutality against all possible foes. The main threats to the dynasties of old Valyria came from within.
The battles for succession when dragons were involved led to great destruction and high mortality
rates. The belief that if siblings married this would reduce such wars. It did reduce the wars but not
entirely. House Targaryen knew all about that with the War of Dragons.

Yes, Daenerys knew she had to finally tell Arya this. With Arya’s love for the old stories she knew
what the tradition of Valyria was with royal lines and their marriage practices. It was expected that
close family members were to marry. Daenerys had had her fill of following traditions and following
the rules for marrying off women in noble houses like cattle.

The Queen felt her face contort. She had read how her own mother been forced to marry her
brother. The man who was Daenerys father. The Valyrians took the practice of forced marriage to a
higher level. It was known that neither had wanted to marry the other. The Queen now smiled. She
could just see Sansa and Arya being forced to marry each other when they were young. They would
have been found dead the morning after their Bedding Ceremony. The two having strangled each
other in their marriage bed. Yes. For many, marrying a sibling could be a recipe for disaster.

The Queen focused again on her future. She would never be chattel again. She had come to detest
the traditions of treating women like property. She had been sold off like a heifer. Then she had
married to help her conquest of Essos. Then she had considered marrying a man yet again to help in
her conquest of Westeros. The poor boy who had come to her had instead gotten himself roasted by
her dragons. The boy had been an innocent really.

The old ways would be ending soon if she had her way. Daenerys would go to war on this if she
must. She prayed it did not come to this. Maybe, with men like Eddard, Oberyn and now, even
Stannis, she could achieve her goals by cajoling and subterfuge. Not all of the games of the Game of
Thrones had to be so violent.

There was another reason why she would not lie with Jon. She was gay. She was in a position that
she would never again be compelled to sleep with anyone other than whom she choose. In the past
she had lain with men because she must. She was compelled by tradition and convention to give her
body to men she had detested. Khal Drogo had proven to not be so bad she supposed. In his own
Dothraki way he did have a gentle side. Still, he had been but a tool to Daenerys when she had
achieved her true stature. Her second husband, Hizdahr zo Loraq, well, the less thought about him
the better. Poor Quentyn Martell was in above his head.

That was all the past now.

She had her wife now and she would never sleep with anyone else. The idea of laying with a man
made her skin crawl. She could be true to herself now. She had fought too hard and sacrificed too
much to reach this point. She had achieved her might for this moment. To throw convention to the wind and take the mate she had chosen. Never again would anyone tell Daenerys Targaryen who to marry.

She had seen the reports form Varys and Olenna. The whispers in some Noble Houses especially in the Stormlands and the Crownlands. These were lands most closely aligned with House Targaryen. There were some whispers in Dorne as well that anyway to make the lines more pure for the succession of the throne was paramount. These Houses were stuck in the past Daenerys groused to herself.

There was talk of finding the most pure Blackfyre decedents to be her king. There were many of pure Valyrian blood in the world. They were just not from the High Noble Houses of that doomed land. These nobles had stayed close to home. When Valyria had exploded they had perished with it. It was in those lines that the magic had run the strongest. She laughed at such thoughts of those who wanted Daenerys to marry a white hair just because they had the right color hair and eyes.

There was more to it than just marrying the ‘right man’. She hated the thought of women as breeding stock. They wanted to make the choice of who Daenerys Targaryen would marry. This was the plight of women across the world except in a few enlightened cultures such as the Summer Islanders. In Westeros and most of Essos women had no choice in who they were married off too. The common girl was chattel. It was even worse for the high born noble women. They were married off for purely political reasons to men they most often came to detest. Married solely to produce male heirs and belittled if the issue was girls instead of boys.

She felt her blood pressure rising at just the thought of it.

Now with word of Jon’s true lineage slowly leaking out the rumors were increasing. A true heir had been found. He may not be of pure blood but with Jon’s transformed look he looked the part. Those whispered thoughts would soon become a deluge openly spoke when the truth was fully revealed. Eddard saw no reason to hide it anymore. Robert Baratheon was out of the picture. He was tired of the lie he had been forced to live for nearly twenty years.

Eddard had fully rejected the past ways of Westeros. He had allowed both of his daughters to pursue their true desires and marry a woman. He would no longer hide Jon’s lineage. He would fully support Jon in his choices. Jon may only be Eddard’s nephew by lineage but he was Eddard’s son where it mattered most. In Eddard’s heart. Daenerys knew Jon felt the same towards Eddard Stark.

Daenerys also knew that having children with Jon would be playing with fire. It did not matter that she was barren. The forces of tradition would hope for an heir. A male heir. Could not those wanting purity of bloodlines understand that her line had become unstable at best. It was a good thing she was now barren. The insanity of her family line needed to stop with her. Her father had been killed by Jaime because of it. Her brother was dead because of the taint. She feared what any child of her body might become. If the blood was made more pure by sleeping with Jon she knew the chances of having a scion like her father or brother to deal with would grow many fold.

No. All the reasons of logic and nature said ‘no’ to marrying Jon Snow. She had her heir in Kiserri. Her daughter was smart and fierce. If a little inept at her age with her physical prowess. That would come. She had a big heart. Her daughter had a good heart.

Daenerys had fallen in love with the girl on the march into the Red Wastes because of the girl’s pure heart. Arya and she would teach Kiserri what she needed to become Queen one day. They would encourage the good in Kiserri and teach her to overcome the base impulses all children had. Children were not born angles for sure. To survive in the wild animals had to be selfish. Children were born with that instinct. Some had it more than other. Witness Joffrey Baratheon. She had
Arya to help the Queen make sure to teach Kiserri the right way.

No, she would never lay with Jon Snow. She would only lie with his sister.

She continued down the road. Yes. She would probably tell Arya tonight. She had delayed long enough. She would ally any fears that Arya had and she would have to process it quick with Jon only being a day away. She had delayed long enough. She hated the idea of putting any hurt in Arya’s heart. She knew Arya would be insecure with this knowledge but she was sure she could handle it.

Handling conflicts were her specialty.

Arya

Arya was happy as she road down the King’s Road. She was till surprised a little that she had achieved all of her dreams. Since her early childhood, she had always been enamored with the dragon lords of House Targaryen. Even with the dragons having died out she was still fascinated with the tales of how Prince Aegon had come to Westeros and conquered it with his dragons. And the part that had truly captured her imagination? His two sisters who had been his wives also. The whole concept even as a little girl had thrilled Arya. Warrior women had always excited Arya.

Arya remembered the stories she first heard and then read growing up. How Aegon had married Visenya Targaryen out of duty and Rhaenys Targaryen out of love. It had seemed all so romantic to her childhood heart. That had changed as she got older and better understood her own heart and her own desires. Arya had changed the narrative to the sisters marrying out of love and marrying Aegon out of duty. Of course the sisters would want to marry each other and not the brother Arya reasoned. Why would a woman marry a man when she could marry a woman Arya thought in her heart in secret as she grew into adolescent.

She saw her thoughts were unique. With her limited world she saw no woman like herself. She saw the way of the world and kept her desires hidden away. Sansa had seemed the epitome of what she detested in submitting to men. It had definitely fueled their rivalry and bickering.

Arya smiled great big. Now she knew her sister was a lesbo like herself. *Hell she was even more so!*

That was her desire. To be with women. Now with only one woman now that she had captured the Queen’s heart and she hers. She realized as a little girl she liked her own sex “in that way”. It had been so difficult growing up knowing you are different. It had not helped that Sansa was queen of the straight girl club and was always pining over this or that prince. Her mother was a royal shrew on the subject. It had been very difficult for many years. She and Jon had much too commensurate about.

Arya still could not believe really that her childhood fantasies had indeed become the truth. Visenya and Rhaenys had indeed been the pair that married out of love. It had been the need to give an heir to the Targaryen line had been the only reason that they married their brother. Tradition had trumped all in the end. The need for an heir. Arya wondered if their mother, Valaena Velaryon, was as much as a shrew as her own mother about performing ones duty.

By the old gods Arya had hated that refrain growing up. Her duty to marry a man she knew nothing about. It was playing with fire. Would the man be like Jon or Robb or would he be like that shit Joffrey Baratheon or maybe a Greyjoy shit. Theon was okay, barely, but his father and uncles were
pure assholes from what she heard.

Worse, what if she didn’t want to marry a man! What if she wanted to marry a woman! Her early years had been filled with fear of being forced to marry a man. She had picked up early on through her mother’s words and actions what her destiny was to be.

She again thanked her father silently for seeing beyond all the social norms of the world he had grown up in. Her father was not loquacious but on their ride to the Wall she had come to understand that the experiences of his sister Lyanna had greatly shaped his thinking. He had seen the grief and harm it caused a whole generation of people in Westeros. Being a great man he had changed his thoughts and actions. Her father had been willing to change the very root of his id and being.

With Lyanna not being allowed to follow her heart, the result had led to the death of many great men and the killing of so many innocents. True, Lyanna had been selfish in following her desires but Arya thought her aunt had almost been forced into her rash actions. Her strong will needed expression. Unfortunately, that expression had led to disastrous results. It had led Robert Baratheon to take the throne when he was unfit for it. He had only become a drunken fool that had spent the continent into nearly unrecoverable debt. It had put the Lannister’s almost on the throne.

Arya paused in her thoughts. Tyrion had proven himself to be a great benefice to the Queen. He was smart, wily and totally loyal. Jamie and Cersei when allowed to be free of their father and in Cersei’s case had been allowed to pursue her dreams they had changed into great people from all accounts. She knew her father was still having a hard time accepting it but Arya had no problem with it. She knew all about dreams being suppressed.

She turned her thoughts to Jon. A smile came over Arya’s face. She had always been attracted to Jon the most out of all her siblings. Probably a case of misery loves company. Both Jon and Arya were made to feel like outsiders by their mother. Jon because he was her father’s bastard child and Arya because she refused to be like Sansa.

Jon had fled to the Wall to get away from Catelyn Stark. She could never be a mother to Jon. It had pained Arya no end to see Jon hurt so. He always took it with such good grace and that had only rankled Arya all the more. Arya had wanted Jon to rage at his situation. She had wanted to rage. To be put into a box you never wanted to be in was a crime no child should have to endure. Their mother had made their lives cruel and unsettled.

Arya had been happy that Jon had been able to flee his situation. It might have been the Night’s Watch with all that that entailed but it had been escape. Arya had not been allowed that option even. She had truly felt trapped when she was a little girl. Her father had only slowly and subtly given his daughter the freedom to pursue the sword and the bow. He had slowly given her more and more leeway and ran interference with Arya’s mother. He had done it so deftly that Arya’s mother had been helpless against Eddard subtle manipulation in allowing Arya to pursue her dream.

Thank the old gods that Sansa had fallen in love with Margaery. When she stopped bleating about wanting to marry some prince or another and instead became more and more defiant about not wanting to be paired up with whatever male heir her mother wanted Sansa to consider had the tide truly changed. It had begun over time to divide her mother’s attentions. She could no longer focus on only Arya. Sansa was smarter than Arya had been. Sansa had used guile and subterfuge to throw her mother off the scent she now realized.

Maybe being a master at the Game of Thrones was not such a bad thing. Her father and Dany had proven that.

They rode on into the afternoon as the sun started to angle towards the western horizon. The air was
definitely colder as they approached the Wall but it invigorated Arya. She enjoyed it thoroughly. Arya had been bred to love this cold weather. She feared that she may not get to experience this biting cold much more in her life.

Her life would be in the South of Westeros in King’s Landing. She would be become an adult of the South and forced to leave behind the North of her youth. It was a trade she would gladly make to be with her wife the Queen of Westeros. Dany made it clear that they would be visiting Winterfell often to ameliorate Arya’s loss. She liked that idea.

Having dragons was rad! A trip that took months could be done easily in less than four days with dragons. Hopefully, they could get Arya’s family to ride dragons to King’s Landing. The Queen did have three dragons!

It was a big advantage to have as your wife the Queen of Westeros. A Queen who had dragons! They kicked ass. It was roughly a little over two thousand miles from King’s Landing to Winterfell by the King’s Road. If making ten miles a day by a caravan of royal drawn carriages it would take roughly three and half months and that was if the weather was good. Rainy weather and the gods only knew how long the trip would take.

That was a concern that Arya and her Queen did not have to worry about. Drogon could easily do forty-five miles per hour and not tax himself. That was three and half days if they traveled ten hours a day. If speed was at a premium then the journey could be shortened to little more than two days but Drogon would be taxed. She would prefer not to tire out the dragon if there was no true need. Drogon would meet his mother’s need but she would not ask him of it. This all meant she would be able to see her parents and sibling often. Those that stayed at Winterfell.

Bran had gone to the Tree of Life and only the gods knew when he might return. Dany had told Arya as they lay in bed cuddling after mind blowing sex that she would have Sansa and Margaery come to King’s Landing to join them. Their intelligence and acumen was too great to let waste in the North.

She had hesitated the first time she said that.

“I mean no offense … it’s just that I can much better use their talents if they are at King’s Landing. I have spoken to Sansa and Margaery and they agree.”

Arya had put her finger to her love’s lips. She told Dany she was happy to have Sansa come back with them to King’s Landing. Arya too agreed that Sansa and Margaery had talents that could best be used in King’s Landing. There would be no problem between the sisters. The rancor between sisters had long ago dissipated and ameliorated. She actually liked Sansa now. She liked Margaery.

Arya had seen how Sansa and Margaery looked at the two of them when they thought she was not looking. She had asked Daenerys soon after their trek started up the King’s Road.

“Arya … I have to ask. My sister has become quite … um—liberated with Margaery. I have seen how they look at us. They want us. Both of us. I don’t want to share you Dany. I am a one woman—woman Dany. They are beautiful but I only want you. Am I enough for you Dany? You are so beautiful. You have the beauty that the minstrels sing of. I know you have slept with many women.” Her voice was a little unsure.

Dany and her had fucked hard and were soaked in sweat and cum. Arya had thought her body was satiated along with her lover. Dany was pressed into her side and her head tucked underneath her chin. The next moment Arya was thrust onto of her back. She looked up as Dany gripped her hair hard and stared down at her with those gods beautiful lilac eyes. She saw again the pale thin scar
that ran from hair line down her face to her jaw. It only added to her beautiful allure. She was beautiful and an avatar of death. She was the conqueror of Essos and Westeros and the Queen had chosen her, Arya Stark, as her mate.

“I want only you Arya Stark. All other women’s beauty pales before your perfection. You were created by the gods from the dust of this mortal coil for only one woman. ME! All of the other women in my past pale when compared to you Arya. It is you I want. No other!” Dany hotly declared.

Dany had kissed her with such fire and passion that all her doubts were obliterated. Dany kissed her deeply. Her tongue ramming down Arya’s throat again and again as Dany humped her like a bitch in heat. Arya felt her body sing and revive and filled with renewed fuck hunger. They were in a lover’s clench rolling around on their furs. Their bodies pulled tight and legs hooked over ankles.

Soon Arya was on her back with her legs pushed wide and back. Dany was between her legs her face buried deep in her gash eating her out with a feverish intent. She sucked Arya off three times hard back to back. Her cunt was already exhausted and the first two tore her cunt inside and scalded Arya in fiery searing spasms of fucking bliss. Each pulse of cum sloshing down her fuck canal scalded her with agonizing pleasure. Her cunt was on fire and it burned so fucking good.

Arya was still convulsing with supper strong aftershocks when Dany again sucked her clit deep into her mouth and hooked it with her lips and jetted it in and out her sensual lips while her tongue polished its shiny tip. Dany rammed fucked her pussy with her right hand. The fingers plunging deep into the sloshing pussy hole. The fingers ramming in to the third knuckle fully burying themselves in Arya’s trim.

Then Dany slowed and pulled her fingers back slightly and started to make wild come hither motion with those fingers. The fingertips then alternated with a strong furious back and forth rubbing that gigged and harpooned Arya’s spongy g-spot. It drove Arya wild when Dany moaned how she could feel Arya’s raspy g-spot. Dany looking up at Arya as she roughly rasped her fingertips over Arya’s g-spot.

Arya watched Dany slowly lower her head all the while keeping their eyes locked. Dany slowly sucked Arya’s clit between her lips. The Queen started to suck voraciously on Arya’s clit while she jetted it in and out her sensual lips. The Valyrian rasped her tongue over Arya’s clit like a carpenter working a piece of piece of wood in a lathe.

Arya’s screams of agonized blistering ecstasy tore through the night. She was up on the balls of her feet her ass high off the furs that Dany supported with one hand the other hand piston hard forward and back still rubbing and compressing hard into her spongy g-spot. Arya could hear her cunt now slurping and splattering cum everywhere as it was hammer fucked. Dany’s knuckles slamming into her muff the shockwaves going straight to her shrieking clit being hard sucked in her lover’s mouth.

The pleasure had risen out of Arya’s belly in shocking convulsions of womb rending bliss. Dany had been watching Arya’s face intently up on her left elbow. Her lilac eyes locked with Arya’s steel grey eyes. Arya felt her face scrunching up and her breathing was deep and ragged. Her whole body shook all over. Her toes started to curl and her fingers clenched handfuls of the sheets.

“Oh gods Dany … I’m going to cum again so fucking hard!” Arya gasped her body going rigid as hard pulses roiled out her belly and pulsed through her throbbing clit and now flooding pussy. Dany’s fingers working her g-spot making sloshing watery sounds in Arya’s cunt. Arya was breathing like a bellows with sweat pouring off her face and body. Her neck weakened and her head thudded down onto the furs.
Both hand flew down to the blonde’s head and clenched in. Arya’s eyes squeezed shut tight. Her face crumpled in the agony of ecstasy. Arya rode Dany face up and down and in and out grinding Dany’s mouth down onto her clit that was now shrieking. Then her world exploded as her body orgasmed with a soul crushing orgasm of womb exploding bliss.

Arya screamed and her eyes rolled back into her head as her cunt was ripped inside out agonizing inch by inch her blood on fire. She had both hands in Dany’s hair wallowing Dany’s face deep into her immolating cunt. Dany was making wet obscene sucking noises. Her head lifting and jacking in and out stretching Arya’s clit in its clitoral hood. Hammering blows of fucking bliss after fiery shockwave of bliss tore through the teenager’s body. Arya’s body convulsed hard with each searing wave pummeling Arya with bliss. Her legs scissoring on each side of Dany’s legs. Her heels kicking the Queen’s legs randomly in helpless pleasure.

Her plum nipples hammered Arya with harsh pulses or scorching bliss. Each hard pulse felt to Arya like her nipples might threaten to burst in fiery eruptions of pure fucking euphoric pulses. Arya fainted into a half conscious state while her body still flipped hard up and down her toes curled in agony and her fingers clawed hard into Dany’s scalp. Dany whinnied and moaned drinking down the copious cum that was wicking up into her mouth. Dany felt the waves of cum pouring out Arya’s pussy.

Dany pulled her fingers out of the splattering pussy and moved her mouth down to drink the nirvana that poured out Arya’s fuck hole and into her greedy mouth. Dany felt the cum she could not drink down trickle down her cheeks and chin. Her throat made obscene gulps as she drank down every precious drop of Arya’s sweet cum she could get on her tongue and in her mouth.

When Arya could think again she was enfolded in Dany’s arms as she rested her cheek on Dany’s firm soft breast. Dany stroked her sweat soaked body. “Let that show you my pure love that burns only for you Arya. You are the only woman for me. I have never loved any woman as I love you. Never.”

Arya had floated on a sweet cloud of delightful lassitude of pure love. Dany was hers. No woman could come between them. When Dany made love to Arya with such focus and love Arya could not doubt the Queen’s words. She did not doubt the purity of Dany’s love. Arya had indeed achieved all her childhood dreams.

A raptor’s call brought Arya out of her reflections. She looked up and saw a Kite flying off with a dove in its grasp. She saw feathers floating down from where the Kite had struck its prey. Arya smiled. She loved watching nature. Predator and prey. The cycle of life.

The sun was getting lower in the sky. They would be at the next camp in a few hours. Arya looked around and took in the land of the birth. It was beautiful. Arya simply enjoyed the North. The land was still so primeval here in the North. She supposed the Kingswood was still wild and untamed in its heart but it was not like in her homeland. The whole land was still wild and untamed and human habitations were the oddity in the landscape.

The inverse was true further south.

Arya enjoyed how the shadows still had life her in the North. Mighty and fell creatures still lived deep in the Wolf’s wood. The legends still held truth in the North.

The sun continued onwards with its march to the western horizon. The air was cooling with the sun’s angled light. Arya watched as crows and ravens came flying down into a stand of trees. The birds flying in crazy circles as they prepared to roost. The sight was pretty. The birds seeming wild in their flight but they never collided into each other. As the light weakened the birds began to fly
into the trees to roost.

The shadows lengthening as the trees and low rolling hilltops sent long shadow sentinels across the King’s Road. The next camp was not too far distant now.

The march continued on towards the next camp. She began to notice a change in Nymeria. Her great Direwolf was not agitated with fear Arya thought but something had put a tension into Nymeria’s body. She was pawing the ground as she walked fast to keep pace. She was constantly staring off into the distance down the King’s Road. Her tail held low. The long hair of her shoulder girdle standing up. This went on for ten minutes.

Soon Grey Wind joined her wolf. Grey Wind barred his teeth as he looped on the side of Arya’s Direwolf. Nymeria snapped at Grey Wind her teeth barred. Grey Wind snarled and snapped back. The Direwolves’ dander was up. Robb came riding up.

“Has Nymeria been acting funny the last ten minutes?”

“Yes she has Robb.”

As they spoke Lady came looping up to her two littermates. She often rode up on the wagon her master rode in lounging on the box seat and the foot rest beside the driver dozing. Lady was not one much for prowling the countryside smelling the wilds around her. Lady had her nights out but she clearly preferred to be with Sansa and Margaery. She preferred to be near her masters most of the time. Many nights the gentle Direwolf slept in Sansa’s wagon somehow sleeping through the antics of Sansa and Margaery.

That was not the case now. Now Lady had joined Nymeria and Grey Wind. She was looking around and then down the King’s Road with an intense focused gaze. She was excited but not showing the agitation of her littermates. Again Arya noticed how sweet and calm Lady was compared to her other brothers and sisters. Whatever her brother and sister had sensed Sansa’s Direwolf also sensed it but Lady remained her sweet self.

Her father also attuned to the Direwolves had reigned his horse back from the head of the column. He looked at the three Direwolves curiously.

“I wonder what has gotten into them. Has Oberyn come up with some new devilish torment that has Nymeria riling up her siblings?”

Arya snorted “No father. They were pissed off with each other yesterday for some reason but today has been quiet between the two. I don’t know. They keep looking forward toward the camp we are approaching I think. I wonder what they sense.”

Dany had been conversing with Lustra and Brail who were riding back about one hundred yards from Arya. She had ridden up to see what had the Direwolves acting strange. Dany came up beside Arya and leaned over and kissed Arya on the lips sweetly.

Arya felt a warmth flush through her being. She loved it that Dany did not hesitate to show her affection towards Arya in front of others. She kissed her back and played with her long flowing white hair. Dany pulled back and Arya saw her father looking forward with a small squint smile. He was still the eternal prude but Arya was learning to loosen up. She had to catch up to Sansa!

They watched the Direwolves looping forward with tension in their body. Grey Wind and Nymeria were snapping at each other. Lady even had her hair on end.

Then they saw a large shape running towards them. The Haruchai had not sounded the alarm and
with the many forces of the Queen patrolling their flanks it could not be a danger. Still it was a large animal running at them at a good clip.

They watched the shape gradually grow larger.

“Well I will be damned” Eddard softly intoned.

Arya broke out into a big smile when she finally recognized what she saw fast approaching. The large white shape was now sprinting forward and the three Direwolves of the Starks were howling and running around in circles. The snow white Direwolf running towards them looked at his pack mates and their masters with his large red eyes. Ghost had come to greet his brother and two sisters.

Arya felt elation run through her. If ghost was here then her brother could not be far away. Her brother had come out from the Wall to see his family and to greet the Queen. Her favorite brother and Lord Commander of the Crows was no more than a mile or mile and half away. She felt elation surging through her body.

Dany looked on amazed at the size if Ghost. Even though Nymeria was a female she was bigger than Grey Wind or Shaggydog. She was an alpha in every way. Ghost came up to his long separated brothers and sisters and Arya saw that Ghost had grown mighty indeed. He was a full hand and half taller at the shoulders than Nymeria. His body thicker and stronger. Ghost had grown to become a force of nature to be reckoned with.

The three Direwolves who greeted Ghost where whining in their excitement and giving off short howls of wolf pleasure. The wolves ran around each other yipping. Arya saw that Ghost was still silent even though he was making the yipping motions with his head. The wolves then settled down and sniffed each other like canines do taking in their scent and reacquainting themselves with each other. The circling wolves sniffing each other’s cheeks and ass where their scent glands were located.

Arya in her excitement had urged her horse forward to get closer to the Direwolves. They were so happy to see each other. One thought kept going through Arya’s mind. My brother is near! My brother is near! He must be at the camp. The thought ran through Arya that thrilled her to her core. After all these years I will finally get to see Jon once more. Arya had feared she would never see him again.

Arya looked behind her and saw that her father had his soft smile on his face seeing the Direwolf reunion. The wolves were sniffing hard now and Ghost jerked his massive head back down the King’s Road in the direction from which he had come from. She looked over at Dany and saw her chuckling at the wolf’s antics. Nymeria was snapping her jaws. Nymeria would always be aggressive Arya supposed.

Suddenly, the reconstituted pack went tearing off down the King’s Road heading due north. Lady had hesitated a moment looking back at the wagon that Sansa was in. Then she too took off down the King’s Road chasing after her brethren. Arya laughed seeing the Direwolves running down the King’s Road full of life and gaiety.

Arya made a snap decision. She kicked her horse in the flank and the horse bolted down the road. She was laughing and riding high in her stirrups urging her horse on. She was so close. She whooped and felt the cold air rushing over her face exhilarating her. Her shoulder length brown hair whipping behind her in the breeze.

She looked back seeing her father and Dany talking looking at each other. They would arrive when they arrived. She had a brother to see! She urged the horse on. She spied Jeertel on her mighty
Ranyhyn steed Frohnyn quickly catching up. The horse from the Plains of Ra easily closing the distance with no effort.

The King’s Road made a slow turn to the left and she saw the day’s camp come into view. It was filled with pin yards for horses that needed care. Livestock pins for pigs and goats for fresh meat and she saw chickens flying lazily in the air with others that were picking scratch at the edge of the encampment.

The wolves were running in their long looping strides; all four paws leaving the ground in their long ground eating strides. The wolves disappeared into the camp. Arya smiled at the wolves. It was so good to see Ghost again. It reminded Arya of the few happy moments they had had as a whole family. Each Stark child with their own Direwolf that seemed meant just for their new owners. She let the horse slow its pace slightly as the beast began to sweat and slaver.

She was in the camp now and slowed her pace and let the horse walk down the King’s Road between the many tents. She spotted Nymeria and Grey Wind running around the fields to the left barking and jumping around. The camp attendants did not react. They had obviously grown accustomed to Ghost.

Then she saw Lady by a large tent sitting down panting and looking around curiously. She got off her horse and a Dothraki horse tender took the reins. Arya smiled at the man. She ran off towards the tent. She was so close to seeing Jon!

Arya reached the tent and patted Lady on the head. The gentle Direwolf had gotten up and came to Arya’s side. She rushed into the tent with Lady by her side. She looked around. Across the tent she saw Ghost. She saw the two wives of Jon. They were beside a man with white blond hair like Dany’s. Why were they talking to a Valyrian and what was such a man doing in their camp.

There was something strangely familiar about the man though. That was strange.

The tall ShadowBender witch turned her head slightly and smiled at Arya with a shy smile. She reached out and touched the man beside her. The man looked at her and then turned his head around. The smaller woman followed suite.

Arya felt a roar in her ears. No this was no possible. What was going on!

“Sister!” the man shouted with elation “Arya it has been so long!” The man was coming towards her. She stared aghast at the man who both did and not look like Jon her brother. What was this? His hair was silver. He was closer now. NO! His eyes were the same color as Dany’s. They were lilac.

“Your eyes Jon … your hair” Arya spoke in a small shocked voice.

“I know. I had not expected that when I took my walk in fire. It was your wife to be that gave me the idea. Her walk that gave her, her dragons. I had not expected my hair to turn white and my eyes to turn purple. But looking back on it, it makes perfect sense. Rhaegar was my father.”

“Father?”

“Yes. You know that.”

Arya heard the tent flap being ripped back and loud rustling sounds. She turned back around. Daenerys stood there with a fearful look on her face. She looked guilty! She felt her anger igniting. Had everything Dany said been subterfuge. She only mentioned loving women. She had said she would never lie with a man again. Then why had she mentioned the change in Jon and the … the
Then her father bolted into the room his hair disheveled. Eddard did a quick scan of the inside of the command tent. A look of bewilderment and consternation came onto his face. He looked at Jon with his steady calculating eyes, then Daenerys and then finally at Arya. He turned back to look at Daenerys. He had a sad look on his face.

“You haven’t told her?” Arya watched her father ask the Queen in a scolding tone.

Dany face went scarlet. Arya’s anger boiled into rage.
The tent was warm. The tall witch held her hands out soaking in the warmth. Melisandre stood before the brazier filled with coke that glowed a dull red. She looked down in the embers glowing hot red with bright yellows in the labyrinth of piled coals. Her red eyes focused. The ShadowBender looked at the embers seeing if embers gave visions. With an intense stare she looked at the shimmering coals that seemed to dance in the heat waves radiating up from the brazier. There were no visions. It seemed that the visions only came in actual flames. Melisandre knew this but it would have been nice.

She put her hands down. She did not feel the cold really. Still it was nice to feel the warmth soaking into her pours. She was a priestess of R’hllor and much preferred flames and light than the darkness of night and a dead fire. She looked around the tent with the low bed and furniture put out to sit in. Wooden chairs and tables nicely carved and sturdy but not of a Lord quality’s. Utilitarian. Fit for a military camp.

She turned her head and watched her wife and husband looking at the low table before them that had maps on them. Jon was always analyzing maps and reports. She was not sure why. The man had it all memorized now and any additional information only changed things a fraction. Still he read and planned. It comforted him he told his wives this constant checking of facts and then adjusting his plans to take into account the new information no matter how small the tidbits and insights provided had been. He always had his plans up to date accounting for everything Jon could think of.

Ygritte with her Wildling background was also interested in such things. She would point out something on the maps and then she and Jon would discuss the point before again falling silent studying the maps again. They would read all the scrolls and parchments trying to glean new insights. Such things actually bored Melisandre. She was not a tactician or general. She fought the small battles that made great victories possible. She fought battles and not campaigns.

Melisandre turned back to the fire. The war was coming soon. She could feel it. Her senses tried to tell the ShadowBender that the war was still some ways off but her intuition told her otherwise. Her two thousand plus years of life told her otherwise. The Ice King had a plan and it did not entail endless waiting at the Fist of the First Men. He would leave that abode soon. She felt it. Had he already left it? If so, how had he fooled them? She was sure that much of his forces were near. Their enemy hidden in the forest.

The Wall, even if it came down would still be a formidable barrier. If it fell it would still be hundreds of feet tall. If it was melted then it would wash away the host of the enemy. Either way, there would be plenty of time to form up and meet the enemy’s advance. The forces that the Queen had brought up to the Wall were indeed formidable. The allies from the Land were indeed powerful. They had Dragon Glass weapons aplenty. They would be arrayed against the invaders. The traitors would be dealt with most harshly.

Then why did she feel so worried in the marrow of her bones.
She feared the coming conflict. Fear would be controlled. She would meet the challenges of the coming conflict and give her all. She could do no more than this. She and Ygritte would expend their life essences if necessary to help in the defeat of the Ice King, his Wrights and the vast sea of his shambling dead.

She was sure now that would not be required. When she thought of the mighty forces that would be well armed with dragon glass, fire and iron she didn’t really see how they could be defeated. They had dragons. True the Ice King had some beast she was sure or maybe magic but it would be three against one. If magic was used it would add to the confusion of war. That would distract the Ice King.

He was a being of magic but he did not seem to be able to project magic himself. His Croyel did this in his stead. She and Ygritte would deal with that foul denizen of the deep if they must. They would kill the vile limesome thing if given the chance.

Melisandre looked again at her wife and husband. They too were mighty. Her wife was still the most powerful ShadowBender who had ever lived. Ygritte constantly claimed that she, Melisandre, was the greatest but she knew the truth. Jon was even more powerful now that his sword had become Lightbringer. Their shadow monsters were fearsome constructs but their strength would ebb in the heat of battle. Lightbringer had become like onto Valyrian steel but its active magic made it even more deadly. No armor could withstand it. Especially, the ice armor of the Ice Wrights and Giants.

They had seen the Ice King constructing armor after his defeat from the Dragon Queen’s hands. They had seen it was laborious work so few would have such armor. That armor would provide protection but the iron tipped weapons should be able to shatter the Ice Armor. It would take time though and in that time men and women would die.

Melisandre and her wife found that unacceptable. They had sifted through their lore for the right spells. They had then for the last several months when they were at the Wall had the archers bring their quivers loaded with arrows to them. Wagon trains that were moving between the forts had been loaded with their arrows to come back to the witches first.

At night they prepared their spells. Then during the day they walked among piles of arrows neatly stacked and performed their spells. Black writhing clouds of Shadow magic forming above the stacked arrow quivers. The clouds would writh for a minute as the witches finished their incantations. Then the clouds settled on the stacks of arrows. The mist seemed to coalesce and then melted down the stacks of arrows.

Those gathered to watch murmured and talked among themselves. Even the least superstitious of them knew to fear ShadowBender witches. They eyed the women with suspicion but they were the wives of the Lord Commander. Surely, they were in his service and true in their service to him.

When the black ichor had disappeared the archers went to the stack of arrows and examined them. Each arrow tip now was inscribed with encircling Asshai glyphs.

The archers had taken the arrows to the practice ranges. The archers had taken frozen blocks of ice and set them up to figure how best to strike the ice to break it. It took many normal arrow strikes to begin to fracture the ice and then shatter it. When they fired the glyph inscribed arrows the arrows struck with enhanced force. Instead of only sinking and inch or two the arrows now sunk four to six inches and each strike produce cracks and large chips.

The archers were most pleased and word spread of the work of the witches. The fear was much reduced.
The first magically infused arrows were for the furthest forts to make sure they had the additional weapons necessary to fight the Ice Wrights and their armor if they were encountered away from Castle Black. As the furthest forts were supplied they then sent fresh glyph arrows to the next nearest forts. The witches could work all day inscribing arrows tips. Now they were working on the stockpiles for Castle Black where all assumed the breach in the Wall would be made.

To while away the time black smiths with their forges were producing even more iron tipped weapons in their spare time when finished with daily repairs and the making of daily items necessary for camp life. As they made piles of iron tipped arrows, javelins, pikes and spears the witches put their Shadow runes on them.

They had started to put runes on battleaxes and swords of the fighters deemed their most capable fighters. The glyphs would help with the ice armor and maybe help in killing the undead. The witches were not sure of that not having tested their glyph magic on them. Their shadow weapons and monsters killed all they touched. The Dead would die again. They would not arise a second time.

The Queen and Eddard had also sent blocks of obsidian up to the wall. With the obsidian they had also sent artisans skilled in the making of weapons from the fragile stone. The artisans now made Dragon Glass daggers for those who asked for them. They had also began to make bolts for crossbows for close in combat. They were kept busy making the weapons that would be used as a last ditch weapon if the fighting came to close in combat or hand to hand with the dead or Ice Wrights. They would be a weapon of last resort.

The ShadowBender witches doing all they could to help the forces of Westeros to be able to kill the forces of the Ice King. The common man needed all the assistance they could get. Not so their husband.

Jon’s sword would shatter all before it. It would be his sword that would deliver the death blow to the Ice King. The flames had made that clear. Jon just had to get in the position to deliver the killing blow. The flames were full of confusion and fear. Others would wound the Ice King but it would be Jon’s hand that delivered the killing stroke. The battle would be epic and dire.

Other outcomes were glimpsed. Outcomes of defeat and death to Jon and the forces of Westeros. The witches would do all in their power to have their husband deliver the killing blow to the Ice King. The ShadowBender witches would not let those visions come to pass.

Another vision had come to appear in the flames of late. A wall of yellow and black hate rising from the top of the world and coming South with rage and hunger. A force that would kill all. The two witches saw a green wall rising up to fight the black. The battle epic and titanic. What it meant the two witches had no idea.

Melisandre walked away from the flames and came to stand on their other side of her husband from Ygritte. She looked down at the maps. The pieces of parchment looked the same as the last time she looked at them with Ygritte and Jon. She smiled softly. They kept gnawing at the same facts over and over and no new insights had come. She smiled at the consternation on their faces. She was willing to let the enemy come to them. She would deal with it when the time came.

The Ice King was the aggressor. He would strike the first blow by that right. It was their job to make the counterpunch so devastating that his forces would shatter. Melisandre hoped to do her share of the mayhem.

“He has something planned. I can feel it” Jon spoke plainly.
“We have the Wall Jon” Ygritte answered. “It will do its job. The gods know it worked against the Wildlings. We hated it much as the Ice King.”

Jon nodded. “Yes, but he has magical powers and that Croyel on his back makes those powers even greater. We cannot be sure what powers he may now have. We have read the reports that Lord Lustra gave to my father and he has forward to us. It is just so frustrating to let him get in the first blow unopposed.”

“Yes Jon but we will slaughter his dead army with dragon glass, fire and dragon fire. Without that limitless sea of dead at his back he will be an armored fist without substance. It is the Walking Dead’s weight that gives his army its substance. There numbers and relentless drive to kill the living makes them formidable especially when we could not kill them. We have taken that away from him. It is the Walking Dead that give him the advantage. Your father and the Queen have seen that advantage is no more.”

Melisandre nodded in agreement. She had nothing to say so she kept quiet.

That was when she felt a rush of emotion from outside the tent. She heard the loud barks and yips of wolves. She closed her eyes and felt three other presences similar to Ghost outside the tent. It would seem the Starks had arrived. Melisandre was anxious to see this Arya that Jon spoke so much of. It was so clear that Jon loved his little sister the greatest. It had been the two siblings relying on each other to survive bad times.

She felt the tent flap jerked open and felt a bundle of raw energy behind her. ShadowBender witches were attuned to the strength in the blood of a person. Royals with their purity of bloodlines tended to be so much more powerful than the commoner. Jon had that power. The Queen had even more in her slender frame. Her Valyrian descent had purified that blood and made her a force of nature. It would seem that this Earthpower from the Land had enhanced the Queen’s magic even further.

She felt great power in the body behind her. A power that rivaled that of the Queen. One of the Direwolves had followed the presence in. It had to be Arya. It would seem that the consort of the Queen was mighty in her own right.

She had waited a long time to see the sister of Jon Snow. She turned to look at the sixteen year old girl and smiled at her. She was not short but not tall either. She was at least three inches taller than her sweet Ygritte. She was not slender like Ygritte though. Her body was stocky and filled out with muscle with especially thick legs. She had large shoulders and her forearms were large from her sword work. On her back she carried a sword. Her sharp eyesight saw the Valyrian runes on it and knew that it was that rarest of rare swords. A rune sword.

Even rarer and supposedly impossible the rune sword had been set alight by Arya Stark. That report had filled both Ygritte and herself alight with the possibilities. The sword that had conquered Westeros, “Blackfyr” was now the sword of Jon’s sister. The impossible had happened. That had to be a good import.

Melisandre studied the teenager before her. Her hair was pulled straight back like Eddard Stark tended to wear his hair. Melisandre smiled slightly broader. She liked that. She had the same band in the same position too. Arya mimicked her father, Eddard Stark, in the way she kept her hair back. The tall witch doubted the girl even knew she mimicked her father in this. The teenager’s steel grey eyes scanned the room.

That was when she saw it and felt it too. Confusion. Why? What could cause such a confusion of emotions in the teenage girl? She had finally seen her brother again after nearly six years. Her
aurora should be giddy with happiness the witch thought to herself. The new Direwolf came over and sat beside Ghost and they rubbed their muzzles. They were happy to see each other and their auroras showed this. But Arya’s aurora was starting to show agitation for some reason.

Jon’s sister took a step forward but stopped staring at the three of them.

Jon and Ygritte were so focused on looking down at the map they had not felt the commotion about them. Melisandre reached out and touched Jon’s arm getting his attention. Ygritte looked over at her. She used her eyes to let them know they needed to turn around.

Jon saw his sister and exclaimed and went towards Arya with open arms. Something was most definitely not right. Arya face did not mirror radiant happiness that came off Jon like rays of the sun. No. Arya face now looked on at her brother with rising horror. Her face literally aghast.

She mentioned his eyes. Why would she do that? He was half Valyrian. He had walked through the fire and now his true heritage was plain to see to all he allowed to see his true heritage.

Melisandre gasped and Ygritte grimaced when Arya gasped out weakly when Jon recited that his sister should already know this. Melisandre had a sinking feeling. It was becoming painfully obvious that certain truths had been withheld from Arya. Then she saw the look of horror forming on the sixteen year old’s face.

Melisandre paused then. This reaction was too strong. It was a surprise to the young woman but why was her aurora so confused, full of fear and now rising anger. It made no sense. It was all out of proportion to the situation. Melisandre was starting to get upset. She did not like strong negative emotions buffeting her. Ygritte sensing her wife’s distress immediately moved beside her and hugged Melisandre making her feel loved. She now could face the coming cyclone. She could feel the dark emotions swirling out of Arya’s heart.

The Queen burst into the tent. Her face red from exertion. She looked around wildly and then tensed seeing the look on Arya’s face. Arya’s emotions surged up higher Melisandre felt. Now raw anger was boiling in the young woman’s veins. Her frame starting to shake with righteous fury. Again Melisandre wondered what dynamic was at work here. Why the violent negative reaction?

Then Eddard almost stumbled into the tent in his haste. He looked around surveying the scene taking it in. There was confusion, fear and anger swirling in a maelstrom of dark emotions. Jon was confused and flummoxed by this reaction by his sister. He had waited six years almost to see her and now she was radiating out anger towards him. He glanced to his wives for understanding. They had none to give him.

“You haven’t told her?” Eddard asked the Queen with a note sadness and a hint of aspersion. Melisandre felt Arya’s anger flare higher. It was obvious to the ShadowBender that Arya felt like everyone but she knew of Jon’s transformation and true heritage. But for the life of Melisandre she could not understand why it mattered so to Arya. The teenager’s reactions were way out of proportion to the revelation. What was so important about Jon’s lineage?

Melisandre reasoned the girl while an adult was still a teenager. That could be the only explanation. She was surprised to see Daenerys Targaryen indecisive though. The woman was famous for being a decisive dynamo of actions and decisions. Not now. She gnawed her lip and she hesitated and looked back to Eddard for support.

Eddard looked at the Queen and his daughter. He was clearly processing the situation. He looked at the Queen hard. He then looked Arya. She was glaring at the Queen and then her eyes locked with her father.
“When did you know father?” she asked in a low quiet voice.

To Eddard’s credit Melisandre thought, Eddard kept his eyes locked with his daughter. He kept his shoulders square and met his daughter’s ire head on. This man seemed to have the strength to meet any situation. She could see the man trying to form the right answer. She could feel the tension in the air. To Melisandre’s shock Daenerys was actually wringing her hands. Her eyes darting between father and daughter.

“I knew before you left for King’s Landing.” Eddard spoke in a calm voice. His gaze did not waver from Arya’s fiery look.

“And you did not tell me? Your own daughter?” Arya’s tone was hurt and aggrieved.

“I did not think it was important Arya. He came to me shortly before you went south. It was a busy time Arya. I did not foresee this moment else I would have said something to you.”

Arya stared at her father. “Oh my gods” she whispered. “You made Jon suffer for all those years from mother. What the hell were you thinking!” she half yelled at her father. “I see you like keeping secrets. The pain you caused mother … Jon … the pain you are causing me! How could you justify that?!”

“Arya, it is not that simple” Jon interjected.

“Stop it Jon just stop it! You did not even come and see me! As much as I worship you, you did not think enough of me to come and see me!” Arya turned her head to bark savagely at Jon.

“Arya it is not that simple … I needed to keep my identity a secret.”

“Not from me! … Why did you keep it a secret Jon? You know what this means” Arya almost snarled.

The tone had Jon drawing back. He stood still. Jon looked totally confused by the words he was hearing. “Arya—“

“Shut up!” Arya screamed it out. Her voice carried raw hurt and betrayal in it.

“What the hell is going on?!” Jon barked as he looked around with a confused look on his face. Melisandre could see that Jon was totally flummoxed by what going down around him.

Arya turned her attention back to her father “Well father” Arya asked her father.

Again Melisandre admired Eddard. He did not blanch and held his daughter’s eyes. He did not exhibit anger or consternation. Only a sense of focus and calm. Where had this man learned this calm? A storm raged around him, and yet, like the eye of the hurricane he stayed calm.

“Arya” Eddard started “I have nothing to apologize for in the sense of the decisions I had to make with Jon and his parentage. It is clear to me that we cannot talk on this now—“

“Like hell we can’t!” Arya yelled.

“—we will not talk of this at this time daughter. I had to make hard decisions. I did what I had to do to protect Jon, your mother and all my family which included you. Maybe I could have made another decision but at the time I did what I thought I had to do. Robert Baratheon was half crazed when it came to the dynasty of Targaryens. He could not know of Jon’s existence.”
“You could have told mother and then we could have been told us as we became old enough to understand father.”

“I did not think so.”

“You are wrong” Arya stated with certitude.

“I could not take the chance Arya. One slip of the tongue and we could have died. A truth known by too many is too easy to let slip. I refused to take that chance. Once the lie I had created took root I felt I had to let it continue. The benefit outweighed the wrong. Arya—let the sin be mine.”

“Bullshit! You are playing word games!” Arya then paused. “Oh my gods … you sent me to King’s Landing as a pawn. I was only a Cyvasse piece to you … oh gods …”

Eddard paused at that. He took a deep breath. “I will say that is partially true—“

“Godsdamn!” Arya yelled out.

“That is part of the truth Arya I admit!” Eddard overrode his daughter. “I knew of your desires and the Queen’s proclivities. I took a calculated risk. Bran’s prophecy on his sickbed guided me Arya. ‘The Wolf will lie with the Dragon.’ I knew it was you Arya that would lie with Daenerys. But consider this Arya” Eddard said softly to his daughter. “I sent you to achieve your destiny. I sent you to achieve your dreams. Dreams you have succeed in making reality.”

Melisandre saw the Queen grimace. The tall redheaded witch felt the Queen’s consternation to have her desires taken by Eddard and used against her.

“Oh gods” Arya gasped weakly. Melisandre saw the Queen listing with this information. Arya was shaking with anger.

“You bastard!” Arya snarled softly. The teenager’s face a mask of hurt and anger.

“Arya stop attacking your father!” the Queen suddenly spoke up. Melisandre saw that the Queen was starting recover from her shock. “The fault for not telling you falls to me and not your father. This news of your father’s calculations are jarring but I can see his goals and ambitions. They were noble. He is right. He brought us together and I will always be in his debt for that.”

The Queen looked around. “Your father has been with us true. He has kept his counsel to himself. But— it is I that has been with you. I that has laid with you. You are my woman. I delayed in the inevitable and I am now paying the price.”

Daenerys words caused Arya to turn and face her. Arya’s full focus now back on the Queen.

“What are your plans Dany? Why didn’t you tell me Dany! Did you think me a child incapable of handling the truth?” The look of pain on Arya’s face touched the core of Melisandre’s heart.

“NO! Of course not!” The Queen paused pinching her nose with her fingers clearly gathering her thoughts. “I did not want to ruin the beautiful dynamic we have Arya. I wanted to avoid any conflict with you. I thought I had two more days.”

“You are treating me like a little girl damnit! You treat me as if I might break at the slightest touch! I hate that!”

“I am sorry. I should have been braver.”
“When were you going to tell me that you intended to sleep with my brother while I was expected to raise his heir?” Arya grated out. "Do you think that sleeping with Jon will make your womb quicken Dany? Or did you expect me to sleep with him to give you another heir? Possibly a male heir? The dragon has always had three heads, after all. Was I supposed to just accept this?"

“What?” Dany asked stunned. Her lilac eyes wide in shock at what she had just head from Arya’s mouth.

“What? What are you two discussing?” Jon asked confused. He had slowly edged closer to Arya but now took a step back hearing Arya’s words.

“What the hell Jon Snow?” Ygritte yelled.

Arya spat at the Queen “We all know that the Targaryen line, hell all Valyrian noble houses kept their Bloodlines pure Dany! Is that is why you delayed telling me? Till you and Jon could make some contract. Got to keep those Bloodlines pure don’t we Daenerys.”

“What in the hell are you talking about Arya?!” Jon yelled.

Melisandre heard Jon but now her heart knew doubt. She had not known this about the Noble houses of Valyria. She had studied their magic. She had not studied their culture. Why had Jon not said anything?

The ShadowBender watched Eddard as he studied the dynamics around him. He was letting everyone have their say.

Arya was still focused totally on Daenerys. Her steel grey eyes burning like molten iron ingots.

“Why didn’t you say anything to me Daenerys? Are you trying to make the prophecies come true? I can’t see any other reason why you wouldn’t tell me.”

The Queen’s back stiffened and her royal air that had slipped began to reappear “I make my own destiny Arya. I have told you that more than once. In matter of fact, I have told you that many times. I don’t give a fuck about words. It is actions that matter.”

“Yours were sorely lacking my Queen” Arya spitefully shot back.

Melisandre was simply confused and distraught at all these revelations. Not so her wife. Melisandre felt her wife’s anger taking flame. “Are you planning on marrying Daenerys Targaryen Jon? I didn’t sign up for that!” Ygritte yelled at Jon who was looking all around. His face a seeming mask of confusion and bewilderment at this turn of events. Melisandre wanted to believe Jon. He was acting totally flummoxed at the situation he found himself in. Still, why hadn’t he said anything?

“Who said anything about me marrying Daenerys? I don’t even know the woman. Why would I marry her?”

“For duty Jon. For Bloodlines. To give the Queen an Heir. For you to take the throne. You are before Daenerys in succession” Melisandre solemnly told Jon.

“What the Fuck?! Who said anything about sleeping with anybody … that—that … ahhh … I sleep only with you two damnit! … and I DON’T WANT THE THRONE!” Jon roared.

Melisandre noticed the Queen did not even hear the remark of possible sedition that all sovereigns had to be attuned to. She was focused on Arya.
She had a look of consternation on her face but also resolve. “You are right Arya. I can’t deny it. I did not tell you. But not for the reasons you are thinking. I love you Arya. Totally.”

“Then you would have told me of this. We all know the traditions of the Targaryens. Your family fought more than one war over it.”

“I am not my past” Daenerys riposte. She was no longer wilting under Arya’s assault.

“I refuse to share you with the Queen!” Ygritte roared.

“Who the fuck said anything about me sleeping with anyone but you and Melisandre dammit! Stop yelling at me Ygritte!” Jon shouted back at his agitated wife.

Ygritte glared up at her husband. Melisandre was sure she saw steam coming out her wife’s ears.

“Traditions are a hard thing to shake Dany. You know Westeros will want you and Jon to lie together to produce an heir with direct lineage” Arya grated out to Daenerys.

Jon jumped in “What is so important that I sleep with Daenerys anyways?” Though he was hearing the words they were so foreign to him he could not take them in and process their import.

“So you do want to sleep with her!” Ygritte yelled.

“No I do not! Stop putting words in my mouth Ygritte!” Jon threw his arms up in the air. He glared here and there. “What the fucking hell is going on! Has the world lost its FUCKING MIND!” Jon screamed out.

“Don’t tell me how to think Jon Snow! You know nothing!”

“How could you not tell me Dany?! I deserved to know!” Arya cried out her voice breaking just a little.

Melisandre watched the Queen flinch.

“I’m sorry Arya. I delayed—“

“You should have told me!”

“I know my love—“

“You know the tradition of your House!” Arya screamed at Daenerys.

“I repeat Arya—I am not my family’s past. I have made my own future” the Queen calmly replied. Melisandre knew Daenerys was keeping calm to hopefully calm the hurt in her lover.

“What the hell is going on” Jon roared again.

Eddard spoke up now in his calm voice. “Son. The history books state that Aegon married Visenya out of duty but Rhaenys out of love.”

“So?”

“The Targaryen siblings or close relatives were expected to marry and produce heirs. You are the Queen’s nephew son. Some will say you should marry her and produce heirs to the throne. You are the direct descendent of Rhaegar. Many would say that you should sit on the Iron Throne.”
Melisandre watched her husband process this information. Now anger began to show on his face.

“I am not a Targaryen. I am a Stark. I am a Snow. I choose my destiny. No—I and my wives choose my destiny and no one else.”

“I know you are son. You have always made me proud Jon. You are making me proud now.”

Melisandre felt her heart begin to thaw. Jon Snow had spoken the words she needed to hear. Ygritte would hear them too. When she calmed down.

“You know nothing Jon Snow! Arrruunggggg! Gods I hate men! I thought you were different. In touch with your feminine side.”

“I am damnit! I love to cook and clean for god’s sake! Which you are more than happy to take advantage of I might add!” Jon snarked at Ygritte.

Melisandre smiled inside seeing Ygritte’s dander rise up higher at the jib. She did take advantage of the fact that her wife and husband waited on her hand and foot.

“You hurt me Dany. You hurt me deeply” Arya told her Queen softly.

“I know Arya. Let me explain!”

“Not here. Not now. I need to get away before I saw something I will regret” Arya spoke softly. With that she was gone.

Daenerys closed her eyes and took several deep breaths. Melisandre watched Eddard put his hand on her shoulder.

Jon and Ygritte were yelling at each other now with arms gesticulating wildly. She was poking his chest. “I will not have you being some sperm donor! You belong to me and Melisandre! We are your bitches! You fuck only us!”

“Stop the fuck putting words in my mouth! I know that Ygritte godsdamnit! Gods don’t I prove that to you every night! I’m going to fuck the living hell out of you and Melisandre tonight! I hate you putting words in my mouth damnit! You are going to get yours tonight! You mark my words!” Melisandre chuckled seeing Ygritte’s eyes go glassy for a second before she remembered she was furious and went back to yelling at Jon.

Melisandre was glad she was more like Eddard Stark who controlled his emotions. It allowed one to see things clearly. He gripped the Queen’s shoulder and gave it a reassuring squeeze.

The Warden of the North spoke calmly to the Queen “Don’t worry Daenerys—(a deep breath) Dany. My daughter loves you very deeply. With all her heart. I would scold you for not telling her but then I am guiltier of the sins of omission than anyone else in this tent. We all do the best we can at the time. We all make decisions that we must live with. For good or ill. Wait a few minutes and then go to her. Arya will listen to reason. She will listen to you. She loves you.”

“Just please be gentle with her. She has the wolf in her but you have tamed that spirit. Go to her and talk to her. You will work past this. Just don’t do it again. Hopefully I have learned that lesson as well.” Eddard squeezed the Queen’s shoulder again and gave her a sad squint smile. He released her shoulder.

For the next five minutes Melisandre, Daenerys, Eddard and two half snoozing direwolves watched the best murmur show on earth. Jon and Ygritte stormed at each other. Melisandre knew they had
both by now grasped the truth of the situation. Ygritte was still angry for sure but the jibs were getting more sexual. Jon was letting his dander rise up.

The two had moved from really arguing to working each other up for what would come next. The makeup sex would be really, really good tonight. Melisandre was getting wet thinking about it. A certain kissed by the sun Wilding was going to get it. Big time. Melisandre licked her lips. She could not wait.

Daenerys quietly left the tent to go and repair her own relationship. Melisandre was sure their makeup sex would be quite spectacular if less extreme than what she was looking forward to.

**Daenerys**

Daenerys walked out of Jon’s tent. She had had time to center herself. She looked up into the dark sky. Not much time had passed and yet it felt like she had been through a maelstrom riding the raging waves for days. She was prepared to make it right with Arya. She looked around and saw that Arya had indeed gone from the area of Jon’s tent. She had not waited for Daenerys. She gnawed her lip. Arya had been so furious with her. She had every right to be. Daenerys had blown it by being indecisive. She would never make that mistake again with Arya.

She looked around. She spied the tents of House Stark and House Targaryen. Each Center tent pole had the standard of their house weakly moving in the soft breeze. The Wolf and Dragon both tired and not moving in their exhaustion

Which tent would Arya have gone to? Dany looked at both standards and made her decision. Arya loved her.

She walked slowly to her tent. She replayed recent events. She had laughed at Arya bolting off after the Direwolves. She had not been surprised that Arya would go after her Direwolf tearing off down the King’s Road towards the next camp not far off in the distance. Jeertel had ridden by in a flash on her Ranyhyn to get by her charge as Arya stormed down the King’s Road. The Haruchai were always on their duty.

She had heard Eddard exclaim softly “Oh shit!” She had turned towards him and saw a look of deep consternation on his face. Her face asked him to elaborate.

“That white Direwolf was Ghost.”

“So.”

“That is Jon’s Direwolf. That can only mean one thing Daenerys.”

Instantly the Queen made the connection. She had kicked her horse hard and galloped wildly down the King’s Road after her lover. Immediately at her side were Bannor and Seregrom on their mighty Ranyhyn. Behind her she was sure her three Bloodriders were quick to follow.

If Jon was here only the seven hells knew what could happen. She had feared the worse as she stormed up the King’s Road. She looked over at Bannor. He returned her gaze flatly and yet she was sure she saw just a hint of support in his gaze. When she entered Jon’s tent she had seen the truth. The worse had come to pass.

Now she had to make it right.
The Queen entered her royal tent. She felt nervous energy rush through her. Arya was on the far side of the tent facing the outer wall. She was rigid with her back to Dany. She had her arms crossed in front of her. Arya’s keen hearing heard Dany slip into the tent she knew. The Stark stared at the back wall of the tent as if seeking the cipher to some unknowable secret in the dark blue fabric. Arya’s back was filled with tension that radiated out to the Queen.

The fact that Arya was here in her tent relieved Daenerys greatly. If she had found their tent empty she would have known that Arya’s heart had been truly and deeply wounded. If the Queen had been forced to go Eddard’s tent to retrieve her love she would have known that the damage had truly run deep to the core of their relationship. That maybe she had harmed their relationship and love irreparably. Arya being in their tent flooded Daenerys with relief that left her weak for a moment.

Arya loved her. Daenerys would be able to make amends. Arya’s love for her would salve the hurt now in Arya’s heart.

Daenerys knew she had messed up and that she had hurt and angered her lover greatly but Arya being here and in this tent spoke volumes to the girl’s heart. Arya Stark loved her dearly as she loved the woman back. Their love would guide them past these shoals. Shoals the Queen determined to never again seek passage through. She was a captain who learned from her mistakes. She would keep their relationship in the channel from now on. No more secrets.

She needed to be the Conqueror with her wife and show the world and Arya that for Daenerys Targaryen there truly was only one soul for her. Arya Stark.

Daenerys paused considering her options. She had fucked up royally. She should have told Arya long ago about Jon’s true lineage it was now clear to see. She had wanted to delay this moment fearing something just like this. She took a deep breath. One thing Daenerys had thought she had learned was to take what was hers. Evidently she had not quit learned that lesson in regards to the woman who held her heart.

Again with Arya Stark she broke this primal rule. Her being aggressive had always worked to her advantage. Strike quick and take what is yours; that was Daenerys stratagem. She had conquered Essos with that strategy. That mindset had made her so powerful she was able to conquer Westeros without going to war. Her aggressiveness had blooded the Ice King’s face and sent the Iron Islanders back to their Isles with their tails between their legs.

Yet, with this woman before her, she hesitated and doubted herself. She let the fear of tradition and bucking it whither her heart. A heart that Arya’s fiery passion had restored. Every time she made love to her Wolfling she felt her spirit soar on the currents of their love. The Queen had wasted precious time and now she had caused the love of her life so much pain. She took a deep breath. She had a plan to make it up to Arya.

She had thought to delay this until after their victory over the Ice King but decided now was the time. Margaery had told her how the sex had been so mind blowing good between her and Sansa (not that it isn’t always great Margaery was quick to add). She had given Daenerys the small flask. Dany took a deep breath. Yes. Now was the time most definitely.

She looked at the rigid body of her lover. Though Arya had her back to her lover Dany knew the girl was focused on her. Her senses attuned to her lover. Arya was waiting for Daenerys to start making it up to her.

Dany was prepared. She needed to make a tactical retreat for a moment first.

“I will be right back Arya. I have to retrieve something from a saddle bag.” Arya slightly nodded
her head. That too was a good sign. She was not going to be totally an ass with the situation. Arya was not going to rub the Queen’s nose it. That was one reason she loved the girl so. She may lose her temper and throw a mean left hook but at her core, Arya, was a sweet reasonable woman. She merely had to touch that part of Arya and let her know that her indecisiveness was past. She, the Queen, had to assure her Queen that she was the only person that Daenerys not only loved but would only sleep with her.

The Queen would never sleep with Jon Snow for procreation or for political expediency. She did not love the man. She had no reason to lie with the man. Daenerys Targaryen the First of Her Name had left those days behind her in Essos. They would never return.

She left the tent and called out to the camp attendants. She asked where her horse was. Bannor appeared from nowhere as the Haruchai were won’t to do. He guided her to a hobble line where her horse was hobbled and happily eating handfuls of hay piled down before him. Her horse had already had its saddle removed. She asked where it was. Bannor took her to where her saddle was on a post. Of course the Haruchai would know where it was the Queen thought to herself. She went to the left side and unhooked the hoops of the main bag. She reached in and moved the stuffing and pulled out the flask with its stopper.

“Most wise” was Bannor’s observation.

Daenerys looked at the stoic Haruchai. The man knew what the liquid in the flask was for somehow. She was not surprised. He was Haruchai. She hurried back to her tent. She saw that her Bloodriders along with Worm Tail and his guard had arrived and encircled the tent. She could not help but smirk. She saw Jeertel and Seregrom on the backsides of the tent moving silently. She must be the most protected person in Westeros. She snorted. The world.

She would be giving them their nightly show. Hopefully, shortly. She bowed her head to Aggo who pulled the tent flap back. Her Bloodrider who had been with her from the beginning of her quest for greatness looked at her with soft understanding eyes. “Make amends Khaleesi.” It seemed all knew already she had been at fault. They were correct. She nodded with her violet eyes looking into his earnestly. He was satisfied with what he saw. He reached out and squeezed his Khal’s shoulder.

Dany entered the tent and saw that Nymeria had come into the tent while she had been to her horse. The wolf was sitting down by Arya. Her love was scratching the wolf’s ears. The wolf’s tongue lulled out in pleasure. Nymeria saw Dany and woofed happily and got up immediately. She sat before Dany and whined. The wolf looking up at her with earnest eyes. Daenerys laughed and sat the flask down and scratched Nymeria’s ears and along her jaws underneath her lips like she liked.

Daenerys felt another flood of relief rush through her body. Arya’s Direwolf had not turned against her. Daenerys was sure that if Arya had turned against her Nymeria would have as well. This too was a good sign.

She heard Arya whisper “Traitor”. More relief shot through Dany’s body. Arya was taciturn but she had a quiet, dry wit to her. Being able to show it now told Dany that Arya was ready to forgive. She only had to be honest and sincere with the teenager.

She scratched the great wolf’s head and up along her shoulder girdle. The hair standing up on end with the pleasure the wolf was feeling from the clipped nails rubbing in hard between her shoulder blades. Dany did this for a minute. Finally, Nymeria pulled her head back and looked at the Queen with her dark golden eyes. The plea was simple. Make it up with my original master.

Nymeria turned around and brushed past Arya leaning into her before walking back behind the
braziers. The attendants had left a large space behind them. The Direwolf took advantage of this. Nymeria kneed the furs she found there. The camp attendants knew to pile furs high behind the braziers just for Nymeria. She lay down her jaws stretching in long wolf yawns. The wolf wiggled down to get the furs just right beneath her for maximum comfort. The wolf now relaxed and put her muzzle on her forelegs and looked up at her two masters.

Nymeria was waiting for Daenerys to begin her task.

The Queen bent down and picked up her flask and walked over to the braziers. She knelt down to one knee and put the flask into folds of the furs near the braziers. She sat the flask down up right so the liquid in the flask could heat. Arya had turned around and she felt Arya’s eyes boring into her back. Arya was watching her lover intently waiting for her woman to make the first move in reconciliation. Daenerys knew she desired that as well.

The Queen stood up and turned to face Arya Stark. They locked eyes. There was still challenge in Arya’s eyes but also hunger for reconciliation Dany saw. She had been in the wrong totally. Her fears had caused this. Arya had been hurt and she hurt Dany in return but Arya had had the maturity to remove herself from the confrontation and allow them both to calm down. They were both composed most of the time but their tempers could flare hot and furious. The Queen was thankful for Arya’s wise maturity. Again the Stark teenager proved she was the right woman for the Queen.

She looked up into Arya’s steady steel grey eyes.

Arya spoke first. “You hurt me Dany. You should have told me. There can be no hidden spaces in our hearts between us Dany. I need total honesty between us. I want—no need to share my all with you Dany and I demand it back. You made me feel that all we had shared was a sham. You put doubt into my heart. I know of the Bloodlines in your House.”

The queen dipped her head in acknowledgement. She was in the wrong. She would not deny that.

“I am going to do something I have never done before Arya. Only for you. I will only do this for you. … I was wrong. Totally and completely. I admit my failure to you. I cannot and will not do that with any other. I let my fears and doubts restrain me Arya. I have done that with you from the start. I am indeed the Conqueror that I hear whispered behind my back. I smashed my way across Essos boldly and without doubt.”

“But then I meet you and I suddenly become fearful and doubt filled. I do not heed prophecies but I let their ghosts haunt me with you. I know all the reasons why I or you should sleep with Jon. I heard the prophecies that may or may not have spoken of that.”

“I will tell you again what I told them who spoke those prophecies to me. I. Do. Not. Care—I am my own prophecy. Essos is indeed littered with the graves with those who were sure their prophecies would have them prevail against me. They died on my sword or beneath my dragons or smashed against my armies.”

“And despite this I hesitate with you and become unsure.”

Dany was relieved to see Arya’s eyes already softening. The tension leaving her body.

Arya cocked her head wondering of this doubt in her Queen “But why? … Why this timid nature with me Dany. I love you. I have always loved you.”

Dany paused considering how to phrase the myriad thoughts running around in her brain like a swarm of flitting locust. Loud, incessant, flying in so many directions. She took a breath. “It is hard
to express Arya. First and foremost I love you so much it hurts. I look at you and my whole body thrums with love for you. I have worshiped you from the moment you shot those arrows at me on the Iron Throne. The wild fire that came into those gods beautiful eyes, the Passion, the sheer audacity of that act stole my heart.”

The Queen chuckled softly “then you sealed the contract with a left cross to my cheek. I was yours from that moment Arya.”

She saw Arya smile ever so softly. It had truly been love at first fist.

“I love you so much Arya that I so feared to take advantage of you.”

Arya snorted “Yeah right Dany. I wanted you to ravish me since I was nine.”

Dany smiled wanly. “I knew you wanted me too love but I still feared.”

“But why?” Arya asked again.

“I let my own past cloud my thoughts and desires. You and Sansa were very lucky growing up as high born princesses. You both were loved and cherished by a man who was beyond the norm. I will put Margaery in the same context with Olenna shepherding her. Myrcella in a strange way fell into the same category.”

“What do you mean?”

“You had at least some choice. This is not the norm Arya. I was auctioned off and raped so my brother could have his army. The fucking bastard would have raped me and ruined his own plans if not for Illyrio. I was just a bauble to my dear departed brother. Something to be used. Khal Drogo was not really so bad after I broke him to my will. Maybe with time I could have actually come to love him but I doubt it. I would have always resented him treating me like nothing more than a breeding heifer at the start of our union. A receptacle to produce his heir ‘The Stallion Who Mounts The World’. I was just breeding stock to Drogo in the end. He accepted me as his Khaleesi. His inferior woman.”

“I soon realized I was superior to him. To all men really. But that is not how it started for me Arya. I was nothing.”

“This is how it has been for women since the dawn of time. Royal women like us Arya have it even worse as the rule. Sent off when we are twelve or thirteen is the norm. Cersei was older but her fate was the same in the end. Sent to men who are almost never worthy of the precious gift they are granted. We are, as a rule, treated like shit, made to be breeding cows, cheated on as our beauty fades and generally ignored.”

“Of course there are exceptions to every rule. Catelyn Tully was one. She married your father though she had been betrothed to your uncle. She did so without a word. I do not agree with her actions on many things but I try to see things from all angles. She had performed her “duty” in marrying the brother of the slain man she had been betrothed too. Thus, she expected her daughters to do the same. Fortunately, a man of the ages stepped in.

Eddard Stark. Your father is truly unique Arya. He is so much more than any of his contemporaries. It will probably be many millennium if then for your father to become the norm. To put his wife and children truly first.”

“It is humbling actually” Dany finished.
Arya spoke softly “I had never considered it like that before.” She paused for a long moment “Sansa and I are truly lucky.”

Arya thought for a moment. “But you are the Queen of Westeros and Essos. I still don’t understand this hesitation you speak of Dany. You can take whatever you want.”

Dany grimaced slightly. “I did not want to take from you Arya. I will not become a despot or abuse my power and position like Robert Baratheon fathering bastards all over Westeros or like this Roose Bolton with his First Right tradition. I would never treat my woman like Cersei had been treated or how I had been with Drogo. I want to earn what I receive. I wanted to win your love Arya. Not take it. Especially against you will.”

“I wanted you Arya but I wanted you to come to me on your own terms. I was not going to rip this kingdom apart like Robert Baratheon had. Sparking a war for a woman who did not love him. A war fought for a woman who had fled him. That tempered me Arya. The thought of repeating what Robert did a generation before. I was not about to become the Robert Baratheon of this generation.”

“Well, I was beaten down by the time I arrived here in Westeros Arya. I had come to doubt my desires and what was achievable.”

Arya was enthralled now. Dany opening up to her was drawing her back to her lover.

“How were you beaten? You are the Conqueror of Westeros and Essos. Beaten down? That makes no sense to me.”

Dany reached out tentatively and took Arya’s hand. She felt relief that Arya let her take her hand. She felt them reconnecting.

“It was not warfare that beat me down Arya. It was the traditions and moors of society. When I came out of the Red Wastes I proudly proclaimed I would take a wife and would change the world. Obviously, that did not happen. As I conquered the city states around Slavers Bay and brought the Dothraki to heal, I ran into the same stigma and dogma against my right to take a Queen. They did not defy me or challenge me. They just let me know that I had no choice but to follow the ways of the world. I was one woman. No matter how powerful I became I was still only a woman. A woman alone trying to change the moors of the world.”

“I could fought and demanded the right but I would have only built up resentment and eventually open warfare. I had to marry a man I hated in Meereen. He died on my dagger when I would not submit. I was about to marry poor innocent Quinten Martell even though I loathed him. The idiot got himself roasted by my dragons instead. The fool.”

Dany felt her mind drift away for a few moments. She came back to the present.

“I refused to do to the land of my birth, what Robert Baratheon did to it to have the woman he wanted. A woman who rode away with another man because she had no love for that man. A man I feel she had come to loathe. I swore I would never do that to Westeros.”

“So Arya … with you I am not the Conqueror. You are my wife. I will forever treat you as my equal. I have learned from this Arya. I will never hesitate again to tell you all Arya. I was in the wrong in this. I did not trust you to see events clearly. I did not trust enough in your love for me. I feared the very conventions I have contended with since I came out of the Red Wastes transformed. I feared to love whom I desired to love.”

“Essos wore me down. I knew the homophobic mores also existed in Westeros. There is some
toleration for the lowborn to love whom they will but not the highborn. We have a destiny we are supposed to fulfill. We have little recourse.” Dany snorted. “Of course we have the anomaly of Dorne but the powerhouse of Westeros the Westerlands, the Reach, Crownlands and the Stormlands were not Dorne. They are conservative to their core. The North is even more conservative. Your father is single handedly changing that and it gives me hope.”

“I came to Westeros defeated in my heart. Society and its mores, stigmas, discriminations and simple expectation exhausted me. No matter where I went I came up against the same resistance. It simply wore me out. I was so terrified that I would have to marry a man to cement my rule. I was dying inside. I was constantly trying to figure out how to keep my sanity. I kept turning it over in my head what to do. The thought of having to marry a man to solidify my rule made my heart freeze.”

“I have told you how I gave into my craving for the touch of women and had Tyrion fill the void with whores that my body needed to survive but my soul was still dying. My soul withering. I felt trapped.”

“Then you came to me. You saved me from a slow death Arya. I knew that I had found my Queen the day you came to me. I knew it but I feared to embrace it. I had to slowly conqueror my fears and doubts. I still had doubts over the world trying to destroy what we have. I know factions will try and bend me to their will. They will not.”

“I am the Conqueror. It is they who will bow to my will. I will make more graves if I must. You are mine Arya. I will not give you up.”

Arya sobbed and came into Dany’s arms. Dany enfolded her love in her arms. “I will never again have you doubt my love for you, or, myself, doubt my right to have you as my Queen. I should have had the courage to tell you of Jon and our lineage. I should have truly trusted you to understand and not care. You will be my Queen that I will proudly have beside me at all times while we are in Court. We may have other duties that will separate us at times but in Court we are together for all to see.” She felt Arya tuck her head into her neck. She was sniffling but now her arms were around Dany and holding her tight.

Dany luxuriated in again having her sweet Arya in her arms.

“Take your clothes off Arya” Dany husked.

Arya pulled slightly away from Dany. “I have just forgiven you Dany. Aren’t we being a little quick here?” Daenerys could see that Arya while having forgiven Dany was not quite yet completely mollified.

“I have something that I think you will find quite enjoyable Arya. I was going to save this till after we are victorious over the Ice King but I think now is the time.”

Arya hesitated still.

“Please Arya. I need to make love to you. I need to show you in the purest form that I am totally in love with you. I need to have you cum hard in my mouth and on my fingers Arya. I need to connect deeply with you. Let me prove to you my pure undying love Arya. I need you! Desperately” the Queen spoke with her eyes locked earnestly with Arya’s.

Arya looked at Dany with eyes that were beginning to throb with passion. She reached for her laces. Dany smiled and began to undo her own laces, buttons and hooks. The two women stared at each other as vests, blouses, riding trousers, boots and socks were quickly divested. The articles of clothing falling to the floor as their short clothes were dropped to the floors. Their now wet cunts on
full evidence to each other. Rigid nipples throbbing with passion. The smell of sweet pussy filling the air with their thick rich pungent musk.

They stared hard at each other. Arya’s plum nipples were ⅔ erect and swelling sweetly turning dark brownish pink. Her labia lips bloomed out her slit. The Queen nipples were erect and her areolas steeple with desire. Her own slit red and wet her mons turning the light pinkish brown around slit and the rest of her mons turning medium red. Her pussy swollen, wet and filled with blood in her excitement. Her own thick labia lips bloomed out her slit and hanging down begging to be munched and sucked on. The tent was warm and a light film of perspiration was already on Arya’s upper lip and forehead.

Their eyes now dilated with fuck hunger. Arya started to move in but Dany held up her hand. Arya squinted at the Queen in vexation. First Arya had complained for Dany moving fast and now the Queen was delaying her. She cocked an eyebrow at her Queen. Dany smiled and pointed to the side. She had spied some rolled up rawhide mats used to put food and liquid refreshments on.

“Wait a second my love. I want to give you something special. It can be messy though so I need to do a little prep work my sweet Wolfling. It is something Margaery told me of and gave me that flask by the braziers.” She saw Arya turn her head to look down at the flask.

Arya turned her head back to Dany her body shook with lust. “If it is from that slut and my now slut sister I can’t wait! … Gods I can’t believe how my sister has changed … for the better. Margaery has been so good for her.”

Dany nodded her head in agreement. Sansa had evidently been very repressed and docile before Margaery came into her life and brought out the tall redhead’s inner wolf. The tall Stark had Arya’s appetites but she also had the desire to fuck many other women along with her soon to be wife. That was not the Queen’s cup of tea. She wanted only one woman in her bed. Arya Stark.

Dany went to the rolled up rawhide mats. She brought them over before the braziers and laid them out edge to edge so Arya could lie on them. The furs would still get wet but they could be washed out later. It would probably make the sex even hotter. The mats surrounded by piled up furs. Dany felt her cunt throb with desire for her sweet wolf. She felt her cunny filled with sweet fuck nectars. Nectars that were starting to run down her thighs in trickles. Their pussies had filled the tent with the thick sweet musk of female excitement.

Both women were breathing hard in wanton need. Their excited cunts filling their lungs with the sweet elixir of sweet pungent pussy. It was a scent all women craved though way too many women suppressed their natural desire for the female body. This was not a problem that the Queen and Arya shared.

“Lay down on your stomach Arya. Relax. Let me show you my full love baby” Daenerys husked to her beautiful lover. Her voice filled with a smoky timbre and her violet eyes throbbing with sexual desire for her sixteen year old lover.

Arya complied with a smirk. She laid down on her stomach and Dany slowly fell to her knees beside her lover. She reached over Arya’s body and picked up the flask. Arya turned her head to track Dany’s movements. She had put it together and was shivering in excitement. Arya watched the Queen reach out for the flask. It was hot but her hands did not feel the heat. She was the Blood of the Dragon after all. There was a small low table to the left of the braziers with medium sized bowls waiting to be filled with food and drink.

Dany picked one up and sat it beside herself. She undid the cork in the flask and a sweet aroma filled the room.
“What is that smell Dany?” Arya asked lifting her head to look up at her lover. “It smells good.”

“That is coconut my sweet. It is common on the Southern coasts of Essos on its western rim. There are forests of the trees I am told in Sothoryos, Ulthus and Great Moraq. The milk of the fruit is very nutritious and one can live off of it I am told. Coconut is the base oil in this massage elixir. It also has the essential oils of Lavender, Rosemary and Bergamot. It is a blend that Margaery came up with. It is sweet smelling and quite therapeutic too she says. I am not so interested in that quality at the moment though” the Queen smirked down at her wolf.

She poured out the liquid into the wide bowl. It was not scalding hot but she would let it cool a few minutes. “Margaery tells me that she loves massaging Sansa’s body before they have sex sometimes. She says it adds a whole new dimension to the tactile sensations. It lubricates and makes penetration so sweet. I can’t wait to see and feel it. Lay back down my sweet. Let me soak your body in this liquid. It will be sooooo good.”

Arya smiled and put her cheek back on the furs that the mats did not reach. She wiggled her firm big ass at Dany. Dany slapped it lightly and she smiled seeing Arya’s hips jerk.

“Hey! You are supposed to kiss and lick my ass not slap it!” Arya chuckled. Daenerys knew her wolf had a kinky side but this was about love and bonding.

Dany smiled at the reply. She was tempted to smack Arya’s ass hard but refrained. She was slowly getting Arya comfortable with spanking and slapping during their lovemaking. She had begged Arya to slap her ass hard during sex a few times. Arya hesitated mightily the first time but had been more into it the last couple of times. Dany convincing her lover by her loud moans and gyrations that she enjoyed the pain. Arya had blistered Daenerys ass and then she had gotten Arya to slap her tits and face with some force. Not too hard really but it was a start.

The abuse and humiliation had turned Daenerys on no end. It had turned Arya on as well. The sex had been explosive. The Queen could not wait to take that sex to the next level. It would spice their lovemaking up to the heights of ecstasy. BDSM was a nice change of pace. Daenerys knew she was a total switch and sensed that Arya was too. That her teenage lover would easily move from sadistic to masochistic in the giving and receiving of pain and humiliation.

She would work Arya up to slapping her face and tits hard during rough sex and pulling her hair hard. The Valyrian craved having her sopping wet cunt slapped hard with the cupped palm, riding crop or maybe the cattail. She loved to be roughed up at times during sex. She was a switch so she craved giving out some love abuse too. She was sure Arya was into it as well. Arya had said several times she was a total woman and wanted all that Dany could give her. The heat in Arya’s eyes and lilt of her voice made it clear she wanted to be roughed up herself.

Daenerys longed to ‘fuck over’ Arya. She wanted to feel Arya’s ass under her striking palms. She wanted to blister her Wolfling’s ass as she mewled, cawed and screamed in pain. She wanted to pulp her love’s nipples pounding them into her ribcage. Dany would get so excited slapping Arya’s face so hard making it rock over and dragging Arya around by her beautiful hair and throwing into the walls, door and furniture of her royal suite. To punch Arya in her stomach, chest and thighs. It would be so hot.

She was getting Arya used to roughing the Queen up. Arya was now comfortable slapping the Queen around some. Daenerys hungered to have Arya slap her face and body till it was splotchy and red with blood rush. She wanted her ass, tits and cheeks cherry red, throbbing and filled with hot heat from sweet sadistic abuse. She longed for Arya to punch the wind out of her stomach and pound her chest and thighs with controlled punches. She wanted Arya to slam her body into the doors and curtained walls of her domicile in the Red Keep. It would be so hot with Arya dragging
her around by her hair as she wept and pleaded for the mercy that would not come. Gods it would be so hot and sweet.

When they were safely back in King’s Landing the Queen fully intended to explore more sides of lovemaking with Arya. She longed for rough sex and the thrill of hot anal sex and the awesome anal ‘gasms they gave a woman. Being nasty like a Lysian whore and doing ATM and A2P. She shivered at the thoughts but she had plenty of sex to explore with Arya before they returned to King’s Landing and Arya’s initiation to more aspects of what was possible between two women.

Dany ran her hand between Arya’s back and her beautiful thick brown hair that came down to the top of her shoulder blades and swept the mane up and back over her shoulder. The hair would get saturated with oil but that would be later after they had commenced heated rutting and sweet fucking. Dany moaned seeing Arya’s strong back and lateral muscles making the subtle triangle between Arya’s armpits and her upper back. Arya’s awesome ass flexing as she looked up at Dany impishly. Arya knew Dany was an ass girl. The back of her thick legs so enticing.

Arya had good control of her ass and made each ass cheek clench and flex in turn. Then she made them jerk and jiggle into each other. Daenerys moaned at the hot sight. Arya looked back at her with a shit eating grin.

“See something you want Dany?” Arya teased the pale blonde woman.

Daenerys moaned and pushed Arya’s head down. Arya smirked.

Dany picked up the bowl and swished the liquid. It had cooled down considerably but she knew the liquid was still hot. “Look at me Arya.” The teenager had closed her eyes relaxing. They opened and looked at Dany. Their eyes locked. Dany slowly tilted the bowl over and a slightly milky oil poured over the lip of the bowl and first landed on Dany’s face and then she changed the angle and changed the trickle from a rivulet to a small stream hitting her upper chest and then down to her full breast and finally her muscled belly and shaved cunt.

Back and forth the pale Valyrian moved the bowl right and left. Only then did the Queen set the now empty bowl down. The liquid glinted in the light of the braziers and oil lamps on their poles and hanging off cross wires supporting the tent. The liquid immediately started to spread and run down the Queen’s beautiful face and her hard torso. The liquid running down in slow moving rivulets.

“Mmmgggggg oh Dany you are so fucking hot!” Arya moaned. Dany’s eyes throbbing with hot sex. She took her hands and first touched her fingers to her face rolling the massage oil into her face and up her forehead into her hair making them gleam. She smiled down with her lilac eyes on fire with the promises of sweet fucking. Again and again Dany ran her fingers over her face and into her long tresses soaking them in the sex massage oil. Her hair darkening with oil saturating hair follicles and scalp. The Queen’s face showing her pleasure in pleasuring herself with her sensual touch.

Arya watched with throbbing eyes as her lover slowly used her palms to massage the oil onto her own body with hedonistic pleasure. Dany’s hands slowly circled up and down her body her fingers sensually massaging the oil into her skin and over her hard muscled body. The slicked palms slippery with oil rubbing and pressing into the Queen’s firm tits and hard belly. The Queen shivered feeling the delicious tension and pressure of her hands rubbing over body. The slow up and down motion of Dany’s hands on her own body was hypnotic to Arya. It was hot seeing Dany’s fingertips loving her own body with sensual swirls of her fingers on perfect pale flesh.

“Unnnnggg mmmgggggg … shit!—auuggg hhnggg hhnggg HHnnnn!” Dany moaned rotating her palms over her breast. The oil slicked skin rubbing over rock hard nipples. Dany gasped in
pleasure. Arya watched her woman cup and then massage her full medium sized breast. The hands compressing and rolling the high firm tits. The fingers started to clench in and pulp the perfect globes. The Queen’s body jolting as she hard squeezed her tits and pinched her nipples and jerked on them making her body gag and throat caw with raw hedonistic pleasure.

The teenager smiled sluttily watching her slut move her fingers up her glistening tits and pinch and jerk on her own nipples. The sharp squeezes gagged Dany with raw sensual pleasure. Her face slashing and body jolting as the Queen squeezed and stretched out her nipples tenting her light brown areolas with hard jerks. Then the hands cupping and pulping her oil slicked hooters her fingers sinking deep into the pliant hillocks. The white blonde moaning like a Lysian whore.

Then her left hand slide from breast to breast rubbing and pressing down hard on the firm globes. The oil made the hand gripped and rolled breast gleam in the brazier light as they were worked in turn. Dany saw that Arya’s head had lifted her eyes intense as they followed Dany’s right hand sliding down her slippery belly and Targaryen’s fingers slipped into the Queen’s gash and rubbed up and down the oiled slicked vulva. "Unnhhhhh!" Dany gasped helplessly. "Unnhhhhh!"

“Dany! Don’t you dare jerk off … you are supposed to be fucking me!” Arya barked in humor but also selfish need. Her pupils blown with raw naked need.

Dany pouted and then smiled down at her slutty wife to be. It was good to be selfish during love making. As long as you remembered to give back of course. And Arya always gave back more than she received.

Dany rubbed her pussy slit and rolled her inner lips open exposing her dripping wet slit. “Ohhhhh baby … your sooooo greedy!” Dany play pouted sticking out her lower lip. Her fingers continued to play with her inner labia lips rolling and pulling them taunt and spreading them back and showing off her wet pink seam to Arya who groaned at the juicy red slit. Daenerys bald mound all slavered with opaque love snot.

The Valyrian picked up the flask again. It had cooled enough for her to pour the liquid on Arya’s back. She tilted the flask over and a thin stream of heated liquid poured out onto Arya’s supple white skin. The Stark girl gasped and then mewled feeling the warm liquid hit her back. Daenerys ran the liquid down and up Arya’s back twice. The white liquid glinting in the warm light.

Dany rose up on her knees and straddled the sacrum of her lover and pressed her wet pussy down into the small swale feeling her wet cunt compress and mash into Arya’s strong back. She shivered and she felt Arya shake. “Oh Dany! Your cunt is so goddamn wet for me! I can’t wait to suck you off!” Dany felt her body jerk with primal fuck want but now was about her baby. She began to massage the oil into Arya’s strong back.

Dany worked her fingers into Arya’s muscled upper back pressing and rotating and then using her palm to relax the muscles. The Queen luxuriated in the feel of the strong muscles underneath her fingers and palms. The strong muscles felt so good underneath Dany’s tactile touch. Arya was cooing and moaning at the sensual massage. Dany slowly worked her way down her lover’s back. Her hands moving down to rub up and down Arya’s ribs. Dany felt the girl relaxing and becoming boneless beneath her.

“I give you about a thousand years to stop that Dany … it feels so fucking good.” Arya began to flex her hips humping her groin up and down pressing her pussy into the rawhide beneath it. Her swollen dripping snatch lubricating the leather. “Unnggg mmmmhhhh mmmnggg ooohhhhh fuck yeah! Unnggg hhnggg” Arya gurgled feeling Dany work her back. The sixteen year old nutting her pussy into the leather beneath her drooling quim. The pressure and friction sweet to the teenager. She loved feeling her camel toe compress and contort as she humped her mound into the
rawhide and furs beneath.

“Now look who is greedy Arya” the Queen softly joked down to her lover nutting on the leather beneath her. Arya’s working hips was driving her back up into Dany’s pussy. Arya’s ass grinding in on Dany’s swollen muffin and compressing her clit and rolling it in its sheath. The pressure and friction exquisite to the Queen.

Sweet pungent pussy musk thickly filled the tent now. “Oh baby I smell our cunts—its smells so fucking good!” Dany softly husked. She lifted herself and plopped her pussy on Arya’s ass and gagged at the pressure the cheeks still flexing as Arya jammed her drooling clam shell into the leather beneath her pussy. The pressure on Dany’s pussy more intense against Arya’s firm ass globes.

Dany picked up the flask and poured a line of the sweet smelling oil onto Ayra’s lower back. She put the flask down and rubbed the oil into Arya’s lower back as he sixteen year old sighed and mewled. Dany then started working up the swale of her lover’s ass. Arya had now started to swirl her hips grinding her cunt down into the soaked with cum rawhide leather. The teenager working her hips harder grinding muffin down into the raw hide to increase the pressure on her slobbering cunny. “Ummmmggg hhnnnn hhnnnn oohhhhh fuckkkkkkk!” Arya mewled sweetly for her Valyrian lover.

Next Dany moved back again plopping her ass down on Arya’s legs that were side by side. She again picked up the flask yet again. She now poured long streams of the massage oil all over the big tight ass globes. Now the Queen began to massage the firm tight ass globes. The Queen worked each ass cheek with her deep massaging fingers. She kneaded the globes in turn working her fingers into the taunt globes. Her fingers relishing massaging the firm globes.

Arya groaned deep in her chest. She flexed her ass cheeks up into the fingers and palms massaging her ass cheeks again and again. It was obvious to the Queen that Arya was luxuriating in the massaging fingers working her ass. For the next five minutes, the Valyrian worked her woman’s ass with total focus and love.

Dany rose and pivoted off her lower. Arya whined at the lack of heat and wetness of her lover’s pussy on her body. Dany stilled her whinnies by pouring line of oil on each leg. The Queen then worked her hands down from Arya’s left leg starting at her ass cheek and slowly worked down the leg massaging and rolling the muscles relaxing them. Dany then did the other leg. She then did Araya’s feet. She bent them up with the Stark’s knee in the rawhide. She worked the girl’s instep and ankles. Arya’s eyes were heavily lidded now.

Arya was still humping the leather lightly with her drooling clamshell that dripped heavy drops of milky cum onto the slicked leather. Her grinding twat smearing her love juice on the rawhide underneath her nutting pussy. Having her legs worked reduced her leverage and she wanted to luxuriate in having Dany loving her whole body.

“Huuunngggg! Mmnnggggg!” Arya groaned hard feeling Dany suck her large toe on her left foot into her mouth and sensually give it blow job bobbing her head with her lips sucked tight to the digit. The Queen’s long tongue worming around the toe and then back to sucking it. “Shit! Oh gods Dany—you’re making my cunt sooooo fucking wet!” Dany smirked sucking on Arya’s toe and then slowly working down the foot from the big to the little toe. She slowly sucked on each toe in turn and running her tongue between Arya’s toes before sucking a digit back into her mouth for hot bobs. Dany loved the taste of the sweet massaging elixir mixed with Arya’s sweet skin.

The Queen finished the left leg of her sweetie and then repeated the same massage to her right leg and foot. After working the tension out of Arya’s right foot Dany spent five minutes making oral love to her foot. She sucked the toes individual and jammed all five toes into her mouth stretching
her mouth out and slowly bobbed up and down while her lover gurgled and moaned wantonly. She would then worm her tongue in figure eights around the toes up and down her foot.

Arya by now was drooling mess. Her pussy humping the rawhide. Her leaking twat that had long ago soaked the leather. Now cum was puddled beneath the teenager as she used the lubrication to grind her clit into the animal skin. “Dany pleasssee! Stop teasing me!”

Pouting, the Queen put the foot down and sat down beside her love’s hips. She picked up the vase and poured more of the massage oil on her loves ass. She had placed the flask near the brazier to keep the liquid warm. Arya moaned like a slut. Dany licked her lips. “Spread your legs for me my slut!” she softly husked down to Arya. She moaned herself with Arya spreading her legs like a Lysian whore opening up her ass cleft and exposing her pussy seam. Her slit all wet and red. “Gods you are a slut Arya. I love how you open yourself to me” Dany moaned seeing the cum soaked slit all wet and red.

Dany smiled and began to roughly knead her lover’s ass cheeks with her hands circling the firm taunt half hemispheres of her love’s ass. Her fingers sinking deep into the toned muscles. Her hands working up and down the slopes of her love’s ass her fingers working in deep. Dany rolled the firm flesh between her fingers and the cup of her hands. The hard globes half squirting out her hard massaging fingers. Her hands rolled as she massaged the hard taunt spheres.

Arya had pressed her face into the furs she had pulled down to press her face into. She moaned as her ass humped up to rotate her globes into the fingers making them feel so good. Her head jerked up. Dany had ran her hands down on the insides of her upper thighs and used the edge of her hands so press in on Arya’s ass cleft and down along the swollen muff. Up and down the Queen seesawed her hands. Dany loved the feel of her slut’s ass globes compressing between her see-sawing hands on the up stroke and her down stroke working Arya’s drooling clamshell with pressure and slicked friction. The mounds so wet and hot with oil and sweat.

The Queen loved seeing Arya work her hips to both lift her ass to be massaged by her and on the down stroke working her cunt into the rawhide. The teenager’s clit jacked into the rawhide. The teenager whinnied in raw pleasure feeling the pressure and friction on her clit.

"Oh gods . . . yes," Arya panted, her eyes fluttering open, turning her head to look up at Dany. She nodded rapidly. "Yes." Dany bent her body on her knees to get a better angle and started to press in harder and used one hand to pull Arya’s leg out further and her right hand began to rub her lover’s now sloppy wet quim with her slender fingers. Dany reached over to the flask and poured more oil in Arya’s ass crack and over her hand and palm rubbing her love’s muff. Dany sat the flask down and started to rub harder into her lover’s cunt pressing in and rolling labia lips and jacking over the rigid clit.

Both women moaned with the Queen slowly working her slender fingers up and down the sopping wet clamshell. Arya was moaning hard her body shivering at the sweet sensations. Daenerys loved the wet slicked feel of Arya’s sopping wet cunt seam underneath her up and down slow masturbating fingers. Her fingers plowing and rolling Arya’s long labia lips. The Queen at moments scissoring the thick lips and jerking on them making Arya’s body jolt and her throat groan gutturally like the pure slut she was.

Her fingers now squeezed in to begin rubbing on Arya’s clitoral hood. The fingers loosely squeezing on the knotted flesh putting pressure and friction on Arya’s clit. The sixteen year old gurgling and wheezing feeling her clit expertly worked by her lover’s fingers.

Her other hand worked Arya’s ass cheeks in turn compressing and clenching the hard globes. Her hand enjoying the hardness and yet softness of Arya’s ass. Her fingers clenching and rolling the firm
globes. Her other hand working up and down Arya’s clamshell luxuriating in the feel of Arya’s slimy inner lips soaked in snail snot. Her fingers rubbing and tormenting the rubbery lips. Dany rolled and stretched the brownish pink lips and rubbed sensually up and down Arya’s juicy slit. Now her fingers brushing over and jacking down into Arya’s clitoral hood. The pressure and friction had Arya’s hips jolting and rotating up into the hands fucking her pussy and ass.

"Oooooohhhhh—shitttt! Unngg unnngg hhnnngg hhnnnggg, that feels good! Don’t stop! Gods don’t stop baby!" Arya was humping back hard on the hand masturbating her swollen muff. Dany rubbed in harder pulling and rolling her lover’s labia lips and making sure her fingers forked and squeezed Arya’s clit with her pumping fingers. She slowly speed up her ministrations. Dany loved the feel of Arya’s knotted clitoral hood squirting between her forked rubbing fingers and when those fingers rose up she pulled the labia lips taunt. Daenerys loved the feel of Arya’s long labia lips pulled and stretched by those fingers.

Up and down the Queen worked Arya’s cunt seam. Her fingers now circling the teenager’s fuck hole and teasing it before working back down the juicy slit to play with the rigid clit with rubs and forked squeezes. Arya was moaning like a rabid whore now her hips rotating to increase her pleasure. Her clit rubbed but also nutting on the leathers beneath. The rawhide now covered with pooled massage oil and girl cum.

Dany wormed her left hand fingers into her lover’s ass cleft and found her lover’s anus soaked in massage oil. Her fingers liberally coated with fresh massage oil. Dany smiled hearing Arya gasp and hump harder. Dany saw no need to tease Arya in this. With slow deliberate motion, the Queen centered her middle and index fingers on Arya’s shithole. Dany twisted her fingers in hard and pierced Arya’s hot hunger asshole deep.

“Arruunnggggggg—ffffuuuucckkkkkkkk!” Arya sighed moaned feeling her anus penetrated and Dany’s long fingers sinking deep into her hungry asshole. The teenager was hooked on anal penetration now and moaned with each stroke up into her rectum. The fingers working her sphincter rings and rubbing her rectum. “Ohhhhh Dannyyyy … uunngg hhnnngg hhnnnggg … I love it when you fuck my hot tight shithole babyyyyy!”

“Mnnnggggg!” Dany moaned hearing the hot spoken words. Arya smiled. She knew Dany loved it when she spoke with a potty mouth. Dany had started slow with her fingers fucking Arya’s ass but began to pump them harder. Her fingers sinking now forcefully up Arya’s ass squirting her anus with powerful forceful strokes. Her hand making a wet smacking sound hitting into Arya’s ass cleft. Dany twisted her fingers hard and fully up into Arya’s hungry greedy asshole. Her digits buried up Arya’s ass Dany began twist them in and out the spasming sphincter rings. Arya’s wet rectum clutching the invading fingers. The Queen had started with a slow sensual stroke working her fingers fully in and out the asshole of her lover. Now the Valyrian increased the speed and force of her fingers fucking Arya’s ass. Dany pulled the digits nearly out Arya’s tight ass and only then plunging them in too the third knuckles with savage twisting thrusts. The affect was immediate.

"Awwoooggggggg! Fuck yeahhhhh! Pump my shithole baby—arruunnng (Arya cried out with Dany now slamming her twisting fingers in and out her lover’s hot tight asshole in a fast rhythm) Unhhhh! Oh . . . shit!" Arya gasped softly. Her head was jerking up on a spasming neck now her eyes glassy. She was breathing heavily with sweat beading and glinting with oil and rolling off her writhing body. The Queen’s other hand sliding fast up and down jerking off Arya’s hot flowing cunt seam. The Queen’s hand soaked in Arya’s hot snail snot.

Dany was slamming her left hand’s first two fingers up her Arya’s hot tight asshole fast and furious her hand slamming into Arya’s ass cleft driving her fingers forward with harpoon thrusts up Arya’s
pinching asshole. The cheeks giggling with fierce impact. The sound of wet flesh soaked in sweat and oil slapping loud in the tent.

She loved the wet heat soaking the fingers plundering Arya’s ass. Her lover’s rectum so sweet feeling on her plunging digits up Arya’s shithole. Her right hand now a blur rubbing her love’s swollen cunt. Her hand soaked in steamy streaming opaque cum. She felt Arya’s body tightening up. “Dany! Dany—harpoon my ass—pound my shit! Do me baby!” Dany’s lilac eyes flared and she slammed her fingers in twisting them wildly as she savagely fucked her lover’s asshole hard and deep like she needed it.

Arya grunted with each harpoon thrust up her love’s spasming asshole. Arya’s body jerking forward with the strength of the thrusts up her ass. Her oil and cum slicked body spasming on the rawhide leather now as her orgasm began to form deep in her belly and fucked asshole. Arya’s cunt singing as she felt Dany’s fingers fast and furious pumping up and down her slit and jacking over Arya’s clt. The jacks of her clt pummeling Arya with fucking ecstasy.

“Unnggg unnggg shit shit—fuck! OH GODS Dany!” Arya’s breath seemed to whoosh out of her lungs and Arya jammed her face into the furs. Her whole body began to shake violently and she flexed her hips pounding her pussy down into the fingers masturbating it fast and furious and her hips up jerked impaling her asshole on the two twisting fingers harpooning her asshole. Suddenly, Arya’s head jerked up and back on a neck spasming hard. The tendons in her neck jutted out like cables drawn tight in a sea storm. Arya’s eyes shocked wide open. Her hands reached out and clawed the furs lining the sides of the rawhide desperately. Choked off caw escaped her throat.

Dany watched Arya and felt a hot rush of pure love seeing Arya’s shock wide open eyes. Her pupils blown with pure lust. Hot cum gushed out Arya’s cunt soaking Dany’s rubbing fingers in creamy white cum that pulsed liberally out Arya’s rupturing snatch. Now, blistering screams of womb rending ecstasy ripped form Arya’s throat. “AAWWWOOOGGGGGGGG! UUUNNNGGGHHHNNNNN! Ooonnggghhiieeeee! Hhnngg uunngg hhnhnn OOOWWWGGGGGGGGGG!” she cried out in shrieking wails of pure fucking bliss.

Arya’s head jerked back with her wails of ecstasy. Her whole pelvis quaked and churned wildly slamming up and down into the hands taking her to the heavens. Horrible convulsions rent Arya’s body shaking and throttling her with spine snapping spasms of fucking bliss. Daenerys right hand had rubbed hard pressing in on the immolating cunt of her screaming sixteen year old lover. More gushes of hot cum totally soaking the Queen’s right hand. The cum slicked rapid hand motions allowed the Queen to jerk off of her lover even easier.

Dany kept slam fucking her lover’s exploding asshole with her left hand. Arya’s sphincter pinched down hard on the fingers pumping in deep and jerking nearly out and slamming back home again and again. Dany’s rough fucking of Arya prolonged her punishing orgasm. The back of Arya’s feet slammed the rawhide mat beneath it. Arya’s head now up and jacked back on her spasming neck her face torn asunder with crippling pleasure.

"Oh Sweet gods! Uunnngghhhiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii! Anngghhh! Oh! Auunngghhmmnnnggiieeiee!" Arya screamed as her body flipped and jackknifed with the last crippling blow of her sweet orgasm. Arya’s head snapped back and forward with her eyes rolled back into her skull. The whites showed them jerking around in her skull with hard spasms jerks.

Dany thought that was not good enough. She needed to make Arya cum even harder. She needed to show her sweet Wolfin her pure untainted love. Love only for Arya Stark. She angled her hand and vigorously rubbed the edge up and down over Arya’s clt. Her fingers twisting as she rammed fucked Arya’s shithole with vicious strokes of savage love. The twin forceful assault shocked
Arya’s clit and asshole. Her dying orgasm suddenly went multiple when the Queen hard forked
Arya’s clit and violently jerked her hand up and down hard squeezing Arya’s clit in its sheath.

Arya let forth a full throated scream of pleasure that filled the tent. "AAAARRUUUNNGGGGGG!
ANNGGHHHIIIEEEE! UNGH! OH ... SHIT SHIT! ANNGGHHHIIIEEEE!" Her body
convulsed so sweetly for Dany. Dany felt Arya’s cunt spasming and clenching with gut wrenching
tearing convulsions of fucking bliss. Arya’s body jackknifed violently up and down her hips
instinctively driving her pussy and asshole up and back into the hands driving her insane with
pleasure. Arya’s eyes had rolled back into her skull again as she jackknifed violently against Dany’s
divine ministration hands jerking her off to the heavens. "Auungghhh! Oh! Unngghiiiee! Oh Dany—
babyyyyy ... oh! Auugnnh! Unnngggghhhiiieeeeee!" Arya cried out, coming exultantly, smiling as
each fierce spasm wrenched her. Her young body cummed with violent jackknifes and shudders.

Arya’s body suddenly weakened and Arya’s head thudding down into the furs for the moment spent.
Her body spasming all over with aftershocks throttling her sweet hard warrior’s body. Dany
removed her fingers from her lover’s asshole and stuffed them into her mouth and sucked sensually
savoring her woman’s sweet asshole. She saw Arya had rolled her head to watch her. “Gods you
are a slut Dany! I love you.” She moaned watching Dany as she removed her right hand from
between Arya’s thighs and stuffed the hand into her mouth and stared at Arya sucking Arya’s pussy
off the long digits she ran up and down her tongue.

Dany watched Arya mewl and shake with her dying orgasm. She needed more. She removed her
right hand from her mouth. The fingers clean of the sweet snail snot from her teenage lover’s soaked
slack pussy. She gently rolled Arya over and got her centered on the rawhide mats. Arya looked up
at her with lidded eyes. Dany looked at her still swollen darkened nipples and dark pink pussy and
reddish brown pussy lips all splayed out on her mound. Dany was nowhere through with this hot
tight body.

Dany smiled down at her lover. She needed a lot more of this sweet warrior body. Arya’s muscles a
huge turn on to the Queen. She licked her lips unconsciously and Arya moaned at the sensual
display. Dany picked up the flask again and poured a stream of the sensual massage liquid up and
down her lover’s torso several times. The Queen made sure that the stream of oil flowed over Arya’s
swollen plum nipples. Arya gagged and then whimpered feeling Dany pour a heavy steam all over
her shaved cunt and soaking into her swollen cunny.

Dany sat down the flask and immediately her hands went to Arya’s chest and started to rub her
hands all over Arya’s upper chest. Her palms sliding over the slicked body. She pressed in with
hands enjoying how the oil let her hands slide slippery and fast over Arya’s chest and ribs. She
circled the bulb nipples all engorged and bursting with blood rush. The nipples jutting out the pulpy
areolas begging to be massaged roughly and hard sucked. Arya’s eyes were glassy and her breathy
raspy her body already revived from her hard orgasm. The teenage body hungry for more soul
crushing orgasms.

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Dany spent a minute working the oil into Arya’s chest and now along her ribs. Arya was mewing
hard now. Her eyes locked with Dany’s and her hands captured Dany’s hands and slide them over
to her nearly two inch nipples all rubbery and pulpy. Dany smiled and ground her slippery palms
down into the plum like nipples grinding and folding the areolas and pulping the spongy nipples.

Dany’s body jolted hard and she gasped her legs scissoring on the bed feeling her bursting plum
nipples compressed and rolled by Dany’s hard dragging circling palms. Hot squirts of raw burning
pleasure pulsed out the roughly worked nipples gagging Arya with fucking pure scorching bliss.
The teenager mewed and moaned her head lulled over. The Valyrian loved feeling Arya’s unique
bulb nipples folding and squirming underneath her rasping palms. Daenerys pushed in harder
pulping the bulbs like she knew Arya loved it. Both liked their titties and nipples roughly squeezed and pulped.

“Unnggg yes yesssss aauunggg … oh shit!—unnggg fffuuuccckkkkkkkkkk yeah aarmnngg uunnggg” Arya mewled in raw pleasure Dany was filling her swollen bursting nipples with. The pressure and friction exquisite.

Dany worked her hands down off the jutting nipples and then roughly side her palms into the side of Arya’s nipples and roughly compress the nipples sliding her palms roughly back up onto the engorged bulbs and rough circle her palms pressing in hard to pulp the succulent nipples. The back to jamming in from the sides pushing in on the thick pulpy nipples contorting and compressing them. The pressure making Arya cry out in ecstasy.

"Unhhhh! Oh gods! Hhhnnnggg! Hhnnnggg … unnggg uuunnn uunngggg … Oh gods yes, you can do it harder," Arya panted, looking up at Dany, who was now hooking her fingers around the spongy nipples she was working. Dany roughly squeezed the plump plums loving how the juicy bulbs compress and squirted underneath her fingers. Dany worked back and forth between rubbing and rolling the nipples and then taking her fingers and squeezing in with all her fingers surrounding the puffy nipples and hard squeezing them. The Queen’s squeezing fingers filling Arya’s nipples with friction and fire. "Ungh! Unghhh! Ohnnnggg!” Arya groaned softly with each hard squeeze of Dany’s fingers in on her bursting nipples.

Then the Queen lifted her hands four inches above Arya’s nipple cupping them. She struck her hands down fast and hard thumping them down into Arya’s bulb nipples. ** Thump thump thwok thump thwok thwok thump ** Daenerys hammered Arya’s nipples compressing and pulping them down into the Stark girl’s ribcage.

“Auuurrrnnggg oowwggg hhnn hhnnng hhnnn hnnn unnggggggggg—ffuccckkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk!" Arya groaned deep in her chest her face slashing hard her eyes squeezed tight shut feeling her pulpy nipples pulped. “Ohhhhhh fuccckkkk yeessssss!” Arya hissed. The teen’s legs scissor on the rawhide while her fingers clawed and raked the rawhide. Arya sibilantly gurgled as Dany pounded her nipples more * thwok thump thwok thwok thump thump thwok * Arya’s head thrashed as her face contorted and slashed with pain but so much sweet pleasure.

The Queen stopped torturing her baby’s bugling nipples and went back to gently massaging them. Arya whinnied and gurgled in her throat as Dany lovingly now massaged her stinging nipples filling them with sweet pulsing pings of ecstasy.

Dany wanted to bring Arya off again with just her fingers working Arya’s nipples but she could not deny herself any longer. Dany pulled over some furs to be beside Arya’s supine body. She folded down on the furs now beside Arya. She slide her right hand down Arya’s heaving belly and traced over her lover’s swollen sloppy wet mound. Up and down Dany stroked the slimy slit. Her fingers rolling and pulling on the rubbery inner lips. Arya was chuffing rotating her pussy up into the fingers pleasuring her swollen snatch.

Then Dany’s oiled fingers found Arya’s fuck hole and two oily fingers slowly slide deep up Arya’s cum filled cunt and stroked in slow and deep. Arya’s head jerked up off the fur. In and out, Dany stroked her fingers deep into her lover’s swollen squishy love box. In and out Daenerys pumped her fingers deep into Arya’s sodden trim. The pussy sucking and slurping on the long digits pumping deep into the hot slick cauldron of Arya’s drooling clamshell.

The Queen now added a third finger stretching out her lover’s cunny on her pumping fingers. The fingers soaked in creamy cum and squeezed by tight slimy sucking folds. The Queen luxuriated in slimy sucking embrace of Arya’s soupy couchie. Arya’s pussy gripping the long digits as they
slowly pumped hard into the teen’s sodden cunt. Dany’s knuckles rapping hard into the cum soaked mons of her love slut.

Arya stared at Dany who locked eyes with Arya and lowered her head. “Mmmgggggggg! Fuckkk yeeaaahhhhh!” Arya cried out feeling Dany slowly siphon and an engorged bulb nipple deep into her mouth and began to nurse with hungry love sucks. Dany slowly increased the force of the fingers she thurst hard and deep up into Arya’s cunt. The Queen adding a slow twisting motion to her finger thrust. The Queen wholed Arya’s fuck folds with her pumping fingers. “Unggg hhnnngg hhnnngg uunggg!” Arya moaned in raw primal pleasure.

Dany sucked with cheek hollowing voracious sucks her tongue stabbing and lathing the fat nipple sucked deep into her mouth. She moaned tasting her lover and the sweet oils she had on Arya’s skin. The Targaryen kept glancing up seeing fierce pleasure slashing over Arya’s face. She went back to slow pumping her lover’s cunt with her fingers sliding easily in and out the hot tight sixteen year old cunny of her lover. She slow stroked her fingers pumping in and out. The fingers already creamy with cum. Her knuckles rapping the engorged brown reddish mons hard compressing and squeezing in on Arya’s clit with repeated raps of shocking impacts.

"Do the other one. Pleaseeeeee!" Arya croaked down to Dany with desperate fuck hunger. Arya’s face twisted with sublime pleasure. Dany was only too happy to comply lifting her head and rolling her body more into Arya’s warrior’s body and sucked her other nipple deep into her mouth and wolfed sucked with short vicious love sucks. She sucked and slapped the engorged teat with her tongue all over. The blond hooking her lips on the rim of Arya’s nipple on breast to anchor her head as she deep throat love sucked on the pulpy nipple sucked deep in her mouth.

Dany increased again the force and pace of the fingers she was pumping into her lover’s sodden cunt. The sweet pussy making watery sounds. The inner folds sucking on and gripping the fingers sliding so deliciously deep in the sixteen year old’s twat. Dany’s knuckles hard rapping the cum soaked mons of her slut.

Dany’s head moved right and left to siphon in a turgid nipple and deep throat love suck as her tongue lathed and wormed all over the spongy rubbery nipples. Her own full breast pressed into Arya’s ribs as she nursed. The Queen loved feeling her nipples rasping along Arya’s oil slicked ribs. Her hand a piston stroking her fingers hard into the cauldron that was Arya’s love box. The pussy making wet slurping sounds of being well fucked.

“Yes! Unhhh! Shit! Unnggg hhnnnnn hhnnnn uunggg hhnnnggge ffffffffffaucccckkkkkkkk!” Arya croaked. Dany had been moving her head fast between the nipples giving them fast sucks and gentle teeth rakes. Now she moved her head back to the other nipple and hooked her lips underneath the rim of Arya’s slightly overhanging pulpy areola on her barely their breast. She sucked with pure love her head lifting with each hard long suck. "Unhhh!" Arya gasped. "Oh! Gods yes yessssssss! Yes!" Arya’s eyes jerked up into her skull and rolled around obscenely showing the whites of her eyes. "Ohhnnngg! Yes!" Arya gurgled her head thrashing in love and need.

Dany was pumping her hand harder now into her lover’s muffin. Her bent little finger and thumb pouding Arya’s love slime soaked mound. Dany grunted around the nipple she was sucking on while pounding Arya’s cunt. Her mouth moving back and forth between the swollen teats of her slut. She sucked hard and now gently teethered with rasping teeth adding friction and pressure on the nipples she sucked on currently. Her right hand now a piston slam fucking Arya’s swollen pussy that was getting wetter by the second. Dany reveled in the sounds of Arya’s sloshing wet trim rising again to orgasm.

*Gods she loved making Arya cum!*
Arya’s head had lulled over her eyes unseeing as her face slashed and grimaced with pleasure that was so intense it seemed painful but was only ecstasy. She was breathing heavily now and sweat beaded on her oil slick skin and rolled down her face and down her ribs. Sweat beaded on her belly and thighs and pooled in her quivering innie belly button. Her feet with stiff her toes curling. Her arms spread wide and her hands clawed into the furs. Arya’s head thrashed slowly first to one side and then lulled to the other side her face slashed with primordial fuck ecstasy.

Her head jerked up a shocked look of soul crushing pleasure consuming Arya.
"Ummmmngghhiieeeeee! Mmmnnngghhiieeeeee! … aarrrgnnn hhngg … oh oh hhnggg … ooowwwggggaaaaaaaal!" Arya cried out, her hands tearing at the furs her legs juddering like a cable in a storm. Her pussy jerked up into the fingers now slam fucking her immolating snatch. Her head kept jumping up on her taunt neck the tendons in her throat jutting up in stark relief. Arya’s body bucked and flipped as searing bliss burned through her veins curling toes and clawing fingers.

Dany pounded Arya’s exploding cunt with her fingers and her mouth tried to suck the nipple in her mouth down her throat. Arya’s body convulsed and bucked as killer volts of killing ecstasy ripped through her strong body. "Ungghh! Oh! Aunngghhhhh! Onnggghmmmnngggiieeee! Oh shit! Oh! Unngghhhhiieee!" Arya’s wails still had her throat corded up tendons jutting out her throat. Her face, throat and upper chest flushed pink. Her body convulsed from head to toe in agonizing seizures of fucking bliss.

"Oh gods . . . baby . . . baby!" Arya gasped. "Oh god, I love you, Dany! Unghh! Oh yes! Unngghhh! Aunnggghhhiieeee!" Arya whole body shook violently as her orgasm waned away now. She was panting and a blasted look was in her eyes. Sweat poured off her body. Hard aftershocks rocked the Starks’s body with searing ecstasy.

Dany was not finished with her lover. She sat up and urged a groggy Arya to sit up. Arya was still be gripped by hard aftershocks. Dany slide behind Arya and pulled Arya back into her body. She sagged into Dany. The Valyrian’s breasts compressed by Arya’s back with her ass pressed into the Queen’s wet pussy. Arya’s head lulled back on Dany’s shoulder her head turned to look at Dany with a beatific smile on her face. Dany’s legs were bent up to nestle Arya between them and keep her body in place.

The Queen picked up the flask and poured out more of the liquid and let the liquid drool all over Arya’s throat, upper chest and her breast. Dany loved watching the liquid form streamers and run down Arya’s hard body. Then she ran streamers down Arya’s belly and over her cunt again. Arya watched with limpid eyes. Dany put the flask down.

Daenerys spent a languid several minutes massaging the liquid into her lover’s glistening skin. Her fingers massaged and rotated over the glowing skin. Her hands stroking sensual patterns on Arya’s body. The Queen paying special attention to Arya’s nipples again fully engorged and rubbery stiff. The Queen pulling and hard squeezing the bulb teats. Arya gagging and hissing her raw aching pleasure. Then Dany pushed her love’s head over and back on her shoulder. The Valyrian lowered her head.

“AAAAWWOOOGGGGGGGG!” Arya screamed feeling Dany suck her throat deep into her mouth and viciously suck in and out through her teeth. At the same time she slide her four fingers down Arya’s belly and penetrated her slut’s hot tight slurpy cunt. The position was awkward but the Queen adjusted her body angle. She started up a slow and deep stroke into Arya’s cum filled distended cum happy cunt fully burying them. Dany’s wedge sinking fully up into her lover’s drooling clamshell. Arya chuffed over Dany’s head. “AARRUUUNNNGGGGG!” Arya screamed anew with the new cruel hickie that Dany was giving Arya lower down on her throat. The Queen began to slow stroke her wedge in and out Arya’s stretched out slimy cunt hole.
Dany raised her head and used her free hand to grip Arya’s sweat soaked hair now dark brown almost black with sweat and oil. Dany turned Arya’s head back and titled it up. She brought her lover’s mouth to hers and sucked Arya’s lower lip between hers. She rolled the lips between hers and then nipped the lips. Then her tongue was demanding entrance to Arya’s mouth with her tongue drilling Arya’s teeth. Arya parted her teeth and Dany’s tongue lunged in. Her tongue wetly wrestled Arya’s tongue before untangling and spearing down Arya’s throat. The Queen relished how Arya’s oily body pressed back into her own oily body and squirmed.

“Mmpffiff! Ppphhfff! Mmpphhff!” Arya chuffed into her lover’s mouth. Her belly melting feeling Dany’s long fingers sliding so deliciously into her already revived pussy. Her trim hungry for more orgasms. Dany slowly pumped her wedge up and into Arya’s tight snatch her knuckles ramming the Stark girl’s vulva with each full deep thrust. Dany looped her left arm around and underneath Arya’s armpit and brought her hand up and cupped Arya’s swollen engorged nipple and roughly massaged the rubbery bulb. Arya’s body giving hard jerks and spasms of pure fucking bliss.

Dany plucked her lover’s body like a harp. Her right hand would slowly pull back till her fingertips were at the entrance to Arya’s vagina and only then harpoon back in fast, hard and deep fully burying them into the hot tight oily velvet glove of Arya’s snatch. Her left hand moving from spongy nipple to nipple grinding and squeezing the engorged spongy nipples. Arya’s pussy made wet sucking noises on the long fingers fucking it so exquisitely.

“Ohhhhh oooohhhhh unngggg … yessssssss! Hhnnggg hhnnnn hhnnnn oohhhhhhhhh!” Arya groaned sibilantly in raw aching pleasure. Her lover keeping to the slow pace and paused strokes to ram fuck Arya’s burbling and drooling clamshell. Her cum leaking out soaking her vulva and down her ass cleft. Her asshole soaked in oil, sweat and cum. Again Arya longed for hard deep anal dicking and fisting.

Dany licked and nibbled now on Arya’s throat. Arya chuffed and moaned deep in her chest feeling her body expertly played by the maestro of her soul and love. Dany would slam her fingers in deep into Arya’s spasming pussy. She then held them in deep churning her fingers wiggling them around in the slimy folds and whorls deep in her lover’s fuck hole. Dany loved the feel of the slimy folds rolling through her churning fingers.

"Hhhhh! Hhhhh! Oh!" Arya panted, her eyes rolling up. Her face twisted and snarled with fierce pleasure feeling her couchie expertly fucked. Her nipples rolled and mashed filling them with fire and ecstasy. "Gods, Dany, you're so fuckkkkinggggg good! Oh my . . . oh gods, it feels wonderful! Keep fucking me baby!"

Dany had every intention of doing that. With a wicked smile she speed up her pumping forearm. She slammed her fingers in hot and fast into the now sloshing pussy of her sweet love. Then she slowed and harpooned them in fast and deep and held them there at the end of each deep harpoon stroke into the sweet sloppy cauldron of Arya’s snatch.

Dany wiggled her fingers wildly to churn Arya’s inner cunt folds making her pussy slurp and slosh. Cum splattering as Arya rose up to orgasm again. Only then pulling her fingers back out the buttery cunt to pause at the entrance of Arya’s slobbering clamshell. Then fast slamming her fingers back up Arya’s spasming quim with shocking force to begin churning the slimy fuck folds.

"Oh! Oh!" Arya gasped, leaning her head back against Dany’s shoulder. "Yes! Yes! Oh . . . Dany! Unhhhhhh!"

“Look at me Arya” Dany reached up with her hand and fisted Arya’s hair and tilted her head back. “Look into my eyes when you cum this time. Keep them open as you cum. I want to see the shock hit you baby. Give it to me.”
Dany fucked her lover hard and fast then. Then she slammed her fingers in deep and held her buried fingers in wiggling her digits plowing slimy cunt folds. Dany saw her lover’s face twist and shock with hard pulses of ecstasy. She moved her left hand back down to Arya’s chest and ground her palm into Arya’s left pulpy nipple crushing the bulb into her chest. Arya’s breathing was ragged and her face twisted and blasted with soul searing pleasure. Dany kept their eyes locked. Her thumb now rolling and squirming Arya’s shiny clit around jamming it into its sheath. Her fingers plowing the depths of the teenagers sloppy wet trim.

Arya’s head began to thrash and jerk. Still, the teenager kept her eyes locked with Dany as ordered even as her face was slashed apart with ecstasy. Her breathing somehow became even more ragged. Sweat poured down Arya face. Dany then saw it. The ‘shock’ of that first pulse that is more than pleasure and the heaven of orgasm. Arya’s eyes flared that little more round and open. Her breathing hitched and her body short jerked. Then Arya’s cunt gripped tight Dany’s twirling fingers buried in deep in a velvet fist.

Arya’s cunt exploded on the fingers buried deep up it and spasm hard on the thrashing digits. Arya’s cunt spasm wildly sending out pulses that scalded the sixteen year old with shocking bliss. Her head slammed back into the Queen’s muscular shoulder. "ARRUUNNGGGGGGGG! OOOWWGHHAAAATAA! AUNNGGHHIIIIEEEE!" Arya screamed out, shrieking loudly as a fierce, shattering orgasm wrenched her writhing body. Her cunt tearing itself inside out. Arya complied with Dany’s wish and kept their eyes locked.

Dany enjoyed seeing the fucking bliss ripping her Wolfling apart. Each pulse so clear in Arya’s steel grey eyes. It was fucking hot! to see Arya’s orgasm in her eyes so close to hers Dany thought.

Arya orgasm spent itself on Dany’s fingers buried in her twat. Dany’s fingers and now wrist and forearm soaked in the cum that had spasm and sloshed out the Stark’s teenage cunny. Arya’s head suddenly hung limp on her worn out neck as she mewled. Arya slumped back into Dany gasping for breath her body limp with sweet lassitude. Arya’s head lulled into Dany’s neck as Arya’s body jolted with powerful aftershocks. Dany smiled seeing drool out the left corner of Arya’s slack mouth. The drool soaking the Queen’s neck and running down in trickles. Arya’s face twisted and contorted with the hard aftershocks now pummeling her spent clit and made her nipples throb with hot pulses of pure fucking ecstasy as she hissed through strong aftershocks.

Dany held her convulsing lover relishing the dying aftershocks filling her lover’s body still. Those vibrations telegraphed back into Dany’s body that Arya was slumped against. She had enjoyed feeling each shockwave of hard cumming wrack through Arya’s body pummeling her nearly senseless with pleasure. She enjoyed the now dying pulses of Arya’s pussy on her buried fingers. She waited a minute to let the last of the aftershocks fade away.

Only now did Dany slowly pull her cum soaked fingers from her lover’s slack pussy. She loved how Arya’s body jolted and her breath hissed. Her pussy sensitive now after another stunning orgasm. Arya was looking up at Dany from Dany’s shoulder. She had a soft loving look on her face.

Dany brought her hand up. It was soaked in cum. She looked at it as did Arya. She slowly brought
her hand to Arya’s mouth. The happy teenager opened her mouth wide. Dany slowly pushed her fingers into Arya’s open mouth. Arya clamped her lips on the fingers slow pumping up and down her tongue. Arya moaned happily loving the taste of her own cum on the Queen’s fingers. She sucked slow and sensual her eyes pulsing hot love and sex at Dany. Dany now worked her thumb into Arya’s mouth filling it with her digits.

Dany ran her fingers all the way into Arya’s mouth doing a soft wedge fuck of her lover’s hot mouth. She angled her fingers to thoroughly fuck her woman’s throat with her fingers. Arya moaned lewdly. Dany was excited to see her lover reviving. Arya reached up to grip Dany’s wrist and pushed Dany’s wedge harder into her own mouth pounding the back of the teen’s throat. Arya making obscene whore sounds as she choked on the fingers now making her drool all down her face.

All the while Arya looked at Dany like the pure slut she was.

Dany needed relief and knew just how to get it. She pulled her hand from Arya’s mouth and scooted out from behind Arya. She pushed her complaint lover back down and onto her back on the rawhide mats. Arya stared up at her Queen with complaint eyes. She was ready for whatever Dany had in mind. Arya watched Dany reach behind her pulling some furs onto the edge of the mat on her side. Arya smiled knowing Dany was making a little nest to lie her upper body on to hump her drooling snatch into Arya’s swollen cunt.

Dany moved to get in front of Arya between the Stark teenager’s legs. Dany put one leg over Arya’s hip and the other leg she forced underneath Arya’s other leg. She scooted forward but stopped. She picked up the flask and poured out a thick column of massage oil all over her mound and then Arya’s mound. Both pussies oil slicked with a thick slavering of the coconut massage oil. Dany put the flask down and urgently slide her body forward.

Both women watched their pussies merge and then jammed into each other. The massage oil making both quims so slippery. Arya whimpered feeling the hot wet kiss of her Queen’s pussy jammed into hers. Dany gagged feeling their labia lips mashed and rolled over each other’s sloppy wet cunts. Both young women slide their bodies forward mashing their cunnies hard into each other sliding legs up along their mate’s body. Dany gripped Arya’s leg in front of her had pulled it tight to her body and used it as an anchor.

They both began to sweep their hips up and down grinding swollen cunnies into each other. The message oil let their pussies kiss wetly and easily slip up and down against each other. Dany felt her pussy on fire as she began to hump her sodden snatch into Arya sloppy wet cunt. Arya had again revived and was humping hard against Dany’s pussy. The oil letting their pussies hump easily against each other. Arya gripped Dany’s leg around the knee and concentrated on humping hard into the pussy grinding her already revived pussy.

Both women were instantly into the hot trib fuck. The two women’s bodies undulated up and down like writhing snakes. Their pussies locked together in a wet kiss. Their cunnies ground into each other tight. Their clits jacked and shocked by rubbing over their mate’s clit, pubic bones and the shock of mons hitting the inner thighs of the woman they were grinding against. Up and down the women worked their groins to sweep their sodden cunts over and against each other. The sluts chuffing and moaning deep in their throats.

Dany growled and snarled humping her twat hard into Arya’s swollen pussy. A pussy that was jamming and riding up and down her pussy with hot sweeps of Arya’s hips up and down. Dany gagged feeling her clit pounded and rode hard over by Arya’s pussy. Their labia lips ground and stretched by the other’s pussy. Their clits shocked by the impacts of pubic bones ground into each other. The two women working their hips that separated groins that small distance that was instantly
closed with ramming bodies grinding and pulping sweet camel toes.

“Unnggg mmmnnggg … fuck yessssss! Yes!” Dany gagged gripping Arya’s leg into her oil slicked body. Their slippery torsos rubbing against the lover’s slippery torso and gripped leg. “Uunnggg … auuggg nnggg nnggg—ooohhhhhnnnnn nnggg hhnnngg hhnnngg hhnnnn” Arya whinnied pumping her hips hard to grind her sodden couchie up and down over her slut’s slippery wet cunt.

Dany felt her pussy jangling and her clit pulsing with ecstasy as she felt her pussy mashed and ground by Arya’s sweeping pussy. Their clits pulsed and screamed as their wild motions had their clits jacking over each other at sweet random moments. She jerked on Arya’s leg up along her torso pounding it with jerks into her rolling titties sloshing around on her chest with her gyrations. Her light brown areolas steeple her stubby nipples fully painfully erect. Her firm tits rocking hard on her chest in up and down jerks.

Both women’s strong bodies undulated and shook with their bodies colliding and sweeping up and down grinding their groins into each other. Their stomachs flexing up to rippled muscle. Their ass cheeks clenching and wallowing on the rawhide.

Dany had risen up to one elbow to get more force with her humping. Her body flexing hard to sweep her pussy up and down hard into Arya’s forward grinding cunt. Shocks of ecstasy hit Dany hard her breath whooshing out her lungs with the flares of ecstasy shocking her mind with bliss. Another shock hit the Queen and her head lulled backed on her now nerveless neck. Loud moans from her throat trilled into the room.

Arya was in heaven humping hard into the pussy kissing and wallowing over her sweeping cunt. She gritted her teeth and humped harder into her slut’s cunny. She heard Dany cry out in aching pleasure. Her body shuddered hard and she collapsed back down to the mats and gripped Arya’s leg harder to her oil and sweat slicked body. Dany ground desperately up and down with her cunt immolating their two pussies hard into each other.

"Oh! Yes . . . oh Arya . . . oh it feels so good!" Dany chuffed feeling her pussy sing to her. She jammed and swept her pussy in the V of their locked groins. Their pussies rubbing furiously over each other their clits jacking hard back and forth into the inner thighs of their locked groins. The hard pounding of their locked pussies and the slamming into each other’s thighs was sending shockwaves of pleasure directly to her swollen rigid clit. Both women short jerked their hips to keep their pussies locked and grinding manically into each other.

She felt Arya’s hard nubbin jacking over her throbbing clit. The jolts of those impacts had both women cry out in helpless pleasure. Dany was in a hard rhythm with their locked groins humping fast up and down over its mate. Hot weeping cum basting pussies in hot sweet cum. The hot cum adding another layer of lubricant to the already liberally applied coconut based massage oil. Each hard sweep of their drooling pussies soaked their mate’s cunt in their hot cum seeping out the swollen cunnies.

Their flexing and striving bodies had their groins separating a small distance and then jamming hard into each other again and again before kissing tight and wallowing against each other in an intimate lock. The two women humping like bitches in heat. The changing angles again had groins slapping into each other at random intervals before humping in a tight kiss again.

"Ohhhnnnn! Shit! Unnggg hhnnnggg hhnnn hhnnnn!" Dany moaned. She was grunting working her hips to grind and smash her love aching cunt into Arya’s swollen quim. She was in heaven feeling their two mounds grinding and bashing into each other. "Oh gods . . . oh gods, yes, Arya! Oh gods! Unhhhh!" she panted, her breath whistling as she sucked it past her clenched teeth.
Dany moaned feeling their sweaty and oiled up bodies slipping and sliding against each other. She felt Arya’s leg flexing and brushing over her belly and breast. The leg she held onto for dear life to help her sweep and jam her pussy into her lover’s twat hard again and again. Their grinding pussies rolling labia lips and plowing hard clits over sopping wet quims and sending shocks into their bodies when they jacked over the other’s clit.

For the next several minutes they humped like bitches in heat. Dany felt the tension building in her body. Her groin swept frantically now up and down Arya’s love chute. Dany’s eyes were squeezed shut tight, spittle spraying out her clenched teeth. Her C cup tits whipping and rolling around on her chest. Their bodies slightly rolling as they sought to get maximum pressure on their twats as they humped.

Dany felt the tension rising now in her belly. Her chuffs getting more and more desperate and pitched higher in tone. Her face had scrunched up tight, spittle spraying out her clenched teeth. Her C cup tits whipping and rolling around on her chest. Their bodies slightly rolling as they sought to get maximum pressure on their twats as they humped.

“Cum for Dany!” Arya barked out sensing her mate was close. “Cum for me you godsdamn cunt! You fucking Bitch! Gods your cunt is flooding Dany! Cum for me hard slut!” Arya cried out knowing how Dany loved to be talked to like a whore when she was about to cum. Their pussies now flooded with flowing fuck juice from their drooling fuck holes.

“Hhhuunngg hhhuunngg … huunnn hhnhnn hhnnngg … Oh Shit!” Dany chuffed. The tension in her womb kept building and building. Dany was almost weeping feeling the scalding pressure building deep in her belly. Both women were whinnying loudly as they fucked desperately to cum hard. Then Dany felt her womb explode.

Her womb shredded deep in her belly scalding Dany with shocking bliss. Her head lifting and slaming down into the furs with short hard jerks on her spasming neck. "AIINNNGGGHIIIEEEE! AAARRUUUNNGGGGGGGG! OOOWWWWGGG!" Dany shrieked, like a murder victim. It was blood-curdling screams that filled Arya with wild energy to slam her cunt harder into Dany’s exploding snatch. She was crying out dragging her cunt roughly up and down on lover’s gushing cunt. Dany’s head now snapped forward and back as her eyes rolled back and spasm hard in her skull.

Dany’s body was now filled with full body seizures that shook her violently. Her groin bucked wildly working her twat into Arya’s hard slamming and up and down grinding couchie. Arya holding onto the bucking leg of her lover to keep their pussies in their intimate kiss of grinding sodden love. She felt Dany weakening but kept grinding hard hoping to give her love another orgasm. She gritted her teeth and jammed in hard pulping their cunts into each other. The friction intense as labia lips were twisted and rolled and clits mashed so hard.

Dany was stunned as the spasms waned and she felt like pure fucking ecstasy was incinerating her veins with blistering bliss. Arya’s efforts rewarded her mate. She watched Dany’s head snap up from the furs her eyes shocked wide open. A second orgasm exploded out on top of the dying first orgasm. “OOWWWNNNGGGG!” Dany screamed her head jerking up and slamming down into the furs as she again wildly humped into Arya’s slamming grinding cunt.

Dany wailed in shocking ecstasy. "Ummnnngggiiieee! Mmmnnngghhiii!! Nnnhhiiieeeeeeeeee!!" Her body was again flipping and jackknifing as her body surged forward again and again pulping her love chute into Arya’s hard surging pussy. Finally, the spasms began to wane as Dany’s body shuddered and jerked on her side her stunned pussy still humping Arya’s trim. The Queen felt fuck juice dribbling out her spent pussy soaking her groin, belly, ass crack and inner thighs in hot slimy cum. Dany cooed. Her body lurched hard as strong aftershocks rippled out her spent couchie.
For a long minute the two women lay with their pussies kissing. Dany’s body hitching with the last of her aftershocks. Their bodies still tilted over for their classic scissors fuck. The hot cum pulsing out the Queen’s cunt soaking their locked mounds in opaque love juice.

Dany was for now at least temporarily satiated. Her legs splayed out and her body soaked in sweat. Her pussy was purring in pure happiness. She felt so close to Arya again. Great sex had healed the hurt to her their hearts.

Dany lazily watched Arya scoot back decoupling their legs and rise up on her knees between Dany’s legs. She reached down and gripped Dany’s legs pulling them up to bend her knees and feet on the bed. Arya pushed Dany’s leg out. The Queen watched Arya kneel over her groin so one knee was between her legs and the other beside Dany’s ribs.

Arya reached down and jacked up Dany’s leg against her rib and angled slightly putting her other hand on the Queen’s leg lying on the furs. She started to aggressively hump her pussy up and down and over the Queen’s spent pussy. Arya grunted humping hard. Dany though worn out began to swirl her pussy up into Arya’s thrusts to give her woman more pleasure with increased pressure on her grinding twat.

“Huunnggg hhnnggg hngg … ooohhh uunggg hnggg!” Arya chuffed fucking her pussy down into Dany’s twat her body bouncing to grind pubic bones into each other. Arya’s head thrashed and her face slashed the pleasure flooding out her grinding trim. Both women groaned feeling Arya’s cunt heavily lubricating basting both of their trim in sweet slimy fuck juice. The massage oil already and previous cums had their pussies soaked. Their love juice letting their pussies hump extra easily back and forth over each other.

Arya leaned back and swirled her pussy in a tight circle grinding her cunt down into Dany’s dark red spent pussy. Her engorged bulb nipples jerking ever so slightly up and down with her wild gyrations. Her all areola and nipple breast simply jerking with her hot fucking. Dany’s own tits sloshed and swirled on her chest. She was humping up into Arya and her lover’s grip on her body had Arya urging Dany’s body to roll up into her grinding cunt.

The sounds of slapping bodies filled the tent as cunts and groins rammed into each other and ground in before their bodies swirled apart again and slammed each other again and again pulping cunts into each. Dany’s pussy was spent for now but she loved looking up at Arya. Her lover would throw her head back and cry out grinding down into lover’s pussy so hard.

"Gods . . . yes!" Arya moaned. Her head leaned back up to vertical and had gripped Dany’s leg with both arms and held it tight against her belly as an anchor. She fucked hard down into Dany’s cunt. Their locked pussies grinding hard into each other. The sound of sodden pussies jacking into and over each other filled the tent with their loud smacking collisions. Arya’s face slashed and tore with primal ecstasy. "Gods, yes . . . I am getting so fucking close! Oh Dany . . . oh oh!"

Dany was humping up hard into her lover’s ramming twat slamming down into her spent pussy "Oh gods, yes! Do it hard! Hard! Ungghhh!" Their sodden pussies were making wet obscene slurping and wet sucking gargling noises. The women grinding their snatches hard into their drooling mate.

Arya’s body began to convulse with mini convulsions her face slashed with aching pleasure. Her breathing was loud and labored. Her squeals of straining ramping up in pitch. Arya’s upper body jerked back as her back arched with each of their ramming thrusts of groins into each other mashing and crushing pussies and clits. Sweat dripped off Arya’s face and body as she strove for womb rending ecstasy. Arya jerked manically on Dany’s leg as her head rocked back as she groaned down in striving.
Then Arya’s body surged back wildly her back arching deep. Arya cried out as her cunt ruptured and exploded flooding Arya’s body with scalding agonizing ecstasy. “FFFFFFUUUCCCKKKKKK! Unnngg hnnngg uunngg AAAAWWWWOOGGGGG!” Arya screamed as her belly was ripped open and her cunt spasmed and tore itself inside out. "Auunnggghiiimmngghiieeee! Mmmnnngghhiiieeee! Mmmuuunngghhiiieeee!" Arya screamed, undulating, churning, groaning, cumming hard and long her body convulsing wildly up above Dany.

Arya suddenly weakened and sagged down gasping hard. Her body soaked in sweat. Her body still jerking with aftershocks. A still cum groggy Arya decoupled from Dany shakily. She sat on her ass behind Dany’s ass. Her body still not fully obeying her will. Arya moved back scooting back on the furs. Dany loved seeing Arya’s arms thrash and her face slashed so hard as strong aftershocks still pummeled the Direwolf of Winterfell with that searing fucking bliss that only aftershocks give a woman. That pleasure that comes from throbbing clit and nipples. She pushed Dany’s legs out opening her dark pink pussy all wet and drooling with leaking cum. The teenager moved to lift her body over Dany’s leg and sat down between the Queen’s spread legs. Arya body’s still hitching weakly with her waning orgasm flowed down to her belly. She slithered forward her face now just above Dany’s swollen cunny.

She inhaled deeply groaning “Uunnggggg! Godsdammnnnn Dany your cunt smells so fucking sweet baby!” Arya moaned burying her face deep in Dany’s gash. “Mmmngggpphhffff!” Arya’s moans muffled by the hot snatch engulfing her mouth as she started to lap over the rigid clit beneath her tongue.

Dany in heaven feeling Arya’s pussy spasm and gush hot gushes of cum that soaked her mound and belly with splashes of sweet slinky cum. Arya’s warrior body froze for a half second and then would convulse wildly as killing volts of ecstasy tore through her thrashing and flipping body. Again and again epic convulsions tore through Arya’s body. Dany loved watching Arya’s body buck back to mash her cunt hard down into her pussy pulping them as more creamy cum poured out Arya’s cunt hole further soaking their cunnies in sweet love juice.

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Dany spread her legs further apart opening her honey hole for her wolf who was lapping hard up and down her drooling slit. Arya had worked an arm underneath Dany’s leg and her hand gripped her lover’s hip her other hand came up to Dany’s cunt hole and she slipped two fingers slow and deep into the Valyrian’s love box fully burying her long digits into the hot cauldron of Dany’s tight slippery folds.

"Unnhhh! Oh gods! Ungghh!" Dany grunt moaned feeling her lover slow pumping her fuck hole. Arya’s fingers punched deep into the tight cunny she deep stroked with hard thrusts. The friction delicious. The long fingers plowing through the Queen’s cum soaked inner whorls and folds. Arya
was snuffling her mouth now locked on Dany’s clitoral hood which she had sucked between her lips and sucked in and out between her lips. Dany gagged feeling her clit working in and out through Arya’s lips the tip of her nubbin slapped relentlessly by Arya’s tongue. “Ohhhhh gods! … Unngggg auuggg Shit! Motherfuckkkkkk! Hhnnng hhnnn hhnnnnnn uunnggg!”

Arya pulled her head back till Dany’s clit snapped out her mouth and whiplashed back down to its nest in its clitoral hood all knotted up and sloppy wet. Arya now wet loose sucked up and down Dany’s slit. She slurped up sweet slimy love snail snot and worked Dany’s labia lips in turn into her mouth. She sucked and stretched the slimy lips out and sucked clean of sweet cum. Her loose lips making sweet obscene fuck noises. The wolf girl worked her head back stretching out the inner lips of her lover and had them snap out her lips and whiplash back to Dany’s vulva. The Targaryen whooping with shocking pulses of sheer ecstasy.

"Ohhhhh Arya . . . ohhhh Arya! Unhhh! Oh!" Dany gurgled feeling her pussy expertly fucked so well. Arya was fucking her pussy harder now with her left hand. The knuckles of her hand pounding the Queen’s mound hard and relentless. The shocks working up her wet slit to her clit. Arya slammed her fingers home then slow pulled back and slammed in hard and fast again and again. The teenager alternating between fast and slow driving her lover wild with pleasure.

Arya moved her head over and started to lick up and down her lover’s swollen mons that was covered in opaque cum slavered over her cunt. Arya’s moaned licking up the sweet love cream. She looked up at Dany’s whose head was lulled over her eyes squeezing shut and face twisted with sweet fuck bliss. Arya again kissed and sucked in the Valyrian’s reddish—pink with hints of light brown labia lips and happily munched and sucked on the sweet morsels rolling and stretching them in mouth. Her tongue rolling and lapping the sweet slimy treats sucked deep into her mouth.

Arya was back to Dany’s clit and wolf sucking the rock hard shiny nodule with long ragged wet loose sucks. The sounds loud in the tent of loose lips rippling on Dany’s clit and the hot friction of the sucks were sending Dany to the stars. She was humping her hips harder now jamming her pussy into Arya’s mouth. After a minute Arya sucked Dany’s clit deep into her mouth. Dany cried out feeling Arya trying to suck her clit down her throat while her tongue gigged the rigid nubbin sucked out its hood.

Arya paused a moment in her finger fucking and worked a third finger into Dany’s quim stretching her twat out. “Aawwwoggg! Oohhhnnnn oooohhh uunnggg hhnnnggg!” Dany gurgled feeling her twat stretched out tight on Arya’s fingers that resumed pounding her snatch. Dany was in heaven. She felt her pussy fucked hard and clit sucked so hard and worked so good by Arya’s now expert tongue work.

The teenager loved the tight wet heat sliding over her fingers that she pumped in and out the sodden fuck hole. Her fingers basted in sweet snail snot. The hot pulses of Dany’s cunt gripping and spasming up and down her fingers so exquisite to feel.

Arya was snuffling and moaning deep in her throat dinning on succulent sopping wet red cunt meat. She formed a loose lip lock on Dany’s clitoral hood. “Hhhrhrssssssssssppp! Hhrrrrllssssssppp! Sssssrrrrllpppppp!” Arya made wet obscene suck noises working Dany’s clit with pure focus and total love. Dany cried out as raw shocking pleasure filled her clit and radiated out her groin and down her limbs. The pleasure soaring through her torso and down her arms to her clawed fingers dragging on the rawhide. Her legs scissor on the animal skins. Her arms suddenly shot out wide. Her hands now on the furs. Those hands scrabbled all over the furs.

Arya felt Dany’s body freeze and then she was humping harder up into Arya’s mouth. Dany arched here back deeply to work her sodden cunt forward into her lover’s gobbling mouth. Arya felt
Dany’s hands slap onto her head and her fingers claw in hard. Arya pumped her three fingers harder into her slut’s burbling fuck hole. The pussy making watery sodden noises. Arya focused and slammed her fingers harder into her baby’s cunt harpoon fucking it now. Her knuckles slamming into the vulva of her fuck slut.

Arya had her tongue flailing the rock hard nubbin of her love slut. She loved the feel of the harden diamond her tongue was flailing and gigging with repeated stabs. Her lips lathing up and down Dany’s clitoral hood sucking tight and adding friction with her deep throat love sucks.

Dany’s head thrashed from side to side. “Suck! Suck! Oh baby—I’m so fucking close … hhnngg hhhnnn Shit! Suckkkkkkk sucksucksuck!” Arya did while her left hand slammed fucked her lover’s wildly trembling pussy hole. Arya moaned into the pussy she was gobbling feeling Dany’s hot pussy hole spasm and grip down on her hard pumping fingers stretching her twat out.

Dany paused and took a deep breath and then sucked Arya’s entire upper cunt into her mouth. She sucked with all her strength and pure love. Her tongue polishing the clit deep in her mouth.

Dany never had a chance. Her cunt exploded in Arya’s mouth as her womb tore itself inside out deep in her belly.

"AUUNNGGHHH! OHNNGGHH! OH AAARRRRYYAAAAA! AUUNGGH!" The Queen cried out, completely shattered by a surging, convulsive orgasm that shook her entire sweat and oil soaked body violently. Arya felt Dany’s honey hole lock down on her hard pounding fingers as each killing spasm of dire fucking bliss ripped through the Queen’s body. Each spasm felt so hot on Arya’s fingers as Dany’s pussy milked the digits pumping now slow in and out the drooling fuck hole.

Dany’s finger dug into Arya’s scalp as her body flipped and jackknife violently. Her upper torso jerking up six inches off the furs and slamming down. She did this again and again as her body was throttled with pure fucking bliss. Ecstasy so intense it felt like her veins were on fire. Her heels pounded the furs helplessly while her fingers kept jerking Arya’s mouth tight to her pussy burying it deep in her vulva. Her inner lips engulfing Arya’s lips totally as she continued to suck so hard and deep on her love’s shrieking clit.

"Awwonnnnngggg! Oooowwwwngggghhiieee! Anngghiiieee!" Dany continued to shriek, completely destroyed by the piercing jolts of ecstasy wracking her flexing and flipping body. Her body bucked and jackknifed for thirty more seconds as her sweet lover prolonged her orgasm into a long rolling orgasm of searing fucking ecstasy.

Arya was in heaven sucking down cum that got into her mouth and feeling her lover’s hot wet cunt milking her pumping fingers. Finally, Arya felt Dany’s orgasm begin to wane. "Ahhhnnnggg! Ohnnnggg! Oh . . . shit! Unngghhhnnngghh!" Dany groaned, stunned by the aftermath of her violent climax, her lovely young body stretching and flexing.

Arya felt Dany’s temporarily satiated body relax underneath her. Dany’s fingers now gently massaging her scalp lovingly. Dany knew the crisis was over. She would never again delay telling Arya anything. She was her Queen, lover, advisor and confident. She would never lose sight of that again. She was the conqueror. She would remember that with Arya and never forget again.

Jon

Jon was in the meeting tent with his father. It was still thirty minutes till the meeting with the Queen.
Jon wanted this meeting to find them all coming to the same page. Whatever conflict he would have with the Queen he would have it here two days out from the Wall.

He had asked for the Queen to spend an extra day here. He did not want a rushed meeting on his. That would have put undue pressure on everyone. This would have potentially caused unneeded conflict.

Also, there had been need to resolve conflict of a more personal kind. A small wicked small crossed Jon’s face.

He and his father were comparing their swords. Both now had truly unique weapons. He had unsheathed Lightbringer for his father. His Valyrian sword had been transformed as he had been during his walk in the flames. His sword had gone in as Longclaw and come out Lightbringer. His sword now as he held before his father was wreathed in red and yellow flames. The flames rising to two feet above the blade and radiating out six inches to a foot around the blade in writhing tongues. The heat rippling up off the blade and making mirages in the air. The blade literally wreathed in magical flames.

“Are you immune to fire now son” Eddard asked his son. Eddard watched flames ripple up several feet over the end of the blade and writh the out in twisting snakes a foot out from the side of blade. The flames rippling and dancing to slowly fade away only to have new snakes birthed in the heart of the blade and replace their lost brethren.

As Eddard watched several tendrils of fire were constantly flowing down the pummel and swirling around to enfold Jon’s fist holding onto the sword pommel. The flames circling and caressing Jon’s fist before they faded away only to be replaced my new tongues of flames.

“No father, I am not immune to fire. It is only Lightbringer’s flames that I do not feel. Ygritte and Melisandre can get right up before the flames in our fireplace when they are reading their portents. I can get no closer to the flames in a fire pit now than I could before Lightbringer was born.”

Eddard nodded. He had pulled out EveningStar for his son to look at. The sword had been milky blue when he first received it. It had been beautiful to begin with. The icy blue unique and eye catching like its older brother Morningstar in Dorne.

Eddard had told his son that when the Wraiths of Andelain had danced on his sword it had changed. Now the robin blue of his sword and an unearthly glow to it. The sword was luminescent emitting an ethereal glow that illuminated his father’s face when near it with a blue halo. The glow of his sword was slowly increasing with time. At times Eddard swore the sword was flowing strength into his body.

Jon looked at his father’s sword with intense interest. “I have found that normal steel cannot withstand but a few impacts with my sword. I hear this happens to swords against the Ice Wraiths swords. I am hoping my sword is their equal or better now. Valyrian steel is their equal too. Do you wish to test your swords mettle against mine? Let us see what our swords’ magic can do to each other.”

His father had considered and then agreed. He knew he should vet his sword against a known magical blade.

They had then squared off in the large open area in Jon’s command tent. Jon swirled his sword back flames leaping up into the air. Eddard lifted his sword crossways and held it ready. Jon slashed his blade down. The collision was mighty. Flames splashed off Lightbinger and EveningStar flared a bright blue that filled the tent with ghostly hue. The swords screamed as magic met magic. Both
men backed up and looked at their blades.

There had been no damage. Jon stepped back and for a minute delivered savage blows to EveningStar. The sword easily took the blows. The sword was not damaged and did not become brittle from repeated strikes from the superheated blade of Jon. In fact, EveningStar shone brighter and brighter as it was struck as if it was taking the magic and power of Jon’s sword and feeding off it. Eddard felt invigorated as his sword now hummed an ethereal high pitched hum.

Jon looked at his father. “It seems you have a singing sword father?” he lightly jibbed. Eddard snorted. It seemed he did.

Now it was Eddard’s turn to ‘attack’ Jon’s sword. His blows a blur that whipped up and down against Lightbringer with repeated savage strikes. Evening Star hummed louder and left lift blue trails in its wake that took time to fade away. The up and down strikes by Eddard had the air between the two swords filled with light blue arcs.

They then lowered their swords. Eddard came up to Jon as he sheathed his sword.

“How can your scabbard not melt or fall asunder with the swords extreme heat Jon” Eddard asked his son.

Jon smiled. “It helps to have witches as your wives father” Jon replied smiling. He picked up his normal looking harden steel scabbard. He brought the tip of his sword to the edge of the slit for the blade. When Lightbringer’s blade touched the metal of the scabbard black runes appeared written around the scabbard in a spiral path from top to bottom. The runes glowing black and somehow pulsing midnight black. The flames of the sword swallowed in shadows that misted around the scabbard and blade.

When the crossguard slammed into the top of the scabbard the runes pulsed once creating a penumbra of black mist around the scabbard and when it cleared no one would ever know the nature of Jon’s blade.

“Yes son indeed. Having ShadowBender wives is a definite plus” Eddard said gripping his son’s shoulder.

Jon smiled back at his father. He truly had the greatest father Jon thought.

Jon then took his father to the main meeting table and they reviewed the maps and the latest logistical reports. Jon also told his father of his little test he had devised. He wanted to expose the treachery which he was told the Land forces would be able to expose. He wanted to see if it was truly possible for evil to be seen. His father was intrigued as well.

As they reviewed the documents and prepared for the meeting Jon’s mind drifted back to last night. He was sitting before the small fire in the big brazier looking at the flames. He was idly running his sharpening stone down the blade. Sparks and flames splashed away from the leading edge of his sharpening stone. His sword did not need the sharpening but he had acquired the habit from watching his father sharpening the family sword Ice as he had grown up. It calmed him as it had his father before him. It allowed him to think clearly and see the patterns that swirled in life.

Running his stone down the blade of his sword listening to the ring of stone on steel and for Jon he had the added show of leaping and swirling flames. This ritual allowed Jon to think and to see the forest for the trees. He was ready for the Ice King. No more could be done.

He looked over at their bed against the wall. Ygritte was fully on top of Melisandre her cheek on a
full bosom snoring happily. The soft smile on her face precious. Ygritte’s face and back still all red and splotchy from the abuse she had endured. Abuse the little spitfire craved and sought out. Melisandre had one hand holding Ygritte’s hand on the bed her other arm around Ygritte’s back holding her down close to her body. Their bodies half covered in furs.

He had shook his head wondering how misunderstandings could seemingly arise out of nowhere like the nightly mist on the fields surrounding their tents. Arya had entered his tent and what should have been a joyful reunion had turned to a shit fest before he could even take a breath and greet his favorite sibling.

The next thing Jon had known was first Arya and then Ygritte were yelling at him that he wanted to sleep with Arya so they could produce children for the throne. Then it was Daenerys Targaryen he supposedly would be sleeping with. That he wanted the Iron Throne. An Iron Throne he never once thought of as his. He in fact hated the thing. He had heard enough stories of the damn barbs and points as a kid to convince him it was not worth the damn effort to sit on it.

If he had had aspirations for holding such power the betrayal of his fellow Crows had broken him of any such dreams. These fellow men had taken the same Oath as Jon and still they had turned on him for merely trying to be humane and compassionate to the Wildlings. He was only trying to save a whole people from extinction. If not for his wives they would have killed him. He would have died. Not killed by the Ice King but by the very people he was serving with.

He could only imagine how people would be in King’s Landing with absolutely no such oath like the Crows took when they joined the Night’s Watch. He could only imagine the avarice and greed that must exist in that court. He did not have the acumen and patience that Daenerys Targaryen seemed to have for such an environment. The court life was not for Jon.

No, he was done with any trapping of power and the entanglements that came with such power.

So he had been almost giddy with seeing his sister and instead he found himself being attacked from all sides. He was even attacked by Melisandre in her diffuse way. He rarely let his anger get the better of him. He had always admired that quality in his father. He had failed. Getting attacked by his favorite sibling and his kissed by the sun wife could do that to him. He had argued vociferously with Ygritte.

Arya had finally had enough and left. That made things much simpler. At least he now only had to fight on one front. He and Ygritte raged at each other. He had had “Jon Snow you know nothing” thrown at him many times.

Fortunately, the argument was dampened when his father forcefully interjected himself into the conversation. He then relayed the history of the Targaryen’s in Westeros. It had been a story of infighting and lots of marriage of siblings with a liberal sprinkling of nieces, nephews and close cousins. It had been the Valyrian way. The idea seemed to be that if siblings or close relatives married then the risk of conflict for the throne would be reduced. Also, by this incest the blood of that House would be kept pure.

Unfortunately, in practice the practice did not seem to have reduce warfare with the passing of the generations and a strain of madness had appeared in the Targaryen line. A madness that seemed to be increasing in frequency.

Jon had never been interested in these “fairytales” as he had thought of them. His Wildling wife and ShadowBender witch from Asshai were not historians either. This knowledge calmed Ygritte down and explained Arya’s behavior. Arya knowing this had assumed that the two Targaryen’s at the least would want to produce children if not marry to further the Targaryen line.
The fact that Jon had no knowledge of this, and more, no desire, to make it happen had been lost on everyone. When his father had interjected himself and explained these facts it calmed the waters.

Jon had been finally able to get Ygritte to listen to him. She had calmed down the rest of the way. Melisandre had merely cocked her eyebrow at them. Of course his calm and collected wife had not gotten carried away too much by the milieu of contention.

They had gone back to their tent soon after that. Ygritte was looking contrite but still defiant if that was possible. The kiss by the sun woman mumbling darkly. Melisandre looked at Jon over their wife’s head. Her eyes were on fire. Jon was filled with the same fire himself. Jon knew Ygritte was filled with the same fire herself. Makeup sex was hot! Especially the kind of makeup sex Ygritte craved.

Now that he finally understood all the dynamics he thought he understood Arya’s thoughts. Jon thought evilly That was Daenerys problem. He was sure they would work out their problems. The Queen and his sister were obviously deeply in love with each other. They would come to an understanding. No one knew more about the Targaryen history than the Targaryen Queen.

He and Melisandre would give their fiery spitfire wife what she wanted. Her temper and dander had been ignited. Ygritte would sometimes pick a fight just so her husband and wife could “put her in her place”. Jon had sensed along with Melisandre that Ygritte was keeping her anger going to fill Jon with ire that he would then take out on her in the privacy of their Lord Commander tent. Ygritte knew that Melisandre would be joining in putting “Ygritte in her place” as the Wildling called it. They had played this act and scene quite a few times before. Ygritte craved masochistic sex. The strong woman simply went wild when Jon and Melisandre ‘fucked her over’ as Ygritte liked to call their rough sex.

It made Jon rock hard and both witches sopping wet. The mere thoughts of such sex made them all very horny. Ygritte nearly shaking with desires to be roughed up.

Jon nodded to Melisandre. By the old gods Ygritte did need to be put in her place Jon fumed to himself getting his own dander up. This had been no “play” fight. This had been genuine conflict. Jon was happy in a way that it had happened now and not later. The question of the line of succession had been put to bed. He smiled at that choice of word. Maybe ‘rest’ would be better he thought.

Now it was time to put Ygritte to bed he smirked. He was letting his emotions roil in him to get in the right mood to give Ygritte what she deserved. What she craved. Melisandre was normally calm, cool and collected but she was fired up too. The tall ShadowBender fed off the passion of her partners. She felt their passion and allowed it to flow into her and bring out a hidden aggressive side.

A side that Ygritte and Melisandre often loved to partake in. At times, they needed Jon to be aggressive and “mean” to give them the excitement and degradation they craved at times from their mates. Those outside of their marriage had to meet their demands to be met with respect and acknowledgement of their power, talent and knowledge. Those outside of their marriage met a unified unbreakable wall of common purpose and will.

It was only with each other that the two ShadowBender witches would expose their kinky side and the need to be dominated and fucked rough by their spouses. Tonight it would be Ygritte alone fucked hard and deep. It would be Ygritte humiliated and abused. With total consensual consent of course.

Ygritte had walked to the tent with an intent look. She licked her lips several times in unconscious anticipation of the upcoming “festivities” as she liked to call their rough sex. Jon could see the
crouched excitement in Ygritte’s small frame. Her face set and angry looking.

Melisandre would chide Ygritte “Geez, Ygritte, call it what it is. You want us to fuck you up.”

“You know nothing!” Ygritte would growl back all the while love shaking in anticipation of the coming harsh abuse she so craved from her spouses.

They entered into the tent. Ygritte putting on a burst of speed to get in front of Jon and Melisandre. The small woman made sure to bump hard into her spouses in getting ahead of them. The two stumbled from the hard shoulder thrown into them. They both looked at each other smirking. Ygritte had rushed to get ahead of them to let them attack her from behind. The administrated shoulder thump given to rile her spouses that little bit more. Yes, she wanted it rough. She was greedy that way.

The two ShadowBender witches had caste invisible runes of silence into the tent fabric. None would hear their rutting. None would hear the abuse about to come Ygritte’s way and think she was actually in need. That the small spitfire in fact craved the humiliation and pain she was about to receive.

Ygritte entered the tent followed immediately by her spouses. Ygritte turned around in a flash. She had a sneer on her face. “I don’t like your attitude one bit Jon Snow! And you Melisandre supporting him like a lowing heifer. You are so fucking weak Melisandre! Jon acts like a fucking bastard and you support him like a marionette jerking on Jon’s strings. I am tired of it!” Ygritte spoke in a hot growl at her tall wife.

The small Wildling’s eyes were almost aglow with anticipation. She pointed a finger a Jon. “How dare you want to sleep with Daenerys Targaryen! You are my bitch!”

Melisandre rolled her eyes at Jon. Jon shook his head at the sad display. Ygritte glared at them. Her body was so tense with excitement Jon could see her little body thrumming like a plucked bowstring. They made her wait. Ygritte paused. She was clearly waiting. “Do I have put you two in your place all the time. You are both are weak and docile. I am the head of this house! I am the top wolf in this pack. You both are my bitches!” Ygritte crowed. Her blue-grey eyes ablaze with fire and desire.

Jon shook his head. She was but it was time to start the “festivities”. Ygritte was clearly waiting.

Jon reached out his hand like a striking adder and fisted a handful of bright red hair. He snapped his wrist knocking a supposedly shocked Ygritte off balance. He then snapped her body around and jerked her torso down with cruel snaps of his arm. The Wildling gasped and looked with large eyes staying in character.

“What the fuc—” Ygritte started to bark at Jon.

His right hand slapped Ygritte hard in her cheek. The sound shocking loud in the tent. His hand cupped to deliver a stinging slap that already had Ygritte’s left cheek red. She staggered over and stumbled against Melisandre who had moved over to her. Ygritte acted shocked and her breath knocked out of her in her supposed surprise. She acted startled.

“What—Arrrnnggggg!” Ygritte cried out. *Slap*Smack*Slap*Slap*Smack*Smack*Slap*Smack*

“Aaiiiii! Eeeeeiii uungghhiii! Mmgghhhiiii!” Ygritte squalled in pain. Her head rocking over with the force of Jon’s hand striking here face on each cheek. Jon released Ygritte’s hair as she pressed up against Melisandre’s body. Unseen by Ygritte Melisandre balled up her fist and looped her arm around and punched Ygritte hard in the stomach.
“Aarrunnggpphhfffff!” the air expelled from Ygritte’s mouth. Her body folded down with the pain and sudden lack of air. The fiery redhead wheezing. She wretched for breath while her two lovers regarded her with scorn now into their roles. Ygritte started to get her wind back.

“Fuck you bitch!” Ygritte half wheezed—snarled “I’ll get yo—aaiiieeee nnggiieeeee! … uunnggmmmpffff!” Ygritte suddenly cried out in pain and seeming fright and the air left her lungs again.

Melisandre had fist Ygritte’s hair and jerked her around in a tight swirl again knocking Ygritte totally off balance. The tall auburn haired beauty used her hair knot of Ygritte’s long hair to snap Ygritte to an upright position before her tall stout body. She punched Ygritte hard again in the stomach folding her down but she jerked the Wilding erect again. Ygritte wheezing and panting to the get her breath back.

Now Melisandre whirled the stumbling fiery redhead around to face her directly before the snarling tall voluptuous witch. Ygritte gasping to get her breath back. The Wildling face was filled with fire and rage. She started to open her mouth to hurl vitriol.

Her head rocked over to the side with vicious slaps across both cheeks from Melisandre. The tall witch using both hands to deliver cruel stinging slaps to her spiteful wife. Ygritte screeched in shock and pain. Melisandre repeatedly slapped her wife’s face hard with both of her hands. Then Melisandre fist a handful of hair again. Her left hand jerked hard on Ygritte’s hair knot in her hand making her wife stumble right and left all the while slapping her viciously. Ygritte was now sputtering and beginning to cry with the supposedly savage assault upon her person. Her cheeks bright red now. Her nose also turning red from the harsh slaps.

To outsiders the abuse would seem harsh and violent but Jon and Melisandre were actually pulling their strikes on Ygritte while making it seem much more violent than it actually was. Ygritte wanted it all so all had to stay in character and do their part to make it all seem violent and not the consensual sex it really was. Jon knew that Ygritte was literally lapping up all the pain and humiliation.

Ygritte’s head jacked over from the hard vicious slaps. Melisandre was a strong woman and used a modicum of her strength now. She was holding back from truly hurting Ygritte but her little spitfire was definitely in raw pain now. The fiery redhead’s hair was now a disheveled mess. Her cheeks wet with the tears of pain and supposed fright. Her cheeks bright red and starting to get splotchy from the repeated harsh slaps. Melisandre lifted her hand higher and whipped across Ygritte’s cheeks hard back and forth. Each strike delivering pain.

Pain Ygritte craved and needed. Her breathing now ragged and her eyes dilated with raw lust and need. Her eyes saw her husband standing off to the side observing her getting fucked up with a bemused air. The sight turned her on immensely. Her cheeks were burning with fire. The pain going straight to erect throbbing nipples and her erect clit pulsing with her hammering pulse. Her cunt a soupy mess. Her short cloth sopping wet.

Jon did not mind giving Ygritte the abuse she craved but liked to let Melisandre deliver most of the corporal punishment. He would start the show and let Melisandre take over which she was always ready and anxious to do. Melisandre definitely had a strong sadistic streak she liked to let loose from time to time. Jon saved his dispensing corporal punishment for when they both craved mutual abuse and humiliation and he had to deliver it to both of them.

He was striping his clothes down. Ygritte was crying out her act of being stunned shocked self. She cried out “What you doing to me Melisandre! *Smack*Smack*Slap*Slap* Ygritte was beginning to sob hard now as she was being slapped down. Melisandre pulled up on Ygritte’s hair cruelly making Ygritte squall in pain. “Baby pleassseeeee! Baby stop—stoppppp!”
*Smack*Smack*Smack*Slap*Slap*Smack*Slap* Ygritte’s cries of pain and sobbing filled the tent. She was crying but also panting with the pleasure her pain and humiliation was giving her.

Melisandre pushed Ygritte to Jon. She stumbled over to him and he gripped her arms hard. Melisandre moved in and spit in Ygritte’s face and wallowed her palm in the Wilding’s face. Her palm making Ygritte’s head roll with the force of it. The humiliation was turning Jon on big time. He felt Ygritte shuddering and she was moaning now. He smiled. He knew she felt his thick hard dick pressed into her back. Ygritte never could stay in character once they started abusing her. Her body shaking with desire for more abuse and humiliation.

Hands of her husband and wife started to roughly undo the laces, hooks and buttons to Ygritte’s dress. The fabric stretched and a few buttons sent flying. Jon did not mind. He would enjoy sowing them back on. Soon they had the formerly mouthy redhead naked. She stood there between Jon and Melisandre. She looked docile but a fire was coming back to her eyes.

That was unacceptable. At the same time Jon smacked Ygritte’s ass cheeks and lower back hard with his palms while Melisandre smacked Ygritte’s face hard. Then Melisandre smacked viciously down on Ygritte’s small B cup tits. The blows compressing and flipping her tits and making them start to glow red. Ygritte bleated and cried out in pain. Melisandre pushed Ygritte back into Jon’s torso. The tall redhead began to languidly undo the hoops, buttons and hooks of her dress. Melisandre’s full tits swaying with the motions of her body.

Her dress loosened Melisandre paused in her undressing. The auburn haired beauty again smacked down hard on Ygritte’s small doves with cruel repeated streaks. Ygritte’s tits now cherry red and splotchy. Then she smacked Ygritte’s face hard several times making the Wilding’s head rock over.

Ygritte moaned feeling Jon’s thick long cock jammed into her lower back. The shaft throbbing pressed into her. Ygritte’s eyes hungrily ate up the body in front of her being divested of clothes in front of her. Ygritte’s eyes hungrily watched Melisandre’s full rack lifted up by the dress being pulled up over her head. The heavy tits lifted up and then spilling out to flop down onto the tall woman’s chest. The heavy hooters jiggling as they settled. Ygritte moaned hard when Melisandre hooked her thumbs into her short cloth and jerked it down off her voluptuous hips and it fell to her feet. Melisandre’s fat camel toe all wet and swollen. Her pussy a bright pink.

Jon shoved Ygritte hard into Melisandre. The tall auburn haired woman again roughly manhandling Ygritte. “You are always embarrassing us you fucking twat!” Jon barked at the diminutive woman. “Acting like a fucking asshole! You fucking sawed off runt! We need to put you in your fucking place again godsdamnit Ygritte! Why can’t you learn you fucking place!” Jon smiled seeing Ygritte’s body shake with lust her pupils blown with desire.

Ygritte was hurled back to Jon her body again knocked off balance. Jon snatched his wife into a grip holding her biceps. He roughly turned her around to face him. He spit in Ygritte’s face. The sweet slut moaning. He slapped her face and then her tits and back to her face. He had to give out some corporal punishment or Ygritte would bitch about it later. He had to admit the sounds and feel of his palm striking Ygritte turned him on with hot heat and desire. His cock jerking before him.

He whipped her around to face Melisandre. Ygritte shivered and groaned loving the fact her body was being manhandled and controlled roughly. The fiery redhead was a switch that needed to be topped hard when she was bottom being the bitch.

“Mmmnnggggggg!” Ygritte moaned in heat. Her eyes watched Melisandre move back in on Ygritte with an evil sneer on her face. Ygritte saw the look and acted like she was in terror. She tried to jerk out of Jon’s grip but he was too strong for her. Ygritte could have thrown Jon off. She was strong enough in reality that was not what she wanted. Her true desire was to be abused and humiliated.
Jon watched Melisandre lift her right hand. Ygritte’s head rocked to the side again and again with Melisandre’s hard slaps. She moved back and Jon whipped Ygritte around so he could slap her face hard on both cheeks. He was required to give out some abuse or Ygritte would feel cheated. The sounds were loud and shocking but neither were slapping Ygritte as hard as they could. Ygritte was moaning in rising pleasure that masochist sex gave her. Ygritte loved it when Jon and Melisandre gave her sadistic pain.

He eyed her now reddened tits. The pale skin now all splotchy from the repeated strikes on her soft pale skin. He smacked down with hands cruelly onto the small doves. The harsh smacks loud as he abused her breast with hard repeated smacks. His hand compressed and folded Ygritte’s small titties with the cupped palms striking down into them. Jon loved feeling Ygritte’s small tits compressing and then whipping up and down after the strikes. Her tits now even more cherry red.

Melisandre had ahold of Ygritte’s shoulders in a strong grip. Ygritte loved feeling hands roughly gripping and controlling her roughly. Jon balled his fist and rapped Ygritte hard in the stomach knocking the air out of her. Her body would have collapsed but Melisandre held up Ygritte with rough jerks on her body. Ygritte wheezed to get her breath back.

Jon moved back with a last few stinging hard slaps to Ygritte’s now splotchy face on both cheeks, nose and now her forehead. Melisandre now roughly shoved and jerked Ygritte over to the main tent pole and twisted Ygritte’s arm behind her back and jerking up making Ygritte shriek in pain. Melisandre used her grip to jack Ygritte into the thick pole again and again making the Wilding rebound back from the impacts. The Wilding crying out in pain and humiliation.

Melisandre pulled up on her arm bar to make Ygritte body lurch up to try and reduce the pain. Ygritte had made it clear to Melisandre and Jon that they needed to rough her up hard to give her the enjoyment she craved when she the bitch. She craved high levels of pain. It turned her on and made her pussy a sopping wet mess. Ygritte’s pussy had by now filled the tent with her fuck musk. Her inner thighs glistening with the cum wicking down her legs.

Jon’s thick cock bobbed in front of him as he moved around enjoying the spectacle of Ygritte’s sweet abuse. He had first been shocked when Ygritte made her desires known. He had hesitated at first; no more. He now enjoyed playing the sadist and giving his wives the pain and humiliation they craved. It turned him on immensely.

Melisandre threw Ygritte into Jon and he gripped her spun her around. He jerked Ygritte arms up behind her back and jerked them painfully. Ygritte cried out in pain. Jon lowered her crossed arms slightly and he watched Melisandre make runes in the air and chant in Asshai.

"*Se do bheatha. Mar sin leibh an dràsda.*"

No rough hemp rope today. Saved a lot of time and effort Jon thought. This was hotter anyways. The rope would stay put away. Black ribbons appeared around Ygritte’s arms binding them tight together against her body. The magical rope pulling Ygritte’s lower arms behind her back one on top of the other. The spell devised to make the bindings rough and prickly like hemp rope. The magical tendrils writhing to dig and scratch harshly into skin. The spell designed to torment one’s skin.

Ygritte’s eyes went large as she struggled with her bonds. Of course she knew the counter spell but would not be using it. *Slut* Jon thought to himself with a chuckle.

Jon jammed Ygritte down hard on her knees. More bands formed around Ygritte’s torso. One black shadow rope snaked around Ygritte’s body above and below her small breast. The ropes synched in hard suddenly biting into Ygritte’s tits making them jut out between the ropes constricting her breast.
making them jut out and turning red from the harsh constrict. More ropes appeared around her waist and one looped her hair and another black roped appeared between the band in Ygritte’s hair down to the ones around her waist and pulled back so Ygritte’s head was pulled stiff past vertical. Another strand appeared to wrap around Ygritte’s throat. The black magical ropes constricting to put pressure on Ygritte’s windpipe.

Her eyes looking up at Jon and Melisandre. Her breathing slightly constricted. Her tits strangled between the ropes jutting down and up into her tits. Her tits bright red with a slight purplish hue to them. Ygritte gurgled and moaned as she writhed in her bindings. She jerked trying to free herself knowing the whole time the bindings would only dig harder into her skin abusing her with pain. She continued her struggles loving the pain and irritation of the digging magical rope.

Ygritte was whimpering and moaning. She was trying to look scared but her eyes were lidded looking at Jon’s raging boner jerking in front of her wet lips. Jon stepped in and slashed his cock across Ygritte’s face hard leaving red line marks. Again and again Jon whipped his dick down viciously over Ygritte’s cheeks, nose, forehead, mouth and chin. Ygritte’s face already red and splotchy but the new abuse made new red darker red marks on her face. Red lines left behind with each loud whack of dick on pale face.

Before Ygritte and Melisandre had left Winterfell Margaery had gifted them with toys. Melisandre was now in her strap-on all synched in tight. Her ten inch cock thick and black. She stepped in to get in front of Ygritte angled off from Jon. Melisandre gripped her shaft and joined in dick whipping Ygritte’s face as she cried out and wept. She not once tried to move her face from their dicks slashing her face. Each impact shockingly loud in the tent. The heavy cocks rebounding off Ygritte’s face with each savage strike of cock over up turned face.

The two tormentors slashed their heavy dicks meanly across Ygritte’s cawing and moaning face. Jon took his cock and rubbed his dickhead into Ygritte’s eyelids roughly. The slut moaning deep in her chest. Melisandre took her shaft and hooked it underneath Ygritte’s chin and jerked up grabbing her cockhead to constrict Ygritte’s breathing. The magical rope and strap-on cock had the Wildling gasping for breath. The Wildling wheezing. Her sloe eyes looking up with total submission and fuck hunger.

Melisandre jerked up with her shaft pressed into Ygritte’s windpipe making her gasp and choke with her breathing further constricted. Then she and Jon dick whipped Ygritte’s face again with savage jerked down strikes of their cocks. Each whack of shaft across face obscene and loud in the tent. Melisandre modified the spell of the rope around Ygritte’s neck loosening it to let Ygritte breath but still feel it. Ygritte now had cocks to feast on.

Jon fed Ygritte his cock. He jammed his prick into Ygritte’s sensual lips. She dove on it sucking fiercely. His bulbous dickhead sliding between her lips riding up her long pink tongue. Her lips sucked tight to the hot veined shaft. Ygritte swooned feeling Jon’s dick sliding up and down her tongue his foreskin rolling up and down his shaft as she sucked with long ragged love sucks.

She bobbed hard. Her lips sliding up and down the shaft. Her fiery red hair jerked with her hard bobs. Her lips sucked tight to Jon’s cock making wet slurring suck noises. Jon moaned in hot pleasure. Ygritte’s cheeks hollowing with her forceful sucks on his throbbing prick. Ygritte paused her bobbing to twist her head right and left on his mushroom cockhead. Ygritte’s head lifting with the force of her hard short love sucks. Her lips swirling on the edge of Jon’s cock crown and glans filling his dick with sweet pleasure.

After a minute Jon fist his hands into the long wavy hair of his Wildling wife. He slammed his dick into the Wildling’s throat making her gurgle and drool spittle out her mouth with her half
chokes. Jon flexed his hips to hammer the back of Ygritte’s throat. Her head rocking back with the forceful skull fuck. Ygritte opened her mouth to let the sounds of her skull fuck fill the tent and let spit freely flow out her mouth and drool down her face and fling to her tits and torso.

Melisandre watched for a minute more before roughly jerking Ygritte’s head back off Jon’s cock with a knotted fist of hair and rammed her cock deep into Ygritte’s mouth. She fisted Ygritte’s hair and gripped her chin with her other hand clenching Ygritte’s chin and jaw. With her rough grip Melisandre kept her wife’s mouth wide open fucking her throat with hard strokes of her dick with her pumping hips. Melisandre swirled her torso to ram her dick into her slut wife’s throat.

Ygritte’s open mouth making choking sounds. Spit drooled down Ygritte’s face and flung off her chin and jaw. “Urrkk hhrrkkk uullkkk hhrrkkk!” Ygritte choked as she was skull fucked. Ygritte’s kept her head still looking up at Melisandre with throbbing eyes showing she loved her hard skull fuck. Melisandre stared down at Ygritte with her red pupils. Her dick slamming into Ygritte’s throat as spit poured out Ygritte’s mouth and flooded down her cheeks and chin to rope off and splatter down onto her strangled tits and flexing belly. The spit running down over her swollen red slit.

Jon fisted Ygritte’s hair to jack her head back off Melisandre’s cock. Ygritte squealed in pain as her body was twisted around making her scoop on her knees to get in front of Jon. He barked at her to keep her mouth open and used both hands in Ygritte’s bright red hair to jack Ygritte’s head violently forward and back. Ygritte moaned as Jon skull fucked her hard. “Urrrrkk hhrrrrkkk hhrrrrkkk … auk auukkkk hhrrrrkkk aauukkkkk!” Ygritte gurgled from her cruel skull fuck. The fiery redhead’s head jacked back by the thick pole slamming into the back of her throat.

Ygritte’s spit soaked her lower face and now chest and tits. Jon had to admit it was hot seeing spit rope off his wife’s face and fling down to her chest. Back and forth Ygritte’s spouses fucked Ygritte’s mouth and throat. Without the shadow ropes the small witch would have had her small hands gripping their thighs or clawing their ass cheeks to anchor herself to keep her hard throat fuck going. Instead they were tied together behind her back tightly.

Jon roughly pulled Ygritte up by her hair with hard jerks making her scream in pain. He got on the bed and laid down and roughly guided Ygritte to straddle his hips. Melisandre shoved Ygritte’s trussed body forward down onto Jon’s hard muscular body. The Crow guided his cock to his wife’s slicked cunt and rubbed the bulbous dickhead around Ygritte’s cunt hole.

With a slow stroke, Jon slide his long thick cock deep up his wife’s slippery cum filled cunt. Ygritte cried out in raw pleasure. Her body squirmed all over Jon’s body. He began to work his hips sliding his manhood in and out Ygritte’s trim. His dickhead plowing her inner whorls and folds. He quickly built up his rhythm plowing his small wife’s tight cunt. He gripped her ribs and slam fucked her already sloshing cunt. Her body jolting forward on his chest.

“Unnnnggg mmmmmnn oohhh fuck yeah! Fuck me deep! Arrrggnnn hhnngg hhnngg oohhh oohhh shit!” Ygritte groaned feeling Jon’s thick long shaft slamming deep up into her cumny hole. Her body rocking forward with Jon’s hips and groin slamming up into her ass and groin. Her face slashed with sweet fuck ecstasy. Her hungry pussy taking his powerful strokes. Jon’s bulbous dickhead ramming Ygritte’s cervix and piercing her womb with sweet hard deep dicking thrusts of pure love.

Melisandre waited a minute. She enjoyed watching her wife’s tight cunt split into an O ring gripping wetly Jon’s thick veined shaft plunging in hard and deep up into Ygritte’s moaning body. The tall witch knelt behind the hotly fucking pair. Melisandre slapped Ygritte’s ass hard making her squeal. Melisandre had a bottle of lubricant from Margaery too and soaked her cock in the fluid. The deep red haired witch eyed Ygritte’s asshole hungrily. She was going to fuck it so good.
Jon and Ygritte had stilled. The ShadowBender witch swirled her cockhead over her wife’s starfish that clenched wetly before Melisandre’s red pulsing eyes. Ygritte gurgled waiting to have her shithole invaded. The tall woman pushed forward her hand holding her mushroom dickhead at Ygritte’s anus and pushing in.

Ygritte cried out feeling her sphincter pierced by the thick shaft invading her ass. Ygritte’s body shuddered with the feel of a thick rod lurching into her rectum her anus pried wide open. Ygritte gibbered and shuddered feeling the sweet pain and pleasure of anal invasion. Jon started up his rhythm again while Melisandre worked her hips and started to ride her thick prick deeper into her wife’s hot ass with each stroke. Melisandre gripped her wife’s ass cheeks to jerk Ygritte back into the cock she was lunging deeper up Ygritte’s ass.

The sounds of sweaty flesh slapping filled the tent. Melisandre’s full tits sloshed around on her chest as she worked her hips to punch her dick deep up Ygritte’s hot tight ass. The tall woman enjoying watching her dick now slide in balls deep up her wife’s shithole. Her sweet asshole already lubricating her dick with sweet shit juice.

Melisandre slide her ten inch leather dick with an extra-large mushroom cockhead slowly in and out her wife’s pinching asshole. Ygritte’s head jerked up and back her eyes lost in pleasure. Ygritte loving the feel of her ass stuffed with thick prick and the feel of the bulbous dickhead sliding deep up into her belly. Melisandre’s thighs now rapping her wife’s ass cheeks to ram her dick fully up the tight shit pipe of her diminutive wife.

Both witches loved penetration. Melisandre gripped her shaft and jerked her cock out of Ygritte’s ass. The anus pinching shut. Melisandre rammed her shaft back up Ygritte’s ass. The Wilding crying out in raw pleasure. Melisandre ripped her dick in and out the Wilding’s asshole that soon gaping wetly with repeated hard penetrations. She would pause watching Ygritte’s asshole begin to clutch sweetly to her. Her vision throbbing seeing Ygritte’s sweet rectum all wet and red. Then the tall witch again slammed her thick rod back up her wife’s tight asshole.

Ygritte’s jaw was juddering her face twisted up feeling her butthole invaded with Melisandre’s bulbous dickhead prying out and then jacking back into her rectum. Ygritte moaned deep in her chest. Jon began to pump his hips hard again driving his dick in and out his wife’s buttery cunt hole. Melisandre worked her hips jerking her dick up and down Ygritte’s hot tight ass.

Ygritte’s asshole tightly clung to Melisandre’s cock to begin with but it quickly loosened with the tall witch’s hip thrusts. The witch’s dick sinking all the way up Ygritte’s ass. The witch fucking her witch wife with balls deep thrusts. Her dick slicked with ass juice. The tall witch loved watching Ygritte’s body jerking and sliding up and down Jon’s body as the pummeled her fuck holes with hard lunging dick. Her trussed body dripping sweat as fucked her hard and deep.

Melisandre began to pump her dick harder with snap rolls of her hips. Her cock lunging in and out her wife’s tight asshole. Melisandre gripped her wife’s hips and jerked her back into her punishing thrusts her hips slamming into Ygritte’s taunt ass cheeks making them jiggle hard. Jon was gripping Ygritte’s ribs as he lunged his dick up the Wildling’s tight pussy. The two mates of Ygritte’s had their cocks savaging her drooling fuck holes.

Ygritte cried out she could feel their cock heads hitting each other in her belly. Ygritte was moaning loudly constantly now her body buffeted by two powerful lovers slamming their phallic shafts up into Ygritte’s tight fuck holes. The two bodies fucking Ygritte gripped her body hard to jam her back into the shafts they were slamming balls deep up into her groaning and mewling body.

After a minute more of the sweet hard fuck Ygritte’s body was beginning to tighten up and spasm all over Jon’s hard body. Melisandre and Jon arched their backs to fuck Ygritte even harder. She
cummed hard screaming and convulsing lying on Jon’s body all trussed up.
“AARRRGGGUUNNGGGGG! UNNGGGGHHNNNNNN! OOWWWGGGHHHAAAAAA!” Ygritte’s screams of pure ecstasy scaling up and ringing in the tent.

Jon and Melisandre gripped Ygritte harder and slammed their dicks as deep as they could into her exploding fuck holes to prolong her ecstasy. “OOOWWWGGHGHHHNNNNN! Unngghhiieeeee! Uuummmnnhhhiieeeee!” Ygritte screamed with renewed love and killing ecstasy as her asshole and cunt continued to explode in fucking bliss and gut wrenching tearing spasms of fucking ecstasy.

Jon and Melisandre now slow stroked their dicks letting Ygritte recover. The wildling’s body flipping and jerking with shocks of ecstasy. Ygritte’s face had slashed and grimaced as if being filleted alive. Now the Wildling was slumped down on Jon’s body. Her body gasping for breath as sweat pored off her trussed up body. Jon and Melisandre left their dicks buried deep in the fiery redhead’s belly. They watched their wife’s body slowly relaxing the aftershocks fading away.

Melisandre and Jon shared a look. It was time to take their slut to the land of nirvana again. The two pulled their thick shafts almost out of Ygritte’s fuck holes and then slammed them savagely back up into her cum filled cunt and shithole. They slammed fucked Ygritte again with furious strokes of their dicks fucking her balls deep again. Ygritte cried out her body jolting while her face slashed with primal fuck bliss.

Ygritte, for ten minutes was DP fuck classic position till she came wailing again. Her body flipped and jackknifed as hard as it could all trussed up in the magical black rope binding the Wildling’s body.

They pushed Ygritte off their cum soaked dicks. Ygritte’s body thumping down onto the furs. Her body still hitching with strong aftershocks. Neither Jon nor Melisandre had to say anything. They watched Ygritte slowly turn over to her knees and then scoot around. Her body hunched over with her arms bound behind her back. She looked up at her spouses with doe eyes all submissive and slut hungry. She looked so hot moving around with her arms trussed up behind her back by the glowing black bindings.

Her head lowered to the dick jerking above Jon’s stomach. Her mouth swallowed the shaft and hungrily sucked it clean of her pussy. Ygritte then turned her head to the dick waving before Melisandre. Ygritte sucked her ass off the thick strap-on cock of her wife. The wilding moved her head back and forth to completely clean the cocks that her spouses held up for her. Her lips first latched onto Melisandre’s strap-on and she sucked moaning tasting her sweet ass on it. She moved to Jon’s cock and savored her sweet pussy now. Ygritte head bobbed hard up and down the cum slicked cocks in turn now.

They then got Ygritte up on her feet. Jon now lifted her up and she wrapped her legs around Melisandre waist and titled her body into Melisandre who gripped her wife to her. Jon guided Melisandre’s strap-on to Ygritte’ pussy as they lifted the Wildling’s body up. They then let Ygritte’s body down to impale her pussy on Melisandre’s dick.

Ygritte’s head lulled back her face slashed with primal fuck bliss. “Aaruunngggg … hhnnngg hhngg uungg … oohhhhh fuck—uunnggg nnnggg!” the Wildling cawed in her throat feeling her wife’s dick sliding deep up into her belly. Melisandre started to lift and drop Ygritte on her thick cock she worked her hips to ram her dick hard up into Ygritte’s cum clicked trim.

Ygritte cried out her head thrashing feeling her pussy split in two with thick dick. Her tits half strangled with black rune rope worked up and down Melisandre’s sweaty tits. The pressure on Ygritte’s nipples had the small woman’s face twisted with pleasure. Melisandre holding Ygritte to
her with her arms around the body of Ygritte.

Jon moved in and gripped Ygritte’s ass prying her ass cheek back. Melisandre still her fuck motion. Jon guided his dick to Ygritte’s asshole with his right hand and found Ygritte’s starfish. He then hard lunged his dick up Ygritte’s asshole. The fiery redhead cried out in pained ecstasy. They then fucked Ygritte standing. Melisandre and Jon flexing their knees to lunge up impaling Ygritte’s pussy and ass with thick hard cock.

“Unnggg mmmnnggg … oohhhh fuckkk … mmmnnggg hhnn hnnn hnnnngg … fuck me hard—harder … pound my shit—arrunnggg!” Ygritte gibbered with her two spouses fucking her harder with her encouragement.

They lifted her up and let gravity drop her small body on their hard up lunging dick. They impaled her cunt and ass again and again with hard lunging thrusts fully burying their thick cocks up Ygritte’s hungry asshole and cunt. Ygritte’s body jolted hard with each bottoming out of her downward plummet on the thick cocks hammering up deep into her belly.

They let her down several times as she excitedly fell to her knees and sucked her pussy and ass off their dicks. Then she was reversed so Jon could fuck her pussy and Melisandre fucked her ass. They fucked her like this a minute and then sat her down and reversed to do A2P direct and fucked her hard with Melisandre savagely fucking her wife’s asshole. Then they let her down to do ATM as she moaned how sweet her ass tasted on Jon and Melisandre’s dick.

Then they hefted her up again Jon fucking her ass with Melisandre pounding her pussy. Ygritte came howling. Her body flipped and slammed back and forth into her bodies as convulsion threatened to tear Ygritte apart. Both Jon and Melisandre relished the feel of their small wife’s body bucking wildly between them. Her bound body jerking spastically; legs kicking wildly in the air behind Melisandre’s back. Her constricted tits jammed into their bodies her nipples diamond hard and her pale tits scarlet with a slight purple cast from blood constriction. They then let her down and she chased their cockheads with her slavering mouth to swallow their bulbous dickheads in turn. She cleaned their dicks hungrily of her creamy ass and cunt juice.

Melisandre reached down and fisted a squealing Ygritte’s hair and threw her on the low slung bed. She spoke in the tongue of Asshai and the shadow ropes disappeared. Ygritte looked up at Melisandre with limpid eyes now. The defiance fucked out her. Now she was complaint looking at them hungrily for more hot fucking.

Melisandre got up on the bed on her back and barked at Ygritte to mount her. Ygritte moaned hard rolling over and straddling Melisandre. Ygritte reached down and guided Melisandre’s thick strap-on to her swollen dripping snatch and impaled herself on the long thick leather cock. Ygritte groaned hard shaking all over feeling her pussy stretched out tight on the thick shaft. Ygritte sunk down so their bodies were pressed into each other. Each woman enjoying the delicious sweaty skin to skin contact.

The tall redhead started working her hips as Ygritte surged back to take her wife’s strap-on hard and deep up her drooling clamshell. Their tits rolled and compressed against the other’s tits. Ygritte’s face twisted and scrunchd with the primal pleasure filling her sunny and nipples. The tall redhead slammed her cock into her wife’s sloshing drooling pussy. Ygritte yelping and moaning in deep pleasure. Her face constantly slashing with soul deep pleasure.

Melisandre fucked Ygritte hard for a minute. Her thighs and groin slapping hard into Ygritte’s ass giggling her cheeks and shocking her mons and clit with the force of their colliding bodies. Jon had watched but now he got up on the pallet bed. He slapped Ygritte’s ass cheeks hard making them glow red and had the Wildling keening in pain that was all infused with raw pulsing pleasure.
The Lord Commander of the Crows pulled Ygritte’s ass cheek back with his left hand. He guided his bulbous dickhead down her ass cleft and pressed into her slackened quivering anus. Ygritte’s sphincter muscles stretched out and tired. She groaned feeling Jon circle his dickhead over her shithole. Jon then centered his thick shaft and slide his thick long shaft up deep into Ygritte’s tight asshole.

Ygritte’s head jerked back as she keened in pleasure feeling her ravaged asshole again filled with hard throbbing cock. Both women loved being fucked up the ass as much as in the pussy. The pleasure was so intense and primal getting fucked up the ass. Jon arched his back to slam his cock up Ygritte’s asshole the way she liked it. His hips slapping hard into Ygritte’s shaking ass. His fingers sinking into the taunt ass cheeks he was pounding with his prick. Jon gripping Ygritte’s ass with his forearms crossed to get a good trip to jack his diminutive wife back into the thick poles impaling her drooling fuck holes.

They pounded her fuck holes hard and deep. Melisandre gripped her slut’s ribs to jam her back while Jon now gripped her ass cheek and hair with his other hand and slammed his dick up his wife’s ass. Ygritte yammered and cawed her pleasure. The sound of sweaty flesh filled the tent with Jon’s slamming his thighs into Ygritte’s ass cheeks to hammer her bunghole balls deep.

Jon pulled out her ass and kneed to her head. His dick slavered with ass juice jerked before the sweat dripping face of the Wildling. Ygritte dove on Jon’s dickhead he jammed into her lips. She siphoned his dick deep into her mouth and bobbed hard. A sublime look of pleasure filled Ygritte’s tasting her yummy shithole all over Jon’s cock. Her lips glued to the shaft she bobbed on with hard pumps of her head. Then stilling her bobs to twist her head on Jon’s cockhead with tight short bobs and swirls of her lips on his cock’s glans.

She cried out a muffled cry of ecstasy when Melisandre slipped her cock out Ygritte’s pussy and up her perineum and rammed it home savagely up her wife’s hot wet tight shithole. Ygritte moaned and groaned on the dick she slobbered on cleaning her ass off Jon’s thick dick.

Jon watched his wife bob hard and furious on his dick. He asked Ygritte if she loved the taste of her ass on his dick and she gutturally moaned it was “so fucking sweet” around the dick in her mouth. Jon pulled his cock out his wife’s mouth as she chased his cock wanting more ATM. Jon kneed back behind Ygritte. Melisandre pulled her dick out Ygritte’s spasming asshole and slammed her dick back up Ygritte’s tight pussy A2P. Jon jammed his dick into Ygritte’s ass and pounded his wife hard.

Soon Ygritte was howling as she cummed hard her fingers digging into the sheets slamming her body back into the cocks impaling her fuck holes balls deep. Then she collapsed in spent gibbering pleasure. She was pushed off the cocks that had just taken her to the heavens. She was pulled down to their cocks by her spouses and she hungrily gripped their cocks diving down to jam both dickheads into her mouth and sucked on the dickheads. She then cleaned each shaft with loud obscene sucks and slurps of hot head.

Now Ygritte’s spouses rolled the small Wildling on her side and Melisandre moved in spoon and slide her dick up Ygritte’s ass and fucked her hard the Wildling recovering already. Ygritte’s face slashed with fuck bliss as her body juddered feeling her asshole invaded with thick strap-on leather cock. Jon was in front of Ygritte on his side. He guided his dick to her lips and the slut hungrily swallowed his dick. Ygritte sucked hungrily on his dick plopping her mouth off his bulbous dickhead again and again. She sucked with fierce bobs and moaned tasting her ass and pussy on his dick.

Melisandre pounded her ass and then her cunt. She took turns pounding her wife’s fuck holes in
turn. Then she pulled her dick out Ygritte’s asshole as it gushed shit juice down her perineum and soaking her cunt hole. She fist Ygritte’s fiery red hair and pulled her over and pushed her down body to her dick jerking on her stomach. She pushed Ygritte’s cheek into her sweat soaked belly and moaned harder seeing Ygritte slide her head forward and swallow Melisandre’s ass juice creamed leather cock head. Ygritte rose up on her elbow her other hand gripping the shaft she slow bobbed up and down the shaft moaning in slut happiness.

Jon invaded Ygritte’s ass spoon. He slide his dick fully up her spasming asshole. Jon then gripped her hips and pounded her hard. This had Ygritte crying out on Melisandre’s strap-on cock. Jon pounded both her fuck holes. Jon arched his back to slam his dick hard up into Ygritte’s pussy and ass. He grasped both of Ygritte’s with punishing strokes that jolted the fiery redhead’s ass. His sweaty body slapping hard into Ygritte’s ass cheeks all glistening with sweat.

Jon was pounding Ygritte’s booty hole when he pulled out her spasming asshole. He fisted Ygritte’s hair to roll his wife over as Melisandre had. He scooted up some and pulled Ygritte’s head down roughly to his jerking dick soaked in his wife’s sweet shithole. Ygritte groaned seeing Jon’s cock jerk waving angled up off his stomach. Ygritte gripped the shaft and screamed in raw pleasure feeling Melisandre slam her cock up her wife’s pussy. Ygritte dove on Jon’s cock and slurped and bobbed happily sucking Jon’s dick ATM.

Several more times the husband and wife passed Ygritte back and forth between them. Now Jon was chuffing as he pounded Ygritte’s asshole feeling her sphincter grip and pinch his slamming cock. He could feel Ygritte fucked body rising to orgasm again. He let his control slip and roared his cock jerking and spurting hot semen up his shaft and spurting hard up his wife’s asshole with his cock buried in his wife’s butthole. Ygritte was pushed off the precipice of striving and fell headlong into gut wrenching ecstasy and started to scream having pulled her mouth off Melisandre’s cock.

The sex had been so hot after that. Ygritte cleaned their cocks again. Jon was weak but he was ready to get between Ygritte’s legs and eat out some sweet gash. Gods he loved pussy! His greedy wife, Melisandre, had beat him stripping off her strap-on literally jumping between Ygritte’s legs. Greedy slut Jon smiled to himself. Melisandre buried her face deep in Ygritte’s quim feasting on sloppy wet quim.

For the next half hour Jon recovered while watching Melisandre suck Ygritte off to a wailing and bucking orgasm. Now Melisandre pushed Ygritte’s legs back by her grip behind Ygritte’s knees. Melisandre pushed the legs back and down till Ygritte’s knees were by Ygritte’s ears. Melisandre moaned spying her wife’s red abused anus. Her asshole leaking out the semen Jon had pumped up deep into her colon. She pushed her long tongue in deep up into Ygritte’s ass and into her rectum. Ygritte seemed to swoon feeling Melisandre’s long tongue sliding in deep into her rectum.

Slowly the auburn haired woman stroked her tongue in and out the spasming starfish of her wife. Her tongue loving the tight squeezes of Ygritte’s anus on the tongue she pumped deep up Ygritte’s shithole. Then Melisandre stilled her tongue fuck of Ygritte’s asshole. She then started to lap and rim Ygritte’s shithole licking up any semen burbling out her wife’s rectum. Melisandre locked her lips on Ygritte’s starfish and Dorne kissed the puckered anus slow licking and driving her tongue deep into Ygritte’s abused ass licking Ygritte’s rectum with her long tongue.

Melisandre tongue fucked her wife’s asshole with avid love. Melisandre picked up her pace burying her face in her wife’s cleft to spike her tongue as deep as possible in Ygritte’s ass. Melisandre slurped and licked up Jon’s semen leaking out Ygritte’s red stretched out asshole. She would lock her lips on Ygritte’s anus to Dorne kiss as she tongued and sucked on the sweet abused asshole. The tall voluptuous slut sucking out all the pearly semen she could from Ygritte’s asshole.
She let Ygritte’s pussy rest before she again buried her face in Ygritte’s slack cunt and moaned feasting on sweet sodden cunt meat. Melisandre worked her head to drag her tongue aggressively over Ygritte’s clitoral hood again and again. The Witch worked her head fast to drag her tongue aggressively over Ygritte’s clit. The auburn haired woman pressing her head in at seeming random moments to suck fiercely on Ygritte’s clit. Then back to working her head up and down to plow Ygritte’s sloppy wet slit with her rigid tongue plowing sweet cunt meat.

Melisandre would raise her head to flick her tongue like an adder all over and around Ygritte’s clit and hood. Jon loved how fast Melisandre worked her tongue. The tongue a blur. Ygritte was gurgling her face slashed with primal fuck bliss. Then Melisandre was flat tongue licking over Ygritte’s clit with faster and faster tongue licks before she siphoned the rigid slimy morsel back between her lips to suck the clit in and out her lips while her tongue polished the hard shiny clit now in her mouth.

Jon had recovered and got on his knees by Ygritte’s shoulder and pulled her up on one arm. Her hand behind her body jammed into the bed to prop her upper body up. She gripped Jon’s ass with her other clawed hand to allow her to pull her body to Jon’s. She swallowed his again hard dick hungrily her lips glued to his veined shaft. Ygritte sucked Jon off with all her oral skills. She bobbed her head fast on the shaft in her mouth. Her sweat soaked red hair now dark with that sweat. Her sopping wet hair hung lankily and jerked with her head bobs. Her cheeks hollowed out as she sucked with fuck hunger. Her cheeks hollowing out with her fierce deep throat sucks.

Jon did not try to hold out and three minutes later he screamed and screamed as Ygritte sucked on just his dickhead with short bobs. The friction of her tight lips on his dickhead so heavenly it was painful. His cock jetting hot spurts flooding his wife’s mouth with his hot cum. His back arched deep his whole body shuddering as the semen burning up his shaft and spurting out his piss hole filled his body with agonizing pleasure.

Ygritte grunted and moaned feeling the hard spurts from his cock splash hard into the back of her throat flooding her mouth and throat with Jon’s hot spunk. She half choked with semen leaking down her chin that she was not able to swallow hungrily.

Jon toppled over gasping. Ygritte upper body toppled back down to the bed. Her wife buried her face deep back into Ygritte’s drooling gash. Melisandre had paused to watch Jon cum hard which always turned her on. Jon watched Melisandre suck Ygritte off again. The fiery redhead’s body bucked wildly up into her wife’s devouring mouth. Melisandre’s head lifting with her wolf sucks on her wife’s hard clit. Jon loved seeing Ygritte’s head thrashing from side to side with eyes screwed shut tight as the tendons in her throat corded up hard jutting out her throat as she screamed in agonizing ecstasy that seemed to rip and tear at her face.

The wildling’s body flipped and jackknifed violently with her orgasms that went multiple when Melisandre wormed in three fingers into Ygritte’s pussy and furiously rubbed her wife’s g-spot with fast a gigging motion and then a come hither motion to rasp the spongy nerve bundle. Ygritte’s body seemed to explode and fly apart as one searing convulsion after another ripped her body apart with limbs kicking wildly and her face ripped apart with searing fucking bliss.

Ygritte’s wails of ecstasy filled the tent as her hips bucked hard driving her cunt up into Melisandre mouth. A mouth that sucked Ygritte’s clit deep into her mouth and was lashing the hard bud with wild lashes of her tongue. Melisandre’s cheeks hollowing out with her harsh love sucks.

“AAARRRGGGDUUUNNGGGG! AAAAWWWOOOGGGGGG! UUNNGGHIIIIIIIEEEE999999!” Ygritte’s body flipped and jackknifed. Melisandre slurped up sweet cum moaning as her wife cummed so hard for her. "Aiieeeeee! Unnggghiaiiieeeeee! Ohh oh oh Ooowwwggggaagaaaaa! Aaaaggguunnnngggggggggg!” she continued to cry out,
Ygritte was finally wiped after that last multiple orgasm. Melisandre pulled her cum soaked face out of her wife’s slack spent cunt. Melisandre was in need now. She rolled over onto her back and looked expectantly at Jon with heated eyes. The tall woman pressed on the sides of her mound to make it flare out like a ripe flower dripping with sweet love juice.

Jon spied Melisandre’s labia lips all bloomed out her bulged out slit. The lips covered in slimy opaque effluent. Her breast giggled and rolled with Melisandre’s movements. Her firm tits making sweet hillocks on his voluptuous wife’s chest. She stared up at Jon with pure slut eyes. Jon moved to get between his tall wife’s legs. A bee seeking to sip sweet cum nectars.

Jon was happy to bury his face in her big fat pussy and devoured Melisandre’s sweet snatch hungrily. Melisandre’s pussy a deep red around her fuck slit that lightened slightly to her outer mons. He sucked her clit feverishly. He would lick it in his mouth and then lift his head to tongue lick with strong strokes or use a hard slapping motion whipsawing his tongue over the grape sized clit.

He would then lower his head and tongue fuck the voluptuous woman’s cunt hole. Jon loved the wet sloppy heat enveloping his long tongue while tongue fucking Melisandre’s hot twat. Then he rolled the tall woman’s hips back to bring up her hot pulsing asshole. He gripped her stout legs behind her knees and pushed her legs back her feet up in the air.

Jon first slowly invaded his wife’s shithole with a long strong stroke of his tongue. The anus pinching down on his tongue. Then he was moaning spearing Melisandre’s asshole hungrily. He groaned feeling her anus pinching down tight on the invading appendage fucking it deep licking her rectum. In and out he worked his tongue loving the wet heat enveloping it. He would bury his tongue in deep and lick Melisandre’s rectum all around moaning at the sweet taste.

Back and forth Jon tongue fucked Melisandre’s pussy and rectum with his wiggling licking tongue.

Jon loved the fiery heat of Melisandre’s snatch he feverishly sucked into his mouth. The slimy creamy effluent so sweet in his mouth. He moaned feeling her hard grape sized clit underneath his rasping tongue. He would again push her legs back and tongue fuck her sweet hot asshole hard with his long tongue feeling her sphincter spasm and pinch tight on his tongue. He first slow stroked his tongue up her shithole and then pounded it hard and fast deep up Melisandre’s rectum.

Three times he sucked his tall witch wife off. Melisandre came with gut wrenching flips and jackknifes that lurched her body over the furs as Jon held on to continue to feasting on sweet succulent gash. Melisandre’s body now soaked in sweat and cum. Her shrieks of cumming so beautiful to hear.

He still had not had enough. He pushed her back onto her shoulders on the bed and her torso on his stomach and lower chest. Her heavy full tits rolling back on her upper chest and pressing into her throat. The slut gripped her tits and stuffed her thick long engorged teats into her mouth in turn and hard sucked on her nipples her lips locked tight. Her head pulling back stretching out the teats she hard sucked on. Her red eyes looking up at Jon with fiery heat. Her cheeks hollowed out as she sucked and tongued her engorged teats.

Jon tongue fucked her asshole hard again and now slammed three fingers hard and deep into her burbling and sloshing cunt. Her wet cunt slurped and squished as he fucked it avidly. His knuckles pounding her muffin the shocks going straight to her clit with friction and pressure shocks of his knuckles slamming her cunt. He lipped lock her asshole and long sucked on her rosebud rimming it sweetly before sliding his tongue deep into her asshole with sweet slow strokes.

He enjoyed the feel of Melisandre’s silky sphincter sliding up and down his tongue. He adjusted the
angle of his face and now had his nose buried in her cunt hole. His mouth glued to her brown starfish his tongue stroking her rectum. Jon moaned feeling Melisandre’s anus hard pulsing on the tongue fucking her shithole. Jon had his left hand supporting his wife’s sacrum to keep her in place. His right hand blurred masturbating her throbbing turgid clit. Jon worked his head first fast slamming his long tongue up into his wife’s asshole. Then he would slow his head to luxuriate in the feel of Melisandre’s shithole milking his tongue with hard squeezes of her anus.

He loved the feel of that hard grape sized stalk clit being hit hard by his blurring fingers and reverberating with the shocks of impact and his cum greased fingers easily sliding up and over the juicy clit. His fingers oscillating furiously back and forth over the clit. Jon enjoyed seeing Melisandre’s face slash and seem to crumple with the ecstasy flooding her stout voluptuous body. Her belly contracting with her breathing in her accordion compressed by her body resting upside down on Jon’s hard warrior body.

Melisandre had had her legs drooped over his shoulder her ankles kicking and wallowing on his back. Jon loved the skin to skin contact. His eyes feasted on Melisandre hedonistically sucking her own nipples while he face twisted and slashed soul crushing bliss. Suddenly, her hands ripped off her tits to flop on the furs and now her fists slammed the bed. A long loud scream of agony that was only pure pleasure ecstasy echoed off the walls of the tent.

Then her legs shoot straight up over his head went ramrod stiff her feet arched and toes curled nearly to the breaking point. Loud screams of pure love filled their Lord Commander’s tent as Melisandre’s legs kicked wildly her ankles swirling the air with spastic jerks. Hot cum gushed up his nose intoxicating Jon while his tongue was seized by Melisandre’s sweet shithole. Her sphincter rings squeezing and spasming on his buried tongue deep up her asshole. Her body convulsed hard. Her throes of ecstasy rocked her body forward hard and then jammed back suddenly slapping sweat soaked bodies hard into each other again and again.

Jon loved feeling his wife’s tall voluptuous body slapping his body so hard. Her screams sweet music to his ears. Jon felt his body rocked and jerked by Melisandre’s body as it was ripped apart with fucking bliss her wildly kicking legs making him rock to and fro like a tree in a storm. Jon held onto her body with his free hand to keep Melisandre in place as he feasted on her sweet asshole and worked her clit. Her body slowly ceased its wild gyrations as her orgasm began to fade.

Melisandre was spent now and he let her down on the bed. They cuddled for a minute and he moaned when Melisandre slide down his body. Feeling Melisandre’s body pressed into his body had him hard again. She gripped Jon’s thick hard shaft and swallowed his dick and moaned. First, she sucked sensually up and down his veined shaft her lips tight on Jon’s dick. She began to bob hard on his thick shaft. She would pause to swirl her lips on just his cock crown and then short bob her head to work his dickhead and glans with fierce twisting sucking head.

Melisandre gave hot head to his cock with hot hungry bobs. The woman taking his cock out her mouth to lick up his shaft all around. Then she ran her tongue up his dick and tilted her head down and again swallowed Jon’s turgid dick and sucked with cheek hollowing sucks. She would swirl her head on just his dickhead in tight swirls. Then back to hard bobbing and then just sucks on his dickhead.

Several times she pulled Jon’s dick out her mouth and licked down his thick towering shaft. Melisandre tilted her head over and siphoned in one of Jon’s heavy testicles and rolled the heavy nut around in her mouth loving how large it was as she rolled it from one side of her mouth to the other side. Then she drooled out that heavy ball and sucked in Jon’s other testicle and lathed it around in her mouth while sucking on it hard stretching and rolling it around in her mouth. Melisandre worked Jon’s heavy nuts around in her mouth in turn. Then she sucked on his scrotum and licked it before
licking back up his shaft. She hungrily started to bob hard on her husband’s dick again.

His boner was raging and he croaked to Melisandre he needed to feel her hot cunt and asshole on his dick. She looked at him with fuck hungry eyes. Her eyes flared sucking on his dickhead. She rose up and quickly straddled his hips and guided his hard veined shaft up to her cunny. She slammed down crying out in pleasure feeling her husband’s dick stretching out her twat so deliciously. His thick rod fully buried up her tight drooling clamshell.

Melisandre rode him cowgirl her heavy tits flipping and slapping each other with her hot fuck rhythm. Jon gripped Melisandre’s hips to help ram her down on his up lunging cock splitting her tight pussy in two. His dick stretching out his wife’s sweet quim tight around his shaft. Jon loved the feel of his wife’s voluptuous hips in his strong grip compressing as he stabbed her cunt with his long shaft. The tall woman’s body jolting as sweaty groins撞 together to impale tight snatch on thick dick.

Ygritte was snoring away happily beside a smiling Jon. Jon fucked hard up into his deep auburn haired wife’s pussy she swirled and slammed back and down. Their bodies slapping wetly with both bodies soaked in sweat. Melisandre moaned hard and deep in her chest feeling her husband’s thick dickhead plowing her inner whorls and folds with savage deep thrusting dick strokes. Melisandre was stroking her body all over with her hedonistic hands. The sounds of sweaty bodies slapping loud in the tent.

Then the witch rose up and gripped Jon’s shaft as it slipped free. Jon moaned feeling pussy juice splash his belly and groin. He watched Melisandre guide his mushroom cockhead up to her asshole and pushed down. She gagged in raw pleasure feeling his bulbous dickhead pry her asshole open and sink deep up her ass. Both moaned as Melisandre pushed down and Jon up thrust fully burying his dick up his witch wife’s hot tight asshole. Jon let Melisandre fuck her ass till she tired. She would lean forward onto her palms by his head. He would take over titling his pelvis and planting his heels to slam fuck Melisandre’s asshole with a fast hard punishing stroke.

His thrusts rippling her ass cheeks and hips. The sounds of slapping bodies shockingly loud. Melisandre’s tits riding over Jon’s chest. Their mouths coming together to kiss deeply with Jon’s tongue deep in Melisandre’s mouth and spearing down her throat. Her eyes rolling back into her skull and rolling violently in ecstasy. Then she would recover and rise back up and pound her body down onto the dick buried up her asshole. Her tits whiplashing on her chest with her hard cowgirl rhythm. Her ass slapping Jon’s thighs hard to take his dick balls deep up her spasming butthole.

Melisandre fucked her pussy and ass on his dick. She was fucking her ass hard on Jon’s shaft when she pulled off and sat back between his legs. Her ass coming to rest between Jon’s splayed out legs. She reached forward to grip Jon’s cock pulsing on his stomach. Her body folding down as she tilted his dick up and back. Melisandre’s body folding down further leaning forward. She swallowed Jon’s dickhead and shaft soaked in her ass juice. Purring in happiness Melisandre sucked her ass hungrily off his cock.

Her head bobbed hard on Jon’s cock sucking her ass off it. Her lank sweaty flagged around her face as she bobbed on her cock lollipop. Then she got up and mounted Jon again taking his cock to her pussy and pushing down to impale her snatch on Jon’s long thick cock. She rode him like this doing ATM and A2P before she cummed howling.

Jon then rolled her onto the bed and mounted her septa style face to face. He slipped his dick soaked in her hot ass cream and buried it in her pussy. Melisandre groaned gutturally feeling her cunt stretched on Jon’s dick soaked in her ass cream. Jon started up a rhythm that quickly built up force and speed. His hips lifting high to slam his dick forward hard and fast impaling his wife’s cunt on
his thick long shaft. His dick spearing her cunny relentlessly.

Melisandre’s body jolted forward that small fraction with the force of Jon’s spearing thrusts up into her hot tight love box. Her cunt making wet watery noises constantly now. Her pussy creamed Jon’s cock to the base of his shaft. He pressed his body down into his wife’s body mashing her tits flat. Their bellies and groins slapping hard into each other as they fucked. Melisandre looped her arms around Jon’s back her legs coming up to grip his hips. Her ankles up in the air jerking as she was sweetly fucked. Melisandre throwing her hips up impaling her cunt on Jon’s cock slamming her cervix.

They kissed heatedly their tongues coiled around each other and shoving from mouth to mouth. They would break for air and stare deeply into each other’s eyes. They felt the current of pure love. Then they would be kissing deeply and Jon rammed his tongue down wife’s throat making her gag and her eyes roll back into her skull and jerk obscenely her whites rolling violently.

They fucked hard and deep for ten minutes both bodies in the groove of a hard loving fuck.

Now Jon heard Melisandre’s wild chuffing. Her head thrashed and her face was twisted in the agony of rising ecstasy. He lifted his hips higher and slam fucked his wife into the bed. Melisandre’s head lifted off the bed and jammed into Jon’s neck on her spasming neck. Her thighs gripped his ribs hard as her arms pulled him down hard into her bucking body. Then she was screaming in Jon’s ear again and again as she cummed so fucking hard. Her pussy gripping his cock in a velvet fist milking his dick sent Jon over the edge and he screamed flooding Melisandre’s womb with his hot semen. Each hard spurt of semen out his pisshole made Jon’s body buck and spasm slamming his dick even harder into his wife’s exploding love box.

Jon relished feeling his wife’s body jack up into his hard down pressing body as her body convulsed with womb rending spasms of fucking bliss. Her tits wallowing all over his hard chest her nipples dragging on his sweaty flesh as she screamed blood curdling screams as he slammed his dick so hard into her exploding love chute that her body rebounded off he bed slapping their groins into each other.

Melisandre collapsed back into the bed. Her limbs went limp and flopped down onto the bed soaked in their sweet love sweat. Jon loved letting most of his weight rest on his voluptuous wife’s strong body. Her voluptuous body so delicious feeling pressed into his body. They kissed deeply in languid love. Her hands stroking the sweat pouring off his back and ribs.

She murmured how much she loved Jon.

He gripped Melisandre’s spent body and rolled them onto his back after that. Ygritte had instinctively half rolled onto his body and Melisandre had done the same on the other side. Jon was in heaven he decided. Having two beautiful women lying on him after long exhausting sex was simply as much heaven as you could get on this Earth he thought.

Jon came back to the present when he saw first his wives come into the tent. Ygritte and Melisandre were pressed into each other with Ygritte rubbing into Melisandre literally purring. Right after that Daenerys Targaryen came in with his sister. They had interlocked fingers of lovers and the Queen was leaned into Arya. All four women had that well fucked look. It was a glow that seemed to diffuse out their very pours. All four women were beaming.

Jon was happy for his sister. He instinctively knew that she and Daenerys had fucked each other’s brains out like he and his wives had. All the rancor was gone. Great sex after the fight had ended the rancor and forgiveness given all around had rinsed away the hurt of conflict. The discontent sponged away. The sense of peace cemented with their intense lovemaking. Fucking to literal
exhaustion opened up souls to the healing power of sex and love and made souls twine even tighter in love. Jon knew it was true and was happy that Arya had discovered that truth with the Queen of Westeros.

The tent flap was held back and next entered Sansa, Margaery and Missandei. The three women were talking and laughing together.

Jon eyes first were caught by the exotic beauty of the interpreter and scribe to the Queen of Westeros. The woman from the land of Naath. Jon knew of course of dark skinned persons but she was the first he had seen with his own eyes. She was dark and beautiful to behold. Her skin seemed to glisten and her smile and eyes brilliant. She was a small woman. Her hair in long loose ringlets gave her the appearance of a little more height he saw.

He looked beyond the small black woman and took in his sister and her lover. His wives were right. Sansa had been transformed. She had grown since Jon had seen her. She was easily his own height now. Her bearing had changed mightily. Where in the past her shoulders were hunched and rounded now they were straight and square. Where in the past Sansa would not meet and hold your eyes now she looked back at Jon confidently. She kept eye contact with Jon and smiled gently.

Yes, Jon could see the new strength in Sansa. Now she walked with a confidence and stride becoming of a strong leader. Sansa had discovered ‘backbone’. Jon watched Sansa lead Margaery Tyrell down the table and pulled out a chair for her to sit in with chivalry flair. The beautiful brunette looked up at the tall redhead with total love. Sansa smiled great big and sat by the woman that she loved with all here heart.

The old Sansa was gone Jon saw. He liked what he saw in this new version of his sister. Good he thought with a smile on his face. Arya had always been strong and it was nice to see this strength in Sansa.

The rest of the Lords of the South were soon streaming into the tent. The leaders of the forces from this “Land” came in last. He was stunned when the Giants bent over mightly to walk into the tent. When they stood back up their heads nearly brushed the top of the tent. Four had come into the tent. Two were women clad in stone armor. The two men were dressed as sailormen. None of the Giants seemed affected by the cold outside. None wore furs or jackets to protect them from the cold.

Jon could not get over how perfectly cast the features of these Giants from the south of the world were. He had come to intimately know the giants of his land and their seeming bestial appearance and ways. Jon had long learned to see beyond human preconceptions and see the giants of the far north as the vital and intelligent beings they were. They were different to be sure but deserving of all the respect of any other being.

Still, these new Giants were impressive. Their complete human caste and immense height and muscled bodies could not but help to fill one with awe. They seemed to give an aura of permanence and strength that none in Westeros could ever hope to match.

A woman with a stern visage entered the tent. She had a staff. She was the “Lord” from the “Land” from the reports he had received. She carried a staff in her right hand that was capped with iron on both ends. She wore a simple tunic synched around her waist. She stood leaning on her staff. She wore only simple sandals on her feet. On her elbow was a woman that Jon had read was from a race named Haruchai.

More of the brown skinned persons entered the tent. All of these Haruchai had the same hue of skin color and facial features that seemed a cross between Leng and Dorne. There was now six of the Haruchai in the tent. Jon had read that both the women and men were warriors. The women almost
as strong as their men but faster and more agile.

The Haruchai too only wore simple tunics. He could see the women had a wide strap over their chest synced to keep their breast compressed on their chests. Jon saw the Haruchai move to perform their taken guard duties. Two came behind the Queen and one behind his sister. The remaining Haruchai moved to the back of the tent taking a guard stance. Jon looked at these flat faced people who fought with feet and fist only.

His father had told him they were more than the equal of any knight. He still found that hard to believe. His father had written to his son how three of the Haruchai fought to a standstill a group of eight angry bulls saving a young boy. Jon shook his head looking at the rather smallish people. It was hard to believe that their lithesome bodies hid such strength.

He saw a group of four come into the tent last. Their skin dark brown but from a deep tan. These two women and two men also wore simple tunics. These would be the Ramen who tended the magical Ranyhyn. Like the Haruchai they wore no shoes or sandals. Did none of these people feel the cold! Jon groused to himself.

Looking at the Ramen, Jon remembered he had not believed that horses could be more than a horse till he left his tent this morning at dawn and saw the Haruchai getting on their Ranyhyn that had come thundering to the camp after the Haruchai had whistled thrice. The sun had glowed on the star on each other the horses’ foreheads. It had looked like the sun come down to the earth. He had been stunned by the strength and obvious intelligence of the horses. They came into the camp with a proud canter and throwing of their manes. The Ranyhyn picked up their riders who rode without saddles and then pounded out to all points of the compass till they disappeared. The speed of these horses stunning.

Jon was ready to begin the meeting. He first made greetings with all the leaders of the various houses of the South. He had very little knowledge of Houses south of the Vale and the Riverlands. He was courteous and showed the knowledge he had learned of all the houses of each constituency of Westeros. All were polite and courteous. All hailed the bravery of the Wall and the Crows that manned it.

Inwardly Jon rolled his eyes at the bullshit. Their disdain and neglect had reduced the Crows to mostly the criminal and poor dregs of society.

They then went over the latest reports on troop movements and supplies. He emphasized that because of the Queen and his father they were amply supplied for a furious war with the Ice King. More dragon glass weapons arriving at the Wall every day and dispersed along the wall but the bulk at Castle Black.

He told the assembled that he would have lunch provided. He had several key allies riding in from Wall this afternoon. He wanted them to meet the forces of the South. The news of the traitors was still not generally dispersed among the forces of the South as a rule. Jon, his father and the Queen wanted everyone in their planned encampments before news was given. They wanted no word leaking to the traitors.

Finally, the moment had arrived.

Jon looked over at the Queen. He did not stand up to seem like he was trying to use height to intimidate.

“I have been told that my Queen wishes to tell me that you want me to not have my forces on the Wall. Is this true?”
Daenerys easily met his gaze. “This is true. If the Ice King has the Horn of Winter the Wall will come down. All the legends speak thus of the weapon. If he blows this horn when we are not ready then the loss of to your forces primarily will be grievous. My forces I will not allow near the Wall as you have seen with our camps. I wish to avoid that senseless loss of life.”

Jon was ready with his reply. “If we do not man the Wall we lose the chance to do grave damage to the enemy before they can come near us. The Wall’s great height will allow us to attack our enemy while they are still far distant. I do not believe in this Horn of Winter. It is a fanciful imagination of Wildlings wanting to bolster their hopes and lift their fears.” Jon looked at his smaller wife. “Did your people ever have any idea where this weapon was? Have any seen it in the long history of your people Ygritte.”

Ygritte looked thoughtful. “I have to admit that is true Jon. We have looked for that weapon for millennium. We have longed for that weapon. When I was only a Wildling we hated the Wall for preventing us access to the South. Mance looked in all the known grave sites in the North of ancient chieftains. We found a horn we were sure was it. It was over eight feet long. Mance finally decided it was a fake. That doesn’t mean that the horn doesn’t exist though Jon. The Ice King believes he has the Horn of Winter. When Melisandre and I spied on him in his camp he was always stroking it and keep it with him or on his throne that was heavily guarded.”

Jon smiled. “Even the Ice King believes in myths and lies.” Jon looked at his wife smiling. He valued her judgement but he felt her Wildling past clouded her judgement in this area.

“Melisandre, you have seen this horn too. With your two thousand years of experience did you feel any magic emanating from the horn? You are attuned to magic—did you feel anything?”

“No Jon I did not. I am attuned to magic this is true. But there are many types of magic. It is obvious that the denizens of the Land are filled with magic and yet I do not feel it. We only know the magic we are attuned too and trained in Jon. I just don’t know. The Ice King is very powerful magical being along with that abomination on his back. Their actions tell me they believe in it. Ygritte and I can feel their magic but it is too vague and diffuse to make any judgements. Their magic is based on precepts we do not understand.”

“From what we have been told and gleaned from the flames this is magic of the Children of the Forest and some source totally foreign to us. This magic we do not know or understand. If we could study with them that would change but we have not had that opportunity. This Croyel is totally beyond our kin.”

Jon looked at the Queen. “I trust my wives but they are not sure on this horn’s magic. To lose the advantage of the height of the Wall is too crucial of our efforts. We can decimate the dead of our enemy. Without his sea of dead his Ice Wrights will be easy for us to dispatch. Even if some are armored with Ice Armor our iron weapons and fire will take that apart so our dragon glass can slay them.”

“To keep our losses as minimal as possible I want to keep my forces on the Wall.”

“I feel this not wise Lord Commander. If the Horn of Winter is real the loss to your forces and the Wildling will be grievous.”

“I disagree. I do not want to lose this opportunity to do grievous damage to the enemy while still at distance. We all know he has something planned. If we allow him to breach the wall before we have decimated his dead our losses will be heinous. I know losses in war are to be expected. I accept that. I wish to minimize our losses if at all possible. This guides my thoughts and commands.”
“We can re-man the Wall if he blows the Horn of Winter and the Wall does not come down then start our campaign of killing his forces” the Queen answered.

“I feel, my Queen, that the Ice King wants us to do that. By us knowing he has this horn he expects us to retreat from the Wall. My wives were attacked from above the last time they spied on him. I feel he knows we were spying on him at the end. He wants us to pull back from the Wall so he can reach it to do whatever he has planned. With him at the Fist of the First Men still, we have plenty of time to prepare for his assault.”

“Lord Commander is it worth the risk. If the Wall comes down your forts will be destroyed. I have the tents to keep all your forces safe, feed and warm at night. Do not risk what need not be risked. I do not wish to offend but to risk such loss seems foolish.”

Jon closed his lilac eyes. He was obviously calming himself at the subtle jab. “I disagree my Queen. It is my command.”

The Queen pinched her nose. “I have battled my way across Essos destroying my enemies all along the way. I think I have, by far, more experience at war than all but a handful of you.” She paused. “Hell—none of you at this table have a fourth of my experience at war. Only those involved in Robert’s Rebellion have experienced war on a great scale. That was a generation ago.”

My experience is recent and fresh in my memory. My campaigns have taught me the art of warfare. I have learned many lessons. One is to be cautious when necessary. It has been a generation since Westeros had war. Only small skirmishes since. Trust my judgement. Let me lead your forces. I have proven myself over and over. I conquered a whole continent in three and half years. Can you say that Lord Commander?”

Jon paused. He felt Ygritte grip his thigh underneath the table.

“I am the Lord Commander of the Crows my Queen. For eight thousand years we have stood alone. We were once supported by Westeros. Once we were strong. Now through neglect and ridicule we are but a ghost of our former selves. If we were sitting here fifty years from now we might not be here at all. One century from now there surely would have been no Crows. But this meeting thank the gods was not delayed. The Crows are here to meet the need of Westeros.”

“I repeat that I am the Lord Commander of the Night’s Watch. We bend to no sovereign of Westeros. Even your forbearer Aegon the First did not seek to make us bend the knee my majesty. Are you going to be the first?”

The Queen looked at Arya who looked at her earnestly and Jon knew she was squeezing Daenerys’ leg like Ygritte was his. The Queen turned to look at Jon again. She took a breath obviously controlling herself.

“I will not try and command you Jon. I will not do what Aegon did not. I will agree that by freeing the Night’s Watch of sovereignty to of the Iron Throne has merits and is even wise. The wars of the Kingdoms of the past has left your institution untouched and unaffected. Thus, it has endured as dynasties have risen and fallen. I will not upset that balance.” The Queen looked around the table. “I have fought my way across a continent and shattered armies. I did it by being bold and attacking unexpectedly. Don’t let the Ice King attack us unexpectedly by bringing the Wall down on our very heads.”

“If the Ice King brings the Wall down it will leave a mass of jumbled ice boulders and shards hundreds of feet tall and as many hundred feet across. If the Wall is not shattered the only other way to destroy it is to melt it. That would wash away the army of the Others. That would shatter the
cohesion of the Ice King’s army.”

“The dead have no will or violation. They will shamble up the ruins of the wall. We will kill them as they stumble and shamble across the ruins. If the destruction of the Wall is by turning it to water they will be dispersed and we can kill at our leisure. My dragons will burn them as they slip and slide on the jumbled wall or the sea of mud. The Ice Wrights are made of Ice. Let them traverse what is natural for them. We will have phalanxes ready to hold and delay as fire and dragon glass slay them.”

“In some ways I see tactical advantages to the Wall coming down. Still I do not wish to see it dropped. It has great physiological advantages to us.”

Jon felt his ire rise up again but he controlled it. To have the Queen speak of the Wall as only a physiological advantage burned his ass but he controlled his rising temper. He now had both of his wives gripping his thighs. The Queen continued on with her logic.

“Even if they have Ice Armor we have proven that iron tipped weapons will shatter them. I have seen the reports of how you wives have put spells on the iron tuning them to be more affect against the Ice Armor of the Ice Wrights and Giants. The armor may delay the affect of our weapons but we will still decimate the icy abominations. AND if I am wrong and the Wall does not come down by magic then the Wall will remain.”

“If the Wall does not fall, our foe has two choices. He will force his way through the tunnels at Castle Black or attempt a breach elsewhere. A breach will take time. We will have time to counterattack no matter where the breech may be. The Ice King may breach one part of the Wall but it will be a choke point. Again an advantage. We will then return to the Wall and attack from above again as the sea of dead wait to come through the breach point.”

“We will still decimate the enemy. It will just take longer. Jon consider this. With the reduced Crows for you the Wall is an all or nothing proposition. If the Wall is breached an army is behind you. He will have forced his way through the Wall only to meet an army prepared physically and mentally for war. An army armed to the teeth with weapons tuned to kill his soldiers. He will not be expecting that.”

“Trust me Jon and we will shatter his army. I guarantee it.”

Jon was impressed with the Queen’s thinking. He had not considered that the Ice King could only make small breaches in the Wall if he failed in his use of the Horn of Winter. Magic or no magic it would take time to make breaches. The forces of the dead would have to go through a choke point. He had to remember he had the might of Westeros at his back. An army full of archers. The blizzard of dragon glass and fire arrows would still kill the enemy. Even if the Ice Wrights came through first it would only be a few thousand against close to three hundred thousand combined forces.

The Queen and his father had indeed brought the vast majority of Westeros and much of Essos might to meet the foe. He indeed had an army backing him up. He had almost an embarrassment of riches when it came to armed might and stockpiles of weapons to kill his enemy.

He hated to lose the advantage of height at all but maybe he could follow the Queen’s advice. She was letting him decide. His wives did think the Horn of Winter was real. If he caused the needless death of his Crows and the Wildlings it would haunt him to his dying day. He made his decision. If he was right he would simply once more man the Wall.

“I will pull back my Queen. It pains me to give up the high ground but I do not want needless deaths
on my conscious if you are correct. I had not considered the limited choke points and the army you have brought to handle any breach or breaches. We Crows have become used to being forgotten and starved of deserved resources. You have indeed brought a vast armored fist to our aid. The concept of the Wall coming down is so foreign to me that I did not factor the ability to let the enemy through and still being able to dispatch from a position of strength.”

The meeting went on for another hour discussing the logistics of making their decisions come to fruition. The Queen said she would get her logistical liaisons working on it. The Crows and Wildling would have to be housed away from the Wall. Ravens would be sent out after this meeting with word to pull back from the Wall to all the other forts before the Wall. Everywhere the Queen had her forces pulled back from the Wall behind berms and deep ditches in case the Wall was somehow destroyed by melting it. They would use night to pull the Crows and Wildlings off the Wall at Castle Black. The traitors would not know of it.

The Queen looked at Sansa, Margaery and Missandei. Jon had learned that Sansa had become quite accomplished. She had definitely changed. He again judged his eldest sister.

Before Sansa had been meek and a docile girl. She walked with her shoulders slumped and rounded. She did not make eye contact and never spoke her mind. She was cowed by their mother and timid. This was not that girl. Sansa had grown up to be a tall woman who walked with a straight back and shoulders thrown back. Her gaze was direct and it was clear she would speak her mind. His father had told Jon how brilliant a tactician Sansa had proven to be. It seemed that Margaery had uncovered the diamond that Sansa truly was.

Jon now had two strong sisters. He liked that idea.

The tent then was served a meal of roast beef, potatoes and turnips. The meal was genial with the four Giants jesting and singing songs about Thelma Twofist and her quest for love. Jon was looking around the tent. A runner had come in half an hour ago and whispered in his ear that the two Lords were about forty-five minutes out.

A few minutes later he spotted the first change in the persons from the Land. He wanted to test their supposed ability to sense the rightness in people and their environment. The change he spotted was in the Haruchai. They had been walking at the back of tent prowling around. They were relaxed but it was clear they were poised to attack at a moment’s notice to defend their charges.

The Haruchai had seemed at ease with their guarding duties. This now changed. The six Haruchai in the room ceased their prowling and came to stand behind their charges. They did not look any different on their faces. They were still totally flat of mien showing no emotions. Still, Jon could feel their tenseness. Eddard and Stannis caught Jon’s eyes. They had seen it too. Jon could tell his sister and the Queen too knew something was up. They remained relaxed like Jon, Eddard and Stannis.

Ten minutes later a Haruchai entered the tent. If Jon had not been looking for it he would have missed it. It was amazing how she just seemed to appear inside the tent. Over the next twenty minutes seven more Haruchai had entered the tent. Reports from the Queen and his father had wrote that the Haruchai not guarding their charges were out riding picket on their Ranyhyn steeds. This had ceased. Most were now in this tent.

The Haruchai did not speak. They did not need to. It was obvious to Jon that they were prepared for possible trouble. Now all the Lords at in the large meeting tent could sense that something was up. This many stoic Haruchai in one place was a rarity.

The Giants and Ramen had picked up from the Haruchai that something was about to happen. The
Lord was looking troubled.

Twenty minutes later a runner came in and came and came up to Jon. He heard that the Lords of the North had arrived. He stood up.

“My Queen and fellow Lords. I have asked some of the Lords representing the forces already at the Wall to come to this meeting. I want the Lords of the South to meet some of the best of the North. I introduce Harrion Karstark of the North, Yohn Royce of the Vale, Edwyn Frey of the Riverlands and Roose Bolton of the North.

The men filed in with Karstark and Yohn in the lead. They had a small honor guard from their House around them. Jon, his father and the Queen eyed the persons from the Land. They showed no reaction to their entrance. Then Edwyn followed by Roose entered the tent with their retinue. The change was immediate and dramatic. The Giants had been laughing and jesting with the Lords sitting next to them. The Giants immediately ceased talking and glared at the two Lords who had entered last.

The Haruchai had subtly moved to stand near the last two Lords and their honor guard entering the tent. They did so in such a way that no one noticed their movements if not watching them already. They were like ghosts. The Haruchai had subtly changed their posture. They had flexed their knees ever so slightly their weight on the balls of their feet. They were poised on the cusp of great violence.

The woman who had been identified to Jon as a Lord of Revelstone sat stone faced her hands on the table balled up into fists. Her face was flat like the Haruchai but Jon could see the suppressed anger of the woman.

The denizens who reacted to the entrance of Edwyn and Roose were the Ramen. They gasped at the men’s appearance into the tent. The cords immediate went to grip their cords from around their waists. Their Manethrall Fohn jerked upright and glared at the men. The woman had been seated beside Eddard. He reached over and gripped her wrist gently. She glared down at him. He motioned with his head for her to seat. She did so but her body was trembling with ire.

Fortunately, the men had their focus on the Queen. They were making obeisance to their liege. Jon, Eddard, Daenerys had seen enough. The men were evil. The rest of the meeting seemingly went well for all involved. The men from the Wall gave their reports and then were escorted out to have a meal at the tent set up for the Royals of the North to eat and warm themselves.

The tent was quiet for a minute while the men were led away. The Giants stood up.

The Giants pulled their swords from their scabbards. Their faces were hard. “Explain yourselves!” Their swords were leveled. While not aimed at anyone specific they were ready for use. The Giants were poised ready for violence.

Lord Lustra had stood as well her eyes glaring “What is the meaning of this! Roose Bolton and Edwyn Frey are men of evil. Their hearts are black! The men with them have darkened hearts. How can you consort with them?” She had her hands on her staff her knuckles white.

Manethrall Fohn had jumped up as well ripping the cord from her hair. “These men must be killed. They are evil!” She glared at the men around the table “How can you consort with them. I am not sure we can any longer support you.”

Eddard stood up. The rest of the Lords of Westeros in the room were shocked by this change in the people of the Land. Even the Queen and Jon were stunned by the passion from the denizens of the
far away Land. They had always shown the upmost control of their emotions when away from their
tents and at rest. They always displayed the most restraint and decorum. Not now.

Brail surprised Jon by speaking. “They cannot see their evil. We have spoken of this. They are not
of the Land.”

The Lord Lustra calmed hearing this. She paused a long moment considering and then she spoke
“We must remember that they cannot see the rightness of things like we can. I must admit I cannot
fathom how this is so.” She looked at Eddard. “You truly cannot see their evilness? It radiates out
of their very pores. The reek of evil pervades these men. You are most like us. We just assumed
you had our insights. We are surprised.”

Eddard blushed at the compliment. “I cannot see it. They make my skin crawl but I have dealt with
Roose for close to twenty years. I have known Walder Frey but only by association. He quite
simply is an asshole. But without that exposure I am not sure how I would feel about them. I sense
something wrong with them but not anything like what you evidently see.

Jon then led the discussion to get the persons from the Land to explain how they could literally see
the evil intent of the Houses of Frey and Bolton. The way could not be shown or proven. It was
something the people of the Land were simply born with. The Giants and Haruchai acquired this
ability when they journeyed to the Land.

None now doubted that House Bolton and Frey were traitors. They would fall on those two House
with a vengeance.

As the meeting broke up the Queen came up to Jon with Arya. The Queen looked at Jon
approvingly. “You take after your father. You too can play the Game of Thrones. This was a
master stroke to fully prove the traitorous ways of those two Houses. We are prepared.”

Jon felt a sense of pride flow through him. The forces of Westeros were prepared as they could be.

Arya

Arya looked ahead of her feeling her breath catch. The Wall was a solid line across the horizon
now. The sky was clear and the sun in the afternoon sky was beating down on the South face of the
Wall. The line stretched from horizon to horizon. The wall glowing bright deep medium blue in the
light. It was hard to image that much of the ice she was looking at was thousands of years old.

The Wall was far older than the trees they rode by. It was a humbling thought. It was permanence
giving form.

She had been riding her horse yesterday on the ride after their midmorning break to let the horses rest
and crop grass supplemented with oats. The King’s Road was running through a line of low hills the
road undulating right and left running between the low rolling hills. There were small stands of trees
lining the hills.

This was the North Arya felt. She loved how the North was still so wild and untamed. The North
was still wild. Dany rode beside Arya breathing in deep the cold air. Her hot blood kept her warm.
Arya was slightly envious of her lover’s body being so hot blooded. Of course that had its
advantages in bed she smirked to herself.

Then it had happened. They had slowly gone through a curve of the King’s Road and the hills fell
away before them. There it was before her. They were still a day away but the lack of hills and trees
could no longer hide the Wall. It was there across the horizon glowing in the cloudy light. It was a solid line across the world from right to left. It was low on the horizon but it was there. It was as permanent as the sky above it.

The sight had been breathtaking. Arya heard gasps and sounds of wonder all around her. The Lords of the South were stunned at the sight. Still a day away and the Wall dominated the horizon. They rode higher in their saddles. This was a wonder of the world. This was the equal of the Sept of Balor in King’s Landing or the Titan of Braavos.

The denizens of the Land were of two minds Arya determined. The Haruchai of course showed no emotion. The ramen looked up at the Wall and seemed to consider it but then ignored it instead scouting the ground ahead to make sure all was safe for the horses’ safe passage.

The Giants were grinning and talking excitedly. They were saying what a marvel it was. Arya had learned they loved the crafting of stone into beautiful edifices and stone ships. To them the Wall was a construction to marvel at. They were anxious to get up and touch the wall to determine its construction and see the excellence of the work. They could tell the Wall was a marvel though they were more than a day away.

Lustra was riding her Ranyhyn and marveled at the ice Wall slowly rising up in the sky as they approached. She had a small smile on her face. She had changed much since Arya first saw her at Winterfell. Last night she had been wailing in ecstasy in her tent with Brail. She had been dour and angry when Arya first met her. She was still taciturn and quiet but her face was not set in stone. She did not show overly much emotion. Smiles though small did cross her face now. This was probably a good thing with her lover being Haruchai.

Brail was like the Wall in some ways Arya thought. She was quiet and showed no emotions unless she was behind her charge gently massaging her shoulders as the Lord ate. Her face showing just a trace of the love she obviously felt for her Lord. Of course at night Arya had heard her screams as Lustra sucked and finger banged her wife to orgasm again and again.

Of course Dany had been screaming the last two nights as her cunt gushed hot cum into Arya’s tummy making her happy. She really loved how Dany would plant her feet in the furs and claw her fingers into Arya’s scalp and lift her exploding cunt up off the furs her pelvis jumping up high with each spasm wracking her body. Arya scooting up and gripping her lover’s ass cheeks helping Dany lift her ass high off the furs her pubic bone grinding into Arya’s mouth as she gulped down hot gushes of sweet cum.

Her father had ridden by her early this morning with a sour look on his face. He stared at her.

“I am happy you made up with your wife to be Arya. But godsdamnit I have slept like shit this whole journey up to the Wall. And excuse my Braavosi. Stannis and Oberyn are bad enough with those fucking—excuse my Baraavosi—orgies they are keep having with Haruchai, Ramen and now the Dothraki. It is maddening!”

“Then you, your sister and that freaking Lord are howling like Direwolves! That blasted Missandei is caterwauling like her Caracal. I still can’t understand how masturbating alone can produce so much noise. Her blasted wagon is rocking on its springs by the old gods!”

“I for one am thankful tonight we make the camp of the Wall. I will make sure my tent is far away from you all. I am Warden of the North and will invoke the right to have separation from you and your horny lot! I need my sleep!”

Arya merely smiled at her father. She brought up her first two fingers in a V and placed them on her
lips and wiggled her tongue between the fingers all around. She had an evil look on her face.

Her father had first looked shocked, then royally peeved and finally he smiled wanly. He then shook his head and rode off muttering “youth” to himself.

That had been this morning. The clouds had blown off to the east and now the Wall was a sentinel on the horizon that towered over them.

Arya looked up at the Wall. It was here she would meet her immediate destiny. It was where Westeros would meet its destiny.

Nymeria came running by with Oberyn’s spear in her mouth. She was grinning her wolf smile her eyes alight with happy mischief. Oberyn came pounding by fifteen seconds later cursing her Direwolf. He cursed Arya as he rode by. Arya laughed.

She was ready to meet her destiny. With Dany and her father’s efforts so was Westeros.
“Noooooo! Nooooo!” the Ice King awoke shaking with fear. He had dreamed again. It was eight thousand years ago and the cursed Azor Ahai had pierced his dead cold heart mortally wounding him. He looked up as the killing blow came down to cleave his head.

The dreams had intensified of late. He had heard distant echoes of his past since his awakening. Up to now he had been able to suppress them. Not now.

He remembered running from those who hunted him. He remembered his stark fear and rage that he felt when he was only Darick Stark. His own people hunted him like a common criminal or a mongrel dog. He was meant for greatness and no one saw it. So he had run. In his dreams he remembered his thundering heart and constantly looking back behind and to the sides. Raw fear beating in his chest while sweat soaked his clothing and furs. His breathing labored while he felt the sweat running down his face despite the freezing weather.

Darick had thought he knew terror. He had not. He had been captured by the First People. The fucking scum had snared him in one of their traps. He had cursed the subhuman scum as they cut him out of their trap. He had been taken north. His curses and demands to be released ignored.

Then he had met her. The Queen of the Children of the Forest. She called herself by the stupid name of Leaf. He had spit in her face and told her he would garrote her worthless self.

“You are most vile and evil. You will do nicely” the trash had told Darick.

He remembered his eyes going round with terror when the Queen bitch produced an obsidian dagger that glowed ice blue. The slut had wasted no time stabbing him in the heart. He remembered screaming in agony feeling his blood freeze and his mind turned to snow.

His dream always jumped over his transformation and his coming into his true awareness and power. His slaughter of the Children of the Forest. Their deaths on his Ice Sword had been sweet. Then he had fought the warm bloods that he once had been. He relished slaughtering the bastards.

No his nightmare jumped to his fight with Azor Ahai at the site that Castle Black now stood. He and Azor had slaughtered each other’s honor guard. Then the two had squared off against each other. He had been so confident. He was sure of his victory over the usurper from the foreign land of Asshai. All knew that the people of Essos were degenerates and scum.

His victory had not been assured. He still remembered in his dreams with crystal clarity as if it was just a moment ago. He could still feel the agony of the bastard’s sword penetrating his body. The fire of the blade igniting his icy blood till it burned in his torso and his very limbs. He had pulled himself off his foe’s blow staggering back. He remembered looking up as the flaming sword came down to cleave his skull in two. The pain of the first sword wound had been nothing compared to the agony of the second blow.
Then only darkness.

He jerked up off the throne in the clearing. He walked around shaking. His sons watched him intently. They felt his fear but did not understand it. They were totally loyal to him. They were truly the issue of his body. A pure reflection of his cold heart. The Ice King eyed his sons. They showed only devote worship. Still the Ice King worried. Would his show weakness in time inspire a usurper?

He had grown them all in his image. This weakness would cease once he had killed the new Azor Ahai. Jon Snow would die this time. The damn Dragon King would perish. He would kill both of his most hated enemies at the same time. It would be exquisite. Then his full strength would be revealed. His sons would only see strength and their obedience would be total and complete.

That had to be the reasons for the unsettling dreams. The nearness of the coming battle. He was assured of his victory but the approaching battle had heightened his anticipation. He would emerge victorious. Still in the hidden chambers of his heart he remembered defeat and naked fear.

He stamped down on the hated emotions. He would soon avenge all and put the cursed past completely behind him.

The Ice King reached up and patted his carious son on his bald head. The Croyel drinking from his father. Their symbiotic bond as strong as ever. They would conqueror the world in time. His son purred his teeth digging into his father’s throat.

It was not only the Ice King feeling pangs of fear and doubt. The Croyel too had been biting his neck harder of late drinking more heavily. His son shaking with fear for this Lord of Revelstone. His son afraid of her mastery of the Lore of High Lord Kevin. His son at times yammering of the Lore’s potency. The Ice King felt no fear from mere words and knowledge. It was swords and strategy that won wars.

“They have mastered the Lore of High Lord Kevin. The hated Lords of Revelstone have remembered the passion necessary to make the Old Lords magic truly powerful. They have unlocked the magic of the Old High Lords. She is most dangerous. You must slay her father!” his son had spoken to his mind in shrill tones of terror. His son’s terror mirroring the terror of the Ice King’s dreams.

He would kill this “Lord” after he had killed Azor Ahai reborn and the slut Daenerys Targaryen. It did not matter now to him if he killed the Dragon Queen before or after. If his plan worked as hoped maybe they would all be dead before he even reached them. He wanted his sword to be the one to kill them but why put himself in danger if his plan worked.

He had planned his surprise and with his son’s magical lore and strength he was close to fulfilling his plans. It would be glorious.

His enemies no longer had the Mages of old that had slaughtered his dead army. His implacable foes, the Children of the Forest, in the past had stockpiles of Dragon Glass. They were united against him eight thousand years ago. The Children of the past were almost extinct now. The Mages were no more.

Now they had none of this. The fools had forgotten magic. The ShadowBender witches were like onto Azor Ahai but their magic was limited in use for the coming grand campaign. The fool Nights Watch commander had expended what Dragon Glass he had. The patrols after the skirmish before the gates before Castle Black no more Dragon Glass had been shot at his Sons and walking dead. Only fire tipped arrows.
His foes had united themselves it seemed but he had his traitors to fall upon the rear of his enemy. Two mighty Houses were not at the Wall. They were still reduced. He smiled.

His victory was assured.

One more time the Ice King scanned his sons. He saw all only beatific smiles on their faces. He sensed no sedition. His momentary weaknesses had not yet caused any thoughts of ill ease among his sons. They expected unquestionable strength from their father. In their loyalty they demanded it. He knew for now all was well. Once he killed his enemies he would cease to be haunted by visions of the past that undermined his will now.

He walked over to his throne. He gripped the Horn of Winter and the leather line that ran from the rim of the horn to its tip. The leather run through eyelets punched into the horn. As he started to put the Horn of Winter around his neck the Ice King again marveled at how plain the horn looked. It looked like any ordinary war horn. The Ice King put it around his neck. The line brushing over his son who complained with whimpers. He reached back and patted his son on his head again. The Croyel purring in contentment his discomfiture forgotten at the horn’s touch with his father’s loving touch.

The Ice King was not going to be separated with his horn. It was his key to his success. He had taught his son to cease his prattling about destroying the Horn of Winter. He would take the risks that the Croyel whined about. He was the greatest force in this world. He would reign supreme. He would be using this horn soon. It would bring down the Wall and lead him to his enemies. There was no way he would not use this weapon. It had waited for him to find and use it. It had been created for this time. The Ice King knew it.

He walked out of the small hidden glade underneath the tree boughs. He walked into a sea of dead. They had been filling up the Haunted Forest. The dead were milling around and piling up on each other. The dead were filling the forest up to within several hundred yards of the leading edge of the forest. His army of the dead were like flotsam bobbing on the ocean’s tide. They had no will or directive beyond the one he had given them when his will rose them up from the dead. The directive simple. Kill the enemies of the Ice King.

Now his will had the flotsam of Walking Dead standing in place. He had suppressed the compulsion to move forward. The dead would simply shuffle in place till his will once more moved them forward. That time would be coming soon.

This was why he had worked so hard to drive the Wildings before him emptying the North of humans. He had focused on killing any Crow patrols no matter the cost to his forces. The loss of life had cowed the Crows. They no longer sent out any patrols that extended into the lands above the Wall. They had been taught the error of that thought. Now the Crows did not even venture out into the Haunted Forest. Their one major clash in the last few months had been a blow against him. It still filled him with wrath at that taste of defeat.

Evidently, the Crows had built up a supply of Dragon Glass tipped arrows and other hurled weapons. He had lost two sons and a paltry number of his dead. He knew that the Crows had harvested many of his weapons from his dead minions but many more had been destroyed. The Nights Watch sent out a few more patrols soon after. They had stayed very close to the gates of Wall. When harassed by his forces with no more Dragon Glass being shot. Then the patrol of the Crows ceased altogether.

They must have consumed much of their obsidian weapons. It must have taken them years to gather that much obsidian from grave sites of the North dead and from lost caches of the hated First People who had been his creators. Without those weapons the Crows had fallen back to the defense of the
Wall. The hated Crows husbanding the few obsidian weapons they had left. They thought themselves safe behind their Wall. A Wall he would soon destroy. With his true son he would soon fall like a hawk on the unsuspecting rabbit from on high.

The Crows and Wildlings were few in numbers. The rest of Westeros lacked the knowledge on how to fight his forces. He would butcher their army and make their dead a part of his own army. It was a beautiful symmetry that the Ice King found pleasing. He would conquer Westeros and bring it fully under his control.

Before he crossed the narrow sea to conquer Essos he would head back north with no threat from the humans. He would then hunt the First People down one by one if needed. He hated them as much as he hated the humans he had once been. He had shown them the mistake they had made in creating him. He would love killing the Queen of the Children of the Forest. She who had plunged the dagger into his once human heart. Again symmetry. It would be poetic justice for he who was once Darick Stark thought with a grim smile on his face.

He would never thank the elf for giving him all this. He was given the gift of immortality and the strength to conquer the world. It had not been the Queen of the First Peoples intent. He laughed within himself. The horror in their eyes as he slaughtered all the Children of the Forest he could find delighted the Ice King. It had been glorious. He had been on the cusp of complete victory. It would have been his. He was on the verge of achieving all his goals and desires.

If R’hllor had not sent an emissary he would have succeeded eight thousand years ago. Why the hell had they become involved in a conflict half a world away the man who had been Darik Stark raged. They should have thought themselves safe. At the time of their first meeting he had no desire to conquer more than Westeros. He had met this man from Asshai with no fear. He had underestimated the man of Asshai. It had been Azor Ahai’s sword that had been superior shattering his own sword.

The Ice King fumed reliving past failures. This time it would be the reborn Azor Ahai’s sword that would shatter. His true son had strengthened his sword with his strange alien magic. This time history would flow in its proper channel. Total victory for himself, Dark Stark.

He had fashioned his new sword with hate and magic. He had forged his blade in a deep crevice in the heart of a glacier. It was far stronger than his original blade. He had hammered his blade from ice that was ten thousand years old. Ice older than his original incarnation. This blade would not shatter. This blade was pure ice formed from the heart of the North. Then his true son added his own incantations to further harden his sword.

He moved slowly through the Haunted Forest brushing past the dead. The dead ranged from small woodland vermin to great Mastodons and Cave Bears. The animals sufficed with countless dead humans from centuries past frozen and waiting for him to reanimate. The ancient human dead supplanted by the many Wildlings and Crows he had killed over the last decade.

The Ice King smiled a grim frozen thing. He loved the idea of the dead humans killing their former brethren.

All the dead he had risen he had filled with a need to attack the living. He animated the dead. He did not control them only filled them with the imperative to attack that which lived. Thus, his dead army needed to shepherd from one point to another. But once there, their imperative to attack the living would suffice to lead them to attack with unrelenting fury against the living.

His army was before the Wall now. He had the Haunted Forest teaming with his dead ready to attack the hated Crows and their allies. His son’s glamour had done its work. His enemies still
thought his army was at the Fist of the First Men. His sons spying the wall told him of the hated
dragons flying north every four to five days heading straight north. They could only be heading to
one location. They could only be heading there for only one reason. To confirm he was still where
he was not.

The Ice King had left a few of his Ice Wrights sons back at the Fist of the First Men. They were able
to let their father know when the dragons arrived and how long they stayed above the Fist. It seemed
the dragons sprinted up to the Fist of the First Men. Four hours after the dragons would disappear to
the north from the Wall. The dragons flying at a furious pace they would be at the Fist of the First of
the First Men.

The dragons did not stay long. No more than ten minutes his few sons reported back to their father.
Then in roughly four hours they were back. They saw his glamour and immediately flew back.
Now the dragons were taking turns flying up and down the Wall. The dragons flying high and a
mile back from the Wall. The Ice Wrights communicating through magical wands made of pure
glacier ice the Croyel had enchanted to allow short messages to be sent to the Croyel. He then
relayed what he heard from the Wrights to his beloved father.

The Ice King cursed the dragons of the pale Queen. They flew simply too high and to far back from
the Wall for him in any way to attack them from the ground or the air. They were too high and back
for him to fire any scorpion bolt at them. He had an ice javelin he could throw at them but the
Dragon Queen kept them to far away for that. It enraged him.

This Dragon Queen seemed to always think of his stratagems and had counter strategies ready to
thwart his will. It did not matter. He was soon so spring his trap shut upon her and her forces that
she simply could not conceive of. His true son, the Croyel, had magic that was beyond the kin of the
pale Queen.

As he walked slowly among his dead heading south to the edge of the Haunted Forest he
contemplated the coming war. His son still maintained the glamour to the North but was already
forming his next glamour. When it was prepared and the time was right his son would allow the first
one to dissipate and form the new one. His son’s second glamour would allow the Ice King to get
his forces the last distance they needed to travel to make his surprise complete.

The Crows had cut down the forest for a mile before the Wall at a minimum. From atop the Wall the
fire they could rain down on his forces would be hateful. The catapults and trebuchets would rain
pitch and flame down on his dead. His sons of man and giants could dodge most of these projectiles
but the dead had no true sense. Especially a sense of danger. They would walk blindly into any
flaming death raining down from above. They would walk blankly into existing fires. They had no
fear of a second death. This was good when killing the Ice King’s enemies. It was bad when his
walking dead aimlessly walked into fire and death.

Worse, he had never been able to stop his dead from so easily catching fire. It was maddening in
fact. He had tried to alter his magic when animating the dead but the result remained the same. The
dead ignited in searing flame at the merest spark. Their bodies instantly combusting. It was
perplexing to the Ice King. They were animated by hate, ice and cold. Yet their bodies instantly
caught fire and would not stop burning till they had been completely incinerated.

His exasperation and anger was only increased because when the dead caught fire they seemed to
become disorientated. If they were not actively engaged fighting a living person they would stumble
around aimlessly. They felt no pain and had no fear and yet they would wonder all around igniting
other of his dead afire. The dead lighting each other in a configuration.

That was the reason he needed his son to perform another glamour before the Wall. He could not
have the Crows and Wildlings firing down fire arrows on his walking dead as they advanced on the Wall in mass. The destruction to his dead would be staggering.

He and his Ice Wright sons looked up at the top of the Wall. The Crows and Wildlings still manned the Wall. They were there to kill his minions. Instead when the Wall collapsed it would lead to their deaths. The Ice King smiled at the thought. It would be so sweet to turn a supposed boon to a means of death.

The smile soured slightly. He was angry at the magic that animated his dead. This anomaly of the dead igniting to easily when touched by fire meant that he would not be able to use the dragon’s ability to spew fire after he killed them. Their very bodies would ignite if they tried to spit out fire. The dead when they caught fire burned to grease and ash. No matter if human or animal the dead burned the same. It would be the same with dragons. Even if they did not ignite from within they made for very large targets.

Once the dead ignited the fire could not be put out till the fire had totally consumed the dead. One fire arrow would set his dragon alight. It might take time for the fire to consume the dragons but burn they would. He was sure that multiple arrow strikes would greatly speed up the process.

What a waste of ability the Ice King mused.

He walked on feeling the dead pressing him in on all sides. Maybe once he would have felt unnerved by what he saw, heard and felt. The sounds the dead made with air passing through body cavities and the sounds of dragging legs and listless arms brushing through the underbrush would have unnerved him once. No more. He was the father of the dead. They were his children. He looked off into the depths of the forest. The dead like new saplings pushing up from the cold earth and seeking to push aside the old growth with new growth of dead beings to replace the sentinel pines.

The saplings of his dead thick underneath the canopy. His own forest of the dead would soon emerge from underneath the mighty boughs of the conifers of the Haunted Forest. They would march south to the furthest reaches of Westeros along the marge of the Summer Sea.

Then he would conquer the continent of Essos and the mighty island continents of Sothoryos and Ulthos. With the knowledge of his true son the Croyel he would then go to the South of the World and conquer the lands of that part of the world.

The Ice King slowly walked forward in the deep of the night. He loved the night but his enemy knew it. He would attack when they least expected it. It was all coming together. He would attack his enemy when at a time not of their choosing. He would be victorious. He had cautiously worked to this point. The time for caution and subterfuge was almost over.

He spent an hour pushing his way forward through the dead. The dead awaiting his will. He approached the edge of the forest the trees thinning. He moved more slowly moving only in the deepest shadows. He did not want his foes to know he was present. He assumed his enemies thought he had patrols out but not that he had his whole army at hand.

The Croyel and his glamour assured they thought the vast bulk of his army was still over one hundred and fifty miles away. They were in fact only a mile distant. His army would crash upon his enemies like an unstoppable tsunami. All would be swept away before him.

He moved forward from tree to tree at the forest edge. He looked up at the Wall. It had not truly existed when he first lived. It was just being created but already it had been filled with magic that was antithetical to him. The magic buried deep in the Wall to anchor it. He hated it. Without the
Horn of Winter he was powerless to bring the Wall down.

The Horn of Winter changed everything.

He looked up at the defenses on the top of the Wall. With his enhanced vision he could easily see the top of the Wall from the edge of the Haunted Forest. His vision with the half-moon easily had the light to see clearly. It had scorpions and catapults up and down the length. The Dragon Queen had given the Crows the resources to construct scorpions and trebuchets beyond count. The devices like trees on top of the Wall that marched off to the horizon. It would not matter. The top of the Wall covered with iron and wood works to shield the weapons and the humans who would be shooting arrows and launching shots from the scorpions and trebuchets down at him and his forces.

He peered up at the fortifications. He knew the Crows and Wildling hide behind their fortifications. They would cower behind their bulwarks and think themselves safe. He knew they planned of raining fire down on his forces and maybe some obsidian.

They would think themselves safe up there on high. Safe above his forces raining hateful death on his various sons.

They would be laughing thinking themselves safe. He would sound the Horn of Winter and they would die screaming.

He knew his losses would be grievous if he had to force his way through the tunnels. He would not be doing that. His son gibbered softly. His clawed toes and fingers digging into his body painfully. His son was agitated this close to the Wall. His son felt the magic in the Wall attuned to his body. Magic now mysteriously enhanced. His son felt this Lord of Revelstone that had arrived a handful of days ago.

His own force had set off their third magical flare just last night. He had felt the magical construct and attuned his focus on it. He now knew where his expeditionary force was located. It was moving in place. Their own glamour in effect. His son’s spells of invisibility working perfectly. His created sons and their companions blending perfectly into their surroundings unseen. They would soon be ready to strike.

When they did they would deprive the Queen of her most precious assets. Her dragons. Once they had been killed he would be free of their aerial attack. He could unleash Ice Fang unopposed. If his sons attacked at an opportune time they may kill more than the dragons. His hidden Ice Wrights and Ice Giants would reap death among the hapless humans. They pale of battle would gradually break the spell of invisibility and he would lose many of them. Hopefully, serendipity would allow them to kill the Queen and this Lord from the South of the world. If that occurred the battle would be over.

The deaths of his created sons and giants would be mourned and avenged. Their sacrifice not made in vain. He would have many, many children to convert to his new Ice Wright sons. He would hunt down any surviving Giant young and convert them as well. His numbers would be replenished. His count of Walking Dead to swell to near unimaginable numbers. These thoughts filled the Ice King with pleasure. He had other advantages.

His human traitors would sow distraction, death, and destruction in the rear of his enemy. The Dragon Queen would have to meet that traitorous attack. It would break her ranks and her concentration. She would be ripe for his main attack. They would then draw the enemy back to them as he came surging forward.

He would blow the Horn of Winter and the Wall would come crashing down. His son would provide the ability to move through the ruin of the wall. He would fall on the humans as they tried to
crush the traitors within their own ranks.

His true son now knew that the battle was at hand had stopped opposing his father’s will. The Croyel wanted to see the magic of the Wall destroyed and the Lord of Revelstone slain. With those immediate threats to the Croyel removed it would allow his son to relax and feel safe. That would make his father very happy. He reached back again and petted the Croyel on it is yellow bald head. Its curious eyes squint shut as his son purred in satisfaction. The deformed body clung tight to the Ice King as it drank the icy blood of his father and half dreamed visions of destruction and hate.

Again the Ice King patted his son. The war would soon be upon them. He could not wait.

His victory would be total and complete. His losses would be more than made up the multitude of dead he would add to his army. Hundreds of thousands of dead men and thousands of horses would make his army that much greater.

The Ice King fingered the Horn of Winter. He longed to blow it and bring the Wall down. He put it back down. The time was not right. Soon it would be time. He tried to suppress his old human emotions but it was hard at times like these.

He felt elation that all his plans were coming together. The pieces of the puzzle were fitting together perfectly. He smiled at the Wall. He would relish falling on Winterfell and slaughtering his decedents personally. He fervently hoped that he would find young male heirs he would convert to be his new sons. He was once a Stark. No more. He would annihilate the line. It was his ancestors that sent him into the hands of the First People. He had decimated the hated First People. Soon he would finish both the Stark line and the last of the Children of the Forest.

It was destiny. Had he not been born to achieve greatness? It was his birthright.

He had harassed the crows and killed them hoping they would call the forces of Westeros to their defense. The fools had succeeded in this. He would now not have to fight endless wars killing his enemies as he marched down the continent of Westeros. Each battle costing him forces. Each battle opening the possibilities that his enemies might discover some way to defeat him.

He doubted it greatly but why take the chance. He had manipulated his foes to bring all their force north to face him at the Wall. In one battle it would be all over. Those left would easily be overwhelmed and defeated.

He who was once Darick Stark wanted one cataclysmic battle that would finish his enemies in one fell stroke. The clash would be the greatest battle to ever occur in any age of Westeros. He would enjoy the slaughter. His enemies had done exactly as he planned. He would kill them all. He had made it inevitable with his intellect, verve and cunning. His victory would prove his greatness.

He had waited eight thousand years for his revenge and now it was at hand. It would only be a short time, no more than two weeks before he sprung his brilliant trap. His destiny was at hand.

His son suddenly jabbered louder. His mind in turmoil. Just when he thought his true son had stopped his bleating and prattle he would suddenly have another panic attack. The Ice King loved his son but these bursts of mindless fear were maddening. Fortunately, only he knew his son’s weakness. The sons of his blood did not see his movements for the fear that it was. His formed sons could not hear the blather and fear. Only he did with his symbiotic link with the Croyel. His other sons would doubt their father for allowing the Croyel to be weak and not punish severally or kill if necessary.

His distant sons could not see what he did. Therefore he could be magnanimous with his true son.
He could and did forgive. He must. He derived so much power from his true son. He tried to refrain from punishing his son by depriving him of his blood. When he did this his son was instantly cowed.

He needed to end this war once and for. The Ice King feared deep down his son’s bouts of fear were triggering his nightmares of ages past. He had not started to dream of his second birth and subsequent death till his son started having his own nightmares of these forces from the Land.

He simply could not understand why his son was so fearful of these strange visitors of his homeland. They were paltry in numbers.

He had worked with his son on his fear of the “Forbidding buried in the Wall.” He had repeated again and again that the Forbidding was entwined with the Wall and when it came down the links would be severed and the danger to his son would cease. He had his son calmed and accepting his logic. Was it not he the Ice King who mastered all that challenged him? The Croyel had finally come to accept the infallibility of his father.

Well, mostly. The Croyel still had seemingly random bouts of fear. He assured his true son again and again that with their mighty army they would quickly annihilate this paltry force from the homeland of his true son. The fools had come with few numbers. He laughed at their stupidity. To face his greatness with such numbers was insulating. He hoped to kill some of them himself.

The Ice King had just gotten the Croyel over the Forbidding in the Wall. Then the forces from the Land had come ashore on the shores of Westeros. His son had lost it again and he had to work on reinforcing his son’s confidence. He found it perplexing that his son was so distressed over such a paltry force. He had again worked on his son’s illogic. Had they not come up with plans that would slay their enemies with minimal loss of their forces? There was a good chance they may be killed before they took the battlefield themselves.

This made the Croyel smile into his throat. His son drinking deeply from his blood gurgling in happiness at the thoughts of their demise. The Ice king again patted his true son on the head. The Croyel would never admit that it hoped that all the denizens of the Land were killed before the Ice King took the field beyond the fallen Wall.

He had thought they had put the issue behind them. They had gone nearly two weeks without his true son losing it again. That changed yesterday in the early morning.

He had left his glade and walked to the west. He did that from time to time. The Ice King enjoyed the walk among his dead army. It was the army in death he had been hatefully denied while living. He had his most mature and trusted Lieutenants walking amongst the dead to make sure his will controlled the dead. He still felt the need to make sure that his will reigned supreme among both walking dead and his Ice Wright sons.

He had been shamed and humiliated in his distant past when he was still only a man. A hated the House of Stark. He would never allow that humiliation to occur again. His will would reign supreme. His creators the Children of the Forest had learned that lesson. They thought they had created a weapon to use and then cast aside. He had taught them the error of their ways. Between him and his ancestors they had reduce the First People to a shadow of their former power and numbers.

He was ten miles to the west of the glade he had set his throne up in. He had tended several miles North away from the Wall. He enjoyed his long walk amongst his dead. He was in a low wadi. The sand dry. It had been a long while since the last heavy rains. He was walking past a group of dead mastodons when his son went insane. The Croyel started to scream in his mind loud mindless
shrieks of shocking terror. His talons kicked and tore into his side. His son’s physical screams muted by the Croyel’s mouth gnawing on his throat.

The Croyel screamed in his mind. His son’s thoughts were incoherent. He could not make any sense out of his son’s thoughts. He had not had to resort to starving his son of late but he did so now increasing the flow of ice crystals into his carotid arteries stopping the flow of the blood to his son.

To his shock his son still resisted. Normally, the instant his blood was cutoff to his son he capitulated. Not yesterday. The shock of blood loss made his son vicious. He had attacked his father with the full force of his own magic. He had been enraged at this attack upon his person by his true son. His angered tempered though. He needed the Croyel too much to truly harm the entity.

The Ice King had been shocked at the raw power. Feeling the Croyel’s might he truly understood his power. But, his son was already weakened by blood starvation. The Ice King had deduced that if Croyel was denied sustenance they instantly started to weaken. They needed to feed continuously. His true son had been deeply shocked over whatever vision he had had. His son tried to compel him to run away. Simply run away. He had contended with his son. His son fought him mightily but weakened over the next minute as he was starved of the blood he craved and needed.

The Croyel capitulated. He whimpered in defeat. The Ice King restored his blood flow to his son. His son only cried in fear and did not rebel again against his father. He wanted to punish the Croyel his true son. He did not. The battle was too near and he wanted his son love and loyalty. Attacking the Croyel now would be counterproductive. He had spent twenty minutes patiently calming his true son and teasing out the information he needed to see what had distressed the Croyel so.

He was able to finally ascertain what had put such fear in this son’s heart. The Forbidding had been invoked the full length of the Wall. It had flared to full life. Worse, from his son’s thoughts the Forbidding had been restored impossibly to full potency. It would in time weaken again but for the next years it would be as strong as it was when it was invoked.

It bothered the Ice King greatly that he had not sensed this in the least. He had come to accept that the magic that was birthed in the southern hemisphere of this world was beyond him. It was alien to his magic and he could not conquer or subsume it. He now knew that in many ways he could not even sense it.

When his true first son had come to him the Ice King had seen his might. He had thought to somehow take the magic of the Croyel and make it his own. He had quickly came to the conclusion that this was not possible. First, the Croyel was truly powerful. He would win a fight he was assured but the cost would be so prohibitive it would not have been worth it.

Second, the magic of the Croyel as was the case of this Forbidding was beyond his ability to overcome it. It was foreign to him to such a degree he could not deal with it.

With that knowledge the Ice King had instead made a union with his true son. He again reached back and petted his son on his misshapen head. His son purred in contentment. The Ice King had finally found a true son worthy of him.

He would protect his son.

One touch from the Wall would incinerate his true son now. He had to spend several hours calming his son and again over the logic of their plans. They would never even come near the Wall until they had already shattered and destroyed the Forbidding hidden in it. Gradually, he had again calmed and soothed his son. His son had calmed down.
The shattering of the Wall was now paramount. He would use the Horn of Winter. The Wall would come down.

The Ice King was thankful that his son’s unseemly actions had been far from the throne and his Ice Wright sons. They did not need to see his true son being so weak.

That had been yesterday. Today his son was back to his normal fears and bleatings that the Ice King had come to accept. His son was not as strong as he. The denizens of the Land and their Giant allies had rattled his little son. It was precious in a way the Ice King sighed. He was the Croyel’s true father and would protect his precious Croyel from all their foes. Let the father calm the child. It had a certain symmetry to it the Ice King thought.

The Croyel whimpered that their numbers of the denizens from the Land may be few but their strength was staggering. The Giants Blades were like the Valyrian swords that had cut him. They were fashioned by the strongest of magic. The dead would die from their blade cuts. His sons would die on their blades.

The Ice King was not disturbed. He was human once. He understood the loss of life in a campaign. One had to sacrifice forces to achieve a goal. He would lose some sons but he would have a whole continent of young babes and small boys to convert to new sons and all the time needed to raise them in his image. He would lose sons but would acquire a thousand time their numbers. He had the great strategic mind to see this. Lose today for much greater gain tomorrow.

He had seen the visions of his son when these visitors came to the land. They were only a handful. The Giants may be great but they were simply too few. No matter how mighty they were they would quickly be overwhelmed. They may kill by the score but they would fall. Maybe many would fall with the first strike of his expeditionary force when they were struck unawares. His strike force was led by some of his strongest and most aware of his adopted sons. They would see the greatest threats and cut them down. He was not worried.

The Haruchai were also few. The horses and the ones who tended them did not concern the Ice King in anyway. The dead could not have their necks broken again or limbs broken again. They felt no pain and were already dead.

The Lord was only one woman. All knew women were paltry things. Women only existed so men could use them for their needs. He was no longer prey to those needs. He did not share them anymore but he remembered his past prejudices with great clarity. He would make that woman suffer greatly if he fought her. The temerity to think she had power. It angered him greatly. All she had was a staff. It could only kill when you came in reach of her staff.

The Croyel had argued vociferously with the Ice King. The Croyel tried to explain to his father the danger of this Lord of Revelstone. He could see what his son saw in the here and now but he could not see the remembrances of his son. His mind was too alien for that. His true son kept saying that a Lord’s staff was a truly horrifying frightening weapon. She could shatter any of his adopted sons easily and destroy his dead by the hundreds at a time.

The Ice King merely benignly patted his son again humoring his son. His son in his fears greatly exaggerated this woman.

No, his Lord was not worth worrying over. This Lord was alone. More, this Lord was only a woman. She would be weak in the face of combat. She would wilt in the fire of combat. She was only a human and a woman on top of that. These Giants and Haruchai he could see were different but this Lord was only a woman. Maybe he would kill her personally.
He felt the echo of past times. Once he would have raped her first and then killed her. That desire was no more. He would be satisfied with killing this Lord in a most savage manner. He would make her scream for days before he killed her and then raised her to be part of his army of the walking dead. Maybe he would make her a personal attendant to carry his Horn of Winter. Let her work like a lowing cow.

He mused that the corpses of these denizens from the Southern half of the world would be mighty additions to his army. It would be interesting to see if these minions would prove formidable when serving him.

He reached back and petted his son’s bald knotted head. His son whimpered. His son begged his father to go back into the forest. He wanted to be far away from this Lord. He kept going on about the Seven Wards of High Lord Kevin. The new Lords had unlocked all their secrets. The Lords of Revelstone had relearned that powerful passions unlocked the potent power of the Old Lord’s magic.

Twenty thousand years ago a Croyel had found a flake of the Illearth Stone and taken the body of an Ungungliot. The body made of solid dense granite. It was a denizen of the deep. The being was an Ancient from the beginning of the world. It was said they were created when the Quirim were still young. All beings from the Ancient Age before man were mighty and dire. All the Croyel knew of the Quirim that had become She Who Must Be Named. She could have conquered the world if Lord Foul had not chained and enslaved her deep in the abyss.

She Who Must Not Be Named had lost her mind. The Ringwielder Linden Avery had foolishly bargained with the insane goddess. For some reason the Quirim had not taken over the world when Linden Avery freed her. She had left for some other dimension. The same dimension his brother had tried to travel to with Roger Covenant. Anele killed him. The Croyel still raged at his death.

The Ice King’s Croyel spoke of his brother from twenty thousand years ago. He had felt mighty beyond belief. Had not he joined with an Ungungliot. Did he not have in his possession a flake of the Illearth Stone? In his hands was not that the equivalent as a major fragment of the ancient bane. The flake bellowing green smoke full of magical import. Was his brother not himself mighty. The marriage a perfect trifecta of magical might. The Croyel’s brother would go to Revelstone and bring it down along with the High Council.

She Who Must Not Be Named had fled. His brother would not. He had gone to Revelstone to kill the hated High Council. He had died. The Croyel’s brothers had felt their brother being blasted apart. His mystical shields shattered. His body battered and the shattered into a million shards. His brother’s annihilation had been felt by every Croyel.

His son gibbered that the Lords were fearsome evil vile entities that needed to be killed! Killed! Killed!

The Croyel gibbered and actually drooled in his fright. The Ice King was forgiving of his son’s fear and plight. He could afford to let his son show weakness and fear when none could see it. With his true son tightly clinging to his body with his clawed hands and feet and his mouth clamped to his throat none could see by his jerking limbs and hot sucking mouth his terror. It was masked. His screams of terror were only in the Ice King’s mind.

The Ice King could not show his fears and show any weakness. The sons of Ice King were breed to hate weakness.

His sons were blindly obedient but they would turn on him if they sensed weakness. It is what he would have done if he were they. They were the reflection of their father in that way.
He walked slowly back to his throne in the deep glade. He was soon surrounded by his dead army. They stretched away into the distance far to the north. They stretched out like a sea of flotsam to the east and west. They would slam against the Wall like a howling cyclone and bring it down. Their numbers comforted him. They were his ground fodder. He would sacrifice his walking dead in great numbers to save his Ice Wrights and Ice Giants. They would take the brunt of the attack from his foes.

He walked on feeling the dead brush up against him. He did not have a vast army of the dead with him during his first conquest. It was a new power that slowly manifested itself as he grew and matured. He walked on seeing the blue eyes of the dead. They would be unstoppable. He would conquer the world with this army. The beauty of his power to raise the dead was that when he killed his foes he would replenish his losses. In fact with the slaughter of a major army, its support personal and the animals with the army would swell his army of the walking dead. He could afford any loss to his host of the walking dead. It would always be replenished with his assured victory.

The Ice King was moving back into the heart of his might. He saw his Ice Wright sons moving among the dead keeping them herded deep in the forest. He did not need to have them shambling out of the forest mindlessly. Their presence calling their enemy to attention. Even though he had calmed their compulsion to move forward the Walking Dead were mindless and would ramble around if not herded by his sons.

He moved on deeper into the forest. He was soon in his glade. He went and sat down on his throne. His son had settled down with their increasing distance from the Wall. As they walked on the Ice King went over his tactics that would defeat his enemies. They were brilliant. Of course they were. He had devised them and no one else. His victory was most assured.

He did not worry about his son. He was fearful but he too bought in totally with the plan their father had devised. It would succeed. Link by link his son began to form the new spell.

Soon all would be ready.

The Ice King pulled the Horn of Winter off from around his neck and ran his fingers up and down the ridges of the black horn. It was hard to believe that such a small horn could do so much damage.

He would thank these Insequent when he met them. He would thank them and then kill them.

In time he would kill all human life on the Earth. Only he deserved life. He was meant to rule. He had always been meant to rule.

**Daenerys**

The Queen walked before the Wall. Arya was by her side. She looked around and up at the Wall with general interest. To the Queen the Wall was primarily a tool to be used in the coming fight. She looked up at the impressive height of the Wall. Its height making even the Titan of Braavos look small in comparison. She reached out and touched the ice. Its blue hue pretty. There was no other word for it. The Wall gave off an impression of impossible strength. The feel of the Wall was absolute smoothness. Glass could be no smoother. Block by block the Wall had been constructed and yet it held no lines in it. It was if a Titan glass blower had formed the Wall whole at the birth of the world.

She had seen the Wall of course with her flights over upper Westeros. She had even landed on it briefly when she flew Bran Stark to his destiny at the Tree of Life. It had been fleeting though. This
was her first real contact with the Wall. It was impressive.

Daenerys continued to run her hand over the ice. She was immune to the cold as she was to the fire. Her body heated by her dragon blood offset the bitter cold radiating off the wall. She felt something in the Wall. Was it magic? She did not know.

Arya looked at her with “are you kidding me look” watching her lover and the Giants especially reaching out and touching the Wall reverently.

With the Queen, was Braveheart Tillerkeel the First of the Quest and her second in command and wife Zephyrstar Forecastle. With them was the lead captain the Giant ships of the quest Saltheart Starchaser. Also with her was the Lord of the quest from the Land. Lustra had with her ever present Bloodguard and now lover Brail of the Haruchai. They had been walking the line of the Wall impressed by its mighty construction.

The Giants especially had been struck by the purity of the Walls construction. Their race were seafarers by trade and recourse but they had a natural instinct to build from stone. They had tried to convey to Daenerys the sublime beauty of Revelstone or the restored Coercie the Grieve on the Eastern shore of the Land. The beauty of the soaring towers and massive quays of their homeland.

Daenerys saw images of beauty in her mind but she was sure they paled compared to their true beauty. Daenerys thought the Wall was beautiful in appearance and tint but the Giants saw something more in it. They saw a perfection that surpassed mere construction. To them the Wall was also an expression of striving for perfection and having achieved that goal.

They touched the wall and placed their cheeks on the Wall. They would place their face near the Wall and looked down the line of the Wall. Daenerys was not sure what they saw. She had done the same thing and only saw a straight line that ran on for miles beyond the line of sight. The Giants had seen something that almost made them swoon.

Saltheart Starchaser had murmured “Perfection. Sheer Perfection.”

Arya perplexed, looked up at the Giants. Zephyrstar had her face almost pressed into the Wall her head moving up and down looking at the blue ice. What she was looking for Daenerys and Arya were not sure.

“What is so fascinating about the Wall?” Daenerys had asked the Giants. “I admit it is an engineering marvel. To be so high and so well built but it is only a Wall made of Ice. It did not start this high by the way. It was only three hundred feet high or so to begin with. It was added to slowly over the first several millennium of its creation.

Zephyrstar Forecastle turned her face from the wall and looked down at the human beside her. “A wall is only as good or as strong as its foundation. This Wall is perfect in every way that can be measured. We are masters at the forming of granite into habitations, armor, weapons, ships, furniture and all other facets of our lives. We know rock. This Ice is like the purest and noblest of granite from our quarries.”

“To have pure stone is one thing but to build perfect structures from blocks of ice is another thing altogether. We can perceive no flaw to the ice along this Wall’s base. It is like Revelstone. This Wall exceeds itself. The Ice is perfection as is the magic within the Wall.”

“How this was achieved in the manner it was constructed we do not know” Braveheart Tillerkeel spoke looking down at the Queen and Arya. “When our builders, shipwrights and armorers craft their ships, implements, swords they do so by flowing the stone into the shape they desire. This Wall
was constructed so that it flows inward beyond eyesight from one side to the next. This Wall is sheer perfection in all axis and quadrants. How this was done in the manner it was risen up we do not comprehend. To make perfection one block at a time is beyond us. The magic required was substantial.”

Arya looked at the Queen and the Wall. Daenerys peered at the Wall harder. She could see the perfection of the construction of the Wall if not this “perfect” nature of it. But she could not see any magic in it. She was a warrior and not a sorcery.

“Why would you have magic in a Wall? It is a barrier. It was constructed to keep physical beings on the other side away from human habitation on this side of the Wall. I have read that magic existed during the Age of Heroes. It has sadly been lost to us in this age.”

Arya reminded her that the Wildling normally lived above the Wall.

This made the Queen pause. She wondered again why the Wildlings were considered such a threat. Why had it always been so. Was it merely because they would not bend the knee? They refused to assimilate as most people did when they were conquered? A process that over time usually blended the defeated and conquerors into a people that became one where there had been two.

No one had been able to explain this schism to her.

“The Wall has stood for eight thousand years so I suppose this magic helps in that” Daenerys mused out loud. “Was it used in its construction I wonder? Legend says so though the Maesters dispute this.”

Arya spoke up. “The actual construction of the Wall was done by masons of stone and ice. I have read the Maesters dispute if the base of the Wall was made of stone but we in the North know it is so. It was in this stone that much of the magic in the Wall was wrought. We do not know what the magic was for but there was magic. After the foundation was laid the builders of the Watch and the Wall used sledges to transport ice cut from frozen lakes in the haunted forest.”

“This was done quickly according to legend. The Wall was built by Brandon the Builder one of the founders of the line of Stark. He had the assistance of Children of the Forest and giants. Deep in its core, the Wall is protected with ancient spells and sorcery of great mages. It is said that a mighty mage of some sort came to assist in its initial construction. We do not have any legend to say where this sorcerer came from though” Arya told Daenerys.

“I know the Maesters discount the magic in the world and tell us it is not so. But we in the North do not forget. A great magi came to the Heroes in that long ago age and helped fight the great fell beasts and Ice Wrights of that dark time.”

“He was said to have a staff much like yours Lustra. It was capped in iron but was covered in runes that covered the wood from top to bottom. The runes were said to be part of the wood. They were not carved or burned into the wood. It was as if they had been formed into the wood itself somehow.”

Lustra who had been studying the Wall curiously suddenly turned and looked at Arya with large eyes. Daenerys watched the Lord walking over quickly to them. Daenerys was unnerved seeing the Haruchai subtly tilt to the balls of their feet. Her own Haruchai were also poised for combat. She knew they took their vow to her security as sacrosanct so it unnerved Daenerys greatly his change in attitude. She had come to think of the Haruchai as granite. Unchangeable.

If she had not spent the past several months with them the Queen would not have been aware of the
subtle change in the demeanor of the Haruchai. They were on the cusp of action. Daenerys could not understand the reason for the tension in the Haruchai. Brail had come up to Lustra’s shoulder. She now moved to get in front of Lustra. The other Haruchai had moved back slightly. Jeertel, Seregrom and Bannor watched Arya intently.

Lustra was becoming upset.

“Stand down Brail! They are not a threat!”

The Haruchai paused and then stepped back. Their bodies did not relax though.

“She cannot know of the Staff of Law. It is of the Land. We know a Croyel walks this land” Brail told the Lord flatly.

“Do you see any harm in her!” the Lord asked exasperated.

“We are Haruchai. We know caution.”

The Lord sighed. She gripped her staff hard and placed her forehead on it for a moment. Daenerys had heard of counting to seven and thought the Lord was doing that now. She removed her forehead from the staff and turned to look at Brail. “Do you love me Brail?”

“Yes” Brail said immediately and in a tone that broke no argument though the voice was flat. The First of the Haruchai face was impassive and her body betrayed no emotion.

“Then trust the woman you love.” Brail looked at her for a second and then the Haruchai fell back to their original positions. The crisis had passed.

“What was that all about?!“ Daenerys spoke up. She was furious that the Haruchai would dare think her Arya was ever a threat!

Arya gripped her shoulder. “It is okay Dany. They are supposed to protect their Lord above all else. I trust them and so do you. I am no threat Jeertel.”

The taciturn Haruchai looked at Arya “I know you are not Arya. We only err on the side of caution. We have not acted in the past when we were not sure. We believed High Lord Kevin when he went to do the Ritual of Desecration with Lord Foul. Much was lost. We should have been there to oppose them both. We do not wish to make that mistake again.”

The Lord was speaking to Brail “You would have been slaughtered Brail. You know that.”

Brail regarded her lover with flat eyes. She bowed fractionally. “Perhaps. Maybe even likely. Still, we should have been there to strike a blow for the Land.”

“I can see that Brail. Has your race ever fully forgiven yourselves for something you could not change?”

“No” was the absolute answer.

Lustra sighed. The past she could not contend with the Queen could see in her face and carriage. Lustra turned to Arya.

“How is it you know of a Staff of Law? It is clear that is what you describe. The original was destroyed. It looked exactly as you describe. A new one was formed with the perfect synthesis of Ur-vile lore through their construct Vain and the sacrifice of Findail the Elohim. It is perfectly
smooth with no blemish. It looks like polished stone in its perfection.”

“Thirty thousand years ago Sumetra journeyed to the One Tree. Instead of taking he asked the One Tree for a limb. The request was granted. The Worm of the World’s End was not roused. The Council formed the Staff of Law the High Lord uses now in Revelstone. This one had its runes etched by Elena Covenant the Forestal of Garroting Deep.”

“Since the wood was not taken through travail the new Staff of Law of Revelstone is smooth too as the one formed from Vain and Findail.”

“We have no lore of a fourth Staff of Law being formed. We did not feel its creation.”

“I do not of any Staff of Law” Arya answered. “That was eight thousand years ago and remembered only in family lore.”

“How tall was the staff? Was it taller than mine?” The lord held out her staff. “Was it shod with iron on both ends?” It was approximately six feet tall.

Arya paused remembering the family lore and stories of old Nan.

“I am not sure. I think it was taller though. Just an impression from the stories and how they were told to me. It was said to look like a normal wooden staff except for the runes on it. The runes that were carved into the wood and yet had no depth. The iron bands on the ends of the staff had fluted columns up the iron endcaps. That is recorded somewhere I think.”

The Lord paused looking at Arya. She breathed out. “That is the description of the two Staff of Laws formed by Lords of Revelstone. But that is impossible. Jeremy’s Staff of law was formed by the merging of Findel and Vain. The new Staff of law from the One Tree was formed roughly fifteen thousand years later. It has always been in the possession of the High Lord of the Council of Revelstone. Was the man from your Westeros?”

“The stories only say he was a sorcerer who journeyed to us from a foreign land” Arya answered.

The Lord walked back to the Wall and studied it again. The small group stood around her in a semi-circle watching the Lord of Revelstone inspect the Wall.

The Lord took her staff and murmured in the language of the Old Lords. Then in a violent motion she cocked her staff over her shoulder and swung her staff so the iron shod end slammed against the ice wall of the Wall. The iron on ice rang out wildly with a shrill reverberating scream.

Daenerys and Arya gasped stepping back several feet. Soundlessly the Wall had exploded into dark blue light that ripped and rolled from the base of the Wall to the very top. The source shimmered out from the core of the Wall. The undulation of magical power rolling down the Wall east and west as far as the eye could sigh. As the first modulations of magic faded out new ones rippled out from the core of the Wall. All instinctively knew the entire Wall had taken on the blue rippling caste. The dark blue modulating and rolling sometimes slightly lighter in color before back to dark blue. The wall rippled and seemed to flex with power. All this was without a sound.

For a minute the entire Wall seemed to be alive with eldritch magic. The air seemed to be filled with static electricity and the smell of ozone was thick in the air. Then over the next minute the Wall’s shimmering slowly faded and then was gone.

“A Forbidding” Brail announced softly. Daenerys saw a slight look of wonder on the woman’s face. “It is definitely from the Staff of Law.” Lustra looked at her Haruchai lover.
“What is this Forbidding?” Daenerys asked.

“It is a magical spell designed to prevent passage. This one is exceedingly powerful and ancient. I can see that the Forbidding is anchored to magical waypoints. These waypoints are in the original blocks of stone used to anchor the wall. The power in this Forbidding is awe inspiring. Only a Staff of Law could have erected such a Forbidding. It rides from one end of the Wall to the other.”

“The Forbidding has been mystically fused to another form of magic. One that is different than ours. It has kept the forbidding tuned and alive for over eight thousand years. This forbidding is different than the ones we create” Lustra said.

“It is refined. It is tuned to corrupted forms of Earthpower. Like the Croyel that feds on the Ice King. How could have Bran the Builder known of a Croyel? Whoever possessed this unknown Staff of Law did not tune it to the Ice King but to entities from the Land. That means he came from our world.”

The Lord looked up at the Wall. “Why? Our lore says that Soulbiter and Soulcrusher prevent such passage of beings like the Croyel. Obviously our lore is mistaken.” The Lord touched the Wall. There was no reaction by the Forbidding.

“The Forbidding while still strong had frayed. It had …” the Lord of Revelstone searched for the right word “lost its focus. I have restored that focus. If the Croyel in any way touches the Wall it will die. The Croyel are symbiotic parasites that reside on the bodies of their hosts. Even if this host thinks to shield the Croyel by carrying it the Forbidding will sense it and destroy both entities.”

Lustra shook her head in wonder “This Forbidding surpasses anything I have ever seen. To be alive eight thousand years after its creation. Only High Lord Kevin could achieve such purity and power. I am humbled.”

“I wonder of the other magic that has married itself to the Forbidding. Can you tell me of it Arya Stark” the Lord asked the teenager.

“I cannot I fear” was Arya’s humble response.

“The pity” the Lord answered and wandered off lost in thought. Brail at her shoulder.

The whole camp was abuzz over the Wall’s sudden alighting with blue fire buried within it. There was milling around but the camp was already returning to normal with no new displays of magical pyrotechnics.

Daenerys did not have the answer to mysteries from eight thousand years ago. She was only concerned with the here and now. She was focused on fighting and defeating the current threat of the reincarnated Ice King and his unholy alliance with the Croyel. She would have the Maesters study this. She would have to make sure to find Maesters that were free of their dogma against magic.

Dany looked up at the Wall again. Jon had pulled his forces down off the Wall. She had sent Rhaegal and Viserion down the Wall in opposite directions flying low below the wall. The dragons and their riders’ first flying south till out of sight and only then winging back to the Wall beyond the eye sight of the traitors of House Frey and Bolton. There would be no reports back to the Ice King. The dragons had flown with Strong Belwas and Barristan on their backs. The men had dropped off scrolls from the Night Commander and from the Queen at each Fort. The dragons flying out to the Shadow Tower in the west and Eastwatch to the East. The Crows and Wildlings ordered to come off the Wall.
She had gone up on the Wall the night of her arrival at the Wall. The Queen had made the laborious trip up the spinning basket. The swaying in the wind unsettling. Normally when she was alight she had full control of her flight. Not here though. She was happy to reach the top.

She had been impressed with what she saw. If the Wall did indeed stay up the forces of Westeros would rain death upon forces of the Ice King. The top of the Wall was filled with catapults and trebuchets. Jon had put in a line along the whole of the front face of the Wall with Iron and hardwood shields. She shields were tall with slits cut in to allow archers to let fly dragon glass arrows while the machines would hurl fire down among the advancing hordes.

What the Queen liked was that the bulwarks were high. The enemy would not be able to see that they had pulled their forces off the Wall. She wanted the Ice King to feel the Crows were still on the Wall. If he thought that the Ice King would continue forward with his plans.

She looked out in the moonlight towards the Haunted Forest. It was nearly two miles to the Haunted Forest in front of Castle Black’s position. A nice killing field. The Ice King’s walking dead were relentless in their pursuit of achieving death to those they sought but they were extremely slow. They seemed to have supernatural strength but it was their continuous assault and not turning aside no matter their new wounds that made them so unnerving and a force to be reckoned with.

No more. With fire and Dragon Glass the Queen’s forces would devastate this Walking Dead.

Whatever the Ice King had devised she wanted it to occur sooner than later. The forces of Westeros were finely honed and ready to be used. Eddard and she had made the forces of Westeros into a Valyrian steel sword. They would slaughter the forces of the Ice King and then the Ice King himself.

For hours the Queen looked out over the snow covered ground. The Ice King was there. Somewhere. The overflights of her dragons told the Queen he was still far distant. Her instincts told her another tale. He was near. She could feel it. It did not matter if the Wall was up or brought down. It would still be a massive barrier. A barrier she would use to rain death down on his slow moving forces. She had two miles of killing space. She planned on using every inch of it.

The sun had risen now off her right shoulder. It was time to go back down.

Satisfied the Queen rode the swaying nauseating basket back down to the ground seven hundred feet below. With a slow deliberate step the Queen walked away from the Wall. She looked out over the massive camp of her forces. They stretched for miles to the west and east and were several miles deep. She had them in organized camps with wide thoroughfares between the camp tents. Her forces would be able to move very quickly to the Wall if necessary.

The Queen looked around. She saw armed formation practicing group formations. She witnessed knights fighting one and one. She saw archery ranges filled with archers honing their skills. The practice arrows firing continuously.

The traitorous houses of Frey and Bolton were up against a creek that ran down from the west two miles from the Wall. The creek was in a gully that ran eight feet deep to the water below. The gulley was ten to fifteen feet wide. The walls to the gully severe on both sides. The water of the gulley itself was at least ten feet deep. This site had been chosen because it hemmed in the traitors. Their movements would be limited. They would only be able to move forward and not retreat to make flanking movements. The traitors could only move forward. Forward into defenses secretly risen up against them.

She had put the Houses of Drone on the right flank and the some of the Stormlands on the left flank.
The area in front of the traitors was filled with her Unsullied. She had brought seventy-five hundred of her Unsullied with her. She had put six thousand of them in front of the traitors. Their iron discipline would allow them to form up at a moment’s notice. She had Worm Tail select his best captains to put in charge of these men. They had the authority to call their forces into line and form up their phalanxes at their discretion.

In all her campaigns across Essos they had never let her down. Their commanders’ judgements sound and rock solid. She trusted them implicitly.

The Dorne and the Stormlands men were the most martial and would also form up the quickest. They would be able to from combat formations with great haste in case of emergency. She would not have the traitors fall on her forces unawares. She wanted the traitors to show themselves. Both Houses had been able to survive for generations despite their dissipation and vile morals. Their true evilness hidden. Soon they would expose their degeneracy and be put down.

They would expose themselves and in doing so she would be able to smash them. Their leadership eviscerated and new nobles installed.

The two traitorous Houses would be able to put on the field maybe three thousand knights. Her Unsullied would be able to handle that number of knights easily. Their phalanxes and lances would impale and decimate the Horse of House Frey and Bolton with any horse charge they might be able to mount. The men of Dorne and Stormlands were excellent on horse and would fall on their flanks.

The Queen had several mercenary companies interspersed with the forces of Westeros near the traitors. These two companies the Falcons and the Screaming Shrikes were famous in Essos for their skill with their bows. These were roughly four thousand men and women. They were stationed closer to the traitorous houses. She had several wide lanes in front of them to allow them to move toward the Wall quickly if necessary.

The archers positioned to counterattack the traitorous houses when they revealed their black hearts and nefarious intentions. Still, the Queen had lanes setup to allow them to come to the front lines quickly if some greater need came up.

She had stockpiles of dragon glass weapons all around her camp. She wanted her men quickly armed with obsidian when necessary. The only place where no obsidian had been put out was with the two traitorous Houses. They had been put into an information midnight. The House of Frey and Bolton were fed false information that made no mention of obsidian. The reports designed to make the two Houses think the Queen’s forces were slack and ill prepared to meet the Ice King. The two Houses were guarded and did not know it. The leaders of the traitorous Houses naturally wanted to keep to themselves if at all possible. They were traitors after all.

The Queen did not know if the traitors were still able to communicate with the Ice King. To have formed their alliance with the ill King, they had clearly had past communication with the Wright. The traitors were being watched closely. No ravens had been sent by them. Jon Snow had ordered that all communication to forces outside of the Castle Black area to cease. Most of the Houses had no ravens anyways. They were too far from their homes for the Ravens to know their way back to their roosts. If the traitors had a more magical means of communication the Queen did not know of them. Thus, the lack of information given to the traitors. The Ice King could not come to know that his foes were armed to the teeth with obsidian glass.

This was their trump card. The Queen smiled to herself. When obsidian started to rain down his forces the Ice King would be shocked. She wished she could see his face when the realization hit him.
The Queen had the Dragon Glass weapons hidden among the iron tipped weapons. The beauty of arrows they were placed weapon tip first into their quivers. Her Unsullied kept continuous watch over the traitors and made sure that no archers showed their arrows to the traitors. Unless the leaders of the traitors were looking for such weapons they would never know they were in the camp. They probably would not even grasp the importance of the weapons.

The Queen would crush the vermin of House Bolton and Frey when the time came.

The forces of the Land were to be kept as a reserve force. They were as powerful as large companies of knights and wanted to use them where she could get the most benefit from their weapons and strength. The Giants with magical swords would most probably have the same effect on the dead as Valyrian steel. Their enormous swords would cleave through the dead like a scythe through ripe wheat.

The Haruchai would be able to smash and break the limbs of the dead and make them slow and clumsy. They were so fast the Ice Wrights would not be fast to them. She wondered what their strength would do against the Ice Wrights.

The Ramen were fierce warriors but was not quite sure how to use the four Ramen. They were so few.

The Lord she was still not sure about. She did not seem to have any great power that she could see. The woman must be a like a war shaman that guided her companions. She hoped that Lustra would not need too much defending.

The Dragon Queen was not quite sure why the denizens of the Land were so differential to the Lord of Revelstone. Daenerys smirked. Well, she could understand Brail. She now had to live with the woman as a lover. The Lord had definitely lost her sour face. Love and lots of pussy would do that for a woman Daenerys snickered to herself.

Her thoughts returned from such carnal thoughts. She had her logistical forces in the middle of Highgarden with their large numbers of warriors to protect them. The Queen was not worried by large formations of moving troops with her enemy. The enemy would not be moving in fast large formations. The enemy would try and envelop them with their sheer numbers. The walking dead moved slow but they did not waver and simply moved forward till they could reach their enemy and rend them limb from limb.

That could not be said for the Ice creatures in the Ice King’s army. The ice wrights were very dangerous with their magical ice blades. They were fast and strong. They were not inhumanely strong but they were as strong as a well-conditioned knight of at least normal height. It was their blades that gave them their great advantage.

Word from the Crows and Wildlings made it clear the icy blue blades of the Ice Wrights and Giants were too much for normal steel. Normal steel was quickly fatigued and became brittle. The Ice Wrights blades soon shattered the steel of their foes.

The Ice Wrights were fast and strong but not overly so. If a warrior was armed with the proper weapon then the fight might be fairly even. The Ice Wrights had another advantage. They did not seem to tire. Fortunately, she had plenty of warriors. They would not overwhelm her forces.

She planned on her obsidian arrows, spears and javelins to kill many of them at distance. Some would be armored but iron tipped weapons would shatter the ice armor. The iron mystically enhanced by Jon’s wives. It would take time to break their ice armor down but the air would be thick with arrows.
She hoped to meet their charge with herself and the High Lords she had armed with Valyrian steel. The Giants with their magical greives would sow death all around.

She saw her dragons flying high up in the air riding the high thermals. The dragons conserving their strength. She had brought a large herd of aurochs to keep her dragons fed without expending energy in the hunt. The dragons wanted to be a wing as much as possible. She had them flying in pairs at night up high away from the wall. Their great height allowed them to see down beyond the Wall and stay out of the range of any weapons they Ice King may have.

The Ice King had propensity to attack at night. She had her dragons aloft watching with their heat and in this case cold vision. During the day the dragons fed and rested.

If the Ice King attacked during the day his immense slow moving army would be seen. She had a small company of men on the wall watching over the empty land up to the tree line two miles distant. She would send up her dragons at the first sign of danger to not waste a single life. The men were moving around on the top of the Wall. Occasionally showing themselves through breaks in the shield wall. They also moved the straw dummies around that were positioned in cracks in the shield wall to be seen. The dummies dressed in Crow blacks and Wildling gear. Slight adjustments were made to the war machines to move slightly as if being setup to better firing angles. The movements seen. To the observers far below they would definitely think the Wall was manned.

Once the warriors were removed from the Wall her dragons would fly up high and seek the airborne threat. She knew the Ice King had an airborne threat. The two wives of Jon Snow had almost paid with their lives from it. It had not been fire that attacked the women’s magical phoenix. It had been freezing ice that had attacked the ShadowBender wives instead of fire.

Surely, it would appear at the time of the assault. Once it was dealt with then her dragons would burn the Walking Dead on the margins. She wanted to deny the Ice King the weight of his dead. She would take care of the Ice Wrights and Giants with her army.

Daenerys had her fears as to what had attacked the women. She did not know what could have been done to produce the monstrosity but she was sure deep in her guts what she faced. Still it was only one and she had her three dragons. They would kill the perversion and then be free to sweep down on the enemy. They would attack the flanks of the enemy and burn the dead down. This should keep them away from any scorpion types of bolts or any ice weapons of the Wrights or their King.

She had learned her lesson on the Dothraki Sea. Rhaenys Targaryen had learned the lesson at the cost of her life.

She thought the enemy would attack at night. So did Eddard and Jon as did most of her generals. The legends said that the Ice Wrights always attacked at night. Their recent behavior said the same. Her forces were on a twelve / twelve shift but the numbers were skewed towards more of her forces being up at night.

She had tried to keep the number near fifty percent. That was simply not possible. She had to weight the possibilities and that said the Ice Wright would attack at night. Their vision was tuned to the night but she had enough oil pits and trenches cut into the fields filled with oil to alight during the attack to burn throughout the night. The fires providing illumination and fires to drive the dead into.

Oberyn argued that since all knew the Ice wrights would attack at night he thought they would attack during the day. Wear out the enemy and finish them off during the next night fall.

Daenerys saw the logic in Oberyn’s reasoned thoughts. She had to make a choice and she had to choose the most probable attack. She should have enough time no matter which course the Ice King
followed to devastate the enemy as they approached. If the Wall stayed up the enemy would force their way through the tunnels at the base of the Wall. They would pour fire into the tunnels to burn the dead and rain obsidian on their forces from murder holes and at their two entrances if possible. Any that emerged through the tunnels on the Castle Black side would quickly be cut down.

If the Wall came down their archers would kill the dead as they haphazardly stumbled and fell through the ice blocks, boulders and shards. The walking dead had a hard enough navigating their environment when it was smooth and obstacle free. They would only be able to attack as a straggle. Her dragons could see in the dark as well as the day. They would burn.

The Queen was prepared as she could be. She had to let the Ice King make the first move. He had devoid the Haunted Forest of all humans. It had become his domain. No, she would not go to him. He would come to her and thus ensure his defeat. His aggression would be the first step in his downfall. She would show the patience to wait her foe out. She would not come to his kingdom.

Jon’s wives had been studying the flames intently. They reported to Jon that the attack would commence soon. The Ice King was here. They had no proof physical proof to back up their visions though. The Queen needed actionable intelligence to act on. As they approached the Wall on the last day of their march, she sent her dragons up to the Fist of the First Men for one last reconnaissance. Their eyesight reported the same. The enormous army of the Dead was still at the site. Ice Wrights clearly moving in their midst.

Her dragon’s vision was acute. The force of the Ice King was still there. With the slow shambling pace of his dead it would take more than a month for his army to even begin to form up before the Wall having to march aimlessly through the thick forest of trees of the Haunted Forest.

It was maddening. Her senses told her that her enemy was far away and her intuition told her he was near. She trusted her instincts. The battle would be soon. No matter what her senses tried to tell her. She would keep her guard up. She and Eddard each day kept their forces training. Archers fired at butts. Swordsmen practiced their craft. The foot soldiers practiced forming up phalanxes to keep the walking dead and Ice Wrights away from the forces of Westeros while Dragon Glass cut their foes down.

Drogon came spiraling down to Earth. He landed before the camps leading edge facing the Wall. The Queen walked over quickly to meet her largest son. He saw her coming and trumpeted loudly. Arya and the Queen went up to Drogon. He was clearly agitated. They both petted the great black dragon. He accepted their affection but he was clearly still upset.

This too bothered both her and Arya. The Direwolves and her dragons had started getting anxious yesterday. For a lack of a better world the animals had become “jittery”. The animals were snapping at each other and anyone who came near but their masters or riders. Drogon was stepping from foot to foot looking around with his red smoldering eyes. His tails swished from side to side. His head constantly scanning the fields around the large encampment.

Nymeria came up to Arya whining. Her tail was down and her shoulder girdle hair up on end. A clear sign to the Queen that the Direwolf was upset and on guard.

The Haruchai had fanned out ten miles around the camp. They reported back to Brail that they spotted nothing ill. But they were like the dragons and Direwolves. The Queen had heard enough times now the phrase of the Haruchai “We know caution.” The Haruchai too sensed something was wrong. The environment had become unsettled.

Something evil this was coming the Queen thought to herself.
“We sense great evil near but we cannot find it. We know something evil is coming but we cannot
discern its location. Our vision is clouded. We find this troubling” Bannor told the Dragon Queen.

Daenerys looked up at the Wall. She looked around her camp and beyond to the edge of her vision.
All looked normal. It must be that the magical inclined animals sensed the approaching evil on the
other side of the Wall. The enemy was indeed close. The fact that the Haruchai sensed the evil too
did not surprise the Queen. She has happy they were on guard protecting herself and her army.

The Haruchai rode their Ranyhyn constantly on patrol. The Haruchai and Ranyhyn did not need to
rest like humans and regular horses did. Ranyhyn and Haruchai had endurance that far exceeded
that of normal men and horses. They continued to patrol for what so far eluded them.

The Queen looked out over her immense camp. Nothing could be approaching unseen and yet she
feared that was just what was happening.

The Lord of Revelstone came up to her. “I feel the evil of the Croyel. He is near.” She looked at
the three dragons now on the ground. All were agitated. Barristan and Strong Belwas were
comforting their dragons.

A thought occurred to Daenerys. She asked the Queen of invisibility spells. Lustra had looked at
her strangely.

“How would that possible? We have never seen such a spell.”

That allayed that fear of the Queen.

She had raised these fears with Eddard and his children with Margaery and Missandei. She had with
her the High Lords she knew she could depend on: Stannis and Renly Baratheon, Oberyn. They all
came to the same conclusion. It was folly to meet the enemy on his battlefield. They simply had to
wait. And yes, they all agreed that the enemy was near. They had no proof but all felt it in their
bones.

That made the Queen feel much better. They felt what she felt. She had talked to the Lord Lustra
about this feeling of dread that she felt. The Lord of Revelstone felt the enemy was near also. She
told the Queen the evil was so pervasive now that it almost overwhelmed the forces of the Land’s
denizen’s ability to discern any one threat. She felt some force clouding their perceptions. She
feared it was the work of the Croyel but she could not pierce the veil that evil spawn may have risen.
She felt she should be able to pierce its magic but she did not have the key.

“It is strange. This pervasive feeling of evil. It seems closer than my senses tell me. I will admit that
we have not faced the type of army you are facing. With the defeat of Lord Foul such armies are not
raised anymore. Our battles are smaller. Lord Mhorma was the last to face an army such as we face
now. It must be overwhelming our Land Sense. Also, having the thorn of the traitors in our midst
must be clouding our vision.”

So, the Queen had seen that all knew evil was near. She would just have to wait for the attack.
Whenever it came.

She had come to trust the power and insight of her dragons. If they reported the forces of the Ice
King were at the Fist of the First Men then they must be. Men’s minds could be touched and bent by
beings of magical import. The dragons were like the Giants and Haruchai. None of those races had
ever been taken by a Raver without great magic. Men were not like that. Their wills could be bent.
The dragons were iron willed. They could not have their minds clouded.
The Queen did what any good general did when faced with a force that had the tactical advantage. She prepared and waited. She would annihilate them when they attacked.

She was prepared.

**Eddard**

Eddard pushed back the flap to his tent and stepped outside with the sun rising over the horizon. He stretched and breathed in the cold air. He loved the chill that filled his lungs. He was of the North and cherished the cold and the wildness of his land. He looked at the Wall that was before him. Its seven hundred foot height imposing being so close it. He had erected his tent on the north side of the encampment to be near the Wall.

He had chosen the site to be near the Wall in case he needed to be ready to fight. He wanted to be on the front line of any conflict. He was positioned to do just that. He was the Warden of the North and he would defend his home with his dying breath if necessary.

There was another reason for this choice of location. The Queen had put her tent up in the center of the encampment to let her royal personage be in the middle of the Westeros forces. She needed to be seen by as many of her subjects as possible. The Queen wanted to be seen as sharing in the burden she was asking her subject to accept and endure.

If the Queen had chosen to erect her tent in this location then Eddard would most definitely now pitch his tent in that area. He really had no choice in the matter. He was not a young man anymore. He needed his rest! He had carefully scanned the location around the camp. He had surveyed the sites furthest away from the Queen’s royal tent with her three headed dragon standard proudly flapping off the center tent post. It was good one of his choices had allowed him to be near the Wall.

Eddard knew where the Queen went there too went his two daughters as well. One near because of love and the other near to be of service to the Queen of Westeros. Sansa’s royal wagon would be near the Queen’s tent. The Queen wanted her close advisors at her side and Eddard was very pleased with that. Of course Arya was her wife to be and would be in the tent of the Queen. Sansa was a trusted advisor that the Queen relied on to make sure her supplies and men were moved where they needed to be when they needed to be there.

Missandei was also a trusted advisor that was near the Queen always. Eddard was pleased to see that the camp had been laid out in such a way that the High Lords were located near the Queen also. Eddard was the one High Lord who had not positioned his tent near the Queen’s tent. He had not been asked but his answer would have been that he needed to be near the Wall. He was the Warden of the North. His place was at the Wall. He needed to be the tip of the spear.

He smirked. He had absolutely needed to get away from the Love Shacks. Eddard could not think of another term to call the antics that had been occurring. He had been so tired when they arrived at the Wall. He had slept like a baby since they had arrived at the Wall. He felt refreshed and invigorated. It was amazing how much better he felt and how much more clear headed he was now that he was able to get a full night sleep.

He made a sour face. Of course as soon as he pitched his tent away from the Queen it seemed that the noise level had gone way down. He just could not win. He chuckled. It was not really such a bad problem. He was happy that his daughters were so happy and in love. He looked at Missandei’s wagon. He wished her lady love would come to her. He had learned of her sought after
love. She Who Must Not Be Named. What a name. He hoped the woman was wise in her choice of mates.

What did it mean to love a goddess? He knew he had met this woman that Missandei loved. That had been the woman he met in the glade. The people from the Land said that She Who Must Not Be Named was evil. They were all sure of their assessment. He knew this was most definitely not the case. The woman from the glade was not that. She was clearly most strange but she was not evil.

The Power he had seen that night still filled him with wonder and maybe a slight touch of dread. He wondered what would happen if She Who Must Not Be Named and the Ice King fought each other. He was just happy she had not chosen to align with the Ice King or dispose of him and herself try and take over the world.

He walked away from his tent and walked towards the Wall. He saw Jon walking in the marge that had been setup between the Wall and the forces of Westeros. Ghost was by his side walking along silently. The Direwolf rubbing up against his human familiar. Jon had his sword on his back like he did. Eddard smiled at that. Like father like son. That thought pleased Eddard deeply.

Eddard was so proud of his son. He had taken the Nights Watch that was falling apart and reinvigorated it. He had fought in many battles and proved himself over and over as a great fighter and cagy tactician. Eddard was equally proud of the compassion that his son had shown the Wildlings. Eddard knew many would have let them all die. They would not have opened the tunnels beneath the Wall to the refugees from the depredations of the Ice King.

It had nearly cost Jon his life. If had not found the love of two ancient ShadowBender witches he would have been killed by his own command. They had saved Jon’s life. Jon had been changed by his experiences but was still serving nobly as the Lord Commander of the Nights Watch

He walked up to Jon and fell in beside his son.

“Father.”

“Son.”

The two waked in companionable silence for several minutes. The men looked at the Wall, Castle Black and the mighty forces arrayed against the evil of the Ice King.

“You did well with the Nights Watch son. I wished you had sent me a raven when they turned on you.”

“And you would have come north and waged war on them. You would have broken them. Shattered what still remained. No father. I was able to kill just the persons who led the revolt. I did not even kill all of those. No father. You follow the letter of the Law just a little too much. I still remember that man you executed for deserting the Night Watch. We know now why he lost nerve. He did not deserve death father.”

Eddard listened to his son’s words. He did not agree with his son but he had learned that many of his actions could have been done differently. He had killed so many good men. He had helped put a man on the Iron Throne that in no way deserved to sit on that Iron Throne. Then he allowed that man to remain on that seat of power.

“I think I did right my son. I have done many things that seemed right at the time. Now, with years to reflect on those events I have my doubts. Maybe that man did not deserve death.” He took a deep breath. The man had broken his vows. Could you trust such a man to not harm others if he broke
his vows? He would never break his vows. He looked askance at Jon. He had broken his vows. Eddard sighed. It made it very difficult for Eddard to understand others who did break their oaths.

“Do you plan on abolishing the vows of the Nights Watch son?”

“I will suggest it. The Vows keep many men away. Forcing a man to give up love and supposedly sex is too much father. I get tired of seeing men breaking their vows of chastity. It is a cruel burden to ask humans to give up their sexuality. Asking me to ask them to give up their old life is cruel too.”

“I understand that giving an oath to something greater than yourself is a noble thing. But father, we do not have the nobles and the well to do volunteering to be in the Nights Watch. No. Westeros sends us the dregs of society and against their will to add to the sin. I grow tired of it.”

“I think Dorne has the right of it. Having a trained military force cycling through on tours of duty. Having men serve here for two to four years and then allowing them to return to their lives. We do not live in the Age of Heroes. Men will not give up their lives in this time father. We need to find a new way.”

“I hear what you are saying about the Nights Watch” Eddard replied to his son. “My brother Benjen came here and so did you but I know you both did so not because of purely noble desires to serve. The Nights Watch is indeed dying. I agree that a new way must be found.”

“I can also understand you compassion son towards the Wildlings. It is commendable. I fear the decisions I may have made regarding the Wildlings. I hear you spent time among them. It softened you towards them.”

Jon started to protest. Eddard held up his hand asking his son to let him continue. Jon controlled himself and let his father continue uninterrupted.

“As I was saying it softened you towards them. This is a good thing son. It allowed you to see them as a people. I fear I see them as only as the traditional threat. I can see in Ygritte that was, and is, a simplistic view. I see Wildlings functioning well with the Nights Watch. They are performing as well as the Crows in service to the Wall. They are not causing any problems and integrating with the people below the Wall. I guess you have seen some of your Brothers consorting with Wildling women.”

“Yes father. They have my blessing. I do not give public support or condemnation, but, in my heart I support them. I repeat again these vows of chastity that men and women take are foolish. One can serve and still have a life. The Wildlings are performing well without any vows of chastity.”

Eddard smiled his half smile. “That is how you met Ygritte is it not Jon? Spying on them?”

Jon did not blink and actually smiled. “Actually she was the aggressor father. I did try to follow my vows. I am sure you would not have forsaken your vows but I was not that strong. You are truly one in a million father.”

Eddard blushed now. “No son. I am just a man who is stumbling from one event and crisis to the next trying to do the best he can do. To make the right decision and show as much compassion as I can. You surpass me in that son.”

Eddard looked his son in his now lilac eyes. “It was your personality and honor that captured Ygritte’s heart. That led you to Melisandre. That led them to helping the forces of Westeros. Their service to you and to Westeros has been invaluable. Also, I will never forget your two wives came to my wife in her hour of need.”
Eddard considered. “Son, remember one thing about the Nights Watch. Having the men take their vows and having the men separate themselves from their old lives. It frees them from their old lives. It frees them from the politics of their old Houses. You plan will cause them to now be influenced by the politics and intrigues of Iron Throne and the Great Houses.”

“The Nights Watch is free of that. The North is free of the wrangling that you see in the South. Daenerys Targaryen seems like she will put this wrangling and backstabbing to an end. But son, her reign will one day end. What will replace it? Thus, I fear to say what the future may portend. Consider this Jon. What if Tywin Lannister sat on the throne son? Remember those considerations in your deliberations son.”

Jon looked at him and gave his father a grimace smile. Eddard smiled seeing Jon mimic a smile Eddard knew he gave.

“I know father. We need some form of military that is free of House politics. Can that be achieved? I do not know. We need an independent and highly trained military who owes allegiance to no House but to Westeros. We both know though that something must change. The Night Watch is dying father. You know it. Only we in the North truly believe in the Wall and its defense. If this war was one hundred years from now I doubt the Nights Watch would still exist.”

“It is time father that the Night Watch no longer be filled with criminals emptied out of prisons and poor sent to us against their will. We need more. We need better.”

Eddard could not say his son was wrong. He was just not sure his son’s plans was the proper one. He would let the next Lord Commander and the Queen make those decisions.

They came upon a training ground. Crows and wildlings were training together. Eddard saw that they had good sword skills but nothing approaching great. Eddard worried about that. The Crows and Wildlings were both anxious to fight on the front lines. Most were going to be archers. The best of the swordsmen would support the knights and well trained forces of the Houses.

Eddard knew it would be the archers that would win or lose the coming conflict.

Eddard planned to have most of the damage done to the enemy by obsidian tipped arrows, javelins and spears. Scorpions had been constructed to hurl large obsidian bolts that would rain havoc on the Ice Wrights and especially the Ice Giants. With the waking dead’s propensity to burning like a torch the air would be filled with flaming arrows as well. The camp of the Queen and forces of her Wall were almost walking on arrows now. He and the Queen had done their duty in supplying the weapons necessary in defeating their implacable foe.

If all the forces had Valyrian swords he would be much more willing to engage in sword combat with the walking dead and Ice Wrights. Regular swords did not kill the Walking Dead and the swords of the Ice Wrights were so cold they tended to shatter all but the most hardened steel after but a handful of strikes.

In all of their forces they may have had maybe fifty Valyrian steel weapons. His own sword was unique but it was fully the equal of Valyrian steel if not better.

He and his son stopped and watched the training. Jon shook his head. He asked his leave to go and train with his forces. He would see if he could help the best of his swordsmen improve their skills.

Eddard walked back down the line of the encampment. He too thought that Nights Watch had to find a new way.
Eddard moved towards the training ground that had been set up for the knights and the Lords. He saw that the High Lords had gathered along with Daenerys and his daughter. He saw Barristan, Syrio and Strong Belwas. He saw Haruchai and the Giants were easy to see with their great height.

He walked over to watch the practice pitch. Eddard smiled. Barristan was fighting both Stannis and Renly. They all looked like whirling dervishes. The sounds of Valyrian steel colliding with violent impacts. Their collisions rung across the trampled grasslands.

Barristan was swinging Hammer of Doom against the brothers Valyrian steel swords. Renly was laughing wielding Nightfang and Stannis was his grim-self slashing and parrying with his Edge of Doom sword. The blades colliding again and again.

Eddard admired Barristan and his skill in holding off two men at one time with seeming ease. Magic was definitely in the air Eddard thought. His daughter and Queen were extremely skilled. His daughter may be his equal and Daenerys was only a sliver less than his skill. That did not surprise him. Their abilities to use their swords with equal skill to his was not something he questioned.

It was their raw strength that always surprised the Warden of the North. He would lock swords with his much shorter daughter and with her even smaller lover the Queen Daenerys Targaryen. Their skill equal or so near it did not matter. They would lock swords and when he went to use his superior size he found quickly that they were able to hold him at bay. He would lean into them trying to use his superior size and strength to bend them back. That did not happen. They were every bit as strong as he. Sometimes he wondered if they were stronger.

He smiled at that. He could live with a woman being stronger than him. He knew the Haruchai were stronger than any man of Westeros or Essos. Their women basically as strong as the men but a little more quick of motion. He smiled to himself. He could only do the best he could. What more could be asked of a man.

He remembered back to his fight with the great Arthur Dayne. He was just Arya’s age then. He had yet to grow into his adult body. Arthur Dayne skill was not truly greater than Eddard. It was that he was a man mature. His strength nullified Eddard’s equal or greater sword skill. He still remembered how his arm soon ached from the blows that Arthur delivered with Morning Star. They would lock swords and his superior strength would throw Eddard off balance and once more Eddard had to fight feverishly to slowly once more gain the advantage.

The mature man was slowly wearing down the boy just reaching his first flush of manhood. He had slowly analyzed Arthur’s fighting style and found a weakness. He was about to wound and take him prisoner when Howland Reed had delivered a killing blow from the rear. Eddard had no choice then but to put the man out of his death throes.

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Still, twenty years later it haunted him not being able to save that man’s life. In many ways it had been Arthur’s death that started Eddard down the path that had led him to be here now before the Wall. He had learned in Arthur and Lyanna’s deaths that maybe “honor” for honor sake was not always the most important thing. That change was further cemented when he was not able to gather his sister’s dead body for internment in Winterfell.

He was sure forces loyal to the Targaryen line had gathered her body for burial. He had quietly asked the gathered homes that surrounded he Tower of Joy, homes that had been loyal to House Targaryen but no one knew or would admit to the act. He still squirmed with the finding and giving of a young woman’s dead body to the Silent Sisters. They never knew the difference. The stripping of the body to the bone made the further subterfuge easy to play out till those bones were interned in Lyanna’s supposed tomb.
He hoped her body was not taken by the wolves. He stopped and looked up at the Wall. Why had he started dreaming of wolves in Dorne? Of Lions and Wolves lying together. Lyanna was dead. Eddard supposed it was Arya taking a Dragon to wife that had caused such dreams.

He snapped out of his musings of the past. Thinking of his daughter and House Targaryen had his eyes trained on Arya and Daenerys. They were fighting together against Syrio and Strong Belwas. The former First Sword and pit fighter were whirling and jumping around with their gifted Valyrian weapons. Eddard was still shocked that a man the size of Strong Belwas was able to jump like a gazelle and spin with the grace of a dancer. How so much jiggling fat could move in concert and purpose was beyond Eddard.

Dany and now his sweet daughter fought with Rune Swords against Syrio and the fat bald eunuch Strong Belwas. Again the impossible had happened Eddard reflected. His daughter had fired up a hidden from normal human eyes a Valyrian Rune Sword. The two women were circling around on an unseen pivot point protecting each other’s back form attack. Daenerys Foe Hammer and Arya’s Blackfyr were leaving blue trails through the air. Their swords like fireflies on a summer night weaving beautiful unknowable patterns in the air. The arcs, circles, parabolas and triangles beautiful to behold.

Syrio was doing his water dance that Arya easily matched and maybe excelled. Daenerys was almost as graceful but she favored the more classic style of fighting with a broadsword. She would slash and parry and slash again always blocking but advancing as well. Strong Belwas was using his great bulk to push and shove the two women around but they pivoted around to keep him on the defense.

He heard young female laughter. His daughter and her twenty year old lover were enjoying the sheer exuberance of the joy of hard strenuous physical combat. When one practiced in the arts of death there was exhilaration that non warriors could never understand.

Eddard was happy that he let his daughter achieve the dream she had cherished. The dream denied to his own sister. He saw now what Lyanna could have been. Why did she have to die twenty years ago? His mind was playing tricks on him of late. Again he dreamed of his sister howling at the moon. He wondered what it meant.

He was moving towards the High Lords to join in their sparring. He wanted to test himself and his sword again. These men were the best that Westeros had to offer. He watched Barristan. He had fought Stannis and Renly to a draw. Stannis was very, very good. If he had more imagination and did not fight more by rote he would be truly dangerous. Renly was good but would never be great.

Now Barristan was resting. Loras was warming up to take his turn with Barristan. Loras was better than Renly. Maybe he would one day be great but not today. He was practicing diligently though and slowly improving. He smiled. Renly came over and they kissed on the lips but thank the gods no snogging. Eddard knew he was still a prude! Why did people kiss in public he never knew? A sweet chaste kiss to Cat in public was okay but all this snooging made Eddard squirm.

Barristan was resting on a camp bench with Marleya Blackmyre. More precisely Marleya was sitting on Barristan’s lap. They were snooging. Fiercely. Her bodice was loose and he was feeling her up as she cuffed and squirmed around on his lap. Eddard felt his lips purse and took a deep breath. How the universe had upended itself he would never know. Barristan had been part of the King’s Guard for the old god’s sake. Okay Eddard thought. He had abandoned his vows but he did not have to become a strumpet always groping his woman did he? A woman now panting like a bitch in heat Eddard observed before turning away embarrassed.
Eddard was happy for the man though. Barristan was in his mid-sixties now and yet he was a vigorous as when Eddard first met him twenty years ago. He suspected that magic was at play again. He was just thankful. The Queen needed such a man at her side. Loyal and extremely skilled with the sword. The Queen was equally skilled but the leader of Westeros needed as much loyal protection as possible. The world of the person who sat on the Iron Throne was filled with danger. Always.

Having one of the greatest swordsman as her lover was also a plus Eddard mused. Eddard chuckled softly. He pitied the fool that tried to ambush Daenerys and his daughter in their bedroom. He was sure they kept blades at hand even in their bed.

Marleya’s squeals brought Eddard back to the immediate present. Eddard’s curiosity got the better of him and he looked back at her and Barristan. Barristan had his other hand in his woman’s now unlaced breeches and the fabric was jerking as he worked her pussy. Eddard felt his face blush furiously. Stannis and Renly were urging Barristan on.

Marleya’s body was beginning to shake violently as she gripped Barristan’s long hair into her now fisted hands. Her eyes locked with his.

Eddard turned his back. When had the North become Dorne! Eddard wondered.

And what was it with Stannis. He had been his brother in prude but no more. He was telling Barristan “make the fucking cunt cum hard man! I want to hear her scream!” Boy, she sure complied Eddard groused his ears ringing.

He had to admit though that all the sex around him had gotten him to thinking. He smirked to himself. *Maybe an old dog could learn new tricks.* His daughters being lesbians had made him wonder if they were onto something. He had awkwardly worked around to going down Cat. The results had been wild. More to the point Cat had gone wild. She cum screaming like the bed was on fire. She had fisted his hair and rode her wet pussy up and down Eddard’s face screaming as her body cummed with violent seizures of pleasure.

Eddard had smiled great big at that. Pussy tasted great! He looked around making sure no one knew he was having fornicating thoughts. He did have a persona to maintain after all.

That was something else he had tried to loosen up on. He had started expressing the pleasure his wife was giving him freely. He moaned loudly and screamed in orgasm not controlling himself. Next thing he knew Cat was screaming her head off during her orgasms. His wife moaning and groaning as they fucked and encouraging Eddard to “fuck her harder” and suggesting different positions and places to fuck. Eddard liked that!

Then he had again suggested anal sex to his wife. Listening to Stannis, Renly, Oberyn had gotten him to thinking again. The women they, Eddard paused, *oh hell* … fucked up the ass seemed to love it. The men kept telling Eddard of their acts. He tried to run away but they followed him as he fled. The men still hitting him with all the details. The women kept pulling their ass cheeks back for more anal sex. *They must like it didn’t they?* He had stammered in asking Cat if she had ever thought of anal sex.

He had feared Cat would slap his face. That had not been her response. An excited ‘yes’ was Cat’s answer. Instead her ass was quickly shaking suggestively in front of his face with her moaning to take her “fucking asshole”. He had. Gods she had cum so hard. She had screamed like a banshee.

She later told her husband that she had talked to Sansa and Margaery about anal sex and if they partook of it. Catelyn had laughed telling Eddard that boy did their oldest daughter partake of anal sex.
sex. Margaery could not get enough of it either.

Eddard blushed hotly. His wife had learned many things from his eldest daughter and her lover it seemed. He had been fucking Catelyn up her asshole balls deep (man—talking like this made even the memory of sex hot! Eddard thought to himself) her body jerking forward as their sweaty bodies impacted hard making Cat’s ass cheeks and hips jiggle hard with each powerful impact of surging bodies.

Gods, Cat’s asshole felt so good on his dick. So hot and tight. Then Cat had pulled forward and slowly kneed around in her doggy poise so she faced Eddard. He remembered looking down the first time she did this. He looked down at her with a question in his eyes. Then Cat had reached out and gripped the base of his cock and her mouth had swallowed his cockhead and stated to bob and soon she was taking his shaft to the back of her throat her sweaty lank hair jerking with her avid bobbing.

Eddard had nearly lost his mind at the nastiness of it. It was hot! Cat had pulled off his cock “You like Ed. It is called Ass to Mouth. My shithole tastes so fucking sweet Ned” Cat had husked before swallowing his dick again and sucking fiercely. “Ummmmm nnggg nnggg nnggg” Cat moaned sucking her ass off his cock. Eddard had lost it and cummed in his wife’s hot sucking mouth.

Cat loved it in the ass and Eddard loved her sucking her ass juice off his prick. Then the next night Eddard was fucking Cat in the ass in spoon with Cat turning over to clean his cock of her ass cream. Again and again Cat eagerly rolled over to suck her ass cream off his dick. His cock slavered with her ‘shit cream’ as Cat loved to call it. His wife’s new nastiness blowing Eddard’s mind. In a good way mind you Eddard smiled to himself. Cat had sucked with such passion and twisting head motions on his mushroom cockhead.

Then she reached back while he pounded her asshole hard and gripped the base of his shaft. He paused expecting more sweet ATM. Again Cat shocked him. She guide his cock down her perineum and slide his dick straight out her asshole to her tight cunt. He had moaned so hard feeling her wet cunt envelope his dick soaked in his wife’s ass cream. She moaned and jabbered as he savaged fucked her cunt. They both came howling within a minute. Cat told him that was called Ass to Pussy. They both loved it! Their sex life had definitely taken a turn for the better. So he really could understand everyone else he supposed.

He had become instantly addicted to this elevation in his and Cat’s sex life. They both loved it! But for everything there was a place he snarked to himself. A place that was nice and private. A place where others would not hear you fucking. Eddard paused and excused his Braavosi. He was indeed loosening up he grimaced.

His daughters, their lovers, and that horndog Oberyn had corrupted Stannis and his wife. They all were like a freaking Khalasar. Eddard could understand Daenerys and her proclivities. She had been a Khaleesi at the age of thirteen. She may have been sheltered before that but she definitely took to the liberated sexual mores of the Dothraki.

He wondered about that. Why was it that societies so often made sexual relations so taboo and made people feel guilty about it? He shook his head. Marleya let loose a loud scream. Eddard sighed as Barristan finger fucked his woman to a second gut wrenching orgasm. Marleya had no problem with taboo or mores.

Barristan was definitely active and full of vigor. In a few minutes he was up and fighting with Loras. Barristan was fast as lightening. He was not one step slower than he was in Robert’s Rebellion. Three times Loras was disarmed and four times Barristan delivered what would have been killing strokes if it had been true combat.
Loras took his defeats in good grace. That was a good thing. It meant that Loras was open to
improvement.

Barristan nodded to Eddard. He went to Marleya and she gave him a mug of water and dabbed the
sweat off his forehead all the time cooing to him. Eddard pursed his lips. He hated public sappiness
almost as much as lewdness. Marleya giving Barristan sweet smacking kisses to Barristan’s
puckered lips.

Geez Eddard thought.

Eddard looked out across the plain in front of the Wall. Most of the troops were resting. The night
watch shift had taken to their cots. The troops for the day shift of the rotation were milling around
with general exercises and troop formations being practiced.

Both Daenerys and he had done the heavy training in the local holdfasts. They both wanted their
troops trained up before they traveled to the Wall. Now the troops were trained and ready. The
troops now practicing to remember routines already committed to muscle memory. The conscripts
trained in military formations and understanding what the banners and horn notes meant in the heat
of battle.

If the war was soon minimal training was necessary. All felt that the war would be soon. Even
though the evidence pointed otherwise all felt it was coming soon. Eddard felt it.

The enemy was near. He could feel it. He spent the next hour talking to Lords and knights boding
with his bannermen and getting to know some more of the Lords of the South.

Barristan was refreshed and came out to where Eddard was located on the practice field. Eddard
saw that the Baratheon brothers and Loras were following and watching them intently. He was
surprised to see that Daenerys and Arya along with their combatants Syrio Forel and Strong Belwas.
He also saw that Lord Lustra and Brail had come up.

Eddard was taken slightly aback. He felt his pride rise up. Barristan was the equal of Arthur
Dayne. He had to be very, very careful. The two men sized each other up. Barristan’s Valyrian
steel sword was one of the precious swords that had blue ripples along its length.

Eddard pulled his sword from his scabbard. Its light blue steel glowed effervescently. The blade
almost had a sheen. It did not glow like a Rune Sword but a halo surrounded it and the hand that
gripped it. Eddard sneered at his sword. It was razor sharp. It did not dull itself like it had with the
hussy Haruchai women. Had the sword wanted him to fornicate with the Haruchai? He eyed his
blade suspiciously.

The sword began to keen in anticipation with a soft melodic hum. The sword’s brightness picked up
in its intensity. The blade had a subtle pulse to it now. Eddard put his silly thoughts aside. The
sword almost seemed to be singing. Eddard looked at his sword. His sword had not done that
before. He understood somehow that the sword was picking up on Eddard’s eagerness to prove
himself before all. It was if the sword shared Eddard’s desires. Barristan heard it too and his natural
wariness showed on his face. He was in a defensive crouch.

The two men circled each other with their swords swirling and making patterns in the air to keep
them in the best position to attack or defend.

Eddard noticed that his blade now left light blue trails in air like the Rune swords. Where the Rune
swords glows slowly disappeared like a torch slowly going out his sword’s tendrils seemed to fray,
mist apart and dissipate like fog burning off.
The two men charged and their swords slammed into each other. Their swords slammed into each other again and again. They would lock swords and the locked blades swirled around in circles the blades pressed into each other. Then they pushed each other away to only have them again attack with blades swirling and slashing hard and fast. Blades hitting each other at angled vectors to block and deflect. Both men pushing and pulling on their swords to unbalance each other but they were both too skilled for that.

Eddard’s sword was humming louder in combat. The air around the impromptu combat arena filled with ethereal ghost trails left by Eveningstar as the two combatants fought on.

At times one or the other would pivot away with a spin their blades slashing out to keep their foe away. Eddard tripped Barristan who fell to his back but he had his sword up to block Eddard’s down chop. With Eddard’s second down chop Barristan rolled to the left and slapped his blade down on Eddard’s locking it to the ground. His foot kicked out and hit Eddard hard in the chest flinging him back. The old knight instantly back up on his feet.

Barristan made a stabbing stroke at Eddard’s face. Eddard hit the blade and slide his sword up against it. Both men pressed their swords into the other’s swords. The blades screaming as metal slide against metal. The blades slide over each other back and forth as each man sought advantage. Sparks sprung off the blades. Eveningstar was now singing in a loud tenor voice.

Eddard felt strength flowing into him from the sword. He did not tire. Nor did Barristan.

Barristan jerked his blade back and then forward hard the blades screaming and the men broke apart to again strike and counterstrikes with blades hitting violently first high and then low.

For ten more minutes the men fought till by mutual agreement the ceased their combat. It had been a draw. Both men bowed to the other. They were equals. The two men smiled slightly in acknowledge of the prowess of the other man.

Eddard walked on. He wanted to see more of the camp. He was proud of what he and the Queen had accomplished. He walked to another practice field and watched the Giants and Haruchai practicing.

He was again stunned at what he saw. The Giants were well over twice his height and built like oak trees. Despite their immense size they moved as fast as he and Barristan had just moved. As skilled as he was, Eddard knew he had little chance fighting a woman with a blade that was almost eight feet long and wielded as fast as he wielded his own blade.

He saw the Giants practicing with big iron shields that had been fashioned for them. The blacksmiths had loved the challenge of crafting the unusual sized shields. It had been a challenge they loved meeting. It had been Stannis that suggested that they use the immense square shields. He had come up with the idea of the immense Giants using the one hundred pound shields to not only shield themselves from arrows and pikes but as much if not more to use as battering rams. When the Giants ran into each other with their massive shields it was frightening the loud sound of the violent collisions. The Giants merely laughed shaking their heads.

The Haruchai were fighting each other or the Giants. They needed no other practice. They were indeed living weapons. Their strength was staggering. He wondered again about Cersei who was said to have become a force of nature down in Dorne. He could not believe it still. He knew he was seeing what Cersei had become with these Haruchai. Only she used a weapon. That cemented it for Eddard. He made a decision.

The Ramen were not present but he knew they were moving through the camp tending to horses or
the Ranyhyn wherever they may be in need.

They were ready. He felt it in his bones. The Ice King was near.

He heard the Direwolves suddenly howling again. That made Eddard nervous. The Direwolves and the Dragons had both been edgy the last three days. They seemed to be getting more agitated. Lady was up howling into the air. For even the most gentle of Direwolf to be growling and snapping at hands that came near her was a bad omen. For that to happen then evil was indeed near.

Eddard looked over at the dragons. The dragons shifting from foot to foot. Their massive tails sweeping the ground. Their necks extending up and bugling loudly.

Yes. The Ice King was near.

The Wall would stand or fall but either way it would prove an effective barrier. They would have time to decimate the enemy before their armies ever contacted each other.

He looked up at the Wall. His eyes scanned the abandoned battlements at the top. Only a few men or women on the top of the Wall to keep watch. The dragons ready to take wing to fly up and pull them off in a moment’s notice.

His eyes suddenly stopped their scanning motion. He was looking up at the top of the Wall. When had a person from Tyrosh became part of the guard up on the Wall? The person seemed to be a woman but one could not be sure with that people. Long green hair whipped around in the air currents at that height. The person seemed awful small. The figure staring down at the center of their encampment.

Then he knew. It was She Who Must Be Named. The woman from the glade. Eddard took a deep breath. He looked around. No one else had seen her. He saw no need to say anything. But it steeled him further. For this woman to be here at this time then he knew that the war was soon.

He looked down to see what she looking at. He could not be sure but he had a strong suspicion. He looked back up but the green haired woman was gone. He smiled his squint smile. He indeed knew who the goddess had looked down upon. Missandei. He wished this seeming like unto a goddess woman would just come down and love the woman. Missandei deserved that kind of love. That was beyond his purview. He shrugged and moved on.

Sansa

Sansa was going over the most recent tally sheets from the shipments that had arrived this morning. They had been at the Wall for eight days now. Four more supply trains had come up to the Wall since their arrival. The first train had been full of woolen coats and undershirts and pants. The forces from the South were not used to the winter climes. They did not have the clothes with them by course.

The second train had come with more food stores. Dried beans, jerked beef, hard tack, beets, turnips and barrels full of various nuts. The Queen was a big believer that an army fights on its stomach. Too many campaigns had been lost by hungry and tired troops facing an enemy that was refreshed and well fed. The outcomes were always the same. The Queen would not make that mistake.

The camp followers had moved up to. They were kept at the rear of the encampment and well away from the traitorous houses. Their wagons were in the middle of the encampment but Sansa had read up on the Unsullied and had many knights between them and the traitors. The traitors would be
annihilated when they attempted to ambush the Queen’s forces unawares. The Queen’s had two mercenary companies filled with archers stationed near the traitors to help decimate the scum when the time came. Sansa was not worried.

The Houses of Frey and Bolton would not be allowed to fall on the non-warriors and cause panic and send them into flight and confusion.

The last two wagons train had come bring up more iron and obsidian tipped weapons. Of course the mix was heavily waited to dragon glass weapons. Ten of the wagons had gone to the front of the encampment. The dragon glass weapons were of course being distributed away from the traitorous houses. Sansa smiled with thoughts of the coming battle. The sky would be darkened by the clouds of dragon glass arrows falling among the Ice King’s forces. The enemy would be decimated from afar.

The Ice Wrights were fast but still you can only dodge so many arrows. The Ice Wrights and of course the dead could not shoot bows. That was a major deficiency to the enemy’s strategy. The Ice King relied on the dead enveloping the enemy. Fire had been effective but in the past there had not been enough archers and arrows with flaming tips to attack the enemy. In the past the Ice King’s forces had always attacked with advantage.

This was not the situation now. The oil brought up north did not evaporate. Troughs had been dug where the fire archers were to be stationed. The trenches filled with oil. The front of the encampment had special large ditches built filled with oil. There were hills all around of normal arrows with hemp wrapped around the arrow tips. The archers in their rows would only have to dip their arrow tips into the oil to fire. The large ditches at the front of the camp would be alight to burn the dead.

It seemed some of the Ice Wrights would have Ice Armor. That would protect their forces but slow the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants down. The ice was heavy and not flexible from what Melisandre and Ygritte reported. Heavy spears with iron tips and repeated long bow shots with iron tipped arrow heads should shatter the Ice Blocks. The iron magically enhanced by the wives of Jon. It may take time but the iron tipped weapons would breakdown the ice armor of the Wrights. Again the Queen had the quantity of arrows necessary to fire off without regard to numbers.

Their best archers had been trained by Marleya Blackmyre to further increase their accuracy to hit small targets. She was of the mind that only the best would try and hit specific panels of ice. She was telling her archers to aim for the torso and keep hitting those areas with their arrows. The Ice would break. Once their bodies were vulnerable they could be killed by dragon glass.

Jon had proven that the obsidian was indeed fatal to the Ice Wrights and the Walking Dead. Since the kill was magical even a shot to the leg or hand would eventually kill. The Ice Wrights would still be able to kill as they were poisoned slowly but surely. The dead would still march forward to kill all they could reach till the obsidian tipped weapons unbound the magic animating their dead bodies.

The idea was to make each Ice Wright and walking dead look like porcupines until they fell to the ground and died. The Ice Wrights and Giants would mist away. It seemed the walking dead simply unbound as their bodies rotted away. Eeeewwwww! Sansa thought.

Quick kills were possible with Ice Wrights and the walking dead. They died immediately with a head shot or to the former dead heart. Otherwise it took time but the magic would kill them. The Ice Wrights would dodge and use their armor. The dead would not.

This was not even counting the flaming arrows. The dead went up like Pentos Candles when a flame arrow(s) hit the enemy. She looked forward to seeing them burn. If the Wall did not come
down then she wanted to be up on the Wall to witness the death being hurled down on the enemy.

If the enemy breeched the tunnels then they would face line upon lines of archers. The knights would charge into dead and disrupt their moment and allows the archers to continue feathering the walking dead with flame and obsidian.

The Ice Wrights should be dodging obsidian just to survive. That would make them ineffective in their attack. The Giants with their magical Blades and the Valyrian steel of the few knights that had them would create mayhem among them. The Queen had taught the Ice King the deadliness of Valyrian steel to him and his kind. Even the Croyel had been cut by her blade. Jon Snow’s sword had done damage.

Sansa was a little worried with the uniqueness of the blades. Dany’s sword was a Rune Sword and Jon’s sword had become Lightbringer reborn as he had become Azor Ahai reborn. Still, it was the magic of the blades that made them so dangerous. The magical swords would deal death to the enemy.

Sansa could feel the tension rising in the High Lords and the generals. They seemed to feel the enemy near. Sansa and Margaery did not have any of these premonitions. They were logisticians and now warriors. Her sister and Dany were getting full of nervous energy waiting for the coming battle. She and Margaery felt the same energy in her father. He was calm seeming to any who did not know Eddard Stark. Sansa was not just anyone. Her father was tight with anticipation.

Stannis’s teeth might shatter with how hard he was grinding his teeth. Renly had stopped jesting. Loras and Renly were quiet now and holding hands when they sat.

Barristan was edgy. He had snapped at his woman Marleya Blackmyre. She had been shocked and it was surprising to see such a powerful woman hurt like that. She did not cry but the hurt was evident in every line of her body. Barristan had followed her retreating back and called her name. She had turned prepared to give him hell. He had fallen to his knees and put his forehead on her feet asking for forgiveness. She had looked down at him with eyes that instantly softened. She fell to her knees and took her man in her arms fully forgiving him.

“Just don’t act like an ass okay?” Marelya asked Barristan softly.

“I promise I will not. I have shamed myself my love” Barristan softly intoned back.

Wow! That was all Sansa could think of. That was an apology. She doubted her pride would let her no such a show of contrition. She doubted Margaery would do such an act. Both were heroes in their own mind Sansa knew. They would think instinctively they were in the right with their thoughts and reactions. That act of Barristan gave Sansa a lot to think on.

The tension was evident even in the dragons and Direwolves. The dragons would bugle suddenly hopping from foot to foot and then take to wing and fly furiously around. The Direwolves were howling during the day and especially at night.

Even Lady was edgy. Lady would come to their door in the mid evening and scratch the wood with her sharp claws and whining. It was not so bad when she and Margaery were reviewing data, eating a late night repast or some lemon cake that was made just for Sansa and Margaery who had developed a taste for the treats.

They would let Lady in and she would immediately hop up on the bed and pad her a nest and flop down whining for attention. They would throw a fur over the wolf who wiggled underneath enjoying the pampering. Lady looking at them with her beautiful eyes showing her need for
reassurance. Lady was so ladylike Sansa thought to herself. They would then pet and scratch the agitated wolf until she calmed down. Lady’s eyes slowly drooping closed till she went to sleep. It was then furs on the floor and fuck to exhaustion on the floor and snuggling close all wrapped in furs in the narrow passage way on the floor.

That was how they handled Lady on most nights. Sometimes though it was harder to be understanding like last night. Lady had come later and Sansa had her face buried in some sweet gash slurping and tongue fucking a sweet hot wet honey hole. Sansa was on her knees by the bed her body bent down eating out sweet pussy! Margaery chuffing and writhing to orgasm. That was when Lady had come to the door! Sansa had tried to ignore the wolf but the whining became loud and piteous then. Margaery pulled back and told Sansa to let Lady in.

Sansa had lifted her face wet with Margaery’s cum and her dripping sweat.

“Damnit! Let her whine. I need your pussy baby!”

“Can’t you hear her need?”

“What about my need!” Sansa had stood and stomped her foot. Margaery had cocked an eyebrow at her. Sansa knew she was pussy whipped.

She went to the door of the wagon and let in Lady. The large Direwolf had come into the wagon and saw Margaery on the bed. She started whining loudly. Lady’s head whipping around showing her displeasure at seeing her bed already taken. More piteous yammers followed.

Sansa did not know how Margaery could be so good natured about it! She had been about to cum! Margaery got up and Lady jumped up on the bed sniffing their sex musk and cum on the bed while settling down. She then flopped down and whined for her attention. They started to sit down to placate the wolf but Lady started whipping her head around while whining.

Margaery sighed. She got up fetched the fur they used for Lady. Margaery put the fur over the Direwolf that she had come to expect and need when she slept on the bed. The Direwolf wiggled and made happy wolf sounds as she settled down into the bed that was now her nest.

Sansa exasperated joined in with Margaery to soothe her wolf who whimpered and snuffled getting comfortable. They lovingly stroked the sweet Direwolf. When Lady chuffed in pleasure she was indeed so lovable. Soon she was asleep.

Sansa was still miffed until Margaery threw the furs on floor and got down on them. Margaery titled her pelvis up and hooked her fingers along her seam and spread her wet pussy open showing her honey pit all wet and pulsing. Sansa felt her breath catch seeing Margaery’s beautiful cunt opened up wide and seeing the red wet folds pulsing with Margaery’s breathing and flexing stomach. Sansa fell on her like a famished supplicant and devoured sweet gash till it exploded in her mouth flooding her sucking mouth with sweet hot gushes of hot cum.

Sansa thought that Lady hadn’t been that big a pain in her ass now with Margaery ramming her spasming cunt hard into her mouth giving her hot sweet pussy juice to gulp down.

Thinking of that she understood Missandei’s issues when it came to the matters of the sweet scribe’s heart.

Missandei was wrought up but for another reason. She was upset again that her mystery lover was not coming to her to consummate their love. Quite frankly Sansa could not understand how the gentle but at times fiery translator and mathematician supreme could love this woman. She was
evidently an actual goddess who once had lost her body and become some supreme evil being that killed men on sight and ate women.

And that was not eating out women—that was eating women. Sansa shivered at the thought. Sansa remembered Missandei’s defense of the woman she loved.

“Why Sansa! … Margaery! I love She Who Must Not Be Named with all my heart! She had every reason to butcher men and drive women insane by consuming them! She did let them go! It doesn’t matter that some of those women were in her for countless millennium. She has changed!”

Sansa and Margaery looked over Missandei’s head. They had thought to make Missandei part of their hens but had decided that was not a very good plan. Being consumed alive and driven insane was not a thought to set one’s libido on fire.

“I agree” Margaery said patting Missandei on the shoulder but making very sure to not make it sexual. Sansa was looking around carefully.

“I can feel her now when she is near … she comes and goes. It is maddening! I want her!” Missandei roared in great sexual frustration.

It was really a shame. Margaery and she could help take the edge off for Missandei. The only problem with that idea was that it was a death sentence!

“Missandei give her time—“ Sansa started to say.

“NO!” Missandei shouted slamming her fist down on the table top. “I want her now … my loins ache for her!”

Sansa winced at that. Sometimes it did not pay to have an overly developed vocabulary. Sansa after Margaery’s tutelage preferred the word “cunt” or a fallback to “pussy or twat, snatch, cougie, quim and other nice dirty words” but not freaking “loins”. Sansa sure hoped Missandei learned how to talk with a potty mouth when she and She Who Must Not Be Named finally started doing the nasty.

She patted Missandei’s forearm in a very nonsexual way. “I know you want her Missandei. Maybe she is waiting till after the war to come to you. She may have some code of honor that prevents her from coming to you till the war is over. Not getting too involved maybe. Remember your longed for lover is not human. Who knows what codes of ethics drive her.”

“I don’t think that is it my love” Margaery responded. “From what Missandei knows we know that She Who Must Not Be Named was cruelly treated and went insane. That this Lord Foul chained her in a deep abyss and the poor young woman went insane. That has got to mess with your proverbial head. Goddess or not. I think she is still traumatized.”

Sansa answered back. “She is no woman Margaery. She is a godsdamn actual goddess or as close as you can get.” Sansa had heard the stories from Missandei of the goddess’s past and what she had done to expose the traitors.

“You are wrong there Sansa” Margaery answered. “She may be more physically powerful than you and I but in her soul she is a fearful woman who has been greatly wronged and spiritually harmed. She is a virgin. I can feel it. She is afraid to give herself. To lower all her shields and guards. She did once and look what happened to her.”

Missandei watched Sansa and Margaery talk about her and her lover. Missandei’s head turning to look at each woman as they spoke.
“I think that when She Who Must Not Be Named gives her love it is total and complete. Thus she hesitates because she was harmed so badly in the distant past.

Sansa had watched the frustration mount in Missandei as she and Margaery discussed her lady love.

“But I love her!” Missandei yowled in a high pitched whiny. “I would never hurt her. I only want to love her!” The small black woman slammed her fist on the table again but grimaced this time snatching her fist back and kissing her bruised hand. “She knows this” Missandei said this softly.

Margaery hugged the small black woman. “I hate to say this Missandei, but, if you love her like you say you do then you will have wait for her. I know she loves you. Are you still getting green roses every morning?”

“Yes” the small scribe said sullenly. Tears ran down her cheeks.

“She loves you” Margaery told the Queen’s interpreter confidently. “She will come to you. Mark my words. The wait will make your two’s coming together magical Missandei.”

“I am tired of waiting! I want my magic now!” Missandei yelled. She started to slam her left fist onto the desk again but stopped her fist’s flight down. She pulled her hand back. Missandei had learned her lesson it seemed.

Sansa observed the young woman. She shook her head. Too bad this She Who Must Not Be Named had come onto the scene. Missandei would have been a great “hen”. Sansa also thought again for not the first time we have to find out that woman’s real name. Evidently, that name gave great power to control this green hued woman that Missandei loved with all her heart.

Margaery was still trying to console the scribe telling her all the reasons why she needed to wait.

“I want her pussy in my mouth! I want to suck her off and feel her cunt explode in my hard sucking mouth and drink down her sweet hot cum!”

That was more like it thought Sansa. Sansa loved hearing women talking dirty. Missandei did have it in her Sansa thought relieved.

They finally started to get Missandei calmed down about her lady love after a few more minutes of soothing consoling.

They then started talking about the nervousness in the camp. They themselves were not feeling the edginess that fallen on the Queen’s camp but they not being warriors explained that. The supporters of the combatants had an easier time falling into a wait mode. The three of them were nervous though. They had all wanted to come and be part of the war effort. They knew that this war would be won or lost here.

They felt safe being near the middle of the Queen’s forces. They were in the area where all the High Royals were located. They had the best warriors in all the realm surrounding them. They had company after company of knights bivouacked around them. They were protected from all sides.

They were confident of their situation but they knew they were useless in a fight.

Missandei had gone off three days ago about her absent lover. Margaery and she were convinced that Missandei could now sense her absent lover because of what she kept in her body. The Krill was a weapon that the Lord Lustra said could defeat any enemy. With this new ability Missandei knew when She Who Must Not Named had moved far away. This both upset and pissed Missandei off greatly.
When they had first arrived at the Wall the Lord of Revelstone had come to them as they had their first meetings. Missandei again with Sansa and Margaery. The Lord had knocked on their wagon door and asked to join them. She and Brail had entered the wagon. The wagon was large but it was still cramped.

Sansa and Margaery were happy to see the obvious love between the Lord and the Haruchai. The Lord no longer looked like she was constantly biting into a sour lemon. She now had a soft smile on her face. Brail was touching her lover subtly as she stood behind her lover. For a Haruchai this was a declaration of love.

The Lord was differential towards Missandei. They made pleasantries but the three women of Westeros knew why the Lord was here.

“I would like to see the Krill Missandei. I am told you have mastery of it. This is a great weapon of my homeland. We knew that Linden Avery had taken it from its place of keeping. It is a weapon of limitless might. It took Loric Vilesilencer four hundred years to craft it.”

Margaery and Sansa had respected Missandei’s privacy on the Krill but the Lord came from the Land of its birth. This woman had the right to ask of it.

Missandei eyed the woman cautiously. “I am not sure. I know that in your world She Who Must Not Be Named is considered evil. I will not have anyone caste dispersions on her. I love her!”

The Lord bowed her head slightly, differentially. Brail started to step forward at Missandei’s declaration but Lustra stopped the Bloodguard with a light touch on Brail’s forearm.

“I can see that Missandei. Yes. In her long ago past she did do great evil. But she had redeemed herself. She released all the women she had consumed and they are now Forestals. She enabled the RingWielders to subdue and defeat Lord Foul. She is not the enemy of the Land or here it would seem. She has done nothing but serve the forces of light and right. I see that and acknowledge it Missandei of Naath. I have no rancor against She Who Must Not Be Named.”

Missandei was mollified. Sansa had held Margaery’s hand when Missandei stood up. She could feel something big about to happen. Missandei placed her hand on her stomach and as she pulled her hand away a brilliant white light seemed to pour out her stomach and flowed into her hand. The hand came back and a large dagger appeared.

Sansa gasped. The blade was ethereal almost. The sides on each side of the large dagger were so sharp she could actually see the keenness of the edges. They gleamed and refracted off light. The light that poured out of the white gem in the middle of the dagger and crossguards was brilliant beyond all measure and yet she could still look at it. The Gem was literally exploding out white light that should have been blinding but wasn’t. The brilliant light protected her vision Sansa sensed. Missandei’s small hand holding the hilt could barely be seen through the white light surrounding the blade in a penumbra of magic. Magic full of portent and power.

Sansa turned and looked at a stunned Margaery. She saw it too. This blade could destroy the world if wielded by the wrong person. It’s ability to channel any might limitless. How Sansa and her lover knew this Sansa did not know but the truth was in Missandei’s hand.

“It is true then” Brail spoke. Sansa could hear the slightest trace of wonder in the Haruchai’s voice.

“Yes.” The Lord answered. “This has never happened before. Only a Ringweilder or a Lord with full mastery of the heart of Lord Kevin’s lore can hold the Krill and have it active. You have gone far beyond that. You actually carry the blade inside you. I would have said this impossible if I had
not seen this. How do you do it if I may ask?”

“I don’t know. Arya and Dany could not remove it from the wall when Linden Avery buried it in Arya’s wall. This ‘Krill’ looked like a fake. The gem was dead and it looked like the blade had never been sharp. They told me that it was a mighty weapon. I thought they were joking. I went up to the Krill and easily pulled it out and then it scared the shit out of me when it exploded into light.”

The lord studied the blade. “The blade is charged to overflowing with wild magic. Do you feel its heat?”

“No.”

“Amazing. The Blade is so hot it mirrors the force of the Krill when the blade maimed Thomas Covenant’s hands. You should not be able to hold the Krill when it radiates with this much force. You fell nothing? No heat?”

“No. I do not” Missandei answered.

The Lord mused for a moment. “I do not know how you can hold and then keep it inside you. The Krill was never recorded to have that power. I feel no magic in you. This should not be.”

“I know how this is possible” Margaery spoke up softly.

All turned to see what Sansa’s future wife had to say.

“Love” was her one word answer. “It is Missandei’s desire to protect She Who Must Not Be Named from harm. That is where Missandei’s power comes from.”

The Lord heard this and cocked her head thinking. “Maybe it is but the Krill never showed this trait before. It has always been held by a great hero.”

“Are you going to try and take it from me? I will not allow you to take it and harm my lover!” Missandei had snarled.

Margaery smiled at Sansa who returned the smile. It was cute to see this fierce side of Missandei. Maybe she was a Caracal in a former life.

“You love is admirable but I will not allow you to harm my Lord” Brail spoke flatly.

Again the Lord touched her Bloodguard to assuage her need to confront any harm directed towards her Lord. “She will not harm me Brail. We would fall before her easily if she used the blade. Lord Foul would fall before that blade. Even Missandei would cause his fall if she was able to bury the blade in his body. The Krill would most probably protect her to make it so.” She reached back and gripped Brail’s hand and brought it up for a kiss. The Haruchai eyes gleamed with pure love.

“You have become a mighty warrior Missandei” the Lord told the small woman from Naath.

“I am a lover not a fighter” the small black woman said. “I only took the blade into myself to keep it way from any who would dare to harm my lover.”

The Lord digested that pronouncement. “I cannot gainsay love Missandei. She Who Must Not Be Named is very lucky. I do not fear her like the Elohim do. They fear her because she is greater than they. Even Infelice cannot contend with her. Though maybe in mass they might overcome her but she would just pick them off one at a time instead.”
“No Missandei. I just wanted to see the weapon of legend. I do find it strange that a gentle soul like you have come in possession of it but I will not gainsay the fates.”

Missandei’s face had a look of concentration for a moment and the Krill seemed to turn to mercury and flowed up Missandei’s hand and was gone.

After a little more small talk the Lord left them.

Now Sansa considered the import of those words. Hopefully, if the time came and the Krill was needed for their defense Missandei would discover she could be a warrior if needed.

Margaery sighed. “We will win this war. I wonder what will happen after the war.”

“We will serve the Queen” was Missandei’s simple response.

Sansa smiled. “We know that Andi—oh I am sorry. I am being to forward.”

“No Sansa. I consider you and Margaery my friend. You can call me by that name. I like it.”

That made Sansa feel good.

“We know you have your duty Missandei. The Queen thought so much of you to bring you with her to the war. You are with her in the Court. You are part of her inner circle. We just wonder what we will do. After the war we will not have a task to perform. My father is the Warden and Robb will take his place when the time comes. We fear we will be forgotten. The Queen says she will bring us to King’s Landing. We look forward to that.”

Missandei smirked “I hear that there are a lot of hens waiting for a certain wolf to fall on them and consume them.”

Sansa blushed just a little. She was still embarrassed to hear her sexual exploits and fuck hunger mentioned by others.

Margaery saw her embarrassment. “Yes we look forward to fucking my cousins and childhood friends. We will marry here in the North in Winterfell to each other. We will then marry my handmaids in an open marriage. You can join us if you wish along with She Who Must Not Be Named.” Sansa heard a roaring in her ears.

Sansa wondered why she was looking up at the ceiling of the wagon. She was on the floor. Missandei was laughing at her and Margaery had a chagrined look on her face leaning over Sansa to look down at Sansa.

“You fainted dead away my love” Margaery said as she leaned over her with a concerned look.

Missandei was chuckling. “You lover is quite bold Sansa. I don’t think I will be sharing my lover. Not for a while at least. If after we have consummated our love and She Who Must Not Be Named has such desires we will join you. It will be her decision. I would love to fuck the two of you with my love. Her let me help you up.”

Sansa was helped up to a sitting position. “Wow Sansa. You are a big girl there.” Sansa scowled up at her friend. Still she was excited. Missandei had given her and Margaery a hope that maybe one day she would join them and their hens for sweet debauchery along with her green eyed lover who could consume the world. A woman like that had to be hot in bed!

“I like a woman with some meat on her bones Andi” Margaery told Missandei in a conspirator’s
voice. “When she is slamming her dick up my ass I can feel it all the way up to my throat. I feel so impaled on her eleven inch strap-on pounding my booty and she is slapping my ass hard and pulling my hair so hard. I recommend you fuck the living shit out of She Who Must Not Be Named. She will love your for it.”

Even though Missandei’s skin was too dark to turn red it was glowing with her own blush now. Margaery winked at Sansa as Andi acted flustered helping Sansa back to her seat at the table.

Missandei looked at them both seriously now. Sansa was nervous. Had Margaery gone too far? Then she calmed her fear. Had not Missandei just said she would join them in bed if She Who Must Not Be Named wanted it as well. Of course the green goddess would. She and Margaery were hot! And knew how to bone!

“The Queen wants you in King’s Landing because you are both so adept at the Game of Thrones and have proven yourselves as master tacticians and logisticians. Also, you are both wily and brilliant. She needs your abilities. She is going to wait till you get to Winterfell to officially tell you so I want you two to act surprised.”

She had Sansa and Margaery’s total attention.

“Promise.”

They both gave her their word.

The interpreter smiled. “You will become part of her Klatch of Confidents and the Small Council. You helped to enable Eddard Stark play her in the Game of Thrones. We need that ability serving the throne.

Sansa and Margaery were crying as Missandei beamed. Sansa was so happy. It was official now. She and Margaery would indeed be able to show all their talents and abilities. She couldn’t wait. Then the two women looked at each other with carnal intent. They just knew that soon Missandei and She Who Must Not Be Named would be in their hen’s nest.

Arya

Arya was walking away from the practice field. She and Dany had been fighting their Bloodguard Bannor and Jeertel. At times Seregrom stepping in to take one of his fellow countrymen’s place. The two of them had gotten used to coming up with a draw when fighting their Haruchai guards. Sometimes they would land what would be a killing blow sometimes it would the Haruchai. Those were the exceptions.

It pissed off both of the very competitive women that the Haruchai were so good without using weapons of any sort other than their own bodies. Jeertel, Seregrom and Bannor’s ability to strike and deflect their Rune swords without injury or feeling the heat of their blades for the brief moment of contact still astounded them. Win, lose or draw the Haruchai remained flat faced. Not Dany or Arya. They slapped each other on the back and hooted their victories and gave each other sweet kisses in elation of kicking ass.

Arya was still in shock sometimes just how fast and strong these people were. To look at them you would never think that moved like the lightening in the night sky. In an instant they were on you. The impact of their fists landed like blocks of granite. In fact Jeertel had landed a punch to her jaw this day. Arya had been able to roll with the blow but her jaw ached. Arya worked her jaw all back
and forward. Yes, it still was working just fine despite the ache.

She would be able to go down on Dany tonight. All was still right in Arya’s world.

Arya smiled seeing Dany’s Bloodriders looking approvingly at the Bloodguard. Seeing the Haruchai kick everyone’s ass but for a small handful of fighters had uplifted their spirits. They no longer saw their quick defeat humiliating since almost everyone else from Westeros shared the same fate. The Haruchai did not seem to hold grudges. The Bloodrider not on guard duty was often found in Stannis and Oberyn’s tent now. The Haruchai accepting the Dothraki into the festivities.

Dany was sparing with Barristan now. Arya had enough of fighting for the nonce. Her jaw was aching but the pain was already fading. She walked among the practice fields.

She saw Brail fighting with Ice. She smiled at that. Her father was always amazing her.

Yesterday they had been practicing in the late afternoon when her father came up to them. He was carrying on his back the ancestral Valyrian sword Ice of House Stark. The sword was too large for even her father to use effectively. The blade was not extremely heavy because of its forge in old Valyria and made of Valyrian steel. It was no heavier than most well-made heavy broadswords. It was just too big to use effectively in melee type of combat. Her father told Arya he felt he had to use too much strength to keep the blade balanced. The blade was easy to throw one off balance because of its length in proportion to her father’s height. Too much energy was used to just control the blade. Thus, the blade was used mainly as a ceremonial blade.

Brail and Jeertel were fighting each other. Arya and Dany were watching with awe at the sheer power and speed of the two women. They were literally blurs attacking and blocking blows with hands and legs that moved so fast the eyes had a hard time seeing.

Jeertel was definitely getting the worse of the match. Brail was death walking. Jeertel grabbed Brail’s tunic and pressed in and gave Brail a vicious head butt that made the First Mark’s head snap back put her right fist came up in a short arc and stunned Jeertel with a shot to the solar plexus. They had pivoted away from each other but wasted no time in attacking each other again.

The fight went on for several more minutes. It was close but Brail was the clear winner of the sparing match. They had faced each other and bowed deeply in mutual respect.

Eddard had been watching with Ice in its scabbard over his shoulder. He made a sound of getting everyone’s attention.

“Brail?” he called out softly.

The Haruchai turned to face him. She cocked an eyebrow her jet black hair gleaming in the afternoon sun. The hair down half way on her ears and down to the nape of her neck. The woman’s hair sopping wet with her sweat. Arya felt the cold of the air but the Haruchai did not feel it. Their thin tunics and bare feet offering no protection from the biting cold of the air.

Lustra was watching them closely. The Lord had grimaced with each blow that Brail took. She had stood up as soon as the fight was over to take her Haruchai in her arms and coo over her. The Haruchai was stoic but she did lean into Lustra when the Lord showed her affection. Though she tried to not to show it the Haruchai basked in the affections of her woman.

All the women now gave Eddard Stark their full attention. Arya wondered what he was doing with Ice on his back. He never carried that sword with him. Its use was strictly ceremonial.

He took the scabbard off his back and held it in both hands before him. Arya watched her father’s
right hand move to grip the pummel of Ice. He then slowly unsheathed the massive blade. The sword was about five inches past five feet in length. The pummel adding nearly another foot to its length. Eddard slowly turned the blade around showing off the massive blade. It thickness massive and the breadth of the blade was more than a hand’s width. The dark Valyrian steel rippling in the sunlight.

Eddard looked up to see if he had everyone’s attention. He did.

“This sword is four hundred years old. It was forged to honor the sword my House had in the age of Heroes. The original was supposedly in our House since its inception. It is our ancestral sword and used for ceremonial duties and executions. It is too massive for a Warden of the North to use in combat effectively. It is too long and too heavy for a normal sized man to use” Eddard told the Haruchai who regarded him with expressionless faces.

“For me it would be effective in a one-on-one combat situation but it is too massive to be used in chaotic combat where I may be assaulted from any direction by uncounted foes. I would not be able to wield this sword like I would need with opponents coming at me from all sides. It is unwieldly. I need a sword sized for me. This sword is not.”

“It is a sword made of Valyrian Steel. It was made with magic and is an excellent sword. The Giants have magical weapons. The Stannis and Renly with their height and build could use this sword but the Queen has gifted them with their own Valyrian swords. This sword is Valyrian steel and needs to be used against the enemy we are about to face. Valyrian steel can kill the dead with its blade where normal forged steel cannot. Ice Wrights and Giants fall before Valyrian steel.”

“For this blade to be used would be a crime. Needless deaths will occur if this blade is not used. It needs to be used” Eddard spoke in a solemn voice. He was looking squarely at Brail. She did not show any reaction to the obvious direct eye contact.

“We do not have enough Valyrian steel or other magical blades. We need as much as we can get to fight the Ice Wrights and cut down the Walking Dead. Again I say this blade cannot go to waste. I have heard the story of how Haruchai took up fallen Giant swords and the weapons of Cavewrigths in the battle in the Cavewright warrens beneath Mount Thunder.”

“You are the leader of the Haruchai Brail. I wish to have you use my Ice in the upcoming battle. It cannot be allowed to not be used. We must use it. I can see no one else who has the strength and innate skill other than Haruchai.”

The Haruchai looked at Eddard flatly. The Lord looked at her Bloodguard. Bannor and Seregrom had turned to look at their leader. Their faces unreadable.

Brail looked at Eddard for a long time without speaking. Finally she spoke “The Haruchai do not use weapons. They diminish us” Brail spoke flatly. “You speak true of the battle beneath Mount Thunder in the Cavewright warrens. We did take up weapons. The life of the world hung in the balance. That is not the case now.” Brail spoke with finality. Her mind obviously made up.

“I have come to know some of the major points of your people’s history in the Land. The stories of the Giants are quite in depth. I in no way mean to intend any slight or bring dishonor to you Brail. I only wish to use every weapon we have at our disposal.”

“I cannot.”

Eddard pursed his lips. His face had a look of resolve. He again spoke to Brail directly “I ask you to use my blade during this war. I have my own blade that is sized for me. Ice is simply too large for
any man of normal size to use. Do not let this blade lay fallow in the upcoming war. We need it to be used. This blade can bring much death and mayhem to our enemies.”

Brail did not hesitate in her answer “The Haruchai do not use weapons. We are sufficient to every challenge. Fist and faith. There is only victory or death.” Arya rolled her eyes at the words of the Haruchai. It was obvious that everything to these stoic people was black and white. Right and wrong. They had no grey to their mettle. Of course Arya groaned to herself the Haruchai always thought they were one hundred percent right. They never doubted themselves. Always.

Arya rolled her eyes. The Giants had told her other stories as well. She had heard enough stories to learn that the Haruchai could be quite arrogant and not always right in their decisions or pronouncements. Stave had made institutional changes among his people. After over forty thousand years it was obvious those lessons were still to be learned by each generation in turn. To such a proud people the lessons were hard to learn.

Arya watched her father think for a second contending with the Haruchai’s arguments.

“You have once before.”

“The world was coming to an end. If we did not get the RingWielders into the throne room of Kiril Threndor in time to contend with Lord Foul the world would have ended when the Worm at the World’s End drank from the Blood of the Earth beneath Melkurin Skyweir. If we lose this war the world will not end. We do not need to take up weapons.”

“As the leader of the Haruchai I am asking you to Brail. Let the dishonor be mine for asking you of this.”

“No.”

Eddard took a breath. “You must reconsider. Countless male children across Westeros will be converted to Ice Wrights if we fail here. Take this blade and help make that not happen. I have seen your people’s skill. With this sword you will be death incarnate to the forces of the Ice King. Please help to make that sin not occur. I implore you. Do not allow innocents to be made servants of evil.”

Eddard motioned Ice towards the leader of the Haruchai.

“Take it Brail. Let Ice be more than a ceremonial sword. Let the dead be piled up before you with this sword.”

Arya had not noticed till now that most of the Haruchai had gathered around her father. As was their want they had moved silently and somehow unseen till they were ready to be seen. It was clear to Arya they were totally focused on the conversation taking place between her father and their First Mark. The leader of their people on this quest. They stared at him and Brail with eyes that glittered. Arya could not read their emotions of course since they showed none.

“Arya, I have one more thing.”

Arya looked at her father. “What, Eddard?”

“I implore you to take the sword. Take this blade and use it to strike down the enemies of light and life.”

“Help me to save the male children of Westeros from a fate worse than death. Take my old sword for this fight and use it to strike down the enemies of light and life.”

The Haruchai stared at Eddard with no emotion on her face. The Haruchai did not move. Arya noticed that the other Haruchai were not moving at all. The seemed to be barely breathing. Arya knew instinctively that the Haruchai were conversing with the mind speak that Arya had heard.

As Arya watched, Lustra came up to her lover and laid her hand on Brail’s shoulder. Her eyes closed and Arya knew the Lord had joined the conversation with her own mind as the link formed stronger with her lover. For the next fifteen seconds the Haruchai were motionless communing on
the issue of one of them taking up Ice in the upcoming war.

Finally, Brail turned to face Arya’s father. Her gaze was direct and now had a timbre to it that was not present mere moments ago.

“I will accept. This evil indeed needs to be stopped here. Now. We will not have any more male children, toddler and young boys hideously transformed. I will take Ice to not let this weapon like fallow in the upcoming battle. I will slay our enemies with it.”

“We do this to also honor the greatness that is you Eddard Stark. All with eyes can see it. You have many tasks ahead of you. You will prevent great evils and save lives beyond count. We must be worthy of you and the service you give.”

“This more we will do. As we slay the Ice Wrights we will take up their swords to arm the rest of our people. We have heard the story of their cold. We are breed for cold. It will not affect us as the heat of the Rune Swords do not affect our people when struck by the blades.”

“We will defend the defenseless with our last breath.” Brail and all the other Haruchai present slammed their fists into their chests. “Fist and Faith! There is only victory or death!” The Haruchai all shouted out in unison. Their voices flat but there was a trill there that was not normally there. They had chosen to do this which they would not because of her father. Again Arya was humbled. Her father truly was a great man.

Brail held out her hand and Eddard put the face of the blade on his left arm and pivoted it around so the hilt faced Brail. Though she was six inches shorter than Eddard she grasped the blade and easily held it aloft. She stepped away from the Lord and began to swipe, thrust and parry with the blade. She was already comfortable with the blade. She did not seem awkward at all with the blade as moved and parried with the massive sword. Brail looked at Ice. “This is most excellent. I will slay the enemies of Westeros and the world with it.”

Arya had been shocked with how the woman was able to act like she already knew how to use the sword.

In one night and morning of practice Brail now used her sword like a master. Her balance as she swiped and slashed with Ice was perfect. The Haruchai was fighting her fellow Haruchai as they attempted to breach her defense with the sword. She easily kept them at bay where she would had to accept damage to meet out even more damage in return. With Ice, Brail was untouchable. Only the Giants could contend with the Haruchai so armed.

Arya wondered what an army of such people could do on the battlefield if armed with Valyrian steel.

Arya continued walking down the orderly pathways the Queen had setup in the camp. Missandei had worked out algebraic formulas on how best to setup up the grid of the major encampment. Troops, camp tenders and supplies easily moved around the camp.

She looked to the west. As the Queen and her father had thought the Freys and the Boltons were keeping to themselves. The traitors keeping their own council. The Houses tended to keep to themselves anyways so all seemed normal. The Houses were keeping their secrets as the Queen’s forces were keeping theirs. Arya smirked. The traitors safe in their delusions of safety were making it easier for the Queen to plan for their demise.

Arya had so many foes she wanted to kill. She wanted to gut the head of the House of Frey. She wanted to slowly skin Roose Bolton alive. She wanted him to scream as his victims must have. No
proof could ever be found but House Stark knew that Roose was doing heinous acts in his holdfast. He would pay at last for his sins.

Arya wanted to kill the Ice Wright King. To run him through and then chop off his head with Blackfyre. She wanted to disembowel the monstrosity on the Ice King’s back. She wanted to chop his Ice Wrights down like wheat chaff. She wanted to chop the walking dead down by the score.

So many to kill. She would kill whomever came before her. She only hoped the old gods would bring to her the foes she wanted to kill so bad.

Arya had been blooded on the Green Fork. She knew now she would not freeze on the battlefield. She was not a coward. She would fight the foes of her Queen. She may feel fear but she would be like her father. It would motivate her to fight harder and to fight wiser.

Like everyone else in the encampment loyal to the Queen she felt the rising pressure and angst of waiting for the enemy to attack. All wanted the battle to start. Everyone was confident of victory. Arya looked at the Wall and imagined the Ice King beyond that Wall of blue ice. She was sure he too was confident in his plans for victory.

The Queen had planned carefully. She was prepared. She and her father had all their forces well trained for the coming fight. The army was rested and well nourished. The army had marched North in a controlled orderly march that had not broken down the soldiers.

Arya too felt the Ice King was near. He would attack soon. That was a good thing. The spear had been sharpened to a razor sharpness. The Steel hardened and ready to pierce the heart of the enemy. Dragon glass would fly through the air like a swarm of locusts to lay bare the Walking Dead before the storm.

Arya looked back at Dany. She saw the two Haruchai Bloodguard hovering near. To Arya’s right was Jeertel. Her lover had her Bloodriders with her as well as Worm Tail with an honor guard. She would be near to her Queen as well. She did not have to worry about being near the fight if she was by the Queen’s side. Dany would be at the front lines.

Arya knew Dany would most probably take to the air on Drogon’s back once the battle commenced. She could accept that. She would not be going up with her. She was a ground pounder as she heard soldiers call themselves. She wanted to be able to find many foes for her sword. Her rune sword would sow death in all directions around her. She was a master archer. She would kill the enemy till she could reach them with her rune sword.

Dany would be a force multiplier up in the air with Drogon and his brothers. Dragons were a force beyond all measure. Whatever the airborne threat was the dragons would clear it from the sky and the dragon fire would burn the dead by the score with each gout of dragon fire. The dragon’s fire would reduce the Ice Wrights to pools of slag.

The Queen and Eddard had pounded it into the Lords and generals heads that the major forces were to harass the dead and try and shunt the Ice Wrights to the Giants, Haruchai and the Lords with Valyrian steel. They would be a small phalanx to slice and dice the Ice Wrights to death.

The main goal of the bulk of the army of Westeros was to hold the Ice King’s forces at bay so the archers would do most of the killing. Arya was one of those archers. She was looking forward to first killing from afar with her arrows and then killing up close with her rune sword.

The Queen had talked to her Bloodriders more than once about the need to not charge into the enemy. Dany emphasized again and again the dead did not die from wounds and that the Ice
Wrights were fast and their blades would shatter normal steel if struck to many times. They were to delay and guide the enemy forces to where they could efficiently be killed.

She started walking back to Dany. Her jaw had ceased aching. She saw her father up on a small stack of crates. He was looking all around. The steady wind caught in his hair and made it stream behind him. He had on his old wolf cloak. Evening Star on his back. The base of the blade a bright soft blue glow out the edges of its scabbard. She looked around and saw Jon with a group of Crows in their black clothes and capes.

She saw the red hair of his wives near him. She wondered what they might bring to the fight. She had only vague notions of what ShadowBenders could do in a fight. How could shadows fight Arya wondered to herself?

Arya stopped and let her senses reach out. She felt the unease that was spooking the dragons and Direwolves. The animals were calm at the moment but they would probably soon be anxious again.

Arya knew the enemy was near though they were supposed to be over a hundred and fifty miles away at the Fist of the First Men. She felt them. She looked at the Wall and what lay beyond. The enemy was there most definitely beyond it. But they were much closer than the Fist of the First Men. She felt it. The touch of the air insidious with the approaching evil. She looked around the encampment and beyond it.

She saw nothing amiss. Nothing pricked her unease specifically. She could not put her finger on it but something was not right. The camp felt it.

Dany had put out word last night to reduce the number of troops up on the Wall to only a few. Arya’s lover ordered the rotation of the troops to maintain its order to keep everyone fresh. She added though that all must be ready to mobilize at a moment’s notice. War was coming.

The Queen had given the Lords and generals permission to call their formations to arms without her express orders. They were allowed to exercise their judgement. The Queen hoped that there would not be any false alarms. Her forces did not need to taxed with false alarms. They had trained for over six months to avoid that before the march up the King’s Road had begun.

Arya saw several stands of trees in the distance. For some reason a large gaggle of crows and ravens had formed a rookery in it yesterday. Most be some food nearby. Or maybe they sensed that fresh carrion was about to be found aplenty on the ground before the Wall. Arya shuddered at that thought.

Even nature was uneasy Arya mused. War was coming. The carrion eaters had sensed it. Yes indeed. War was coming.

Oberyn

Oberyn came out of his tent. He stretched his back and looked at the stands of trees in the distance. The crows and ravens that had alighted there starting two days ago were taking flight. Black clouds were boiling up off the bare trees taking a wing. The birds were squawking loudly. The birds taking off looking for their days food.

The red viper was amazed at how nature always seemed to know when carnage was coming. The birds were waiting for the war to start so they could come and feast on the dead that would litter the battlefield. Oberyn paused to say a brief prayer to the Warrior to let it be the enemy who littered the
He looked up high in the sky. Up above in the heavens circled the carrion birds. The vultures waiting to spiral down and feast on the flesh of the dead. They had started arriving three days ago. The first day there had been but a few. Over the next two days more and more vultures had joined their brothers waiting to feast.

Oberyn had been surprised when the day before yesterday he noticed other wing shapes up high in the sky. Great eagles were also up higher even than the vultures lazily circling. The eagles were riding the high thermals. The man from Dorne wondered about that. He supposed that even raptors would not pass up easy meat.

Near noon yesterday he noticed that hawks, kites, kestrels and ospreys had also joined in the circling at lower altitudes. This disturbed Oberyn. He had not fought on that many battlefields but he had fought on enough to know this was not natural. He pursed his lips looking up at the great multitude of raptors circling overhead. He shook his head. He had no answer to the strange anomaly.

The slaughter would be great. He hoped to add immensely to the piles of the walking dead that would be slaughtered for the birds to feast on. He looked back up. Still, to see so many raptors in the sky above Castle Black was unsettling. What had compelled such strange behavior?

Oberyn shook his head. It did not matter really. He felt ready. It did not matter that the dragons had reported that the Ice King’s forces were still at the Fist of the First Men. They were here. He could feel it. They may strike today. They may not strike for another two weeks but they were near.

Everyone knew it in their bones. The war would happen soon. No one doubted that. The Queen had men on duty at night but they were doing smaller shifts in smaller numbers. The Queen wanted her troops refreshed and ready to fight.

The last four nights Oberyn’s tent had been empty of the persons that had been keeping him company and making the nights festive. The Haruchai were out prowling the night constantly on the move. They sensed trouble was near. Ranrika and Fema had told him that Corruption was near. Their senses felt it but their eyes did not. They found that very disconcerting. They had been out in the night on their Ranyhyn riding picket around the encampment. Having the Wall on one side made the pickets easier.

Not only were the Haruchai out but the Ramen were out in the night. Oberyn had learned that both people from the Land could go for long stretches without sleep when necessary. They did not become sleepy and their senses dulled with the lack of sleep. Oberyn wished he could stay days on full alert without rest. He was strong and fit but he needed to sleep like all men to stay alert and at his full capabilities.

With combat on the immediate horizon he and his new partner in debauchery Stannis Baratheon had decided to forgo their nightly sexual escapades. They needed their strength. They needed to be ready. Also, with the enemy near he did not want to get caught with literally with his breeches down. He needed to be ready to move at a moment’s notice.

When he had slept the last few nights it had been restless. It was not fear that caused his unease. He kept thinking the war horns would start blaring in the middle of the night. It kept him on edge and he was sure it had the rest of the camp on edge. Even with the Queen’s best efforts it was dragging the men down. She was ameliorating the effect but it was still happening.

He walked towards the command tent. The camp was alert but not wasting effort. The troops that had been up were now settling into their furs and tents. He saw that the dragons were down form
their nightly patrolling of the skies to make sure the Queen’s forces were not taken by surprise. Their keen night vision had not detected anything.

The dragons had been becoming more and more agitated and it had become much worse this morning. Drogon was prancing from foot to foot as if the ground was burning his feet. His neck swiveling to look out around the flat grounds. He was clearly looking for an unseen threat. Oberyn trusted the dragon’s senses but he saw nothing either.

Rhaegal was fanning his wings his eyes swirling with his unease. The green dragon making dust devils. The white dragon Viserion was jumping up in the air flapping his wings to rise up to a hundred feet and looking around and then landing again. His body twisting and uncoiling. All their tails were swishing over the ground back and forth. The dragons felt the evil approaching.

The Direwolves were also on edge. The four Direwolves were outside the meeting tent. The wolves mirroring the presence of their human masters. Nymeria the alpha bitch was snapping at her litter mates and snarling at anyone who came to close. She would not have bitten them if they had ventured to close. At least Oberyn thought she wouldn’t.

Why couldn’t anyone man or beast see what they felt?! The enemy was near and yet the reports said that could not be.

As Oberyn watched the Direwolves running around he noticed the breeze pickup to a strong wind from the North. The wind cold and strong. Coming on the wind were high scudding clouds. The leading edge of the rolling mass like fingers groping to consume the bright sunshine with gloom.

The Red Viper felt his unease increase. They most likely were only clouds but the dark grey mass only added to his unease. The front of cold air was moving fast heading south by southeast. The high clouds were thick and ominous looking. He checked his emotions. He was not a little boy scared at nothing. He saw the rolling moving clouds clawing south. He shook his head. The sky began to darken.

Oberyn pulled the flap back on the command tent with the three headed red dragon on black background standard jerking in the rising wind. The tent flap now flapping in the strong steady breeze. The breeze made the stylized dragon seem alive with its neck snapping at unseen foes and its flapping wings working hard in the wind. Even the battle standards felt the evil in the air and were prepared for combat.

Outside he heard the loud trumpets of the Ranyhyn and the sound of thunder as their mighty hooves beat the earth as they came up to the tent. He heard their nervous neighing outside the tent.

All of Oberyn’s metaphors came roaring back to life. For the Haruchai to be in this tent to guard the Queen and the Lord of Revelstone spoke volumes.

The Lord was up gripping her staff with both hands. “There is evil in this wind. The enemy is
Daenerys stood up. “I know the enemy is here. We all can feel it. But we are handicapped. We feel it but we do not see it. We must continue to wait and let them strike the first blow. I had the watchmen pulled from the Wall a few minutes ago. We still have the Wall between us and the enemy. We are prepared as we can be. We will destroy the enemy no matter what.”

Oberyn noticed Jon at the end of the long table. He had his two wives sitting either side of him. He looked around full of nervous energy. Oberyn knew he did not want to abandon the Wall but the risk to his forces was too great. Also, the fallen Wall would still be a high imposing barrier.

The Lord lifted her staff and jammed it down. Blue flame wisped around the wood. It was pretty but that was all. He wondered again why the Haruchai were so reverential to the Lord.

“The wind is like the clouds that Drool Rockworm sent out from Mount Thunder when he had the Staff of Law. This wind is evil. It blocks the sun and puts us in gloom. It is evil. I feel an attack is imminent. You say the enemy prefers the dark to attack?” the Lord asked those of Westeros.

“The enemy has always attacked at night. They did eight thousand years ago and they do so now” Eddard spoke from his position at the table.

“The sky is darkening but it is still light. It is still morning. I do not feel the attack is imminent. We still have time” the Queen pronounced.

“I do not know. I feel the enemy is closer than that. I can feel it in the marrow of my bones. I feel the enemy is among us” the Lord of Revelstone replied to the Queen’s pronouncement.

Brail spoke up behind the Lord’s left shoulder. “I do not concur Lord Lustra. We have been vigilant. The Ramen and the Ranyhyn have been constantly patrolling. This does not count the constant patrols the Queen of Westeros has on patrol.”

“We know caution. We have been watchful. We do not believe the enemy could be among us.”

The Lord looked at the First Mark of the Haruchai. “I trust my instincts. We are in grave danger.”

Oberyn looked at the Queen. She was standing rigid. Oberyn could see her calculating. Daenerys was processing all the information flooding in to her.

“I do not want to sound the war horns yet. I feel the unease you feel. But senseless mobilization of our forces will wear ourselves out it if is repeated. Also, if we have too many false alarms the troops will may not focus and assemble quickly when the true crisis occurs. We need to keep our forces sharp for the true battle.”

“These clouds could be sent only to fill us with unease and make us wear ourselves out for nothing. I have worked hard to keep my troops fresh and ready for war. I will not wear them out now that we have arrived at the Wall. I have planned too much to do that.”

The Lord clearly did not agree Oberyn saw. She twisted her hands on the staff. She ground her teeth like Stannis. “I disagree. I fell the attack is imminent. The Ice King has waited long enough. He knows we are here. He wants to slay us all. Now. I can feel it.”

Oberyn listened to the two women go back and forth. Neither fully sure of their assessment.

Finally, the Queen turned to look directly at first Brail and then Braveheart Tillerkeel First of the Search of the Giants. The two warriors were silent for a moment.
The Giant spoke first. “I too feel the enemy is too close. We too can feel the rightness of the environment and of people. We do not feel rightness now.”

The tent flap was pushed back and a runner came in. The young man moved quickly over to the Queen. He handed her a handwritten note. She read it.

“The traitors seemed to be more active than they have been. They are not forming up but they are out of their tents exercising and practicing with a focus they have not shown before. Their knights are practicing on horseback.”

The Queen paused digesting this new information. “Again it could mean they are preparing for attack or merely exercising after not doing so for a week.”

The Queen pinched her nose. “What say you Brail? The Haruchai “know caution”. Do we mobilize?”

The Haruchai tilted her head. She was speaking to her brothers and sisters.

“We know caution. We have been alert. We have not seen or heard anything amiss. We have been vigilant. We too sense this evilness near us. The enemy most be massed beyond the Wall. Maybe we sense that. We cannot be sure. We do not like marshalling our forces for no effect.”

The Queen had heard enough. “I want to pass word by mouth to be on alert. I want all the troops who have not been on the most recent cycle of duty to be up and fed. I want the troops ready. Also pass on that I trust the judgement of my generals and Lords. If they feel they must call their war horns then sound the call. I may throw a fit at the time if it proves a false alarm but we must not be caught off guard.”

“Pass word to the unsullied to have their armor on and pikes near. Do not form up and take to the field. It will take time for the traitors to form up. Have the knights from Dorne and the Stormlands match the traitors. Get their horses saddled and start ‘practicing’ so they can form up quickly if necessary. We should be able to form up almost as quickly as the traitors. My unsullied will hold them long enough to allow our knights to attack from their flanks. The unsullied specialize in killing mounted troops. Westeros has not seen the like.”

Oberyn listened to the Queen for the next ten minutes give more commands to partially mobilize the forces of Westeros for possible attack.

They went outside. The Clouds had lowered and looked angry and full of rage. Great dark rolling masses of darkness rolled across the sky and marched south. The air was full of tension and a strange smell that his Maester had told him was ozone. Great energy was in the air.

For the next several hours the sky seemed live with the angry clouds that slowly lowered in height. It started to rain steadily. The temperature had risen slightly. That too was strange and unsettling.

The whole encampment was huddled down anticipating. The Queen had the oil barrels lit. Obstinate, to provide light and heat but really to be ready to light the flaming arrows if the need arose. The reports said that once the dead took afire they would burn furiously. The cloth on the arrows were soaked in tar so they would stay lit.

Oberyn gathered near the other gathered Lords and generals by Daenerys tent. All were outside looking at the dark sky. The clouds were roiling and seemed to be quivering. Then from all directions the sky below the fast moving clouds seemed to be alive. The sky boiling and rolling with motion. The wall coming closer. From all quadrants a new wall of clouds seem to be collapsing
towards the Wall. Oberyn was joined by the others around him staring at this strange apparition rapidly approaching from every point.

All gathered at the strange circular cyclone that approached both with and against the wind. The sky roiling as this new wall rapidly approached. The roiling cloud below the cloud wall above was still a mile off. Then the bottom of the cloud cover seemed to explode down. From the sky birds came falling like the rain itself. The birds filling the air with their calls. The rain of birds did not stop but fell unremittent in dark torrents.

Oberyn gaped as raptors or all sizes along with carrion birds came slashing through the clouds. Their destination was clearly seen. They were beating their wings furiously to circle over the wall and to the north of it. The walls coming at them suddenly became seen for what they were.

The sky was filled with fast approaching birds. Crows, ravens, starlings, grackles were furiously moving up from the south. The same birds and other species furiously flying in from the north, west and east with equal fury. The birds were flying from just above the Wall to the lowest edge of the clouds. Oberyn turned his head in the opposite direction and saw the same mountain in the air of nothing but birds. The birds flying furiously. Now their loud calls filled the sky with rage.

A circling cyclone of birds were now screaming just beyond the Wall. The storm of birds shrieking rage. More birds diving through the clouds continuously and winging in from all points of the compass. The birds rising in numbers exponentially. The buildup of birds shockingly fast.

Daenerys gaped at the sky.

War horns were sounding all across the encampment calling the troops of Westeros to war. The generals and Lords were using the freedom the Queen had given them.

Birds were everywhere now. They were slashing overhead screaming in fury. Oberyn was shocked. He saw songbirds from Dorne and even small sparrows. My gods he thought. Were all the birds of Westeros coming here? How long had they been flying to get her now? They would only be coming here now for one reason. The birds flying furious in from all directions. The fowl reaching just the other side of the Wall and then winging over to dive straight down. All the time the birds screamed in loud raucous fury.

He heard Daenerys shake off her shock. “I have seen this before!”

The Lord cried out “Even the birds know!”

Oberyn saw the birds screaming and the cyclone growing ever larger. The dragons started bulging wildly and the Direwolves were howling up to the sky and jumping around snapping wildly.

Lightening started.

More birds came diving out of the clouds unseen. The storms of birds diving down before the Wall to the north of their encampment. It looked like the sky was raining birds as they plummeted down with a seeming singular purpose. It seemed as if all the birds were shrieking in rage as they dove. The screams made it almost impossible to think.

Oberyn looked at the camp as men formed up and armed themselves. He looked at the birds diving down with seeming reckless abandon. Birds large and small diving down like arrows just beyond the Wall. They could only be doing so with one reason.

“I got a bad feeling about this” Oberyn spoke up. The enemy had arrived at the literal gates unseen.
Let There Be War - Part I

Chapter Notes

AN#1: In my world dragons have four legs.

AN#2: This chapter is huge. I am breaking into three parts and will drop them with several days of separation to make them more readable.

Reclamation

Let There Be War - Part I

Red Tailed Hawk: The hawk beat his wings in the most efficient manner to propel himself to his destination. It came instinctual to him. His body striving to reach the goal that he had been traveling to for almost two weeks now. He was close now. He could feel it. He felt the compulsion to fly to the continent of Westeros though it was not the time to mate with a female and produce young. He felt deep in his mind the compelling need to fly forward. He knew deep down in his instinctual brain that if he did not heed the compulsion within him he would never mate again. He would not produce offspring to carry forward his legacy.

That was unacceptable so he flew on.

He had started to notice that many of this brothers and sisters were also flying with him to Westeros. They too had felt the compulsion. It was not time to mate so he did not feel the territorial need to fight and proclaim a territory against his brothers. Since it was not time to mate he did not feel the overpowering compulsion to mate with the females of his species he saw flying north by west. He did not feel the need to fight and mate. More and more of his brothers and sisters joined him in his flight to the north of Westeros.

He saw other raptors flying to the west and north as he was. In normal times, he would feel compelled to fight them if they approached to near. At first it had not mattered that other species of hawks, ospreys, eagles, kites, falcons, harriers, shrikes, kestrels, frigates and other birds of prey he did not recognize were on the flight way with him. At the beginning of his journey it did not matter since they were few. The competitors to his food and flight space did not trigger his instincts. That had changed as he flew on each day doggedly flying north.

With each hour more raptors were joining him along the flight path to northern Westeros. Birds of prey from Essos and Westeros were forming a flyway thick with birds that flew on to the north. The Red Tailed Hawk could see raptors flying in from East having crossed the Narrow Sea between the two continents. Other raptors were coming in from the west and south of Westeros to join in the growing mass of birds.

Not only were there raptors such as him but all manner of other birds. The crows and ravens flew on outdistancing him as they winged north. Large vultures and condors were steadily flying to the north riding the high thermals and flapping their wings to propel them forward.
In their midst were all manner of grackles, starlings, various jays, robins, juncos, cardinals and various songbirds. Even the little sparrows, finches and titmouse were furiously pumping their wings to fly north. All the birds that heeded the call to migrate during the later winter and early spring to their breeding grounds were doing so now in the dead of winter. All manner of seabirds such as gulls, terns, puffins, albatrosses, plovers, sandpipers and curlews were in the flyway also flying north.

The great long legged egrets, spoonbills, flamingos, ibises, storks, and herons were in the flight as well.

From all directions all manner of birds were flying into the flyway heading to the north of Westeros. The sky dotted from the west and east with birds flying with one goal. The goal to join the flyway and head north.

The Red Tailed Hawk had crossed the Narrow Sea between Tyrosh and Cape Wrath. He had then worked his way north. He only rested when the sun dropped towards the horizon finding a tall tree to alight in. He hunted when he hungered. The fields had not been harvested as closely this year it noticed. The fields filled with mice, rodents, squirrels, muskrats. The air was full of birds it loved to feast on. The raptors had plenty of food to keep their bodies strong.

The birds that ate seed and insects found plenty of the former on the stalk and on the ground. The Earth full of worms and insect larvae eating the plant seeds. Food to feed the flight north was plentiful enough to feed all the birds now streaming ever northward each day. The humans had not harvested as close to the Earth this year the hawk observed. The birds not lingering but long enough to eat to fuel their drive north. Then they were in the air again heading north. The birds beginning to pile up in the sky.

Some unbidden command making the first birds to heed the call to slow down as his brothers and sisters joined them as they flew into the cold north. The birds being massed together by some unseen but felt compulsion. The air was becoming thick with birds of all the species of both Westeros and the birds of Essos that nested in Westeros. The birds stacked at all various heights as they moved ever north.

Now the sky was filled to almost overflowing with birds. The low riding clouds were topped by a massive swirling cloud of fowl gathering as they flew north by instinct. The Red Tailed Hawk knew they were near the edifice constructed by man. The long tall wall of blue ice. It had been there for many, many generations of his kind his instinct told him. The hawk saw a blizzard of birds circling above the Wall screaming in rage. The birds flying over the clouds. He felt the rage too. For half an hour he circled. He felt instructions imprinted on his brain. His instincts for life honed to a razor’s edge.

Avoid the walking blue glows of death. Attack that which seemed dead and yet walked. It must kill them again or it would never mate again. Tear and rend muscle and tendon. Cripple, gauge out eyes, tear to pieces the jerking bodies were the thoughts placed in his mind. If he did not act he would not be able to mate ever again.

That could not be allowed. He looked down at the low rolling clouds being pushed south by the north winds. He could not see through the clouds of course but he knew what lay below those clouds. Walking Dead. Something unnatural that threatened all life. This could not be allowed.

The Red Tailed Hawk banked over and down through the swirling rained filled clouds. The cold rain beaded on his feathers and sloughed off. Quickly he was through the clouds. He was half a mile before the Wall. All around him birds were plummeting towards the rolling sea of shapes that was massed from the Wall to the forest edge over a mile away. The ground could not be seen for the
sea of shambling human and animal shapes slowly jerking and ambling against each other.

Other birds were flying in from all directions below the clouds. The very air seemed alive with birds. The many shapes flying wildly put confusion in the air. The very air a cacophony of various notes and melodies. So many they made for a discordant symphony.

Birds were already attacking all over the dead. The hawk's senses told him the dead walked though that was impossible. It did not matter. He needed to attack them to survive to produce offspring. He spiraled down picking a target to attack. He felt in his brain the need to avoid at any cost the bright blue men that moved unlike the dead. The undead walked with no purpose not so the men of blue. They were dangerous. They were not his target. Only the shambling husks of what once lived were his target.

He was almost upon the man he had chosen to attack. Near his target he saw a bear covered with all manner of birds attacking with claw and beak. Hair was savagely being pulled out and throw away. Strips of muscle torn and spit out. Beaks and claws seeking skin and muscle to rend. The tendons and ligaments sought out to sever with talon. The birds on their prey wildly kicked talons and beaks tore at anything they could reach. Eyes and ears torn from bodies.

With a hard impact his claws tore into the back and neck of the figure he had chosen to attack. His claws and beak slashing. Strips of the undead man's black body ripped and shredded. The dead man did not react. He tore and slashed at his target. The hawk's beak sank deep into cold flesh and tore out a chunk of skin and muscle he threw away. Again and again he tore at the dead man ripping away at his head. He saw an elk beside him with song birds clawing out its opaque but bright blue eyes. An egret had alighted near it and stabbed at his legs putting deep gashes into the muscles. Then its beak hit tendon and the leg went limp. The elk still advanced but more slowly with one leg dragged now.

The Red Tail Hawk saw an arm reach up and back. The arm moved slowly and seemed to wander. He flew up and back. Other birds were gripped and torn apart. They would never mate. Losses did not matter. He noted that only those that walked with two legs could defend themselves if they chose. The four legs needed them to move forward. He saw a wolf being savaged by vultures and kestrels. The body torn apart. The limbs severed from the body still writhed and seemed to move towards the Wall of ice.

To mate again he had to attack these abominations. The future depended on success in ripping these dead things apart. He fluttered twenty feet in the air getting his strength back and then dived on a muskrat and began to tear into its fur and then ripping an ear off and threw it away. The ear jerking on the snow covered ground. He now went for the neck attempting to sever the head from its torso. A junco was pecking furiously at the muskrat hind left limb pecking out chunks of meat.

All the fowl of the world fought for their right to live. The Red Tailed Hawk screamed out its defiance.

**Ice King:** What was happening the once man thought as the clouds above rained birds as if they were hail. He was confused. All had been in place. His strike force was in place and ready to strike. His prized pet was only a little way off and ready to strike. He had smiled knowing all his long set plans were coming to fruition. Then he noticed the strange sight that had once before plagued him. Rage filled his heart. Again, it seemed as if nature itself warred against him.

He had seen them coming in for hours with his far sight scanning the horizon forty miles away. They circled. The birds of the world piling up in the sky. His anger had simmered and then boiled at this affront. He could understand the local birds around the Tree of Life joining that fight. This was different. He sensed the birds flying in from all points of the compass. They ceased their circling at
distance and now furiously came in upon the Wall flying with abandon. The birds mostly flying high above the clouds. He could not truly see them but he sensed them. Now more and more of the fowl were flying in wild circles below the clouds.

More birds were now flying just below the clouds lowering their seeming height with the roiling bodies of birds flying and screaming down at his army. At him. He could feel their hate.

They were waiting. He could not do anything about it as he felt anger boil in his cold veins. Then the waiting was no more. The birds that had been circling off in the distance had arrived.

He looked up at the sky that had begun to rain birds out of the clouds like a deluge from a maelstrom. The shapes diving down with reckless abandon into his sea of dead bodies. His true son’s glamour had worked perfectly. First at the Fist of the First Men to make his foes think he was still there while he had marched his army to the edge of the Haunted Forest before the reviled Wall. He had arrived unremarked and not attacked.

He was ready to spring his trap and end the reign of man in Westeros. It was time for the Ice King to achieve his deserved glory.

His son had dropped the glamour above the Fist of the First Men several hours before the sun reached for the eastern horizon. The Croyel had then raised a second glamour. The first glamour had been to make the looker see what they expected to see. This second glamour was a magical spell to render his forces invisible to any who may be gazing down upon them from the Wall. Once the glamour had been raised above his host the Ice King had prodded his army of the walking dead to again begin their tireless march forward from the Haunted Forest.

His forces standing shoulder to shoulder awaiting his prodding to move forward. With the rising of the sun he gave the command to his undead to begin moving forward. He gave the command knowing that he was safe beneath the new glamour of the Croyel.

The dead shambled forward with halting awkward steps but never losing their focus on moving forward. In a little over an hour and half the first waves of his tide of the undead had approached the Wall. They were all angled towards three locations before the Wall that he had selected. The walking dead again shuffling when their compulsion to move forward had been lifted partially. He would fill them with the need to move forward again when it was time.

The dead now piling up behind the leading edge of the dead husks now at the Wall. The whole open area between the Haunted Forest and Wall had in the rising sunlight begun to fill up with dead. Now two hours later the whole open marge was filled with bumping and swaying dead. The remaining army of the dead back in the Haunted Forest for miles waiting to move forward. Their way blocked by their dead brothers and sisters.

The Ice King had gazed upon the lovely construct that he had made. The construct he had wielded so expertly. His gaze lovingly caressed what he had accomplished. His soul soaring with his greatness. He had formed greatness with his greatness.

For reasons he could not define he felt the first tinges of unease creep into his soul as he called for the clouds and rains with his true son’s help. The clouds rolling in quickly darkening the sky. The darkness comforting him and his Ice Wright creations. The dead did not care either way but he had always sensed his undead preferred to walk out of the sun’s direct sunlight like their creator.

He had been looking up at the clouds for hours wondering what brought the ill omen on the air. The very sky was obeying his will. Why did he feel his unease in his soul? He understood the tension one felt before combat. That was still in him from his past human core. This was different.
He sensed some force he had not counted on or reckoned with was rising up to fight him. What could it be? His mortal foes were simpering fools. They did not know he was before the Wall and about to bring it down. He felt his skin prick and the hackles of his hair rise up. He continued to look up at the clouds he had summoned and stared at them. What was the code he had to decipher?

Then he saw them and his righteous anger sparked and an inferno boiled in his soul. No! This was not possible. He was too far away! He had seen this all before at the Tree of Life. A tree over one hundred miles distant. He was away from the Greenseer’s seat of power. He could not reach this far!

From all points of the compass he saw a second storm front below his own clouds. A roiling mass was approaching from all directions. The sky had become filled with every manner of birds of both Westeros and Essos. At first they had kept their distance as more birds arrived. They no longer held back. His sensitive hearing now heard their furious caws and chirps of rage. Rage directed at him and his host. The birds were flying in at a dizzying speed. He knew many more were above the clouds. For a short while they circled gathering numbers. Then they attacked.

They were soon upon his mighty host. Birds had started to drop from sky to the north and east. The clouds themselves precipitated out bird of every species. The birds flying straight down with vengeance. The birds flitting through the air as they plummeted. He knew the birds were already seeking out his walking dead. The birds descending quickly all around. Many falling into the Haunted Forest to attack his dead hidden among its mighty trunks.

More birds flying in from all points of the compass. The birds coming in at all heights. Some just below the clouds and other just above the forest with all manner of birds in between. All screaming wildly as they reached his host and dove down.

He watched with mounting anger the attack of the birds on his beloved undead. The birds pecking with beak and tearing with talon. The birds attacking with a vengeance. With a hell bent fury. The leading edge of the swarms now reached the marge between the Wall and tall forest beyond it. The shapes of his Walking Dead soon clouded with the shapes of the many birds attacking them. The birds wild in their furious slashes and beak strikes on his undead.

His eyes wide, the Ice King saw strips of hair, fur, meat, muscle and tendon ripped and torn from the bodies of his shambling host. The damage small with each strike but the cumulative effect mounting with the continued fury of the attacking birds.

The anger ever present in the Ice King ratcheted up to another higher level. From the clouds unseen another deluge of birds fell from the sky and landed on his vast army of the dead. The birds as thick as a downpour. These birds had flown in above the clouds. The birds immediately attacked his immense host with fury. He had known they were there but to see the vast numbers coming down inflamed his rage. Like raindrops the clouds poured a deluge of attacking birds down upon his host. The birds individually were nothing but in the numbers he saw dropping out of the sky … they could do damage if given time.

He was astounded at the seeming avalanche of birds dropping from the sky to do harm to his host. The birds had used his own cloud cover to come up on him unawares in such numbers as he had done to the land locked Crows and their allies. The thought of that enraged the Ice King. To use his own device used against him unholy. Another crime he must seek restitution for.

The birds attacked with savage abandon. They were unremitting in their fury. The birds tearing and ripping into his dead. The dead ignored the birds until they were before their faces where their dead senses finally noticed them. The Walking Dead reaching out with slow hands and clumsy fingers questing for the birds attacking them. Their hands often missing but when they found a bird it was
instantly torn apart. The birds did not seem to care at any of their losses.

Worse yet, the sounds of war horns now reverberated from the other side of the Wall. His surprise was being blunted and diffused. The arrival of the birds was warning his enemy. His rage only increased at that. It did not matter he calmed himself with that thought. It only delayed the inevitable. He burned with anger and raged at how this could have happen. His eyes saw that birds did not attack his Ice Wright sons and giants. The birds attacking wherever they were not. The birds actively flying off when they approached.

He watched some of the damned fowl being slain but the birds falling down upon his walking dead seemed unending. His adopted sons looked up confused. Some of his oldest and brightest moved to attack the birds. Many saw them coming and would cease attacking. The birds taking wing and flying off to attack his dead where his sons were not. The birds somehow warned of his sons’ approach. Despite the warning some were killed by the Ice blades of his sons.

How were they being coordinated so far from the Tree of Life the Ice King wondered? It should be impossible. He could not compel his dead unless they were fairly close and still he had have his Wright sons to help guide and shepherd his shambling undead forward. The din of the birds was loud and raucous. He looked up at the dark maelstrom of birds and shook his fist at them. The deluge seemed unending. Then he saw it and his anger soared to a new higher level.

Above him circling at roughly the height of the tallest sentinel pines over the flat land before the Wall was the Three Eyed Crow. It looked down on him as it circled. It was cawing but it was drowned out by the screams of the other birds in the sky. The two locked eyes. The deviant bird flying in a large circle always looking down at him. The message was clear from both combatants. I will kill you.

Even as the two protagonists glared spit at each other, more and more birds were plummeting down towards the Ice King’s army of the walking dead. The birds tearing at the flesh of his host. Already the ground was strewn with fur, hair and strips of rotting meat. The birds going for the joints of the dead. The birds tearing at tendon and ligaments. Now limbs were falling to the ground unremarked. The birds’ beaks and talons ripped out any tendons and ligaments they reached. The dead did not feel it or even care when a ligature was cut. The limb ceased to function slowing the dead’s advance. When a limb was severed the animal titling over and now having to crawl forward.

The Ice King had several ice javelins with him. He was a sword fighter but they may come of use he had reasoned. He now had a reason. He jerked one out of the ground. The three eye crow was circling lower now and seemingly jeering at him enraging the Ice King. The dragons flew up too high for him to reach but not the damnable black bird. He cocked back his arm and flung the javelin up at the bird. Its death imminent, the Ice King smiled as he hurled his shaft.

The smile immediately disappeared when the bird easily flitted out of the javelin’s path. The missile passing by the bird unremarked. He flung the second of his three javelins and it too missed. The bird cawed hard and then flew up into the maelstrom of birds and clouds. The scorn of its calls enraged the Ice King. Though the bird was unseen the Ice King knew it was near. The three eyed crow directing the attack against him.

He who had once been Darick Stark started to reach for the thew that penetrated the Horn of Winter front and back to remove it from his shoulders. It was time.

Daenerys: The Queen of Westeros looked up into the sky at the rain of birds falling from the clouds and the rivers of birds winging in from every point of the compass and throwing themselves down on the other side of the Wall. She had seen this before. It could only mean one thing. The Ice King had arrived at the Wall unremarked and was launching his attack.
The surprise was his. “Damnit!” she screamed.

“I got a really bad feeling about this” Oberyn repeated his complaint.

Lord Lustra was before her “What does this mean!” she shouted at the Queen.

Daenerys told her quickly how she had been aided by the birds of the far north when she took Bran Stark to the Tree of Life. The numbers had seemed great then but that event paled to what was falling from the sky now. It appeared to be a blizzard of birds falling from the heavens. A blizzard that continued on. The screams of the countless birds deafening.

The two women gaped at the sky. They were joined by Eddard and Oberyn. The Baratheons, Tyrells and Arryns were hurrying back to their forces making sure they were marshalling in all haste and organizing in the welter of confusion. War horns were echoing off the Wall up and down the camp. The Queen looked back over her host. She saw intense milling around but it seemed organized.

Thank the gods she and Eddard had trained extensively and allowed their commanders the freedom to act independently. She saw Stannis running back.

“Renly and Loras can handle our forces” he shouted. He looked around. “Evil is near I can feel it!”

For even Stannis to feel the evil, Daenerys knew something foul was closer than it seemed. She looked all around as did Eddard, Arya, Oberyn, Stannis and Lord Lustra. The Giants and Haruchai had spread out. The giants pulling out their glaive swords. On their other arms they put on the immense iron shields that had been forged for them. The Giant women hefting the weight and getting it centered on their arms.

The Haruchai looked around from the backs of the Ranyhyn. The great horses spreading out with the Haruchai stoically looking about. The mighty horses pawing the ground and neighing loudly shaking their heads and manes. The Haruchai guarding Dany and Arya moved their mounts to be close to them. The Ramen had pulled their cords off and were clenched in their fists. Everyone was tense. Arya and Marleya Blackmyre had their bows strung and a dragon glass arrow notched.

The Revelstone Lord murmured to herself “how … how have they come upon us unawares.”

Daenerys was nonplussed by the situation. She had thought they could decimate the dead host as they left the Haunted Forest. The birds were diving all around on the other side of the Wall. What terrified her most was the avalanche of birds falling down just in front of the Wall. That could only mean one thing. The host of their enemy was before the Wall. His forces in place and ready to strike. If the Ice King was going to bring down the Wall he would be doing it shortly.

The feeling of evil only grew. The rain was falling from the sky steadily now. The birds still dropping from the sky like hail upon their foe. At least the birds were striking a blow against the evil coming to make war Daenerys thought in a trill. The birds attacking her foe while she could not. The thought of not being able to strike out at her foe who was only fifty yards away was maddening to the pale Valyrian.

“I’m telling you I have a really bad feeling about this!” Oberyn observed again.

The Queen really wanted to shout at Oberyn to shut the fuck up but she had more pressing worries harrying her at present. More and more war horns were sounding. She heard many war horns screaming where the traitors were. Damnit! They had taken them by surprise too! All her plans were coming to ashes in her mouth. Eddard was shouting at his banner men to form up around the
Queen. Wormtail and his detail had surrounded the Queen as well as her three Bloodriders. Her two Bloodguard along with Arya’s were on their Ranyhyn who pranced and pawed the cold ground with their hooves.

The Lord looked up at the birds falling from the sky. “We have been deceived. But how … I’m missing something …”

Daenerys looked out over her camp. She saw that her dragons were extremely agitated. Viserion and Rhaegal had on their saddles for Barristan and Strong Belwas to ride. The bald eunuch came running up with locusts falling out his mouth. “I am famished but ready to kill my Queen’s enemies” he got out through the locusts he was finishing masticating. The dragons were craning their necks looking for something no one could see including themselves. The Direwolves were up and running around in circles now howling a cacophony of discordant barks and howls.

All felt the evil among them. It could not be seen. It was near though all knew.

The Queen looked back up at the sky. Thank the gods for the birds arrival. They had been warned because of it. She knew they were in danger beyond the foe being just beyond the Wall. She looked around. She knew they were in grave danger but she could not see anything amiss. She felt the wrong but could not see the wrong.

“All feeling …” the Lord was still talking to herself in a low voice. She had the look of mulling over a great question. She continued to masticate her thoughts. Then her body stiffened. “No—“ the Lord paused. “Roger Covenant and the Croyel on Jeremey had hidden the truth from Linden Avery … Daenerys!” she barked. Her Ranyhyn walked quickly over to the Queen. She extended down her staff to be in front of the blond woman’s forehead. “Can you have Drogon show to you in your mind his visits to the Fist of the First Men. Have him show you the visits one on top of another can he do that? Does his memory work that way?”

The queen looked at the Lord quizzically. She asked Drogon if he could call up the individual memories of his visits up to the Fist of the First Men. He huffed back of course he could. The Queen informed the Lord of this.

“Like before put your forehead to my staff and I will be able to see what you see from your dragon. Hurry!”

Daenerys wanted to snap at the Lord she knew that dammit but controlled her biting tongue in the stressful situation. All around her the other defenders of Westeros milled around waiting.

“I really, really have a bad feeling about this!” Oberyn reminded everyone as he gripped his spear with both hands ready to use his spear at a moment’s notice. He looked all around but saw nothing to strike out at. The First of the Search, Braveheart Tillerkeel, swished her sword through the air her face anxious. She like everyone else was anxious to fight. The sounds of war horns being blow all throughout the army of the Queen, howling Direwolves and now bugling dragons filled the air along with the constant screams of enraged birds. The dragons’ necks extending out straight with each mighty bulge of the three dragons.

The air was filled with a discordant symphony of tunes and notes at war with each other.

Daenerys put her forehead to the smooth wood of the Lord’s staff and flowed the visions entering her mind from Drogon. The images the same. The army of the Ice King milling around the Fist of the First Men. The forces aimless moving with no seeming purpose. Her dragons had only two days ago been to the Fist of the First Men and the army had clearly still been there. How they were here now she could not explain. The images of multiple visits flowed from dragon to master to Lord.
After only fifteen seconds the Lord broke the contact.

“I have been duped” Lustra screamed in shocked rage. “I should have seen this but I did not!” she cried out in distress. Brail in an instant moved her Ranyhyn to beside the Lord’s mount and gently gripped her shoulder.

“You have not failed in anyway. I see through our mind link the forces of the Ice King at his camp to the North. It is an army at rest. What is amiss? Why are you in such distress Lustra?” Brail asked her mate.

“I am telling you all I have a really, really, really bad feeling about this” Oberyn reminded everyone yet again.

“Tell me Lustra” the Haruchai softly asked her Lord to tell her what she feared.

“Roger Covenant with the hand of Kastenessen and the Croyel who tapped Jeremey’s might to form a glamour that was able to fool Linden Avery even though she is a white gold wielder. They appeared to be her husband and son when they were not. The glamour complete. Lord Foul hid his heart from the High Council before its fall during the time of High Lord Kevin. He merely appeared as he once was. A man. Roger and the Croyel totally altered their appearance. What has been done to us is akin to that.”

“What your dragon saw Daenerys was the same image over and over. It is some kind of temporal loop. From up high, it appeared as if each time your dragons flew over the army of the Ice King that the figures on the ground were moving randomly like an army at rest. That was a rouse. When viewed one image on top the other images of your dragon’s flight over the Fist of the First Men the truth becomes evident. It is the same image over twenty minutes in length. Your dragons would fly over and see what they thought they should see. An army at rest and milling around in its camp. They had no reason to think any other. Only when viewed together can one see that the same motions are done over and over by the same figures.”

“Our enemy took what we expected to see and used it against us! “I should have seen this!” Lord Lustra shouted in anger and fear.

Daenerys thought not “I would argue. It does not matter now though. We all were fooled. I too sensed it was a rouse and I too was fooled.”

Brail looked around. “Evil is near.” She slowly turned her Ranyhyn around looking for an enemy that was not there. All around Daenerys were looking around but also seeing nothing. The Haruchai slowly walked her Ranyhyn in a tight circle. Ice in its scabbard on her back. “Evil is closer than it appears” the Haruchai said. Daenerys saw Bannor, Seregrom and Jeertel also looking around intently. Their bodies tense poised for immediate combat. Their Ranyhyn pawed the ground with their hooves and whinnied loudly shaking their manes their heads moving right and left also looking for an unseen foe.

“I know that” the Queen of Westeros shouted out in fear and frustration.

“I have a bad feeling about this. I really do” Oberyn spoke again his mantra looking around.

“Shut up!” Eddard shouted glaring at the man. He too looked around. Daenerys looked at her lover. Arya seemed relaxed with her bow notched. She was a warrior waiting to fight. Daenerys looked around the camp. It was forming up fast. She thanked again her insistence on training upon training. Still her army was surprised and not ready to fight. The hackles on her neck were standing on end.
“Okay Eddard. But I really do have a super bad feeling about this” Oberyn let everyone know yet again.

The Direwolves were restive and snapping at each other and anyone near them. Her dragons were roaring and looking all around. The Direwolves charging forward ten steps and stopping to growl before hurtling in a new direction repeating their actions. Their eyes searching and nostrils breathing heavy trying to pick up any sent that did not seem right. Their growls filled the air. Their fur standing on end. Their tails all bushed out and swishing between their legs in fast sweeps. Even Lady was in vicious state.

The Queen saw her dragons were stepping from foot to foot all the time bugling wildly. Their shouts of anger echoing off the Wall. All the sounds of rage and distress merging into an almost overpowering cacophony of discord. Their necks swept right and left. Their eyes swirled with their agitation. Their wings beat in a fast feathery motion that raised dust devils without lifting their bodies more than ten feet off the ground.

Daenerys decided she needed to take to the air. She was about to move on that thought when she was stopped.

Suddenly, the Lord sat up straight on the back of the Ranyhyn she was seated on. Her body was stiff as dried bone. Frinny trumpeted with a loud whinny. The Lord of Revelstone began to twirl her staff above her head her hand rotating on the staff in a fast motion to keep it spinning over her head. The Staff began to glow bright blue and wreathed itself and the lord in a bright glow. The glow seemed to begin to light the body of the Lord from within.

The Queen was not impressed. How the hell was a light show supposed to do help now! The lord making a pyrotechnical display was not going to help them in this moment of crisis! She wondered again why the forces of the Land held this woman as their leader. Since their appearance she had not shown much use in a fight. She never fought with her staff. She seemed to be some kind of shaman. They were about to start to fight the old fashion way. Face to face in wild mayhem and destruction. She feared Lustra would be useless and in need of much protection. Protection they could not afford to give!

Daenerys continued to watch Lustra as her light show began to almost burn the air with its dark blue brightness. The Queen watched the light show transfixed. What was she trying to do Daenerys wondered? She may not be able to fight but she could put on a show she thought with derision. The woman was now blazing a wild blue. Daenerys looked at the Lord with fascination. She watched the Lord impossibly rise up onto her Ranyhyn’s back onto her feet. All the time twirling her staff so fast it was a blur now of wild spewing blue light that now seemed to sizzle the air.

Daenerys had begun to be impressed. Still, she could not understand what all this was supposed to accomplish. As Daenerys watched, Lustra hunched herself down on her mount’s back. She then jumped high into the air off her Ranyhyn mount’s back. She stopped the spinning of her staff and put it over her right shoulder. It and her body was wreathed with an intense dark blue light that pulsed hotly and increased in intensity with each heartbeat.

As Lustra’s body began to arc back down to the ground she shouted out with an impossibly loud voice. She shouted out the Seven Words of Power. The very air seemed to detonate with shocking power. The world tilted.

“MELENKURION ABATHA, DUROC MINAS MIL. HARAD KHABAL!” The words shattered the air like thunder from a lightning strike that had landed right beside one’s body. The explosion of might deafening.
From over her shoulder the staff of the descending Lord arched down as her body rushed towards the ground. Her feet landed on the ground as her staff arched down to strike the ground like a lightning bolt of bright blue from the gods of old. Wild blue fire seemed to explode out of the Lord’s staff and her very body. The fire exploding out in all directions. The Lord’s magic flowing over everyone and detonating up to the heavens.

A concussive force rocked over the Queen’s inner circle and rolled out over the camp and slammed into the Wall. For a brief moment in time the world seemed to turn blue and then normal sight returned. Daenerys watched as the shockwave rushed over everyone buffeting them and distorting the very air as it rolled out in a mighty circle form the Lord’s body. The ground shook as if in the grip of a mighty earthquake.

**Ice King:** The Ice King had removed his Horn of Winter from around his neck. He looked up at the sky with the birds still dropping out of the clouds and flying in from every direction. The walking dead were defending themselves somewhat now since their bodies were covered with birds tearing at them. If the birds attacked from the front and around their upper torsos or heads they triggered a reflexive instinct to fight back as they would attacking a living man or animal of the Ice King’s enemies.

It was like gnats attacking a mighty animal. They were having an affect but nothing disastrous. He watched some of his dead torn to ribbons. The dead may lose limbs but they still shambled forward with their severed limbs still striving to advance to the foes Ice King. His adopted sons were killing any bird they could reach. The birds avoided them as much as possible but in their focus on attacking his Walking Dead his Ice Wrights were often able to kill the birds they reached as they focused on their task.

It angered him though how many of the birds sensed his Ice Wright sons approaching and flitted off to find others to attack. Also, he saw the birds learning. Now the fowl only attacked his Walking Dead from the side and rear more and more. Something was guiding them and he knew who. Damn the Greenseerer of the Tree of Life. He would pay for this affront!

Now he heard the mighty roar of the dragons of the bitch Queen. They were alerted to the danger. It made no difference. They could not know that their enemy was upon them. Soon they would be put down.

He had called in Ice Fang. He smiled as he approached in from the northwest where he had been feeding and lying low to avoid detection. He flew in fast and opened his mouth. From his mouth a blizzard of foot long ice daggers erupted from his gaped mouth. The icy daggers shooting out his mouth at great velocity. Death spewed out killing birds in flight as he passed by over the Ice King.

The spray of icy daggers only killed a minute fraction of the birds diving down in a blizzard of screaming flakes. He would have endure their assault. The Ice King knew they were warm bloods. They would tire out and then his undead could attack his foes in peace.

It was time to drop the Wall. The trap was ready to be sprung. He heard the war horns of his enemy being sounded. He was losing the advantage of surprise. His enemy was organizing as he thought on this. His forces were at their assigned choke points. It was time to do his part of the attack. To join his strike force with his mighty massed army. His army waiting for the Wall to come crashing down. To come crashing down by his mighty command. He started to raise the Horn of Winter to his lips.

“**MELENKURION ABATHA, DUROC MINAS MIL. HARAD Khabal!”**

The Ice King staggered nearly losing his balance. The world shook violently. He felt immense
powerful magic washing over him. A wild blue filled the sky swallowing all other colors and the world turned a bright blue for a long moment. The shocking blue reaching up to the heights of the heavens. Loud retorts of magical thunder rolled across the Haunted Forest.

From over the wall a wash of mighty force flowed and rushed down his side the Wall and then flowed with great haste into the Haunted Forest and beyond. The force seemed to make everybody all around to glow and shimmer for a moment and then the world went back to normal.

The Croyel started to scream and kick wildly. The pain and fear from his son distracted the Ice King. His son had shown fear before but nothing like this. He was beside himself. His talons tore into his father’s back and sides. He shrilled more screams of naked terror.

Suddenly, from the other side of the Wall loud booms and shattering concussions could be heard echoing off the Wall. The sky bloomed with sudden shouts of royal blue that filled the sky. It looked like thunderheads of blue magic erupted into existence reaching for the heavens. The thunderhead of magic taking many heartbeats to dissipate. The blue would finally wink out of existence only to be followed by another massive shockwave that echoed off the Wall and the sky again filled with a bright blue flash that only slowly faded leaving afterglow in the air. The explosions of sound and blue light did not stop but happened one after another.

The Ice King gaped at the raw power being manifested on the other side of the Wall. As he looked on another massive concussive force exploded into existence. The world turning blue for several moments before fading into ghosts of fading blue. Strange hideous words shouted out that increased the shocking might he was witnessing on the other side of the Wall.

In his soul the Ice King felt his adopted sons being killed. He felt the pulse of their death. He had felt a few killed in the past eight years. Their deaths drawn out. Not these deaths. One moment he felt that string of connection he had each of his adopted sons. In the next moment it was cut. Not cut—no—they were obliterated. His sons barely beginning to scream in terror; then nothing. They were gone.

“The Lord’s fire!” the Croyel screamed in panic. “The Lord is attacking!” The Croyel bit hard into his father’s neck and drank deep from the Ice King. The Croyel clung tight to the Ice King whimpering. “Save me father!” He shouted at his true son he would save him. From what the Ice King was still trying to fathom.

This power he was seeing and feeling being manifested was shocking. It in some ways it made dragon fire pale by comparison. This power he saw was simply overwhelming. All powerful and consuming. The world staggered again with another explosion of royal blue filling the air. The hideous words again spoken. He heard the death scream of another of his adopted sons.

For a minute he watched the display from the other side of the Wall. Again and again huge explosions of blue light erupted on the other side of the Wall. The bright blue swallowing all other colors in the sky for a long moment before fading. Rolling shockwaves of magical might rippled up over the Wall and rolled off into the Haunted Forest. The Earth shook and mighty booms of terrible thunder filled the trembling world. Another massive concussive shockwave erupted in blue on the far side of the wall tilting the Earth. He had underestimated this Lord of Revelstone. No matter.

The Croyel kicked and wailed each time the blue light washed over their bodies. His true son shrieking the Lord’s Fire burned his skin as it flowed over their conjoined bodies and then was past them.

“Ice Fang!” the former Stark roared in his mind. “To my sons’ aid!” He heard his Ice Dragon answer. He flew by overhead flying to the Wall and then was over it.
The Ice King felt his stomach roiling and seething anger flowing hot in his veins. His sons on the other side were being butchered! Their glamour had been pierced. More explosions of bright blue were rising thousands feet into the air. The Ice King could see that he was only seeing the echoes of the fire. Some unbelievable destructive force was shattering his Ice Wright sons and Ice Giants. He felt their bodies being obliterated.

He did not understand how a woman could generate so much power. It was against the natural order of the world. He would deal with her when he reached the other side of the Wall he was about to bring down.

His eyes flared. This close to his adopted sons he could start to feel the poison of dragon glass starting to infest his sons. “Noooo!” he shouted.

Again he lifted the Horn of Winter to his lips.

Oberyn: Oberyn kept looking up at the sky that was raining birds like it was the most natural thing in the world. The birds screaming as they fell from the sky. Their destination just beyond the Wall. It was really obvious what was on the other side.

He again let everyone know the seriousness of the situation. “I don’t know if you know this but I really, really, have a bad feeling about this!”

He looked all around him. Something more than what was on the other side of the Wall was near. He did not have the ability to ‘feel’ that the denizens of the Land did but even he felt it. The hairs on his neck and arms were standing up on end.

The Direwolves were on full alert snapping and howling their legs spread their bodies lowered in full combat stance. Their eyes glowing with anger. The dragons were in an equal state. Their necks sweeping right and left their eyes searching for something that they could feel. Viserion was jumping high in the air his wings feathering but coming back down. Drogon was filling the air with deafening peels of his mighty bugles.

All were waiting for whatever they felt near to reveal itself. The only problem was that it was not revealing itself. Oberyn had both hands on his spear. He kept his body pivoting from side to side. He saw nothing. He was not even sure there was something near or if the horde on the other side of the Wall was overwhelming his senses on the nearness of the enemy.

Then the Lord of Revelstone stood up on the back of her Ranyhyn. She had begun to spin her staff over her head. It began to glow bright blue and soon that glow had spread to cover her whole body. After their initial appearance the Lord had not really demonstrated a power. Sure she had put up a shield to keep Dany’s dragons away but that was not what they needed here. They needed to have the enemy come to them so they could destroy them.

You had to reach out to your enemy to kill them the old fashion way. With hardened steel.

The Lord did not have the ability to fight one on one. She had proven that by not joining in the combat sparring that had occurred at Winterfell and in the evenings after they had made camp.

Lord Lustra was now a blue flame on top of the Ranyhyn. She suddenly jumped up high in the air. She shouted out words that seemed to shock the very air with unimaginable power. Oberyn’s eyes widened at this seeming display of power. Her staff whipped down the instant her feet hit the ground. Her body seemed to explode with blue light that radiated out from her body in all directions. Oberyn watched poleaxed as the shockwave washed over them. For several heartbeats the world turned royal blue and then it was gone with only afterimages in the air. It was not a
physical assault but he felt eldritch power wash over his body his whole body shimmering. The bodies of everyone around had the power wash over them the very air seeming to shimmer and bend in reflections of blue light.

The shockwave had passed through the local environs and rolled off to the horizon. The shockwave of rippling blue light shooting up to the heavens and rebounding off the Wall and then folding over it and racing off to the north. The light on their side racing to all points of the compass.

Oberyn’s eyes widened. Before him in locations all around Oberyn he saw blue shimmers that did not dissipate but instead seemed to be gathering in intensity. The blue sparkles he first detected grew stronger and stronger quickly. In seconds it became clear the sparkles were outlining shapes. Many of the shapes were vaguely human shaped and sized while another smaller but still large group was much larger. Both sets had way too many members freezing Oberyn’s heart with fear. There were many of these shimmering shapes around the Queen and dragons but many more were dispersed. He knew what these shapes were.

The shapes had been moving but they stopped. The shimmering seemed to be quickly growing brighter as the dancing lights seem to cover the various hidden shapes. The flittering reflections multiplying on the forms they had found. Then the lights flared to a bright blue intensity in a quick crescendo. Each of the sparkles seeming to merge into each other until blue flames were all about the wavering shapes with the blue sparkles now interconnected. With one last intense pulse the light was gone.

In their place was Ice Wrights and Ice Giants. The icy beings incased in ice armor as warned and their weapons at their ready. The Wrights and Giants looked around shocked that their glamour of invisibility had been shredded. The shock only lasted for a handful of stunned seconds. Both sides dazed at what they were now seeing.

Oberyn watched in horror as an Ice Giant lifted his sword on high beside Rhaegal. The mighty beast lunging down his massive sword. The glamour pierced, Rhaegal sensed his danger. His talons gripped into the Earth and he jerked his body to the side but an instant too late. The Ice Giant was not fast enough to adjust but his blade slashed down. Instead of plunging into Rhaegal’s body the blade pierced his right thigh of his hind leg sinking in deep.

The dragon screamed in pain. The blade of the Ice Giant’s sword sunk in deep into the hapless leg of Rhaegal. The Ice Giant jerked up with his arms trying to free his sword for another stroke.

All around Oberyn the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants moved to attack their shocked adversaries.

Oberyn shouted. He whipped his spear down into a combat stance. He had no enemy near to strike at. Drogon had extended his neck up and back. His head instantly orientating on the threat to his brother. His head came down his maul opening wide. A mighty blast of his dragon’s fire erupted from his mouth. The flames hit the Ice Giant that had just freed his blade from Rhaegal’s thigh. Rhaegal was screaming in pain from both the wound and he icy cold flowing into his veins. He was not able to defend himself in his pain.

There was no defense for this Ice Giant. Drogon’s flame burned over the Rhaegal’s side and the Ice Giant. The thick ice armor blocked the initial flame burst but was rapidly melting. The Ice Giant’s body weaved back and forth under the inferno’s assault. The Giant’s ice sword sizzling and beginning to mist. The Ice Giant staggered feeling the intense heat.

The heat from Drogon’s flame ameliorated the icy poison in Rhaegal’s veins. As Drogon’s flame ceased the wavering Ice Giant lifted his now badly pitted sword. He never saw Rhaegal’s head lunge forward his massive fang line mouth closing over his body. Rhaegal’s teeth crashed through
the weakened armor and punctured the Ice Giant’s skull and body.

Its scream high pitched and pitiful sounding though Oberyn would have cheered its death as Rhaegal lifted his head to slam down the Ice Giant into the hard ground shattering its body. Oberyn could not cheer because of what he saw.

As Rhaegal’s tableau played out with Drogon coming to his rescue the great black dragon did not feel that two other Ice Giants were about to plunge their Ice Swords into his body with killing strokes.

There was no time for anyone to reach them to stop his death. Oberyn saw Daenerys seeing this scream in rage and terror.

**Daenerys:** Confusion was running riot all around the Queen of Westeros. She saw Drogon save Rhaegal but then saw with horror that he had left himself open to attack from two Ice Giants that had been stripped of their glamour of invisibility but not before they had gotten beside Drogon and had lifted their swords that were now descending to deliver killing blows into Drogon’s side.

From her side vision she saw the Lord of Revelstone flip her staff into a battle grip in front of her. She had seen Drogon’s plight but she was much too far away to come to Drogon’s aid as were all those around the Queen. Both the Queen and Lord of Revelstone were too far away to save Drogon. She saw the Lord plant her feet apart.

Daenerys screamed seeing her beloved dragon about to be killed.

The Lord screamed as well but they were words of Old Lord’s magic “**Melenkuion Abatha**”. The words made the world quake and tilt. Her staff and her body suddenly glowed with blue flashing sparkles. Her staff erupted with a blue column of fire that blasted out the end of her staff. The flame nearly six feet wide and ten feet tall. The blue fire exploded out with thunder that shook the ground and struck the Ice Giants with a shattering concussive force. The impact of the blue column of magical might impacting on the Ice Giants like a battering ram.

The Queen was stunned. The Ice Giants had simply ceased to exist. The fire from the Lords staff had impacted the Ice Giants and instantly obliterated the foul abominations. Their bodies were simply pulverized to ice fragments. The Ice Giants bodies exploded into ice shards that shot out in every direction. Where the Ice Giants had been there was now an expanding cloud of light blue mist. The Valyrian instinctively understood the mist was the Ice Giant’s blood boiled to mist. Their ice forged metal swords also exploded into shards.

The fire did not affect Drogon impossibly. The Queen gaped stunned. She started to scream again. Two Ice Wrights was charging the Lord from the side. Brail had seen this assault and wheeled her Ranyhyn around while instantly standing on the mighty horse’s back. She launched herself forward high in the air with seeming no effort. She came down with her body poised for combat.

Daenerys screamed at Brail to take Ice from off her back to use it in her attack but the words were swallowed by the sounds of battle. She was sure that Brail would not heed her anyways.

Brail’s foot shot out to engage the first Ice Wright. As fast as the Ice Wright was it was slow compared to the Haruchai’s assault. It reacted to the approaching Haruchai. It brought up its icy sword for defense. Brail kicked out with her left foot impossibly striking the flat of the Wright’s icy blade. The blade knocked aside. Her momentum carried Brail’s body into the Ice Wright. She slammed into the Ice Wright with her right knee knocking it off balance and down to one knee.

The Haruchai was upon the Ice Wright. Her savage blows a blur. The impossible to see fists and
feet striking the vile spawn. The ice armor cracking and a few blocks shattering. The force of the Haruchai’s strikes staggering the Ice Wright. Daenerys had become used to the speed and strength of the Haruchai but seeing the icy blocks of armor shattering under Brail’s blows was still shocking.

The Ice Wright slashed at the Haruchai but Brail easily ducked sword swipes and blocked others aside with hands and forearms. The woman stepping in close again to land impossibly powerful blows. Brail knocked the Ice Wright back and then off his feet.

The second Ice Wright had rushed in upon the Lord of Revelstone its sword cocked back to swipe at the Lord. The Lord was ready. Lustra bent low as she held her staff with her hands in the center of the six foot staff shod with end iron caps. The swipe of the sword of the second Ice Wright swishing over her head. The Lord adjusted her grip on her staff to grip it with both hands on the end near the iron shod end. She swung her staff around her in a tight arc the staff glowing hotly in a bright deep blue.

The wood slammed into the side of the Ice Wright. His armor shattered and ribs imploded from the force of the wood and magic in the Lord’s staff impacting his ribs. The Ice Wright stumbled to the ground its blue-white blood spewing out its ruined ribs. Fifteen feet away Brail gripped the first Ice Wright’s head with both heads and twisted her arms in a savage motion. The Wright’s head ripped off his body icy blue blood gushing out its ruined neck. The body kicking wildly like a dead chicken that had not realized it was dead yet.

Brail slammed the head down into the hard ground shattering and pulping the vile spawn’s brain. The look of hate on Brail’s face said she wanted to kill the Ice Wright that had dared attack her lover with her own hands. Only now did Brail unsheathe Ice from its scabbard. The Lord pivoted up and back her staff now down chopped across the wounded Ice Wright’s back. The icy being gasping for breath vile blue blood spewing out his mouth. Her blue glowing staff simply cut the Ice Wright body in two killing it instantly.

Daenerys forgot about the Lord of Revelstone when eight Ice Wrights charged her at once. She sensed the icy spawn knew that she and her dragons were the prime target of their wrath. She felt her steely resolve take hold. She felt no fear. She saw Arya was focused on an Ice Wright that was attacking Grey Wind. She let loose with her arrow. The shot impossible. Even though the Ice Wright was moving fast Arya still put her arrow between the sides of its helm. Her arrow buried in its left eye. The thing staggered rigid and began to scream loudly. Its hand dropped its sword its body beginning to convulse. Its scream stilled and it fell face down onto the ground. It was dead.

“Melenkuion Abatha” boomed in the air again the world turning blue for a heartbeat. The echo of massive power echoed across the battlefield. Daenerys saw without seeing a mighty column of blue Lord’s fire shooting across her field of vision. She saw ice shards flying in all directions.

Off to her left her Unsullied honor guard were stabbing out at Ice Wrights. There weapons having no affect on the Ice Wrights harrying them. Several of the Unsullied were cut down. Two Giants of the Land came rushing in and began to chop down the Ice Wrights. The Ice Wrights had to turn on their new foes and fight for survival.

Behind them she saw an Ice Giant slashing it massive blade into a group of knights and foot soldiers under the banner of Hardyng from the Vale. The Ice Giant kicking hapless men high in the air bodies broken. She felt impotent rage in not being able to help the men being overwhelmed.

Suddenly a violent burst of thunder sounded near and a mighty blue flash of concentrated lightening erupted to Daenerys left. The world around her went blue for a moment before clearing. The pulse of violent dark blue magic angled up hit the Ice Giant attacking the knights above its waist. The shockwave made Daenerys and the Ice Wrights assaulting her stumble. The upper half of the Ice
Giant was simply gone. Pulverized by the Lord’s Fire. It legs still stood with blood gushing up in founts of blue ichor before toppling over.

The Queen could no longer focus on anything else but her immediate foes. She was in for a fight for survival. She knew she would be overwhelmed but did not care prepared to meet her fate. From the right Bannor and Seregrom on their Ranyhyns Sarunal and Hallyn came riding in fast. The two men standing on their horses backs. They launched themselves like stones from a trebuchet. They slammed into the two closet Ice Wrights taking them down to the ground. The mighty horses immediately kicking and stomping on the Ice Wrights near them as the two Haruchai righted themselves and threw furious blows down on their foes.

The Ranyhyn impossibly fast avoiding the fast swords swipes of the Ice Wrights. One had maneuvered to come in from the right side of one of the Ranyhyn. An arrow with white hawk fletching pierced its eye killing it instantly. Dany felt a feral smile on her face. Arya had scored another kill!

Daenerys was slashing furiously with her rune sword. The blue glowing blade blocking the sword thrusts and chops of her Ice Wright foes. From behind them Nymeria came up and bite around an Ice Wrights calve and armor and upended the monstrosity and whipped it right and left so fast it could nothing but be whipped around. One of the Ice wrights had pivoted and attacked Bannor. He twirled to meet the new attack. He and Sarunal had pulverized much of the Ice Wrights’ armor they had been attacking leaving the Wright spawn stunned and disorientated.

The feet and fist of the Haruchai and the hooves of The Ranyhyn delivering pulverizing punishment to the Ice Wright.

The remaining four Ice Wrights came on rushing in to overwhelm the pale haired Valyrian. Her exemplary sword work kept them at bay. She noticed the Ice Wrights jerked about as magically enhanced iron tipped arrows hit their bodies with shocking force. The impact loud on their ice armor. The blows did not penetrate the armor but Daenerys saw cracks forming. Dragon glass arrows exploding on the armor as well as arrows now started to whistle out from all directions. The firing unorganized but Daenerys did not care! The enemy was in their midst.

Robb appeared from the left and attacked an Ice Wright from behind. With him were Jhogo and Rakharo. They slashed wildly on the Ice Wrights armor. The Ice Wright had to turn to fight the new attack. More and more arrows were flying through the air. The three men had to give ground as the Ice Wright’s blade stressed their metal weapons. The Ice Wrights bodies jerking as more and more arrows were filling the air. The dragon glass striking their ice armor shattering. The magically inscribed iron tipped arrows hitting the ice armor blocks hard. Fractures and large pits appearing. The momentum of arrows fired at point blank range making the Ice Wrights jerk and stumble.

From the periphery of her version Daenerys saw a tall Ranyhyn come running in with a Haruchai as usual impossibly standing tall on its back. Rholm came flying into the fray launching off his Ranyhyn and impacted his foe to the ground. He wrestled it to the ground immobilizing the Ice Wrights limbs. The Ranyhyn kicking down on the armor of the trapped Ice Wright fracturing it.

It kicked wildly but was pinned. Robb ran in with a long dagger made of obsidian in his hand he knelt down while Rholm continued to control the Ice Wright. The thing whipped its head right and left so fast that Robb could not stab it. Rholm whipped his head down head butting the Ice Wright. Stunned it moved much slower. Now Rob slammed his dragon glass dagger through its right cheek into its brain. The thing’s scream loud and high pitched. Its body now released convulsed wildly in its death throws.

The last three were upon her again. She blocked the first one’s sword chop. Her rune sword easily
repelling the ice cold of the Ice Wright’s blade. The collision of blades made her rune sword flare up in a strong medium blue pulse. The Queen pivoted down to the left and up swung her blade blocking the second Ice Wright’s sword stroke. The third was closing fast. She hacked right and left desperately parrying their swords strokes. She slammed her Valyrian blade into the shoulder of one of the Ice Wright but its ice armor stopped the sword stroke. The block of ice cracked and webbed all over with chunks falling off.

She swirled and hacked her sword flashing blue glowing arcs all around as she hacked, stabbed and parried the blows aimed at her. She was as strong as the Ice Wrights and as fast. The four combatants circling and attacking. Daenerys staggered several times with blows striking her jet black dragon bone chainmail. The ancient dragon blow repelling the strikes of the Ice Wrights with ease. One of the Ice Wrights armor had been savaged by repeated magically enhanced iron strikes. Holes now in its armor.

One of the Ice Wright charged her again its sword strokes fast. Suddenly, its head whipped back. A Dragon Glass arrow had feathered the Ice Wright between the sides of its ice helm. The Ice Wright was making high pitched screams as it flipped on the ground its body kicking violently. Daenerys felt elation seeing the white fletching of Arya’s arrow that had killed the now still Icy spawn. The Ice Wright steaming as it dissipated.

She staggered to the side. She had been hit on the left shoulder. She grimaced but was unharmed. Her jet black dragon bone armor had resisted the bone deep cold and eldritch magic of the Ice Wright’s blade. The Ice Wright that had attacked her flinched back as more arrows slammed into its ice armor. She saw dragon glass arrows shatter but she saw more iron tipped arrows whisk by to hit the two remaining Ice Wrights.

One came in on her again. She knocked the blade up. She saw two blocks of ice side by side filled with dark cracks. She rammed her sword between the two blocks. Her sword slamming clear through the Ice Wright. It wailed and wildly bucked as she jerked her blade up gutting the admonition before her. Boiling blood spewed out its mouth, eyes and ears. It screams of dying sweet music to Daenerys’ ears.

Daenerys ripped her blade out and swirled to the right and lashed her blade out in a tight arc around her body. Her aim perfect. Her rune blade, Foe Hammer, cutting the head of the Ice Wright off as the blade hit the juncture between the spawn’s ice helm and body arm. Blue blood gushing out in all directions.

**Eddard:** Evening Star was leaving robin blue streaks in the air. The blade humming in high soprano notes. Two Ice Wrights had charged Eddard. He blocked their swords thrusts. They were fast but he was faster. His sword slamming into their ice armor. His sword strikes exploding the ice disks he had struck. He was saw that Drogon and Viserion had lifted up into the air and were breathing their deadly fire down on Ice Giants as they milled around trying to get at Rhaegal. The wounded dragon rear leg was limp. He was constantly having to shift his body to avoid the attacks coming at him.

An Ice Giant to the left of Rhaegal was running in. The world turned blue for a moment and loud ground shaking thunder rocked the world. The Ice Giant simply exploded when a mighty column of blue magical fire from Lord Lustra’s staff impacted its body. It was shocking the power of the woman. She was chopping down any Ice Wright or Ice Giant she could get a clear shot at. Her power to great to be used with any forces of Westeros near her intended targets.

He and one of the Ice Wrights hacked and parried each other’s sword strokes. Eddard slammed his sword through a weakened ice armor disk his sword slamming clear through the Ice Wright. It went
into a wild death dance the thing’s wild jerks and flips kept the Warden of the North off balance. The second Ice Wright was moving in. Eddard cursed his sword arm as it jerked wildly.

From the left a silent Ghost leapt high through the air and slammed into the second Ice Wright. His massive body held the Ice Wright down as his massive jaws snapped down on the thing’s head and shoulders. Ghost’s muscles flexing his fangs sinking into the ice armor slowly shattering the ice armor with loud reports. Eddard had freed his sword. In a few bounds he was by Ghost. He stabbed down through a chink in the armor and disemboweled the Ice Wright.

Again the monstrosity went into a wild death dance his blood spraying out as the Ice Wright started to turn to mist.

Bedlam had broken out everywhere. Eddard saw the Lord of the Land gripping her staff. She was sweating but seemed full of vigor. She hesitated he saw. She was looking all around on her Ranyhyn mount. He understood. Her weapon was like a massive war hammer. She had to be careful using her Lord’s Fire with the enemy and friendlies all jumbled together. The Lord looking all around to find a target she could attack without harm to her fellow defenders. She found a target. Her staff erupting again with blue fire. A Ice Wright exploded.

Eddard looked around. He cursed. He saw Ice Giants and Ice Wrights moving into the forces of Westeros attacking formations still forming up. Men cut down. He saw that more and more arrows were firing at the Ice creatures. Dragon Glass was shattering on the armor but Iron tipped arrows were being fired as well. Ice Armor started to explode and fracture from multiple hits.

Eddard was happy to see the archers quickly switching over to iron tipped arrows as their weapon of choice. They understood the ice armor the Wrights and Giants were wearing had to be broken down. More and more ice armor was showing clear signs of damage now.

Eddard could see when Dragon Glass found a chink in the armor or got in a head shot. An Ice Wright would suddenly go into a wild dance macabre with Dragon Glass sunk deep into his body. Head shots killed them immediately while body shots or arrow hits to limbs began to poison the Ice beings. Black lines beginning to spread out from the point of where their body had been pierced. Still the icy beings were able to fight on. Their bodies only slowly weakening.

The Wrights felt the poison screaming in agony as they continued to fight. Their screams loud in the air. He ran at full speed to get at some Ice Wrights attacking a group of knights. The Ice Wrights moving like quicksilver. The knights’ armor blocked the force of the Ice Blades but the metal became more brittle with each strike and was beginning to shatter. The knights cut down.

As he ran he saw the Lord had ridden her Ranyhyn towards three Ice Giants killing men right and left. The Ice Giants height and strength too much for the men to deal with. The giants were also so massive the Lord could attack them without fear of hurting those she sought to protect. She was able to angle her columns of Lord’s Fire up at the tall foes. The Lord fired her staff off and a huge column of blue fire nearly eight feet tall slammed into the second Ice Giant and it simply blew up into shards.

The mighty blast of force sending out blue shockwaves that rippled over the battlefield lighting up the sky to the heavens in incandescent halos of magical might. Each blast of magical might echoed over the battlefield.

Brail was right behind her. She engaged the second Ice Giant with Ice. She used Ice with impossible skill. The large blade easily controlled by the Haruchai. She easily deflected the blade of the Ice Giant. Each impact made a loud ringing scream that filled the air. The Valyrian steel easily withstood the cold of the Icy blades it contended with.
Eddard was shocked at the woman’s skill. Her blade easily blocked each strike of the Ice Giant. Her counterstrikes slashed into the Ice Giant’s blade knocking it aside. Her next attacks hammering ice armor blocks and the helm of the Ice Giant. The Ranyhyn circling the Ice Giant to allow Brail to attack the tall foe from angles that put the Ice Giant at disadvantage. The armor of the Ice Giant now fractured all over from the powerful sword strikes and increasing iron tipped arrows striking it and its brothers.

An Ice Wright came over to engage Brail. The Haruchai and Ranyhyn saw it coming and twisted away with Brail blocking its sword slash. The Ranyhyn was leaping around avoiding the blades of their enemies. Brail was leaning right and left using Ice to block the blades of her foes while lashing out at her enemies. Lustra seeing her lover being attacked by two foes had ridden over fast.

One of the original Ice Giants she had engaged was now screaming in agony. Drogon had taken to the air and found a target for his dragon’s fire. He had the same issue as the Lord of Revelstone. He had to find targets he could attack without harming the forces he was allied with. The area around the Ice Giant had cleared. It was steaming and beginning to melt under the furnace fires spewing from Drogon’s mouth.

Lustra had her staff on her left shoulder. Frinny juked to the left and the Lord slashed down with her staff that glowed a hot bright dark blue the eldritch magic rippling up and down the wood and writhing on the iron shod ends. The staff end slammed into the Ice Wrights helm from the left side. Its head exploded into shards and gore. The body falling down like a puppet with its strings cut.

Eddard saw the Lord’s mount kick out with its hind feet hitting the Ice Giant attacking Brail. The Kick fracturing ice armor disks and staggering the Ice Giant. Another Ice Wright came in on Lustra stabbing at her wildly with its icy blade. Frinny leaped over and then spun around to avoid the fast moving Ice Wright. Lord Lustra was thrown around on her mount but she kept her balance. Brail followed the staggered Ice Giant atop Frahanoryl.

She slammed Ice into the Ice Giant’s body twice and then again. The thick ice armor exploded from the impossible strong strokes of the massive Valyrian steel blade. The ice armor now totally compromised. Brail then did a forward thrust her blade easily penetrating through the body of the Ice Giant. The Ice Giant’s head ripped back as it screamed in agony. Its icy blood gushing out the wound the Haruchai had inflected upon it. The blood splashing over Brail. The cold did not affect her. She ripped the blade out of the Ice Giant that had fallen to its knees. Blood now pouring out its mouth as well as its side.

Eddard saw an Ice Wright stalking towards him. Still more arrows were in the air all the time now. He started when two arrows whisked by his head flying out to seek Ice Wrights and Giants. In fact, arrows were flying in all directions. Many finding their targets. All around where Ice Wrights and Giants walking and running around with iron tipped arrows jutting out their armor. When Dragon Glass impacted the armor the arrows exploded.

Eddard did not care. They had mountains of arrows of all types to fire off. The Ice Wright charging him had three arrows jutting out its ice armor. Two more hit near its shoulder. The Ice block exploded. Dragon glass arrows were exploding all over its icy armor. Then one found the just made hole in its armor sinking into its shoulder. It screamed in pain. The arm going dead.

Eddard did not hesitate he leapt forward and rammed his sword through the gap in the ice armor running his blade up through the vile things shoulder and out its neck on the opposite side of its body. It shrieked and convulsed wildly blood spewing out its orifices as it died.

The Lord of Revelstone obliterated the third Ice Giant with a mighty blast of blue Lord’s fire. The explosion of might sending royal blue light bolting off to the heavens and mighty peals of thunder
echoing over the battlefield. Eddard shook his head at the Lord’s power. She was but one of many in her homeland. He had vastly underestimated her strength, power and resolve. She rode off looking for more foes to engage. Brail on her heels protecting her back.

**Arya:** Arya was running around firing her bow at her enemies. She and Marleya Blackmyre had gathered seven of their best marksmen bowmen. The men having shaken off their initial shock at finding the enemy in their midst. The very best archers having formed a loose association and hung together when time was slack. That paid dividends now. The group staying close together to give them the ability to communicate on targets and to give them volume of fire to overcome ice armor and through mass firing of arrows finding chinks in armor to get Dragon Glass through for fatal shots or wounding shots to poison.

Jeertel was always on her right shoulder defending Arya and attacking when possible the foes attacking them. Jeertel easily blocking the sword attacks against her. Her fist and feet fracturing and at times shattering ice blocks of the Icy spawn’s armor. Other bowmen were running around firing off at the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants with the magically iron tipped arrows at the Icy creatures. The bowmen firing their weapons as fast as they could. They had runners following them with many quivers hooked over their shoulders. They were staying near Rhaegal. The Ice Wrights and Ice Giants seemed intent on killing the wounded dragon.

The vile spawn wanted a major victory and desperately sought to finish off the dragon. The Ice Wrights and Giants focused on finishing the wounded dragon with almost a maniacal focus. Rhaegal in his shock was not able to lift off the ground and was whipping his body around defending himself.

Drogon and Viserion were burning Ice Wrights and Giants that were near to their wounded brethren. All the humans had cleared out from around Rhaegal and were firing off their bows and throwing javelins at the Icy spawn of the Ice King from thirty yards and further out. The Ice Wrights bodies could not take direct blasts of the dragon’s fire. Their ice armor not thick or heavy enough to withstand the broiling hot magical flame at point blank range. The Ice Giants thick armor blocks were able to withstand one or two gouts of dragon fire but each blast melted and fractured the thick Ice armor.

The Ice Giants may have survived the initial droughts of fire but they staggered around and swayed clearly addled by the immense heat.

The Direwolves were engaging Ice Wrights keeping their attention. The Direwolves were as fast as the Ice Wrights. They were staying just outside of the range of the swords of the Ice Wrights. There was at least twenty Ice Wrights attacking around the wounded dragon. Drogon came slamming down from two hundred feet up obliterating two Ice Wrights with his massive weight. His head shot out to bite an Ice Wright that had dove out of the way of Drogon’s crashing body.

The ground shook violently from the impact. Arya had lost all track of the massive black dragon and was shocked when its enormous body slammed back down to earth. She righted herself. Viserion circled around in a tight spiral when his head shot out and a mighty gout of flame poured out his mouth. Two Ice Wrights were incinerated. Their ice armor exploded and then their bodies exploded as their blood boiled. Off in the distance Arya saw and felt another massive royal blue shockwave detonate. The magical explosions of brute force shouting to the heavens and bouncing off the Wall. She could see the Lord of Revelstone on her Ranyhyn with her staff in her hands.

The staff rippling with bright dark blue power. Then the staff seemed to ignite into a bonfire and a pillar of the blue Lord’s Fire came erupting out its iron shod end. The magical words she sometimes spoke echoing across the battlefield now. The force slamming into an unseen enemy like a battering
ram assaulting a castle gate. Brail was at her side with Ice in her hand keeping the Lord’s back protected. Several Ice Wrights simply ceased to exist upon impact of the Lord’s fire. Their bodies shattered and completely blown apart.

Arya was firing her bow striking the ice armor of her foes. The armor becoming fractured and chunks starting to fall off. Five Giants from the Land came charging in and engaged the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants. The Ice Giants moved forward to engage the Giants. The Giants of the southern hemisphere first slammed into the Ice Giants with the iron shields on their non-dominate arms. The Ice Giants staggered from the powerful bulrush.

The sounds of massive blades slamming into each other rang loudly in the air. The Giants granite blades were easily the equal of the Ice Wright and Giants blades. The Ice Giants gave way and retreated from the Giants. Three were felled by the sword work of the Giants from the southern hemisphere. The armor of the Icy spawn already compromised by the repeated magical iron tipped arrows. The Giants exploding ice blocks of their icy perverted brothers and stabbing into the opening their swords had created. The Ice Giants pierced clean through by the thick long blades of the Giants.

The sword strikes and thrusts ruining the organs of the Ice Giants. One Ice Giant head sent spinning off into the distance.

The Giants used their massive iron shields to block many of the strokes of their icy foes. The bodies of the mighty contestants staggering back from the strength of their titanic blows. The sound of iron being crashed into granite echoed and the colliding blades made shrill screams of protest. The giants of Westeros fighting with only pure strength while the Giants of the southern hemisphere also fought with supreme skill married to their own prodigious strength.

A Giant’s armor was pierced by a sword thrust of an Ice Giant. She fell back her upper body bleeding. The Ice Giant had no time to celebrate its small victory. Its head sent spinning by the sword swing of a Giant that caught it at the juncture of head and throat.

The blade of the foes colliding violently. Sparks flew off the contestants swords with their mighty collisions. The giants of Westeros were strong but had not trained as warriors. They were quickly on the defense. Two more Ice Giants were chopped down. Their bodies wildly flipping on the ground. Their screams of dying loud and heinous.

A Giant was wounded in the leg and was about to have her head cleaved in two when a female Haruchai came flying through the air from behind the fight. The Haruchai’s foot kicking the Ice Giant in the head sending it spinning. Another Haruchai came in. He had picked up a fallen Ice Wright sword. Arya felt elations seeing the Haruchai keeping their promise to use weapons to help kill their enemies. They deemed the balance of life in Westeros hung in the balance.

He found holes that had been punched in the ice armor of the Ice Giant. The ice forged blade piercing the Ice Giant again and again in its thighs and groin. Its icy blood pulsing out in gouts. The Ice Giant fell to its knees. The Haruchai stabbed it in the face with its purloined ice blade. The blade ripped out its head the Giant fell down dead.

Arya saw an opportunity. She pulled out a dragon glass arrow. Marleya Blackmyre had seen it too along with another archer. They all let fly their Dragon Glass arrows. An Ice Wright looked down at its stomach where its ice armor had been destroyed. Three Dragon Glass arrows jutted out its stomach. It began to scream as black tendrils quickly travelled all over its body that began web together. The foul spawn began to convulse. It fell to the ground wildly convulsing as it died.

Arya looked around to survey the current situation. She saw a Giant shatter an Ice Wright’s helm
and with her Glaive. She fired off a snap shot with a Dragon Glass arrow that slammed into its head from the back the Dragon Glass shattering in its skull. It dropped down dead.

Arya quickly notched another iron tipped arrow. The runners were scurrying around the Ice Wrights to bring more arrows to the archers. Arrows that were flying thick now into the Ice creatures. Many of the bowmen were not marksmen like Arya and Marleya. They were to fly arrows in mass at the sea of walking dead and advancing Ice Wrights and Giants at distance. That had been the plan. Now they had to contend with them in their midst. It was a deadly situation having so many arrows fired so wild and fast but it could not be helped.

The Ice creatures were cutting down foot soldiers and bowmen but they were definitely taking heavy damage to their armor and more were dropping dead. Arya ducked her head when an iron tipped arrow whizzed by over her head. She saw some arrows bounding off knights that were trying to engage the Ice Giants and Wrights. The Dragon Glass shattering on the armor.

As she watched, Jon was fighting three Ice Giants that had advanced on him. The Ice Wrights had given Jon a wide berth not wanting any parts of Lightbringer reborn. Arya saw three dead Ice Wright bodies around Jon. Their deaths teaching the surviving Ice Wrights to stay back from Azor Ahai reborn. Those slain were already misting away. Jon was blocking blows and dodging the Ice Giants non graceful sword strikes. His wives were behind him protecting his back. Their fingers would shot out Shadow Daggers that slammed into the thick blocks of ice on the Ice Giants shattering them.

An Ice Wright had discovered courage and tried to sneak up on Jon from the left rear but nearly twenty Shadow Daggers slammed into his armor and body. The initial shadow daggers exploded its ice armor. The remaining shadow sunk deep into the Ice Wright’s body. His body immediately boiling as it screamed its death throes.

A Haruchai jumped on the back of one of the Ice Giants. He quickly climbed the icy armor. His body immune to the intense cold radiating off the tall body and armor. He gripped the Ice Giant’s head with one hand. With his other fist the Haruchai hammered the Ice Giant’s helm that began to fracture and then shattered. The Haruchai jumped off and rolled away. A blizzard of Dragon Glass arrows flew out at the Ice Giant’s head. Many missed but at least five hit their target. It fell back dead on its feet. Its mighty crash unremarked in the confusion of battle.

Jon chopped the leg off the third Ice Giant sending it crashing to the ground. Its sword falling from its grip. The Haruchai rushed in picking up the sword and rammed it down the Ice Giant’s throat into its body. Its bellows of agony and death echoing in the air. The male Haruchai left the Ice Giant pinned to the Earth with its own sword.

Daenerys: The Queen was a running around Rhaegal defending her wounded dragon. His brothers were vicious attacking the Ice creatures that attempted to move in to attack the green dragon. Their fiery breath killing Ice Wrights outright and either wounding or killing the Ice Giants. The icy creatures now hesitating to move in again on Rhaegal.

It seemed clear to the Queen that the Ice creatures had banked on being invisible and their opponents not having weapons that could truly hurt them. The creations of the Ice King banking on invisibility to attack their foes unawares. The Ice Wrights and Giants not focusing on Rhaegal had spread out and were creating mayhem but they too were being cut down one by one. It seemed as if the air had become a blizzard of arrows.

Daenerys jerked her head to the side suddenly. An arrow and then another when whizzing by her head. She knew some degree of friendly fire were killing of her own troops. The accidental fratricide of her own men by their brethren filled the Queen with rage but had to accept that reality.
This ambush had to be dealt with. All possible force exerted to kill these assassins post haste.

The real army of the enemy was on the other side of the Wall waiting to get at them. Daenerys feared the Wall might come down at any moment. Her head whipped around to look at the Wall. She now wondered why the Ice King was not felling the Wall. Why spring this surprise attack and not launch the assault on the Wall with the Horn of Winter and bring it down. She wondered and had no answer. She was only thankful that no coordinated attacked seemed to be about to commence.

She engaged another Ice Wright. Their swords colliding. Her rune sword slamming into the ice forged blade. Her blue glowing blade flared with their sword strikes. Both blades screaming but it was the Ice Wright’s blade that shattered. Daenerys shouted in triumph and stabbed the Ice Wright through the throat. She jerked her sword back to let it die jackknifing on the ground. Great gouts of blue blood gushing out its pierced throat choking its screams of death.

Six Giants of the southern continent had spread out to defend Rhaegal. Their swords too much for the Ice Wrights who had quickly learned to fall back. A Giant fell back with a leg wound when an Ice Wright’s blade found a weakness and stabbed her thigh. The wounded Giant fell back hobbled but supported her sisters by stabbing out and keeping Ice Wrights back while her sisters swirled their mighty stone blades in tight arcs against the ice armor of the Ice Giants.

She saw Stannis fight another Ice Wright off in front of her to the right. She saw that his large size seemed to overwhelm the Ice Wright. She had noticed from her first battle with the Icy spawn of the Ice King that they were tall but slight of build. They were strong but it was their magical blades and the cold of their being that was their true strength.

Stannis’s Valyrian blade and his size cancelled out any advantage the Ice Wright may have thought it had. She saw with satisfaction that Valyrian steel was superior. With a mighty down chop of Stannis’s sword, the blade shattered the blade of his foe. The thing looked with large eyes at its ruined sword. The next down chop found a crease in the things ice armor. The blade shattering the ice blocks and slamming into its arm at the shoulder.

The blade cleaved clear through the thin appendage. The arm falling to the ground with the ruined sword still in hand. Blue white blood pumped out its body at the missing joint. The hand holding the blade on the ground twitched. Stannis then sent its head spinning off its body. He moved to join a Haruchai fighting a group of five Ice Wrights that had attacked a line of soldiers forming a phalanx.

The Ice Wrights had killed at least twenty men before they could organize a solid defensive wall of steel. But now, the Ice Wrights were fighting for their own lives. The female Haruchai easily blocked any attacks at herself and was able to land blows that staggered the Ice Wrights. The thin beings fighting to get their balance back. The Haruchai totally unaffected by the cold of the ice blades she slapped aside.

Now iron tipped arrows were flying in at the Ice Wrights and Giants in ever growing numbers. The shock of the unexpected attack had died and now her archers were formed up and firing rapidly at the enemy in their midst. Their iron tipped arrows kept hammering into their foes bodies slowly destroying their armor. An Ice Giant came running in to aid its smaller brothers. Two Haruchai had appeared to engage the Ice Giant. Their strikes of fist and feet slowly cracking the ice armor. Iron tipped arrows were shattering other ice blocks of armor higher up on its body.

Then the Queen heard it. A roar like her dragons but yet not like them at all. She looked up and she felt raw anger flush her face. What she had feared had indeed come to pass. A dragon came flying over the wall and descended towards her troops. The Ice Dragon was about the size of Viserion.
His body the light blue of glaciers. His scales had slightly darker blue highlights.

The Queen saw the dragon’s mouth open wide. She had expected fire to come out of its mouth. That was not what spewed forth. Instead it was a blizzard of ice daggers about four inches long that burst forth from its maul and flew towards the ground at a dizzying speed. Men fell dead squired by ice daggers.

The ice had to have magical properties. The ice hardened and able to penetrate coke forged steel armor. It was shocking to see the icy daggers so easily pierce steel armor. Many slammed the ground not finding a target but at least as many if not more found a target. Men lay dead, dying or wounded in the path of the ice daggers.

The dragon roared as it flew up to bank over. The things mighty wings pumped hard lifting the body up. It looked back down at her. It was staying well away from Drogon and Viserion. Both dragons turned their heads to look at the light blue dragon as it did another pass spewing out icy death to the hapless men that happened to be in the path of its ice daggers. The two hale dragons still needed to stay close to Rhaegal.

Daenerys sent a command to her two unhurt dragons to not engage the Ice Dragon without her with them to guide them. They huffed in anger but obeyed their mother and their need to defend Rhaegal strong.

Daenerys was enraged. She knew that dragons could only spew out so much fire or in this case ice before they depleted their fuel. This was why dragons ate so much to fuel their ability to breathe fire or ice. It took much food and energy. That was why her dragons did much of their damage using their size and bulk. This new dragon could not dare to come down to the ground with two healthy dragons waiting to engage it in mortal combat.

She watched the dragon make another pass in the thick of her camp. Men were raising shields now but it was still able to pierce the shields but the energy of the down flung ice daggers was much reduced. Now their armor was able to resist the ice daggers. Still, this aerial assault was disrupting the organization of her army. She did not like that!

Daenerys was torn. She needed to defend her sons but her army was under threat. She yelled seeing a Ranyhyn cut down. The Haruchai thrown off but she landed on her feet and rushed to the Ranyhyn’s defense as the Ice Wright moved in. She was too far away to help the mighty Ranyhyn. From nowhere Eddard appeared to engage the Ice Wright. His sword left blue trailers in the air as he parried and then slowly drove the Ice Wright back. Each strike of his blade on the Ice Wrights blade made it flare bright blue. Each blow pulsing harder. The Haruchai went to the Ranyhyn to aid it.

Eddard and the Ice Wright circled each other. The two blocking each other’s blows till Eddard sliced his sword through a gap in his foe’s armor that had been punched through by the magically enhanced iron tipped arrows. His blade buried all the way to the hilt in the torso of the Ice Wright. The thing started to scream but that was cut off when Eddard yelled using both hands to rip his sword up and back. The blade cutting the thing nearly in two killing it instantly before ripping his blade out its dead body. Eddard’s sword impossibly sharp and filled with powerful magic.

In the distance Daenerys saw Jon fighting an Ice Giant. His magical blade easily blocking the mighty chops and swings of the Ice Giant’s massive blade. The sword of Azor Ahai giving Jon strength that a man did not normally have. He parried the blows till he could move in close to attack the body of the Ice Giant. His magical blade of fire and heat seemed to both melt and shatter the thick blocks of ice the blade met. With the armor opened up Jon cut the Ice Giant across its unprotected belly. The split torso gushed out guts intestines and ichor. Its icy blue blood welling out in ice cold gushes.
Daenerys eyes widened seeing another effect of Jon’s sword on his icy foe. The fire of his sword set the blood of the Ice Giant afire. The thing had dropped its sword to try and hold its guts in but now blue steam pulsed out its cut open torso. Blue steam poured outs its mouth, eyes and ears. The Ice Giant fell to its knees where Jon beheaded it.

Drogon slammed down to the Earth again from a hundred feet up crushing an ice wright. Its body lay on the ground broken with blue blood spilling out the ruined body. An Ice Giant had picked up the sword of a fallen Ice Giant and thrown it up at Viserion as he hovered at two hundred feet. The Ice Giant did not have the power of a scorpion behind the throw. Gravity sucking the energy from the throw itself. The ice sword hit Viserion’s thick scales and bounced off. The Giants were strong but not that strong. The Ice Wrights and Ice King would have even less strength being so much smaller. Physics was physics Daenerys thought to herself.

The Queen engaged two Ice Wrights that had suddenly appeared. She desperately fought them off. Their speed was truly frightening. From behind the Ice Wright to her left Strong Belwas appeared and his Valyrian scimitar sliced hard into its back of the Ice Wright to her right. His blade shattered the ice blocks on its back. The Ice Wright staggered and turned to face Strong Belwas. Bannor came flying in with a heel kick that stunned the Ice Wright with an impact in its face. It fell to its knees. Bannor moved in landing blows fast and furious.

Seregrom appeared and gripped the Ice Wright from behind and threw him back to Strong Belwas. The Haruchai moved on knowing Strong Belwas was more than a match for the Ice Wright. The two fought trading blows. The Ice Wright was tiring with the relentless punishment it had taken. Still, Belwas had to perform his damn ritual Daenerys fumed. The fool let the damn Ice Wright lightly cut him across his belly before he decapitated it. Sometime Belwas really stemmed her ass Daenerys thought in a huff.

The second Ice Wright was skilled and fast. Daenerys was impressed. This must be an older Ice Wright that had learned actual sword fighting skills. She was being careful. Her rune sword slamming into the Ice Wrights blade. Her rune sword glowing hotly blue. It was the Ice Wright blade that screamed in protest nearly shattering under her blows.

A Haruchai came in riding on his Ranyhyn at a suicidal fast pace towards her Daenerys saw. The Ranyhyn at the last moment angled its body away. The Haruchai stood up on the horse’s back impossibly keeping her balance on the Ranyhyn’s wildly jostling body. Daenerys had gotten used to the displays of impossible skill and strength of the Haruchai. Damn show offs!

The Haruchai came flying off her Ranyhyn that had ridden up at a fast gallop. The Haruchai slammed into the Ice Wright taking it to the ground. In a fury punches and kicks she pummeled the Ice Wright. The Ice Wright was stunned. In that moment the Haruchai ripped the Ice Wright’s sword from its gasp and slammed the blade through its eye pinning it to the ground as it body went wild kicking and jerking in its death.

The cold had no effect on the Haruchai. Daenerys had a moment to think on the Haruchai mind speech. Her personal guard Bannor and Seregrom had moved on to fight other battles knowing that (she thought for a moment—yes, Howsrul) would come up to take out the Ice Wright attacking her. How these people could keep track of themselves and their enemies in such a confused battlefield was totally beyond Daenerys.

As Daenerys, watched Howsrul gripped the mane of the Ranyhyn that had come up to her and she mounted the Ranyhyn and moved off to find more foes to fight. She took with her the ice sword of the Ice Wright she had just killed.

Bannor and Seregrom were fighting an Ice Wright. The Ice Wright fighting for its life.
Arya came running up to Daenerys. She fired off a Dragon Glass arrow that imbedded into the thigh of an Ice Giant where its armor had been destroyed. It screamed in pain. Daenerys already saw black tendrils spreading behind the clear ice armor still remaining. The poison spreading slowly. More arrows hammered the Ice Giant from all sides now as more and more archers were forming up and firing off at will.

Many archers now lined up in companies of phalanxes that allowed them to fire off in mass. This increased the effectiveness of their fire. Arrows being fired off in volleys that flew out to land like a downpour on their targets.

Daenerys’s grimaced again seeing arrows flying in every which direction but it could not be helped at the moment. The fire was more organized but still it was disconcerting ducking to the right with an arrow whizzing by. This strike force had to be put down. Fast! Fortunately, probably most of the arrows were dragon glass and easily shattered on both ice and steel armor. This kept her losses from fratricide down.

Daenerys caught her breath as Arya fired off two more iron tipped arrows breaking ice armor of a wright and then sent a Dragon glass arrow into a hole in the Ice Wright’s armor on its back the arrow sinking in deep. It was not an instant kill but it slowed the Ice Wright that now gasped. Four knights descended on it and soon hacked it to death. The poison of the obsidian in its blood now made it susceptible to the deadly steel of the knights. Only two of the swords shattered with the cold.

There was plenty of swords lying around with the dead and wounded now. The knights picked up a new blades to further the fight. With the shock now worn off the men of Westeros were forming up to make iron phalanxes that would hold the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants in place long enough for arrows, Valyrian Steel, Dragons and Direwolves to put them down.

Daenerys looked up at the sky again at the … what … ice dragon? It had swooped back down for another pass spewing out ice daggers. Men fell down pierced by the ice projectiles penetrating their bodies. Dammit Daenerys swore. The Ice Dragon had magical properties to what it spewed forth from its mouth. The Queen looked at the tableau around her dragons. Ice Wrights and Ice Giants were still attacking in earnest.

The Valyrian gnawed her lip. She needed to be in two places at once.

Arya was at her side from nowhere seemingly.

“Go on Drogon and fight that Ice Dragon Dany. We will handle the danger her on the ground. The dragons are attracting the Ice Wrights and Giants to us for killing.” Arya had her bow notched but relaxed. That changed in an instant. She brought the bow up. It had a Dragon Glass tipped arrow on the string. The string was pulled back and the string released sending the arrow whistling off towards it target. Daenerys did not know if it hit its mark.

Behind her she saw Viserion pumping his wings hard hovering his body at fifty feet. His mouth let out a mighty gout of flames. Loud high pitched screams came from where the flames were hitting the ground.

“Go and slay that abomination Dany. Put it down and put it out of its misery.” Arya made intense eye contact with her Queen. “That thing up there should never have been. Go and kill it my Queen.” Arya gave her a cheeky smile. The Queen loved her Arya!

The Queen of Westeros nodded once and ran off to the left.

Daenerys looked up. Her dragon was up in the air hovering. Drogon had an Ice Wright in his
mouth chewing on him. She sent her command to him. Drogon spit out the ruined body of the Ice Wright body parts going in all directions. Drogon came down from two hundred feet. His rear legs touched down on the ground. Daenerys ran up to him sheathing her rune sword on her back as she gripped his hot scales and quickly started to climb up his body.

Her body snatched forward as his body lunged up into the air. Drogon knew his mistress was strong and capable. He needed to attack his enemy in the sky. Ancient instincts kicked in. Drogon felt rage boil in his veins at this dragon that challenged his right to supremacy. Daenerys held on tight to her dragon’s body as it strived to gain attitude. She slowly climbed up onto his back as he gained attitude.

Drogon’s mighty roar of rage at the abomination flying above him echoed in the air. Drogon quickly rose up in the air gaining altitude fast moving towards the foe he meant to kill. Daenerys looked down as her dragon rose up to meet his foe awaiting him. She saw many Ice Wrights and Ice Giants fighting but she saw that many were dead already. Her forces forming up and attacking the surprise attack force with a vengeance now. The remaining Ice spawn would be quickly dispatched.

She turned her gaze back skywards. Off ahead of her and rising up was the Ice Dragon. She and Drogon both screamed their challenge. Drogon pinioned his mighty wings gaining attitude and speed. Daenerys had climbed onto his back and settled into her favorite spot. Her hands worked in between scales and held on tight. They had an Ice dragon to kill.

Ice King: The Ice King stared at the Horn of Winter. He had blown into the horn. He had felt a low powerful rumbling and low bass sound but nothing had happened beyond that. Surprisingly, there was little sound from the horn. Several times he had blown the horn with a powerful breath but beyond the rumbling and low bass note nothing else happened. He stared aghast at the horn. Was it not real?!

He turned the Horn of Winter over in his hands examining it. The runes cut into it foreign to his eyes. The Croyel was jabbering wildly. Each time the sky to the south flared bright royal blue the Croyel cried out in terror. His fangs sinking painfully deep into his throat while the Croyel’s short limbs kicked and its talons raked his body drawing blood.

He ignored the pain. He was starting to feel the terror he had felt those millennium ago. The fear prickling down his spine. He saw another blue flare on the other side of the Wall. It lit up the darkened sky like a bolt of blue lightening. He felt another of his adopted children crying out in terror that was cutoff. The echoes of Lord’s mighty Lords fire echoing off the Wall and reverberating in the air around him.

He stared again in rising horror at the useless horn in his hands. He had been so sure. All his plans revolved around the Wall coming down and falling upon his hapless foes. If the Wall stood he would have to force his way through the tunnels and be savaged by the damnable dragons. He felt his own dragon killing his foes right and left but he needed so much more.

Another mighty blast of blue Lord’s fire splashed across the sky and he felt two more Ice Giants slain. Her fire simply shattered their bodies and splashed their boiled blood to the sky.

His son had warned him of her power but he had no concept of this kind of power. The mages of old had not been able to project such concentrated force and devastation. The wizards of eight thousand years ago cast spells but did not project raw naked power like he was seeing now from the other side of the Wall. His true son cried out in terror. Another blue flare of impossible might surged high up into the sky. The Ice King felt several of his Ice Wright sons obliterated. He had to get to them but how? How?!
He turned on his true son in a savage mental assault. He cut off the flow of blood to his son. The Croyel immediately screaming in new raw personal terror and raw hungry need.

“Father! Why do you assault me! I need you! We are one!” the Croyel yammered in panic to the man he had formed a symbiotic parasitic relationship with him. The Croyel sucked desperately for the blood he needed to survive. None was to be found. His little limbs kicked in panic. The Croyel screamed to his father’s mind. The two had become one. The Croyel was loyal he screamed to his father’s mind.

“You lied to me! You said this is the Horn of Winter. The horn of legend! I will kill you!”

“If I die you die father! It is the Horn of Winter. I have not lied to you!”

“The Wall still stands! I need to bring down the fucking Wall! Now! Our Ice Wrights and Giants are being cut down. We need to bring in our dead and their brothers to the fray. Why is the Wall still standing?!”

The Ice King felt his son writhing on his back. His son was near weeping now with blood loss. The Ice King took a deep breath to calm his anger and nerves. His son was weakening fast. He relented and let blood flow back to where the Croyel’s small fangs were sunk into his throat.

His son whimpered and drank deeply the blood flow restored to him. The small yellow body shuddered as the Croyel luxuriated in the blood flow returned to its mouth. The Croyel whimpered his loyalty and cried out to his father why had he attacked him. He was trying to serve him the Croyel wept.

The Ice King felt his true son reviving as he drank his father’s blood. The Croyel’s thoughts had become frayed and weak. Now his son’s thoughts were becoming strong and sure again. His son hummed as he thought. The Ice King could feel his son truly trying to solve this riddle. This calmed the frayed nerves of the Ice King.

After a minute the Croyel spoke to his father. “I see the problem father” the Croyel spoke to his father’s mind. “You are blowing the Horn of Winter as if you were trying to summon an army to battle formation. That is not the purpose of the Horn of Winter. You are blowing a short powerful note. That is not how the Horn of Winter is to be used. The Wall is mighty and imposing structure. It will take a sustained musical note to bring it down.”

“I feel that the Horn of Winter must be blown again and again continuously to setup a harmonic that will tear the Wall apart.”

The Ice King listened taking in the information and tried to process it. It was in many ways beyond him. Then suspicion flared hot in his soul again. Had not his true son fought against the use of the Horn of Winter and now he was telling his father how to use it? Was his son somehow trying to betray him?!

“What are you doing son?” the Ice King thought to his son.

The Croyel ceased his explanation of his thoughts. He was fearful again. He had heard the threatening tone in his father’s voice.

“What do you mean father! I am serving you!” screamed in his father’s mind. Why was his father turning on him now yet again as he tried to help him?! The Croyel thought wildly in its fear.

“In the past you have actively fought against me about the use of the Horn but now in my hour of crisis you suddenly support me. Do you seek to betray me while I am distracted?” the Ice King
thought silently to his true son. He was distraught at the situation and lashing out.

His son shivered with fear. They both felt another shockwave of power as the sky again flared blue on the other side of the Wall. The clouds scudding by at several thousand feet reflecting back the blue of the Lord’s fire. The echo of its might now reverberating down over the forces on the other side of the Wall.

The Ice King felt another Ice Wright son obliterated. One moment he was alive and the next he had ceased to exist.

The two looked up at the blue that now faded. Five seconds later another mighty explosion of blue light and sound shocked the air and lit the sky. Another Ice Wright had been annihilated.

“Father, listen to me. In ages past when Lord Foul brought down the Council of the Old Lords he did not do it through might. He achieved his victory through guile. He was able to disguise himself somehow to appear as one of them. He then led the High Council to ambush and death. High Lord Kevin sensed a trap and did not go but his despair from not going led him to the folly of the Ritual of Desecration.”

“So powerful was that rite that several of my brothers died in that maelstrom of destruction. Lord Foul achieved his victory through deception not through brute strength. I can enhance magic but I cannot do what I was not born to do unless my host grants me those abilities.”

“You are not Roger Covenant or Jeremy” the Croyel explained to his father. “We learn from each union but your magic is different. I cannot change our appearance to fool others. The denizens of the Land would sense our true nature anyways.”

“No father. We will not win by deception or chicanery. We must win by might. You can see the Lord’s might. We avoided working our magic in the Land during the reign of the Old Lords. They were too powerful. I had almost forgotten their might. I told you I feared them. The Elohim make them pale by comparison. Maybe now you see my concerns for your desires to go South to wage war on forces that have access to magic this world long forgot or maybe never knew.”

“This Lord of Revelstone is mighty and yet in Revelstone she is only one of many. She does not hold the Staff of Law. The power you see …” they both paused as another mighty detonation of magical might erupted lighting the sky bright blue and then the echo and rumbling of loud thunder flowed over the Wall “is only a hundredth of what the Staff of Law can produce. Maybe more.”

The Ice King was listening intently. He had indeed underestimated the woman who was killing his sons and giants. Another Ice Giant and two Ice Wrights had died in that last blast. Worse, and what the Croyel could not sense was the poisoning of his created Sons and Giants. Evidently, the Crows still had stores of Dragon Glass tipped weapons. He felt his Sons dying from the cursed obsidian tipped weapons. Somehow their ice armor was being breached.

He needed to get to the other side! His son was continuing his explanation.

“I do fear the repercussions of using the Horn of Winter but feeling the Lord’s might we need to attack and kill her immediately. My fear of what is possible is overridden by the present. The Lord is too powerful. We need to bring down the Wall so we can attack with our full force while the enemy is distracted. If our strike force is decimated and they have time to mount the wall and attack from above then all may well be lost.”

“I fear your Ice Dragon will be neutralized by the Queen’s dragons if we do not attack now. Thus, I will throw my might and knowledge fully into using the Horn of Winter. We must survive the threat
of today to worry about the threats of tomorrow.”

“You will need to blow the Horn of Winter continuously to setup the harmonics that will bring the Wal down. The notes must be continuous and full of strength.”

“How am I am supposed to be able to blow continuously and yet breathe to get the air to blow into the horn?” the Ice King asked in exasperation. His true son was asking for the impossible.

“It is called circular breathing father. Relax and let me guide you in your breathing. Just concentrate on blowing into the lip of the horn and I will regulate your breath to keep you blowing into the Horn of Winter.”

The Ice King did not relish giving control of any sort to another. Even his true son. He had merged with the Croyel long enough now to know it was totally symbiotic with him. It would never again try to control him. The Croyel had tried and failed. He had punished his true son most severely. Since then they had truly become one.

The Ice King took a deep breath.

**Oberyn:** It was chaos all around Oberyn. He had seen the Lord of Revelstone decimate the immediate threat to the dragons. He had no more time to devote to them. An Ice Wright was charging him. He stabbed out with his spear deflecting the sword of the Ice Wright and the Valyrian steel tip of his spear slammed into a block of its ice armor over its heart. The ice cracked heavily but stayed in place. The two circled each other with one swinging a sword and the other thrusting with a spear. The two negating each other.

Two arrows with iron tips hit the Ice Wright on his right shoulder shattering the ice armor that had already been weakened by several strikes of magically enhanced iron tipped arrows. Oberyn took advantage stabbing his spear clear through the fucker’s body at that point. The Ice Wright screamed and began to jerk wildly. It then moved forward driving the spear through its body but coming closer to Oberyn its sword lifted up to strike him. It wanted to kill the man who had killed it.

Oberyn twisted the spear flipping the Ice Wright over to the ground. Some knight he had never seen before appeared and chopped off its head that spewed out blue steaming blood. Oberyn was impressed. A Valyrian steel blade. Most be a family heirloom. The man ran off to engage the next ice wight before Oberyn could stop him to thank him.

He looked around. He saw off in the distance Grey Wind and Lady tearing an Ice Wright limb from limb blue blood spaying out in wild gushes. He looked to the left. Syrio had squired an Ice Wright through its eye killing it. The Ice Wright wildly flipping on the sword point. Syrio flicked his sword to jerk out of the Ice Wright’s skull.

He saw an Ice Wright killing some conscripts from the Stormlands going by the standard in their midst. Their weapons useless against the ice steel of the Ice Wright’s sword. Oberyn took his spear and hefted taking aim. He threw his spear. His aim was true. The spear slammed into the back of the creature’s neck between helm and body armor. The spear point exploded out its throat. It fell down dead. Oberyn ran up to the dead Ice Wright and jerked his spear free.

The men recovering from shock thanked him.

He cursed. He heard a wild cacophony of war horns from the rear of the camp. The traitors were attacking. Oberyn could not see the state of that battle. Dany had her Unsullied there. They were beyond reproach. They did not let their concentration lap but they still had to been caught off guard by the sudden attack. He saw a horse bucking around. He went and grabbed its tack and started to
control the horse. He would go and aid them.

It seemed that the Queen had plenty of defenders around her dragons.

He noted Lord Lustra. In the area the Lord was at, Oberyn saw the surviving Ice Wrights had enveloped their enemies fighting in close. This protected them from Lustra’s massive power and kept as many arrows from attacking them. He watched Frinny bull her way through the host of his Queen getting the Lord of Revelstone close to the Ice Wrights. She now used her flaming staff like a long mace. Her staff was a fearsome weapon. The Ice Wrights having to give way against her.

Her staff was burning blue up and down the wood in shimmering ripples of magical might. Instead of using her staff to project power she slammed her staff into her foes when she reached them. The staff come mace was a devastating weapon. Ice armor exploded with one strike. The next strike shattering the Icy body of the Ice Wright.

Brail while protecting her Lord. This allowed the Lord to be able to surge forward. The Haruchai savage in her attack with Ice. The Ice Wrights having to defend themselves from Brail. This prevented the Ice Wrights from attacking the defenders of Westeros. It also distracted them from attacking Lustra and made it easier for the Lord to attack the Ice Wrights. Brail’s mighty heavy Valyrian sword doing massive damage to the ice armor of the Ice Wrights. Oberyn saw Brail down chop with Ice splitting an Ice Wrights helm and head clean in two down to its chin.

Oberyn heard the thunder of hooves. He looked back and saw seven Haruchai on their Ranyhyn mounts ride up to him. Ferna brought her Ranyhyn up beside the horse Oberyn was trying to corral to settle it. Ten Giants came running up too. Eight were their warrior women and the two men from the crew of the Giant ships. Oberyn saw Ranrika circling on her Ranyhyn. In her left hand an ice sword of a fallen Ice Wright.

Ferna spoke to Oberyn. “We go the aid of the Unsullied too. We wish to strike a blow against these vile traitors. Let us ride.”

Oberyn had gotten up on the horse. He spun around several times getting his horse under control. He saw the Giants hefting their iron shields. Their massive swords being gripped hard. The look in their eyes promised death to the camps of the Freys and the Boltons. He finally got his horse under control. He nodded his head to Ferna. His mouth nearly fell off when she gave him a slight smile turning her Ranyhyn around.

He cursed when the Ranyhyn galloped off with an acceleration that his horse could never hope to match leaving him behind. He hated that! He kicked his horse to get him moving fast. As his horse picked up speed the Giants easily kept pace beside his charging warhorse. Oberyn was impressed with the warrior women’s speed carrying all that armor, massive iron shields and their heavy glaive swords. There was wide lanes in the camp that even in the confusion of the surprise attack were still fairly clear as no one was panicking as formations were taking shape.

Arrows were flying thick and fast now at the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants that had attacked in this direction. Most of the armor of the Icy spawn of the Ice King now ragged with missing links of ice armor and helms shattered. More and more spell tipped iron arrows were cracking and exploding ice armor links. He did give the Icy spawn credit. They fought on with all their might. Fear did not seem to be in their lexicon.

In the openings punched into the ice armor, Dragon Glass tipped arrows and javelins were slamming into cold flesh. The shafts to head and heart killing the Ice creatures quickly. The torso and limb hits were poisoning the Ice Wrights and Giants killing them slowly. The poison slowing their movements allowing more iron tip weapons to shatter ice armor which in turn allowed more Dragon
Glass weapons to hit their targets furthering poisoning or outright killing the scions of the Ice King.

Oberyn shouted when he saw a massive bolt from a scorpion go from his left to his right. It missed its target but two more followed. One scorpion bolt of dragon glass hit the leg of an Ice Wright. The leg ripped off. The abomination screamed and flipped on the ground blue blood gushing out is horrific wound.

The surprise attack was failing because of the Lord of Revelstone removing their invisibility and because Daenerys and Eddard had made sure to provide the armies of Westeros with all the Dragon Glass necessary to fire off at the minions of the Ice King without fear of running out of ammunition.

Their enemy had made assumptions that were costing them dearly now. He shuddered to think what would be now occurring if the Lord of Revelstone was not with them. If their foes had enjoyed their invisibility as they attacked it would have devastated their forces. He looked ahead now.

Behind him another explosion of blue filled the sky and booming thunder washed over Oberyn and his mount. The Lord of Revelstone still dispensing death from her staff.

They were approaching the camps of the Boltons and the Freys. The traitorous Houses had charged their knights into the Unsullied. They had held but because they had not been able to fully form their phalanxes there taking serious losses and falling back. Their line wavering. They had killed many horse and knight but not nearly enough. They were being overwhelmed before they could fully form up. Unsullied cut down right and left. Oberyn saw scores of the valiant warriors on the ground dead and wounded.

Oberyn shouted in rage. To see these brave men cut down made his blood boil. They had had their lives ruined to make them into the weapon they had become. He cherished these men for their honesty and bravery. He wanted, no needed, to come to their aid.

Arrows were flying through the air like locusts in both directions. Traitors and patriots firing off arrows in mass at each other. Again the Queen’s planning was saving the day. Her Mercenary companies had lined up in their rows along with many houses of Dorne and were firing off arrows in clouds to answer the fire of the traitors. Both sides were using shields to block many of the arrows but men were dying on both sides from the clouds of arrows falling on them. The armies of Dorne famous with their prowess of archery especially on horseback.

He knew that two of the Mercenary companies, the Falcons and Screaming Shrikes were specialists in archery. They were relatively small in size. One was only eight hundred in number and the second twelve hundred in size but their ability to fire arrows fast and accurately made up for their small sizes. They had already formed up and were firing clouds of angry hissing arrows into the camps of the traitorous houses.

Again surprise was giving the traitors the advantage. Losses were being incurred that should not be happening. Flights of enemy arrows were whizzing into the still forming up Unsullied and the various companies of Dorne and Mercenary companies. Many blocked by armor or shields but, still, to many found bodies to wound and kill. Again Oberyn felt his anger racket up.

The traitors had seen them coming and some arrows were flying their way. Oberyn shouted in anger. The Ranyhyn were running into clouds of arrows. He expected to see some of the mighty horses stumble and fall down with bodies pierced by deadly arrows. Oberyn’s mouth fell open. The Ranyhyn bodies seemed to ripple and flow. No arrows found their bodies. The Haruchai on the horses protected as well. Somehow the mighty horses made their bodies where the arrows were not. The mighty horses of the Plains of Ra controlling time and space itself.
Again the magic of the forces of the South of the World astounded the man from Dorne.

Pikemen were forming up with their deadly weapons lined out in front of them. The Ranyhyn and Haruchai did not understand the danger. They had not seen this kind of warfare before. They did not have knights and the defensive walls of pointed iron used against them in the Land. Magic was their weapon used to shatter massed defenses.

Oberyn cursed falling behind. The mighty horses were about to impale themselves on the lines of pikes outthrust between interlinked shields. The Ranyhyn were not slowing down. These were trained pikemen. They would not break ranks. Oberyn screamed about to see the Haruchai and Ranyhyn he had come to care for so deeply be slain before his very eyes.

Oberyn watched the mighty horses of the Plains of Ra not breaking stride bunch their bodies. The Haruchai at the same time stood up on the backs of the full striding Ranyhyn. Oberyn was impressed with their skill and balance. Some arrows reached out for them but the Haruchai easily flicked the arrows away with the backs of their hands. He gaped at the speed of their hands easily flicking arrows away from their bodies.

Oberyn’s eyes widened in shock. Oberyn watched slack jawed when the mighty Ranyhyn now jumped up with mighty push offs of their rear legs. Their forelimbs now tucked tight to their bodies. The bodies of the Ranyhyn at least nine feet in the air with some even higher! They jumped clear over the lines of the pikemen. The pikemen could only gape at the impossible feat. They were too confused by the jump of the mighty Ranyhyn to think of trying to jerk their pikes up to stab at the horses flying up and over them.

They had another reason to not be able to adjust to the attack.

The Haruchai dove off their mounts when over the pikemen and slammed into them from above like rocks from catapults. The Haruchai flying down perpendicular to the lines of the traitors. Their bodies collapsing the lines where they impacted. The Ranyhyn kicked out with their rear hooves kicking men in the head killing them as they passed by.

The Ranyhyn upon their adroit landing immediately turned and attacked the traitorous pikemen of House Frey and Bolton from the rear. The mighty horses surging forward to attack the lines of the phalanx of the traitors from behind. Their Ranyhyn were kicking and biting viciously on the men of the rear of the phalanx. The large horses ramming their bodies into the traitors to slam down and trample. The men desperately trying to turn and face this sudden attack from behind. The Haruchai had instantly come up on their feet. They were kicking and punching men all around felling them. Their fists landing like warhammers.

Nearly half of the Haruchai had picked up swords of the slain Ice Wrights. The men and women who only fought with feet and fist were impossibly skilled in using their stolen swords. Men from House Frey and Bolton cut down all around.

The Haruchai’s hands and feet did not seem to feel the fact that they were often impacting harden steel. The Haruchai were whirling death. Some of the Haruchai still fighting with only their bodies bent to pick up swords and their killing only increased. He saw a Haruchai speared by two pikes. He screamed in rage seeing her body pierced. The Haruchai seemed to increase the ferocity of their attacks seeing one their countrymen cut down. Ferna with her ice sword was a whirlwind of death chopping men down all around her.

Oberyn’s horse had reached the battle. The Red Viper reigned his horse in. He threw his spear and killed one of the pikemen who had pierced the Haruchai.
The Giants now slammed into the pikeman where the Haruchai had weakened their wall. The iron shields on their non-dominate arm rammed into the lines of the pikemen like battering rams. The weight of Giants and their iron shields too much for the men. Their lines instantly falling into chaos. The Giants mighty granite swords shattered many pikes and knocked the others aside. Their bodies and shields hitting the men like mighty boulders hurled from the trebuchets. Their granite armor deflecting the blows delivered by the pikemen. Their glaves arced around cleaving men in two and shattering shields and pikes all around.

Three of the Giant warriors broke through the phalanx wall and stormed forward their shields held up to block incoming arrows and javelins. They were now into the next wave of Boltons and were swirling their massive swords all around chopping men down and sending them reeling back. Armor blocking the swords from cutting into the men but the blows stunning them nearly senseless.

The two Giant sailors dove into the melee in the gap created by their sisters in arms. Their fists like battering rams smashing men down and pulping brains and hearts with their sledgehammer blows. Oberyn followed the path of the Giants to reach the wounded Haruchai. She was gasping for breath. He retrieved his spear and jabbed all around keeping men back and killing when he found an opening.

Their attack had stunned the traitors. The Giants had moved to attack the rear of the knights who had charged into the Unsullied throwing them into disarray. The knights having to turn to meet the new attack. The knights in heavy armor and on their heavy war horses were able to return the force of the Giants attack with a force of their own. A Giant went down overwhelmed by knights who hacked wildly. Four Ranyhyn came screaming into the attack kicking wildly. Two Giants came in also. Oberyn moved in as well spearing horses to throw the knights to the ground.

The Unsullied given time to reform now charged forward to come to the aid of the forces that had come to their rescue.

Oberyn felt elation when he saw knights of Dorne storming in now. They were not formed up but they charged into the fray. Some of them did not have their full armor on. Still they charged in to come to their comrades’ aid. Oberyn felt such pride in his countrymen. Two of his countrymen dismounted from their horses. They had medical training and started to give aid to the Haruchai woman.

He saw a Giant simply run over a group of Bolton foot soldiers with her iron shield. Now in close her sword swirled around in invisible arcs. Limbs and heads sent flying. More Dorne foot soldiers and now men from the mercenary company of Roaring Lions from their standards were running in to lend their might to the counterattack of the forces of the Land.

Oberyn stabbed his spear through the back of an archer and ripped it back and stabbed another in the back before they realized they were under attack from the rear. They broke ranks and retreated. A group of Frey knights came charging in. Oberyn flexed his knees and prepared to meet the new assault.

Red Tailed Hawk: Fatigue was beginning to fill the body of the red tailed hawk. He had been furiously attacking the foes of the very Earth. He had only known on his flight north and to Westeros that an enemy of life itself existed there and he most go there to defeat it if he could.

When he fell from the heavens to strike blows for the Earth he felt the unnatural nature of what he attacked. The abominations must be removed from the face of the Earth. He also saw that the magnitude of his task was beyond him. The sea of evil as simply too great. It did not matter.

He must strike blows for the Earth. If he did not he would never mate again. He would produce no
more offspring. Those he had sired would in time perish. That was unacceptable. Thus he continued to strike the unnatural things that walked like they had life and yet had none.

He ripped the eyes out of a giant bear. It did not feel any pain. It senses dulled by death. It did seem to affect its way though. The blinded bear wandering around aimlessly until one of the pale walking men with glowing metal sticks came in his direction. He lifted up sensing death approaching. He flew up to fifty feet and screamed down at the blue glowing walking man.

The blue glowing man was alive the red tailed hawk felt though it was not life as he knew it. The red tailed hawk must avoid them at all cost. He was tiring now. Suddenly, another mighty explosion of dark blue erupted on the other side of the massive Wall of ice he fought before. The sound of mighty thunder filled the sky and the earth trembled. The light reaching up to where the sun lived with after washes flowing down his side of the Wall and flowing out to the forest a short way off.

The blue washed over him. He felt elation. This blue light was everything that was good and right with the world. It lifted his body up and filled him with a brief burst of strength. He dove back down and tore at two dead men. He tore off great chunks of meat off their backs and on one of their throats.

He flew back up his strength ebbing. He needed to rest. He flew higher and gazed down from five hundred feet. On the ground were many of the formerly walking dead. They rolled on the ground kicking around but unable to advance. Legs and arms had been severed by repeated bits of beak and tearing of talons. Others were still upright but barely able to move with severed tendons and ligaments. He saw the limbs still trying to move forward. Some of the Walking Dead had hardly any meat left on their bones. They still moved but were reduced. Some of the undead clawing the ground with nails and hooves to move forward.

He needed to rest. He had used much energy to come here and had attacked relentlessly. The compulsion to attack was gone. The force that had guided him did not want him to die. He was now free to do as he willed. He flew to the massive forest and went in a mile. He found a branch high up and lit on it. He calmed his breathing and rested.

He and his brothers and sisters had done all they could for the moment. They had reduced the army of the unnatural. More they could not do. The compulsion whispered to him that he had done well. He had played his part to perfection. Now others must take up the cause.

**Sansa:** Sansa and Margaery looked all around at the mass confusion all around them. Reading of combat and strategies could not prepare one for the actual reality of war. Especially, when one’s force had been attacked unawares. Sansa and her wife did not understand exactly what was happening. First the sky was filled with birds that were diving wildly beyond the Wall. That could only mean one thing. The Ice King had arrived unannounced and was commencing his attack. He had won the element of surprise.

The surprise was his. The Queen Westeros had lost the initiative. This could not be good.

They were in the central camp area where the royal tents and wagons were located. The wagons circled around the tents to provide an added layer of protection to those located within. They hugged each other in fear. They saw Missandei off a short ways in front of her wagon. She looked around too in fear. Her little body shaking with her terror.

The camp attendants were shouting and screaming in fear as well. The Attendants, nor Sansa, her love or Missandei were warriors. They were strategists and logisticians that supported the war effort. They were supposed to be well behind the frontlines of the battle. That had been the plan. The Queen’s forces would meet the enemy at distance and begin chopping down their enemies from
Sansa knew that the frontlines had suddenly arrived on their wagon step. Somehow, the enemy had been able to move right into the camp of the Dragon and the Direwolf.

There was chaos all around. They had seen the Lord of Revelstone rise up on her horse. The woman’s body had begun to burn blue as she spun her staff over her head it too glowing bright dark royal blue. Her body and staff began to glow in a sharp dark incandescent blue. The Lord’s body literally pulsed with magical might. Her staff seemed to vibrate in her hands trying to contain the magic building in it. Then the woman had jumped off her Ranyhyn swinging her staff down from over her shoulder to slam the iron shod end into the hard Earth.

She felt Margaery grip her hand tight. As they watched a blue wave disrupted the air. A blue shockwave of dark blue magical might erupted high into the air and flowed out over the camp in a fast rush. Missandei squealed when the light washed over her. The three women and the other attendants around them gaped as they saw the wave of force rushing off into the distance. It had felt like a million ants crawling all over their bodies but nothing else. They were not harmed.

Sansa looked around wondering what the light show had been for. She had heard the talk that the Lord was not truly that powerful.

Then the tall redhead gaped. She felt Margaery grip her hand. All around them shapes began to shimmer. The blue force of the wave had passed on but some residue was clinging to something. The blue intensified in its brightness and intensity. The sparkling blue traveling up and down the now visible if diffuse shapes. Some shapes human sized others were much, much taller.

Sansa heard Margaery gasp. They both realized at the same moment what they saw materializing before their eyes. Quickly some spell of invisibility was being stripped off beings.

Those beings being Ice Wrights and Ice Giants. Both women thinking the same thing too. **We are in trouble!**

The spell of invisibility was now stripped off the once hidden beings. They both cried out in fear. The Ice Wrights looked around with their pale blue eyes and long white hair. Their bodies were thin. In their dominate hand was a wicked looking pale sword of ice forged iron. Their bodies were encased with interwoven plates of ice armor. The hair they observed was flowing out from beneath ice helms that covered their heads.

The Ice Wrights had stopped making any aggressive move for the moment. The Ice Wrights looked right and left in total confusion.

The taller shapes were Ice Giants. They looked much like the painting and wood carvings depicted them. They were blunt of face with small eyes. Eyes now also pale blue. Their arms were long. These Giants though were armed with long pale broadswords. Not the crude clubs their normal brothers would use. The Ice Giants also had on armor but it was clearly much thicker. The blocks looked to be three to five inches thick where the Ice Wrights armor was only an inch thick maybe two inches on chest and back.

The Ice Giants large bodies could take the weight of the massive blocks of ice that made up their armor.

As the women, watched the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants looked around with stunned looks on their faces. Obviously, their spells of invisibility had been stripped from them unawares. They gaped surprised. That only lasted for ten seconds or so. The Ice Wrights shook their heads and barked at
the Ice Giants. Already, arrows were flying out to strike the Wrights and Giants in their armor. The Dragon Glass arrows shattering where the spell enhanced iron tipped arrows sunk into ice armor disks cracking and in some cases exploding the armor.

The Ice Wrights in a rush moved into attack. The Ice Giants seemed more confused but slowly they shook off their temporary paralysis and lumbered forward quickly to engage their foes. The Icy spawn realized that with the advantage of surprise stripped from them the ice creations of the Ice King had to move into attack to survive. They could now be seen. What could be seen could be attacked. More arrows were in the air with each passing moment.

Fortunately, the Queen and Sansa’s father had insisted on heavy training rotations before marching north. The surprised troops of Westeros were quickly forming up. Still they had been caught totally by surprise. The one fortunate thing had been the arrival of the mass of birds still plummeting down on the other side of the Wall. That had warned the forces of Westeros that something foul was afoot.

Now war horns were blaring wildly all around the camp of the Queen. The various Houses had distinctive notes and timbre of horns. The horns crying out to their men to form up and prepare to fight the enemy. Foot soldiers and knights struggling to form up phalanxes and legions while the knights struggled to armor up and get their horses ready for combat.

The archers were more free. Normally, they would also form up into lines or boxes to fire but many were running out with quivers and firing at the suddenly in their midst enemy. The men and some women firing fast and furious. The runners running to stockpiles and hurrying to bring fresh quivers filled with dragon glass and magically enhanced iron tipped arrows.

It quickly became evident that the primary goal of the attackers were to take out Daenerys dragons. They saw and heard Rhaegal being injured. Sansa thanked the old gods and the seven that their invisibility had been stripped. If not the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants would have been attacking with almost impunity.

As they watched they saw Drogon and Viserion coming to their brother’s aid. Ice Wrights and Giants burned with dragon fire, crushed by stomping dragons or having their bodies chomped on by dragons. Legs, arms and heads falling to the ground randomly. Sansa squealed seeing Lady almost tabbed but Barristan came out of nowhere to engage the Ice Wright. Soon its head was spinning off separated from its body.

That was the primary focus of the invaders. Unfortunately, it was not their only focus. Many other Ice Wrights and Ice Giants were spreading out to create mayhem. Many individual battles for survival occurring all around. The sounds of warfare deafening. All around was the sound of metal striking metal and hardened ice.

Sansa and Margaery screamed when six Ice Giants and three Ice Wrights appeared rushing fast at the circle of wagons. The rush coming right at Missandei. In their shock they had not really register seeing the small black woman from Naath. She was just outside the wagons staring at the confusion before her. Her eyes large and mouth wide open in shock.

There was no defenders in front of the small black scribe. Sansa and Margaery screamed. Missandei screamed and hunched down covering her head in terror continuing to scream. They were no warriors around to come to Missandei’s aid. Sansa and Margaery could only watch the impending death. Their screams echoing off the wagons. Their eyes wanted to look away but the horror before them had them in its grip. They would witness sweet Missandei’s death.

Sansa’s eyes flared her head rocking back at what she saw now. A bright green point flashed into existence fifteen feet in front of Missandei. One moment it had not been there then it was. Then a
bright green horizontal bar appeared from within the flash. The bar extended up and down the rectangle only about two inches thick. In a moment it was nearly as tall as Missandei. Then the horizontal bar started to expand out sideways.

The bar began to twist and distort with arms and legs jutting out and a head appeared on the top of the bar. The head filled with green hair that whipped around despite the calm air and drizzle falling from the sky. The woman that had appeared was smaller than Missandei. She had ears that came up to double points through her long green hair and her eyebrows were elven like that went up to nearly her hairline. Her eyes perfect circles and bright green. The eyes unblinking because the woman had no eyelids.

Those eyes now glowing hot green. Tendrils of green mist writhed up from the woman’s orbs and curled up a foot over her head before dissipating. Sansa could feel the raw anger radiating off that small form of a preteen girl. The girl in actuality a goddess.

Sansa understood that She Who Must Not Be Named had come to save her love.

She Who Must Not Be Named eyes were swirling with dark green hues that formed in the unblinking glowing pools of the small woman’s green orbs. The swirls looked like a gyre in the speed of the swirls. The mist boiling out her orbs in green streamers now rose up into the air in twisting ribbons nearly five feet. The mist pulsing hotly. Sansa could feel he small woman gathering her power.

Then her eyes flared hotly with a green aura erupting around her eye sockets. Twins beams flashed out at the Ice Giant that had lifted his heavy sword to chop Missandei two. The beams impacted the Ice Giant in the center of his chest. The Ice Giant exploded into a million small ice shards and the shock of the impact of light and Ice Giant shocked the very air with a thunderous boom. The small green haired seeming girl head moved slightly. Her eyes still shooting out their green beams. Those beams impacted the next two Ice Giants exploding their bodies into small shards and viscera.

The wagons were bucking with the explosion of magical might. Missandei squealing in terror. The small black teenager had her arms over her head. Her whole body trembling with terror. Missandei hunched down more making a tight ball on the ground. There was simply nothing left of the Ice Giants. They had been obliterated down to its very feet.

The Ice Giant beside the three just exploded had lifted his sword up high over its shoulder and whistled it down at the small green haired woman. She moved her left arm up bent at the elbow presenting her forearm before the descending massive sword blade. Sansa saw no fear in the woman. She had to be insane! She was not even attempting to avoid the massive sword and the power behind its downward arc.

Sansa felt Margaery grip her body hard. Surely that massive blade would cleave the small green haired woman in two!

The descending blade struck the small arm. The blade shattered violently. Shards of ice harden steel flying in all directions. The small green woman did not even flinch. Her body did not rebound even a fraction of an inch from the mighty impact of the heavy blade on She Who Must Not Be Named forearm. She seemed to not even feel the impact of the blade on her unprotected arm the slightest. The Ice Giant staggered back. Half of his fingers were clearly broken and shooting out at unnatural angles.

An Ice Wright came in swirling its blade so fast that Sansa’s eyes could not follow it. The blade now went to remove She Who Must Not Be Named head from her body. The green haired seeming child caught the blade between her index finger and thumb stopping the vicious descent of the blade with
no effort. The Ice Wright had a look of total disbelief on its face. Its body jerked wildly with all his momentum stopped his body whiplashed first forward and then back in a violent motion.

The lovers watched slack jawed as She Who Must Not Be Named jerked the blade out of the Ice Wright’s hand and flipped the blade around in the air in a flash and gripped the hilt. Moving even faster than the quick Ice Wright the green haired goddess whipped her left arm forward. The blade now rammed through the Ice Wrights head its screams loud in the air.

Sansa was shocked at the speed of this seeming green haired little girl. This woman whom Missandei loved was indeed a goddess of unimaginable power.

Another Ice Giant had lifted its massive sword over its head. Sansa did not really see the green haired small woman step forward she moved so fast. The woman slashed out her with right arm in an arc in front of her body. The arm now leaving a green glow in the path of its travel.

Her arm impacted the thick left leg of the Ice Giant in front of She Who Must Not Be Named. The thin almost adolescent arm easily cut through both the thick ice armor and the thick leg of the Ice Giant. Then the arm continued its arc from right to left. The small green haired woman’s arm slashed into the Ice Giant’s other leg cutting it off just below its knees. She Who Must Be Named arm did not slow in the slightest in its arch easily cutting thick armored legs in half.

The Ice Giant fell straight down having its legs chopped off as if cleaved off with a mighty two headed battleax. The leg stumps gushing bright blue blood. The leg stumps jammed into the frozen Earth blue blood forming pools around the leg stumps. The Ice Giant now screaming in raw agonizing pain. It had dropped its sword unremarked on the ground. Its head whipped right and left its screams hideous sounding.

Sansa was stunned at the raw power of this small slip of a woman. She must truly be a goddess. Now the woman jumped up without even bending her knees. Her left arm slammed through the thick nearly five inches of ice armor that covered the Ice Giant’s torso. She had buried her arm up into the Ice Giant’s body to half way up She Who Must Not Be Named’s bicep. The arm buried in the Ice Giant’s body at the sternum. Blue blood liberally running down her arm. Then the green haired woman’s other arm slammed up in overhead arc and buried that arm into the Ice Giant’s body in its upper chest region.

Then the She Who Must Not Be Named body began to lift in the air. Her feet left the ground. Below each foot was a bright green disk appeared that pulsed and roiled. The small green haired woman rose up to twenty feet in the air quickly on the green disks she created for each step. The surviving Ice Giants and two Ice Wrights could not help but look up at the small woman easily floating in the air while holding a nearly seven hundred pound Ice Giant up in the air now over her head.

The Ice Giant weakly kicked its chopped off legs that gushed out cold pulses of its icy blue blood. Blood ran liberally down She Who Must Not Be Named’s arms soaking them and now her tunic in the blood of the dying Ice Giant. For a moment the green haired small woman held her foe easily above her head. She snarled in a loud growl.

As all watched, the small green haired goddess arched her back and swirled her arms down with a motion too fast to see. The Ice Giant came ripping off her arm with mighty gouts of light blue blood erupting from the now massive two holes in its upper torso. The limp broken Ice Giant’s body went hurling back to the ground.

The Ice Wright beneath the descending body had no time to move. The Ice Giant’s body impacting its body with the force of a falling meteorite from the heavens. Both bodies shattered with limbs,
ribs, and viscera splattering off violently in all directions. The Ice Wright shattered by the battering ram of the dead Ice Giant. The site of the impacted bodies only a bloody mess of broken bodies and bright blue blood.

She Who Must Not Be Named flowed back down to the Earth right behind the Ice Giant she had hurled down with devastating effect.

Sansa saw terror now in the last Ice Wright and two remaining Ice Giant’s eyes. The three entities knew they were dealing with something totally beyond their kin. The Ice Giants was confused. The one closest to the seeming green haired girl gaped at She Who Must Not Be Named. With its weapon wandering around aimlessly its stump head looked around for direction. The Ice Wright had none to give as it turned and started to run away. The second Ice Giant started to run off as fast as its legs could take it.

Again faster than the eye could follow, She Who Must Not Be Named put on a burst of speed. One instant the green haired girl was not moving then she was sprinting faster than a cheetah. The Ice Wright had taken no more than five steps when She Who Must Not Be Named jumped up and jammed her fingers effortlessly into its two inch thick ice armor on its back. She lifted the wildly kicking Ice Wright over her head with her arms extended high over her head and spread apart. She had jammed her hands into its lower and upper back.

With no effort she pulled her arms down on each side of her head. The ice armor locked in her fingers buried in the icy armor. A loud crack exploded in the air as the green haired dynamo of destruction bent the Ice Wright into an upside down U. Its back shattered blood gushed out the mouth of the Ice Wright. Its arms and legs kicking wildly in its death throes.

She Who Must Not Be Named whirled around and threw the Ice Wright from off her arms sending its body flying horizontal to the ground like an oversized javelin. Blue blood leaving a trail in the air as it rushed toward the Ice Giant. The head of the screaming Ice Wright slammed into the upper chest of the Ice Giant who was still looking around confusedly. Its small brain still trying to decide what to do with a force that many times dwarfed its might or magic.

The thick ice armor of the Ice Giant was no match for the force of the hurled body that impacted into the Ice Giants upper torso. The body of the Ice Wright rammed clear through the body of the Ice Giant.

The Ice Giant looked down at the legs jutting out its chest hanging limp. The ruined head of the Ice Wright hung down the back of the Ice Giant on its now limp lifeless torso. It fell to the ground with a mighty crash.

As Sansa watched, the green haired seeming girl picked up one of the fallen Ice Giant’s swords. The blade was massive compared to the slip of a seeming girl. She rose up five feet off the ground on green disks and with an overhead motion hurled the massive sword forward. The sword moving so fast it was a blur. The blade impaled the fleeing Ice Giant that had rushed out fifty yards. The blade impaled the massive ice armored body to the hilt in its upper back. The Ice Giant fell down dead on its face.

Sansa was in shock. All this mayhem had happened in less than twenty seconds.

She Who Must Not Be Named looked back at Missandei who was still on the ground on her knees and forearms huddled down. Her arms over her head quaking with fear. She had not seen any of the melee that had occurred around her body. A feral look had been on the green haired woman’s face. Looking at Missandei a soft longing look came over She Who Must Not Be Name’s face.
Her body suddenly collapsed back into a bright green tall rectangle. The rectangle compressed to the middle from the top and bottom. The two sides met and a small green circle formed for a heartbeat. A single pulse occurred and then She Who Must Not Be Named was gone.

Margaery turned to look at Sansa. Her face clearly showed her shock at the might they had just witnessed. They both understood that this woman could single handedly destroy both the armies of Westeros and the Ice King. They knew that they had seen only the smallest fraction of her strength and power. Why she choose to fight hand to hand limiting her strength they had no idea. If she used her magic like the Lord of Revelstone all would be defeated by her.

Sansa thought that this strange green haired woman followed an ethic that was not human.

They saw the Lord off in the distance slaying Ice Wrights and Ice Giants. Her power was but a speck compared to She Who Must Not Be Named. Sansa knew it. Missandei’s longed for lover was pure magic walking.

Sansa pulled Margaery after her.

“Where are you taking us?!” Margaery shouted out as her body was dragged forward.

“To Missandei!”

“Why”

“You saw what I just saw. She Who Must Not Be Named will let no harm come to Missandei. If we are beside her then we will safe as well. Missandei has a guardian angel.”

The two women ran to the shaking black scribe getting on their knees beside the shaking and crying small scribe.

“You are safe Missandei. The Ice Wrights and Ice Giants have been killed.”

Missandei uncurled and looked around herself. She was stunned seeing the broken bodies of the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants that had attacked her. She looked at Margaery and Sansa for explanation.

Margaery laughed. “While you were hiding underneath your arms She Who Must Not Be Named came out of nowhere and saved you. She killed them all in twenty seconds.”

Missandei’s face showed her absorbing the information. Then a smile came over her face.

“Tell me every detail! Tell me how my love saved me!”

Sansa had to smile at the transformation that came over Missandei.

**Eddard:** The Warden of the North watched the Queen rising up in the air on Drogon’s back. The mighty black dredd rising up with powerful beats of his wings. The Ice Dragon had wheeled over and was making another run over the camp on the far side of their encampment. The ice daggers spewing from its mouth forming a rain of death. Eddard cursed seeing men fall down dead or wounded. The massive wave of ice daggers leaving formations of men ravaged and disorganized.

The Ice Dragon saw the Queen rising up on Drogon to give chase and combat. The Ice Dragon screamed a mighty high pitched roar and pumped its own wings rising up into the lowering clouds and disappearing. Drogon returned is own challenge and pumped his wings hard gaining attitude. Queen and dragon rising in challenge.
Eddard turned his gaze away. That was a battle he had no part of. His combat was here on the ground. He surveyed the ground around him. There was definitely less of the Ice Rights and Ice Giants attacking Rhaegal. The removal of the Icy creatures’ cloak of invisibility had opened them to devastating counterattack. Arrows were flying thickly through the air now. The Ice Rights were now very aware of their danger. They had seen that these arrows were a great danger to them. They had their heads on a swivel and using their speed to dodge most of the missiles flying at them.

The Ice Rights dodged many of the arrows with their fast movements. Despite their speed and quick movements many arrows still found their target. There was simply too many aerial projects to dodge them all. Many arrows and now thrown javelins striking out at the Icy spawn. The Ice Rights dodging to avoid head shots. Their ice armor easily broke the dragon glass arrows that struck them. The ice armor took many hits from the magically enhanced iron tipped arrows. The arrows sticking out of their armor like porcupine quills. The arrows fracturing the ice blocks and causing them to destabilize. Additional strikes causing the thick ice disks to explode with loud clacks.

The Ice Rights knew that their armor was being compromised. They rushed to engage their enemy in close to begin up tight fighting with the forces of the Queen. The Rights advantage were speed and they needed space to take full advantage of their quickness. This saved them from being struck but it also prevented them from attacking with their full effectiveness. Being in the open was becoming too great a danger to them. There was simply too many arrows and javelins now to avoid them all. More and more of the projectiles were now finding their targets.

Now that the Queen’s forces were forming up into their formations they were able to present a line of armor to the Ice Rights. The design to hold them in place while archers continued to fire at the Ice Rights and Ice Giants with rising blizzards of arrows.

Eddard saw Lady biting savagely a lower arm of an Ice Wright. Her great size jerking the Ice Wright off balance. He could not get his balance enough to strike out at the Direwolf. The Ice Wright being jerked off balance. The Wright did not see Strong Belwas come up behind itself in its struggle. His sweeping scimitar parted the Ice Wright of his head. The Valyrian blade easily chopping through the vile things vertebra between helm and upper body armor.

Blood went spurting out the now headless corpse that flipped and jerked down to the ground its body quickly starting to steam. He saw Lady pelt off her objective clear. Nymeria was snarling circling an Ice Wright who kept her at bay with his sword. His body lurching when iron tipped arrows slammed into its back. Ice disks exploded but the Ice Wright was unharmed. Lady launched herself through the air and landed on the Ice Wright’s back driving it to the ground.

Together the two Direwolves pinned the Ice Wright to the ground. The Direwolves jaws and claws tearing at the Ice Wright. Its damaged armor began to give way but still protected the Ice Wright. Syrio came running up out of nowhere seemingly and used his rapier to stab the Ice Wright repeatedly through the holes in its armor. The Ice Wight screamed as its body was pierced again and again by Valyrian steel. Its body began to convulse with blood squirting out the various rapier wounds. The body beginning to steam.

Sensing the Ice Wright was dying the two Direwolves moved off seeking new foes to attack as did Syrio.

Eddard saw an Ice Giant attacking a line of archer his mighty sword killing men with each mighty swipe of its arms. The Ice Giant had gotten up on the men who were not able to fire off at it with the Ice Giant in their ranks. He ran in screaming to get the Ice Giant’s attention. It turned its head its small blue glowing eyes seeing Eddard charging.
It started to turn towards Eddard. Eddard was upon the Ice Giant before it could brace itself. His sword met the down chop of the Ice Giant’s massive sword. Evening Star easily repelled the massive blade. His sword humming a high noted song of exhilaration and love of combat. Eddard moved in close to get underneath the tall abomination’s reach.

Eddard’s sword slammed into the Ice Giant’s legs again and again as he easily dodged the unskilled swings of the Ice Giant’s large broadsword. To the archers the Ice Giant had seemed an unstoppable mountain of death and destruction. To Eddard it was more a clumsy wannabe assassin. The blade of the Ice Giant slamming into the Earth missing its mark with each easy dodge by Eddard. The Ice Giant growling as it slammed its blade down again and again missing its target.

Eddard was not attempting to attack the chest or head of the Ice Giant. It was simply too tall. He was working methodically to bring the Ice Giant down to his size. His fallen star sword hacked and chopped the Ice Giants armor apart that covered its legs. The beast swinging wildly at Eddard but missing badly as he dodged around the Ice Giant moving to the side the Ice Giant wasn’t facing. His sword biting deep into the thick ice blocks fracturing and now beginning to slice off great hunks of ice.

Eddard felt strength flowing into his sword arm as he used his blade Evening Star. The sword was literally singing now in a high soprano voice. The notes rising and falling according to how Eddard was using his sword. The notes rising when steel met steel. The sword was glowing and putting out a penumbra of eldritch possibilities as Eddard fought on. There was blue circular and odd geometric shapes left by Evening Star as Eddard fought on. The glowing magical pathways in the air only slowly fading away.

Even as he fought for his life and for the Earth he could not help but see on some basic level the beauty his sword was leaving in the air as he fought on. His sword had done its work as it weaved its beautiful tapestry in the air.

The Ice Giants ice armor on its legs were now in ruins. The blocks shattered and broken.

Eddard stabbed the Ice Giant clean through its left knee cap and out the back of its leg. He twisted his blade and jerked his blade free totally ruining the joint. The Ice Giant screamed as it staggered trying to keep its balance. Eddard pivoted around to the rear of the Ice Giant who was in too much agony to track his movements anymore. With a downward mighty arching swipe Eddard cut both of the Ice Giants Achilles tendons from off the heel bone. Shrieking the Ice Giant crashed to Earth unable anymore to support its weight.

Its helm went careening off its head. Eddard wasted no time on jumping on the Ice Giant’s back and running up to its shoulder blades and stabbing Evening Star down through the Ice Giant’s skull piercing its brain and ramming the magical blade out its forehead. The magical sword singing in high notes celebrating its current victory. The sword glowing even brighter. The cold made his feet ache but he felt strength flow into his body from his sword.

Eddard felt the elation his sword felt. It was almost as if his blade was alive. Of course that could not be. He shook the strange thought away. He went to look for more foes to dispatch.

**Ygritte:** The wife of Jon protected her man so he could concentrate on the enemies before him. They had killed many Ice Wrights and Ice Giants. They had been near the dragons since they were a locus attracting the vile creations of the Ice King. Jon’s sword seemed to fill the Ice Wrights and Giants with terror now. They had to chase them down now to fight them. The Icy spawn were more willing to engage their other foes. Those they would square off against and were willing fight. Not so with Jon now.
That proved to the ShadowBender witches that Jon was indeed Azor Ahai reborn. The creations of the Ice King had his instinctual fear of what Jon had become.

She and her wife Melisandre had refrained from creating any shadow monsters from their wombs. They were indeed powerful creations that could have killed many of the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants quickly but their creations always left the woman weak as a newborn kitten. The strength to create them dire and expensive.

Thus, the two witches had contented themselves to use their shadow daggers from their fingertips to guard Jon as she did the necessary killing. The projections of their shadow daggers were not terribly expensive of strength and will. If they controlled their use they could continue on using them. They only used them when they had clear shots and Jon was engaged with a foe. Their daggers opening up holes in the icy monster’s armor.

Their daggers shattering ice armor disks easily and if finding unprotected flesh sank deep into their Ice foes and killed them quickly. Their magic as antithetical to their life force as Dragon Glass or Valyrian steel.

Ygritte and her wife rushed behind Jon as he engaged two Ice Wrights that had decimated a group of wildlings. They had not had time to form up properly. Barristan’s woman, Marleya Blackmyre, had jumped up on a wagon looking around. She saw the Wildlings dilemma. From nearly two hundred years away the woman let her bowstring loose.

The arrow tipped in Dragon Glass whistled through the air its aim true. The Ice Wright was hacking at a hasty raised shield wall that was shattering from the icy blade’s impact. The magic and cold of the icy blade breaking apart leather and magic making metal brittle and then easily broken. But the defense shield had done its work. This had kept the Ice Wright in place. The Dragon Glass slammed into the chin of the first Ice Wright and buried into its skull. The Ice Wright made its high pitched death wail as it body went into wild convulsions of death.

Ygritte no longer used the bow but she knew not even she could have made the shot Marleya had just made.

Jon arrived upon the surviving Ice Wright. It had seen its brother and sensing its threat whirled around in time to meet Jon’s advance upon it. They could see the fear in its eyes but it knew if it broke and ran it would be killed as it ran. Instead it bravely stood and fought. It truly had no other option Ygritte thought.

It raised its sword in time to meet Jon’s attack. Jon swung his flaming sword down onto the Ice Wright’s blade. Jon and his wives had quickly divined that the ice forged of the Wrights and Giants were as susceptible to Lightbringer’s heat as regular steel was to the Ice Wright’s blades of cold and rue.

After only ten sword strikes the Ice Wright’s blade shattered into a hundred shards with a loud shriek of protest. The Ice Wright was thrown back at his blade’s destruction. The Ice Wright off balance Jon rushed in. Jon chopped his sword down onto his foe’s helm splitting it in two. The ruined helm falling to the Earth. The helm had saved the Ice Wright from harm miraculously. Terror filled its eyes.

Jon advanced but the Ice Wright turned and fled. For all the good it did him. Melisandre flung two shadow daggers into the back of his skull. The Ice Wright fell to the ground flipping around violently in its death’s throws. Steam already pouring out its orifices in his head and wounds left by the dissipating Shadow Daggers.
The three stood looking around them. The three persons whose essence was of Asshai. They saw
dead and confusion. They smiled. The Ice Wrights and Ice Giants were being taken down.

Off to their right four Giants of the Land were fighting four Ice Giants. It was not a fair fight in any
aspect. The Ice Giants had arrows sticking out of their ice armor all over. More arrows impacting
them all the time from all angles. More and more of the ice armor was exploded or shattered off their
bodies. The ice falling like icicles off the eaves of a house.

The Giants were as strong as the Ice Giants if not stronger. Where they Land Giants excelled was
their sheer speed and their skill with their swords. They were precise with their weapons.

The Ice Giants swung their massive blades with strong strokes but they were basic and had no
imagination to their strokes. The Giants form the Land used their blades deftly to deflect and put
their foes on the defense and off balance. The Giants of the Land landing massive strokes onto the
Ice Giants bodies shattering their armor even more. Soon all four Ice Giants were dispatched with
killing strokes to body or cleaving of Ice Giant’s heads in two.

The three then looked around again. The Ice Giants and Ice Wrights were being shot down one by
one. Their numbers much reduced and now they were isolated. Their attempts to kill the dragons
had led many to their slaughter.

Something was not right. The Ice Giants and Ice Wrights attack had been like a drop in the ocean.
They were being cut down. If they had not had their invisibility stripped and the forces of Westeros
not armed to overflowing with Dragon Glass the result would be much different. Ygritte was
thankful that the Lord of Revelstone was with them. She was most definitely not weak. With a feral
look on her face she watched the Lord of Revelstone on her Ranyhyn, Frinny, run down an Ice
Wright trying to flee. It was fast but Frinny was much faster. Her Bloodgaurd and lover was right
behind her on her own Ranyhyn. The Haruchai always there to protect her charge.

The Ranyhyn did not run down the Ice Wright. Lord Lustra cocked her staff over her shoulder. The
wood bursting into blue fire yet again. She swung her staff down impacting the Ice Wright on the
top of his left shoulder. The Lords Fire shattered the Ice Wright’s body. Most of its bones broken it
flopped down to the ground and lay their shattered.

The Lord whirled her Ranyhyn around several times before tearing off to the north. Ygritte with her
short height did not see what the Lord saw. Brail close behind her of course.

Ygritte looked up at the scream from the heavens. Drogon had roared his rage again. The Queen
was chasing the Ice Dragon still up in the heavens. The beast diving down to spew ice daggers at
the forces on the ground before pumping its wings hard to disappear again into the lowering clouds.
The mighty black dragon bugled loudly and angled to give chase. Drogon and Daenerys flying up
into the clouds giving chase.

The three turned to look at the Wall. It was still standing. Again Ygritte thought that this was not
right. The fact that it remained standing made no sense.

The effectiveness of this surprise assault was diluted with the Wall not coming down.

“Why isn’t the Wall coming down Jon? I saw how the Ice King interacted with these Ice Wrights
and Ice Giants. To some degree he cares for them. They are not a trifle to him. He is letting them
be slaughtered. It doesn’t feel right to me Jon” Ygritte asked her husband.

Jon looked down at his Wilding wife and then back up at the Wall.
“I am hoping that I am right and that what the Ice King has discovered that indeed the Horn of Winter is a fake. Maybe though, the use of the Horn is more difficult than we all thought including him. I agree with you Ygritte. Launching this attack by itself is not logical and poor tactics.”

He looked around again. There was even fewer of the Ice based creatures.

“I am thankful that there was not a coordinated attack. It is allowing us to deal with each threat in turn. Maybe we have gotten lucky.”

**Daenerys:** Beneath her, Daenerys Targaryen felt her mighty dragon pinioning his black wings gaining altitude towards the Ice Dragon rising up from another pass over her army breathing out death with his icy breath. The dragon of the Ice King the antithesis of her dragons. It was an abomination raised and corrupted on hate. She would put it out its unknown misery.

As her dragon rose up into the air the Queen of Westeros and half of Essos looked down upon her camp. She saw that her dragons were surrounded by Ice Wrights and Dragons but many of those were dead and more were dying. Viserion plummeted to the ground with claws extended and an Ice Giant’s body was shattered. Immediately, Viserion ran to launch himself back into the air. Rhaegal protected by his brother and the Direwolves of the Starks.

An Ice Giant in frustration threw his sword at the white dragon but the scales easily deflected the blade away. Gravity and distance taking the energy out of the blade. Without his weapon the great brute charged into a company of foot soldiers. The Ice Giant stomped and tore apart any men it reached but a blizzard of arrows were flying at it. Its armor shattered with now Dragon Glass arrows piercing its body up high and low. The beast fell back down to the Earth convulsing in death.

She saw that the birds across the Wall were still dropping from the clouds and winging in from all directions. In fact more birds were passing her now to head to the other side of the Wall. What had been a deluge had reduced to a steady drizzle of late arriving birds that upon passing over the Wall wheeled over to begin their descent to the fight below.

She was able to glimpse the sea of the walking dead beyond the Wall. They seemed like the sea itself. The sea though was roiling with unrest. The birds she had seen flying in from all points of the compass were wildly tearing at the dead as they had at the Tree of Life. Individually, the birds were nothing but attacking in mass they were doing damage.

They would not be enough. Their attacks too small to stop such a mass of walking dead. Some were being killed as they attacked. The Walking Dead did not have a strong compulsion of self-protection but if the attack was high and from their front they would often respond to the direct threat. Their movements jerky and uncoordinated. Birds avoided the hands groping for them but not all. Daenerys felt anger seeing birds torn apart.

She longed to go to them and give protection to the valiant birds. The birds seemed to be concentrating their attack before the gates of the Wall. She had no doubt that Ice King was somewhere there. Daenerys caste her gaze back to the other side of the Wall.

She saw a group of Haruchai on their Ranyhyn with Giants closely following. The troop rushing to the aid of her Unsullied being attacked by the traitors. The unexpected assault hitting her stalwart defenders from Astraphor before they could fully form up.

The attack had caught them partially unawares. Thank the gods the birds had brought advance warning of the impending assault. Then the Lord of Revelstone had stripped the attacking Ice Giants and Ice Wrights of their invisibility. The Lord was riding from one Ice Wright or Ice Giant to the next. Her staff erupting with an almost unimaginable force. Her Lord’s fire obliterating her foes
with the devastating impact of her Lord’s Fire.

Daenerys hated taking to the air and leaving her army below but the abomination flying above was her responsibility. Only she could deal with it. It was killing and wounding her men and women by the score with each pass. Its use of ice instead of fire was proving equally deadly.

She knew she had to reach it and kill the Ice Dragon. She urged Drogon on. He roared his challenge in his deep bass roar. She felt her mighty dragon’s body undulate as the massive beast worked his wings to increase his speed. Drogon roared again in frustration in not being able to confront his corrupted brother.

The Ice Dragon had seen them launch themselves from the ground. It had made another quick pass spewing out more icy death. Then it had used the momentum of its dive to swoop back up gaining altitude fast. The Ice Dragon angling way from Drogon’s approach heading for the clouds.

Daenerys cursed as the dragon disappeared into the roiling clouds. She banked away circling to the left. She would not enter right behind the Ice Dragon in case it had reversed course to surprise her with a head on assault upon her entry into the cloud bank. She now rose up into the clouds angled off from where the Ice Dragon had entered. The rain became more intense. She could see nothing beyond five feet. She took Drogon up several hundred feet but the clouds were at least as thick as when she entered the cloud bank.

She had Drogon bank over and she dove back down through the clouds. She looked around but did not see the Ice Dragon. Then behind her the Ice Dragon dove down through the clouds heading in the opposite direction towards the ground.

Daenerys cursed banking Drogon over into a tight pivot turn to give chase. The Ice Dragon had great momentum and made its pass over her camp its mouth spread wide bellowing out a cloud of ice daggers that flung death into her camp. Some of the men were able to use shields to block the ice daggers but they were few.

As she watched the Ice Dragon swooped up from its dive beating its wings furiously again gaining altitude. She was giving chase. Drogon closing the distance as they both now gained altitude. She felt her dragon’s body coil up and tense. Then Drogon’s neck surged forward and stilled in rigid tension. His mouth breathed out fire that almost reached the Ice Dragon before it disappeared into the clouds. She banked over and circle back down several hundred feet. She had Drogon doing fast zig zags in the air to prevent the Ice Dragon from drawing a line on them and attacking from above.

Both she and her dragon craning their necks from side to side looking up searching for their nemesis. They could not see it through the clouds. Her camp was miles wide and maybe five miles long with all the Houses of Westeros and her mercenary companies from Essos along with troops she considered loyal from the Free Cities. She had spread out her camp to give them plenty of room to not create squalor among her camp and to give her troops room to maneuver to meet any attack. This was now proving to be a hindrance. Her camp was so large it would take at least several minutes to traverse it flying so low. She screamed out in frustration when a mile away the Ice Dragon dropped from the sky like a stone to attack her camp. The Ice Dragon only pulling up when two hundred feet above her camp to fire off its icy breath of ice daggers. The sweep of its ice breath fast and then it was rising up to the sky again. The Queen gave chase but it reached the clouds before she could reach her foe and deal with it.

She shook her fist seeing scorpion bolts fired up at the beast. The machines did not have much angle of attack but the scorpion operators were feverishly working their platforms to get the ability to aim up into the air. Their shots were wild but they had to put caution in the Ice Dragon. It would have to
be more careful in its further strafing runs.

This went on again and again as the Ice Dragon dove out of the clouds far enough away to avoid her counterattack. She had flown into the clouds and had Drogon fly just above the lowest bellowing clouds. She could see below through the hazy nimbus of the lowest clouds. She had tried to surprise the Ice Dragon by hiding in the dark clouds as they roiled by just over her head. Her dragon’s black body blending into the dark grey mass roiling just over their heads.

The problem was that her camp was simply too vast. Random luck seemed to be favoring the Ice Dragon. The perversion of a dragon always diving out of the clouds far enough away to rise back up into the clouds before she could reach it to deal with it. The momentum of its dive allowed it to then swoop back up at speed. The Ice Dragon always angling its body away from Drogon as it strove to again reenter the clouds to hide.

She cursed the fates. She was enraged that the Ice Dragon refused to fight her. Its constant attacks on her forces made her blood boil. She needed to engage the Ice Dragon to kill it. It refused to fight her.

Then it dawned on her the solution to the problem. She knew of a way to draw the Ice Dragon to her. She turned Drogon up to the sky and had him enter the mass of dark angry clouds. She had him fly for two minutes at a furious pace. The rain pelting her face cooled her rage. The Valyrian had always had a good instinct for the distance traveled on her dragon. She had flown far enough. She gave the command for Drogon to again descend through the clouds.

She broke through the clouds and yelled in triumph. She plummeted Drogon down towards the ground below. The black dragon’s body hurtling down and rolled out of its dive just above the trees. They came flying in just over the tops of the mighty trees of the Haunted forest. Just after passing over the last trees she dove Drogon down again. The dragon only forty feet over the heads of milling army of the Ice King. She smiled. *Time to meat out some payback!*

Drogon opened his maul wide and his long tongue of flame flew down and set the walking dead afire. His flame licking over the backs and head of the shambling mass of dead. The dead instantly catching fire and burning fiercely despite the falling rain. The dead continued to move bumping into neighbors making them catch fire. She traveled a hundred yards before Drogon’s breath ran out.

Drogon roared as she took him up immediately after his breath had ceased. She would take no chances. She had Drogon roll to the right and then left as they gained attitude to throw off any aim. She flew up into the clouds letting Drogon recharge his breath. She played the same game as the Ice Giant. The Walking Dead army of the Ice King was even more vast than her own army. She flew a distance before she dove out of the clouds again. Her dive had her nearly a mile away from her first attack vector. Drogon levelled out and bellowed out his deadly dragon fire. His flame setting another long swath of the walking dead afire.

Drogon bellowed again in challenge to his enemy. The echoes off the Wall and forest reverberating. Daenerys own scream filled the air. The army of the Walking Dead vast. Drogon let loose another mighty gout of flame to burn the undead before rising up from just above the milling undead.

Again the Queen rose up with her dragon and flew off into the clouds to move off and attack from a new location. She dove out of the clouds far away from her last attack. Drogon came diving back down from the cloud bank at great speed spewing death upon the undead. She yelled in triumph. She was burning the army of the Ice King. She saw in the distance before the Wall the Ice Wrights glowing bright blue. She would burn his army from the rear back towards him.

Attacking from the rear she felt safer. Any defense the Ice King may have had against aerial assault
would be by the Wall.

The Ice King had assumed all her dragons would be dead by now. His failure would be her triumph. She was sure he was even now calling in his winged son to deal with her. Just what she wanted.

**Ice King:** Frustration filled the icy heart of the Ice King. He had been blowing the Horn of Winter for over fifteen minutes now and still the Wall was still standing. He raged at the fates. He raged at the Croyel on his back. He raged at the forces opposed to him on the other side of the Wall killing his sons he had created and raised in his image.

The one person he did not rage against was himself.

“Father” the Croyel soothed in his troubled mind. The mental touch gentle and soothing. “You must concentrate. You keep distracting yourself and break the harmonic of the Horn of Winter. It must be worked continuous and consistent if you are to bring down the Wall.”

“Why is it taking so long!” he raged at his son. “The Wall should have fallen once I blew the Horn of Winter. Yet it is still standing. Tell me?!”

“I cannot be sure father but I feel it is the fact that you are not in tune with the Horn of Winter. It was formed by an Insequent. The magic it produces is tuned to that strange and fey race. My race has had its confrontations with the Insequent and we have learned of some of their magic. It is still foreign to me but I am able to translate our need with its ability.”

“You must concentrate father. You keep letting your concentration slip. All our work is wasted when you let your mind wander and the tune to falter. Focus!”

The Ice King swallowed bile having the Croyel tell him to focus. His true son had resisted his father on the felling of the Wall and now in the moment of truth it was himself, the Ice King, who was faltering. He could not keep his focus.

The death of his adopted sons on the other side of the Wall was driving him almost mad with frustration and made his ever present rage burble and rile his cold soul. His anger overcoming his ability to focus. The eruptions of blue were coming less frequent now. The dome of blue that lit up the clouds and produced long peals of thunder occurred less and less frequent. There was fewer of his creations to kill by the cursed Lord.

He had felt the death of each of his sons. It did not pain his soul with grief but he had formed and nurtured each Ice Wright and Giant since their transformation. Still he felt each loss. He had expected losses. All wars had losses but never the number and speed of their deaths he was experiencing now. It made him lose focus as he seethed and mourned the passing of so many when he could not come to their aid.

It galled the Ice King to his core to know that the two strongest and most fierce warriors facing him were women. Women! It was against nature and his right to rule over the frail useless sex. He produced only sons and no daughters. Women were weak and beneath him. They were not worthy to be part of the future he was going to create.

Suddenly, the world exploded in another massive explosion of blue light that reached to the heavens turning the grey world briefly bright dark blue. Words of the vile language of the Lord reverberating in the air. The magical residue of the magical detonation came rushing over the Wall and washed over the Ice King before rushing on into the Haunted Forest. The world rocked violently. The son on his back wailed at the mighty detonation of magical might. Its teeth and nails tearing at his body.
in its terror.

There had been less of these mighty eruptions of magic. The Lord’s fire more muted as she killed the Ice King’s sons up close and persona. The Ice King knew that this Lord had found one of his Ice Wright son’s at distance and away from her allies. She had used her total might on him. The Ice Wright had exploded with only time to begin its death scream.

His control faltered yet again. He raged and his true son, the Croyel, cajoled his father to concentrate. It was hard. The Croyel felt the might of the Lord of Revelstone as he did. His true son could not feel the deaths of his adopted sons. He did not hear their screams. The shocking fast deaths administered by the female Lord of Revelstone was bad enough. The Ice King feeling the poison of Dragon Glass in his infested sons was even more shocking and vile. The Ice King through his mental link with his sons felt their slow poisoning.

His true son was not tuned to the creations he had been creating for nearly ten years now. He had formed them by spewing a little of his essence into each of his beautiful creations done in his image. He could not talk to them per se but he felt what they felt in a diffuse way.

He was feeling their bodies pierced by the cursed Dragon Glass that the Children of the Forest had used to fight him in the first war eight thousand years ago. He felt the poison coursing through their bodies undoing the magic he had used to create and bind his adopted sons and giants to him. It was a Dragon Glass blade that had created him and it was Dragon Glass that most easily killed his scions. Other things could kill them but it was Dragon Glass that was the anathema that filled his heart with palpable fear.

The Ice King had been sure that the Crows had used all their Dragon Glass in the skirmish before the gates of the Wall before Castle Black. After that night there had been no use of the cursed material by the crows. That had been a ruse. Anger swelled in the heart of the Ice King contemplating the loss of his creations beyond his ability to give succor.

The damn Wall that refused to fall was between him and his sons. It had not supposed to be this way he raged to himself. His control again slipping. He heard his true son, the Croyel, cooing to him to keep his focus. It was hard. He felt both great rage and greater frustration. Why wouldn’t the Wall fall?!

It had become obvious that the spell of subterfuge had been pierced. He had raged at the Croyel but his son had bleated that the Lord of Revelstone was indeed mighty. The Croyel whimpered that he had warned his father of this. He wanted to rage but tamped down his anger. His son spoken true. Again his control had frayed and the notes to bring the Wall down faded away.

The mere mentioning of the woman enraged him. It was against the natural laws of man and nature for a woman to be so powerful. When he had won this war he would not raise up this Lord of Revelstone. He would grind her very body into dust. His heel grinding her ruined body into the hard frozen ground. The thought calmed the rage in his seething heart.

With their spell of invisibility removed and with the forces of the Crows and the Dragon Queen having Dragon Glass his adopted sons were being been butchered. It drove him insane with rage not being able to come to their aid.

They were supposed to launch their assault while cloaked in the Croyel’s spells of invisibility. As they sowed the seeds of confusion and death he would bring down the Wall and with his true son’s spells fall upon the forces Westeros and butcher them.

That had not happened.
The only thing that seemed to have gone well was the killing of two of the Queen’s dragons. Her mightiest black dragon had risen up to give battle to his own Ice Dragon. He did not worry. His dragon son was like himself. He was the mightiest of his kind. The other two had not risen also to come over the Wall and assault his forces. He was sure they would have if they were alive.

He needed to bring down the Wall.

He again brought his tattered concentration to bear and focused on blowing the Horn of Winter. He worked his circular breathing to be able to breathe in air as he blew the inhaled breath out to keep the Horn of Winter blowing continuously. The Croyel at his throat softly coaching him in his breathing and concentration in his thoughts. He was starting to feel again a rumble in his chest. He could just hear at the lowest range of his hearing the low reverberating notes of the Horn of Winter. It was beginning to bend to his will.

He could feel the harmonic increasing in force and resonance. He felt his conscious and will getting in tune with the Horn. It and he were coming into focus. He felt the vibrations increasing in his body and air around his body. He heard the Wall begin to hum with the vibrations the Horn of Winter was setting up in reverberating harmonics along the three hundred mile edifice.

He heard his true son crooning in his mind.

“Good. Good Father. I can feel it. The Wall is starting to feel the effects of Horn of Winter. The force is building Father. Soon we can reach the cursed Lord of Revelstone and slay herrrrr!” the Croyel ended his thoughts with a wail.

The Ice King would be glad to kill the abomination of a bitch. It was unnatural all these powerful women. He would correct nature soon enough.

The Croyel wailed in frustration when the Ice King again lost his concentration. The harmonics began to subside.

“Father!” the Croyel wailed in the Ice King’s mind.

He had seen near the tree line of the Haunted Forest the gigantic black dragon swooping low over his army. On its massive back the cursed Valyrian Queen. Her dragon breathing a long tongue of fire into his Walking Dead by the line of the haunted forest. For a hundred yards the dragon’s breath ignited his walking dead. The dead alighting as their want and burning like bonfires. Worse the dead stumble into their brothers igniting them too.

The rain did not douse the fires that magically consumed the dead. The dragon flew on and then swooped up into the clouds. It came back down a mile away to let loose another mighty gout of flame setting another swath of his undead army afire. The dragon then flew up to five hundred feet and swept back down. Another long tongue of fire swept across the dead setting them to burning wildly. Her dragon was pumping its wings and rose up to disappear into the clouds.

The Croyel compelled his father to continue breathing and blowing into the Horn of Winter but even the Croyel’s focus was distracted by the Queen and her dragon. They both remembered the hellish fire that had almost killed them at the Tree of Life. Then a couple minutes later the bitch Queen plummeted down two miles away from her first attack and started to set more of the Ice King’s walking dead alight.

The Croyel felt his father calling in Ice Fang to come to the defense of the walking dead. In making the summons to his dragon, the Croyel’s father had let his concentration again slip.
He touched his father’s mind with a deliberate probe.

“He touched Ice Fang do his duty father. Let us bring down the Wall. Focus father!”

The Ice King shook his head. He knew he had to focus. He had begun to get in sync with the Horn of Winter. He could feel the might of the magical horn. He began to blow hard on the Horn of Winter yet again. He focused on his desire to bring the Wall down.

Oberyn: With hard flicks of his wrist Oberyn jammed his spear out at the mass of Freys and Boltons all around him. He was fighting to back up the Giants that had thrown the knights of the traitors into disarray. Now the Unsullied were slowly advancing having formed up into their phalanxes. The reserves of the traitors mounted knights came charging in and slammed into the melee. Forces from Dorne and the mercenary companies of Essos coming to the battle to engage the traitors.

The Giants had braced themselves. Despite the size and weight of the Giants, the immense size of war horses and armored knights was even greater. Their lowered lances giving the weight of the charge a focus. The Giants body absorbed the mighty impact of colliding forces. Their blades slashed out and cut down the four lead horses making them stumbled down. The stone glaives sheared several of the lances in half. Two of the dead horses still slammed into the Giant shields. The immense weight and momentum had the Giants stumbling back fighting to keep their footing.

One lance came through the defensive shields with the Giants off balance and hit Oakentree Harborchannel in her temple. The stone helm taking the blow and shattering. The force of the lance blow taken by the stone armor. The Giant knocked out by the blow. She fell back unconscious. She was held up by Stratus Headwind who jerked her back from the front of the melee. The Giants had formed up around her and were swirling their massive swords around killing any who came to close.

A wall of dead knights and horses helped to keep the attackers off them. The Haruchai fought like wildcats protecting their severely wounded countryman. There feet and fists striking out with deadly force. One of the Haruchai who had picked up a dead Ice Wright sword was slaying all that came near him. The icy cold did not affect his natural immunity to freezing temperatures. The bronzed Haruchai fought to where the Giants had formed their protective ring around their own injured sister.

The speared Haruchai was carried by her countrymen to lie beside the fallen Giant. Oberyn saw a knight of House Bolton about to hack the back of the sailor Giant Loadstone Horizonscan. The mighty Giant’s fist were like battering rams. Focused on the foes before him he did not see the danger behind him. His fists crushing skulls and sending knights reeling back when his fists struck their armor. With all his strength Oberyn threw his spear. His aim was true. The spear slammed into the space between the man’s helm and body armor. The spear penetrating the thin metal plate armor at that point. The spear now jutting out two feet from the throat of the dead knight who toppled off his horse.

He was weaponless. He picked up a fallen pike. He resumed fighting. He used the weapon to jab out at his enemies. He saw the flank of a Frey’s knight’s horse and threw his pike. The shaft penetrated the horse’s body between its ribs the head of the pike buried deep in its belly. The horse fell over crushing the knight to the ground. Oberyn was suddenly set upon by two knights and a knot of foot soldiers. Looking down he picked up a fallen sword. He was a poor swordsmen but he could defend himself.

Oberyn juked around deflecting sword swipes and battleaxes that were swiped down hard at him. He was falling back with the forces of the traitors closing in. There was no greater honor than to fall in combat fighting bravely. He screamed out at his foes to come to him to die. They seemed anxious
to take him up on his offer.

He was in big trouble and knew it but he would take as many of the scum down with him as he could. Two knights were hacking at Oberyn furiously keeping him off balance allowing foot soldiers armed with swords and battleaxes to close on him.

A mighty shout of strength and anger washed over Oberyn and his assailants. Loadstone Horizonscan slammed into one of the mounted knights bowling over the horse and sending the knight flying through the air. He charged into the next mounted knight but he had seen the initial attack and had charged his warhorse at the Giant. The kicking horse and slashing knight kept the Giant at bay. Men attacked from the side of the Giant. He was about to be hacked down.

Scend Surehand came rushing in. Her sword a tornado of destruction. She chopped the knight with her glaive. Her blade partially penetrating his plate armor and cracking his ribs. The man fell off his horse. More knights came at the Giants. Two more Giants came running in. One was bleeding from her face from a head wound near her hairline. Another had cuts along her arm where the armor had been slammed into her flesh. One Giant had had her armor ruined. One leg and had a deep thigh wound.

The battle was even but the forces of the traitors were taking causalities. Loadstone Horizonscan took an arrow to his shoulder and one to his right side down near his hip. The arrows not sinking deep through their tough bodies but he was injured and fell back. More knights were charging along with men on foot swarming forward. The sailor Giant fighting the traitors pressing in on him.

Oberyn glanced over at the Unsullied but their charge had been blunted. They were on their own. He was blocking and parrying sword thrusts. He was a spearmen. He did find an opening and sliced one Frey along the back of his leg crippling him. Loadstone took a sword thrust to his belly. Blood pouring out the wound. He fell to one knee.

Oberyn screamed as a knight on a horse was preparing to cleave the Giant’s head in two.

Ranrika and Ferna had somehow found their Ranyhyn mounts, Phaharhn and Sarunal. They charged back into the fray. The two Haruchai had taken up dropped broadswords. The Ranyhyn slammed into the warhorses of the knights attacking them. The Ranyhyn turning their shoulders into the armored horses. The two large warhorses of the knights were still a hand and more shorter and not as muscled and robust as the Ranyhyn. The warhorses went careening down to the ground throwing their knights into the air. The knights landing hard and knocked senseless.

The Ranyhyn turned and kicked and bite all around them. A pike pierced Sarunal in the whithers making her collapse down on that side. A Giant sword lifted that man’s head off his shoulders. The Giant and one of her sisters in arms charged into the pikemen. They had ditched their iron shields to freely use their stone swords. Their armor making the pike heads glance off. The Giant’s glaives slamming into the pike and swordsman. Their blades dealing out mayhem.

Ranrika and Ferna had launched themselves through the air and decapitated a knight each with precise furious sword swipes. The women landing lightly and were whirling dervishes with their swords whistling through the air. Right and left the women hacked and parried. Their foes having to give ground or die. He saw Ranrika bend down gripping something. Suddenly, Oberyn’s spear came through the air and into Oberyn’s hand. Oberyn was back in the fight proper!

War horns were sounding and Oberyn’s heart lifted. The war horns were of Dorne. He looked to his left and behind him. He saw two companies of Dorne knights of the House Toland. The forty mounted knights came charging in at full gallop with lances lowered. In the confusion of combat the enemy combatants did not see the new attack coming upon them.
Oberyn felt elation seeing his countrymen charging into the fray. The mighty horse charge filled the Red Viper with exhilaration. He watched the lances of the men of Toland reaching out for their enemy. Their impact on the disorganized traitors was devastating. Horse and man impaled. The corpses or severely injured horses and men fell to the ground. The knights threw down their lances and pulled their swords to join the melee.

The impact of horse against horse and man was frightening. The screams of pain and death echoed in Oberyn’s ears. Oberyn shouted his own war shout. It was for this that he had trained his whole life for. He speared a foot soldier through his belly out his back through his leather armor. He ripped his spear back. He was still off balance with two fighters from House Bolton coming at him with mighty double headed battleaxes. He deflected their initial chops. He jabbed out with his spear and was able to keep them at bay. They started to separate to come at him from two sides.

Ranrika had jumped up on a warhorse. Oberyn could not but help but be impressed at the woman’s effortless strength and balance. She easily jumped up high and landed with perfect balance on the startled horse’s back. Ranrika immediately jumped off the horse’s back flying through the air. Her sword slammed through the back of the first man with a battleaxe severing his spine as she flew by the man. She ripped the sword out his back and rolled twice and came up on her feet. The woman finding her balance immediately. She swiveled and disemboweled the second man with a lightning fast sword swipe. She looked around once seeing no more foes she ran forward to a knot of swordsmen fighting the Unsullied who had formed up more ranks now and were advancing relentlessly. Their spears unavering.

Their phalanx now that it was formed up was unshakable. Their shields interlocked. Their spears thrusting out to find the bodies of the traitorous Houses. They were like a breakwater turning back the relentless surging sea.

Oberyn looked around. The traitors attack was faltering. It was obvious that they were to attack while the invisible Ice Wrights and ice Giants were sowing confusion around the camp the Queen. Together they would have thrown the camp of Westeros into disarray.

That plan had faltered. First, the birds appearing in the sky to attack beyond the Wall had altered the forces of the Queen of the impending attack. Then the Lord of Revelstone had stripped the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants of their invisibility. These two events were allowing the forces of Westeros to counterattack and dispatch their enemies.

He looked up at the Wall that was still standing. It was clear that this surprise attack was to be timed to have the Wall come during this surprise attack. Then all three events at once would have shocked and overwhelmed the forces of the Queen Westeros.

Maybe this supposed Horn of Winter was a fake.

Arya: Arya stood on the berm that had been erected a mile from the Wall. The deep ditch before it filled with oil and pitch. It would be lit if the Wall came down and the walking dead came forward to try and overwhelm their position.

The daughter of Eddard Stark looked at the pale edifice. It was still towering majestic before them. Maybe the Ice King did indeed have a fake of the Horn of Winter. She smiled at that thought. She sincerely hoped so. If the Wall stayed up the devastation to the Ice King’s army was predestinated. They would rain death down on the army of the Ice King from on high. The murder holes in the ceilings of the tunnels would annihilate the enemy if they attempted passage.

It had been a wild half hour. The initial shock of the attack had quickly given way to counterattack. True it had raged at first but once the forces of Westeros had recovered from the initial shock the
outcome had never been in doubt. Of course, the Lord of Revelstone lifting the spell of invisibility had been key. If they had not been able to see their enemies in their attack … Arya shuddered at the thought.

Then Lord Lustra of Revelstone had finally revealed her true might. It had been her Lord’s Fire that had thrown back the initial surge of Ice Giants and Ice Wrights that had attempted to kill Dany’s dragons. If not for Lord Lustra most likely all three dragons would be dead now. Only Rhaegal had been injured. His wounds not life threatening.

Arya was thankful for the Lord. To not be able to aim her arrows and not know an Ice Wright or Ice Giant was upon you until you felt their weapon striking your body was a frightening thought.

Fortunately, that had not come to pass.

She saw out in the expanse between the Wall and the forces of the Westeros eight bodies of Ice Wrights. Four were still alive though they seemed to be wounded to at least some degree. She looked out across the plain left and right. She saw other Ice Wrights that had retreated back from the forces of Westeros. The Ice spawn licking their wounds.

They had had the sense to abandon the fight and flee into the no man’s zone between the berm and the Wall. The forces of the Ice King had fought hard and long but with their invisibility stripped they had not been able to weather the storm of iron and dragon glass tipped arrows, javelins and some spears fired or hurled at them. The iron shattered their ice armor. Their armor compromised allowed the use of the Queen’s obsidian weapons.

Her father refused to allow anyone to go forth and attack the surviving Ice Wrights. He would not risk a further unexpected attack. Let the enemy come to us had been her father’s pronouncement.

The sneak attack had been repulsed. Once the bodies of their icy foes were exposed then Dragon Glass tipped weapons slew the Ice based creatures of the Ice King.

Most of the archers of Westeros were not extremely skilled such as herself and Marleya Blackmyre. Of course there were others. Twenty of the best had formed up with Arya and Marleya. There were others spread throughout the forces of the Queen.

These archers like Arya were skilled enough to fire at the faces of the Ice Wrights and Giants. They also fired at the chinks of the armor exposed by the iron tipped weapons. The arrows sometimes missing but usually finding their mark. If no targets of opportunity existed then Arya fired off magically enhanced iron tipped arrows to further along the destruction of the ice armor of the Wrights and Giants of the Ice King.

The rest of the archers were skilled enough to get their arrows on target. The men who threw javelins and spears were not as skilled as Oberyn by and large but a few were. The rest were like the archers. They aimed to get their weapons on target. The dragon glass shattering when hitting ice. Many missed altogether.

But, the ones that struck home and true did their work. The projectiles that found head or heart instantly killed their mark. The hits to the upper chest were usually quick kills. The hits lower on the thoracic cavity or on limbs started to work immediately poisoning the Ice Wright or Giant. The spreading of black tendrils of poison slowly working throughout their bodies and up over the faces.

As the obsidian poison spread, the Ice Wright or Giants slowed and became lethargic. The strokes of their weapons clumsy and slow. They became ever easier to kill. Arrows and other projectiles slamming into their bodies breaking armor with iron or further poisoning them with dragon glass.
The creatures did not die quietly. They screamed and shrieked out the agony of their deaths.

Arya had enjoyed her kill shots. She had equally enjoyed seeing them die more slowly. The pleasure was not personal. It did not excite her. It merely meant another Ice Wright or Giant had expired. It was what they had trained for. To have the less skilled archers fire at their targets and let the mass of arrows perform their work. Then the marksmen such as herself could go about the work of hitting the bodies of the now exposed icy spawn to kill outright or poison with obsidian for a slower death.

They had all the arrows they needed. They had only fired off the smallest fraction even now. The archers were still born scavengers. When Arya or the other archers found a useable Dragon Glass tipped arrow they plucked it from the ground and stuffed in a quiver. The same was done with the iron tipped magically rune inscribed arrows. The runners following close.

The runners running back to the depot points to get fresh quivers stuffed full of arrows. Other runners wheeling wheelbarrows heaped high with quivers to dispersion points. They would be dispensed as needed. The archers needed to have all the arrows they would need. Their job was to fire fast and furious and not worry about the arrows remaining. They had mountains of arrows to fire!

More quivers were being rushed to the berm and to all the other parties of the archers. The battle was not won. It had only just begun. Arya chuckled at the enthusiasm of the runners. Before the battle they would grumble practicing the wheeling of their carts heaped high with quivers or snark at having to run to the archers to dispense individual quivers to the archers. The battle had given them the fervor of the converted. Now they were pushing their carts and running around at breakneck speed.

The teenager looked up hearing the screams of the two dragons flying through the air. The dragons flying up into the clouds only to plummet back down out of them. Dany with her white hair flying giving chase to the Ice Dragon that was attacking their forces. It was clear the first dragon wanted no parts of Drogon. The two dragons twisting and doing swirls in the air. One avoiding and one giving chase.

Arya had felt her mouth drop when she saw the Ice Dragon make its first pass over the army of the Queen. It was not flames that had spewed out the dragon’s mouth but a blizzard of ice daggers. She had not been near any of the paths of destruction from the Ice Dragon’s icy daggers but she saw men and horses fall from being impaled by the daggers.

It enraged Arya. She cursed the abomination flying above her. The large size of the camp worked to the Ice Dragon’s advantage. Dany could never quite catch up to the Ice Dragon. It would plummet out of the clouds and dive down on the Queen’s forces. It would spew out its icy breath spewing death below. The destruction from the beast dispensed it would immediately start to pump its wings to gain attitude and again disappear into the clouds.

Dany and Drogon in their turn dropping from the clouds looking for their elusive prey. The great black dragon roaring his challenge but always too far away to intervene. Drogon would beat his mighty wings but could never quite catch up. Both dragons using the clouds scudding by overhead as cover to hide their flight paths.

Twice the Ice Dragon had flown close to Arya as it wheeled over after its pass to head back up to the low clouds roiling over their heads. Her first shot had barely reached the dragon as it rose up. The arrow bounced off its thick scales. Her second shot was aimed at its left wing but the moving target and turbulence of wind rushing over the monstrosity’s wings sent her shot awry.
It was evident to Arya that a human arm simply did not have the strength to do harm to a dragon unless one could get right up on the dragon.

Arya watched Dany suddenly wheel Drogon around and flew straight towards the Wall disappearing into the clouds just before she reached the Wall. Just before reaching the clouds Drogon gave a mighty bellow of challenge that echoed over the battlefield. Arya knew her mate. Dany had gone to take the fight to Ice King’s army and give it a taste of what his Ice Dragon was doing to the forces of Westeros. The teenager knew Dany was banking on the Ice King calling his creation to come to the aid of his forces.

The crows had spread the word that the Walking Dead once touched by flame went up like raging bonfires that could not be quenched. She would be killing the Walking Dead of the Ice King by the hundreds. The thought made a feral smile come across her face.

Arya looked again at the Wall. Why was it still up? This attack had to have been supposed to be coordinate with the dropping of the Wall. If that had occurred, even with their spell of invisibility removed the surprise attack would have been much more effective. The defenders pulled in three directions at once when considering the actions of the traitors.

Arya looked back and to her left. Rhaegal had not been harmed any more after the initial assault upon him. Again she had to thank the Lord of Revelstone for that. Rhaegal was clearly injured but seemed to basically hale. He was not in danger of toppling over from his injury. Viserion was near him walking around his mighty tail swishing the ground and rattling in the air.

All around Rhaegal was the ruined remains of the Ice Wrights and Giants armor. Most of the actual bodies having vaporized away as was the icy spawn’s want when they were slain. She knew Viserion was ready for more combat. She hoped Rhaegal would be able to contribute too. Her vision went back to the soaring heights of the Wall.

As she gazed up at the azure blue of the Wall and its grandeur that even the sullen rain could not diminish. Arya was joined atop the berm by her father and Stannis Baratheon. Both men were hale but their armor now had dents and scratches from combat. Both of their blades were still drawn. Stannis’s Valyrian blade dripped the pale blue blood of the Ice Wrights and Giants he had pierced and slashed. The blade showed no wear from combat. The Crows had made it clear that normal steel shattered against the ice forged blades of the Ice Wrights and Giants. Not so Valyrian steel blades. They were immune to the cold of the ice blades of their foes.

Her father’s blade was clean of any blue ice blood or gore. It was humming loudly and tendrils of light blue eldritch might peeled off the blade and twisted up her father’s arm. Other tendrils wiggling up off the blade into the air before dissipating. Evening Star was aglow with whispering magical might and seemed to be anxious to spill more blood of the icy creatures it had cut down.

Stannis looked tired but still totally fit. Arya was also tired but more than ready to continue fighting. The training of the great swordsmen had them extremely fit and ready for more battle. Arya saw though that her father was looking refreshed. He had no apparent weariness about him.

She saw the tendrils working up her father’s arm and seeming to melt into his armor. That was when she realized that her father’s blade was sustaining him and invigorating her father. That was good.

A smile crossed Arya’s face with a sudden realization.

She had wanted since she was a little girl to become a true sword master like her father. With her coming to Dany she had trained with Dany’s sword masters. Arya had achieved her dreams of
becoming a sword master the equal of her father and Dany. Syrio and Barristan had honed her skills to a razor sharp edge. It was just that the current combat dictated that she used her supreme skills as an archer. She could do more damage with her bow than her sword at present.

Yes, she had achieved all her dreams. She looked over her right shoulder. She had both of her swords pummels sticking out over her shoulder. Blackfyre that was now her rune sword and her trusty Needle. Both swords ready to use at a moment’s notice. She had not once pulled her Valyrian sword from its scabbard in the wild melee she had just experienced.

It had not been needed.

Her true value in this scenario was her bow she thought. She was one of the best marksmen in all of Westeros or Essos. She had done her damage through her bow and the iron tipped arrows she shot to destroy the Ice Wright and Giant armor. Then through the ruined armor or direct head shots she killed the Icy creations of the Ice King with obsidian tipped arrows.

Arya saw her father look at her with clear pride in his eyes that made his daughter throw out her chest in pride.

“You have done well Arya” her father told her. “You have more than proved yourself this day. You have become the warrior I always knew you could be. You have become what Lyanna should have been. I am truly proud of you. You have slain many of our enemies this day.”

Her father looked at the Wall. He looked back at Arya.

“I fear that you will have ample opportunities this day to kill more of our enemy.”

Stannis came over and clapped Arya on the shoulder. He smiled down at her.

She winked at him and he blushed.

“Why hasn’t the Wall come down father? You feel that the Ice King indeed has the real Horn of Winter.”

“I don’t know Arya. I still feel that he means to use the Horn of Winter. Maybe there is something preventing him from using it. The Ice King is mighty as is the Croyel on his back. I feel they will succeed. We do not have the ability to thwart the Horn of Winter’s use. He has succeeded in getting to the edge of the Wall. It is a shame. For eight thousand years it has stood as a barrier to protect us.” The three of them continued to look at the beauty of the Wall.

As they stood on the berm they were joined by the Lord of Revelstone atop her Ranyhyn, Frinny. Brail was beside her of course atop Frahanoryl. The ancestral Valyrian sword that Eddard had given the Haruchai was unsheathed and soaked in the light blue blood of the Ice Wrights and Giants the stoic Haruchai had killed with the massive sword.

They all looked at the Wall.

“Do you feel it?” the Lord of Revelstone asked her companions.

“Feel what?” Eddard asked the Lord looking up at her on her mighty Ranyhyn. Arya felt nothing herself.

“The Wall is being assaulted. It will not stand.”

**Syrio:** The former First Sword of Braavos was heading back towards the front line. He could see
Eddard and the Lord of Revelstone standing on the berm looking up at the Wall. He was surprised it was still up. It made no sense for the Ice King to have sent in this shock troop of Ice Wrights and Ice Giants and not commence his assault on the Wall and bring it down. The confusion would have been overwhelming.

He was thankful for the Lord of Revelstone, Lustra. If she had not stripped the Ice Wrights and Giants of their invisibility the battle would have gone very differently. The Ice Wrights had been wicked fast. The Ice Giants … well they had been Giants. Their sheer size had been intimidating. They were not near as fast as the Giants from the southern hemisphere but their sheer size and power made them difficult to deal with.

If they had been invisible …

The ice armor of the Ice Wright and Giants was strong but the arrows tipped with magically enhanced iron had slowly but surely cracked and exploded the ice disks of the creations of the Ice King. Then the Dragon Glass did its work. Many of the Dragon Glass tipped arrows shattered on the remaining ice blocks but the air was thick with arrows. The holes were found.

It had been most gratifying to see one of the monstrosities drop straight down with a head shot or a Dragon Glass projectile through the heart.

The hits to the lower chest and stomach and limbs were slower kills for sure. It was interesting in a way to see the poison spread with the black lines tracing through their bodies. Some of their eyes turning black as the poison reached their heads. The bodies then going into a wild death dance. Oberyn smiled. The idea of poison killing an enemy he found appealing.

What had been more enjoyable was using his new Valyrian steel rapier. Cobra Fang had performed most excellently. The ice armor had been a hindrance most definitely but after five minutes of arrows flying thick and fast at the Ice Wrights and Giants he had plenty of opportunities for Cobra Fang to find holes and crevasses to punch through to pierce and kill his foes.

The thrusts to eyes and heart killed instantly but the other wounds he administered were like the Dragon Glass tipped weapons. The magic in the Valyrian steel also was anathema to the creatures. The wounds quickly festering and poisoning the foul creations of the Ice King. The beasts slowing as the poison took hold. This allowed Syrio to pierce their bodies gain and again quickening their demise.

Strong Belwas came up to him and fell in step. He was smiling thumbing the blade of his Valyrian scimitar. Like his blade it dripped blue blood. He had at least ten new cuts on his big belly. His insistence on letting is foes cut him once if at all possible before dying was quite mad Syrio groused to himself.

“I keep telling you Belwas that this habit of yours of letting yourself be cut will be death of you.”

The big eunuch snorted. “Ha Butter Knife! You are just jealous of my skills!”

Syrio ground his teeth. The fat eunuch had only recently come up that dreadful nickname in their bantering.

“The only thing that will kill me is I am famished. I need nourishment. I have killed many of my Queen’s foes without sustenance. I am only a ghost of myself.”

Syrio glared at the eunuch and looked at his jiggling belly.

Strong Belwas saw that and patted his ample girth. “My extoplasma is piqued.”
“That is protoplasm you mean.”

“Whatever” the eunuch eyed Syrio’s arm as if it was a prime rib. “I need locust!” Strong Belwas whined.

Syrrio shook his head as they moved back towards the frontline of the Queen’s camp. In chasing his foes he had travelled far from his starting point.

The former First Sword of Braavos was happy with what he saw. Now that the scourge of the Ice Wrights and Giants had been removed the troops were forming up into their formations and moving forward. The archers were armed and their followers were loaded down with quivers loaded up with Dragon Glass tipped arrows in preponderance. They had plenty of magical enhanced iron tipped arrows but the thought was that the Walking Dead vastly outnumbered the Ice Wrights and Giants.

The host moving up to the berm. From its height they would bring death to the approaching army of the Walking Dead.

Also, the reconnaissance of the ShadowBender witches seemed to show that the production of ice armor was laborious and slowed down the wearer of the armor. Past fights with the Ice Wrights with the Crows and Wildlings had shown that the Ice Wrights valued speed and quickness above all else. They would deal with anymore armored Ice spawn of the Ice King if needed. The chances of that were slim. Syrio was sure that the remaining Ice Wrights and Giants would be unarmored. They would be more vulnerable to long range fire but would be much quicker, and, thus harder to hit. If they got in close they would be deadly.

At least five companies of mercenaries from Essos had been training extensively in firing off flame tipped arrows. They would add their own weight to the coming fight. They would fire off volleys of flaming arrows when the enemy had come close to their fortifications.

As he continued to move forward Syrio saw companies of heavily armed knights and pikemen forming up to create their phalanxes.

These formations were not for attack but defense. The undead, Ice Wrights and their Giant brothers could only be killed by Dragon Glass, fire in case of the undead or those with magical blades which were few in their numbers.

No, these forces had a purely defensive function. They would hold the advancing Walking Dead and the Icy creations of the Ice King at bay while the deluge of Dragon Glass and fire did their work. These forces were to engage and hold in place the forces of the Ice King. By preference, this was to be a battle at distance. They had the weapons and tactics to decimate the enemy at distance.

The steel of man could not survive long against the ice blades of the Ice King’s wrights and giants but they would not have too. The foe would be decimated by the time their host could reach them. The steel presented to the Ice Wrights and Giants would hold them in place while the archers riddled the icy spawn.

Slowly, Syrio and his bald friend moved forward. Strong rubbing his belly and licking his lips begging all he passed for food. “I’m famished!” “You can almost see my backbone I am so emaciated.”

Belwas was handed a satchel full of salted beef jerky and several loafs of hard tack for his efforts. He ate most noisily and messily. He did not whine as loud. He was still starving he made sure all knew though.
As Syrio walked forward Barristan appeared from behind a catapult. The attendants making sure the weapon was in tip top shape and ready for use. He had a cut on his forehead that had someone had wrapped a bandage around. The bandages red with his blood. He had his Valyrian sword out, Hammer of Doom, it was dripping pale blue blood. There was blue blood staining Barristan’s armor from head to toe. He had evidently made at least one kill up close and personal.

“What happened to you man?” Syrio asked the old knight who was still as spry as any knight in his thirties.

Barristan looked himself over and grimaced. “I was fighting an Ice Giant and he was towering over me. I tripped over a dead soldier and as he raised his sword to cleave my head I saw that his ice armor had been compromised with iron tipped arrows. I was able to stab my sword into his lower belly and ripped up with my sword. I disemboweled him and you see the result” Barristan said as he motioned his free hand over his body showing the gore that had soaked his armor and helm.

The three old friends from the beginning of Daenerys’ quest for greatness walked on towards the frontline of the Queen’s forces. They had reached the first line of catapults and trebuchets. The Crows had brought down about a half of their catapults from the Wall. The numbers augmenting those created by the sappers. The rest had been left on the Wall in case it was not brought down and they needed to rush back up to the heights to begin firing down on the Walking Dead of the Ice King.

Of course all had planned on having plenty of time seeing the enemy emerge from Haunted Forest and begin to be able to attack them as soon as they came in range of the catapults. Being seven hundred feet in the air would increase their range by at least five hundred yards.

Most of the catapults and trebuchets they now passed had been built with the engineers and sappers that had traveled up to the Wall with the Queen’s march north. It had been the engineers from the Dorne military academies especially, Battleborne Academy, that had led in their construction.

There was nearly six hundred catapults spread out along the front lines of the Queen’s forces. The first line fifty yards behind the berm. There was near fifty of the more massive trebuchets. The catapults able to fire an eight pound sandstone wrapped in linen soaked in tar and pitch. Before each shot the concoction would be set on fire. The constructs would hurl their rock at the enemy. The catapults could fire out to three hundred yards. The light rock would explode on contact with the ground sending out shards of flaming material to set the Walking Dead alight.

The trebuchets were much more massive. They could reach out to five hundred yards. They could fire up to two hundred pounds. Heavy boulders to crush and pulp and smaller projectiles that would be on fire to set the dead alight and to burning. It would take much longer to reload and pull the tension tight for the trebuchets. It was a quantity over quality Syrio smirked to himself. The three men angled their approach to the berm to be near to Eddard.

As they reached the berm and started to walk up it they heard the Ice Dragon that had harried their position scream in rage. The men looked up at it. It had dropped out of the clouds. It was flying straight for the Wall. The light blue dragon beat its wings furiously and crested over the Wall and dove out of sight. Evidently, its master had a new task for it. All were sure what that task was.

Syrio looked across the expanse to the Wall. He saw a few Ice Wrights moving around out of range of arrows. They were clearly confused and waiting for succor that had not yet happened. Syrio started to feel a low rumble in his chest.

“What is that?” he asked looking around. He started to hear a low bass note in the air. The note repeating itself continuously.
The Lord of Revelstone spoke “It is the Horn of Winter. I can feel the magic of the Insequent in the air. I fear the Wall is about to fall.”

Suddenly, loud cracks and booms started to be heard up and down the Wall. With large eyes, all present watched cracks start to form on the wall. More loud cracks and shouts of protest were heard as more and larger cracks started to form on the Wall. The cracks starting to web out and interlock.

**Daenerys:** Daenerys was flying over the Walking Dead. She was having Drogon only give out short gouts of flame as they attacked the Walking Dead now. They had gotten the Ice King’s attention. Daenerys looked below as they flew over the army of the Ice King. Even in the rain the dead were burning brightly. The rain did not douse the flames at all. When the dead touched one of their brethren they too alight.

It was sweet to the pale Valyrian that the Walking Dead did some of the work for her. Their burning bodies shambling around as they burned. Each touch of one of their undead brothers and sisters set them afire. She needed to conserve Drogon’s fire. That would be needed when they were visited by the monstrosity that the Ice King had created.

The Queen frowned. It did seem the Dead sensed the heat of the flames and did not blindly walk into the flames but would stop walking forward and try to move around. It slowed the spread of the fires Drogon spit out at them. The massed enemy worked against the Walking Dead though. The undead had a compulsion to move forward. Those away from the Fires wanting to move forward. They then pushed the ones closest to the burning Walking Dead into them. Still, she had burned hundreds and hundreds of the dead.

She saw the initial long burn marks that were littered thick with smoking corpses. Other undead lying out like petals from the burn tracks.

She could have done much more damage but she was saving Drogon’s breath. She was waiting for their dance partner to join them. She flew Drogon up into the clouds to fall out far afield from where she entered and burned more of the Walking Dead. She was sending out an invitation to the ball. She needed her dance partner. She did not see the Ice King in his milling army by the Wall but she knew he was there and saw her burning his precious cannon fodder. He needed his Walking Dead to absorb much of the effort of her forces.

She was conserving Drogon’s breath. Most persons thought that dragon’s fire was unlimited. It was not so. They had to eat plenty of food and have time to have the chemical reactions to make a large reservoir of fire. She knew the Ice Dragon would have the same constraints but even more so. He was breathing out ice. That had to be depleting his own reservoir. He had been breathing out mighty gouts of ice daggers at her army. He had to be consuming what he had in his stomach.

She had Drogon give out a long one hundred yard long gout of flame on an especially thick concentration of milling Walking Dead. They went up like bonfires. This much fire had many of the Walking Dead shambling into their brethren. She had left below her a large funeral pyre burning. She needed to fill the Ice King with anger at their deaths.

The Queen contemplated magic as she waited. Magic from what she had read and observed bent the laws of nature. It could not ignore and subvert those laws. Magic only enhanced certain aspects of natural law and suppress other laws of nature. Like the law of conservation of mass. That law said that the fighting dragons could only breathe out so much fire or water. She knew the dragons in this contest were consuming all the fire and ice they had generated from their prodigious consumption of meat.

They had built their reservoirs from the meals before this combat. They would not be eating again
until the fight was over one way or the other. They could only fight with what was already within them. She hoped the Ice Dragon had consumed most of his resources already.

She had snorted at an older bard who had a great tale he was writing. One of her dragons would be slain and risen up to do the Ice King’s bidding and melt the Wall. She had laughed along with the Maesters in her army. If her dragon, Viserion let’s say, was dead he could no longer produce fire or ice. The chemical reactions of life had ceased. Plus, he could no longer eat. Each time he breathed out fire or water he would be consuming himself. Matter and energy could not be created from nothing. Magic had to obey the rough strictures of physics and thermal dynamics.

Then the scribe had her dead dragon bringing down the whole Wall with a few fire breaths. Again impossible. The Wall had some magic in it but it was primarily a physical construct. The original magic meant as anchors for the Wall and the warding of certain doors built into the Wall. The magic of the Staff of Law meant to fight denizens of the Southern continent.

There was no magic that supported the Wall itself for the dragon breath to undo. The Wall had been raised over the centuries by the might of human muscle and will. The Wall raised up block by block. The heat of dragon’s fire was intense but a gout of ten seconds would do little damage to the Wall. It was simply too massive. Dragon fire was magical and super intense but against the Wall it was still a small thing. Its sheer massive cold a counterbalance to dragon fire.

The scribe had left in a huff. When he had tried to tell them a tale of the Faceless Men having no emotions and easily allowing heinous treatment of their students. All had laughed at the scribe wannabe. All that would have produced was an Order of lunatics and psychopaths more likely to explode against those that harmed them than any foe. The damage more severe when perpetuated on the young. It warped them into monsters with no conscious. No conscious for anyone or anything. Psychopaths anxious to kill any who crossed them for the slightest reason.

Humans were social animals that needed nurture, basic fair treatment and a basically good ordered structure or they would become worthless as fighters. The men and women too unbalanced to be relied on. The operatives as liable to kill their masters and innocents as any desired targets.

Every author it seemed loved that idea but the reality was hogwash. She had read tales of children pressed into monstrous warfare and dispensing of cruel treatment upon those children. They became unruly and untrustworthy fighters that quickly cracked and fractured in combat when the fight went against them. The children neurotic and showing the strangest behaviors at the most inopportune times. The children unable to integrate into society.

That the Faceless Men were not.

Her musings were interrupted. She saw motion to her right over the Wall. Finally. The Ice Dragon came winging over the Wall and dove down. It saw Drogon and came furiously towards them. It was time to end this Daenerys thought to herself, but, first a few more pirouettes needed to be performed.

She had Drogon tilt his neck down and another small gout of flame erupted out his mouth and another several score of Walking Dead lit up like over dry pine logs burning furiously. She then wheeled Dragon into a fast climb. She had kept herself close to the Haunted Forest to both avoid the Ice King and to keep distance from the charge of the Ice Dragon. She looked back. They had the total focus of the Ice Dragon. Its wings beat furiously closing with them. Daenerys smiled. It was too far away. She entered into the bank of clouds pelting the ground with rain.

Satisfaction ran through her hearing the Ice Dragon scream in rage at their disappearance. Paybacks were sweet Daenerys thought to herself. The Queen had deduced how the Ice Dragon had avoided
her earlier and now used the same tactic against it. Drogon was skimming just above the lowest
marge of the flowing clouds. His wings cantering high to keep them hidden. Drogon had his neck
cantered down his head just peeking out through the clouds looking all around. His head blending in
with the clouds.

Through his eyes the Queen saw the Ice Dragon wheeling around in circles looking for them. The
pale blue dragon’s neck cantering back and forth looking around its body. The Ice Dragon was
zigzaggling its body in the air to make it a difficult target if they dove down on it. This showed the
Ice Dragon was not stupid but intelligent like her Drogon. That would make it tougher the Queen
thought to herself. Then it made a decision and zoomed up into the clouds itself.

The two playing cat and mouse with each other. Both dragons risking an unexpected collision
unseen. The chance though small still existed. The need to fight was too great to not take risks.
Also, height gave advantage. No dragon wanted to be attacked from above. Such attacks gave the
down plunging dragon speed and momentum as it dove down on its foe. The increased speed giving
it greater ability to maneuver.

The Queen turned her dragon left and headed towards the Wall. Then she plummeted down like a
black comet to the milling mass below. She was only a quarter of the mile from the Wall three miles
from the gates. The cold rain cooled her body on fire with the thrill of primal combat. Combat as
her ancestors fought first in Valyria and then in Westeros.

Drogon pulled up at the last moment and let forth a long tongue of flame. Daenerys shouted and
pumped her fist seeing Walking Dead, an Ice Giant and several Ice Wrights go up in the magically
intense dragon fire. Drogon pulled up at the end of his strafing run and pumped his wings hard
entering the clouds yet again. All the while as Drogon attacked Daenerys had had her head on a
swivel looking up. She could not afford to have the Ice Dragon get directly above her and close the
distance between them before Drogon could effectively fly into a defensive pose.

Just as they were entering the clouds the Queen saw the Ice Dragon come down half a mile away
pivoting around to fly at them but they were gone back into the clouds. Another mighty tenor
scream of rage chased after them. Grimly the Queen smiled. They were enraging the dragon. She
wanted it enraged. Hopefully, anger would cloud its judgement. She hated risking strafing runs on
the Walking Dead but she needed to get the Ice Dragon to act rashly.

Neither dragon nor rider wanted to play this cat and mouse game all day. Still, both dragons wanted
to attack from a position of strength so the game continued.

Drogon with his Valyrian rider were skimming the lowest clouds again when she felt and heard it. A
rumble in her chest and a low bass note in her ears. She then heard the loud retorts of tortured ice
screaming.

It was beginning. She had Drogon lower his head below the clouds. Through his eyes the Queen
saw that the Wall now had deep cracks forming on it from its base to its seven hundred foot height.
She thought she saw vibrations in the Wall but that might be her imagination adding sight to what
she heard and felt. As she and Drogon looked on more cracks appeared in the Wall. The Wall now
webbed with more and more cracks.

Determination flowed in the slight Queen’s body. She had known this was a possibility. She had
planned for it. Still to go from a possibility to a reality was jarring. She gritted her teeth. There was
nothing for it. Bringing down the Wall had both determents and benefits. She would use the
benefits of the Wall coming down to her advantage.

She flew on. She could not save the Wall now. She had to defeat the Ice Dragon to free the skies of
its scourge. The rumbling in her chest grew as did the bass note now clearly heard in the air. She had flown back towards the Haunted Forest. She raced a mile down east from the point she had last flown down.

She dived Drogon again but this time at an angling attitude. Drogon winging over his body angled over his body picking up momentum fast as they dived down. She had her head craned up looking for danger from above. Her head craning to look at all points on the compass. Attack from above was always a dragon’s most vulnerable aspect. Drogon only let out a small gout of flame to set a score of Walking Dead afire. She was mainly still burning the dead and any Wrights and Giants unlucky enough to be in the fire’s path to anger the Ice King and have him in turn goad his Ice Dragon to come to her and fight her.

She had seen its ice daggers. They were deadly in their own right. Especially, if they came down from above. Drogon was armored. She had her dragon bone chainmail but she did not know if it could withstand the ice daggers of their foe. Did they have magical properties like dragon fire? Magic that enhanced them. Magic that might more easily penetrate her dragon bone chain mail. She did not know. She had to plan as if it might have the ability to harm her.

Dragons were mostly immune to fire but she was not sure in this case with the Ice Dragon. The two dragons in this tableau were antithetical to each other. She did not want those ice daggers striking Drogon’s wings. He could not afford to have his lift diminished. That would give the Ice Dragon a great advantage. If attacking from above she feared the Ice Dragon’s ice daggers would give it a greater range of attack.

Drogon assured his rider that he knew how to protect himself. Daenerys knew he was supremely confident in his abilities. She would worry for both of them and make sure they reigned supreme in the coming contest. She had a plan to kill the Ice Dragon. It would require them to get close. Very close. Dragons usually killed each other in close. The two combatants in claw to claw combat whether in the air or on the ground. Each dragon trying to get a death grip on their foe with their mouth. Holding in place while crushing with their bite and raking their foe’s body with their kicking claws. If the opportunity presented itself they would use fire.

The Ice Dragon was not a behemoth. He build was more svelte which probably made him more maneuverable and faster. Drogon was more robust and powerful. In close this would be to his advantage.

Just as they were about to enter the clouds the pale blue Ice Dragon punched through the clouds only four hundred yards away. It turned is neck towards them and let loose a mighty blast of its ice daggers. The daggers flew below them as they entered the clouds. The ice daggers already had lost much of their speed and were falling to earth. The Queen now knew its range was no greater than Drogon’s fire. At least in level flight.

Much beyond one hundred yards the fire and ice lost its momentum and began to dissipate as it expanded. Unless you were firing down and letting gravity work for you. Still, she thought that had been a little too close. This game of cat and mouse was definitely unnerving but it had to be played.

She heard more loud retorts from the Wall. It was a massive structure and would require some time to bring down but down it would come down the Queen mourned. Eight thousand years of history was about to become history. It was sad.

She dived out of the clouds again four miles down the line of the Haunted forest. She hit the left most marge of the Walking Dead milling around waiting to advance. Again she had Drogon only use a small gout to burn a handful of dead. The milling dead did seem to sense the flame but still many bumped into those already alight and themselves caught fire. She rose up to a hundred yards
below the clouds circling fast. Drogon’s neck careening around while his rider looked up.

A mile away the Ice Dragon’s pale blue body dove out of the clouds. Its neck craning looking for them. Daenerys saw the ludicrous sight of two dragons diving in and out clouds their necks craning looking for each other with necks almost whiplashing in all directions looking for each other.

The Ice Dragon’s gaze found them. It screamed at them and flew at them straight as an arrow. Drogon continued to circle and screamed back. Quickly the ice dragon closed the range. Then as it closed Daenerys saw its body tensing as all dragon’s body did to expel their breath. She had Drogon jerk up fast and they flew into the clouds. Drogon instinctively juked hard to the right and changed his angle of ascent. The ice daggers flew by beneath them and off to the left. A scream of frustrated rage chased them into the clouds.

Several more times the cat and mouse came continued. Daenerys flying to a new spot to dive down. She would burn a small spot saving Drogon’s reserves. The Ice Dragon had stayed below the clouds now. As it had observed her from the clouds on the other side of the Wall she now did the same to it on this side of the Wall.

She made sure to not drop out of the clouds unless they were at least two miles away from their last spot of descent through the clouds. Drogon would plummet down and burn a handful of hapless Dead and the occasional Ice Wright or Giant. They then zoomed back up to be near the clouds and goading the Ice Dragon into giving chase and firing off its breath at her. The agitated Ice dragon obliged in giving chase. But she was too fast and they would zoom up into the clouds and then immediately pivot over hard to change directions in case the Ice Dragon attempted to fire its ice daggers at her last known location and follow her angle of ascent into the clouds.

As this had occurred, the Wall had suffered more and more damage. The Wall now was covered thickly in cracks. The loud retorts of the birth of the cracks filled the air. The cracks were deepening and joining to create deeper cracks. Chunks were now beginning to fall from the Wall. The Queen was pissed off but she could do nothing. She would not risk Drogon with a direct assault on the Ice King when he was prepared.

She needed the confusion of a melee to ambush her foe.

The tit for tat between the two dragons continued. The Queen was achieving her goal. Dragons could only produce so much fire or in this case ice before they needed more sustenance and in the Ice Dragon’s case lots of water to form its Ice Daggers. Dragons needed to feed and let their bodies create the fire and ice they needed to breathe out.

Daenerys had seen that the last few gouts from the Ice Dragon had been less substantial. The amount of ice it spewed out its mouth were less and the ice daggers were smaller. The clouds were smaller and more dispersed. The danger was lessening. The Ice Dragon seemed to be a little slower too. It was chasing them and constantly trying to bring them down with its icy breath. It was giving its all while she and Drogon were pacing themselves.

It was time.

She flew around in the clouds with Drogon peeking down. The Ice Dragon had flown up into the clouds again. She flew up over the wall and flew a mile to the right of the gates. She did most of her damage out from the Wall. She rose up to five thousand feet. Her mighty dragon passing through the thick clouds. She did not break through the top layer of clouds. She then threw Drogon down into a plummet dive. He burst forth from the clouds now only two thousand feet above the ground.

Straight down like a comet he flew on. Only at the last moment did Drogon pull out the dive. No
flame was used this time. His tail whipped up and down and pulverized the walking dead. His claws reaching down and gripping the undead. His mighty talons cut the undead to ribbons the broken bodies falling from his claws. Drogon flew on. An Ice Giant stared at them roaring in defiance. It was slashing his sword. It was not prepared for their speed and Drogon’s one hundred and ten foot body.

They flew over the Ice Giant. Drogon’s fore claws knocked aside the clumsy sword slash up over the Ice Giant’s head. Drogon’s tail smashed down shattering the Ice Giant into a thousand shards in a blue cloud of blood mist marking its demise. She had done enough for this pass. She had her head looking up but as yet did not see the Ice Dragon.

The Queen had Drogon fly on gaining attitude. She flew back towards the Haunted forest at eight hundred feet. A half mile away the Ice Dragon slashed its way down out of the clouds. It roared and flew straight at the Queen. Both she and Drogon roared and flew straight at the Ice Dragon.

Both dragons rushing towards each other at a shocking fast pace. Neither dragon turning away. The dragons were ready. The instincts of their kind now kicked in. This was how dragons fought for dominance. In the air rushing at each other seeking that one opening they needed to kill their opponent.

Both dragons tensed and their necks stiffened. At two hundred yards they let loose. The Ice Dragon spewed out its ice daggers. They were diminished the Queen exalted. The Ice Dragon weapon was more physical while Drogon’s fire was more chemical. Drogon let out a full gout of fire.

Drogon’s fire evaporated the Ice Dragon’s ice daggers while the misting ice daggers dispersed Drogon’s fiery breath. The two dragons flashed by each other at breakneck speed. The two dragons immediately banking over to gain altitude and speed while craning necks to see what their adversaries were doing. The dragons separating to get distance to swing around again and come at each other.

The two dragons adjusted their flight path angling back at each other. Daenerys reminded Drogon to pull his wings in as they neared the Ice Dragon if he started to swivel his head to disperse his spray pattern. Drogon would need to keep his wings in to keep out of the flight path of any ice daggers. Dragons were born with not an immunity to each other’s fire but a strong resistance to it. That was except for the delicate wing membranes.

The ice daggers of the Ice Dragon was another thing all together. They were purely physical and easily able to shred Drogon’s wings if they were caught in a full spray of the daggers.

The two dragons flew hell bent at each other again. The two behemoths flying head on. When two hundred yards away they both let out their breath with mighty bellows. Flame and ice cancelling each other out. Flame and ice creating a mixture of mist and dying fire. The two dragons raced by each other. The Valyrian felt the rush of the air as the Ice Dragon paced by the Queen only fifteen feet above her. It’s swinging tail barely missing her head.

Daenerys pulled Drogon up into a banking turn and Drogon rolled over tight to come back out of the turn facing the opposite direction. The black dragon pumping his wings to gain speed. The Ice Dragon had flown on gaining altitude and did a sweeping turn diving down. They aligned their bodies to make another head on pass at each other. Again, as the two dragons approached each other, the two blasted each other with their breaths of death. At the last moment Daenerys pulled her rune sword out and had Drogon jerk up in his flight path. Her rune sword glowing brightly in the cold pouring rain. She swiped her sword up at the Ice Dragon but just missed his belly as it flashed overhead.
The Ice Dragon screamed in surprise feeling the heat of the blade pass near it. It flew on and again rushed up to gain altitude. So did Drogon. The two dragons now leveled out just below the roiling clouds circling each other eyeing the other seeking advantage. Neither had fought another dragon before but they instinctively knew how to fight each other. The two dragons eyeing each other trying to discern a weakness.

Around and around the dragons circled each other trying to get on the other dragon’s tail to attack from behind. The Ice Dragon suddenly tried to square the circle and come in on Drogon at a severe angle of attack. The maneuver bleeding off speed. Drogon saw it and pumped his wings hard to rise up over the flight path of the Ice Dragon. Drogon breathed down on the Ice Dragon but it had realized its error and twisted its neck down and angled its head up and let loose a gout of ice daggers. Only twenty feet over its head the two opposing forces hit each other.

Drogon’s flame was beat back but still tongues of flame licked over the lower neck and body of the Ice Dragon. It screamed in pain and rage but no damage was done. The opposing natures of the dragons again cancelling each other out. The dragons flew apart gathering speed for another attack. Most of the ice daggers destroyed but some zoomed through the fire cloud and hit Drogon on his flank. Fortunately, there his scales were at their most thick and the ice daggers ricocheted off. One glanced off Daenerys dragon bone chainmail. The blow stunning but no damage done. Again she thanked Illyrio for the gift.

The twisting turning fight continued. In the middle of it the Wall came crashing down. The Queen could only note it and had no worry for it. She had planned for this and had the tactics to deal with the fall of the Wall. She would kill this abomination done to a dragon. She would right the wrong of its perversion. She would have loved to get to it before its perversion had become complete but that was not to be.

It was in complete thrall to the Ice King as were the Ice Wrights and Giants below. How had it been created? She wondered even more where the egg had been found and how such an icy being as the Ice King could have hatched it.

As the two foes fought, flame would lick over the Ice Dragon or ice daggers would glance off of Drogon’s scales. The mighty black dragon always making sure to meet the attack head on or as near as possible. His thickest scales on his main torso and head. When close to the Ice Dragon, Drogon jerked his wings tight to his body till he flashed by it only then extending his wings and beating them hard. Drogon’s breath destroyed the vast majority of the ice daggers flung his way. The few that made it through deflecting off his angled scales. The angles wrong to give the ice daggers a chance to penetrate the thick iron based scales.

Drogon always cantering his wings to the opposite side of his body as much as possible when the two dragons closed to the range of using their breath. At this close range the spray of ice daggers did not disperse much and Drogon was able to angle his body to protect his wings trusting his scales to protect him from the ice daggers that got through his gouts of dragon fire.

Daenerys noticed the cloud of ice daggers had definitely lessened more. So had Drogon’s fiery breath but the ratios were much in her favor. Drogon could still fire off a full blast or two if necessary. The Queen noted that both dragons speed and agility were lessening. They had tried to kill each other at distance. Dragons trying to get lucky in their kill of their opponent at distance.

This was not how dragons normally finalized fights to the death. The two dragons now roared and charged together. It was time to finish it both dragons thought. Like arrows unable to alter their paths the two dragons flew straight at each other. Only at the last possible moment did the smaller dragon juke down and twist over as Drogon threw his body down twisting over. Their bodies
colliding with a mighty crash. Legs grappling with their foes body claws kicking. Necks craned and heads lunged with mouths snapping at each other. Wings beating furiously to keep the fight in the air.

On Drogon’s back the Queen hung on for dear life. She had sensed in Drogon’s thoughts that this was the moment. Her studies of the Targaryen civil wars and those battles for dominance had prepared the young Queen. She had hunkered down and jammed her feet and hands between her dragon’s scales body pressed tight to Drogon’s back.

The two dragons rolling through the air striving to master the other. Drogon tried to use his superior weight and strength while the Ice Dragon used its agility to stay out of Drogon’s mighty grasp while kicking and biting fast and furious to keep Drogon back. Drogon sought an opening to get his mouth on his foe’s throat or head. The Ice Dragon’s own mouth seeking the throat or head of his enemy. Their tails whipped wildly in the air to keep their balance as the dragons fought on.

**Ice King:** The Ice King was feeling exhalation coursing through his frozen veins. The Wall was now filled with cracks from its base to the top. The cracks ever growing and joining their brothers. The cracks as they joined went deeper into the Wall. Now deep fissures were all over the pale blue edifice. Loud booms and retorts were sweet music to the former Stark’s ears.

The Wall was dying before his eyes. It was a glorious sight. A sight created by his own hand.

He continued blowing in the Horn of Winter. His true son helping to continue his circular breathing. The Croyel whispering to him the tune he needed to repeat. Again and again the Ice King repeated he tune the Croyel whispered to his mind. The Croyel also spoke words encouraging his father to keep strong and to continue blowing continuously into the lip of the Horn of Winter. The Ice King’s son had seen that his father was easily distracted.

The Croyel helped his father to focus when his concentration wanted to slip seeing the hateful bitch of a Valyrian fly over the Wall and went swooping down to start firing up the Walking Dead of the Ice King. He felt his father’s ire rise seeing the Valyrian and then the damage she did to his standing army of the walking dead.

The Croyel had in turns cajoled and yelled at his father to control his rampant emotions. Now was not the time to let his thoughts rampage and distract him from his goal of dropping the Wall. Let revenge wait a little while he whispered to his father. The time for vengeance was close at hand. Instead of such raw emotions the Croyel encouraged his father to continue his steady blowing into the Horn of Winter. The Croyel preaching calm and patience. The notes continued to flow from the Horn of Winter. The Croyel forcing his father to submit to his guidance. The Ice King did because he knew his goal was now his son’s true goal.

The Croyel did not have the power to subvert the Ice King’s will or goals. In reality they were now the Croyel’s. They had in truth became his when they merged. In the merging of a Croyel with his host the Croyel always submitted to the will of their host if they had one. The exception being Jeremey Avery. This Croyel merely helped the greatest of the Ice Wrights to focus on the raw need before him now. His need had become the Croyel’s need. They needed to bring the Wall down and fight the forces on the other side. For the Croyel that was paramount. The Lord of Revelstone must be met and bested. If not she would in time kill him. That was not acceptable.

The Croyel were not meant to die. It was an abomination against the very roots of the Earth when one of his kin was slain. The shock of one’s death felt by all the dead Croyel’s brothers. He would not see his hidden name added to that list.

He forced his father to continue blowing the Horn of Winter unabated. The Wall itself was shaking
now. The vibrations becoming more and more violent as the harmonics setup by the Horn of Winter sought to tear the Wall apart. The notes of the horn tearing at the very heart of the Wall now.

The Croyel felt the ancient magic at the heart of the Wall resisting but it was not replenished as it was assaulted. Each breath into the Horn of Winter renewed the assault upon the heart of the Wall. It now had deep cracks all along its breadth. The whole Wall was assaulted. From one end of the Wall to the other the same cracks had appeared and were tearing the Wall apart.

With its fall of the Wall the Forbidding placed in it would be rip asunder. It would no longer threaten the Croyel. The Forbidding had not be constructed to uphold but to repel entities such as himself. It could not help the Wall in this fight for survival.

As the Ice King worked towards the culmination of his efforts, they had both seen from the corner of their eyes the continued fight between the Queen and her black dredd dragon and Ice Fang. The black dragon seemed to always be one step ahead of the Ice Dragon. The two dragons playing a dance macabre in the air. In and out of the clouds the two dragons wove their dance.

The Croyel forced his father to concentrate when not only his eyes but his mind wanted to wander to closely watch the two opposing dragons fight each other. The Croyel knew his father had come to love his icy dragon. The Croyel could not let that emotion from his father break his concentration. The two had observed that the black dragon and its rider at first seemed to want to avoid Ice Fang. That changed. Now the dragons were making passes at each other from opposing flight paths. The two dragons worked to not let the other get the advantage of height and or speed. The two dragons opposite natures worked to neutralize the other’s strength. The fire and ice cancelling the other out.

Loud resounding booms now occurred from the Wall. Their thoughts now totally on the Wall. Success was near! Large pieces of the Wall were now falling away from the great edifice. Deep fissures now ran into the heart of the Wall. The cracks running deep into the seventy foot wide breadth of the Wall at its top and nearly one hundred feet at the base. More chunks of the Wall were falling off now as the booms and shrieks of the Wall being torn apart filled the air.

Massive boulders and whole sections of the Wall splintered off and fell down to the earth landing with mighty crashes. Ice crystals were starting to fill the air from the shattering and falling ice. The ice chunks slamming into each other pulverizing themselves into ice dust. The small particles shooting up into the air. The air now filled with the ice crystals. The ice grinding itself into fine particles that wafted in the air currents stirred up by the shattering ice of the Wall.

There was one resounding shrieking boom that echoed off to be lost in the distances of the Haunted Forest.

The Wall now fell in earnest. Its heart shattered. The ancient magic of its creation stressed beyond its ability to survive. The Wall simply fell. Huge chunks and slabs of the Wall fell apart and crashed to the ground.

The Croyel had guided his father with his lore. Now it was time for him to do what he needed to do. His father had supplied the magic and strength to bring the Wall down. That magic was beyond him. He had only guided.

He now tapped into the lore the Croyel who had fed off of Jeremey had learned from the autistic youth. That brother had captured in their parasitic bonding with the son of Linden Avery many secrets. Jeremey was a master at the construct of almost any edifice. His mastery was beyond the ability of this Croyel to understand. Only on the edges did that Croyel comprehend what and how
Jeremey formed his edifices. The Croyel attached to Jeremey with its parasitic connection to the teenager had learned much though and passed on to his brothers all that he could. That Croyel passing on the basic knowledge. Any subtleties was lost in translation through their shared link with each other that all Croyel shared in by right of birth.

Still the Croyel attached to Jeremey Avery had passed on the most basic rudimentary skills and concepts from its symbiosis with the autistic child to his brothers. The Croyel shared all they could with any knowledge gleaned with their brothers through their mystical magical link. It was instinctual this sharing of knowledge. The Croyel were all individuals but they shared all knowledge and their basic state of self-awareness. No matter the distance this knowledge was given to its brothers.

Thus, the Croyel learned from each other. This allowed their kind to become ever greater. They also felt the passing of one of their kin. The shock of those crimes reverberating through the millennium.

This Croyel would not be one of them. He would help his father reach the Lord of Revelstone and slay the vile monstrous women who would kill him. The Haruchai and Giants he could deal with but not a woman sufficed with the power of the Seven Wards of High Lord Kevin. That was another matter entirely. His kind had hide themselves away deep in the mountain caves in the depths of Mount Thunder or in the mountains to the north and east of the Giants Wood while the Old Lords walked their Earth.

Their magic was unstoppable. None could fight it directly. Lord Foul had used subterfuge and deceit to bring that High Council down.

Still this was only one Lord and she was half a world away from the Land. Together he and his father could throw her down to her death. He had to do his part and he had. The Wall was falling down.

As the Wall fell to its death the Croyel threw up his constructs to shunt the falling ice back in on itself to prevent it from falling on his father’s host. The Croyel using the purloined knowledge gleaned from Jeremey to raise the sickly yellow hued shields. His constructs strong. They resisted the countless tons falling against them. They held back the countless tons of ice. The yellow shields rippling.

The mighty weight falling back in on itself as it hit his shields. The weight was great but his father’s blood was potent. He prevailed. He shunted the colossal weight of the Wall in upon itself. He rammed his three constructs through the falling debris of the Wall. The massive shards of ice hitting the top of his constructs and sliding off and to the sides. He exalted in the power his father was able to bless him with. He was proud to do his part.

He too longed to slay and rend his enemies. He felt the ice of the Wall falling all around his constructs. The ice piling up and forming great mounds around them.

As he did this he performed the other part of the plan. He needed to get their forces upon the defenders post haste. The delay in bringing down the Wall had already thrown their plans awry. Now he needed to make sure any more hateful delays were banished.

The Croyel drank heavily from his father. His father was tired from his part in bringing down the Wall. He had his hands on his knees in an almost trance like state. His breathing deep and regularly as he sought to recover his strength from the long effort of blowing into the Horn of Winter. His father now fell to his palms. The Ice King in a near comatose state. His father had no need to use his might now. He was not in the state to do anything. The Croyel was free to take from his father
to achieve their shared dream of death to all of Westeros.

All about the Croyel and his father the air was thick with ice particles. One could not see beyond a foot in front of their faces. The Croyel were breed in the deepest dank dark hearts of the caves deep beneath the Earth. The Croyel could not see the army of his father all around them. His eyes breed for the deepest dark could not penetrate this new world of white. The fallen Wall had disappeared into the fog of the ice snow created by the falling Wall.

The Croyel did not need to see. He could feel his constructs as they finished shunting aside the last of the fallen detritus of the fallen Wall. He knew where to spread the ichor.

He started to hum a new tune that only the Croyel knew and had the throat to produce. His song discordant and full of dissonance. The language of the Croyels would kill any other denizen if they tried to speak the malevolent words. A callow yellow ichor started to pour out from around the feet and palms of the Ice King. The Croyel bringing to life the ichor within the tune he sang. The vile Croyel using magic to bring the elements it needed to perform his next act of greatness. The magic merging deep within himself and then flowing out from the core of his being.

The malefic ichor pulsed out of the Croyel symbiotic link between the two. This new magic flowed from his mouth through the throat of the Ice King. The pulses writhed through the blood of the Ice King. Each pulse pushing the ichor out before the new pulse down the Ice King’s body. The unholy magic flowed from son to father.

The suppuration flowed ever down his father’s body. The putrescent ichor flowed through the body of his father. It beaded and wept out of the feet and palms of the Croyel’s father. It began as a trickle but was soon a gush of vile magic that now erupted from the Ice King’s feet and hands placed on the ground. The yellowish liquid moving off all around in a quick flood. The ichor pouring out of his father’s appendages like a rushing mountain river. The yellow fluid flowing out at an impossible pace.

The Croyel drank deep from his father as he hummed into existence the magical ether that flowed out from their connected bodies. The Croyel tapping into a hidden dimension of dark dank magic that existed deep in the heart of Mount Thunder. It was a place only hospitable to the Croyel. The elixir that this Croyel was transporting to this location. The Croyel took the ether and magically changed it to suit the Croyel’s current need.

The Croyel began to guide the ichor. It had been flowing out fast in all directions. He borrowed more strength from his father and bent the ichor to his will. The Croyel slowly turned the flows to the south. All the new formed ichor now flowing south once it had erupted from the Ice King’s feet and hands. What had been initially produced the Croyel pushed out before the Wall back into the marge of the Haunted Forest. The liquid on a fraction of an inch thick. That was all that was needed to perform the task the Croyel and his father needed performed.

The liquid flowed out fast slipping underneath the feet of the walking dead as the liquid wormed between feet and other body parts touching the ground. The liquid moving quicker when feet were lifted to let the flow proceed on out from the joined together Croyel and his father. The sickly yellow ether flowing out fast to get beneath the feet of the Walking Dead.

The Croyel hummed his tune. The blood his father gave to him exalted the Croyel. More and more of the magical ichor gushed from the appendages of the somnolent Ice King. The Ice Wright supreme murmuring as he very, very slowly recovered his strength. The fluid of the Croyel poured out and spread quickly out from the font of its source. The fluid forming a skin beneath the feet of the army of the Ice King. Soon the army of the Walking Dead and the Ice Wrights and Giants near the Ice King were standing on a thin layer of the yellow ichor.
The adopted sons of the Croyel’s father were quite mobile. Still they stood upon the new yellowish film. It was for the dead that the Croyel did his work. The Croyel sent the yellow magic fluid flowing before the fallen Wall to pool and spread out before the three constructs he had made. The ichor spreading out back into the army of his father. The ichor worming beneath the feet of the undead and icy spawn of the Ice King. The Croyel hummed his tunes. He now created and guided the yellow rank magic to where it needed to be. He kept producing more and more yellow ichor.

His work was fast but it still took time to do what was needed. More and more ichor spewed from the feet and palms of the Ice King and pulsed towards the Wall. The fresh ichor pushing forward on the ichor formed before the most recent pulses. The ichor flowing out from the Ice King. The Croyel concentrating on creating the first needed wedges. Finally, the Croyel felt satisfaction. He had sent his ichor beneath a large arc around the constructs he had created. Still the tide of his magical fluid flowed out from his father’s feet and hands. The ichor spreading out ever more beneath the army of the Ice King. The force of the Walking Dead standing atop the Croyel’s magical carpet ever growing.

The Croyel slowed that flow out behind the Wall. He now directed the flow of his ichor out through the three constructs. The liquid flowing fast through the narrow chutes he had constructed. The liquid surging forward. The liquid as it surged forward leaving only a thin film over the ground. The ichor spreading out in all directions. No more would be needed once it covered a spot of ground. The Croyel had been planning his spell in his mind for almost four years. It would spread out in a thin film where it needed to be.

When they had found the Horn of Winter a plan had to be devised to get their army from the north side of the Wall to the south side. The army of his father had to get to the Queen’s forces as quick as possible. The Croyel had been preparing this spell since then. It was a beautiful construction that was elegant and complex.

The Croyel continued to hum his tune that modulated and flexed as he changed the flow of his ichor. The ice crystals in the air hiding his work from their enemies. He sent his ichor surging forward towards the lines of the Crows and their allies. The pulverized ice in the air hiding his construct flowing towards the pale woman’s army.

The ichor flowed like a river at flood stage. The ichor did not attempt to move what it encountered but flowed over small hindrances and flowed on. If the obstructions were large it flowed around the base of them. This magic carpet was not a force in and of itself. It was a means of transport. He felt the ichor surging over the ground till it came to a massive ditch. The fluid flowing into the ditch and up against the berm that the ichor lapped against.

The Croyel could feel the breath of the humans he meant to kill wafting over his magical ichor. He smelled their stench as the particles of their skin floated onto his ichor that was rapidly spreading east and west before the berm of their hated enemy.

He hummed hard taking advantage of the ice snow created by the fallen Wall. The ichor now had flowed out to half of the army that had spewed out of the Haunted Forest. Still more ichor surged to the north. The Croyel singing his song. He wanted to get his magical carpet out as far as he could before he had to change his tune.

The Croyel spent another minute now surging his gushing callow yellow liquid flowing north, east and west to get more of his father’s army up upon the yellow ichor.

He had no more time. They needed to strike fast. The delay in the falling of the Wall had thrown the timing of their plan off. The Croyel and his father needed to strike fast to keep their enemies off balance.
The tune the Croyel sang modulated. The liquid spewing out from the feet and hands of the Ice King slowed though it did continue to flow out. The spread of the liquid continuing but at a much reduced rate. The liquid at the feet and hands of the Ice King with the Croyel on his back began to modulate and ripple. Small waves only a quarter of an inch high began to form.

The waves flowing out from the position of the stooped over Ice King. In rapid pulses the waves spread out over the ocean of yellow liquid that covered the ground before the Wall out to the Haunted Forest. The waves rippled and wavered. The waves pulsed and built upon each other. Then they began to flow and march forward. The waves moving through the three constructions. The waves rippling like the incoming tide. Each wave seeking to crash upon the shore of its destination. The direction south. The direction towards the forces of the hated Valyrian and Lord of Revelstone who would kill the Croyel and his father.

The Croyel smiled seeing the waves and what they carried surging through his constructs. The waves relentless in their march. The waves picking up speed as they modulated and splashed forward. The waves small but as powerful as the lunar tide that swept over the Earth twice each day. The waves picking up speed as they passed though the constructs through the fallen Wall.

The waves spreading out as they passed through the constructs. The detritus upon the waves swept along. The detritus roiling and falling over. It did not matter. It just needed to reach its destination. The listless driftwood upon the sea the Croyel had created would know what to do when they arrived at their destination.

**Oberyn:** A sword swished over Oberyn’s head as he moved in on the knight of House Frey. The Red Viper stabbed out with his spear. He had attached a Redtail Hawk’s feather to the end of his spear. The ornament catching the eye and distracting his opponent. That was the theory anyways. He jabbed at the weak joints of the knight’s armor. Oberyn went for those weak points and then aimed for the knight’s face and throat. The up and down jabs keeping the Frey back. The knight deflected his spear thrusts.

The Frey knight never saw it coming.

Longwrath Keelstone came up behind the knight and with a mighty two handed arching stroke of her glaive. The massive sword slammed into the man’s side. The thick stone blade slicing through the plate armor. The blade sinking deep into the man’s body. The blade three quarters of the way through his armored body. A hideous scream spilled from the man’s mouth as well as a river of bright red blood from his cut in two lungs.

Oberyn was already moving on. A company of his countrymen from the House of Wyl had rushed up and joined Oberyn and the forces of the Land. They were in a wild melee of slashing swords, sweeping battleaxes, thrown javelins and jabbing spears.

A man beside Oberyn went down with a javelin through his groin. He shrieked in agony. To the other side of Oberyn two men dropped with arrows jutting out their bodies. One was dead with the arrow through his eye and the other wounded with the arrow shot clean through his left forearm. The man gritting his teeth in pain trying to focus.

Arrows were flying back in the traitor’s direction. The Arrows flying straight or clouds falling from the sky from archers further back firing up to arc their arrows. Those fire in mass. Oberyn started feeling the swish of arrows passing by his ears heading towards the traitors. Arrows falling short a danger to the attacking forces but it could not be helped.

Oberyn moved past a dead Ranyhyn her neck cut with a deep wound half through. She had five arrows in her that Oberyn could see. Around her were at least five dead Freys and Boltons with
crushed heads and dented armor. The men also had a few arrows in them. The Ranyhyn had given its life for the cause.

Enraged Oberyn moved on. In the periphery of his conscious he started to hear mighty booms and the sounds of shattering. He glanced behind him. The Wall was now filled with deep cracks. As he looked at the Wall more cracks appeared. The cracks increasing in number and seeming to deepen.

*Well, I will be damned … the Horn of Winter was real* Oberyn thought to himself. That was not his problem. He had traitors to kill and to avenge the loss of his brothers in arms.

More knights and now a company of mercenaries had joined Oberyn in their attack on the forces of the traitorous houses of Frey and Boltons. Three Giants had formed up. Their swinging glaives a whirlwind of death. Their sheer size and the power of their massive blades was simply terrifying to behold. Men were chopped down all around. Their armor and swords no match for the massive length of the Giant’s swords. The warhorses that came up to contend with the Giants cleaved apart. The horses screams of pain something horrible to hear.

The Giants were not invulnerable though. The Giants were most adept at tracking their environment as they fought. The Giant’s heads jerking to avoid arrows or deflecting with their swords. Still, they were not immune to danger and death. Forecastle Starkissed simply collapsed straight down boneless.

An arrow had found her eye and sunk deep into her brain. She was dead before her body hit the ground the Giant sprawled out. Her glaive lying on the ground.

Foamsurge Oakenspar screamed in agony seeing her wife killed. She charged wildly into the forces of the Freys that had fired off the arrows. Her long legs quickly carrying her to the knot of archers. Arrows hit her armor and bounced off. Her screams truly frightful to hear.

Oberyn was right behind her. The seven still mobile Giants were yelling following. Four of Haruchai were rushing forward as well. Two were staying behind to guard the wounded Giants and Haruchai. One was down maybe dead. Tass as she ran by Forecastle’s dropped sword bent down and swooped it up in her right hand. The Haruchai ran forward with grim faces. They too easily deflected all arrows flying at them.

Behind Oberyn he heard the forces of his homeland flowing forward shouting Dornish curses and shouts from the various academies of Dorne shouting out pride in the academy of their training. The Scorpion Tail and the Manticore mercenary companies had rushed in behind them with drawn swords and battleaxes. That was several thousand men. They had not formed into strong Legions of a hundred for cohesive movement. That was not needed here. It was a mad headlong rush into the enemy’s lines.

The Freys faces were filled with large eyes of terror seeing the wall of screaming forces advancing on them.

Again Oberyn marveled at the Ranyhyn rushing forward and only at the last moment bunching their muscles and propelling their bodies up and over the shield wall that had been erected before the archers of House Frey. The mighty horses easily cresting over both shield wall and the archers themselves. The archers did not have on helms or any armor more than leather. Archers needed to be mobile more than protected from attacks of swords and battleaxes. If their enemy was upon them then they were in trouble. Archers struck from afar.

The Ranyhyn kicked out with their mighty rear hooves killing archers as they passed. Two of the horses had arrows in their whithers but did not seem to feel the affect of them yet. The horses landed
and turned biting and killing with their slashes hooves. The horses trampling men and stomping on their heads, throats and groins.

The Freys could not turn to fight the threat behind them. The Unsullied had organized and were advancing. Their march forward relentless. Other houses had now had time to form up and were moving to flank the wall of the Unsullied and were beating back the gains of House Bolton and Frey. Their archers had had time to arm up and had punished the cavalry and foot of the two traitor Houses.

Those traitorous Houses had done damage in their own right but there was much more of their enemies. Mercenary companies of Essos were not charging forward along with the forces of Westeros. They formed up a defensive line. The combined forces of the denizens of the Land and Dorne rushed forward. The clash of the two opposing forces a melee of death and mayhem.

Oberyn took this in but he did not care. He was focused on his own battles and those around him. His legs pumping hard. He wanted to strike more blows against the traitors. He again cursed the sheer speed of his compatriots from the Land. When they rushed forward they left him behind which pissed him off greatly!

The Giants and Haruchai slammed through the shield wall as it was not there. The Giant’s bodies slammed into the traitors like battering rams colliding with a castle gate. Like a gate splintering, the line before the Giants gave way. The Giants shattered the shield wall and flew into the archers. Men were sent flying through the air, cut down or simply trampled by the women over twice the height of the men they were fighting.

The Ranyhyn using the confusion in the ranks of the traitors to attack with vicious focus. They too sought revenge for brethren lost.

The armor of the Giants blocked most the arrows from doing damage. Still some arrows found unarmored skin. The arrows biting deep into flesh and muscle but the Giant women did not seem to feel their new wounds. Arrows jutting out arms and legs. Their glaives were swirling around their bodies in arcs of death. Blood and limbs were being thrown into the air. The enraged Giants were killing all before them. Blood and gore was soon thick upon the ground.

The Haruchai now all had swords of one sort or another. It was hard to follow the movements of the Haruchai as they swung their weapons in all directions. Their swords killed all around them. In shock almost, Oberyn wondered how a people who only fought with fist and foot could be so impossibly skilled with swords. Oberyn shouted seeing Ranrika take an arrows to her leg. She did not seem to feel it fighting on. Oberyn gritted his teeth. The Haruchai could suppress pain he had learned.

Oberyn reached the Frey archers now. Those that remained. He stabbed the first one he came to come through his neck his Valyrian spear head punching out the other side of his throat. Oberyn ripped it back out the man’s neck and pivoted it around. The Archers had been decimated and the survivors were trying to flee. Oberyn threw his spear impaling a man who fell down dead his heart ruined by the spear passing through it.

Oberyn ran up to the man lying prostrate on the ground and ripped his spear out the man’s body. The mercenary companies had rushed on by and slammed into the armed companies of the Frey and Boltons. The forces engaging each other. The traitors were being pressed in from all sides now.

Without surprise on their side they were doomed. Oberyn needed to help that doom along.

The Giants and Haruchai surged forward as well. They split going to add their might where the
mercenaries and the forces of Dorne were meeting the heaviest resistance. Each Haruchai and Giant fighting with the impact of a company of men from Westeros.

A knight of House Bolton was before Oberyn suddenly. The Red Viper crouched down. The two circled each other. Oberyn used his speed to avoid the man’s sword swipes and slashes. His spear jamming into the weak points of the man’s armor. The man was skilled and Oberyn was not able to penetrate the armor at the joints as the man worked to keep Oberyn at distance. His spear point glancing off well forged steel. Oberyn got frustrated when three men from the Manticore company fell on the knight. Their battleaxes pounding the man. He gutted one of the Manticore before his helm was split and his head was cleaved in two.

Oberyn shouted out his thanks and moved on. A kill was a kill.

He paused in his advance. He heard a mighty echoing boom behind that screamed and shook the very bones. He looked back. The Wall was collapsing amidst a mighty cloud of ice pulverized into fine snow. Oberyn turned back around. There was nothing to do for that. He focused on what he could affect.

Jon: With a deep breath Jon gathered his thoughts. He had been fighting wildly for what seemed an eternity. He had killed many Ice Wrights and Ice Giants. His face was grim but a hint of a smile was on it. As the Lord Commander of the Night’s Watch he had done his share in killing the minions of the Ice King. He had met the initial challenge of his time. He and his wives had worked hard to save as many as possible from the Ice creations of the Ice King.

Jon had been pleasantly surprised and happy to find that his sword, Lightbringer, reborn was an anathema to the blades of the Ice Wrights and Giants. All Crows and Wildlings had heard the stories of how normally forged steel soon shattered when matched against the ice forged metal blades of the Ice Wrights and Giants. After just a handful of strikes the steel became brittle and quickly shattered when struck again.

It had been the opposite going against his Icy foes. It was their blades that soon shattered with repeated strikes of his Valyrian blade reborn to Azor Ahai’s ancient blade. Jon did not relish killing but he could not but help smiling grimly when he saw again and again the look of shock and then fear when his fiery blade soon vanquished and shattered the blades of his foes. His blade easily hacked and broke apart the ice armor of his foes.

The leader of the Crows had hacked down his foes rather easily. The Ice Giants were slow and relatively unskilled. Their strength was amazing but that was to be expected with the great height and weight. The Ice Wrights had been skilled but not supremely so. They were amazingly fast though and Jon had to concentrate and use all his skills to keep them in front of him. The Ice Wrights always trying to come in from the side to attack him unawares. He had been too quick for that. Well mostly.

Ruefully, Jon thought he had failed at least three times. There might have been a few more times. At the start of the ambush there had been many of the Ice Wrights flitting around attacking in all directions. He was at first shocked at their speed. Thankfully, the ice armor seemed to make their movements slightly stiff and awkward.

He had been attacked by multiple Ice Wrights several times. They sensed that he was the leader of the Crows Jon thought. He was happy with that. Instead of attacking others many attacked him keeping them from attacking men who had no defense against their weapons. That was not his case. He had Lightbringer reborn.

He had killed most of them but some had slipped through his guard. He could have blocked their
attacks in time. He thought. He could not be sure. He hoped he would have. Fortunately, he had
two ShadowBender witches covering his rear quadrants. Several times he had turned at the last
moment to meet the attacks that had gotten in close from his side or rear.

Each time the Ice Wright was already dying. His wives having fired off their shadow daggers at the
threat. The first ones to strike the Ice Wright’s armor exploded the squares of ice that protected the
Ice Wrights. The exploded ice armor now filled with holes. The next Shadow Daggers sailing
through the air to punch into the Ice Wrights through the holes in their ice armor. Their shadow
daggers always finding the new holes in the icy armor. Always. Jon would see the hands of his
wives writhe with black shadows that had them seem to ripple. Then black daggers shot out their
fingers and at their targets. The Ice Wrights attacking Jon.

The effect was immediate. The hits they took to their hearts killed them outright. The hits to their
torso or groins immediately started to poison the Ice Wright’s body. Unlike the poison from the
Dragon Glass, which was slow acting and spread slowly through the Ice Wrights body to do its
deadly work, the poison from the Shadow Daggers of his wives was fast spreading and immediate.

The Ice Wrights body instantly webbed with dark streaks and their eyes discoloring from icy blue to
a sickly grey and then black. Their bodies immediately started to convulse which only grew stronger
and stronger till their whole bodies shook as if in a violent gale. Their bodies falling to the Earth to
flip wildly and then lie still. Finally, blue blood tinted thickly black poured out of all their orifices
and their bodies began to dissolve and mist away.

The first rush of the battle was over. As they had fought on Jon and his wives had seen the assault
on the Wall begin. It had been hard on Jon to see the Wall begin its death throes. His wives shouted
to Jon that they could feel great magic in the air. It had gripped the Wall and was shaking it apart.

Jon was sure the forces that resided below the Neck of Westeros thought the sight of the Wall being
destroyed was impressive but it was not touching them to the core like it was to those who lived their
lives in the North. To the people of the South of Westeros, the Wall was only a faraway place they
scarcely concerned themselves with. To the people of the North, the Wall was part of the core of
who they were. They knew the Wall and believed in its purpose. To see it being assaulted was
distressing and hurt the heart.

He had fought on while the damage to the Wall grew and increased. He had to focus on the task at
hand. It had galled him as the Lord Commander to be able to do nothing to defend the Wall as it was
being assaulted. Now the first skirmish was over and Jon and his wives were fast walking to the
front lines of the Queen’s camp to get to the berm. His eyes riveted on the Wall now. None in the
Queen’s camp could look away. The impossible was happening before their eyes.

The Wall was shaking violently about. Huge cracks were burrowing into the heart of the great ice
edifice. More were appearing the cracks now webbed together. Huge slabs of ice were falling off
the Wall everywhere now. Ice dust rising up into the rainy sky.

The trio walked more quickly back to the berm. Jon spotted his father on the berm. A son could
always tell when he was looking at his father. He had beside him Stannis, Arya and the Lord of
Revelstone. The three Haruchai who guarded the Queen and Arya sitting at relaxed attention on
their Ranyhyn a short distance from Arya. They like Jon were watching the wall. The Wall visibly
shaking now. A low base note in the air that could be felt and barely heard but not placed.

While Jon and his wives approached the berm the Wall gave a mighty boom. All were hypnotized.
The Wall came crashing down. Mighty cracks had joined together and seemed to ripe the heart out
of the Wall. Now huge slabs and chunks of the Wall burst asunder and came crashing down. The
falling ice created a cloud of ice dust that obscure the final fall of the Wall. The ice crystals bellowed
up making strange beguiling shapes in the air and rushing away from the icy pyre of the fallen Wall.

The sight of the destruction of the Wall was obscured. The sound of its death was not hidden. The booms and shouts of its fall were mighty and echoed off into the distance.

It sickened Jon to see the Wall come down. With its destruction he knew that Castle Black was no more and all the other forts before the Wall must have fallen as well. Eight thousand years of history removed in a flash. It made Jon’s heart hurt as it beat in his chest. He felt gratitude to the Queen of Westeros. If his command had been on the Wall …

He walked up the berm with his wives to stand beside his father. His father smiled at his son grimly. They all turned back to the Wall to witness its final destruction. Ice dust had bellowed out and was wafting out to create a surreal kaleidoscope of swirling whites. It was amazing how fast the ice cloud spread out. The ice cloud reaching them and wafting over them dimming the world to fairytale hues of white and mystery.

As they watched the surreal show of ice fairies dancing in the air Renly and Loras came up to them. Renly had a bloody bandage around his head. Otherwise he seemed fine. The two lovers leaned into each other. Then Jon Arryn stepped up to them. All their swords were coated in ice blue blood. Their Valyrian swords having dispensed much death to the Icy spawn of the Ice King.

Silence reigned over the group. It was the end of an era. What would replace it they all wondered?

The Lord of Revelstone, Lustra, spoke up. Her blue tunic hanging limp against her body. Her sweat and rain soaking her tunic robe. “I feel the evil of the Croyel. It is closing in on us.”

“You mean the Croyel is coming forth to challenge us?” Jon’s father asked the Lord.

The woman snorted. “No. Croyels are craven cowards. They fight through others. It is the Ice King that will challenge us not the Croyel.” She paused. “I guess in a way he will. He will share the Ice King’s fate for good or for ill I suppose.”

The Lord leaned forward peering into the dust eddies. The ice dust in the air obscuring all to the onlookers. “No. This evil is diffuse and coming closer.” Again the Lord leaned forward her grip on her staff sure. The iron shod ends gleaming in the half light. The wood of her staff gleaming. “I feel its magic but it is … different” The Lord was alert. She had been fooled once. Her head turned her gaze intent studying the ice crystals now flowing past them.

Jon still could not believe the columns of mighty blue power that the Lord had sent forth from her Staff. The mighty pillars of blue writhing force had obliterated all that came before it. The woman was only of medium build. Jon realized that this woman could lay waste to all of them if she chose. Her magic trumped their prowess with the sword. He had seen Ice Wrights and Giants simply cease to exist when her magical fire hit them. To have a world with many such men and women was almost unfathomable Jon thought to himself.

Lustra leaned forward as if that might help her senses pierce the snowy twilight that covered the Wall. “It is approaching rapidly. It is not in the air. I am confused. It does not threaten us directly I feel it on my skin. It is diffuse but it grows stronger as we speak. It approaches quickly. I have no idea what its purpose is. We must be on guard.”

Jon looked around too. He knew it would take time for the ice crystals in the air to filter back down to the ground. The rain would definitely help in that.

Jon heard his wives talking in their native tongue of Asshai. They had stepped back down the berm
ten paces. He was learning that old arcane language but their low voices and fast speech overwhelmed his still nascent knowledge of his wives native tongue. Jon watched his two wives talk intently. They seemed to be going back and forth about something. They reached a decision. They had been standing close together with Melisandre bent down. Her traditional gown robe of Asshai with its runes embroidered along the hems of her dress at her feet and hands moving slightly with her movements.

They reached a decision and stepped apart and approached the group. The two women came to stand before the group. All turned their focus from the misty mysteries swirling before them to look at the two ShadowBender witches. The looks on their miens and their rigid attention drew everyone’s attention.

Ygritte spoke “Melisandre and I feel we are about to be besieged. The flames showed us fighting in a sea of enemies. A wild melee of Walking Dead and Ice Wrights and Giants. We did not see how it would happen but now it has” the Shadowbender paused to look at those gathered around her. “The Wall has fallen. We sense our enemies will be upon us soon. Much quicker than we have thought possible.” She again turned her gaze upon all those gathered around them.

“Our most potent magic is blood magic. It is dire and powerful. The most powerful manifestation of that power is achieved when the blood of royals is involved. Our sun god R’hlor blesses such blood. I and my wife are surrounded by such blood. We need to take advantage of it. Normally, the taking of this blood weakens the giver. That will not be the case now. We are surrounded by potent blood. The burden can be shared between you gathered here.”

“You mean to cut us and take our blood?” Eddard asked neutrally.

Stepping in to back up his wives, Jon spoke “Yes father that is what she is asking. I have seen the result of the blood magic she is talking of invoking. It is terribly powerful. It weakened Melisandre greatly creating it herself. I have not seen the process but they have told me of it. By taking our blood we can share the burden and not weaken any one of us. Usually, this spell involves the taking of one person’s blood. A specific person to achieve a specific purpose. This is a need on a grand scale. A need we all share.”

“Ygritte and Melisandre will do it alone if they must. But I am asking that you help my wives. I of course will give my blood to them for the need we face. If the Wall is breached and our enemy can get at us we will need every advantage we can seek. Ygritte will give birth to the shadow demon.”

Stannis guffaw at that.

“What do you find this humorous?” Melisandre asked the man calmly with a cocked eyebrow. Her stiff body showed she was offended by the snort.

Stannis stifled his action and looked serious. “I ask to be forgiven but … she is so small and you are a giant of a woman Melisandre.”

Jon shook his head glaring at the Lord of Dragonstone. “Don’t let size fool you” Jon spoke. “Melisandre has told me from the beginning that Ygritte is the greater between them. Her fiery nature gives her stature that is much more than her height.”

Ygritte was tamping her foot glaring at Stannis. Under breadth she muttered “He knows nothing.” She gave Stannis the stink eye.

Jon felt a small smile come over him watching his small wife. He turned serious again looking around him at the royalty of Westeros “If we each share in this burden, Ygritte will be able to raise a
fearsome shadow demon construct that will be most formidable. It will be much more deadly if we share the burden. It will be greater. I have seen a Shadow Monster raised by Melisandre. It was a fearsome thing. If you join in their construct will be able to fight for us for much longer than if the blood comes only from one or two. I ask this of you. Who will join me?”

The High Lords and Heirs were silent. Blood magic did not have a good name among these people.

Stannis looked around. He then took a step forward.

“I apologize for my unseemly actions. I will give my blood. I agree. We will need every advantage we can take.”

Eddard then stepped forward. Jon could tell he was shamed by Stannis stepping forward before he did and now offered his blood. A moment later Arya stepped forward too. Quickly Renly, Loras and Jon Arryn called out their support and stepped forward to show their willingness to offer their blood as well. Soon all those of royal blood had raised their voice in ascent.

Melisandre turned to the Lord of Revelstone. “We would ask that you give blood too. You and your mate Brail have powerful potent blood like onto Royal blood. Will you give?”

“Of course” Lustra spoke “but I can only speak for me”. She looked at Brail. The Lord knew how private the Haruchai were.

“I will give for my people” Brail answered. “With our mind speech we can all give our due.”

The Ranyhyn the two women from the Land sat on suddenly bugled and stomped their feet. Their intent was clear. They too would give their blood.

Jon felt his eyes go large. The idea of an animal giving their blood to such a rite was shocking. He had learned the might of these horses. Could a non-human blood be given? How could a horse, no matter how powerful, be considered royal blood? He looked to his wives to see their answer to the offer.

Melisandre turned to look at Ygritte. She nodded her head ‘yes’. Melisandre turned her gaze back to the mighty horses and nodded her head. The great Ranyhyn shook their heads in the affirmative. The horses again stamped their feet into the dirt. They seemed anxious to give.

Melisandre looked down at her left palm that was upturned. She murmured and a cup made of shadows formed in her hand. The cup writhed in an unnatural manner. The sight made one feel a grip of vertigo Jon thought. He saw the same look on those around them. He could see even darker runes etched on the side of the dark eldritch cup.

The fingers of the tall redhead closed around the cup. Her right hand went into the pocket of her long gown and reached in deep. She pulled her hand back out and a short curved dagger was produced. The dagger was razor sharp and covered in glowing black runes of Asshai as well. The runes made of straight and curved lines that formed a flowing script accented by the bars, dots and slash accent marks of that language.

She went to Jon and he offered her his right hand having sheathed Lightbringer. As their husband he would always go first. Jon and his wives wanted all to see they were willing to give as well. They would share in the burden. She sliced the blade down the palm of his hand. Jon looked surprised. It was obvious the blade cut had produced no pain. Blood flood down his palm into the roiling cup. After ten seconds the blood flow slowed and then stopped. The wound on his palm quickly closed and no scar was left.
Jon flexed his hand. It was totally functional with no pain. Melisandre murmured louder and handed Jon the shadow cup. He took it while Melisandre cut her own palm to give her blood to the cup. He noticed the runes of the dagger pulsed once as the blade made its cut. Jon watched the Melisandre’s blood run off the edge of her hand into the cup he now held. He saw her blood pour into the bottom of the cup. The blood already in the cup had started writhe and burble.

Soon the wound on her hand healed and she took the cup back. Melisandre first went to Stannis since he had first volunteered. He locked eyes with Melisandre and did not flinch with the dagger cut. Surprise showed on his face at the lack of pain. Then she went to the other Lords of Westeros and Arya. Then she walked between the Lord and Haruchai on their respective Ranyhyn. Each women reached down with their hands to offer their blood.

The shadow dagger slashed across their palms and they gave their blood. The cup was three quarters filled now.

Melisandre turned to look at Frinny. The Horse again shook its head hard in the affirmative. She cut the horse on its shoulder. Its potent blood flooded into the cup in a hot gush before the wound healed. Then the Shadowbender turned to Frahanoryl, Brail’s mount. She took that Ranyhyn’s blood.

The cup was full now. She turned to her wife. Jon could see into the cup clearly again. The blood burbled and sputtered up in rivulets that collapsed down into the cup without any splatter. The blood writhing in swirls that seemed to have a great depth. In those depths, Jon could see the inky dark glowed an even more intense black. Jon could never understand that. It seemed impossible.

Ygritte had already loosened the buttons and ties to her upper dress and was starting to remove it. More buttons and draw strings loosened. Soon Ygritte’s high peach sized breast were on view. Then the dress was loosened more and the fiery redhead’s flat belly and then shaved smooth vagina was on display. Her slit with its large labia lips and knotted clitoral hood open for everyone to see.

“Oh yeah!” Stannis hummed staring at Ygritte. He smacked his lips staring at the taunt young body on display before him. His eyes went up and down gazing at Ygritte’s small tits that sloshed around on her chest as she moved finishing the removal of her long dress. Then his eyes staring hungrily at her plump camel tongue. The tall man licked his hips with obvious fuck hunger.

“Gods Stannis!” Eddard groused “I miss the old Stannis if that is possible” Eddard groaned.

“I sure as hell don’t” Stannis answered as he continued to stare hungrily at the hot tight body that had been revealed. “Don’t tell me Eddard you wouldn’t love to tap that sweet cunt and hot tight shithole.” He spoke in a smoky timbre. “Selyse would devour that sweet cunt with relish.” He spoke in a dreamy voice.

“You have got to be shitting me!” Jon’s father barked. “We are in the middle of a fucking war!”

“Yeah?” Stannis answered. “That is what I want to do after we fight” Stannis drooled at Eddard. “I bet the two of us along with Jon could make Ygritte and Melisandre howl with pleasure as we fuck them airtight.”

Jon found it humorous seeing his father blanch at that. He decided he needed to put in his claim though. He wanted the horndog that Stannis had become to know who Ygritte and Melisandre belonged too “She is hot Stannis but she is all mine and Melisandre’s. She is the jealous one.”

Jon’s face did not show it but he found Stannis’s offer oddly appealing. Fucking his wives with his father would be hot. If Stannis and Selyse … Catelyn … his mother was a beautiful woman …
Jon watched his tall wife. Stannis saw Melisandre glaring at him. He was not rebuffed. Jon liked seeing Melisandre jealous.

“Hey I’m only looking” Stannis smirked at Melisandre holding up his hands in peace. “It is Oberyn you should worry about.” He looked around. “Hey, where did he get to by the way?” he asked.

No one was really sure.

Eddard guessed “I believe he went to deal with the traitors.”

**Barristan:** The drama that was being played out by the ShadowBender witches and those of Royal blood had no import to Barristan. He was a common man. Syrio was of low birth too. The sexual banter of Stannis made him blush and feel uneasy. He shied away from them with Syrio following. He looked over at the bald eunuch. Strong Belwas, well, he was definitely not in the pool that the witches could work with. The large man weaving around seemingly lightheaded from hunger.

In the shadowy ice filled air Barristan looked at the fat eunuch Belwas. He had to smile. The man was a great fighter but also childlike in so many ways.

“Oohhhhh oohhhhhh!” Strong Belwas moaned. “I’m famished. All work and no food is turning me to skin and bones” the eunuch twittered out in his high tenor voice. The man patting his ample belly. He sure knew how to put on a murmur show Barristan thought looking at the large warrior with fresh cuts on his immense belly. He sighed. The man really had not guile and yet he knew how to put on a show.

From nowhere a runner appeared with an urn filled with roasted locusts. The Queen had brought in a huge shipment from Volantis of the roasted locust that had been soaked in salt and spices to preserve them. With a big happy grin Belwas took the proffered urn and started to stuff locusts into his mouth. His sloppy munching quite disgusting to hear but Barristan smiled. It was so Belwas.

“Finally” the eunuch got out between locusts “sustenance to give Strong Belwas strength to kill my Queen’s foes” the eunuch purred stuffing more locusts into his large mouth. Belwas smacking is lips as he ate.

Barristan looked back over the camp as he and his companions moved along the ten foot tall berm. It undulated slightly since it was following a low creek that had been deepened to form a ditch that had been filled with oil and tar pitch. The concoction would be set afire to act as a barrier to the advancing dead. One touch of flame set the oil alight like a bonfire. The flames should be a most effective barrier.

The old but hale knight led the party to where the berm jutted out thirty yards making a small peninsula. It allowed one to get that little bit closer to the Wall and now seething cloud of ice crystals pulverized into the air by the destruction of the Wall. The rain was beating the ice down and slowly the fog was dissipating. Barristan was of the south but he felt sorrow for the destroying of something that had existed for over eight thousand years.

Barristan saw that the archers had formed up into their ranks now. Many advancing to get closer to the berm to get the furthest reach of the arrows out into the plain between the berm and the Wall.
The Walking Dead were a slow moving thing. They would be able to decimate them at range. Behind them the catapults and trebuchets were loaded and ready to be fired.

Daenerys and Eddard had done well in training up their respective now merged forces. Never before had Barristan seen so many troops so well trained. The common man given full training to make them truly effective warriors. This had been proven in the just finished skirmish. He knew the main assault was about to commence.

The initial waves of arrows and projectiles would be devastating to the advancing dead and Ice Wrights and Giants. He saw many small winking lights in various rows of archers. Flaming death would be joining the Dragon Glass arrows flying through the air like the locusts that Strong Belwas was now consuming. He was whining he needed more ‘sustenance’ that he was ‘emaciated most cruelly.’

**Geez** Barristan thought to himself of the eunuch’s prostrations of starvation and deprivation.

Barristan’s small party moved to the small promontory. The Knight squinted his eyes trying to pierce the veil of the icy crystals in the air. The rain was definitely beating the ice crystals from the air. The air was clearing. The ice of the Wall still settling with groans and protests echoing across the flat space before the berm.

It was still shocking to know that the Wall had actually been brought down. To think that a simple horn had accomplished the feat astounded the knight.

He looked down. The air was definitely clearing of the icy crystals swirling about. He started. **What?!** He felt great fear prickling his spine.

He was looking down do into the trough that had been dug before the berm. The trough filled with oil and tar pitch to be alight when the Walking Dead reached the berm. The problem was that the liquid in the trough was no longer visible. It was covered with a yellow liquid with more pouring into the trough. It was not thick but it definitely covered the liquid beneath. It seemed as if the liquid was rolling into the trough with small waves. He looked up beyond the ditch and saw that the whole ground was covered with the sickly yellowish ichor.

He jerked his head right and left. His eyes flared. The yellow ichor was all up and down before the berm as far as he could see in each direction in the diminished light. He knew that this yellow substance stretched all before the Queen’s forces and back to the wall. It was the work of their enemy. **What the hell?!**

The ice was subsiding from the air with the rain constantly falling. The swirls of ice for some reason seemed less here. A trick of the air currents. He and his companions almost leaned forward trying to pierce the swirling white veil before them.

Barristan thought he saw movement. His companions must had seen it too. Syrio and Strong Belwas were too intently appearing into the lessening gloom. Belwas was so enraptured by the strange air that he had forgotten to stuff locust in his mouth. The air seemed to clear before their very eyes

“What the fuck!” Syrio shouted.

Barristan understood. Syrio was like him. A taciturn man. What they saw filled his heart with dread.

He turned around and shouted at the top of his lungs.
“Fire! Fire! Everyone fire your arrows! Fire the catapults and trebuchets! Set off the scorpions. Sound the horns to fire all arrows and war machines. Scream into your horns. Fire! Fire! Fire!” Barristan screamed with all his might. He jumped up and down repeating his shouts. “Sound the war horns to fire the arrows! Fire everything!”

The closest archers did not question the venerable knight. The might and honor of Barristan Selmy was known throughout the camp of the Queen of Westeros. A mighty thrum filled the sky as hundreds of arrows took flight. War horns started to be sounded with the clarion call to fire off their arrows and to keep firing. More flights of arrows were sent off in angry clouds. Thick flights of arrows being shot off in storms of angry wasps. The archers reaching back to their quivers or arrows jammed into the soft Earth in front of them. Again the thrum of flights of arrows filled the air.

The first horns close by were sounding off. The calls soon repeated off to the left and right. Again the Queen’s orders had been prescient. Leaders of their sections had been given the freedom of initiative. Instinct guiding others to heed the call to fire.

The mighty shock of arms hitting stops filled the air as the catapults and trebuchets fired off their projectiles in their cups or slings. The heavy objects firing off into the air. Only some their contents set afire in the operators haste to heed the sudden call to fire. Barristan watched the projectiles lift and arc towards the remains of the Wall.

Now all up and down the frontlines of the forces of Westeros mighty clouds of arrows were taking flight. The war engines further down the lines now having the pegs holding the arms in place pulled. Projectiles taking flight to join the arrows in flight.

Eddard looked back towards the berm. He ripped his sword out of his scabbard and waved it around. Barristan’s two friends from the beginning of Daenerys Targaryen’s quest joined him. More arrows were hissing as they were set loose. The arrows arching high in the air. Barristan heard the Warden of the North shouting commands to fire all arrows and siege engines.

He watched Eddard grab a squire running by and turned him to face himself. Eddard yelled “We need archers here now!” He shoved the boy with wide eyes off to spread the word. The archers needed to come forward. Again the enemy were upon them unawares! Barristan shrilly thought to himself. Again the forces of Westeros had been caught flatfooled.

The ice flakes were settling fast now. Before their very ranks only ten yards away were the Walking Dead. Barristan felt adrenalin surging into his body. The old knight knew everyone was feeling the same rush of frightful energy filling their bodies.

Archers had run up beside him and quickly lined the top of the berm. They were firing wildly down before them. There would be no killing of the enemy leisurely at distance. The flights of arrows arching into the air and away would thin the ranks of the advancing Walking Dead but way too many were almost upon them.

How the hell had this happened! Barristan’s mind shouted to himself. There simply had not been enough time for such slow moving objects as the undead to cover so much ground. It was impossible! He looked at the remains of the Wall now visible and his mouth dropped open. There was three gaps in the fallen debris that were several hundred yards wide each. The channels through the fallen debris limed with yellow. Barristan knew what it was. Magic. Magic that had shunted aside the falling Wall and now kept the debris back.

All this hidden by the crush of ice thrown up into the air by the collapse of the Wall. This had hidden the coming plague. Physics had worked against them.
The gaps in the fallen Wall were only half the mystery. He looked down at the Walking Dead. They were unbalanced falling into each other and stumbling over to the ground. They were not moving forward completely on their own. The little waves that Barristan had seen lapping into the trough before the berm was impossibly carrying the Walking Dead forward. The army of the dead stumbling and fumbling its way to the camp of the enemy. This yellow like carpet of ichor had moved the Walking Dead at almost a fast canter. Magic held the fallen debris of the destroyed Wall back to allow invasion and magic was now transporting the Walking Dead to be upon them impossibly quick.

The undead reached the ditch and fell in. They immediately started to try and climb the ditch and berm in their clumsy fashion. The slope was not that severe. More and more dead fell into the ditch. The new undead walking on the shoulders of the dead brothers. The undead reached the berm and clawed their way up relentlessly.

In a panic almost, Barristan observed that the oil and pitch in the ditch had been completely covered up by the yellow ichor. There would be no burning of the undead. Barristan knew they were in trouble. His head turned right and left. A sea of Walking Dead was about to crash upon the berm. The rising tide may wash them away he feared.

Twenty more archers ran up. The rank of archers on the berm itself still desperately thin. They stopped in shock. Their bows hung limp in their hands. The dead had reached the top of the berm and were starting to advance. This promontory was the first place they had reached. The area between the berm and the fallen Wall was thick the dead being carried forward. They were packed against each other so thick this tide of unholy dead.

Barristan and Syrio screamed at the new arrivals to fire now! The men shook off their shock and began to fire at the targets that were just before them. The dragon glass cutting down the leading edge of the advancing enemy. The problem was the sea behind those cut down pressing forward to attack.

Barristan grimly smiled seeing more flights of arrows falling in the walking dead at distance. It would help but not the immediate threat. Many only found dirt but as many found hosts to bury themselves in. The first flaming projectiles from the catapults and trebuchets came arching down. Their impacts splattering the dead beneath them. They were set on fire as well as their closest dead brothers. Other catching fire as they touched their ambling dead brothers.

Behind him Barristan heard men cursing and shouting reloading their siege engines with projectiles. A flight of scorpion bolts came whistling overhead. The men able to more easily lower the aim point of these weapons. Massive bolts slammed into the Walking Dead. The bolts tipped with dragon glass that instantly killed the impaled Walking Dead. The massive bolts often killing more than one Walking Dead. The heavy thick bolts ripping from host to host shattering multiple undead bodies.

The archers on the berm had shaken off their shock and began to fire with abandon. The slow moving targets almost impossible to miss at this short range. The Walking Dead pierced by dragon glass and some flaming arrows. The dead hit by fire going up like tar soaked dummies. The dragon glass killing those hit in the head or heart. Hits to other parts of the body of the undead instantly beginning to spread poison into the undead. Multiple arrow hits speeding up the poison process.

The archers reaching back and firing off wildly. The first wave of the undead impossible to miss at this close range. The leading undead falling down dead. Some outright and others slowly with arrows sticking out all over their bodies. The next leading edge of undead feathered and killed. The initial quivers ran empty. Many of the archers had only brought their one personal quiver in their rush forward. Thankfully, some had brought additional quivers and quickly pulled off the first and
donned the second and began firing hot and fast. More undead stumbled down dead.

Barristan screamed for the attendants moving quivers about to rush forward. They were needed here now! The undead was moving forward like a nightmare. Too many had come upon them unawares. They runners started to now bringing fresh quivers that the archers immediately snatched up and slung across shoulders discarding the empty ones. More quivers being rushed forward now to supply the archers on the berm. Archers now reloaded were able to again kill the leading edges of the shambling undead. There was just too many of them Barristan saw.

The undead was upon them. The three men from the beginning of Daenerys Targaryen’s quest stepped forward to meet them.

Syrio stabbed a Walking Dead in the eye that had shambled forward from the berm crest. The undead reaching out to him. His Valyrian rapier unbinding the magic animating it. Barristan and Belwas chopped limbs off and severed heads as they backed up. The promontory was rapidly being filled with undead. Their own Valyrian weapons dealing instant death to the Walking Dead they struck. Still, the undead poured up and over the berm. War horns were screaming in the air. The archers around Barristan firing off in a controlled steady pace. They had more attendants running up to them bringing them fresh quivers to continue fire off fast and furious.

The undead were falling down dead all around. Their bodies pierced with multiple dragon glass tipped arrows. The undead were slow and did not try in any manner to avoid the fire coming their way. Nor did they rush their attack on the unprepared defenders. The defenders given time to mount a defense. Another volley of scorpion bolts flew in flinging the undead off their feet and back by the impact of the large wooden bolts.

The training of the attendants kicking in. They now instinctively knew to go where archers were firing and supply them with the arrows they needed. The arrows supplied now being fired off to kill more of the advancing Walking Dead. The attendants running back to the stockpiles to bring up more fresh quivers of arrows to be fired off. The young men running at breakneck speeds.

The Walking Dead kept pouring forward. They had the reached the ditch and berm on the rest of the camp now and were starting to fill the ditch and beginning their climb out of the trough up the berm.

An Ice Wright appeared on the crest of the berm. He received a welcoming gift of five Dragon Glass arrows in his body. He looked down and screamed in agony as blue blood poured out of all his orifices and black tendrils raced through his body. He fell back into the trough to die. More undead emerged and were spreading out to find targets to engage and kill. Their eyes glowing unnatural blue. The arms of the undead humans reaching out. The animals seeking to close with the warm bloods before them to rend apart.

Barristan understood the thought of the Ice King. The sea of undead meant to absorb the brunt of the Queen’s counterattack. The undead leavened with Ice Wrights mainly to take advantage of any opportunity to rise up in the mayhem. He knew that soon more of the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants would be upon them.

Arrows were ripping into shambling undead. The problem was the forces of Westeros were not arrayed to handle this. They had been arrayed to kill at distance and then rearrange formations in a controlled manner as the enemy closed. The blinding ice snow had covered the enemy’s approach. This yellow carpet had brought the enemy to them in minutes instead of the hours the undead would have normally needed to get to the Wall to the berm. The whole plain between the Wall and the Queen’s camp was filled with unsteady dead being brought forward to fight and kill.

“Fall back! Fall Back!” Barristan shouted as he hacked and diced the dead reaching for him. They
did not feel his cuts and hacks. The humans and smaller animals fell down dead. The larger animals did not die immediately. Where he struck the black tendrils of magical poisoning started to spread. The cuts he had made to head or into their hearts killed the undead but their brothers kept relentlessly surging forward. Arrows were flying in but not even beginning to be enough. Another Ice Wright appeared. It rushed forward. Strong Belwas engaged it. Their two weapons clanged as they hit each other again and again.

Syrio was killing the undead near him. He brought down a wolverine that almost bit his leg as he fought a dead Wildling. He fell back. Two Dragon Glass arrows hit the Ice Wright engaged with Strong Belwas. The arrows imbedded in the Ice Wright’s leg and belly with others whizzing by its body. It screamed in pain but still kept attacking Belwas but it was slower now. Belwas parted its head from its shoulders.

Barristan shouted at Strong Belwas to fall back. The eunuch ignored Barristan holding his ground. *The idiot!* Thank the gods his woman Marleya Blackmyre appeared beside him. In rapid fire she shot off arrows. Her fire was pinpoint accurate. Her arrows penetrating eyes felling the Walking Dead like their strings had been cut off from their puppet masters.

Barristan ran in with the dead being thinned out for a moment. He gripped Strong Belwas by the arm and dragged him back screaming at him to fall back. The eunuch wanted to stay and fight but he followed Barristan back.

The undead were spreading out on the top of the berm at the promontory. Three more Ice Wrights appeared. They rushed forward. They were fast and dodged the first arrows whizzing their way. One came at them. Barristan moved forward and engaged. Their swords slammed into each other. The Ice Wright was fast but not truly skilled. Barristan felt the cold radiating off the Wright. He gritted his teeth and locked up their swords and got his body close to its body. The cold was bitter and was beginning to sap his strength. But he succeeded in his efforts.

With their swords locked, Marleya put an arrow into the body of the Ice Wright. It staggered and her next arrow went through its neck. Its body went out of control screaming and vomiting blood. As it died Barristan looked around and saw undead falling down dead or others slow spinning and stumbling around with dragon glass arrows impacting their bodies all over. The pricked undead falling down to die as obsidian poison filled their bodies. Others were hit with flaming arrows that sent them up like volcanos. The burning undead often impacting others setting them to burn brightly in the falling rain.

The second Ice Wright was locked in combat with Strong Belwas. The large fat eunuch impossibly fast. His sword cut off the arm of the Ice Wright. It wailed with the bloody stump spitting out gouts of blue blood. Belwas’s next stroke nearly cut the Ice Wright in half at the waist.

The other Ice wright had avoided them and fell on the archers. Their fire not accurate but more archers had come up. Five archers were killed before an arrow found the juking Ice Wright hitting it in the upper arm. Black tendrils starting to spread. It killed two more archers before a blizzard of arrows went at it with six hitting it. It died immediately already starting to turn to mist.

Still the Walking Dead walked into them. The archers behind them had to keep firing to kill off their foes wildly without taking time to truly aim. Fortunately, the archers further back were firing off at the undead at distance. Barristan had noted angry hissing as flight after flight of arrows were let loose. More dead poured into the breach on the top of the berm. Dead were topping the berm all up and down the front line of the forces of Westeros now but on this promontory they had a beachhead and were starting to spread out.

The forces of the Queen had to fall back which exposed the flanks around them. The Walking Dead
were swarming up where Barristan had been a minute ago. Without knowing it the Walking Dead were turning the flank of the Queen’s force. Their surge reaching out for the living on all three sides that they could reach.

If this was not stopped the Dead would truly turn the flanks on each side and roll back the forces of Westeros. This would allow the undead to hit forces not ready to fight them. If this happened slaughter would begin on forces not prepared to deal with the swarm of undead surging forward into their midst.

The archers had to fall back firing all the while but between their movement and terror their fire was not accurate. Foot soldiers were moving up to engage but their blades were not Valyrian steel and did not kill. They caused grievous wounds that may slow the undead but did not stop them. The undead felt no pain.

When the undead got ahold of a man they tore him apart as he screamed in agony.

The breach was turning deadly. The archers and his Marleya had run out of arrows. Even the small time to change out quivers was deadly allowing the undead to advance without interference. More quivers were coming forward but any delay was working against them.

They had to retreat even more and faster. More runners were finally arriving to the front most area to bring more arrows but the delay was proving deadly. The unexpected attack had not allowed for the orderly setup of attendants to bring forward arrows in a timely manner. The most skilled archers wasted precious time waiting for resupply of precious obsidian tipped arrows.

Arya had come running up now. She was firing off arrows all around fast and furious. Her aim true as undead after undead dropped down dead with arrows to the eye. She was soon out of arrows but an attendant handed her another quiver she quickly donned. Even that small delay forced Arya to retreat before the relentless onslaught of steadily pressing forward undead.

Barristan was desperate. They did not have the forces to counterattack. He wanted to rush the advancing dead but his death would be senseless.

Suddenly, he whirled around. It couldn’t be. A sound assaulted his senses he had not heard in years. A sound now repeated from many quadrants behind him. His heart had been filled with rising dread but now felt hope flaring. It was impossible but he knew that sound. He looked around for the source of the new sounds on the battlefield.

He heard wild discordant roynish barking. It sounded like all the hounds of Westeros were wildly barking at each other and for no reason at all. The sound quickly coming closer. The sound coming up the many lanes that the Queen had laid out for her forces to move from one point to another.

Again, Barristan was being stunned. Before his eyes running between the forces of Daenerys Targaryen were small bodies between four and half and five feet tall. These new visitors running on all fours. They were not deep black like the Ur-viles he had fought with on the plains of the Dothraki Sea. The bodies of these creatures with arms and legs of equal length and no eyes in their faces rushed forward. Their faces dominated by huge fleshy nostrils. Their mouths small slits lined with needle sharp teeth. They had pointed ears sitting high on their heads.

Barristan had seen their like before. In Winterfell when they had appeared to save Catelyn Stark. They were Waynhim. They had come to aid the Queen of Westeros. Barristan saw the forces of the Queen looking at these strange creatures running pell-mell through their ranks. The men too shocked to react to the creatures that were by them in a flash. Somehow everyone seemed to sense they had come to their aid and did not attack these strange creatures now in their midst.
As they rushed forward Barristan noticed they had staves in their hands like their Ur-vile cousins carried. How the Waynhim were able to run fast even though they carried staves in one hand was beyond Barristan. Most of the staves were made of black iron but some of the Waynhim had ones made of pale bone. All the tips were glowing red. The old knight could see the power emanating from the depths of the staves.

The lead Waynhim rushed up to form a line in front of the advancing Walking Dead. The Waynhim stopped ten feet in front of the undead and let them come to them. The Waynhim formed a wall fifty feet across in front of the undead. The creatures lined up tightly shoulder to shoulder. The grey bodied Waynhim had the tips of their staves of bone and iron resting on the ground.

The Walking Dead were only a step away from the Waynhim now. Barristan wondered if they had gone daft! They were not defending themselves. That thought died the next instant. As one over forty staves whipped up in unison. The staves whipped up and then down. Bodies of the undead were cut in two and limbs easily cleaved off. The Waynhim now wildly chopping the undead as they advanced upon the Waynhim. Body parts of the Walking Dead flying in all directions.

The bodies when they fell to the ground did not move. The magic of the Demondim spawn also unbound the dead. The Waynhim were as fast as the Ice wrights. Waynhim appeared from all directions behind Barristan. They were impossibly successful in killing the Walking Dead with quick efficiency. Their staves of seemingly unsharpened iron and bone impossibly hacking apart the undead.

The new Waynhim as they arrived on the scene rose up on their hind limbs and added their staves to the wholesale slaughter of the undead. The Waynhim had great strength for such small bodies. Their staves easily cleaving the undead apart.

The undead were quickly butchered that had advanced into the Queen’s forces. The Waynhim did not advance as they killed the initial surge of the Walking Dead. More and more of the Waynhim rushed up into the clearing the leading Waynhim had made. These did not immediately join the attack. Instead they piled up behind the initial line of Waynhim and the first arrivals behind the front line of Waynhim. Those first arrivals had decimated the initial crush of the Walking Dead.

Barristan knew what they were doing. As he watched the gathering force of Waynhim began to form their fighting wedge. Barristan had seen the fighting wedges of the Ur-viles on the Dothraki Sea when they attacked the Khalasar of Khal Jhaqoh. They had been a devastating fighting force. Barristan prayed to the seven that Waynhim were equally adept at this style of warfare as their larger black Ur-vile cousins.

The world suddenly exploded in blue and a huge shockwave surged over the battlefield accompanied by mighty thunder. The Lord of Revelstone had joined the battlefield. Another wild pulse of blue filled the air. The world turning blue for a moment. The words “Melenkurion abatha!” boomed across the landscape with the thunder. The mighty peel of power echoed in the air.

With intense interest Barristan watched the Waynhim fighting wedge forming up. He saw the wedge increasing in size. The Ur-vile wedges had been roughly two hundred individuals in each fighting wedge. This wedge had already at least three hundred individuals in it already. Still it grew.

Marleya had returned with ten archers with full quivers plus several spare quivers each. Barristan saw runners now running up carrying more quivers. The surprise was wearing off. The archers began firing again holding off the next surge of the Walking Dead. Marleya fire was deadly accurate. The other archers not so much with many misses. Still the dead were being killed yet
again in great numbers. So close they were hard to miss. The fallen dead had the ones behind them stumbling and fighting to get over their now fallen dead twice brothers and sisters. This noticeably slowed their advance.

More clouds of arrows were launching to kill the dead before the berm. The projectile throwing apparatuses firing off as quickly as they could be reloaded. Archers further back aiming up to arch their flights of arrows into the enemy. Barristan felt elation seeing scorpion bolts flying forth impaling multiple Walking Dead before losing momentum. The dragon glass tipped weapon killing all the Walking Dead impaled. Each time he heard catapults and trebuchets hitting their stops he pumped his fist.

Still more Waynhim kept appearing to join the fighting wedge. Now at least nine hundred and fifty if not a thousand individuals had joined the wedge Barristan estimated. Compared to the wedges of the Ur-viles this wedge was very large but still compact with the tightly packed bodies standing shoulder to shoulder within it. The leading Waynhim had their staves extended. The tallest Waynhim had moved to the apex of the fighting wedge that looked like a huge triangle. This would be most powerful of the Waynhim. Their Loremaster. Others could take its place if needed but he was the strongest.

Wild barking filled the wedge with the inner Waynhim near the edge of the wedge placing their staves on the shoulders of their brethren. Barristan knew they were sharing their strength and increasing it by sharing it. That those on the edge would be able to project the power of all its brothers by this sharing.

The wedge of the Waynhim surged forward at a moderate walk. Barristan hoped that the Loremaster of the Waynhim had the same abilities of its Ur-vile cousins in its ability to project out with the Waynhim’s power.

“Yes!” Barristan shouted.

From the tip of the Loremaster iron stave that glowed a hot red, a long arc of black acid flowed thickly out its tip. The Loremaster slashed its blade right and left. The acid arching out in long undulating waves. The larger wedge made the arc of liquid thick and traveled further than what the smaller Ur-vile wedges had been able to produce. Barristan shouted again when the acid hit the dead and immediately ate their bodies away. Bodies torn apart and reduce to sludge. The undead quickly died the second death and did not move. The acid splashes took out great swaths of the Walking Dead. Unfortunately, there was a boundless sea behind those just slain.

The wedge moved forward. Another sweeping arc of acid killed all the undead it landed on. The wedge hit the advancing wall of the Walking Dead. The Waynhim on the leading edge whipped their staves up and sliced down easily chopping the dead apart. The Waynhim with bones staves stabbed the dead and their bodies burst into flames and caught their neighboring dead on fire. Flames shooting out their mouths, noses and ears. The undead did not know how to attempt to fight this organized defense. They came forward to be immediately cut down.

The Waynhim pushed forward walking over the dead they had slain a second time.

“Marleya get your archers and form on the rear flank of the Waynhim like we did with the Ur-viles on the Dothraki Sea. We need to thin out the ranks of the dead and engage the Wrights and Ice Giants when they attack the Waynhim wedge. They will be coming soon. I can feel it!” She nodded her head and shouted at the archers with her to get more of their brothers. Fortunately, more and more archers were now coming forward. They had large eyes but they were ready to fight for their homelands.
Arya was there firing off arrows rapidly. On her right shoulder Jerteel with a taken up Ice Wright sword. The cold did not affect the Haruchai’s immunity to cold. The Haruchai ready to fight and kill.

Barristan rushed forward with Syrio and Belwas to help kill the dead on the right flank of the fighting wedge. Arya had moved to the left taking her Haruchai with her. The fighting wedge had slaughtered their way back to the edge of the promontory. They paused there. Three Ice Giants came lumbering up along with five Ice Wrights. They immediately attacked the fighting wedge. The leading Ice Giant took a splash of acid from the Loremaster. The great beast simply dissolved down as it melted into slush in a quick moment. The Ice Wrights slashed wildly at the leading edge of the fighting wedge. The Waynhim blocked the strokes of the Icy spawn with their staves not shattering with repeated strikes.

A few Waynhim were felled by the swords of the Ice Wrights but three of Ice Wrights were felled by stabbing thrusts or slashes of the Waynhim. The two remaining Ice Giants with their great height was attracting the fire of archers form distance. These Ice Giants wore no armor thankfully. The close in archers firing at them too feathering them up and down their bodies. They had not expected to have Dragon Glass striking them. They were being poisoned but fought on pounding down with their might swords. The Waynhim lifting their blades on the edge and behind them. They blocked the strikes but were staggering under the immense power of the strikes.

The Loremaster splashed the second Ice Giant and it died immediately melting away. An Ice Wright had its arm chopped off by a Waynhim. Its blood spurting as it wailed in pain. Another Waynhim was killed but so was the last of the Ice Wrights.

Arya had shot her arrows too helping in felling the Ice Giants. Jerteel had moved forward to cut down the leading edge of the undead before her.

Marleya had returned with twenty archers well organized now. They all carried multiple quivers filled with Dragon Glass. This area had been secured. Two more Ice Wrights tried to rush the fighting wedge of the Waynhim but were cut down by blizzard of dragon glass tipped arrows.

**Eddard:** Transfixed Eddard watched the arcane rite being performed before his eyes. Ygritte had stripped out of her long dress. She had then sat down up on the dress she had laid out. Her skin had goose bumped and her nipples hardened. She felt the cold but she suppressed it. The light rain hitting her body and now running down her pale body in rivulets. She leaned back on her palms behind her back. She spread out her legs.

Jon had mentioned in passing to his father of the magical rite. Jon had not gone into detail. Eddard had assumed that when it was said that a ‘shadow monster’ was birthed it was metaphorical expression. Now the Warden of the North knew it was literal. He watched transfixed as Melisandre kneeled down beside the nude Ygritte. In Melisandre’s left hand was her shadow cup full of the mingled blood of those that Melisandre’s blade had cut.

Eddard moved to stand by his son also staring down transfixed by what was occurring.

“Have you seen this before son?”

Jon looked up at his father. He seemed a little dazed. “No I have not father. They have talked of it but I have not seen it. It is …” Jon trailed off still staring down at his two wives. As they watched Melisandre began to hum a tune in the land of Asshai. The notes seemed a little off to Eddard his ears tuned to the music of Westeros.

That was when he heard Barristan shouting off in the distance. It was faint but he was definitely
excited. Eddard forced himself to back up from the semi-circle around the ShadowBender witches. He walked back up the berm halfway and looked off to his right.

There he saw that Barristan, Syrio Forel and Strong Belwas had walked out to the promontory that was nearly two hundred yards away. Barristan was shouting. *Was that something about archers firing off their arrows and the siege weapons firing?* Why? He looked back towards at the Wall hidden by the cloud of pulverized ice in the air. It was definitely less but he still could not see anything of import.

Then he started to hear war horns sounding off first around Barristan and then the chorus started up and down the line of the Queen’s camp. The notes being blown was to fire off arrows. The urgency of the blows on the war horns made Eddard’s blood run cold. Then the war horn notes for the siege engines to be fired were sounded. He heard the engines firing off. The sappers not hesitating to follow the blown notes. Their discipline solid following orders that may have been questioned.

Barristan had pushed a steward off towards the camp. A mighty whoosh filled Eddard’s ears. The archers behind him had let loose their arrows. The sounds of war horns sounding the notes to fire arrows and launch projectiles from the catapults and trebuchets were being sounded stridently all up and down the forces of Westeros. All up and down the camp of the Queen of Westeros war horns sounded stridently their various commands to attack or defend.

The mighty whoosh of trebuchets being fired off filled the air. The arms hitting their stops loud in the rain laden air. Eddard turned back to the camp and saw more of the arms of many of the siege weapons arching forward to hit their stops sending their projectiles firing off to the north towards the Wall. Scorpions were firing off their bolts.

There could only be one reason for this sudden firing off of arrows and projectiles. It was impossible but he trusted Barristan implicitly. He would not sound a false alarm.

Eddard ran the distance to the top of the berm that was nearest him. Still the ice dust was too thick here to see anything. He turned back to look at Barristan and where he stood on the promontory. He felt his blood run cold. The Walking Dead were cresting to the top of the berm. *That was impossible* Eddard thought shrilly. He looked back out in front of him. The ice snow was definitely lessening. He began to see shapes in front of him. He looked down in the trough. *No!* It was filled with dead clawing up the embankment. *How*?!

He noticed they yellow cast to the ground but had no time to process that information. He then felt it. His sword was literally vibrating in its scabbard. Eldritch blue tendrils leaked out from the scabbard and wafted up into the air. His sword Evening Star humming in a loud high tenor. Eddard knew what his sword was saying. *Release me to kill your enemies!*

Eddard obliged ripping the sword forged from a fallen star out of its scabbard. The immaculate blade glowed a bright robin egg blue. It was not fiery like Daenerys Rune sword but it glowed like the full moon come down to Earth. The sword was literally bleeding off bright blue tendrils of its magic. Most of the tendrils wafting up to four feet in the air. Other tendrils circling up his forearm and clinging tight.

Eddard felt strength flow into his body. His sword was singing to him. *Let me kill our enemies* it hummed to him. Eddard stared at his blade unsure. Was that merely his thought or did his sword say the words on its own. He had no time to try and science it out. He looked down again.

Yes, the ground was covered with yellow ichor of some sort. More was flowing down into the ditch before the berm. More of the undead were piling in the large ditch. The unholy undead striving to climb up to the berm top. He had a few moments yet. He shouted out calling for men to join him.
He needed archers now!

He looked back and his eyes bulged. Melisandre had painted Asshai runes all over Ygritte’s body but especially her belly. A belly that was now swollen as if she was six months pregnant. Melisandre sang melodies that were at once jarring and yet hauntingly beautiful. She put the cup to Ygritte’s lips. The small woman began to drink the mixed blood of the royals of Westeros and representatives of the southern hemisphere. Ygritte’s stomach grew slowly before Eddard’s eyes. All the men around her and Arya had totally forgotten what was happening around them. The magical spectacle before them had them enraptured.

Jon had his mouth hanging open. He was almost in shock seeing Ygritte belly begin to truly distend.

War horns were screaming all around now with the order to fire arrows and the siege engines. Arya shook off the trance she was in and ran off as fast as her legs could carry her to the frontlines.

The air hissed with clouds of arrows winging in the direction of the Wall. The only problem was the undead that were before the clouds of descending arrows landing hundreds of yards before the berm. No one had planned for the enemy being upon them unawares. He was jumping up and down screaming for archers. Archers who now began to appear in small groups upon the top of the berm. Their eyes going large but already beginning to fire off their bows. The arrows almost impossible to miss the broiling mass before the berm.

He heard the sound of the arms of catapults and trebuchets hitting their stops and then the sound of men and women working the gears to pull the arms back for reload. He watched men and women rushing to put more stones and iron balls into the cups and slings. Fires were now being applied to the tar soaked projectiles. The first shots sent off unlighted in the haste to shoot.

He turned back to look out over the berm. The first Walking Dead clawed their way to the top of the berm. Eddard wasted no time. He moved forward and slashed down easily cleaving heads in two and cutting off the limbs of the dead striving to move up. His blade sliced through the dead like they were made of butter. His blade easily cut through muscle and bone.

When his blade cut the Walking Dead they instantly went limp. Dead. His sword’s touch seemed to kill them instantly. No slow poison kill for his weapon. It did not matter where his blade struck the undead they died their permanent second death. Eddard moved right and left ten yards killing the initial dead moving up the berm in his area. The archers around firing off desperately with large eyes. The archers cleared off the berm top the initial surge of the undead. The archers moved forward. They started firing down the berm as fast as they could draw their bow strings and let arrows loose again and again. The shots to head and heart instant kills. The rest started the poisoning of the dead.

In their rush though many of the archers had only on their one quiver. Eddard looked back. He had yet to see … no, thank the old gods runners were rushing forward now with quivers. Several wheelbarrows filled with quivers being pushed forward. One tilted over the quivers spilling out. It would be funny if they did not need those arrows now! Runners on foot were now streaming forward. Some grabbed the fallen quivers and rushed forward. He turned around and cut down a large bear. His sword sliced through shoulder to the bottom of the beast easily. It collapsed and did not move. The flesh rapidly turning putrid with the magic binding it now dead.

The initial rush of the undead killed by Eddard he could afford to look around. The ice dust had settled now. Up and down the berm he looked. The trough before it was filled with dead clawing their way to the top. He looked quickly out to the plain before the Wall. Mighty swarms of arrows were flying down into the roiling mass of Walking Dead. Many arrows missed but many found targets. The ground was littered with now dead Walking Dead. Others were moving but erratic as
the poison of the Dragon Glass did its work.

He heard the sound of the siege engines firing off their next rounds of projectiles. He felt a thrill seeing fiery globes launching into the sky. Fire was their friend he thought to himself with grim humor. He watched the little stars flung off to sail high in the air. He followed their arcs. He saw little moons following their larger planet siblings. Fiery arrows and projectiles arching off to find undead to set aflame.

The fiery projectiles from the siege engines impacted into the milling dead beyond the range of the arrows. The heavy projectiles crushed some with direct hits. The fire of the projectiles lighting many dead afire. The undead staggering around burning brightly. The rain did not touch the fire that had been ignited in the undead bodies. The flames clearly magical in nature. When a Walking Dead on fire touched a kindred body they too caught fire and went up like a raging bonfire.

The initial plan was working perfectly. The dead were being decimated at range but they had penetrated in on them unawares and the numbers before Eddard’s eyes was staggering. He had never imagined that there could be so many of the Walking Dead. More clouds of angry buzzing arrows went flying north. Now fire arrows were being fired into the roiling mass of milling dead. He saw dragon glass hitting the undead. He saw flaming arrows likewise impacting the undead.

The only problem was the forces of the Ice King that already come in under the umbrella of arrows and projectiles being fired off with rapidity by the forces under Daenerys’s and his command. They would just have deal with it he thought gloomily cutting down more of the undead.

In a break of the advancing undead, Eddard looked out before the now fallen Wall. He had simply not conceived of such numbers. The ground before him was literally covered with the undead back to the fallen Wall and as far as he could see to his left and right. At the passes in the fallen Wall, more undead could be seen streaming in. The yellow ichor carrying the undead impossibly quickly forward.

He knew that yellow seemed to be color associated with the Croyel. This must be his magic bringing the Walking Dead forward quickly. Damnit Eddard cursed to himself. The undead were supposed to clumsily navigate the shattered remains of the Wall. Easily picked off and then when they met the flat ground with their slow movements.

Even with the channels through the fallen Wall the slow advance of the undead should have allowed for them to be butchered as the forces of Westeros slowly retreated to the berm. They could have moved out and engaged in a controlled manner. That plan was no more.

He had seen the danger that Barristan was in at the promontory but was unable to go to his aid. He could not allow the Walking Dead to come up the berm here. He glanced back at the promontory. Anger filled his body. It was clear that Barristan, Strong Belwas and Syrio and the few defenders around them were going to be overwhelmed. He could not go to them and allow the undead to breech here as well. To allow penetration of their lines here would prove equally catastrophic.

To his left mighty explosion of magical might went off turning the world blue. Lustra had joined the fight.

Eddard glanced back to Ygritte. He felt his body go tense his eyes wide. He was constantly being shocked by unbelievable sights. Expect they were real! Ygritte’s belly was greatly bloated now. Melisandre had moved behind Ygritte now and had her left arm around her wife with her right hand. She was still holding up the shadow cup to her wife’s lips. Ygritte steadily drank the rest of the blood from the cup. The tall auburn headed witch was singing still in her native tongue.
Foot soldiers came running up with shields, lances and pikes. They were to delay the advancing dead and try and bunch them up so Dragon Glass could dispatch the dead. They started to form up behind Eddard. More archers were running up in ones and twos. The surprise had ruined the formations that been trained for. That did not matter her on the berm. Arrows were needed to be fired as quickly as possible. At targets at point blank range.

Two large bodies flashed by overhead. The bodies of immense size. He smiled. Viserion and Rhaegal had both taken to the air. They rose up to just below the cloud cover and rolled over and came back down at immense speed. This made them hard to hit if aimed at but also allowed the breath they now spewed out their open mauls to cover more ground. Large swaths of the undead went up like roaring candles from Leng. Long lines of magical fire consumed all they touched. The white and green dragon rose back up into the air. Rhaegal’s wounded leg hanging limp but it did not prevent him from flight and fight.

The next batch of dead were rising up as they clawed their way up the berm. Archers cut the majority down. Eddard moved forward and cut down those that rose up before him and were not feathered. He relied the skill of the archers and his armor to protect him. He heard Ygritte yell out in her advanced pregnancy. He did not have time to look back.

To their left Viserion suddenly appeared in a fast down dive. His throat issuing a mighty bugle. He flew down the line of the berm firing his breath down into the trough before it. He seemed to be controlling his breath and firing out a thin jet of flame. Eddard was impressed. The white dragon flew down the line of the berm setting the dead alight that were before the berm. For several hundred yards the white dragon burned the Walking Dead. His constricted flame allowed him to continue his jet of flame for a greater distance.

Further down the berm Rhaegal appeared. His right rear leg hung limply but he was still able to fly and he burned the dead in the trough as well with his fiery breath. The dragons flew on and banked away to gain attitude looking out over the battlefield. The dragons banking over the forces of Westeros. This allowed them to fly in safety and not have to worry about attack. The dragons surveying where they were needed next. They now rose up into the sky to get attitude to dive down for their next attacks. Their attack next to the berm reduced the immediate pressure of the undead attack where they had attacked.

The two dragons heading to the west. Their wings pumping hard gaining attitude as they moved north to attack undead closer to the fallen Wall.

Eddard saw that the yellow ichor already in the ditch would prevent the oil and pitch beneath the sheet of ichor from igniting. Damnit! Another foil to their plans. The undead moving forward slogging through the liquid and crawling over the bodies of their fallen compatriots.

The Direwolves had run up and were surrounding the ShadowBender witches. They too seemed mesmerized by what was happening. The mighty wolves facing out quickly. They were obviously providing their protections to the witches.

Eddard turned around and started to kill the next wave of the dead clawing up to reach the top of the berm. Eddard felt arrows whizzing by his sides and head. The shambling dead falling dead or staggering as Dragon Glass arrows slammed into their bodies from point blank range. Eddard felt grim satisfaction seeing the blue light leave the Walking Dead’s eyes as they died a second permanent death. He felt like some great Titan in the middle of the tempestuous seas.

He cursed when his body recoiled with dragon glass arrows exploding on his plate armor. He said a quick prayer to the old gods that he was not hit in the head. At least he would never know what hit him he thought in gallows humor.
He looked back at Ygritte. Her belly was terribly bloated now. She cried out as if in the travails of childbirth. He thought darkly that she was. Just that she about to birth a monster. Melisandre held Ygritte’s body to hers with both arms now. Her body had moved behind her wife’s small body. Her knees on each side of the fiery redhead cradling Ygritte to her body. Jon started to move in to help his wife but Melisandre waved him off with an angry shake of her head. Jon heeded her warning and moved back.

Eddard again looked over at the promontory. He cursed loudly. Barristan and his group were having to give way and some of the undead were now slaughtering those they could now reach. The undead bullying their way through the forces of Westeros and unknowingly turning the flank. If this caving in of their lines became large it would lead to the slaughter of many of his men. A full scale retreat would have to be called. They could be catastrophic.

What did he hear? Eddard looked around. He heard strange barking in the air. It seemed to be coming from everywhere at once. The sound sounded like dogs but it was not. The pitch too high and strident for hounds. The Direwolves had a much deeper bark.

Behind the knot of people around the ShadowBender witches Eddard saw a shape run by. He started yet again. What the hell was that? He murmured to himself. As he gaped at the receding figure running on all fours. Two more of the grey shapes rushed by. They were running towards Barristan on the promontory. As he turned to look back from where those figures had appeared two more of the figures went running by from the opposite direction. Then one ran by right behind him running down the berm to get to the promontory.

The figures were shaped faintly like a dog. They were wearing medium and dark grey tunics that covered the top of their four limbs. Then he saw their faces. They had no eyes and massive nostrils with ears high on their heads. They were Ur-viles … no these were grey … they were Waynhim. They and the Ur-viles had saved his wife. The figures were barking wildly.

His mouth fell open. The small denizens of the Land rushed on towards the promontory. Waynhim were surging to Barristan forming up in front of him. More and more of the Demondim spawn appeared running to the promontory from all the lanes in the queen’s camp it seemed. The tumultuous confusion of combat had the men the creatures ran by hardly even noticing as the men focused on the advancing Walking Dead.

Eddard was shocked. The Waynhim were supposed to retiring creatures who did not try to affect the course of history like the Ur-viles were willing to do according to Lord Lustra. The creatures supposedly more pacifist. The Waynhim supporting the Land behind the scenes.

Again he had to give thanks to these strange denizens of the Southern Continent who were fighting in his cause. He counted himself extremely fortunate. More and more arrows were being fired at the advancing tide of undead. The various siege engines now firing in a continuous rhythm hurling objects at the sea of approaching death. All platforms now fully manned and in rhythm of fire and reload.

The Waynhim were definitely running up to Barristan’s position. They were coming to his aid. He felt an inner rush knowing this. Daenerys had told all of them the tales of the Ur-viles coming to her aid on the Dothraki Sea and the great destruction they had caused to the Dothraki. He hoped the Waynhim proved as destructive.

For a moment he had doubts. The Waynhim formed a line in front of Barristan and the small knot of fighters around him. The Waynhim did not seem ready to fight with their staves down. In a flash nearly forty or so staves were ripped up slicing the undead before them apart. The blades chopping limbs off and bodies in half.
He had no more time for them. It looked like Barristan’s situation had been stabilized. He had his immediate problems to take care. He saw Rhaegal swoop by and over the leading edge of the dead surging forward towards the trough before the berm. His fiery breath set a huge swath of the dead alight. The fire intense even from a distance. The green dragon banked bank over the forces of the Queen.

He looked further down the line. Viserion was letting out long jets of his flaming breath. From distance he saw the long tongues of flame consuming whole swaths of the advancing undead. He noted that dragon’s fire seemed to cling to what it touched. One jet was nearly fifty yards long. Viserion flying fast to extend the path of his destruction.

Daenerys had informed all in meetings that dragons did not have an unlimited ability to spew fire and the Ice Dragon could probably only send out so much ice. Once they had exhausted the fuel they had acquired by eating and chemical reactions then they were unable to breathe more fire. That was the reason dragons did much of their damage with their weight and talons flying down to crush their foes and tearing apart with claws and teeth.

Eddard turned around. He saw more undead appearing. The yellow ichor constantly bringing the undead forward at a quick pace. The archers firing wildly at them filling them with Dragon Glass. Their bodies feathered repeatedly killing them quickly. The leading undead toppling over. Unfortunately, more were right behind them brought forward by the magical rolling ichor. An Ice Wright appeared suddenly in front of Eddard. The archers were reloading and the Ice Wright rushed forward to fight Eddard. He stepped forward and engaged the Ice Wright.

Their swords slammed into each other repeatedly. The sharp retorts ringing in the air. Evening Star singing its song louder as it fought the sword of their foe. The Ice Wright was fast but Eddard was faster. He had trained his whole life for these fights. He concentrated and swung his sword hard with all his might. His heart filled with anger at the abomination that the Ice King had created. His sword cleaved the Ice Wrights sword in two knocking it off balance. Evening Star shrieked in triumph Eddard swore. He came back with a back handed sword swipe. The Ice Wright’s head went spinning off into the air.

“AAARRRRUUNNGGGGGGG!” a loud feminine scream tore the air.

The Wright dispensed with Eddard turned to look back to where Jon and his wives were. He again started at what greeted his sight. From Ygritte’s vagina a monstrous head emerged. It was absolutely black and seemed to twist and writhe as it pushed out from her vagina. The monstrosity of a black head swelled the instant it pushed forth from Ygritte’s birth canal. The head elongating. Ygritte was yelling pushing down. The shoulders of the thing pushed through Ygritte’s birth canal and immediately swelled. All that emerged was as dark as the night between the stars in the sky at night.

The head was narrow with sunken cheeks and sunken portals where the eyes were. The face full of angles. The thing being birthed had high cheekbones. It had ears that were pointed and close set to the side of its head.

With its shoulders free the shadow monster Ygritte was birthing forced its thin spindly arms from the Wildling’s vagina. Fingers first and then forearms. The fingers once free jerked and swirled around. The fingers quickly extended in length. The arms jerked around obscenely. The two arms grew in size but not as much as the head and shoulders that were still growing. The limbs spindly and obscene looking. The things elongated head twisted and turned. Eddard saw that it did have huge black pupil less eyes in its sunken orbits. It had a slit mouth that were lined with black razor sharp teeth. It had no hair with ridges on its forehead and with a long neck.
The arms writhed about wildly but seemed to calm. They had grown obscenely long. The limbs corded with thin muscles that wrapped around the appendages. The fingers on the hands long tipped with wicked looking claws. The arms now turned back in and down and gripped Ygritte’s hips. The monstrosity pushed and wiggled its way forward out of Ygritte’s body. The arms clenching its claws wrapped around Ygritte’s body but did not harm her. Ygritte yelled with each contraction that gripped and shook her body. The spawning creature helping with its own birth.

Ygritte screamed again pushing down as Melisandre hugged Ygritte tight to her body. The monster shadow body lurched out of Ygritte’s body and plopped down onto the ground wetly. Its legs were long but immediately started to grow in length. The limbs writhing. The feet of the thing still half in Ygritte’s birth canal. Black ichor dripping off its body. Blood trickles ran out of Ygritte’s vagina. The blood hissed when it splattered onto the ground. The black pulsing afterbirth spewed onto the ground steaming.

Eddard watched the black monstrosity hiss while the body shuddered with its birth. The midnight black creature rolled from shoulder to shoulder. Its hands clawed into the earth and pulled its body forward enough to fully pull its body out of Ygritte’s vagina. A hot gush of blackish red blood pulsed out of Ygritte’s birth canal. It was silent.

Eddard instinctively wanted to attack the seeming monster that had just been birthed. It had to be a monster meant to harm all. He felt his sword vibrate and jerk his body back. Again this day Eddard was surprised. His sword was telling him that this creation of the ShadowBender witches was no enemy. Eddard suppressed his instinctive dread of what he saw.

For many breaths, the body of the just born monstrosity continued to elongate and now began to fill in its body cavity and limbs. The beast seemed to take a deep breath. It rose unsteadily on its feet. It grew in height immediately with its dark black body roiling and morphing as it grew. Its head grew and elongated more with sharp fangs now jutting out both gums. Its arms and legs grew before their eyes. The hands and feet had long claws jutting out each finger and toe. The claws were doubled edged and obviously razor sharp. It stood erect. The newborn beast seemed to sway on its oddly jointed legs. Its legs were canted back at an inhuman angle.

The beast was now over twenty-eight feet tall. It looked around. As Eddard watched, the beast became steady on its feet. This spawn of the deepest pits of hell flexed it shoulders and worked its arms about testing them out. The monstrosity turned around and gazed at the sea of Walking Dead and the occasional ice blue body of an Ice Wright and Ice Giant.

Eddard saw two hundred yards off to their right a huge knot of Walking Dead and then Ice Wrights and An Ice Giant reach the top of the berm and surge forward. The forces of Westeros had not had time to form up yet in that area. Men were attempting to form up but they were being decimated by the dead and Wrights. Arrows were flying into the enemy but nowhere enough to stop them as more crested the berm. The Walking Dead shambling forward and the Ice Wrights and the Ice Giant moved forward at speed.

Ygritte was spent. Melisandre would not leave her wife and nor would Jon. The others did not have that hold on them. They all started to rush toward the break in their lines. Eddard cursed knowing they would not arrive before mayhem would be done to the troops before this sudden onslaught.

The shadow monster let out a horrible high pitched scream. It ran forward on impossibly spindly legs. In only ten second it had covered the distance to the breach. The others left behind by the rush of the shadow monster. While the creature had run towards the breech Rhaegal had flown by at speed. His injured leg hanging down obviously injured. He let out a mighty bellow of flame out on the plain just in front of the ditch. His flames consuming all before it.
More of the undead were cresting the berm top where Eddard and his countrymen were at. Eddard and those around rushed into this new breech to the lines of Westeros. Eddard, Stannis, Renly and Loras moved in to engage the advancing forces of the Ice King. Their Valyrian steel blades cutting into the undead with devastating effect.

Eddard cut off a dead boar’s head that had tried to gore him and stepped back. Stannis was slicing two dead crows to pieces. His Valyrian blade cutting the magic binding the undead. They fell to the ground and did not move. Eddard glanced at the shadow monster that had just been birthed. It was at the major breech. It was attacking its foes with wild abandon. Its mighty arms swept out around it and simply cut the undead to ribbons. The mutilated dead were still alive judging by their wiggling but they were now just bits and pieces. The monster’s head bent down and swallowed an undead stag into its mouth. The former stag ripped apart in its mouth before spitting out in bloody sprays of viscera and bone fragments.

The shadow demon jumped up high. Its right foot kicked out in swirl. Its talon feet slashed undead to ribbons. It landed its long arms swirling around it shredding undead to ribbons all around it. The undead felt no fear and moved in constantly attacking the monstrosity birthed by Ygritte. The shadow monster did not have to move to engage its enemies. The men who had been attacked were able to fall back now and reform their lines without being savaged.

The undead tried to grasp the Shadow Monster’s body and limbs but their limbs, claws, antlers, mouths only passed through shadows and had no effect on the shadowy creation of the ShadowBender witches. Their attacks literally finding only shadows. Their attacks meaningless. The creation of Ygritte swung its arms around its body cutting undead bodies to ribbons and disemboweling its foes with easy.

The Ice Wrights and Ice Giant turned from attacking men to the shadow demon amongst them. The first Ice Wright came up to the tall shadow demon. Faster than the eye could follow, the twenty-eight foot tall demon whipped out its right arm. Its long fingers and claws closed around the thin body of the Ice Wright its arms pinned to its body. For something so large the Shadow Monster was impossibly fast. The Ice Wright squirmed and screamed but it did not good.

With his mouth open Eddard watched the shadow demon squeeze its fist harder. The Ice Wright’s head ripped back and it screamed in agony. Then its body exploded. The icy spawn’s head shattering along with its body. The shadow demon slammed the ruined body to the ground. It was now surrounded by four Ice Wrights and the Ice Giant up close to the Shadow Monster.

The other Ice Wrights and Ice Giant surrounding the shadow monster and slashing wildly at it. The shadow monster arms and legs slashed by the blades. They passed through the shadows. The blades seemed to deflect but wisps of shadow swirled off the arms and legs of the shadow monster. The shadow monster’s mouth opened wide to scream in pain. The sound echoed over the battlefield.

None of the contestants hesitated to attack the other. Eddard engaged more of the Walking Dead slicing them apart. His sword leaving light blue after shadows with each slice and chop of his sword. Loras and Renly were fighting together dispatching the undead they engaged. Stannis roared with his mighty sword chops on the undead that were before him. Loras sliced a mountain goat clear in two and Renly sliced the legs off a large hound coming at him.

The attack of the shadow demon had given the forces of Westeros time to recover where the breech had occurred. Glass Dragon arrows were beginning to fly out towards the Ice creations of the Ice King. The Ice Wrights had to spend a lot of their focus dodging arrows. The Ice Giants were not so bright. The one closest to the Shadow Monster had its body now looking like a pin cushion with Dragon Glass arrows jutting out its body. It was wobbling on its feet. In a flash the shadow demon
surged forward and gripped the Ice Giant in its Talons and lifted it high over its head with its impossibly long slender black arms and slammed it down on an Ice Wright shattering its body and finishing off the Ice Giant at the same time.

The surviving Ice Wrights slashed at the shadow demon. It dodged most of the sword swipes but some landed. It screamed in pain as the blades passed through its body. Black shadows wiped off its body like blood.

The shadow demon stabbed another Ice Wright with its talons. The Ice Wright convulsing on the talons. Blue blood boiled out its mouth and blood poured out its nose, eyes and ears.

The other two Ice Wrights and Ice Giant had been feathered with Dragon Glass arrows now and were weakening fast with black tendrils roping their body. The shadow demon spawned by Ygritte quickly stabbed the wounded Ice Wrights killing them. The Ice Giant fell back with arrows in each eye. The shadow demon lifted its arms high lifting the limp bodies of the dead Ice Wrights and slammed them down to the ground shattering their bodies with limbs flung off ruined bodies. The shadow monster looked around. The immediate threat had been killed in its area.

Eddard and the high lords finished dispatching the Walking Dead before them. Eddard saw in the distance Arya running around killing the Walking Dead with head or throat shots at the promontory. Her arrows with their white fletching of the north jutting out the dead’s bodies. She and other archers rushed to the edge of the berm now and fired their bows down at the undead moving up the berm. Runners rushing up with resupplies of quivers.

The immediate surge had been stemmed. Eddard looked out past the berm. Wave upon wave of the enemy were quickly approaching. The battle had just been joined. He took a deep grim breath. The sea of undead seemed endless.

**Daenerys:** Daenerys remembered as a little girl standing in the courtyard of the house with the red door and looking up in early spring. There she watched the ospreys that fished the lagoon of Braavos up high in the air. The raptors fighting each other. Later she would learn that it was the mating season and the birds were fighting for mates and territories. The male birds turning towards each other talons raised in defense and attack.

The birds would come at each other from opposing directions fast and furious. At the last moment the birds would throw their bodies over to bring their talons up to oppose each other. The birds clasping and jerking their claws at each other. The birds sometimes missing totally but many times their claws hooked into each and would send the birds spinning off. They would flap their wings gaining attitude and separating and then coming together again for another round of the aerial joust tournament.

A few times the young girl would see feathers bloom when claws raked the body of their opponent. Sometimes their talons would intertwine between the battling birds and their bodies would swing around in wild circles. Their bodies descending as their twined and contorted bodies prevented them effectively using their wings. Finally, the birds breaking apart. Then pumping their wings wildly to regain speed and gain attitude. The birds fighting to gain control of themselves for their next pass at each other.

These fights would continue for long minutes until one bird of the other had had enough and flew off conceding the contest to the other. The battles for dominance and access to resources. The battles only extremely rarely came to one of the bird’s death.

She had wondered as a little girl what it would feel like to be free and fighting so wild and with total abandon. Now she knew. *It was terrifying!*
Drogon and the Ice Dragon were slashing with their claws and lunging at each other with snapping necks mouths biting and trying to tear great chunks out of the other. Daenerys had hunched down low to keep her body pressed to Drogon’s body tight.

She had read the histories of the Targaryen’s in Westeros. The great areal battles between dragons with their riders upon their backs. She never read of the rider being thrown off the backs of their mounts. She greatly feared she might be the first! Her body was whiplashed right and left as Drogon’s body flexed and surged seeking advantage against his foe.

Their full throated bugles of the two fighting dragon’s deafening. The dragons’ were so close that they could not truly rake their foe with their talons. Their thick mature scales easily deflecting the short kicks of their limbs pressed into each other. Their necks reared back and lunged forward to try and get the other dragon’s neck or head in its mouth to bite and crush the neck vertebra, tendons and arteries.

The dragons had an instinct for survival. The dragons twisted and jerked their bodies at the last moment to avoid the talons and teeth of their foes. Strikes deflected or avoided at the last moment. Several times Daenerys screamed feeling the Ice Dragon’s head shoot over her body as it lunged at her and Drogon. She felt the rush of air over her head. She could smell the Ice dragon’s breath.

Then the dragons broke apart literally pushing each other away with powerful hind legs. The two dragons spinning off away from each other but immediately balancing themselves and righting their bodies beating their wings powerfully, instinctively gaining attitude. The two dragons craning necks to keep each other in sight. Then when some unspoken distance had been achieved they levelled out and dove at shallow angles toward each other yet again.

The black dragon with red streaks and the ice cold blue dragon with white comets in its scales flew fast at each other. Daenerys held on tight when Drogon’s body went perpendicular to the ground so he could slash at the Ice Dragon as it flew by in the opposite dragon its own claws raking and stabbing. The two dragons missed and flew on.

This happened twice more. On the third pass Daenerys childhood memory came back to her in crystal clarity. The two dragons fore claws interlocked as they passed each other. The hooked talons synched in between the other’s claws. The two dragons had their bodies snatched out of their flight path they had been flying and now spun in a dizzying downward spiral. Necks lunging at each other as the other dragon dodged and snapped back with snapping jaws. The world was a vertigo to the Valyrian as she held on tight to Drogon’s scales.

Daenerys’s hands were thrust deep between Drogon’s scales as she pressed herself tight to his body. Still her body was whiplashed to and fore. She gritted her teeth holding on tight. Her world a spinning confusion of first clouds and then the forest and Walking Dead and back to clouds again. Her hands ached with her tight grip of Drogon’s inner scales. The dragons’ bodies jerked wildly with their interlocked claws trying to throw the other off balance to enable it to get a good attack vector.

The two dragon’s bodies juddered and shook as necks slammed into each other. Daenerys felt her eyes go large seeing the Ice Dragon’s mouth descending towards her body. In a flash Drogon’s head slammed in the side of the Ice Dragon’s neck in the middle making it whiplash off to the side its head snapping hard.

With a loud scream of pain the Ice Dragon pushed their bodies away from each other.

Daenerys took a deep breath. That had been close. The two dragons circled each other now evaluating the other for weakness or perceived flaw in their body or attack strategy. Each dragon
looking to see if they had inflicted wounds that had compromised their foe.

Unlike the raptor fights Daenerys witnessed in her youth, dragon fights were usually to the death. Their instinctive combat natures demanded it. They would avoid fights in most circumstances but once the choice to fight had been joined it was almost always led to the death of the vanquished dragon. Their human masters goading on this instinct.

The two dragons flew in on each other again on a level keel. This time both dragon’s attacked the other with their breath. Drogon spit out a mighty gout of fire. The Ice Dragon spit out ice daggers. Daenerys smiled smugly. The storm of ice daggers had been a tempest before but now were only a summer rain. The number and thickness had been greatly reduced.

Their breaths mostly cancelling each other the two dragons passed each other bellowing. Some of Drogon’s flame did lick the Ice Dragon but it was too diffuse to do any damage with the limited time of contact. The two dragons snapping at each other in spite as they passed by each other in opposite directions. They circled up and away and again came in on each other in a steep glide path. Again the dragons angled their bodies at the last moment to bring their claws up to face the other’s body. Their legs kicked at each other with their feet meeting as claws worked against each other with loud scraping noises. Now necks slammed into each other and heads reared back to have fanged mouths savagely attack the other.

Twisting necks and back jerking heads had teeth raking harmless against scales. The dragon’s mouth unable to get a tight lock on their opponent’s throats. Drogon tried to use his superior size to overwhelm his opponent but the Ice Dragon was strong in his own right but used his quickness to mainly offset Drogon’s superior strength. Their bodies rolled and swirled in the air before they broke apart again the dragon’s circling away from each other yet again to get separation and height for another pass.

Neither dragon willing to try and spew its breath at each other in this close in combat. A dragon had to concentrate and tightening its muscle to bellow out its flaming or icy breath in this case. This made the neck rigid and unable to defend itself from physical attack. The dragons would only risk the maneuver if it felt it had its foe totally under control. That was not the case now.

The Queen was not able to bring her sword to the fight. She had first to hold on for dear life. Second she was learning that dragons instinctively attacked with claws toward each other and where their thickest scales face each other to resist the rake of their opponent’s claws. This kept her away from the Ice Dragon’s body.

The two dragons if they were tiring did not show it. The two dragons fired by hormones that kept their bodies energized. Both dragons anxious and ready to continue the attack. This attack by both behemoths cancelled out the dragons’ energy achieved in their glide in on each other. They then surged apart and flew off to gain altitude and speed for the next pass.

Daenerys felt the thrill of acceleration as the two dragons surged towards each other. The shock of colliding bodies and the terror of holding on tight. The two dragons buffeting each other with raking claws and lunging jaws. The sound was deafening. The roars by her head felt like thunder exploding in her head. The shock of colliding bodies had her body whiplashing. The sight of large teeth barely missing her body had terror coursing through Daenerys’ veins.

Suddenly, Daenerys saw the Ice Dragon had maneuvered its head to lunge at her with its mouth. It had gotten inside of Drogon’s neck pushing it back with the bend of its own neck. Daenerys saw its mouth coming at her. Again sheer terror filled her but this time she was ready. In one motion she leaned up pulling her rune sword from its scabbard. It fired up immediately in hot fire of licking flames and intense heat. She lunged her body up as the Ice Dragon’s head came down.
Her sword swiped through the air. Her sword swiping across the teeth coming at her fast. Her sword slashed horizontally across the down lunging teeth trying to snap her in two. The Queen of Westeros leaning back as she swiped at the teeth trying to kill her. Her sword slashed through the Ice Dragon’s teeth that reached for her. Three teeth sliced apart two inches from their tips went flying. The Ice Dragon jerked his head back in pain.

The dragon started to breathe its icy breath but Daenerys lunged forward with her sword. The Ice Dragon with three bleeding teeth jerked its head back and juked it to the side. The Ice Dragon had learned that she too had a deadly fang!

The two dragons separated and again circled up to seek advantage before their next pass at each other. Three more times the dragons made passes at each other. The second time their claws again found each other. Fortunately, the Valyrian had sheathed her sword. She hung for her life as her world spun in a wild gyre of twisting and jerking. Her body whiplashed around by the surging and juking dragon bodies. The world again spinning in a wild confusion of out of control spins.

She had not tried to guide Drogon at all during this aerial melee of twisting and surging heavy bodies. She knew her dragon instinctively knew how to fight and survive this fight with its brethren. It had been breed into their very minds how to fight this fight to the death.

Still, Daenerys had seen that the Ice Dragon had slowed in its motion. So had Drogon’s movements slowed. Their reactions a fraction slower. She thought it was time. She told Drogon what she needed. He did not answer keeping his gaze intently on his foe. The Queen knew that her steed would do her bidding when the opportunity afforded itself.

Twice more the dragons made passes at each other. The two dragons slashing claws at each other the sounds of claws scraping along thick scales loud in the air. The two dragons grappled with each other trying to gain advantage as they passed each other. Their bodies jolted hard with their claws partially interlocking. The resulting whiplash jerked bodies hard. The grips not tight had their bodies jerk apart. The two dragons flew on past each other again doing no true damage. Any wounds so far had been only slight.

The third pass the two dragons fore claws found each other and locked tight. Each dragon lunged their bodies into each other to both allow them to kick with their hind legs but also to protect their own bodies from full powerful kicks that could cut through their scales and the muscle underneath.

The two dragons roared and lunged at each other with their twisting necks and lunging heads. Heads snapping forward and back. Their wings beating furiously too keep themselves aloft. Their bodies instinctively rolling trying to get their enemy at disadvantage. Teeth trying to grip ahold of the foes neck or head to rip off scales and rend flesh. The two dragons snorting and screaming in rage, anger and lust for the other’s death.

Daenerys again held on tight. Then Drogon snapped his head forward and lunged his neck around the Ice Dragon’s neck. Drogon mouth scabbled and was able to get a bite on the Ice Dragon’s horns. The bite did no true damage. The Ice Dragon jerked his head wildly trying to free his head.

Daenerys body got its balance as the two dragon’s wiggled and bucked against each other. Her moment had come. Daenerys released her grip on Drogon’s scales and hurled her body upon the side of the Ice Dragon. For a brief moment the Valyrian’s body in the air between the dragons. The wiggling Ice Dragons body came close and the Queen kicked her feet against Drogon’s body. This allowed the Queen to get her balance and grip on the Ice Dragon’s ice cold scales. The cold would have burned with cold her hands but her hot blooded nature counteracted the cold. To some degree. The Ice Dragon’s scales were bitterly cold but the Queen could endure the pain.
She quickly scaled up the Ice Dragon’s scales on its neck. She held on tight jamming her hands into the small crevices of its scales. She looped her legs around the sinewy neck of her foe and clenched and pushed up the neck of the Ice Dragon as she crawled forward. Daenerys grunted as she climbed up from the base of the Ice Dragon’s neck. Drogon with his neck wrapped around the Ice Dragon’s neck prevented it from whiplashing its neck. It could not throw her off. Daenerys clung tight to the cold neck of her enemy with her arms and legs.

Daenerys used both twined necks to find purchase and get a grip and used her feet to push off the pulsing necks of both dragons. The pale white haired woman moved up the necks. She only used Drogon’s neck for purchase to work up. She kept her hands gripping tight the neck of the Ice Dragon as she shoved her hands between scales and gripped the edges of the cold scales to move up several more feet. The Queen worming over Drogon’s neck when it twisted across her path.

Still, the Ice Dragon was able to give a mighty convulsion that unsettled Daenerys. She yelled grabbing ahold tight to the scales between her fingers. She got her balance centered again. She grit her teeth and resumed her climb up the neck of the Ice Dragon in earnest. She was able to move faster now. As she climbed the neck of the Ice Dragon it narrowed as she approached its head. Her face in a rictus of concentration and striving. She was not sure how much longer Drogon could keep his hold on the Ice Dragon and restrain its movements.

With quick motions the Queen crawled up the rest of the way up the neck of the Ice Dragon. It sensed Daenerys on his neck. He writhed and tried to get free of Drogon’s grip on his horns but was unsuccessful. The Queen was soon at the juncture of the Ice Dragon’s neck and head. She continued climbing moving over Drogon’s hot mouth and teeth. His heat felt good after the searing cold of the Ice Dragon.

She wasted no time moving the top half of her body over the head of Drogon. With both hands she reached back and pulled off two of the Valyrian daggers she kept strapped to her thighs. The Ice Dragon jerked its head wildly but Drogon refused to let go.

The Queen raised her hands high and stabbed down. Her two daggers flashed down. A dagger in each hand Daenerys stabbed the ancient blades down. The Valyrian steel penetrated he eyes of the Ice Dragon to the hilt. The blades did not stop till Daenerys fist jammed into the eye sockets of the Ice Dragon with violent force. The blades penetrating the brain of the Ice Dragon sinking in deep. Its eyes ruined.

The body of the Ice Dragon went limp. It was dead. The beast’s wings went limp and no longer beat. The entwined bodies of the two dragons staggered in the air and now plummeted to the Earth. Drogon could not support both of their weight. Nor could it untangle their bodies. Their claws still clasped together. The Ice Dragon rigid in death had a death grip on Drogon’s claws. Their twined necks tightly bond.

The bodies of the two dragons plummeted down into the Haunted Forest. Mighty tree tops had their trunks snapped off as the dragon bodies passed through them to slam into the next tree. Their massive bodies shattering and exploding trees with their passing. Echoes of the mighty collision of bodies boomed into the air.

A mighty cloud of birds erupted from the canopy of trees around the impact sight. Birds shooting off in every direction from the sudden comet that had plummeted down in their midst. The birds screaming in alarm at the sudden intrusion. It looked like a volcano had erupted with the limbs, branches and needles suddenly thrown up into the air in all direction.

The smell of sap and crushed needles suddenly thick in the air like after a tornado had torn through a stand of coniferous trees. The detritus from the ruined trees quickly settled back into the canopy.
around the impact sight of the large bodies. The birds more slowly recovered from the shock and returned to the limbs of the undamaged trees to the side of the impact zone. Their squawks of alarm quickly quieting.

Then there was only relative silence.

**Red Tailed Hawk:** The red tailed hawk sat on a high branch in a towering fir. It ran its beak through the barbs of its vane. The raptor working to get his flight feathers back in perfect order. Again and again the raptor ran its beak along the rachis of each of its main flight feathers to get them properly aligned. It looked around and then went back to grooming. The hawk also preened to remove dust, dirt, and parasites from its feathers.

It had alight in the trees after its initial assault upon the enemies of the Earth. It had tired and flew up into the trees. The trees now filled with the chirping and warbling of countless species of birds. His cousins still excited in their attack on the strange walking dead below. The branches heavy with the various species of two continents lodged in the forest’s canopy.

He sensed the unnatural order of the walking things below. They were dead and yet had life. It did not think more on it. He had regained some strength preening its feathers. He had taken off and went back towards the Earth. He had looked around as he descended. More birds were constantly falling in a slow drizzle. Late arrivals. The birds arriving and diving down to attack anything they found. Other refreshed birds deciding to attack just a little more like himself.

More and more of the unnatural dead streamed out of the massive forest before this tall Wall of fallen ice. The initial dead they had attacked had been carried away the red tailed hawk saw. Some strange yellow fluid was carrying the undead forward. No matter. It had plenty of new undead to attack as they shambled out of the forest and onto the yellow carpet.

He flew down and alight on the shoulder of a walking man that had rotted greatly. He tore at its neck with his beak and claw. Soon the neck was half removed. The rotten flesh easy to tear asunder. The head hung over on the opposite shoulder. It tore at the shoulder repeatedly till the arm was barely hanging on. He flew up and back. He saw a large dead wolverine moving forward.

It had two buzzards tearing at its limbs. He joined them and helped them rip the things limbs off. It was soon only a body with no limbs. It writhed as did the limbs. Still it was less than it had been.

He was tired again. He flapped his wings and ascended to the heights of the canopy of the forest near him. He alit on the tallest limbs of a mighty fir. He again went to work on his feathers aligning them. It soothed him.

Without warning the red tailed hawk’s world exploded. Only twenty yards in front of him something massive had come hurtling out of the sky without warning. Its approach silent. His world filled with mighty crashes with shattered remains of limbs and needles pelting his body.

The red tailed hawk shook its head. It seemed uninjured and propelled himself into the sky. He noticed all around him roosting birds were joining him in taking to the air. Their screams of fright joining his in the air as he flapped his wings fast and furious. He looked all around and up but saw nothing else in the sky.

He gained more attitude. He looked down again. He saw that whatever had hurtled out of the sky had come in at an angle. The large body topping the immediate trees before where the red tailed hawk had roosted. The large thing had slammed into the next trees lower down and then further down as it hurtled to the ground. By happenstance the large body had blasted its way through trees to fall into a partial glade caused by two ancient trees falling down and knocking down other trees
from a recent mighty wind storm.

The red tail hawk looked down into the partially obscure glade with his long sight. He saw two immense bodies close together. One black with red highlights and the other light blue with even lighter blue streaks on its body. Neither moved. He circled around but the bodies on the ground did not move and no more fell from the sky.

He cautiously lite back down on the canopy top near the gash in the treetops caused by the falling large bodies. He was slowly joined by his cousins back in the trees. All wondered what had just happened.
Arya: Arya ran up and down the berm. Her swords and quivers on her back slapping with her rapid motions. She would stop and pull her bow up. The arrow already notched. She used torque to keep the arrow in place. The arrow merely waiting to be used. A target spotted Arya would stop her slow run and plant her feet. She pulled her bow up and pulled the string back taunt. She took a deep breath and steadied herself. She released her breath as she waited for that moment between heartbeats to fire her arrow off at her next target.

Her arrow invariably finding its target. The arrow burying itself into the eye or throat of her enemies. The arrow sinking deep into her target’s flesh. The Dragon Glass tipped weapon immediately killing the target. Sometimes her aim was slightly off and the arrow would slam into the skull of the enemy. The arrow not sinking in deep. The shot often killed immediately but sometimes it took a small amount of time for the poison to kill her target.

The first rush of the enemy had been beaten back. There had been losses and more were occurring. Seeing any of the forces of Westeros killed filled Arya with anger. Several miles down the berm at the edge of their camp the Walking Dead with some Ice Wrights and Giants mixed in were assaulting those forces. Here in the middle and to the other end of the camp with additional support the lines were holding.

The Waynhim had totally stopped the forces of the Ice King before them. They had established their island that rotated its apex to face each threat as they approached the fighting wedge of the Waynhim. The Loremaster firing off long ribbons of dark black acid. The acid instantly ate the undead into nothing. Their bodies simply melting down to slag. Any Ice Wright or Ice Giant that tried to assault the wedge now that it was set got splashed with the Loremaster’s acid.

The Icy spawn of the Ice King had no defense for the acid of the Demondim spawn either. The acid landed on them and began to immediately attack their bodies. Their bodies blistered with their icy flesh bubbling and popping as the blisters exploded. The acid quickly eating deeper into their bodies. The bodies soon falling apart with their bluish blood exploding out the orifices of the Ice Wrights and Giants.

Arya saw the small creatures pressed tight together in their fighting wedge. The Loremaster projected their power up to thirty yards in front of the apex of the wedge. The Loremaster worked his stave to make it jerk right and left with up and down motions to disperse his acid. Other Waynhim on the edge of the fighting wedge facing the undead used their iron and bone staves to slash and hack apart any Walking Dead that came up upon them. The small creatures on the interior of the wedge pressed into the backs of their outer brothers. This somehow allowed the Waynhim to pass on their strength to the Waynhim on the edges of their fighting wedge.

The effect of the Waynhim acid was devastating. Arya was thrilled to see the effects of the Waynhim acid on her foes. The icy creations of the Ice King were as vulnerable to the acid as the risen up undead. The acid would splash over the Wright or Giant. Their bodies immediately pitted and bubbling into mist. The acid eating deep till the Icy creations were screaming and falling apart.

A few avoided the acid baths but were engaged by the Waynhim on the edge. The Ice Wrights wildly attacking the edge of the fighting wedge with their slashing ice forged swords. The Demondim spawn iron and bone staves blocking the ice forged blades. The weapons a standoff. The multiple blades of the wedge proved superior. The Waynhim would find an opening in the Ice Wrights defense.
A stave would stab into the chest of the Ice Wright or hack the edge of their stave deep into the icy bodies of the Ice King spawn. The blows devastating. Often the Ice Wright dropped dead instantly. The others rocked back to die a little slower. Acid consuming them or flames erupting out the orifices of their heads. An Ice Giant had gotten to the Wedge but the crossed staves of the Waynhim impossibly blocked the mighty blade of the Ice Giant. The strength of the smallish creatures indeed great. The edge Waynhim chopped and stabbed the legs of the Ice Giant till they shattered and it fell back with one leg missing and the other shattered. The Waynhim hacked it to ribbons on the ground.

Barristan was shouting still gathering archers on the left and right rear edge of the fighting wedge. Archers streaming forward to join the fray. He, Strong Belwas and Syrio were on the right flank. Marleya Blackmyre running around shouting at the archers to stay close to the strange creatures. This was to both provide fire to provide support for the Waynhim but to also use them as protection against their common foe.

With Arya of course was Jerteel. She did not stay too close to Arya. She knew she was relatively safe behind and on the rear flanks of the Waynhim fighting wedge. The Haruchai moved out to attack with her purloined Ice Wright sword the undead attempting to move in on the Waynhim and Arya. Her blade work impossible to track. Her slashes devastating to the bodies of the undead.

Arya made a snap shot her arrow hitting a half rotted mammoth that was jerking up to the pile of dead that slopped before the berm now. This allowed the dead to shamble up the gentle slope. The huge body was hit again and again by arrows. It stumbled to its knees. More arrows hit the rotting body. The mammoth fell over to its side. Black lines all over it and its rotted flesh flowed off its bones. Arrows still striking the body.

Arya smiled. Thanks to her mate and her father they had all the Dragon Glass tipped weapons they would need to win this war. The archers of Westeros were firing off arrows without regard. They had no fear they would run out. Runners now, some with wheelbarrows filled with quivers, were flowing up to the berm now, bringing more precious arrows. The archers discarding empty quivers and putting on fresh ones filled with arrows to continue firing.

Arya looked up. She had been doing this continuously to hopefully catch glimpses of her lover, Daenerys Targaryen, as she fought against the Ice Dragon. She saw the two dragon far off swirling through the air. She gnawed her lip. They had been playing cat and mouse for a while now. The Wall having fallen lowered the line of sight by nearly five hundred feet. She could see much further to the north now. Arya knew that she had no place in that fight. If she had gone with Dany her mate would have had to worry about her and not concentrate on the fight with the cruel perversion in the sky.

To know a dragon had been perverted like that most have wounded Dany deeply. She would kill this monstrosity birthed by the Ice King. She glanced up again and they had disappeared once more into the dark roiling rolling clouds that scudded across the sky.

She turned her head back down. Her fight was here. She knew Dany would win her fight. She had too!

As she watched the Lord of Revelstone and the Haruchai that had not ridden off to fight the traitors were charging to the north of the camp. The Giants and Ramen were rushing along behind them. The forces of Westeros were slowing the march forward of the Walking Dead and the Ice Wrights and Giants out on the plains. But the leading edge of the enemies’ advance had gotten into the forces of Westeros before they had been able to form up before the forces clashed.

The lines of phalanxes and legions were fighting desperately. The dead surging forward always. Their sword and battleaxes gave grievous injuries but the dead continued to move forward always.
reaching for the living. When they grabbed them they tore them apart.

The dragons were out of the fight now; exhausted. They had used all their fuel to belch out fire. The dragons had exhausted themselves fighting the enemies of their mother. They had swooped to the rear of the camp. There was a large paddock that had several pens built into it. The pen to the back end had a small group of large bulls in it. The bulls had not even seen it coming. Viserion fell on the bull at the rear of the pin. Its mouth biting the bull nearly in half. Rhaegal came swooping using the last of his flame to roast the bull he had selected.

The bull screamed in pain that was cut off when Rhaegal gingerly landed to protect its wounded rear leg and bit the head off the bull. He chewed it cracking the skull open and chewed it a minute before swallowing the high protein brain. The two dragons ate ravenously. They quickly consumed the two bulls they had selected. Their heads came up and spotted two more bulls screaming in terror. The two dragons launched themselves in the air and fell on the two bulls they had selected.

The two bulls were brought down immediately, killed and consumed.

The two dragons then flew off behind the camp and landed again and settled down beside each other sharing their body heat. They fell asleep on the spot. Their bodies recovering from their huge expenditure of energy and fire.

Arya looked out past the berm. The blizzards of Dragon Glass and fire arrows were culling out huge numbers of the enemy. The catapults and trebuchets were firing off regularly their projects crushing and setting afire the Dead. The trebuchets were firing off huge pouches filled with the shards and broken pieces of obsidian that had flaked off when making the weapons being used to kill their enemies. The whirling shards of Dragon Glass cutting the dead and occasional Ice Wrights or Giants. The shards on the ground cutting into the feet of the unheeding Walking Dead. The poison slowly spreading up the Walking Dead’s legs. It was hundreds of yards for the undead to reach the berm under the withering fire from the forces of Westeros.

The field was still covered with the yellow liquid but it no longer rippled. It seemed it had been used to get the forces of the Ice King to the berm. Now that the forces of the Ice King were at the berm the waves were no longer needed for rapid transport. Also, this magic must be draining Arya thought. Another thought hit her. She wondered if the Ice King sensed that moving his forces forward in a rush was moving them into a killing zone.

Arya hoped that the Ice King had been caught unawares that the forces of the Queen of Westeros and the Crows of the Wall had huge stockpiles of obsidian arrows. That huge stocks of tar pitch tipped arrows were ready to be fired at the forces of the Ice King as well.

The arrows and projectiles thinned out the forces of the Ice King. It was clear to Arya that the Ice King had not planned on the forces of Westeros having such a stockpile of Dragon Glass. The weapons tipped with the Dragon Glass was decimating his forces. The flaming projectiles hurled by the siege engines were lighting up the Walking Dead. Their stumbling bodies burning brightly. The magical flames could never be doused by any amount of rain.

She saw a dead badger climbing over the dead and surged forward as fast as it dead legs could carry it forward. Arya feathered its eye and it dropped dead. She then shot off at distance and put another into a dead wildling that was staggering with two Dragon Glass arrows buried in it. The Wildling woman felt to her palms and knees. Then a fire arrow hit her body and she stayed on all fours and burned furiously till she collapsed down onto the ground and burned brightly.

Arya moved back towards Melisandre and Ygritte with the initial surge of the enemy stemmed. The fiery little redhead was still weak. Melisandre held her worn out wife gently. Jon stood beside them.
looking around. The battle was in a lull and he did not need to move off at the moment. Jon had brought over several thick furs that he and Melisandre wrapped around their diminutive wife. She shivered and leaned back into Melisandre snuggling down to conserve and hopefully regain her strength.

The shadow monster that Ygritte had created from her body had seemed to fold in on itself. The monster had returned from the breech it had filled. It had sat down on its butt and then pulled its long spindly legs tight to the front of its body. The head pressed into its legs on a cheek and it looped it arms around its long legs and its body. The now twenty-five foot tall shadow monster compressed into a ten foot tall rolled up ball.

It was waiting and conserving its strength for battle. Arya saw that the shadow monster did not breathe.

Arya relaxed partially. This area on the berm had settled for the moment. She knew that other areas of her Queen’s line was being severely tested. She could not run to them and be of aid. She would be exhausted in the effort. She needed to guard where she was at and hope that the hard pressed forces could rally.

“Melenkurion abatha, Duroc minas mil. Harad khabaal!” echoed across the landscape. The world seem to turn bright blue for a few heartbeats. The color of blue washed out all other colors. Arya along with everyone else of Westeros had become used to these sudden bursts of startling blue dominating the world for a brief moment. The Lord of Revelstone producing them continuously in ebbs and flows since the start of the conflict. Then the mighty boom of unimaginable force rolled over Arya and echoed off the fallen Wall. The ground shook violently as if in the grip of a Titan freed from the foundation of the Earth.

The Lord of Revelstone had joined the fight again. Another bright blue surge of magic exploded into the air. It was not as mighty as the one just before it. It was clear that the language of the Old Lords greatly amplified the might of the Lord. The words must be taxing to use Arya thought or Lustra would say them all the time.

The Lord spoke the first two words of power. Arya watched a pillar of bright blue Lord’s Fire blast out of the end of the Lord’s staff. The Lord’s body pulsed with blue as she sent her power down into her shaft to spit out the iron shod end. The fire erupting from the end of her staff surged forward for more than two hundred yards. The fire enhanced by the magical words. The bright dark blue swirling magical fire looked like a battering ram swinging into the forces of the Ice King.

All before that column of fire that was at least ten yards wide were simply obliterated. They were there before the Lord’s Fire reached them. The moment before her fire reached them they existed. The instant her fire reached them they ceased to exist. The forces of the Ice King now had a huge hole in their forces. The Haruchai on their Ranyhyn surged in. They all now were holding fallen swords of fallen Ice Wrights. Their arms swirling right and left cutting down the dead.

The Haruchai and Ranyhyn not diving into the undead. Haruchai and Ranyhyn working the edges of the gap created by the Lord’s fire to chop down more of the undead. They used the free space to kill scores of the undead on all sides of the newly formed gap.

The Giants came rushing in their mighty glaives cutting the undead in half and chopping limbs off with effortless easy it seemed. The tall pillars that were the Giants of the Southern Continent whirled their blades around them in a large arcs. The undead cut and diced by their mighty blades. Like Valyrian steel their blades were magical. When their blades cut into the undead the magic was unbound that animated them. The Walking Dead fell down. The strings of their unnatural second life cut. They did not move.
The Ramen were there to keep the dead away from the Ranyhyn with their whirring cords. The Ramen kept back and used their cords to deflect the undead with the powerful strikes of their cords. The Ramen did not have magic but only their human skills. They had to stay back from the magical forces they fought against. They helped the Ranyhyn. The Ramen suppressed the undead to allow the Ranyhyn to kick and block down the undead. They too had to be very careful to not allow the undead to grasp them. The mighty horses slowing the undead to be killed by the magic of their allies.

The Lord fired off her staff repeatedly decimating the Walking Dead. Her staff erupted again and again with her Lord’s Fire that slammed into the Walking Dead obliterating them. Where everyone had to kill the undead one by one the Lord of Revelstone was able to kill her enemy by the scores with each eruption of her staff. Her Lord’s Fire punching large holes into the advancing undead. The mighty killing blasts gave the forces of Westeros a reprieve to rearm and took the pressure off the archers if only for a moment.

The undead kept advancing. The dead felt no fear. They only felt the compulsion to move forward and attack the foes of their creator, the Ice King. This unremitting movement forward was slowly closing the large hole the Lord of Revelstone had blown into their frontline of advance.

Lustra, fortunately, did not seem to tire quickly. The Lore that fired her staff seemed to sustain her. She was sweating heavily Arya saw but she her back was unbowed. Her fire did not lessen as the battle continued. She rode forward into the breech she had made in the undead. Once more she shouted out all seven words of power. “Melenkurion abatha, Duroc minas mil, Harad khabaal!” Her body and staff turned blue. The world exploded in blue light and booming sound that seemed to rock the foundations of the Earth. The fire that erupted from her staff was like the sun come down to earth. The world turned blue for several heartbeats and mighty thunder rolled off to the horizons.

Her staff bucked in Lord Lustra’s hands. The mighty column of blue Lord’s Fire that blasted out the end of her staff was like a mighty tsunami. The blue wave mighty and broad. It crashed into the undead and annihilated all the undead in front of her in a mighty swath that was nearly fifty yards wide and one hundred fifty yards deep.

Arya’s eyes nearly popped out her head at that massive display of power. Lustra fell back. This mighty blast seemed to tax even her. The Icy spawn had held back seeing the Lord of Revelstone attack. They had learned to fear her greatly when she expended her Lord’s fire. With her retreating they surged forward.

The Ice Wrights and Giants moved in to engage the forces of the Land. Arya had noticed the Ice creations of the Ice King had changed their tactics as the battle evolved. At first they had surged forward with the undead. They had caused death and mayhem on the forces they fell upon. Then the storm of dragon glass arrows had increased. The air at times becoming thick with arrows.

The Ice Wrights especially were mercurial quick. The Ice Giants were quick for their size but could not avoid so many arrows in air at once. The Ice Wrights were able to dodge many of the arrows with a speed no human could match. The Ice Wrights especially used their swords with quick flicks to cut and block the dragon glass arrows out of the end. There were iron tipped arrows also flying in. Those arrows had no effect on them. The iron tipped weapons even inscribed with magical runes exploded hitting their icy bodies. The magic not tuned to their icy bodies.

In the end it did not matter. When the Icy sons of the Ice King were upon the forces of Westeros the numbers of arrows became untenable for them. The arrows coming in screaming flights and from various angles. No matter how many arrows the Ice Wrights dodged or cut down more came in to feather them. Though the dragon glass tipped arrows were fragile they easily penetrated and sank
deep into their bodies to kill outright or to begin the poisoning of their bodies.

Thus, after the initial surge the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants had begun to hang back. They let the undead continue to come forward. Their hope clear. Let the Walking Dead absorb the dragon glass tipped weapons of their enemies. Fortunately, the forces of Westeros had an unending supply of dragon glass tipped weapons.

The Ice Wrights were shepherding the Ice Giants keeping them roughly three hundred yards and greater from the berm. That kept them out of range of all but the most skilled longbow men. Arya would glance out at them. Arya wondered when they would come to the conclusion that their enemy had an unlimited supply of dragon glass.

The last mighty blast and then retreat of the Lord of Revelstone seemed to goad many of the Ice Wrights to again join the battle. They and the Ice Giants came forward. Now the Ice Wrights came forward bent low using the undead as cover. The Icy spawn juiking right and left fast and furious. The Ice Giants were fast but not as fast. They used their blades gripped sideways before them and were able to block most of the arrows that reached out towards them while still at distance.

A large group of the Ice Giants got behind several mammoths that happened to be shambling forward. The mammoths thick coats of long hair absorbed many of the dragon glass arrow strikes preventing the obsidian from poisoning them deeply. A blizzard of arrows were soon flying out at the mammoths. With that many arrows striking them soft spots were found and the poisoning began.

Two hundred yards down the berm Arya saw the undead with Ice Wrights and a few Ice Giants had bullied their way up onto the top the berm and attempting to bull their way forward into the forces arrayed before them. The archers were firing wildly at the approaching undead and the Icy creations of the Ice King.

Knights and pikemen engaged the advancing tide of the enemy. Their weapons embedded into the Walking Dead and had no effect. The pikemen had to jerk their weapons hard trying to dislodge them. The knights slashed their swords. The undead chopped and impaled but still coming forward. The Swords of the Ice Wrights shattering the swords of the knights and foot soldiers that rushed up.

This close the archers had a hard time firing at the Ice Wrights who juked and ducked down low to use the men of Westeros as shields. Their unnatural cold swords quickly shattering the weapons striking their blades.

Lord Lustra shouted out and her mount Frinny shot off down the berm galloping fast to the gap on the berm that was threatening to widen precipitously at any moment. Brail close behind. Ice held in her right hand. The Lord and her Haruchai closed the distance quickly.

When she neared the incursion, the Lord shouted out “Melenkurion abatha!” in a loud shout as she approached the inflection point of the enemies’ incursion on the berm. Her voice impossibly loud powered by the magical words. Her body pulsed a dark blue as did her staff. Mighty Lord’s Fire erupted out the end of her staff. Her column of magical fire blasted into the undead. They were simply obliterated.

She closed in on the remaining undead and Icy spawn. Brail was right behind her and peeled off to the left. Ice swirled down on an Ice Wright. Their blades collided. The great broadsword chopped the Ice Wright’s sword clean in two. The Ice Wright was surprised its eyes large. Brail had reversed her stroke and Ice cleaved the Ice Wright’s head from its shoulders. Great gouts of blood fountaining into the air.
Lustra was now using her staff in close combat against the Ice spawn. Her staff seemed to buck in her two handed grip that sent out hot bolts of blue fire that shattered Ice Wrights and Giants with ease. Each pulse short and controlled. The short blast of blue writhing magical fire shattering Ice Wrights or sent the Wright diving right or left frantically to live.

Arya could no longer follow the battle that Lustra was pitching down the berm. She ran back to the berm in front of her to the side of the promontory. The Ice Wrights and then Ice Giants were again at the berm and coming up to attack the forces of Westeros. By using the undead as shields the Icy enemy had reached them with relatively small losses.

The Giants and Haruchai engaged the icy creations. The Haruchai jumped off their Ranyhyn to engage the Ice Wrights. The mighty horses understood that against the Ice Wrights and Giants they were at a decided disadvantage. The forces colliding like mighty rolling waves crashing into a bluff cliff face.

The forces of the Ice King and of the Land fought each other to an initial standstill. The swords of each force able to withstand the initial strikes of the other’s weapons. With the Haruchai using fallen Ice Wright’s swords against their brethren. The Haruchai bred for the high mountain passes of the Western Mountains were immune to the cold generated by the swords of the Ice Wrights. Both foes wiry of build and fast.

The Giants of the Southern hemisphere were fast but not lightning fast like their Haruchai allies. They used their immense size and strength to try and dominate their foes. The Giants were so strong that their glaives actually shattered the swords of the Ice Giants if hit dead on. The Ice Giants were not stupid and were learning to deflect the blows of the Giants of the Southern hemisphere. The two groups of titans circling each other.

The two opposing forces impossibly fast compared to normal human reflexes. The Haruchai were obviously more skilled than all their foes. The Haruchai impossibly skilled using weapons they had not used before. Arya thought it had to be some inbred magic allowing the Haruchai to accomplish this seeming impossible feat.

The Haruchai slowly pushed the Ice Wrights back and felled them one by one when an opening in their defense was found. The Haruchai and Giants aided by the arrows constantly being shot off at the Ice Wrights and Giants. The Ice Wrights were short enough to blend in somewhat with the foes they were fighting. This prevented as many good shots at them. Still arrows found them eventually. The Ice Giants being so tall were like lightning rods attracting the fire of the archers.

Arya herself was focusing more on the next wave of undead advancing on the berm. She knew the Haruchai and Giants could take care of themselves. She was firing arrows off fast and furious. She had long ago shot out her supply of white eagle feathered arrows. She saw arms and hands clawing up the face of the berm. Dismembered bodies tried to crawl up the berm.

She began to shoot this human detritus coming slowly closer. The dismembered bodies could sneak up on the forces of Westeros unawares. She feathered them with dragon glass. The small mass of these limbs and dismembered bodies died almost instantly when feathered. She shoot right and left. Other archers had noticed her targets and joined in while still shooting at the more traditional undead. Arya did as well with the initial quell of limbs taken care of and already rotting away in their second death.

The forces of Westeros had recovered in this area and now several lines of archers had formed up. They were firing off repeated volleys of Dragon Glass and fire arrows at the close in enemy. Their arrows not arching up but flying in straight lines at the close in targets. The dead falling dead with kill shots or obsidian poisoning or lighting up like bonfires. The Ice Wrights and Ice Giants were
engaged with the forces of the Land and were not able to defend themselves from that assault.

The spawn of the Ice King in front of Arya were overwhelmed with the blizzard of arrows and some scorpion bolts that came screaming in. When a scorpion bolt found an Icy spawn the being was hurled back impaled. The massive dragon glass tipped weapon simply killing whatever they struck.

The icy sons of the Ice King feathered again and again with Dragon glass tipped arrows and javelins. Their bodies weakened and quickly dispatched by the Giants and Haruchai fighting them. Further away Arya saw that the Lord had moved to a new breech and blasted her way to the edge of the berm and was firing her staff off down the slope of the berm and into the trough and beyond. Her Lord’s fire incinerating and blowing apart the bodies of her enemies. Brail chopping down all that dared come near.

Arya could not believe the might of the woman of the Land. She heard from the Lord that in ancient times past the Lords often fought the Ur-viles and their wedges before the Ur-viles turned to the side of good. The battles epic and often in doubt. What really amazed Arya was that there was currently thirty-three other such lords in this Revelstone of the Lustra’s homeland. And the strongest Lord had a staff she called the Staff of Law that dwarfed the power of her staff.

Such a force would be unstoppable in Westeros or Essos. Even Dragons could not stand against that might. The ability to project so much magical might so far was impossible to fight. From what Missandei told Arya there was once such magic in their world but it had been lost. Not in the Land Arya mused.

She looked up again and gasped. Drogon and the Ice Dragon were high up in the sky now. The fallen Wall let Arya to see high up in the sky now back towards to the Haunted Forest. They had stopped circling and were now rushing each other slashing with claws and trying to bite each other as their bodies passed by each other. One dragon lunging forward to bite and claw and the other dragon twisting neck to avoid the bites and the dragon’s angling their bodies to project their thick belly and side armored scales to each other to send the claws of the other dragon scraping along thick scales.

On some of their passes by each other the two dragons roared out their breaths of fire and ice. The dragons’ breath either cancelled out when they collided or avoided. Other times they missed the wildly gyrating bodies of their foes. Some parts of their breaths found each other but was too limited to do any true damage.

Arya watched as the two dragons again passed each other flying on to soar up and then back around to again come at each other. The savagery of the attacks were shocking to see. She had read histories of such battles. Seeing them now in person made Arya realize she had not given the duels in the air for dominance full credit. She now feared greatly for Dany’s safety. The power of the two dragons attacking each other was shocking to witness.

Her attention was pulled back down to Earth. Another group of undead and Ice creatures had made it through the killing field before the berm. Their foes moving between volleys of projectiles raining down on them.

She and the archers on the lip of the berm took them under fire. Their arrows whistling down impacting the slow moving Walking Dead. The slow moving dead were easy to hit. The Dragon Glass quickly doing its work. Those shots not to head or heart that killed instantly. Shots to other part of the undead bodies set to work poisoning the body of the undead. Black tendrils quickly spreading to poison the body of the undead.

More and more arrows impacting the bodies of the Walking Dead killing them as the poison
unbound the magic of the Ice King. Soon this group of shambling dead had fallen into a permanent second death.

Arya looked up again to see how Dany was doing. She screamed a long heart rending wail. From the sky plummeted the two now twined dragons out of sight towards the Haunted Forest. It was clear they would not be pulling up from the fall.

*In her shock she did not see the Ice Giant that had climbed up the berm. He had arrows sticking out his body but the dragon glass poison was only now starting to affect it. It raised its sword to cut Arya in two. She was not moving. Her face shattered by what she had just witnessed.

A volley of scorpion bolts shot off from behind Arya. The massive wooden shafts tipped by large spear tips of dragon glass. Three of the massive bolts hit the Ice Giant in the chest and stomach. The Ice Giant staggered back and collapsed back down the berm. It screamed in agony with blue blood beginning to gout out its screaming mouth.

Two Ice Wrights came up the berm and rushed Arya. She did not notice them. She was in total shock.

Jeertel jumped before Arya. Her picked up Ice Wright blade blocked the sword strikes of the Ice Wrights. The Haruchai’s raw power sent the Ice Wrights staggering back. The Haruchai kicking out with her feet. The strikes stunning the Ice Wrights. She gutted one when her kick stunned it. Her blade disemboweling the Ice Wright. She whirled around in a tight arc to meet the attack of the second Ice Wright. Back and forth they traded blows till her blade chopped off its right arm at the elbow. The Ice Wright began to scream but was cut off by Jeertel’s blade ramming through its mouth and exploding out the back of it skull.

Jeertel gripped Arya by the arm and pulled her back to safety.

Arya heard and felt none of it. She saw only the path that Drogon had taken falling out of the sky.

**Ice King:** Slowly the Ice King came back to himself. He had completely drained himself both blowing the Horn of Winter and feeding his Croyel his blood so his son could guide and lead his father to successfully bring the Wall down. The Ice King felt a new stronger bond of love for the Croyel. In his time of need his true son had given himself completely to his father. He reached back and petted the top of the callow yellow head pressed to his neck. The Croyel cooed in happiness. He too felt much closer to his father now.

The Ice King had given his all to the Horn of Winter. It had been so hard. The horn had not fought or resisted him but the Horn of Winter had not wanted to bend itself to his will. If it had not been for the Croyel on his back and his fangs in his neck he would not have succeeded. The Croyel had drank heavily from his father to empower him in leading his father. The Croyel’s strength to lent to his father to allow him to successfully use the Horn of Winter.

The Croyel had guided and empowered his adopted father. The Croyel whispering to his mind that the Insequent who had made the Horn of Winter had of course tuned it for his people. The use of the horn was not natural to the Ice King or the Croyel. Its magic was foreign to them. Still it was an implement meant to be used. It had not had wards placed on it to prevent its use. The Insequent had never considered another would ever dare to use their weapon or have the strength to actually bend the Horn of Winter to their will.

It had not fought the one trying to use it. It merely did not know how to respond to a user who did not know the magic of the Insequent or their language. It was foreign to all who were not of that queer people. Each Insequent seeking knowledge unique to that Insequent.
The Insequent were not immortal. The man or woman who had fashioned this horn had long ago passed away. He or she created the Horn of Winter to be used. Each Insequent’s knowledge was unique to themselves alone. The wizards did not share their knowledge, in fact jealously guarding the secrets they had learned. Their knowledge held close.

All who tried would have had trouble using their implements. The advantage that an Insequent would have in trying to use the Horn of Winter would be the basic knowledge of the horn’s magic and use. They would know the consonants and vowels of the magic necessary to use it. Its use while hard would not have been the horrible burden to another Insequent that it had been for the Ice King. It would have been hard but not the almost impossible the task the Ice King had run into.

The Croyel were mighty magical beings. The parasitic beings who formed symbiotic relationships with their hosts. This nature to meld and to take from their hosts opened the Croyel to the deciphering of magic that was not their own. They had to form a bond and merge with each host. Taking and giving to become greater than both alone.

The Croyel used this ability to adept and learn in the use of the Horn of Winter. The Croyel had felt how the Horn of Winter responded to their attempts of its use. He had slowly guided his father to the right tune and the right notes to blow.

Not only had the Croyel guided his father in how to use the horn itself but it had also helped his father to focus. Deep down the Ice King was still Darick Stark and he still had all his faults and weaknesses. The Croyel’s father had been easily distracted by the events around him. The death of his Icy sons had pained his father. The might of the Lord of Revelstone had shocked and upset him.

It was the Croyel that forced his father to focus. Again and again his father let his mind wander. It had been the Croyel that forced discipline on the Ice King. It had gotten to the point that the Croyel had to impose his will on the Ice King. He had touched his mind directly and forced calmness on the master Ice Wright. Slowly, his father had calmed and focused on what his son was telling him.

Once the Ice King truly focused and closed out the outside world they had been able to setup the resonances necessary to literally shake the Wall apart. The shaking was the physical manifestation of the unbinding of the magic at the heart of the Wall. The Horn of Winter, also, as it pulled the Wall apart, destroyed the dreadful Forbidding that had been placed in the wall and then revitalized by the Lord of Revelstone.

That fact alone had energized and exalted the Croyel. To use the magic of the Insequent and then destroy a construct of a Staff of Law was intoxicating to the Croyel. It inspired the Croyel to bravery.

He had taken from his father to enable him to bring the Wall down. The Croyel feared the unbinding this act had set in motion but he knew it must be done. The Lord of Revelstone with her full knowledge of the Seven Wards of High Lord Kevin was a terrible force to be reckoned with.

It had been her use of her staff and the mighty power she projected that had most distracted his father. The Croyel through his symbiotic link with his father knew he was feeling the loss of the sons he had created from the male youth he had acquired over the last decade. The Croyel coming from the Land knew of the Lord’s true power and abilities.

It was her might and lore that had stripped his glamour away that he had laid over the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants that they had sent as a strike force. This strike force meant to attack behind the cloak of invisibility. They should have been unstoppable. This Lord had somehow removed the glamour and then with her cursed staff had obliterated the adopted sons of his father. The explosions of unimaginable magic beyond the Wall shocking in their power.
The Croyel knew his father felt each of those deaths though he did not. They shared power and strength but not emotions.

The final thing distracting his father had been the battle between Ice Fang and the black dragon of the white haired Queen of Westeros. Finally, the Croyel had been able to block that distraction from his father’s mind. He had whispered soothing words of victory and conquest. Then the work of the destruction of the Wall had begun in earnest.

It had taken time, effort and much expenditure of their combined might but they had forced the Horn of Winter to obey their will. The notes were played and sustained. The Wall had come down.

As it came down the Croyel had made his constructs to give passage through the debris of the fallen Wall. The gift gleaned from the mind of Jeremy Avery used to do the Croyel’s will. He had sent out the ichor he had devised to transport his father’s forces quickly from the fallen Wall to the front lines of the Queen.

This was needed. The stripping of invisibility from their strike force and then the long delay in the successful use of the Horn of Winter had torn their carefully laid plans asunder. Now they needed to rush their forces forward to hopefully overwhelm the forces of Westeros before they had the chance to form up and resist their will.

They would have had time if all their plans had fallen into place. Now the need to rush the undead forward was paramount.

The Croyel had been stuck in place. His father was totally exhausted by the using of the Horn of Winter. The use of the foreign implement had required great magical might. Together he and his father had the might. It had been a close thing though. Only through sheer will and their combined might did they succeed. They barely had the might to find success but that was past now. They had succeeded. Now it was time to attack.

The Ice King had remained in his posture of exhaustion. He was still on his knees and palms after the successful use of the Horn of Winter. The horn dropped unremarked. It had served its purpose. The Ice King breathing deeply. He did not need air as humans did but his body was still human deep down at its core. The Croyel did not speak it but he could already feel magic fraying on the edges of his consciousness. It was still minute and would take time to fully unbind. They had much to accomplish quickly.

More than one thing had been torn apart this hour.

For over four hours the Croyel let his power flow back into his father. He did not have the vision to achieve the conquests that his father dreamed of. He slavered to achieve the great things his father wanted but he did not have the strength or courage to achieve them. Nor did he have the vision to meet he unexpected that was sure to arise. The Croyel was powerful but in many ways a shallow thing. It was his father, the Ice King, who must supply those missing elements to greatness.

The Croyel patiently waited as he felt his father slowly recover. The Ice King was exhausted and filled with bone weary lassitude. Precious time was being lost the Croyel knew but there was nothing to do for it. The Croyel could support but would never lead. It was not their way. It would be the Ice King that would lead them to victory or there would be no victory. The Croyel’s father was the locus point around which all revolved around.

In this time of waiting the Croyel felt the army of the undead advance to contest with the forces of the fallen Queen of white hair. The undead absorbing the might and firepower of Westeros. He had time. When his father recovered then they could move forward and defeat their shared foes.
Slowly the Ice King returned back to himself. The use of the Horn of Winter had totally spent his being. The horn had been so hard to use. It did not fight him but it had been so hard. The now inert thing had simply not wanted to obey his will. If not for the Croyel on his back he would have failed. His true son was magic. It was the Croyel that knew how to apply magic. How to manipulate and use it.

The Ice King knew he had chosen wisely. In his extreme weakness the Croyel could have forced his will upon him. The Croyel had not. He was his true son indeed.

Again the Ice King could think and move. He slowly pushed himself up to his knees. He could tell some time had passed. He felt his strength renewing as his son gave back to him as he had freely gave to his son. A true symbiosis. The Croyel forced their shared blood to flow into his father. The Ice King looked around with eyes no longer glazed.

“I fear I have most unpleasant news to impart my father” the Croyel softly spoke to his father’s mind.

The Ice King took a deep breath. He looked at the breeches in the Wall. His forces of the Walking Dead still flowing through. A large group of Ice Wrights and a handful of Ice Giants waited near the broken Wall looking at him. They stared at him waiting for his will to enforce itself upon them.

“What is wrong my son? How long have I been incapacitated?”

The Croyel answered the second question first. “It has been over four hours since you brought the Wall down father. Our forces have been attacking relentlessly since your great success.” The Croyel could sense the Lord using her staff but he could not really tell much more. He had no link to the Walking Dead his father had animated and had no part in the creation of the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants.

The Croyel hesitated to tell his father the second item but steeled himself. “Ice Fang has died. He and the great black dragon of the Dragon Queen fought high up in the air. She climbed up his neck and stabbed both of his eyes out killing him. Their bodies were tangled together. Their fall from the sky was mighty. The bodies crashed into the Haunted Forest. Both are dead.”

The Ice King took a deep breath he did not need. He had been so incapacitated he had not felt his passing.

He looked back at the Haunted Forest. The mighty trees hide the path of their fall. He searched for Ice Fang but his mind did not respond. He was truly dead.

At least he had killed the bitch from hell with his death.

Slowly the Ice King levered himself to his feet. He swayed to and fro as his world swirled around him. He hunched down with his hands on his knees. His adopted sons had seen his mighty act. They did not feel any chagrin at this display of weakness. They knew their father had achieved greatness. He had brought down what existed for over eight millennium.

He took his time as more strength was flowed into his body by the Croyel. He was soon able to rise back up fully erect with his back straight. He looked around. The dead he had risen for over ten years still moved forward. More were even now thickly emerging from the Haunted Forest. His army of the undead indeed vast. They were shambling forward on their own. The yellow carpet of the Croyel’s ichor was still present but not compelling the Walking Dead. Once contact was made
with the now dead bitch Queen’s forces the flow of undead upon them continuous.

The first had already engaged the forces of the dead Queen. He slowly walked to his adopted sons. He clapped the ones closest to him on the back. They looked to him seeking to see confidence in his eyes. They were reassured by what they saw in the Ice King’s light pale blue eyes.

The Ice King felt his strength returning to him faster now. His steps as he moved became steadier. He had a war to win. He stepped around the corner of the construct his son had erected to hold the broken ice of the Wall back and in place. The walls of restrained ice rippling behind a yellow skin of magical webbing. His son had down well the Ice King thought. He reached back and petted his son on his bald yellow furrowed head. The Croyel hummed in contentment.

Now the Croyel began to drink from his father as his strength returned. The Croyel hummed in contentment. Both strengthening again.

The Ice King walked through the construct and stopped to observe the battlefield before him. He was most displeased by what he saw. He had hoped to see the forces of the dead Queen in totally disarray. This was not what lay before him. His first sight of the battlefield was a shock.

The Queen’s forces were still intact. He could see where his forces had made forays into her formations but had been repelled. He was enraged to see his Walking Dead heaped before and on top of the berm that the Queen’s forces had erected. With his far seeing eyes he saw that the Queen’s forces had suffered heavy losses in several areas but that his own forces lay thick on the ground. Those attacking the frontlines of Westeros had been decimated.

Equally disconcerting he saw great numbers of the Walking Dead lying on the ground before the Queen’s fortifications. Most of the undead he saw lying on the ground did not move. Across the fields starting near three hundred yards before the berm and increasing as they neared the berm the dead had been feathered and had fallen. Many of the dead feathered many multiple times.

He saw fiery projectiles being launched from catapults and trebuchets. The objects slamming into his forces or exploding on contact with the ground and sending fire out in all directions. Many of the trebuchets shot off huge rocks that pulverized and crushed his undead if landed upon. The bodies pulped to gore.

He saw his Walking Dead shambling into the area that was within the range of the archers. They were approaching all along the front of the dead Queen’s fortification line. As swarms of arrows took flight from behind the Queen’s front lines. Flight after flight were fired off. The arrows buzzing as they cut through the air. The arrows arching over now and plummeting to the Earth.

The lines were short enough he saw and her army great enough to allow a rotation of archers. Her army heavily tilted towards archers. He saw with his long vision armored men holding his forces back to allow the archers to do their evil cowardly work when his forces were able to reach the front lines of the fallen Queen. The archers firing at his undead at pointblank range. The affect devastating to his forces.

The Ice King watched the current flights of arrows shot up and out arc down towards his army. The arrows striking the ground all over. The dead had been thinned greatly. Many arrows missed but those that found their targets sunk in deep. The Walking Dead had no fear or no sense to avoid danger. Some of the undead fell down dead on the spot where others staggered forward only to fall down as they advanced.

He growled noting the dots of fire arrows being let loose. They were the minority of arrows being fired by there was still way to many such arrows. The arrows when they found one of his undead lit
the undead up like a bonfire. The undead sometimes bumping into a neighboring Walking Dead and setting them on fire. Each fire of his undead enraged the creature that was once a man.

He felt rage at how the forces of Westeros seemed to have no fear of running out of dragon glass tipped weapons. They fired with wild abandon with no seeming care of conversation. How had they acquired so much obsidian he raged to himself?

It was then he saw the pale shapes of his sons. They were not trying to advance upon the forces of the now dead white haired queen. He had felt the deaths of so many of his adopted sons. The issue of his body had learned caution. Most were hanging back out of range of the archers.

Still some had advanced into range of the archers. He wanted to rage at them. They were acting rash and foolish! They were running around avoiding the arrows. They seemed to be goading the archers to strike them down. Or was it game to them?! He saw two take arrows tipped with the dastardly dragon glass. Neither shot was to the head or heart. The shots not instant kills.

Still he knew the poison of the substance that had created him was now poisoning the Ice Wrights. They began to stumble and then fell to their knees. The two Ice Wrights started to convulse with mist weeping out their eyes and mouths. One collapsed onto his face his body jerking obscenely. The second took another arrow to his gut. It now did a wild death dance bouncing on the hard ground. The Ice King’s face set hard at the injustice of what he had just witnessed.

He saw fiery comets take off from behind the enemy lines as catapults and trebuchets were cut loose. By themselves they were beautiful arching through the sky. The fiery objects angled far and smashing to the ground. Some dead pulped to shattered bone and viscera. The balls exploding sending out tendrils of fire that lit the dead alight and making them burn furiously. He felt his teeth clench seeing more of his undead dying to no good affect.

He became enraged knowing his delay in bringing down the Wall had allowed this killing ground to develop. He would have his vengeance.

He then saw a new swarm of arrows taking flight. Many were fire arrows. They were approaching a large formation of dead moving forward. They did not appear decimated. From a single point on the battlefield, purple lightening shot up from the ground in a spidery web. The lightening hit many of the arrows incinerating them but some shot through. Many missed but some of the fireflies found targets to bury themselves in. Those undead immediately igniting. Others were hit by arrows that were invisible at distance. These were the dragon glass tipped arrows. Walking Dead fell down permanently dead or black webbing forming that showed the poison spreading throughout their body.

More flights of arrows arched through the air at the Walking Dead but the purple lightening knocked many of them down. Not all of them though. More of his dead were feathered. The Ice King’s brow furrowed. What was causing this lightning? What was saving his undead creations?

The Ice King zoomed his far sight in and saw that the point of lightening were from four of his Ice Wrights that had been part of the initial strike group. They still had on their bodies the ragged remains of their ice armor. He sensed they were the only survivors of that force. Their ice armor they still wore fractured and decimated. Somehow they had devised this new tactic. He saw that they were using an Ice Giant with his blade upraised to send out the arcs.

As he watched three other Ice Wrights came in from different points on the compass to join the survivors and together sending up even more of the lightening to knock many the arrows down. It was fortunate that the new Ice Wrights had arrived.
He also saw that the Ice Wrights exhausted themselves supplying the power to fire up the lightening. The Ice Wrights switching out with other ice wrights that had gone in on the next assault. They were enabling a much larger percentage in this area to reach the berm and start their assault. The Ice Wrights retreated having warded this group to the berm. The undead that had been shepherded forward started to climb up the berm.

It was not good enough. A blizzard of Dragon Glass and fire arrows rained down on the advancing dead. He could see rows of archers lined up on the berm. Their bodies leaned forward with feet on the top of the slope facing down. The archers firing fast and furious. There was simply too many arrows to deal with. The Ice King wondered how his foes had gotten such a prodigious supply of dragon glass. The Children of the Forest never had this kind of supply of obsidian.

The dead quickly cut down. In frustration he turned his gaze to the east. He saw some undead advance on a promontory that jutted out slightly.

He watched fascinated as long ribbons of black ichor appear and splash down onto the dead attempting to climb up the berm in that area. His eyes flared open wide in shock. Where the black liquid landed all dissolved beneath it. A large cave bear had been clawing up the incline. When the liquid hit it instantly started to melt and was soon cut in two in the middle of its body. It did not move after that.

This was not dragon glass or fire. He had never seen such magic. It was direly potent he could tell. He knew if that liquid were to splash on his body he would at the least be severely burned by it. His eyes looked harder and saw strange shaped creatures closely bunched together. The formation they were in seemed to have an apex. The lead creature was the one who sent out this liquid. He saw another long ribbon of it spew out the point of an iron stave it appeared. The creature whipped its weapon back and forth. He watched as the liquid made an undulating pattern in the air.

The thing that was once Darick Stark watched the thick liquid fall to the earth and land on the undead beneath the ribbons of convoluted liquid. The Walking Dead it landed on instantaneously began to melt as if dipped in … acid? Potent acid that burned through anything it touched.

The Croyel growled menacingly on his back.

“What are they my son?” the Ice King queried his son. He could tell that the Croyel knew what had made this seeming potent acid.

“Waynhim” the Croyel spit out. “They, over fifty-three thousand years ago contended with one of my brothers. Waynhim and one Stonedowner named Hamoko killed this one’s brother when he had bonded with an Arugulh. They were attempting to create a winter paradise in the north of the Land. In time they would have spread that paradise across all the Land. A paradise like you want to create father!” the Croyel exclaimed.

“What happened my son?” the Ice King asked his true son.

“They melted my brother!” the Croyel wailed in anger and fear. “They are evil! They need to be exterminated!” his son whined to his father. “When they form their fighting wedges they are terrible to contend with. Our kindred have never known of the Waynhim to create such a large fighting wedge.”

He spent the next several minutes learning a fast lesson on what Demondim spawn were and roughly what they were capable of.

The Ice King learned they were a great danger too. He cursed again this Land from the far south of
the world for sending such denizens to fight him. The Croyel had thought them extinct but obviously they were not.

He looked out across the battlefield scanning the width and length of it.

He made a most disquieting observation that reinforced his gut feelings. More flights of arrows tipped with Dragon Glass were constantly being sent flying out towards his forces. He had been duped. The forces of the Crows not only had Dragon Glass they had a seemingly unlimited supply of the cursed obsidian. They were willing to fire in mass after hours of battle. They had plenty to fire. Fire arrows were flying in abundance too.

In his mind he wondered where they had acquired such huge amounts of obsidian. Was there that much in the world?

He asked if the other two dragons had been slain but his son had no answer. He barked at the Ice Wright closest to him. The Ice Wright did not know. They had created mayhem but had disappeared from the battlefield. The Ice King listened to what he was told thinking. The Ice Wright doubted they had been killed. Why they had disappeared the Ice Wright had no idea. The Ice King was equally unsure.

He had vast numbers of undead still to pour out from behind the Wall and the edge of the Haunted Forest and still deep into it. He would send out another wave of dead in thick numbers and move in behind them as he evaluated the tactics of the forces of Westeros.

He had to stress the forces of the fallen Queen. Surely, they had to be tiring. They were still human and had to tire. It was their bodies’ nature.

His eyes went wide when the sky suddenly bloomed into a blue cloud that expanded up to the heavens. The air seemed to turn into a blue sun that swallowed all other colors making the camp of the fallen Queen invisible for several seconds. “Melenkurion abatha” now was heard rolling over them like thunder. The ground shaking and his son now screaming in shrill shrieks in his mind. He saw a mighty column of blue fire appear and lash out nearly a hundred yards. All in that arch of blue fire all of his forces contacted by the mighty blue column of magical might simply ceased to exist.

The Ice King felt his mouth hanging open. He suddenly understood the fear his son felt for this woman from Revelstone. He knew he could easily die under such an attack. It would take his son’s strongest shields to survive such an attack. He needed to again sally forth his forces and overwhelm the enemy. The battle had been joined and he must achieve victory.

“Can you send forth waves again to surge the Walking Dead forward my son?”

His son responded in the affirmative.

“Can you construct a shield to protect our forces? Like you did to protect us from the dragons at the Tree of Life?”

“No father! We are too far away.” His tone was fearful. His son feared he would be angry with him for the admission. He reached back and petted his son on his yellow callow head. He projected he was not angry to his true son. His son could only do so much.

“If were closer?” He asked the Croyel.

“I can maybe shield a half a mile but I would not be able to hold it long.”

The Ice King processed this. He started forming his plans. He gave his son his thoughts on how to
modify his shields to maximum effect. His son smiled in the Ice King’s mind. He thought he could do what his father wanted.

“Send in the undead my son.”

The yellow ichor on the ground began to shimmer again and little wavelets formed and once more the Walking Dead were shunted forward at speed. The Ice King looked back behind him. He felt grim satisfaction. In his ten years of preparation he had formed a mighty army of the undead indeed. The forces of the fallen Queen and Eddard Stark had to have limits. He would stress them and then break them.

Oberyn: A weary Oberyn stopped again to rest against this spear whose butt he had jammed into the Earth. He was most weary and rested his cheek against the wood harden by the kiln. He reflected on the last hours. The victory over the traitors was complete but the price? The price had been steep.

Again he snarled at his frustrations in both their grievous losses and in the fact that several of the largest slimy slugs had most probably escaped. In Dorne serpents were revered. The likes of Roose and Ramsay Bolton seemingly escaping their net galled Oberyn. He had been so close to killing Ramsay and he slipped through his fingers. It was galling to the Red Viper. Of course the vermin had fled instead of fighting honorably.

His mind drifted back to earlier.

The initial charge of the traitors had been blunted. The death of Forecastle Starkissed had enraged the Giants of the Land. They went berserk throwing themselves at the roiling mass of Boltons and Freys. Their charge into the forces of traitors was devastating. The Giants showed no fear in their need for just vengeance.

The massive Giants that towered over even knights on horses used their glaives to dispense death all around. The mighty warrior women swirling their massive great swords around their bodies in whirlwinds of death. Oberyn saw men’s body chopped clean in two. The two halves flying apart. Great gouts of blood and gore flung in all directions.

The Haruchai had been right behind them diving into the din of death and destruction. They were using blades of the Ice Wrights that had been killed earlier. Where the Giants used sheer unfathomable strength the Haruchai used strength but also impossible speed and reflexes. They easily chopped aside sword and battleax strokes and charged in with precise cuts and chops that cleaved heads and chopped limbs off.

Though the Haruchai showed no emotions on their faces Oberyn had had enough association with them to know they too were enraged at the death of the Giant. It was impossible to follow them at times they struck so fast.

The Giants blades sliced into armored knight and horse. The blades slamming into armor and at the least denting severely jamming metal into bodies or into limbs crippling them. Often the blades were swung so powerfully and the blades so keen that they were able to slice through the hardened amour to cleave deep into man or horse. Limbs crippled, left to dangle at awkward angles or cut clean off.

When the blades had sliced into man or horse the Giants of the Land would plant their feet and with a mighty bunching of their shoulders rip the blades back out of their now slain opponent or their mount. The gouts of blood spray mighty. The screams of the traitors meant nothing to Oberyn but he felt for the horses. They always suffered for the sins of men.
The Giants immediately seeking their next opponent. They cared nothing for the carnage they left in their wake. The Haruchai were dispensing their own carnage all around but they only did so guarding the flanks of the Giant warrior women. This gave them the freedom to charge headlong into their foes.

The Giants while massive compared to an armored war horse they were still outweighed by a ratio of three or four to one. The horses trained to charge a foe no matter how large. The collisions between such antagonists were spectacular to witness. The sounds of impacting bodies deafening and dreadful to hear.

The screams of the horses and the roars of the Giants filling the air with a deafening din. The two opposing forces not hesitating to throw themselves at each other in a deadly awkward ballet of mayhem and death. The Giants were trained to withstand the collisions of such opposing force. The Giants giving way when necessary and replanting their feet.

Several went down to one knee. The Giants hacking and jabbing their massive swords at the advancing horses. Their blades not swung with full force in this position. Still, men and horses’ legs were severely cut or clean cleaved in two. Crow’snest Morningwinds was bowled over. Farhal jumped in from the left. The height of his jump astounded Oberyn. He slashed at the advancing knights with his stolen Ice sword. He knocked aside sword chops and hacks. Crow’snest had been stunned.

Then Loadstone Horizonscan was there. His fists like Warhammers that slammed into knights and horses sending them reeling. Several knights killed outright with sledgehammer blows to the head by mighty Giant fists.

The knights of House Bolton and Frey threw themselves into the Giants and at the advancing wall of the now organized Unsullied. The men fought with a clear desperation seeking to down their foes as the noose of the forces opposing the traitors tightened in a slow constriction of their forces.

A large charge of knights had formed up behind the general melee that Oberyn was fighting in. He was with forces from his homeland and the mercenary companies that the Queen had assigned to deal with the traitors. He looked around him seeing the standards of the Scorpion Tails, Manticores and now the Golden Leopards & Walking Death. The last mercenary company was dear to Oberyn. Their main weapon the spear!

Men and animals were all around attacking each other. The Giants like the giant sequoias from the coastal mountains that lined the northern shore of the Broken arm across from Godsgrace. The Giants surrounded by mounted knights in plate armor trying to hack them down like the mighty trees felled for their timber. The knights sending their warhorses at the Giants in full gallops.

The Giants were huge imposing figures towering over the battlefield. Still, when assaulted by a charge of mounted knights charging in line abreast with lances lowered they were in a desperate situation. Oberyn was sure that the Giants of the Land had never faced such a charge of knights with armor and heavy horse also armored.

The two opposing forces meet with a mighty crash of slashing and grinding metal. The Giants with perfect timing swirled their glaives about them cutting lances in two and a few horses losing their heads the beasts toppling forward dislodging their riders to careen into the forces they had been charging into.

Oberyn had bent low and stabbed up as an armored horse went past. He had his spear ripped out his hands with the passing horse but his spear point stabbed deep into the beast’s neck from underneath severing its windpipe and arteries. The beast immediately reared and then fell over to its side gasping
its death with sickening whinnies. Oberyn ran up gripping his spear and ripping it out of the horses neck making it scream in its dying agony.

Oberyn hated it but he did what he must. He jumped over the beast and came up on the downed Frey knight. His helm had been thrown off. He stabbed his spear through the man’s forehead for a quick kill and moved on. He looked around surveying the current battlefield.

The Giants had absorbed the brunt of the mounted cavalry. Oberyn raged seeing Sablehair Seaheart take a lance clear through her lower belly. The horse and knight’s momentum so great and aim perfect that the lance penetrated the granite armor of the Giant. She staggered falling back gripping the lance as it impaled her. Oberyn screamed his rage.

A Haruchai came flying through the air and with his purloined Ice Wright sword slammed his sword into the man’s helm cutting the sword three quarters through his skull. The sword ripped from his grip as he landed adroitly. The Haruchai kicked and punched out in a blur deflecting horses and knights from around the stricken Giant. The warhorses tried to bulrush and stomp on the Haruchai but he was too fast for them. His fists striking armored heads and shoulders of the horses made the animals stagger and swerve aside.

Gibbousspar Ebbtide had been bull rushed by a knot of knights and trampled upon cruelly. She killed the first two horses with a doublehanded stroke of her glaive. The horses whither cut deep through to their chest cavities. The horses tumbling down throwing their riders. One horse as it tumbled slammed into Gibbousspar knocking her off balance. Then several more knights smashed here horses into here taking her to the ground.

The Giant instinctively rolled up into a fetal position to protect herself from the stomping iron shod feet. Her stone armor protecting her somewhat from the kicking hooves. The Giant throwing her arm over her face. Her body jerked with the force of the kicks.

Longwrath Keelstone came in screaming to the aid of her fallen wife. Her glaive swung decapitating a knight and on the backhand stroke her glave nearly chopped another knight in two her sword cutting through his armor at the waist. Then her body slammed into the other horses and knights. She was followed by two other Giants who hit the knights like massive stones from a trebuchets. The impact of their bodies running into them devastating to the knights. Saltheart Starchaser was there then and he landed punches that caused horses to collapse.

Oberyn and his countrymen and forces from the mercenary companies now surged into the knights and swept past them to engage the forces of the traitors. The Golden Leopards had several squads of crossbowmen that fired their weapons at close range at the mounted and now the fallen knights on the ground thrown from their horses. Many of the bolts did not fully penetrate the harden steel but some did. But at his close range the bolts hit like mallets of a blacksmith. The hits staggering the traitors and head shots concussing their targets. Oberyn saw a knight from House Bolton take a bolt through the slits in his visor. The bolt slamming through the thin metal and into his face killing him instantly.

Oberyn yelled as he ran into the melee. He had retrieved his spear. He caught a broadsword stroke and lifted it up slide up his shaft and then flicked his wrist to throw the sword up. He jammed his spear point forward catching the man at the seam of his Cuirass and gorget his Valyrian steel spear point finding the seam between and jabbing in several inches damaging the man’s shoulder and clavicle. The man could no longer grip his sword dropping it as he yelled in pain.

Oberyn moved on. The man was no longer a threat and he needed to wound or kill more traitors. He engaged several men with battleaxes. They swirled around each other. The men only wore chainmail and leather armor. His spear found elbow and knee joints. The men moved slower as he
circled in and out jabbing his spear into the men. One man fell down dead with several crossbow bolts in his upper chest. The chainmail no match for the bolts at close range. The other man ate his spear that jabbed deep into his head.

The Red Viper lost track of time as the battle raged on and on. All were anxious to put down the traitors of Westeros. The desire to take down men who would betray their very race burned in the hearts of the forces of the Queen. The mercenary companies had the wisdom to not side with a force that hated the very concept of humanity. The forces of the Land could actually see the evilness that lay in the heart of the men of House Frey and Bolton. They were fighting with extreme prejudice against the traitors.

A grimace came on Oberyn’s face. He saw a mighty man with House Frey regalia on his surcoat. The man was swinging a large two headed battleax. The tall knight was using controlled swings of his weapon chopping and slashing with deadly cuts. He cut down men to the right and left of him. He was a true skilled warrior.

Oberyn yelled his challenge. The man turned to look at him. His arm swung out killing a mercenary from the Golden Leopards. Oberyn was even more incensed. He rushed at the man. The two now truly faced each other. The two attacked with extreme violence. The man was much larger than Oberyn. Oberyn met his attacks with his spear tip hitting the battleax face to deflect up or away or swatting the ax with precise counterstrokes to deflect.

The two men circling each other at a standoff. The men moving in and then back attacking and then counterattacking. Oberyn could attack from distance but the man would charge in and get in close enough to take deadly swings at Oberyn. Oberyn smiled when three spears impaled the man thrown by men for the mercenary company Walking Death. The man looking down in shock at the shafts jutting out his body. Oberyn distracting the man as the mercenary’s lined up take their shot at his sides where his chainmail armor was its weakest. At close range they easily penetrated the man’s chain mail and incomplete plate armor. Oberyn did not care how his opponents were killed as long as they were killed.

He moved on stabbing and jabbing wounding and killing when he could. The Freys and Boltons slowly being driven back in a controlled manner against the large creek behind them. The traitors fighting more and more desperately as the noose tightened around their necks. They did not break and fought bravely. Oberyn had to give them that. They gave a good account of themselves killing the forces of the Queen as the traitors grudgingly gave up ground.

Oberyn was fighting foot soldiers who had broadswords and shields now. He used his lightning fast reflexes to find that momentary opening in their shield work and sword play to lunge forward to stab his opponent in their torsos or head shots when the opportunity presented itself. These men were not wearing plate armor. The men mainly wore chain mail over leather. Some had bits and pieces of plate armor they had purchased or acquired on past battlefields.

The Giants had moved in on other foes. The Haruchai staying close to them. Oberyn did not mind. This left these men to be killed by him and the forces of the Queen.

He bent at the waist a sword swipe traveling where his chest had been. Oberyn felt the blade rustle over his leather armor. The Red Viper relied on speed and not plate armor to protect him. The feel of steel barely missing sent a squirt of fear into the man. The fear inspiring Oberyn to move faster and with more surety of movement.

He swirled his spear around his body using it as a pivot feeling the wood swirl over his ribs, back and then his other set of ribs. His hands moving their grip on his spear as it whirled around his body. He thrust out with his spear as he came up from his crouch. His spear impaling the
swordsman through her groin and out his back. His screams hideous to hear as Oberyn ripped his spear back and out his body.

His battle instinct kicking in Oberyn dove forward and rolled twice to come up in a low crouch. Five Freys had surround him. He eyed the men as they communicated between themselves with short barked shouts. They all started to rush him at once. From their left rear, Ferna came rushing in. Her body a blur.

Her stolen Ice Wright slashed and danced cutting down a Frey. Her thin ice forged blade cut through the man’s throat. She whirled to engage another Frey. The man having to desperately block her sword swipes. The sword work of the Haruchai lightning fast. It was hard to follow sword chops and thrusts they were so fast. Oberyn stabbed out with his spear in his crouch. His spear impaling a man’s calf. He jerked it back as the man tilted. His next spear thrust ruined his knee shattering it. The man toppled to the ground screaming in agony both hands gripping his ruined knee.

Another of the Frey’s foot soldiers came at him with his broadsword doing a down chop with both hands. With timing born of decades of hard training Oberyn gripped his spear in the middle just outside the width of his body and up thrust his arms. He met the sword thrust and with impeccable timing let his right arm slide down the shaft while lowering it. The blade of Frey followed the lowered shaft taking it down throwing the man off balance staggering.

Ferna went leaping by Oberyn engaging a knight running up to attack Oberyn from his blind side. Their swords clashing and the metal of the knight’s sword already shrieking in protest from the ice forged blade that Ferna slammed against his blade. Oberyn focused on his immediate opponent.

With the end of his spear, Oberyn whipped the man’s face with a fast whiplash motion of his hands on his spear. The hard wood broke the man’s nose. Blood spaying out in hot gouts. The man cried out in pain staggered back. Oberyn now pivoted his arms in reverse direction and worked them to his left side and back before jabbing hard forward in an upward plane. His spear point impacting the man’s rib shattering it but deflecting his spear thrust. The man screamed in pain.

He saw out the corner of his eyes Ferna in a blur. Her purloined Ice Wright sword in down chops on the blade the Frey knight. The steel forged blade shattered in an explosion of metal fragments flying in all directions being no match for the magically ice forged blade. Oberyn saw red appear on Ferna’s face. She did not notice. She now slammed her blade into the knight’s body and head. He reeled back from the power of the blows.

The Haruchai bull rushed the knight. She slammed her shoulder into him sending him crashing back into the ground. She followed the fallen man. She was on her knee in an instant. She gripped the visor of the knight and jerked it back with her left hand. Her right hand stabbed down driving the tip of her ice sword down through his skull the tip slamming into the back of the man’s helm. His body went limp. She jumped high her knees bent. She jumped higher than all those around her.

Her foot came down kicking another knight in the face sending him flying back onto his back. She landed lightly and swirled to her left moving off to engage several foot moving up with pikes.

Oberyn reversed his arms again wind milling to again whiplash the end of his spear across the man’s face which shattered his left cheek bone. Again Oberyn reversed the motion of his arms to bring his spear against the left side of his body and jabbed up again. This time his outreaching spear slipped between the man’s ribs. The spear point and shaft penetrating the man’s lower left lung, slamming through his liver and into the upper lobe of his right lung.

Before the man could fully register his mortal wound Oberyn back jerked his spear from the man’s
body. The man falling away with bubbly froth escaping his lips. He collapsed to the ground on his knees. His body jerking and blood now pouring out his mouth. He then felt to his palms. Blood pouring out his mouth and nose.

Oberyn fought on. Time losing itself into a long melody of move and countermove. Foes and friends falling in pain and death. He felt his limbs screaming in protest but he fought on. Like all trained warriors, Oberyn knew how to fight on letting adrenaline keep the body moving. All were tired now and moving slower.

Then Oberyn was at the edge of the traitor’s encampment against the deep creek that bordered the traitors’ encampment. He looked behind him. The traitors’ formations had been broken. They were being carved up into smaller and smaller cords. Each cord being dismantled and chopped to kindling wood. The surviving knights and foot soldiers fighting desperately as they were now assaulted from all sides. The forces of the Land were still whirling dervishes dispensing death all around them.

The Giants still in a berserker rage from the death of their sister and maybe others by the Traitors. They did not seem to tire. Their swords were swirling and doing mighty chops that cleaved men’s bodies in two. Heads sent spinning far across the battlefield. The Haruchai definitely did not seem to tire. They did not have the raw power of the Giants but their speed, precision and brute strength cut down traitors with ruthless efficiency.

The forces of Dorne and Crownlands heavily leavened with the multiple mercenary companies from Essos continued their assaults. The forces of Frey and Bolton being attacked with no quarter for their willingness to betray the forces of Westeros and of life itself. The islands of traitors becoming smaller even as Oberyn looked.

He looked at the creek and started. Ramsay Bolton was in his armor swimming his horse across the wide deep creek. The man was fleeing his command! He thought he saw Roose Bolton swimming his horse which was almost at the other bank. Oberyn saw the rider glance back. The man’s pale eyes looking all around. He now fought his horse up forward onto the far bank.

As the horse rose up on the bank the man’s armor came into clear view. The dark grey plate armor over a quilted tunic of blood-red leather. Its rondels were shaped like human heads whose mouths are open in agony. Its helmet had streamers of red silk which would flutter in the wind if not soaked. Oberyn saw the man’s pink woolen cloak embroidered with droplets of blood.

The garish armor attracted many archers. The arrows bouncing off the armor and the armor of the horse.

“Coward!” Oberyn roared. He hefted up his spear and hurled it at the closer target thirty yards away. Roose was too far away to effectively be taken down with his spear. Oberyn cursed. The horse of Ramsay Bolton surged forward kicking its legs. The horse’s sudden surge threw off Oberyn’s aim point. He was too far in his throwing motion to change his throw. Oberyn had meant to throw his spear through Ramsay’s thigh and into his horse pinning the man to his horse. To die together in the deep creek.

Instead his spear slammed into Ramsay’s horse a foot behind his leg. The spear penetrated deep into the horse piercing the horse’s spleen, lung and perforated its colon. The wound causing massive internal bleeding. The horse immediately started to scream in pain a bubbly froth coming out its nostrils. Ramsay looked around terrified seeing his horse speared.

Ramsey jumped off the horse and started to kick furiously to the far shore. The horse wildly kicked its legs fighting to stay above water. The horse thrashed but it was no use. It quickly sank below the surface of the agitated water.
Oberyn shouted in frustration seeing Ramsay making his escape. Without thinking he dived into the creek in a shallow dive. The cold water shocked the man but he kicked furiously towards where the horse had disappeared and Ramsay’s body beyond that spot. He quickly reached the spot where the horse disappeared. Adrenalin pumped hard in his veins. The cold shocking his body.

He started when a sharp splash occurred just in front of his face. Then another slap of water just in front of his face occurred. He shouted when a sharp pain laced his shoulder. He gritted his teeth. He looked up on the distant shore and saw five Bolton men with crossbows. Another fired their bolt which barely missed Oberyn. The men rapidly reloading their crossbows.

Oberyn kicked to get to a floating wooden shield. He gripped it with his left hand and slipped the shield onto his left arm. He whipped the shield up just in time. The shield half up out of the water his head behind it. The crossbowmen had reloaded their weapons and fired off at Oberyn. Three of the bolts hit the shield. The bolts splintering the wood but the shield held and protected Oberyn from the bolts.

To keep himself away from the crossbowmen Oberyn kicked his legs straining to get distance from the shore. He was tiring. His shield was weakened by the first bolt hits. He grit his teeth and dove down into the bone cold water to lower his body. He felt his wooden shield shudder with the accurate fire from the crossbow men. His shield disintegrated under the impact of the additional iron bolts. He needed to breathe. His head came up and he took in air. He shook the water out of his face.

Oberyn saw the crossbowmen bringing up their weapons having reloaded again. Without warning a flurry of arrows pierced three of the bowmen multiple times killing them as they toppled down the embankment of the creek. The other two twirled around. The men never had a chance with Ranrika and Ferna sending their heads flying through the air with their Ice Wright swords they had taken from the slain abominations.

Both Haruchai women soaking wet having swum across the creek. Oberyn weakly knew the female Haruchai had crossed the creek to save him. Again he was in the Haruchai’s debt. Not that it mattered he realized. His limbs felt like lead. He couldn’t keep swimming much longer.

Oberyn was weakening and only vaguely saw Ferna dive into the water and quickly swim to the weakening Red Viper. She with ease supported his now limp body swimming back to shore.

Ranrika pulled him up the embankment with Ferna below pushing his body up to her lover. Oberyn was totally limp. His body exhausted. He was thankful to be alive but could barely move or speak his thanks for his salvation.

“You are most brave Oberyn but foolish” Ranrika told the Dorne man in her flat atonal voice. “You are not breed for this cold as the Haruchai are. We thrive in this environment growing up in the high tors of the Western Mountains to the west of the Land.” Oberyn looked at them with a smirk. Of course the Haruchai would lecture him. It made them cute.

Oberyn looked at them stupidly his body succumbing to hypothermia.

“We will not let you die Oberyn of Dorne” Ferna told him with her face flat. They showed no emotion but he knew they truly cared for him. He passed out.

Oberyn came to his senses. He was drinking out of a cup and a strong liquor that was making his throat burn but he felt his wits coming back and a warmth flooding his body. He was sitting before a
mighty bonfire. He saw his countrymen cutting down and chopping up the royal tents of House Frey and Bolton and burning them for fuel.

Before him knelt down Crestdancer Shipsprow. “You are drinking Diamonddraught. It will help restore you. The Haruchai told us of your fighting acumen and valor diving in icy cold water after your foe. Brave but foolish.”

“Did he get away?”

“Who?”

“Ramsay Bolton.”

“I fear the name means nothing to us Oberyn.”

Oberyn sighed. Hopefully, his body was on the bottom of the waterway but he could not know. He could only hope. He looked around.

“Are the traitors crushed?”

The Giant smiled grimly. “Yes. They are crushed. They did fight bravely but they betrayed the trust of their countrymen and to life itself. I do not mourn their passing. Some we have taken prisoner when they surrendered and others are being tended to too who were wounded.”

The Giant then looked out with a pained look.

“How many of your sisters did you lose?” Oberyn asked quietly.

The Giant started to cry silently. She spoke through her tears “We lost Forecastle Starkissed and Crestdancer Shipsprow. Gibbousspar Ebbtide has been severely trampled and may die. Sablehair Seaheart was speared but we think she will live. Your Maesters are tending to her and we have hope. Yardarm Morningstar was also took a lance but her wound is not as severe and will definitely live. Loadstone Horizonscan has been severely injured but should recover with time. Saltheart Starchaser and Oakentree Harborchannel are also gravely injured but should heal well. The rest of us are injured to one degree or another but are ready and able to land more blows for Westeros. We will mourn for them when the battle is won.” A fierce look came over the Giant’s face.

Oberyn sipped his Diamonddraught. “I grieve for their loss. What of the Haruchai and Ranyhyn?”

“Soral and Hail of the Haruchai were slain. Others were injured but they can fight. Of the Ranyhyn, we lost Cynyn and Shelen. Whrany, Frohm and Hrama were severally injured. The rest injured but will fight on. The Manethrall has come to tend to their wounds. They will most likely survive. We have paid a heavy price Oberyn. I know your countrymen and the Unsullied took heavy losses throwing back the traitors. House Frey and Bolton as a fighting force are no more.” Crestdancer looked off into the distance again communing with her inner pain.

Ranrika and Ferna came up to Oberyn. The arrow from Ranrika’s thigh had finally been removed and a binding put around the wound. She did not limp. Ferna had a bandage around her torso. She to ignored her wound. Damn proud Haruchai snorted to himself. He realized just how tough the Haruchai were. They disdained any injury that did not incapacitate them.

He noted Ferna was holding his spear in her right hand. The Ice Wright swords had been sheathed in stolen scabbards dropped by the dead Ice Wrights. Ferna saw the question in Oberyn’s eyes.

“I dove in the creek and retrieved it. We have watched you fight Nymeria for it in Winterfell and on
the trip to the Wall. We know you find it precious.”

Oberyn shook his head. The woman spoke in her flat atonal voice making his spear sound a trifle and yet he knew she had rescued his spear just for him. She could have easily left it at the bottom of the creek. Again, Oberyn felt deep gratitude to the Haruchai as Ferna handed him spear back.

“We will escort you back to the frontlines. Eddard Stark wants you with him. He feels the next assault will occur soon. He wants to consult with the other High Lords of Westeros.”

“What about the Queen?” Oberyn queried.

He saw hesitation from the Haruchai. He felt dread course through his body. For them to hesitate … “She fell from the sky with her steed. They were killed as they killed the Ice Dragon” Ranrika told Oberyn flatly. She paused. “I am sorry to bear this news to you.”

Oberyn sat stunned. That was impossible but the flat faces of the Haruchai did not hide any truth. They did not know how to even slightly slant the truth.

“How can you be sure?”

“Our countrymen saw the two dragons fighting entwined. The Ice Dragon was killed but its body was entwined with Drogon’s. They plummeted down nearly two thousand feet to crash into the Haunted Forest. Nothing could survive that fall.”

Oberyn closed his eyes and took a deep breathe. What now he wondered? He knew Eddard would never take the throne. Oberyn had hoped for a great golden age with a great leader on the Iron Throne. That dream was but ashes now. For a great age to grow it needed a truly great leader to lead it. That would not happen now.

There was nothing for it.

He needed to work with Eddard to defeat the army of the Ice King. Then he would have to worry about Westeros. He could not believe it. Daenerys dead. She had seemed invincible. He sighed. He guessed the prophecies of her demise were true after all. A suddenly world weary Oberyn stood up. The fire had dried his clothes and the Diamonddraught had restored his body and lifted the stupor off his thoughts.

Slowly Oberyn moved back to the front lines of Daenerys camp. He stopped himself. Whose camp was it now? Probably Eddard’s for now. He had been equally instrumental bringing the might of Westeros to the Wall to fight this war. He would help the Warden of the North kill the bastard and his illegitimate spawn.

Oberyn moved on weary in his soul. His body had been restored but his soul grieved. Several times he rested against his spear he planted into the ground. He was nearing Eddard. He was studying the alignment of the enemy forces he saw. He slowly went to the man who now led the forces of Westeros.

Eddard: Up on the berm Eddard Stark looked out over the expanse between the berm which was their frontline and the fallen wall. The three channels were still there. The sickening yellow glow on the sides holding the massive ice chunks back. Those channels allowing the enemy to get at his forces.

Eddard thinking like that now. The Queen was gone. He had a war to finish. His eyes again scanned the battle lines.
The Lord of Revelstone had told Eddard several hours ago that the channels was the work of the Croyel. The carpet of yellow ichor that had coated the ground from the trough before the berm to the Wall and probably beyond was also the work of the foul denizen of the deep. The carpet was dormant now. The waves he had observed that brought the Walking Dead forward at a quick pace no longer present. He expected that to change at any moment.

The reason being they were at a stalemate. Both sides had been bloodied but no clear victory achieved. A stalemate would be good enough for Eddard at the moment. Their plans carefully laid out had been shattered. He smiled grimly. Did any plan survive first contact with the enemy? Never had. This time had been no different.

He sighed and looked back behind him over his left shoulder. His face set in grim lines. Ygritte had recovered partially. She had put her dress back on and the color had started to return to her small body. She was a pale woman besides her touch by the sun hair. Her face had looked pasty and drawn but that had passed. The Maesters had given her several droughts that seemed to have helped the diminutive woman recover from her ordeal of giving birth. Now she was just tired looking. Melisandre and Jon were with Ygritte. Ygritte and Melisandre sitting on the ground with Ygritte’s back pressed into her wife’s body. Jon was on one knee talking to them softly. The sight tender.

That was not what he truly looked at though. Near them sat Arya. Her face had a blank look. Her eyes red and swollen. Her shoulders slumped. Her hair disheveled. She was broken. Eddard knew not what to do. The love of her life had fallen from the sky giving her life for the realm. He sighed. What to do? By unspoken word he had communicated with Jon. Watch over your little sister—she might do something rash. Jon had nodded in understanding his compassionate gaze upon his slumped over sister.

He saw Jeertel standing near Arya. He knew the Haruchai would give her life to save Arya even if his daughter would not lift a hand in her defense.

He was a little surprised by Arya’s actions. Eddard would have been able to carry on he thought. He hesitated on that thought. That was not a fear he had to worry about. Catelyn would never be in the thick of battle with the possibility of death at any moment. He felt for his daughter. She was lost without her lover the Queen.

Eddard could give Arya no more time at this moment. His gazed out upon his enemy. He had seen during the initial assault that their defensive position had one glaring deficiency. The enemy had most of the expanse between the berm and the fallen Wall as a safe haven. Their best archers could only reach out maybe out to three hundred yards with barrage arrow fire. The catapults a little beyond that. The trebuchets could reach out to five hundred yards. Beyond that was nearly a thousand yards of safety for the forces of the Ice King.

The idea had been to engage the enemy on the fallen Wall and only slowly retreat as needed. They would savage the enemy all the way back to the berm and under cover of the siege engines. Instead, the forces of the Ice King had over a half mile of safety to maneuverer in.

A sigh escaped Eddard’s lips. He could do nothing about it. He would let the enemy come to him. If he was to charge forward without purpose he would suffer causalities needlessly. He would decimate the enemy when they came in range. The berm was a demarcation that gave the forces of Westeros the advantage of height. The enemy had one major weakness.

The undead had no will beyond the compulsion to move forward and attack the living. They had no strategy to meet that compulsion. They blindly came forward. The Walking Dead made no move to shy away from the arrow fire and the missiles from the siege weapon. The way they slowly tried to climb up the incline of the berm made for a slaughter ground.
The problem was their endless numbers. The relentless advance of the undead could simply overwhelm the defenders. Fortunately, between the dragons Viserion and Rhaegal, the unlooked for appearance of the Waynham and the Lord of Westeros they had been able to beat back any incursion into their lines. Eddard was not sure he would have all of those bulwarks to rely upon for the next assault wave.

The two dragons were still in a deep somnolent sleep. They had fed ravenously and then went into a torpor. They had not moved it was reported to him. How long did it take dragon’s recover from severe exhaustion? He hoped he lived long enough to find out. Daenerys had told him that while the common thought was that dragons could fight on indefinitely they were mortal and had clear limits. They could only produce so much fire with the food they had taken in.

He hoped they would recover quickly. Their dragon’s breath had been devastating to the advancing undead. Their long gouts of flame incinerated countless scores of the Walking Dead. The huge swaths of burnt dead giving the forces of Westeros a space to recover and meet the charge behind the burnt dead.

His gaze returned to the spot in the sky that had seen the Queen fall to her death. The two dragons entangled as they plummeted from the air. The Ice Dragon clearly dead its head hanging limp while Drogon’s body had been not moving either from what Eddard saw. Drogon had twirled his neck around the neck of his foe. He replayed the final aerial battle in his mind.

The fall had been from great height and neither dragon was trying to flap their wings or disengage their tangled up bodies. They were both dead. He wondered if Daenerys body would ever be found or would her body be lost forever to become a mystery like her distant ancestor Rhaenys Targaryen. He hoped to find Daenerys body so it could be given the proper funeral pyre that Valyrian nobility preferred.

He turned his gaze away. He had a battle to win. The Ice King would be stopped here. Now.

He swept his vision over the battlefield before the berm and then turned his gaze back upon his own forces. The two forces were definitely in a lull. The lull now over three hours. He had taken losses that galled his soul. He had not planned for the enemy being upon him so quickly. The Ice King had overcome the advantage of a killing field that could be fully exploited.

Behind him he had reorganized his forces to meet the reality of the current situation. The plan had been if the Wall indeed did come down they would advance to the Wall quickly. They would send up their best archers and start firing on any forces trying to scale the Wall from the fallen edifice. The forces of Westeros attacking their foes as soon as the crossed from the other side of the fallen Wall.

The Walking Dead were fortunately extremely slow at best. Their bodies moved with slightly clumsy jerks and starts. The climbing of a jumbled mess of shattered ice would make any advancement up and then down that slope laborious and slow for the Walking Dead. The feathering of their bodies would have been almost laughably easy. It would have been a pleasure seeing them killed like ducks in a shooting gallery.

The Ice Wrights would have been another matter. They were fast and nimble. For them the massed archers would have fired in mass while their marksmen took single aimed shots. The Ice Wrights would have to been at a sever disadvantage having to navigate the massive jumbled mess of the fallen Wall. They would have been plucked off one by one. The dragons could have leisurely burned them on the south face of the fallen Wall. This would protect the dragons from any weapons on the other side of the fallen Wall. The remaining mass of shattered ice was between two and three hundred feet in height. They would be shielded from attack from north face of the fallen Wall.
He wondered if the undead and Icy spawn of the Ice King could have even fought away from the fallen Wall. If they had the Queen and he had a plan for that.

They would form up long lines of locked shields and lances backed by knights to hold the Icy spawn of the Ice King back while archers and dragon fire devastated them and slowly retreat back to the berm. With the Lord of Revelstone revealed to be such a devastating force they would have decimated their enemies at the fallen Wall.

The idea had been fight a slow retreat back to the range of the trebuchets and then catapults. Then back into the range of the massed archers that had been left behind the berm. Only the best archers taken forward from Westeros. The mercenary companies of archers taken forward as well. That way they would have been able to kill the dead the length of the plain between the Wall and the berm.

Heavy knights and phalanxes of pikemen aligned to slow down the attack of the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants so they could be feathered with dragon glass. They would have held up the advance of the dead and Ice Wrights while heavy projectiles crushed and fire set the Walking Dead aflame. Blizzards of Dragon Glass arrows killing the Ice Wrights and Giants.

Eddard sighed shaking his head. No plan survives first contact with the enemy he reminded himself again. Now both sides were licking their wounds waiting for the next assault to occur. Again the Ice King had the advantage of making the next move. Eddard would not sacrifice men for a senseless attack. He would not force his way into the undead. He would not allow his force to get intermingled with the forces of the Ice King. At close range hemmed in from all sides would be a disaster for his forces.

He would not do it.

Eddard had ordered that the first lines of archers to be brought to only twenty-yards from the berm. They needed to reach out as far as possible with their arrows. He then had the lines staggered back in legions back to one hundred and seventy five yards. He wanted the flights of arrows falling down all throughout the ranks of the next attack wave.

The orderlies were stacking up piles of quivers around the groupings of archers. The archers grabbing quivers and putting them near their feet. Large piles were stacked up behind each legion. Runners would run them forward them as needed to keep the archers supplied. They would be fire as fast as their endurance allowed.

The Warden of the North shook his head. The serendipity of war. A wagon train came up into the camp. It was ten wagons. Four wagons filled with barrels of sardines and shade. One wagon was filled with hard tack bread. The other wagons were filled with arrows. Four were filled to the tops of the beds with dragon glass. The last wagon was filled with arrows tipped with pine tar wrapped linen to be fired off as fire arrows.

The wagons filled with arrows went right up to where the archers were and the arrows taken by runners to add to the stockpiles being plied up around the groupings of archers. The piles of quivers getting high. Eddard knew they would be shot off fast. More was constantly being pulled up to the front lines from the stock piles from the center of the Queen’s encampment.

He grimaced thinking again of the fall of Daenerys Targaryen from the sky.

He had asked that half of the catapults and one in five trebuchets to adjust their arms to fire their projectiles in more of a flat line to make their projectiles hop and skip through the enemy lines. This hopefully spread the fire through the enemy ranks more effectively when they got close. He was
sure that when the next assault came the yellow ichor would again make waves that would bring the 
undead and Icy spawn upon them quickly.

Fire was most assuredly their friend. He would make the undead burn.

He had all the fire arrows and projectiles stopped being fired off. He did not need to save them but 
he noticed something that he wanted to use to his advantage.

The area before him was covered with the fallen bodies of the Walking Dead. The dead not moving 
in their second death. The dead waiting to burn. Eddard smiled. Burn they would. The yellow 
ichor had covered up the first layer of oil and tar that had been laid down.

He had tar and pitch barrels moved up and quivers filled with the hemp covered heads of fire 
arrows. Ten of the Trebuchets had large skins that had been tied off. The skins filled with oil. 
When they hit the ground the oil would splash all around. Large wicks would be light on the 
bundles to light the oil when the skins exploded hitting the ground. The trebuchets would throw 
them high in the air to reduce their forward range.

He would use the many dead lying dead on the ground to burn the new arriving dead. He had 
barrels of oil at the top of the berm chopped apart and rolled down the berm. The oil splashing over 
the piled up dead. He needed a hot bonfire that would ignite instantly.

He watched runners moving all around the Queen’s camp near the front lines. They were finding 
Dragon Glass arrows that had missed their targets or removing the arrows from their fallen targets. 
Many of the arrows had been ruined but those that were not were plucked up and put in quivers. 
Archers always looking for arrows to reuse. He had the arrow makers making more. An army could 
ever have enough. Also, this task kept the camp attendants busy. It kept them from fretting upon 
the next assault.

The bodies of the Walking Dead slain behind the berm were being carried if possible and thrown 
down into the ditch their bodies soaked in oil. The large bodies hacked apart to be brought forward. 
They would be used as a weapon in the next assault. Also, the removal of the bodies freed up the 
lanes between the forces of Westeros.

Eddard had seen how quickly the undead burned to ash and a charred mound of viscera. Each body 
as it burned like a bonfire for five to ten minutes could be a weapon. He had examined the bodies of 
the undead. They had turned black and putrid but the bodies were basically intact. He had 
attendants picking up the severed limbs and heads of the former Walking Dead and heaved off the 
berm into the ditch. If still animated the attendants stabbed the appendages and heads with obsidian 
daggers to kill the detritus of the undead.

The Warden of the North saw the remains of dead Ice Wrights and Giants all about. Puddles of blue 
slime was what obsidian had reduced their bodies too. He had splashed the blue puddles with his 
armoired boot. He wondered if they may have some harmful affect. There was none that he could 
fathom. There was many blue pools. He did not smile. They had once been human and giant. The 
cruel perversions put out of their unknown misery.

To know that a Stark was doing this filled his soul with a muted anger and sadness.

He had observed strange anomalies in the fighting of the Icy creatures created by the Ice King.

Iron tipped weapons were only able to penetrate their bodies a quarter an inch at most before their 
cold bodies froze the metal to such a degree that they shattered. The iron tipped arrows forged in 
fire. The Ice Wrights pulling the useless weapons from their bodies if they did not shatter. Bodies
that did not bleed from those wounds. Many such arrows hit their bodies after their ice armor had been shattered. The arrows that lodged into their bodies did no damage.

And yet. Dragon Glass easily penetrated their bodies. In fact it was almost like a hot knife in butter with how easily the Dragon Glass penetrated their bodies. The Dragon Glass weapons easily sunk deep into their bodies lodging there. This should have been completely impossible.

Dragon Glass, or obsidian by its true name, only had a fifth at best, the tensile strength of forged Iron. If iron shattered and cracked when penetrating the outer bodies of the Ice Wrights the dragon glass should have exploded into a million shards just touching their icy bodies.

That had definitely not been the case. The reverse was true. The Ice Wrights and Giants bodies were completely susceptible and endangered by the dragon glass. He could not remember one such tipped weapon not sinking in deep into their icy bodies.

How? Why? Eddard’s analytical mind wondered. He thought he might have an answer but it was only conjecture.

Legends said that the Ice King was created by the Children of the Forest. That made sense. They were being butchered by the ancestors of the men and some women he stood with in this very camp. It had been their ancestors who committed genocide. Why the genocide? The answer was easy to Eddard. They wanted the First People’s land. They committed genocide to acquire it.

Worse, it had been revealed to Eddard that the Ice King was none other than a Stark. A cruel reprehensible man. His crimes condemned to death. The crimes against man. Eddard knew that his killing by the Children of the Forest had probably been applauded. Not the thought of the former Stark being cut down by the Children of the Forest had caused anger. The man was an animal. An animal put down.

That thought sickened Eddard. The fact that the Children of the Forest had been in the right. They had did as they had done because of the genocide of the humans waged against them. To add to that, Darrick Stark had been a mad, venial, evil man that needed to be taken down. Why had not his past ancestors been able to put that man down?

With that knowledge Eddard had been able to extrapolate to the truth. The Children of the Forest had fought two wars. The initial war with the First Men and then the Andals. The First Men had fashioned their weapons of bronze. The Andals came armed with iron and forged steel. Each wave of humans pushing the Children of the Forest further north. The humans chopping down the Weirwood trees that had been left behind.

Eddard mused that his race had not been satisfied with the genocide against one race, The Children of the Forest but also the Weirwood trees. They had both been immortals his race had killed. Would he ever be able to make restitution for such crimes?

Yes, the obsidian of the Children of the Forest had been no match for the bronze of the First Men much less the weapons of the Andals. The lack of weapons that could contend with man ensured the original inhabitants of Westeros would lose.

How sad that his race used such an advantage for such heinous effect. The legends said that the Children of the Forest tried to live in peace with the human interlopers at first. But the greed and avarice of the human invaders had been insatiable. They did not want part of Westeros but the whole continent. So they had taken it by the tip of the sword and spear.

The man who now led the forces of Westeros shook his head. He did not have time to work over the
sins of the past. He had a war to prosecute and win.

So Eddard turned it over in his mind the current riddle. Obsidian, Dragon Glass, was the material that the First People had used. They had led simple lives trying to live as one with the land. Living in harmony with the land and not trying to subjugate and defile their world. They would never have delved into the Earth and harmed it to make weapons of metal.

The Children of the Forest weapon of defense was obsidian. Therefore, Eddard reasoned, the Children of the Forest must have used obsidian in the transformation of his past ancestor into the Ice King. There had supposedly been seven others Missandei had recently reported to Eddard. He had asked the Queen’s scribe to impart any new information to him as she discovered it.

The men turned into Ice Wrights by the magic of the Children of the Forest. Eddard reasoned that the Children of the Forest had used their weapon of obsidian as the tool to make the transformation. Their magic must have been fused to their weapon of defense and offense. It was that creation by obsidian that was now their salivation.

Somehow, the magic of the current Ice Wrights was still tied eight thousand years later to that original act. Obsidian now after their creation had become their anathema. It would be their downfall. Why this was he had no idea. He was only thankful. Magic and how it worked was beyond Eddard’s ability to understand.

He had spoken to both Lord Lustra of Revelstone and to Barristan Selmy at the beginning of the lull. With the Lord, he asked her to be his tactical spear point. With her on her speedy Ranyhyn she could quickly travel to any breach in their defensive bulwark. Her Lord’s Fire was devastating. Nothing could stand against it. Where Dragon Glass killed the body with the piercing of a frozen brain or heart or slow poisoning the Lord’s Fire simply obliterated the bodies of the Ice Wrights and Giants.

They were blown into a million shards that were scattered to the winds. She had with her the Giants and Haruchai that had not gone with Oberyn to fight the traitors been their shock troop to heal any breech. The Giants, Haruchai and Ranyhyn who were still hale were filtering back to augment their brothers and sisters. They were an unstoppable force. There was just not enough of them unfortunately. They could only plug one hole in the dike at a time.

Eddard heard of their grievous losses in fighting for a world they did not live in. He face set in a grime line. He would take down the Ice King to avenge their deaths. The Ice King was a Stark. He was Eddard’s responsibility.

He had talked to Barristan who in turn was using Braveheart Tillerkeel as interpreter with the Waynhim. Eddard had gone to listen in. He had put had put his foot down commanding Barristan to not plunge the wedge of the Waynhim into the forces of the dead until Eddard and Jon had setup the right situation.

Barristan had argued against Eddard. With archers on their flanks and with men armed with Valyrian swords they could do great harm to their enemy. Eddard refused. He would not risk the vagaries of combat and having some situation arise that would see the decimation of such a potent fighting force.

While the two men argued Eddard looked over the large grouping of Waynhim. He was told the roughly triangular shape was called a ‘fighting wedge’. The Loremaster at the tip of the triangle. The focus of all the individuals focused through to the Loremaster. The others could fight individually but the focus was always to project strength power to the Loremaster.
The Loremaster amplifying their combined shared power and able to project it out as black acid. He had caught glimpses of this acid during the fight. The acid had been devastating.

During the battle the Waynhim had been very active in attacking and in their defense. That could not be said now. The creatures were sitting straight down on their rear ends. Their knees up by their ears and their arms hugging their staves close to their bodies. They compressed tight into each other. They seemed asleep. The did not move or even seem to breath.

Only the Loremaster had risen up to converse with the Giant. The small Waynhim barking stridently back and forth with the Giant. When the Waynhim understood and agreed to Eddard’s insights the creatures sat back down and folded in on itself and seemed go back into a deep somnolent state.

They were seemingly conserving their strength for the next round of combat. He looked back at the Shadow Monster of the Melisandre and Ygritte. It sat in the same exact same pose. How strange he thought. He looked away.

He relayed to Barristan what he hoped to setup. Then it would be the proper time to use the Waynhim as a spear thrust deep into the heart of the enemies force. But, the situation had to be setup.

Barristan demurred grumbling. He wanted to strike more fully upon the enemy. Eddard gripped his shoulder.

“Trust me Barristan. I will bring our enemy to us. He is vain and conceited. I will lure him in.”

Barristan locked eyes with Eddard gauging him. He finally nodded relenting.

“Do you think our Queen is dead” Barristan asked Eddard.

“Yes” was Eddard’s simple reply. He would not lie. They had to move on and meet the challenge of Ice King. Daenerys would not be coming to their aid.

He walked away from Barristan unwilling to talk of it further. He had pinned everything on Daenerys Targaryen taking the Iron Throne. He was sure she would lead in a golden age. Now all was in doubt. Who would rise up to take the throne? He had no desire for it. He feared what would happen in the vacuum caused by the Queen’s death.

He walked back to be near his son Jon and his wives. The High Lords of the Houses of Westeros had assembled there. The other warriors and lords who had Valyrian weapons were gathered too. Eddard now had his own strike force.

His sad eyes looked down at Arya. She was sitting down with slumped shoulders. Tears randomly running down her cheeks. She sat still and listless. Her eyes vacant. Eddard knew Arya would most probably fight mightily on the battlefield if the time for it came. He just needed to make sure she did not rush headlong into death seeking to join Daenerys in the afterlife. Killing her enemy right and left until she herself was cut down.

Jon, Melisandre and a recovering Ygritte had all agreed to keep her close. Her weapon of choice in this conflict was the bow giving her the ability to reach out and touch her enemies with a deadly kiss. It lay unstrung beside her. It was ready for use but Eddard doubted his daughter would ever use it again. Eddard knew she would pull her rune sword and rush into their foe to her death. He looked down at Arya. She was near catatonic now. He doubted she would do anything now. She was simply broken.

Those around Arya would keep an eye on her for any sudden rousing and rash actions taken.
It was after the battle that caused Eddard gave concern with his daughter. Arya did not have the will to carry on. How would he give his daughter the strength to carry on? Her focus for living had become Daenerys Targaryen.

Motion caught Eddard’s attention out of the corner of his eye. He looked back over the plain between their camp and the fallen Wall. He studied the actions of his enemy. They had definitely changed their tactics. He stood on the top of the berm taking in all before him.

He noticed that the sun was running towards the western horizon. Dark was coming on. It was still off a ways but it was coming. Darkness was a friend to their enemy. Their senses attuned to the dark. Eddard was sure the Ice King had attacked in the early morning in the hope of catching them unawares.

Thank the old gods for the birds coming to attack their foes. They had been forewarned. If that had not occurred, Eddard feared what the result would have been. It would have gone poorly. If Lord Lustra had not been warned she would not have cast her counter spell to strip the invisibility of the Ice Wrights and Giants. The death they would have caused well may have been catastrophic.

The balance of power tipped to the Ice King.

Other random events had gone in their favor. Something had prevented the Ice King from dropping the Wall in a timely manner. He knew the Ice King had to plan on dropping the Wall as his strike force launched their surprise attack. Something had prevented it.

That had been a godsend from the old gods. Still, when the Wall had come down the forces of Westeros had received another mighty shock. The Ice King and his vile son the Croyel had devised a means to get their forces from the fallen Wall to the berm in only a fraction of the time that it should have taken. This had again almost been fatal.

Eddard was again thankful that the plans of Ice King had not gone as he planned. If he had been coordinate his attacks it would have gone much more poorly for the forces of Westeros.

The forces of the Ice King had attempted to bulrush and overwhelm their lines with a sudden supreme push. The forces had penetrated their lines in several places. They had been repulsed. It could have been much worse than it had been. They had been able to repulse each incursion into their frontlines giving the forces of the Ice King heavy losses.

Eddard knew they had been lucky in both chance and having the forces of the Land in their midst. The Croyel on the Ice King’s back had been able to produce a glamour that hide a strike force of Ice Wrights and Ice Giants. They had just been moving into position when the Lord of Revelstone had been able to strip that invisibility away.

The spell probably would have been broken once combat had been truly joined and arrows and swords started to impact the glamour induced invisibility. Still, the damage would have already been done. While invisible they would have killed all three dragons and many of the High House Lords before they had truly realized that they had an enemy in their midst.

But that had not occurred. With their invisibility ripped from them the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants had been dealt with.

The old gods had smiled on the forces of Westeros. For some reason the Ice King had delayed his assault on the Wall and then the forces of Westeros. With the breeches in the Wall and the yellow ichor that had transported the dead to their front lines in a few minutes instead of an hour would have been devastating if properly coordinated.
It had not been. The delay in that attack allowed the forces of Westeros to first deal with the surprise attack and when the delayed main assault commenced the first attack had been dealt with. The forces of Westeros then able to focus on the horde of Walking Dead sprinkled with Ice Wrights and Giants. They had suffered losses not having time to fully form up but they had decimated the forces of the Ice King.

Where there had been breaches the two remaining dragons, Viserion and Rhaegal, and the forces of the Land had been able to repel the breeches and drive the Walking Dead and Icy spawn back from the lip of the berm and back down its incline. Once repelled the archers were able to deal with the threat. Dragon glass and flaming arrows killing their foes granting a permanent second death.

Now the forces of Westeros were fully lined up and prepared. Troops were already cycling back to eat and rest. The troops affecting any needed repairs to their kit. The first set of archers had pulled back and were resting. They would need days to fully get their strength back but they would not have that. They would have the strength necessary to fire their arrows at close range.

Eddard had adjusted his forces to increase the efficacy of their fire on the enemy when the next major assault occur.

He had talked to the sappers in charge of the siege weapons. He had instructed the scorpions to concentrate their fire to just beyond the berm and the first fifty yards before the berm. He would rely on the catapults and trebuchets to do damage at distance. He needed the scorpions to handle the Icy spawn that got in close and to impale the undead if they attempted to swarm the forces of Westeros.

That was his forces. The commander of the forces of Westeros looked out over the plain before him. The forces of their foe had learned and were making tactical changes as well. The Ice Wrights were holding back most of the Walking Dead now. Eddard could see the Wrights commanding the Ice Giants to not advance into the killing range of the forces of Westeros. They were by and large holding back out of range of the forces of Westeros. The main force was just outside the range of the large trebuchets.

There was Walking Dead milling around in the killing ground. Eddard had posted observers with war horns on the front lines. The Walking Dead seemed to have lost their compulsion to move forward and attack. The massed firing of arrows would not be launched again until the next major assault. It was not a matter of the fear of running out of arrows but the tiring of the archers. From time to time more skilled archers were taking down the undead when they ventured closer to the front lines but overall the forces of Westeros were conserving their strength for the next assault.

There would be another major assault. Of that Eddard was sure. The matter had not been settled between him and the Ice King. His enemy had not journeyed and initiated this war only to have a stalemate. He needed total victory to achieve his aims. Eddard could live with a draw and then plan a series of attacks to slowly drive the Ice King back and trap him by the sea on either end of the continent. Or up into the icy wastes of the far north. He was not sure what to do if that happened.

No. The Ice King needed his victory now. He now knew that the forces of Westeros had the one weapon he could not fight against. Dragon Glass. It was a total game changer. Eddard knew his enemy knew he would not be given a respite. He would be hunted relentlessly. He would be given no rest to regroup and devise other nefarious plans.

It had been nearly three and half hours since the last major attack had ceased now. The Dragon Glass had worked beyond anyone’s dreams. Obsidian was indeed a total anathema to the both the Walking dead and the Ice sons of the Ice King.

When the undead shambled in range of the sharp shooting archers they were shot down. They did
not try to dodge any of the arrows fired at them. They truly dead attacked with no care or sense of
danger. The Walking Dead lurching forward until feathered with dragon glass and dying the second
death that was permanent. This had been an advantage to the undead when only fire was their foe.
This innate compulsion to advance no matter the damage done to their bodies. It gave them a
ferocity that made them at times unstoppable. Now they merely moved forward to be slaughtered.

He saw the four Ice Wrights that had somehow developed the ability to send up a spidery web of
magical tendrils that was able to knock out many of the massed arrows but not all. Fortunately, the
cloud they sent up was relatively small compared to the length and breadth of the battlefield. Enough
arrows fell through the tendrils seeking them out. Many still fell back to earth. Of course many
found the Earth but enough were killing both the Walking Dead and the Ice creations of the Ice
King.

It kept the forces Ice Wrights and Giants in an excited state and a showing a real unwillingness to
charge forward. The question Eddard wondered was how much longer would this lull last. Again
he looked up at the sky. The world had not darken yet but the time for the glooming of the world
would be begin soon. Then it would be the season of the witch according to the old wives tales.

Eddard seeing this new phenome of the spider web had word spread to the archer commanders how
to fire off their arrows to deal with this new ability. He asked if anyone knew who these four Ice
Wrights were. What made them special? He was told that these were four survivors from the first
surprise assault. The remaining pieces of shattered ice armor still clung to their bodies. Evidently,
being hidden by the spell of the Croyel had given them a new ability.

Some of the Walking Dead were still trying to press forward. The Ice Wrights worked to hold them
back but the compulsion that the Ice King had filled the undead with compelled them to move
forward to confront the enemies of the Ice King. The Ice Wrights had to work to hold them back.
The undead did not attack their Ice Wright masters and seemed to somewhat follow their lead.

Eddard looked back to where Arya was still sitting in a lost daze. She was sitting like a broken
marionette that could never stand again. She started to sob again brokenly. The sight tore at his
heart. Eddard Stark had no idea what to do. He was a man that had little familiarity in giving
comfort in such circumstances. He was stunted emotional. He prayed that Sansa would be able to
reach Arya.

Twenty yards behind where Arya sat, the Shadow Monster that Ygritte had created with the blood of
royalty and magically powerful denizens of the Land was still sitting with its limbs all folded up tight
around its body. It did not breathe that he could see. The shadows of its torso and limbs seemed to
ripple and flow. It made his stomach roil looking at the body writhing before him. It was awaiting
enemies to rend and tear apart. He could live with his discomfiture. The Shadow Monster had been
death given form against his enemies Eddard thought.

His gaze moved back to Barristan and the Waynhim wedge. The creatures were squatted down onto
their haunches with their staves resting on the shoulders of their brethren. They were motionless like
the ShadowBender monster. Both waiting to rouse themselves to fight their enemies. Barristan’s
woman was moving around to the archers on both flanks. She was retelling her instructions making
sure they were followed when the fight commenced once more.

The forces of Westeros waited patiently. The archers relaxed eating food brought to them by the
cooks and runners feeding and giving water to the warriors. The knights and phalanxes of shield and
pikes waiting to stand up and engage the Ice Wrights and Giants to delay while arrows and javelins
pierced their bodies. The men jesting amongst themselves. Making light of the danger they faced.
Using ribald humor to calm nerves.
Another half hour passed when Eddard saw the change. He jumped up telling his steward to sound the war horn alerting the archers to form up and prepare to fire in mass and repeat. That action triggering the catapult and trebuchets to prepare to launch their first projectiles. The scorpion operators rushing to and climbing up the steps of the mini towers the scorpions sat upon. The men and women of Dorne nervously awaiting the firing off of their first salvo of weapons. The catapults and trebuchets would kill at range. The scorpions would do their killing up close and persona.

The second assault was commencing. Round two Eddard thought grimly. This time they were ready. He hoped it would be enough.

**Barristan:** Barristan heard the war horns sounding. He had been conversing with Marleya Blackmyre and Syrio Forel when he heard the notes cutting into the still air. The rain making all sounds muted, thus, the high pitched war horns sounded like peals from the gods. The plaintive notes echoing in the air. Barristan took a deep breath. He was prepared. He clapped Syrio on the back before the man walked off fast. He would send Strong Belwas to Syrio in time for him to join the fight. The fat eunuch snoring away just behind Barristan. The man now comatose after ramming two urns of locust down his gullet. He complained until he passed out that still hungered to the core of his being. Barristan shook his head at the sight of the fat bald snoring eunuch.

Marleya came up to him. He embraced her chastely. She had none of that. She hugged Barristan fiercely and kissed him with adore.

“Keep yourself safe Barristan. I don’t want to have to nurse you back to health. I just found you and will not lose you!” she spoke with fire in her words.

“I will prevail my love. You have the more dangerous task. Please, please keep yourself safe Marelya Blackmyre. I thought loved had passed me by. You have given me so much. I could not bear to lose you.”

The woman hugged him fiercely again and gave him another hard kiss. Then she moved off to the right flank of the Waynhim fighting wedge. The beasts ... Barristan stopped himself in disgust—his fierce allies still seemed to be a state of somnolence. They had to know that the enemy was about to attack and yet they sat down unmoving. It was unnerving. Barristan took a deep breath. The Demondim spawn had proved faithful beyond compare. They would rouse themselves when the time came.

He would trust in that. He hoped. A grimace crossed his face.

The three looked out over the expanse before them from their new positions. A rush of adrenaline rushed through the old knight’s body. The elixir filling Barristan with nervous energy. The battlefield before them was littered with countless Walking Dead that had died the permanent second death. Their bodies lying where they fell. Their bodies filled with arrows or javelins tipped with obsidian. Their bodies turning black.

Those Walking Dead hit by flaming arrows and the flaming missiles fired from the catapults and trebuchets had burned like stars fallen from the night time sky. Their bodies reduced to piles of char and ash.

The weapon of choice was Dragon Glass because it was deadly to both the Walking Dead and to the Ice Wrights and Giants. Barristan had seen both icy spawn of the Ice King shrug off the fire tipped arrows. They merely bounced off their hard icy body. The iron tipped had been able to penetrate but a quarter of an inch at most before the metal became brittle and shattered. Neither fire nor iron seemed to have any effect on the Ice Wright or Giants.
Without dragon glass the forces of their fallen Queen would have been at severe disadvantage.

Eddard thought a prolonged hot fire would harm them. Daenerys had relayed to them how her Dragon’s fire burned the Ice Wrights and Giant with ease. But that was magical fire. She had also proven that the magic woven into Valyrian blades was equally deadly to them. The knowledge of her first fight with the forces of the Ice King were being used now against his forces.

Barristan and the others armed with Valyrian steel had proven that in the first assault. Barristan was thankful that the Queen had gifted her most trusted protectors with such weapons. He had only wished that she had had enough to arm all. The fight would have been finished long ago if that had been true. The forces of Westeros unstoppable. Instead they had to fight from distance if at all possible.

The yellow ichor was now filled with waves that advanced like the incoming tide. The waves lapping forward.

Well I’ll be damned Barristan thought. Eddard had predicted this.

The waves were picking up the vast numbers of the killed Walking Dead and was bringing their limp unresponsive bodies forward on the tide like driftwood thrown up the shores during a violent shore. The bodies rolled and jerked along. The bodies advancing towards the berm.

With the still animated undead and Icy spawn hanging back this allowed the dead detritus to advance alone towards the berm. It was a sickening sight to see the shapes of men and women rolled forward unceremoniously. True, they had long ceased to be human but he still felt for the forlorn bodies rolled forward like discarded garbage. Countless other bodies of fallen animals also rolled forward on the lapping yellow waves.

The horns had been used to alert the archers to be ready to fire. The note to fire was not given yet. The training of the forces of Westeros held. Eddard and their beloved Queen’s training paying huge dividends now.

Eddard was going to use the dead against their enemies. Barristan watched the dead roll and flip towards them. The old knight was impressed by the speed with which the beings out in the plain before them were being brought forward. Still there was a large separation between the two opposing forces. But that would not last long.

Syrio pointed. Yes, Barristan thought. Here they come. The Ice Wrights had been holding back the Walking Dead and the Ice Giants back at approximately seven hundred yards. The Wrights were intelligent enough to avoid wasting their fodder. They had a sea behind them that they had held back.

Barristan was sure that the Ice King had devised his strategy for his next assault. It would be different from the first if their foe had a human mind to guide his actions.

The old knight smiled. They were prepared now. The first assault had been repelled but just barely. If the attacks of the cloaked strike force, the traitorous Freys and Boltons and the full on frontal assault had been coordinated Barristan shivered at the thought. All three attacks occurring simultaneously would have been much harder to repel if not outright devastating.

That was not the case now. They were ready.

Again Barristan thanked the seven that the birds had alerted them to the Ice King being at the Wall. The birds flying in furiously from all points on the compass. He had seen species that lived in Essos
and only came to Westeros in the spring to bare their young. For the birds to attack now showed the old knight that even the birds knew the urgency of their assault.

It had also been their fortune to also have the Lord of Revelstone with them. She had been able to strip away the spell of invisibility of the surprise attack force before they had been able to fall on them unprepared. After that she had showed her true power finally. Her attacks on the undead and Icy spawn had staggered the mind. The woman had the power of the gods it seemed like to Barristan. Her blue Lord’s Fire simply obliterated her foes.

This woman could single handily destroy the great castles of Westeros if protected by Giants and Haruchai. He again thanked the heavens that the forces of the Land had come to their aid.

The camp had been alerted by the birds but being assaulted by foes you could not see would have been heinous. Eddard thought that the effect of weapons striking the glamour would have broken the glamour but by then the damage would have been done.

Only Rhaegal had been injured. His leg could not support his weight but he could fly. Viserion was hale and whole. Unfortunately, they were exhausted and currently in a deep sleep. Drogon had fallen to his death but he and the Queen had been able to fly up to engage and defeat the Ice Dragon before they too had had been killed in the aerial duel. The threat from the air had been removed.

Barristan still could not believe it. Daenerys Targaryen had seem untouchable. The pale Queen a force of nature that nothing had been able to contend with. To find out she was mortal after all was a shock.

The man pushed those thoughts aside. The battle was about to commence again.

The first flotsam had reached the heaped dead that filled the ditch before the berm. The detritus starting to pile up on itself. The dead piling up more and more and starting to climb up the slope of the berm. There was a few surviving Walking Dead that had somehow survived the killing field. They immediately followed their compulsion to attack and moved up the slope of dead in a clumsy manner their movement slow and awkward.

Still no arrows flew out at them. Eddard had made it clear he would give the command to fire the arrows. Barristan was impressed with the discipline that had been instilled into the army of Westeros.

The plan was simple and elegant. He would use the very undead against them. The main tide of the second assault was riding the yellow waves lapping at the flotsam before the berm. It would take several minutes to reach the berm. He could see that the Ice Wrights had opened the gates to the seven hells. The undead again advanced in their stumbling dance of the macabre. Their approach steady. The lapping yellow ichor turning a journey that should have taken way more than an hour instead last only minutes.

Barristan and Syrio watched them come. Marleya had moved off to make sure the archers around the quiescent Waynhim fighting wedge were ready. They had all hunkered down on their haunches with their staves on their brothers shoulders. The massive wedge of over nine hundred individuals was still a compact thing. Nearly a hundred had been slain in the earlier combat. Barristan had faith in the Demondim spawn. Still, with the closer the approach of the undead became Barristan could not help but feel his unease increase and in turn his terror ratcheted up as he looked at the unmoving Demondim spawn.

He needed the Waynhim to wake up!
The wedge no more than thirty yards across and maybe thirty-five yards deep. The wedge tip facing the advancing tide. The Waynhim on the edges had their staves of iron and bone resting on the ground. Even their tallest member at the tip of the wedge, their Loremaster, was seeming asleep with his stave of iron resting its tip on the ground.

Marleya went first to the far side of the Waynhim wedge talking to that commander of the nearly three hundred archers on that side. She then ran to the close side of the wedge and talked to that commander of two hundred and fifty archers. These men and some women were the most accurate of their archers. She then rushed behind the wedge and talked to the commander of the Black Panthers a mercenary company from the island of Great Moraq. They were five hundred archers who were famed for their skill and accuracy. They would fire where and when needed. If not needed for close in support they would fire ahead of the wedge to thin out the ranks attacking the Loremaster.

Now Marleya ran around behind the wedge and the mercenary company yelling at the camp attendants that would be wheeling wheelbarrows filled with quivers. They had to keep up. Both to supply the archers but to also survive. They had runners that would run quivers out to where they were needed.

Barristan was proud of Marleya. She had trained the archers of the Queen. She had picked their best archers to be her company of deadly skilled archers. She had then picked the best archers from the north to add to her force with Eddard’s blessing.

She called her fighting force the Scorpion’s Tail. The snap of their tail devastating.

Barristan and Syrio were most satisfied. On the Dothraki plains they had not been able to truly protect the flanks of the Ur-vile wedges. They had been able to deflect and lessen attacks but too many Ur-viles had died because they had not been able to fully protect them from attack.

Not this time. Now that they had formed up the archers of Westeros would be able to defend the Waynhim so they could attack at will their mutual enemies. That was if the damn Waynhim woke up Barristan said nervously to himself. The enemy was approaching!

Following behind at a distance of one hundred yards from the fighting wedge where three legions of archers from Essos. These companies had their own camp attendants following with wheelbarrows filled with quivers of Dragon Glass arrows. A small wagon was behind the Black Panthers filled with urns of oil. They had quivers filled with arrows tipped with hemp and tar pitch tied around the arrow points.

Now the small urns were light. Barristan walked over to the pile of furs and bent down.

“Wake up, Wake up” he shook the shoulder he was grabbing.

“I’m sooooo hungry! I need more locusts!” Strong Belwas sleepily protested. Engorged the fat eunuch had suddenly had a sleepy spell. The old knight had let him sleep. He had furs brought to cover the bald man. He earned his idiosyncratic behaviors. They were endearing with the immense but fast fighter.

“You ate two whole large urns two hours ago man! That is the reason you fell asleep so suddenly Belwas. The enemy comes.”

Strong Belwas was instantly awake and stood up casting off the furs he had been sleeping in. He unsheathed his scimitar. He no longer looked or acted like the child he did when they were at peace. Now he looked like the stone cold killer he had trained to be in the fighting pits of Meereen.
He walked up to join Syrio Forel. The two ran to the other side of the wedge. Renly and Loras were there with them. On his side was Javer Brander of House Hawick and Alon Merser of House Vyrwel of Darkdell. They both had Valyrian steel forged weapons. Javer had a two head battle while Alon had the traditional broadsword that rippled blue in the dull light. They had men around them with heavy iron shields. Their job to hold the Walking Dead back so they could be killed by the magical weapons arrayed against them.

Barristan looked out at the approaching undead and in their midst ducking low Ice Wrights and the Ice Giants hiding behind some mammoths and a large cave bear.

“Gaaaaaaaaaaa!” Barristan shouted and jumped forward with a bunny hop.

With a start the Waynhim had jumped up to their feet. The Waynhim on the edge of the fighting wedge whipping up their staves in a two handed grip. The initial wave of the Walking Dead was only a hundred and fifty yards out now. The Waynhim had been silent as they waited but now their roynish barking filled the air. The Waynhim seemingly arguing with each other jabbing elbows and jamming shoulders into each other.

Barristan had learned this was natural for them. The cohesion of the fighting wedge not compromised but enhanced Barristan knew. Arguing seemed to be the state that the Demondim spawn enjoyed the most.

Some of the dead that had been milling around in the kill zone still alive had now reached the top of the berm having navigated the heaped dead. Single arrows shot out to pierce eye or mouth. Others took arrows to the heart and sinking deep into their bodies. The Walking Dead toppling back down to the slope of the berm. Their bodies added to the dead undead already there.

Eddard had his hand on the shoulder of the horn blower. He was waiting.

The dead were almost at the berm now. The Waynhim were jumping up and down in excitement. The promontory they were on was surrounded by both sides with the Walking Dead. The undead beginning to navigate over the heaped bodies of their undead brothers who had been granted their second death. A second death they would not arise again from.

Still Eddard waited as the Walking Dead began to scale the mounds of their second killed brothers and sisters. The plain before them was now thick with the Walking dead propelled forward by the yellow waves on the ichor. The closest undead scrabbling up the embankment of the berm.

No arrows had been fired in volleys yet. Barristan could see the nervousness in everyone. He felt it too.

Eddard still waited. Barristan knew his plan was simple but devastating. He had been using the last two hours dousing the killed walking dead before the berm in oil that he had thrown on them by the pitcher full. This was done up and down the berm all the entire length. The work done on a small scale to hopefully go undetected. Eddard wanted to make sure that there was no chance his plan would not work.

Eddard was going to use the properties of the Walking Dead against them. He would use one death to create another. He wanted to make sure the inferno burned as hot and bright as possible. He wanted the undead to be instantly alight and totally consumed by fire quickly.

The second wave of Walking Dead was nearing the top of the wall of dead that had heaped up before the berm. Their clumsy efforts finally being rewarded. They would soon fall upon the forces of the Westeros.
Barristan watched Eddard squeeze the shoulder of the squire beside him. The youth lifted the horn to his lips and blew the clarion call. The call picked up and repeated up and down the lines of the forces of Westeros. Now the air echoed with the repeated notes. The sound exhilarating to the old knight.

Archers stepped forward and fired off their dragon glass tipped arrows. Blizzards flying down the slope of the berm. The shambling dead instantly cut down with the massed firing off of volleys of dragon glass tipped arrows. They stepped back having thinned out the ranks of undead. The bodies tumbling back down the slope.

Now other archers stepped forward. On their bows were arrows whose tips burned hotly. Their hot glows thick along the berm. The archers fired off their flaming arrows into the mound of dead that was heaped up to near the top of the berm now. The undead lying intertwined in twisted heaps. Flights of arrows up and down the front lines impacting the oil soaked dead.

The conflagration that immediately erupted was amazing to Barristan. The dead burned instantly. The fire racing from body to body of the second killed. Their bodies had rotted with their second death from Dragon Glass but they still burned like bonfires. The oil soaked bodies burning even brighter and hotter than normally would. The heat of the fires of the undead radiated out in waves making the cold air shimmer.

The flames roared to life quickly consuming the second kill and spreading to their slain brethren next to them. The flames racing up and down the line of the berm. The small islands forming continents that quickly bridged together to the whole line of the berm was burning fiercely.

That was the beauty of Eddard’s plan. The still Walking Dead climbing up the wall their slain brothers had made. The slain undead and the Walking Dead were now burning hotly. The lapping wave motion of yellow ichor was pushing the next Walking Dead into the configuration. They had no intellect or will to avoid the danger they were being led to. Even if they somehow sensed their dangers their brothers on their backs pushed them forward to their doom.

Each new arriving Walking Dead pushed forward by his arriving brothers behind the undead before them pushing their brothers forward to be burned and incinerated. Eddard was using the forces of the undead and their compulsions and the yellow ichor against the Ice King. The Warden of the North was turning a threat into an advantage.

The dead did burn fast though. The bodies crackling and popping as the flesh, hair, muscle, tendons and then bone quickly ignited and was reduced to slag and ash before finally going down to move no more. Bodies reduced to slimy char and smoky ash from the more intense flames. The bodies consumed in raging infernos that consumed the bodies of the undead in quick haste.

Barristan was impressed. For fifteen minutes a wild raging bonfire burned before the forces of Westeros. The yellow waves had stopped so the Walking Dead were no longer forced forward but their compulsion to move forward to attack the living could not be dampened it seemed and they still staggered forward to be incinerated. They could not stop themselves. It was just that they arrived slower.

Barristant had enjoyed the show. Seeing the undead compel their brothers to fiery destruction was sweet. The Waynhim seemed to be enjoying the show too but Barristan could not be sure. They maintained their fighting wedge which was impressive with all their jumping around and wild barking at everything and nothing one would think.

Now Barristan watched the Warden of the North turn to his steward again. A different note was played. The note picked up by other war horns till it rippled up and down the lines of the forces of
Westeros by answering war horns.

A grim smile on his face Barristan watched the lines of archers who had been at rest pull an arrow from their quivers and notched them. The bowstrings pulled back and the bows angled up. As one the sounds of thousands of bowstrings being released from the variously arrayed bowmen. The loud angry hissing of those thousands of arrows taking flight made the heart soar. All up and down the line of Westeros countless thousands of arrows were sent into the air. The very air filled with angry shrill whistles of uncounted arrows flying out to the forces of the Ice King.

The archers wasted no time notching their next arrows and letting loose. Now the various companies were all moving at their own internal rhythm. All working together within their own units. Once all had notched their arrows the bows were again lifted to let loose the next swarm.

The original volleys had been strictly been Dragon Glass arrows but now the swarms were filled with fireflies to add their own unique sting to the Walking Dead before them. Eddard had staggered the position of the archers so that they now had their arrows arching down from near the berm to the furthest reach of the longbows.

Barristan felt elation running through his blood feeling the constant release of arrows. He looked up the clouds of arrows arching out to their enemy. It was almost unfair in away Barristan thought. The undead could not fire back and the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants only fought with swords. It was beyond sweet that one did not have to worry with return arrow fire.

Arrows whistling down in the late afternoon light dulled by the clouds. The rain had turned to snow now. The snow not truly obscuring the massive mass of targets. The old knight was satisfied to see the Walking Dead staggering all along their forward march as Dragon Glass penetrated their bodies. Some fell straight down dead with head and heart shots. Others poisoned with arrows hits that would slowly cut the magical strings still giving their bodies their second unnatural life. These undead stumbled and gyrated to a deadly dance of slow death.

Now the air was filled with the sounds of siege engines letting lose their missiles at the advancing horde. Barristan heard the arms whooshing forward and then the loud smack of those arms hitting their stops. The trebuchets sent their massive projectiles or massed smaller ones arching high. The catapults did not fire as high with their projectiles.

Barristan watched the various projectiles of the trebuchets arching high to then fall upon the advancing mass of undead. The large heavy stones landing on the undead simply pulping bodies to viscera that could do nothing but quiver. Smaller projects tumbled through the air on fire. Those that struck undead light them up to burn brightly. Invisible to the naked eye in the dimming light were shards of discarded obsidian. The projectiles cutting the undead and Icy spawn of the Ice King.

The nicks and cuts of dragon glass did not kill but it poisoned. The effects slow but sure.

The trebuchets that had large skins of oil were fired off. The bags undulating through the air. These trebuchets shooting high in the air to reduce their reach. The bags tumbled to the ground sending oil everywhere. On the outside of the skins had been sew in fire pots. The oil burst into flame with the shattering of the fire pots sending flaming coils in all directions. Masses of the undead going up in towering flames.

Many of the catapults fired in almost flat lines. In fact, Eddard had many adjusted to fire low over their heads. The air whirled just over their heads as the projectiles passed close by their heads. Barristan heard war fighters shout fearing some of the projectiles might actually impact upon them. None did. The sappers too skilled for that to happen.
The flaming projectiles slammed into the ground only twenty to forty yards in front of the berm. The flaming projectiles hopped and skipped on the ground as they rolled forward fast. The missiles impacting multiple bodies. The first bodies smashed and rolled over. They got up slowly but their bodies now alight were burning furiously. The projectiles skipping forward to smash into other walking dead setting them alight before their forward momentum was exhausted.

Barristan smiled hearing the closest siege operators cursing and grunting as they reloaded the cups and slings of their weapons and pulled the ropes taught to pull arms back to once more fling forward to hurl death and destruction upon the advancing horde. The sounds of stops being jammed hard echoed up and down the lines of Westeros.

In a way Barristan almost felt bad for the Walking Dead. They had not asked to be turned into the monstrosities they had become. They had no mind and simply walked forward to destruction. It was like shooting arrows at fish in a small barrel. Barristan quickly dispelled any such thoughts. The Walking Dead had only one compulsion. To rend and kill all that lived and breathed.

The Walking Dead were falling all around up and down the line of the berm. The yellow ichor and the guidance of the Ice Wrights beyond the furthest reach of the trebuchets dispersed the Walking Dead to attack along the whole front of the forces of Westeros.

Barristan was sure their lines were being tested. The assault hoping to tax the full forces of Westeros and find a weakness. Now that they had been properly arrayed and had time to form up the fire from the forces of Westeros was deadly. Barristan hoped that no weakness would be revealed.

As the Walking Dead who survived the flights of arrows and projectiles started to climb up the berm now cleared of dead by their consumption through fire archers popped up and shot down. Their arrows finding their marks. It did not matter if they missed. Archers were moving up and firing and then retreating for cover as their mates stepped up and fired down.

They had the numbers to have the archers keep up a steady stream of arrows being fired off. Already the closest archers to the edge of the berm were moving back to rest as fresh archers moved forward to take up the fight. The men had trained for nearly a year now on this tactic. They were performing flawlessly.

The Walking Dead did not use weapons. Their bodies were their weapons. This meant they had limited reach. They could not reach out and touch their foes from distance. They literally had to get their hands on their foes to rend and kill. Still, Eddard and Daenerys had trained their respective armies to take no chances. The archers stayed undercover as much as possible. When they loitered on the top of the berm their company commanders snatched them back down. There would be no needless deaths.

If one was not actively engaged in killing the enemy then they were to retreat. Only those ready to kill were to up at the front of the berm.

The Ice Wrights and Ice Giants had shown themselves to use only swords so far. That had been the lore given to the forces of the south and north from the Wildlings and Crows. The Icy spawn of the Ice King relied on their cold nature and speed to bring their enemies down. Normal weapons had no effect on them. Their weapons and their very icy natures quickly shattered the steel of normal weapons.

This had always worked in the past for the spawn of the Ice King. Their very nature antithetical to the weapons of man.

Fortunately, the forces of Westeros were not fighting with normal weapons. They were fighting with
Dragon Glass and fire. The results were devastating. Now it was the forces of Westeros that were fighting at advantage. Barristan thought it was more than time.

There was a large contingent of Walking Dead that had reached the promontory now and were attempting to swarm up the slopes. Marleya Blackmyre shouted out her command and hundreds of Dragon Glass tipped arrows shot out. The front lines of the Walking Dead toppled over dead. The front lines riddled with multiple hits to their bodies. Many falling down dead with seven or eight arrows in them.

It did not matter to Marelya and her archers that so many arrows found one target. They had plenty of arrows to fire off at their enemy. The first dead were slowing their brothers behind them as they stumbled and crawled over the new obstacles of their fallen brethren. The archers filled with adrenaline fired off fast and furious. The undead in falling down dead hindered those behind them moving forward. The falling down of the feathered undead opened the next line of undead to be feathered. Row after row killed in his manner.

Fire arrows came whistling in to ignite the Walking Dead and set alight the undead now truly dead sprawled on the ground unmoving.

The Wanyhim suddenly tightened their wedge up. The small Demondim spawn at full attention. Their Loremaster swung his iron stave that glowed red on its tip. A large swath of Demondim spawn acid flung out the tip arching out thirty yards spreading out into a web of acid death. The substance immediately ate away at the Walking Dead. The acid simply eating into their bodies down to the core if fully splashed.

The acid also had the same effect as Dragon Glass. Even a small splash that only ate away slowly and a small spot on the Walking Dead sent out the black tendrils that signaled that the Walking Dead were being poisoned. The undead uncaring. The ‘wounded’ Walking Dead still stumbling forward in their attempt to reach the living. Barristan watched the Loremaster swirl his stave sending out another long splash of their acid that was deadly to all that it touched.

Arrows and Demondim spawn acid simply obliterated the enemy trying to scale the Promontory. Soon the initial wave had all been destroyed. More were coming and they were ready for them. It was a slaughter ground for their enemies. Just the way that Barristan liked it. He did not relish killing but if it came between his forces and his enemies then they must simply die to the last man or undead if necessary.

He watched flights of arrows flying off now all up and down the frontlines of the forces of Westeros. The archers up on the berm firing down on the enemy advancing upon them up the berm. The undead falling dead with multiple arrows of dragon glass penetrated their body. Some of the archers firing off fire tipped arrows to set undead alight. The archers firing off fire arrows into the now undead who had embraced true death a second time. Their bodies lighting up and burning. Those undead trying to stumble forward over their fallen burning brothers and sisters also lighting up and burning.

As Barristan watched he saw multiple massive clouds of arrows were being fired up to arch down on the advancing tide of undead riding the yellow ichor carrying them forward. While the ichor was not lapping it still seemed to help the undead advance much quicker than they otherwise could. All along the frontlines of Westeros the enemy were now fully engaged. The siege engines now fully joined the fray. Projectiles flying. The second phase of the battle was in full force.

The scorpion platforms had joined the fray with the enemy now at point blank range. The massive bolts being fired off not in random but at specific targets. Eddard wanted their fire to be used to clear away those forces of the Ice King trying to penetrate the front lines of Westeros. To see the undead
flung back like ragdolls was a sight to see Barristan thought.

Barristan and the fellow Valyrian steel armed knights had time to look around. Barristan let his sight roam the forces behind and before him. He saw Jon and his wives with a still despondent Arya sitting between them. Ygritte was sitting up and she looked more hale. Poor Arya did not look hale. She was weeping again hard. Her shoulders shaking with her sobs. Her eyes red and swollen. Her shoulders slumped in defeat. He feared she might never recover.

The Shadow Demon the ShadowBender witches had created was still sitting on its haunches folded in on itself. The beast was clearly conserving its strength for when it was needed. He watched strange ripples work up and down its body. He realized that this Shadow Monster was in some ways like the Waynhim. Neither were born like a man but created. He shook his head at that realization.

Barristan saw the Direwolves of the Starks by Arya. Nymeria licking an unresponsive Arya’s face. The Direwolf did not look happy. The wolves stalking around the Stark teenager. Barristan knew they were waiting to attack. They and Barristan sensed they would have targets to attack soon enough.

The forces of the Land were near Eddard. It had been determined that they would stay near Eddard and be used in case of a breech. The Lord from Revelstone had proven to be an unstoppable force. Her Lord’s Fire was unstoppable and completely obliterated both the Walking Dead and any Ice Wright or Giant that was unfortunate to be before her Lord’s Fire.

She had been able to produce her Lord’s Fire for the length of the first wave of attack. She was exhausted by the end of it. Like Daenerys dragons, Lord Lustra had limits. Fortunately, she had hours to recover. She had consumed large amounts of Diamonddraught of the Giants. Her lover, Brail, also gave her a small amount of rillinlure. Wood dust from the heart of the Gilden Trees that populated the Land. The rillinlure had magical healing properties.

Between the two healing draughts the Lord seemed ready to again give herself mightily in the defense of Westeros.

Looking up and down the lines on and behind the berm Barristan inspected the forces of Westeros. The lines were holding except eight hundred yards to the east. There the dead had gained the berm top and were slowly advancing. Men with heavy shields had formed up and interlocked their shields. The undead were relentless with their surging forward. The shields held the Walking Dead back but also kept the archers from getting accurate shots. Many arrows flying over the heads the dead.

The Lord of Revelstone took off down behind the berm in the lane that was kept open to allow troops to move east and west where necessary. She only had Brail, Bannor, Seregrom, and one other Haruchai with her. She only needed to be protected. She was a force unto herself. Barristan thought sadly that the personal guard of Daenerys had now attached themselves to the Lord of Revelstone. They had lost their charge to protect. Now they protected the person the considered the next most important.

The Giants of the Southern hemisphere running behind the Lord. If needed they would arrive soon behind the Lord of Revelstone. Barristan knew they would refuse to be not involved with the defense of Westeros.

The mighty horses of the Plains of Ra ran furiously towards to the breech. Atop their Ranyhyn the group was soon at the breech. The Lord of Revelstone screamed at the forces before to part and give way. The commanders were able to get the frightened men to give way which seemed counter intuitive to the scared men. To cease fighting and back away. That seemed to invite death. Their
training held sway. They did as they were ordered.

The undead surged forward their hands and paws outstretched seeking warm blooded bodies to kill. Two giant cave bears were in the lead. Their hide peppered with arrows but they were still shambling forward. If they had been alive they would have been eager to kill. In death they were simply following their compulsion to move forward and kill. Their movements slow and awkward but ever forward.

Behind them more dead were surging forward. The edges of the shield wall that had not given way for the Lord of Revelstone began to crumble under the weight of the relentless assault of the undead. The shield wall had lasted long enough.

Even from eight hundred yards away Barristan could see and hear the Lord’s actions. She placed her staff against her ribs and her Ranyhyn’s flank and kicked her mounts ribs. Frinny surged forward on the top of the berm. Ranyhyn and Lord now almost in the grip of the shambling forward undead. The Lord showed no fear.

The Lord shouted out “Melenkurion abatha, Duroc minas mil, Harad khabaal.” The words echoing down the line. A massive blue bubble seemed to burst up into the air and for two heartbeats the world simply turned a deep royal blue. From the heart of the blue a massive column of Lord’s fire erupted from the towering bell of blue. Barristan knew the Lord’s staff had erupted into a mighty fountain of magical might. The colossal column of magical fire rolled mercilessly into the advancing dead.

The dead were gone. The Lord’s fire simply blew them to bits so fine they ceased to exist. The world tilted as mighty peals of thunder rolled off to the horizons. The Lord was visible again.

Barristan still could not get used to such power. The column of bright medium blue force impacted the advancing Walking dead. In the flash of impact, the Walking Dead ceased to exist back for nearly a hundred and twenty yards. Their bodies had simply been obliterated. The ground cleared as if they had never existed. One moment they were there and the next they had blown apart into viscera and bone fragments.

Lustra wheeled Frinny around and now shot out hot bolts of Lord’s Fire from the iron cap of her staff. She fired out her magical fire out at angles from her first massive blast of magical fire. This Lord’s Fire not enable and exponentially expanded by the magical words she had said. Still the magical might hit the undead like a battering ram shattering bodies and sending limbs and viscera flying in all directions.

The Lord surged down the berm and was now in the ditch. She kicked Frinny forward. There was no dead near her. They had been blown to bits. She was flanked by her Haruchai Bloodgaurd. She had wanted to get close to the next wall of advancing Walking Dead.

She blasted the Walking Dead as they shambled towards the berm. Lord Lustra shouted “Melenkurion abatha” with three more mighty blasts of her Lord’s Foul she had totally decimated the forces advancing before her. She retreated back up the berm. The archers again forming ranks and firing down at the Walking Dead. The immediate threat removed.

Lusta was on her way back where she would be ready to surge into the next incursion of the enemy’s forces.

Barristan was satisfied so far. Still he knew the true assault had yet to commence. He worried what would happen when multiple breeches started to occur. Lord Lustra could not be in two places at once. She was revitalized but he feared she would tire more quickly with this round of warfare. He
fretted hoping that Viserion and Rhaegal would quickly revive. They were force multipliers like the Lord of Revelstone.

**Ice King:** Rage filled the heart of the Ice King. He was filled with anger for Eddard Stark. The man who was now the titular head of House Stark. The man seemed to be one step ahead of him at every turn. It was not fair! The former Stark raged in his soul. Darrick Stark hated this man. The Queen was dead. If he but could kill this man all would be well. He was the locus around which the forces of Westeros orientated themselves on.

With Daenerys Targaryen dead, if he could but kill Eddard Stark the will of Westeros would be broken.

He calmed himself. He cast off his doubts. He would kill Eddard Stark. He would kill Jon Snow the supposed Azor Ahai reborn. He would kill this Lord of Revelstone. Once he had removed them and better yet raised them into his service the rest would fall. The Queen he had already killed.

When he had commenced his second assault he had felt elation. He had stationed himself on the other side of the Wall and advanced several hundred yards. There was a small hill that allowed him to see over the field of combat. His far seeing eyes taking in the length and breadth of the battlefield.

He saw the vast sea of undead slain by Dragon Glass and fire. Many bodies in range of the archers lie on the ground unmoving. Their bodies sometimes filled with arrows like a porcupine. He seethed. How had they acquired so much dragon glass he again raged to himself? This thought again and again came to his mind. The Ice King had not known there was so much obsidian in the world. The forces of Eddard Stark shot their arrows off like they had no fear of running out.

Surely they had to be reaching the end of their stockpiles. They must be firing in a panic knowing their supplies were being exhausted. They had to be. Didn't they?

The numbers of his undead he saw lying on the ground stunned him at first. He had never seen his Walking Dead so decimated. He was used to them simply marching forward on his foes and slowly and relentlessly tearing his foes apart. Some would die by fire but they were few and the damage usually already done. Never had he seen dragon glass used in such mighty numbers. He thought back. He was not sure he had seen any until the last four months.

Again the man who had been Darrick Stark wondered where Eddard and Daenerys had acquired the obsidian they used with a surfeit manner. He saw more clouds of arrows being fired off and arching through the sky. As with any flight of arrows many hit the ground but too many found his undead to sink their shafts into. In the past, this had been of no import. Now he watched some of his Walking Dead simply fall down in a heap. The magic animating them cut with head or heart shots.

Others of his undead staggered with an arrow or arrows jutting out their bodies. He could see small black lines radiating out from the arrow strikes. He knew the obsidian was slowly breaking the magical bonds animating his dead. He gritted his teeth and slammed his right hand fist into his left palm. He hated the ignominy of it.

*His foes were supposed to be helpless before him* he raged to himself. He felt his Croyel son whimpering. He did not like seeing his father confused. The Ice King took a deep breath he did not need. It calmed him the remembered reflex of when he was still just a man.

His foes had never had the weapons to oppose him before. They were almost always annihilated when they confronted his forces. His adopted sons singing the song of frozen rebirth that made the dead rise to serve him. Any losses suffered replaced with more to the good. His army had grown vast over the last ten years fighting like this. Killing all the men and wildlife he and his sons came
across to ever increase his army.

He had walked the length and breadth of the land above the Wall. He rose the dead from the frozen earth. If their bodies were anywhere near the surface of the Earth or under sheets of ice in bodies of water they rose to his command. He had plucked the dead from their graves to create a mighty army. They had become like unto the grains of sand on the beach.

His army had indeed grown vast beyond number. Vast like the grains of sand on the shores of the shivering sea.

He had expected to take losses but nothing like this with nothing to show for it. He had been assured in his greatness that he would have crushed his enemy hours ago. Those that survived scattered and running south in abject terror. He would have all the time in the world to hunt them down and kill them.

Any losses he had suffered he was sure he would replace many times over. He would have added well over a two hundred thousand men and women. The warriors and camp attendants all killed except for those few who escaped his forces initially. He would kill all their horses and livestock. He would raise the three dragons. Yes he had thought. Any losses replaced many times over.

His losses were supposed to be few. The numbers easily replaced. He had expected his army to grow much more mighty in numbers. Instead, he would need the killed army of Westeros to simply replace the horrendous losses he was absorbing in this attack. His losses still exceeding what he could raise from the army before him. He felt great anger. He would enjoy killing all down the continent of Westeros replacing his fallen numbers.

Once their dragon glass was exhausted he would see his losses plummet.

He smiled with the thought of when he and his army would sweep south killing all in their farms, holdfasts and small castles as he marched his army south unopposed. His army growing fast and vast.

That was most definitely not happening now. He saw his forces being crushed. His forces being pummeled by the black smith’s mallet striking malleable metal against an anvil. He had simply never conceived of the thought even that his enemy would have dragon glass.

It kept coming back to that. The seeming unlimited stocks of dragon glass had tilted the battlefield against him. His blood boiled at those thoughts.

He ordered his true son to keep propelling his assault against the bulwark of the forces of Westeros. Surely, a second sustained assault would crack the defenses of Westeros. Once his forces were intermingled with those of his enemy their advantage of striking at distance with dragon glass would be removed.

His thoughts wandered back to the beginning of his second assault. He had not seen how the first wave had fared against the defenses prepared by Daenerys Targaryen and Eddard Stark. He had watched intently as the waves generated by his Croyel began to radiate out and wash quickly towards the berm before them three quarters of a mile away.

The Ice King noted the already slain undead washing and rolling forward to the berm. Their stiff bodies rolling and flipping forward like cast off wood in the waves at the shoreline. The dead soon piling up against the berm to join the mounds of dead killed before it during the first assault.

The Walking Dead that his Ice Wright sons had been holding back were allowed to be driven
forward by the yellow ichor. The Ice Wrights knew how to step back through the waves to maintain their position. They restrained the Ice Giants.

The undead was not a limitless resource of the Ice King but he still had well over fourth fifths of his Walking Dead still to be used. He needed to assault the forces of Eddard Stark to wear them out and to continue using up his Dragon Glass stores. He knew his undead would take the brunt of the casualties. They were simply fodder to absorb the blows of the enemy.

The Ice King could not believe how flight after flight of obsidian tipped arrows were flying out from the berm. The arrows first arching up and then flying down. The undead that were hit cut down. More flights of such arrows ceaselessly taking light. He saw many fire tipped arrows also flying. Between the two his losses were grievous. It could not helped. He needed to exhaust their damn supplies!

Surely, they had to be close to exhausting their supply of the damnable insidious obsidian that had been cursed magically to create him. The Ice King had learned near the start of his rebirth that he and his brethren were deadly allergic to obsidian. Nothing else could truly harm them. But the slightest cut from Dragon Glass was death to them. It was a total anathema. What created them would also kill them.

His original seven brothers all slain by it. Only he had survived.

Dragon glass had always been limited. Even the Children of the Forest had limited supplies. Where in the hell had Eddard Stark and Daenerys Targaryen gotten the seemingly unlimited supply of the infernal material he raged to himself yet again? He had not known of any such stores when he was alive eight thousand years ago. This thought kept returning to his mind. It was like a tragic flaw constantly being revisited.

He watched the arrows fired off without a care in the world it seemed. Those arrows were decimating his assaults. He understood now why the first assault had failed. Dragon glass gave the advantage to Eddard Stark. He cursed the man. The man of his lineage played games with him.

When he had begun his second assault the Ice King had initially felt an increasing elation building in his icy heart. He watched his second major assault commence. The forces opposed to him did not fire their damnable clouds of Dragon Glass tipped weapons. The angry hissing clouds falling down upon his forces cutting them down like a scythe cutting through a field of wheat did not happen. He continued to watch as the new major assault neared the berm. Still no flights of dragon glass arrows occurred.

Hope bloomed in his dead frozen heart that the forces of Westeros had exhausted their supply of Dragon Glass. They did not let any fly. He now began to think that his first assault had indeed exhausted the supply of obsidian to the forces of the now fallen Queen and Eddard Stark.

The Ice King’s forces had reached the berm and were climbing up the wall of the embankment. His forces no longer being cut down mercilessly. Now his undead were almost upon the forces of the living. He actually smiled. Finally, his forces could finally begin killing his foes in earnest. The former Darik Stark felt giddy excitement running through his icy veins. He still had that much humanness within his dead heart.

Then the dead before the berm were set upon by archers who had remained hidden. The archers suddenly standing up and firing their arrows down the slope. The first advancing undead cut down like a scythe throw ripening wheat. Now archers with flaming arrows were up on the berm. They fired down into the ditch at the fallen undead.
Hot fires immediately shot up. The undead that had been cut down by dragon glass adding fuel to the rising flames. More archers stepped to fire their flaming arrows down into the ditch before the berm. Their arrows ignited undead all around and they burned hotly. They ignited the piled up undead from the first assault. The Ice King with his far vision now noticed that the dead had been soaked in oil. The adding of oil made the dead burn as if a volcano. The flames quickly spread to up and down the length of the berm. The individual fires that had been lit quickly joining each other to merge into a towering configuration. The dead burned with an unholy intensity and heat.

The Ice King knew that his undead burned with a bright and hot intensity until they were no more. Knowing this and seeing it on a small scale had not affected the Ice King. Losses were to be expected. But to see this concentrated burn of his undead would have been awe inspiring if it was not his precious Walking Dead being burned. The flames were jumping nearly fifty feet into the air. The flames bright orange, white and blue. The victory the Ice king had felt just a moment before was now turning bitter in his mouth.

He realized that Eddard Stark was using his very undead against him. The descendant of his lineage was using his own forces against him. Eddard Stark had waited to this exact moment to spring his trap. The timing so to make the losses on his forces grievous. All without firing a shot at his forces. The press of the advancing dead riding the waves of his true son’s ichor that they had produced pushed all forward. Push forward again into a killing field. Only this one was made of fire and not piercing objects made of dragon glass.

The flames roaring before the berm burned both the already killed undead and the fresh Walking Dead being carried forward by the Croyel. The Walking Dead did not know how to avoid sure incineration. The Ice King had screamed at his son to cease the yellow ichor lapping. He needed to stop the slaughter! Fortunately, the dead burned hot and fast. In only fifteen minutes, the mounds of dead gathered before the berm were consumed.

It had raged the Ice King to lose so many dead when they were killed by the very mechanics he had set in motion. His foe was most wily. Still, with the fires burning themselves out, he could now, finally, get at his enemy and butcher them. He had begun to feel elation. No obsidian had been fired off at his army. He told his Croyel to again send their forces forward.

Then his simmering rage which was always just beneath the surface had truly ignited. He heard the distant call of war horns. With the dying echoes of the initial war horn blasts again the clouds of arrows started to fill the sky. He had hoped they were iron tipped arrows. That the Dragon Glass of the forces of Westeros had finally been exhausted. The different flights of arrows arranged to fall from just in front of the berm to their furthest reach of the longbows.

His pale blue eyes followed the flights as they clawed for attitude. Then the arrows tipped over at their apex and speed up in their descent. The arrows flashing down through the ranks of the Walking Dead. The far seeing eyes of the Ice King looked at the undead shambling forward.

Would they fall?

His shouts of anger washed over his icy sons that surrounded him. The arrows that hit his Walking Dead in the head or in the heart immediately dropped them. The simply fell forward onto their face or crumpled straight down as if the strings of the magic binding them had been cut. More arrow clouds now taking flight. He saw the fiery arc of projectiles from catapults and trebuchets launched. Their missiles setting his Walking Dead alight.

He raged and fumed at how Eddard Stark killed his risen dead with savage efficiency. The missiles from the siege engines setting his Walking Dead hundreds of yards beyond the range of the arrows on fire. Other projectiles fired high in the air from further back and crashed into his undead forces.
within the hail of arrows that themselves now had many fire arrows. He saw many islands of fire burning in the ranks of his undead.

His forces being decimated again. The Ice King was feeling shock and the first canker of fear. Where had they found so much Dragon Glass? He kept waiting for them to run out of the infernal rock and still they fired their arrows with no seeming fear of running out. The Ice King had simply assumed that his enemies did not even know of the damnable efficacious material. Even if they knew of it they would not have more than enough to be nothing more than be a pin prick to him.

Even the Children of the Forest had only limited supplies. This seemingly unlimited supply of Dragon Glass changed everything. His eyes seeing flight after flight of arrows tipped with obsidian being fired off. It was maddening.

The Ice King raged. His carefully planned simultaneous attack had fallen through. Now he was having to use brute force and the results were grievous losses for his forces. It wasn’t fair! He would kill this Eddard Stark himself! He had to break them. Then with forces of Westeros defeated he could restock the numbers of his undead.

He saw a break in the lines on the berm. He had seen it start to enlarge. Finally, his forces were making the breach that would enable his soldiers to wreak havoc on the warm bloods. That was when he heard Melenkurion abatha, Duroc minas mil, Harad khabaal. The words echoing through the world in a mighty shout. The language had no meaning to him but the Ice King now on this side of the fallen Wall could feel the raw power they generated. His true son was screaming again in fear in his mind.

The world turned a bright royal blue for several heartbeats. The pulse raging to the heavens and expanding out. From within the core of that pulse a mighty blue column of fire erupted from behind the top of the berm and shot out into the air several hundred yards. All his Walking Dead before that blue fire were simply obliterated. Their bodies blown apart with limbs and heads sent flying and bodies torn apart into splattered organs, bones and viscera. The damnable Lord of Revelstone then rode into clear view on the top of the berm. Her staff bucked in her hands as more gouts of power magic might blasted out the end of her staff and decimated all the undead scaling the berm in that area.

The incursion of his forces in that area was eliminated. The Ice King shook his fist at the woman. Her death was of paramount need. He fumed looking out over the battlefield. It was a standoff. He was putting pressure on the forces of his descendent but he could not do more.

The Dragon Glass of his enemy not only leveled the war field it tilted it in the favor of his descendent. The obsidian was too deadly to contend with. Their ability to add fire to the mix only added to his disadvantage. He mulled over his options. The two opposing forces had been engaged. His had shown the weakness. If he tried to pull back he knew that his enemy would pursue and prosecute with extreme vengeance. They would have the advantage and they would know it.

Still, for a brief moment he considered retreat in his fear. He quickly discarded that idea. He was not a coward! He was engaged with the enemy now and he had to force his way to victory. He had depopulated the lands above the Wall. He could not build up his army the Walking Dead in that now barren land. He needed to defeat this army and then move south to build up his army again. To make his army even more vast!

His enemy, Eddard Stark, would not allow his escape. He would not let him disengage. He would follow. He would become the aggressor. If he had the stores of Dragon Glass he seemed to have he would quickly strip him of his Walking Dead. Then the numbers game swung in the favor of his
descendent. He would become the hunted.

No. He was committed now the Ice King knew. He had ordered his true son to stop his ichor sweeping the undead forward but had him commence again now that the mounds of dead before the berm were burned away.

The Ice King hoped that Eddard Stark and the fallen Queen had planned an all or nothing strategy. Once this army was defeated he would have no true organized defense to deal with. That the prepared dragon glass was all here. He would destroy those stocks to the last arrow tip he raged to himself. Then he would be free of that threat. He would move fast to suppress the North. He would repopulate his undead. Then he could move south.

His undead had the limitation of being slow. He would have to think on that limitation and come up with other strategies.

He now sent forward his adopted sons with specific instructions. The sun was angling towards the western horizon now. His surprise attack in daylight had failed. He would keep pressure on the forces of Westeros throughout the remaining daylight hours and then make his next massive attack after dark. He and his sons could see well at night. Not so man. The advantage would slip back to him.

He watched his runners move quickly to his front lines just beyond range of the trebuchets. They began to talk to their brethren in front of the Ice King and then Ice Wrights ran west and east to spread the word. More Ice Wrights and Ice Giants moved forward. They would mass just behind the range of the trebuchets. Most would wait for nightfall to attack.

More Walking Dead streamed forward to keep pressure on the forces of Westeros. He was working to tire out their forces with constant attack. He had raised he walking dead to be his catapult fodder. Let them bear the brunt of the counterattack of Westeros. He had never dreamed they would be cut down to their second complete death through Dragon Glass in such huge numbers but it was necessary.

He felt his confidence returning. Darkness was his friend. There he would flip the battlefield.

He would reign triumphant—WWWHAATTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT
Let There Be War - Part III

Haunted Forest: The Red Tail Hawk flew around the open area before the Haunted Forest. He had roosted for hours after him and his feathered brothers and sisters attacked the abominations in their initial assault upon the unholy Walking Dead. Several times more he flew out to raid for a short while tearing at the abominations always moving south. They had not been able to kill them. They had hurt many of his kin and cousins though.

He felt rested again enough to again take the fight to the unholy things below. He had spotted an elk that did not have the look of decay and rot. It had not been dead long before it was brought forth to wicked second life. He had flown down with other raptors and scavenger birds and tore into the carcass. He had to fight to get several beak fills of flesh that he swallowed. He got several more before he jumped up into the air and few back in the air.

He then went back down and tore at the limbs and face of the elk. It had no hands to fight back with. Soon its eyes were no more and two limbs were dragging with massive chunks of meat torn from the carcass that still lurched south following its compulsion. He had his own. He attacked till tired again and flew back up into the sky. He looked down.

From that location the red tailed hawk watched still more dead walking forward. Their compulsion still strong to always move south. The Red Tail Hawk circled the open area. It was littered with limbs of the dead that walked and with carcasses that had their ligaments and tendons cut. Their bodies had crashed to the ground their limbs no longer able to obey the compulsion to move forward. The ground covered with them.

The dead that walked stepped on the slithering dead. If the bodies were large the undead that walked bumped into the fallen dead and stumbled around them. Those that could no longer walk clawed themselves forward. Their slow gate slowed even more. He saw arms clawing the ground moving forward. The unnatural sight roiled his instincts.

The compulsion to attack had been lifted from his mind. He desired to attack but he had exhausted himself in flaying flesh of the undead that walked and tearing their tendons and ligatures from the bone. He looked around.

It noted that the bodies jerked and pulled themselves forward. The limbs wiggling and themselves striving to move forward. It did not matter. It knew that the undead in this plain would never reach their destination. The Red Tail Hawk had done all he could for the Earth. He hoped to one day mate again. The numbers of the undead moving forward had been reduced.

The tired male hawk flew several miles into the Haunted Forest. The forest of tall trees was filled with birds that were resting and many nursing wounds. Feathers had been ripped from many of his cousins’ bodies. Some had broken limbs and wings that would never let them fly home. They would die without mating.

He knew they had given their lives. He himself had had many of his pinion feathers jerked out of his left wing. His flying was unsteady but he would be able to make it home he thought. He worried in acquiring a mate though. That was a worry for another day. He was alive and that thought thrilled his instinctual mind. He had hope to again father chicks.

As he flew on he spotted other male red tailed hawks. Most of them showed damage to their plumage. Yes. He would have a chance to mate again.
He saw his roosting spot. It was obvious from above but hidden from the ground. He flew in on it. His roost was where the two large bodies had fallen from the sky. Their impact in the trees truly frightening. It started angled in from the fallen Wall of ice. The tops of trees were clipped off. As he approached the anomaly the Red Tail Hawk could see that the next trees in line to the north and east were also clipped but further down. The closer he came to the anomaly the more he could see into it.

Massive trees and the surrounding branches of titans had been sheared off. Massive trees broken. Their splintered trunks like the trees he had seen after tornados had ripped through stands of trees in the land he nested in. Trees in line with the descent of the bodies were devastated. Like the trees clipped in a tornado the damage started and ended abruptly.

It was the same here.

The destruction he saw in his nesting grounds left no evidence of the force that had caused the devastation to the trees there. That was not the case here. At the end of the groove cut into the trees the Red Tailed Hawk saw the evidence of what had cut these trees down. The fallen bodies by happenstance had finished their descent into a thinned area of the forest caused by fallen trees felled in a windstorm most probably.

Two large bodies of strange creatures were resting on the shattered trunks and limbs of the last trees they had cut in half and the last trees only partially shattered. The bodies were impossibly large to the Red Tail Hawk. How bodies so large could fly he could not fathom. The largest condors he saw in his winter range were nothing compared to these behemoths. They would barely even be chicks to such massive bodies.

The Red Tail Hawk circled over the anomaly. One of the bodies was a pale blue like the sky on a cloudless day. It had darker streaks of blue running over its body. The other body was dark black like the sky between the points of light in the night time sky. The black body had red streaks on it. Some of the red he knew were natural to its coloring. Much of the other red on its body was dried blood. Its body was covered with it.

The body beneath it was covered in pale blue dried blood. The Red Tail Hawk cocked its head from side to side looking at the pale blue body covered in blue blood. The hawk knew that this blue blood was unnatural. All life had red blood. The hawk knew it when he fed. The red tailed hawk saw the large blue body had black bones jutted out its body in several places. Its body had landed beneath the second body. It had definitely hit first as they two twined bodies slashed through the trees. The blue body looked like the damage he sometimes caused when his strike was perfect on his prey when he fell on them from above. The body shattered from the impact of his talons.

He circled for a minute longer. He had chosen this place to roost because it was easy to spot from above. He had rested here for hours and only recently went out to again attack the unnatural foes below and also to look for food. He was still hungry but his stomach no longer complained. He was not a carrion eater but the elk flesh kept his body fueled until he could feed properly again. He would begin his flight home tomorrow morning.

He landed on a tree near where the two massive bodies had finished their descent to the ground. His mind was curious. What were they? They had the appearance of birds and yet were not. Their wings made for flight but with bodies that were so large they should never have left the ground. Strange. His far seeing eyes saw much damage. He wondered. They must have been beautiful when the lived soaring through the sky. He turned his head still observing the strange wondrous sight below.

There had been no movement. There was none now. His curiosity peaked he decided to get closer.
He swooped down into the anomaly. He alighted on a shattered fir limb and looked down at the shattered bodies. The sun was now on its final arc to the horizon now. There was only two or so hours of sunlight left. There was more dead moving forward through the tree trunks. Their numbers were still great but he could see that their numbers were less than they had been.

High tide had been reached. The tide would not be this strong again. Still the forest had many Walking Dead in them. The compulsion to move forward still animating them. Their bodies shambled forward. Always south these undead walked. The Red Tailed Hawk saw that the dead that still walked did not pay any heed to the broken bodies. The hawk reasoned that if the dead that walked sensed no motion they ignored a body. The large bodies had not moved in many hours now. The many undead brushed by the fallen bodies moving always south in their migration to points unknown.

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Daenerys moaned and attempted to roll but her body was pinned. Her body could not move where it was jammed between her dragon and the dead body of the Ice Dragon. For a long time she just lay there her body throbbing all over. Her thoughts were at first diffuse and muzzy. Slowly her thoughts started to coalesce. She moaned again. She was able to move her body a little this time. Her body stiff all over. She was a warrior. She sensed her injuries were not onerous. She could still fight.

Her thoughts were fuzzy but they started to become focused again. Her mind drifted back to memories of the savage battle in the sky. The mighty clashes of dragon bodies seeking the other’s death. She remembered driving her Valyrian daggers into the eyes of the Ice Dragon. The daggers sinking into its brain killing it instantly. She had felt jubilation but that died immediately.

The Ice Dragon became dead weight in the space of a single heartbeat. Its body went limp and its wings made no more effort to beat to stay aloft. The two combatants locked together. Their locked together bodies beginning to plummet from the sky. Their bodies rolling in the air currents. Drogon tried to break free but the two bodies were locked together. The air whipped by the two bodies as they plummeted back down to Earth. The sound of air rushing by faster and faster now a roar in the Queen’s ears. The swirling bodies prevented Drogon from disengaging their bodies.

The Queen remembered screaming to Drogon. The two dragons locked together. She felt Drogon striving to break free but their claws interlocked with each other or jammed in between scales. Their necks pressed into each other twined like they were mating. Drogon biting into the horns of the Ice Dragon.

There was no time for Drogon to attempt to disengage from the dead dragon in this wild freefall. He was disorientated by being upside down with the Ice dragon jammed into his body. The Queen screamed into Drogon’s mind. She yelled at her mount to twist his body and swing his tail. The motion swung the dead Ice Dragon to be beneath the locked together dragons. The speed of their descent accelerating. Daenerys looked down frantically. They were heading down towards the Haunted Forest. The mighty titans of the forest quickly coming up to reach for them. The limbs and trunks now clearly visible as they plummeted.

Daenerys now yelled at Drogon to snake his head back around the neck of the dead Ice Dragon. She yelled into Drogon’s mind to pull his wings as tight as possible to his body. She next yelled at Drogo to whip his tail around the body of the Ice Dragon to use its body to shield his tail from the coming plunge into the forest. The Queen was desperate and let her body slide down between the base of the necks of the dragons. Drogon released his grip on the Ice dragon’s horns and slithered his head around the dead Ice Dragon’s neck behind this foe’s head. Then the head of the Ice Dragon
started to fall away but Drogon bit it to hold it in place. Fortunately, the Queen had reached the bodies of the two dragons locked tight against each other.

She wiggled down to lodge her body between the two bodies. She felt the air rush over the bodies of the dragons. She knew they were falling down to the forest below. They would be hitting the massive trees at any moment. She had seen that they were not plummeting straight down. Their fight had ended as they angled through the sky. This continued as they plummeted down from the sky.

The Queen hoped that this angled descent would save them. They had a chance that the energy of their descent would be bleed off with angled strikes on the trees they were hurtling down towards. That each impact on the Ice Dragon’s body now beneath them would absorb the energy of descent and slow it. A crash straight into the earth would have been fatal.

Then a massive jolt ran through the bodies pressed into each other. The loud sound of tree limbs shattering filled Daenerys world. The dragons entering the canopy of the evergreen forest. The sound so loud and shocking. Now the upper tree trunks began to be impacted. The weight and velocity of the two falling dragon bodies exploding each trunk and jutting tree limbs struck in turn. The wild jerking of bodies accompanied with the mighty boom and sounds of wood splintering with mighty cracks. Wood fragments were whipping around in all directions along with the needles of the trees.

Again and again the Queen felt the massive impact of the Ice Dragon’s body hitting tree after tree. Their combined weight and the speed they had reached with their free fall splintering each tree as their twined bodies plummeted lower down into the forest. A mighty boom with each collision of bodies against the next tree in line. Each tree they struck was lower down than the last tree they had struck. Each impact bone rattling and the concussive force like the beating of a bass drum right beside one’s head. The sound deafening.

Tree limbs were sheared off and whipsawing through the air. The splintered limbs cutting across thick scales. The Queen pressed her body into the crevice between the dragons. She heard the crash and boom of limbs and trunks broken and sent cartwheeling in the air. Three massive impacts rocked through the Queen’s body shaking her body and head with massive shakes. Then he impacts seemed to lessen. Her body snapped as the organs in her body and head were snapped to and fro. There was one last mighty impact. Blackness overcame the Valyrian.

Now she was struggling back to consciousness. Daenerys willed her limbs to move. At first they did not obey her command. Her body was stiff and unresponsive. Had she died and this was some nether world or purgatory where you had thought but nothing else. She willed her body to move and this time her right arm twitched and then her legs kicked slightly. Pain flooded her body. Her left ribs throbbed. Her left ankle felt like it was swollen. She took stock. They were not severely injured.

She felt sensations coming into her consciousness. She felt scales pressed against her from all sides. Yes. She was till pressed into the crevice between the two bodies. She willed her eyes open. She saw black scales before her. She moved her head and saw splintered limbs all around lying on all their bodies. Everything was covered with broken branches and sheared off needles. The smell of pine resin thick in the air. Her body began to obey her commands. The Queen slowly wiggled around between the bodies. She saw the sky above her. It was still light but it appeared weak. It was late in the day or early in the morning she deemed.

Daenerys took a deep breath. She felt the icy body of the dead Ice Dragon on her back. Her hot blooded nature had kept her from getting hypothermia. She braced her feet and hands and worked to
get her body into a sitting position. Needles and small bits of branches fell off her body. The snow that had started to build slide off. She looked at the scales of Drogon. They did not move.

“Drogon! Drogon!” called out. Her mind screaming at her dragon. He did not respond.

The Queen repeated her calls becoming desperate.

The thought that said “I live” came to the Queen’s mind. Daenerys felt relief flooding through her body. For the next ten minutes the Queen rested. Her violet eyes seeing the snowflakes fall from the heavens. They were pretty. She felt her senses returning to her now. She could now feel the subtle heat of Drogon and the slight rising and falling of his scales. It was very subtle but it was there. She again tested her limbs. They now obeyed her will. She struggled out of the crevice she had wedged herself into between the two dragons in mortal combat.

She lifted herself out of the crevice between the two massive bodies. She had to scramble to get a grip on the scales of the dead Ice Dragon. She looked down. They were fifteen feet up in the air. The two interlocked dragons had come to rest on a massive pile of ripped up branches and shattered tree trunks. Their bodies covered with the detritus of their descent through the Haunted Forest. The Ice Dragon’s body was draped over a shattered tree trunk. Its upper body and its front legs and neck sprawled out on the ground. Drogon was sprawled on top of the dead dragon with his neck resting on the back side of the dead Ice Dragon.

She looked to where the Ice Dragon’s eyes had been. One of the Valyrian daggers had been ripped out of the socket she had buried it in. The wild descent knocking it out. The other though was still buried into the hilt in the eye socket she had buried it in. She hated having to kill the Ice Dragon but it was necessary. It had become an abomination.

Daenerys looked out over the ground below her. She felt her breath catch. Fear clutching at her heart. Walking Dead were shambling by. Her breath released. They were being ignored. She puzzled over that for a moment before she science it out. The three bodies of herself and the dragons were not moving. The Walking Dead evidently were drawn to movement. The white blond woman surveyed the scene below her.

She noticed immediately that the number of Walking Dead was not limitless seeming now. They were still thick as they shambled ever south but she could see a diminution of their numbers even if it was only slight. The Ice King did not have limitless numbers. Of course she knew this but to see it confirmed made her feel better. The undead were passing before her in a steady stream now but they was definite separation between the shambling bodies now. They tide of Walking Dead had a limit. They would be defeated.

This was good news. If their tactics had a chance to be implemented then they would achieve victory. The Ice King did not have a limitless supply of Walking Dead to throw at her forces. She needed to survey the situation she now found herself in. Drogon still needed time to hopefully recover enough to fly out of the Haunted Forest. She took a deep breath. She thought positive. Drogon would recover.

Slowly the Queen slide down the body of the dead Ice Dragon till her feet found a massive branch and used a grip on the dead dragon’s scales to drop to the ground. The closest Walking Dead pivoted towards her. Damn Daenerys thought. It was a wildling. The dead man stretched out his arms toward Daenerys and shambled forward. She pulled out the other Valyrian dagger on her left thigh and threw it. The dagger buried in the Walking Dead’s skull between his eyes. He fell down dead.

She had hoped to be unnoticed by any others. She did not want to have to fight here on the ground
surrounded by the undead separated from her forces. Her wishes were not to be though she saw.

There was more undead gravitating towards her but she had time. The next closest were still some ways off by happenstance. Also, most did not sense her. She walked around the two dragon bodies slowly staying close to the dragons’ bodies. Yes! She thought. Most of the undead did not sense her movements as yet. Their main compulsion was to move south to engage her army. She looked over the two massive bodies before her.

The Ice Dragon’s body had massive wood struts jammed into his body. His body had definitely taken the brunt of the damage of the impacts with the trees and jutting out limbs. The Ice Dragon’s wings had been torn asunder. She saw that Drogon’s wings had tears and rents but she saw no massive wounds or broken wing bones. By folding his wings tight to his body and being on top of the plummeting Ice Dragon he had not had his wings ripped apart. The same could not be said of the Ice Dragon. His right wing had nearly been torn off. The left wing was folded back in on itself at an unnatural angle. Most of the skin between the bones shredded and hanging in ribbons.

The Queen saw several deep cuts along the flanks of Drogon and down his right thigh. Blood clotted in the wounds. He had many scales ripped off exposing the raw skin beneath. The wounds crusted with blood. Drogon had lost three claws on his right rear foot. Ichor still dripping out. The wounds looked bad the Queen knew but they would grow back in time. Dragon bodies had an amazing ability to regenerate. It was any internal injuries that worried the Valyrian.

Had any of Drogon’s organs been ruptured or torn? She prayed not. She hoped that those injuries had been sustained by the Ice Dragon.

The pale Queen looked over Drogon from tail to head and along both sides of his exposed body. He seemed intact. No tree limbs had been jammed violently into his body. She had to hope he had no severe internal injuries. While she had made her walk around the body of Drogon more undead had started to close in on her. She saw a dead wolf and moose coming in from her left and two dead crows still in their black tattered robes coming in from her right. Fortunately, like all the Walking Dead they were slow and cumbersome in their movements.

She looked around. It seemed more of the undead were now shambling towards her. No more time for subterfuge.

Her hand reached up and gripped the pummel of her Rune Sword Foe Clever. It was now time for action. She ripped it out and faced the closest dead. Her rune sword flared to life burning in a bright light blue. Her sword seemingly anxious to again kill the enemies of its master.

The small pale woman slashed her sword back and then down beheading the wolf trying to bite her knee. She did not have to worry of further attack. The Valyrian steel unbinding the magic animating the dead wolf’s body. Daenerys pivoted to the right and swung her blade out and around her body in a sharp arc. It cut across the front of the moose. Her blade slicing through the front of the withers of the animal. Her sword cutting muscle, bone and tendons. The moose collapsed to its knees and then toppled over. It was crippled and flipped on the ground. Its movements becoming less frantic by the second. The Valyrian steel unbinding the magic of the Ice King.

The Queen moved to the two dead crows. She felt sorrow for the two men killed doing their duty and then raised from death to become abominations. Her first sword arc sent the first man’s head spinning through the air. The second swipe of her sword cut the second man’s head in two. He fell dead. The magic in her Valyrian sword had by now completely unbound the magic compelling the moose. It lay still.

She saw many more dead moving in on her position. They were not a sea but still they were forming
a swirl like gnats in the turgid summer air. The sun glittering off their wings. The former humans had outstretched hands questing to grip her body and rend her limb from limb.

Daenerys felt no fear. With her rune sword she would be able to dispatch the advancing Walking Dead as they came into range of her sword. Their numbers were not so vast she could not handle them. Her left ankle already feeling better. Her body’s ability to heal quickly again arising to give her succor.

Suddenly, the air was filled with the screams of birds. All manner of bird caws, screeches and shrieks filled the air. The shapes of all sorts of birds flew at the dead from all angles and heights. The birds landing on the dead tearing at their flesh and hair. The birds pecking and swiping with claws. Daenerys saw birds swarming the length and breadth of the dead that had started to advance upon her. The dead became distracted fighting the birds. The dead moved slowly reaching with clumsy hands and paws. The birds fast but still some of the birds were found and torn apart.

The birds were trying to attack from on high and behind but there was so many desiring to attack that many had to come from in front of the undead. Many were ignored but almost the Walking Dead reacted to the attacks upon. Their hands reaching out and grasping birds to tear apart.

Raw unbridled anger filled the heart of the Valyrian. Daenerys screamed and charged forward. Her sword left blue arcs all around as she cut down the distracted Walking Dead. Foe Hammer sliced and diced the undead before her. She screamed while her shimmering sword sent heads flying and limbs flung off undead bodies.

Daenerys moved right and left, forward and back, cleaving and chopping down the undead. When she saw a bird in danger of being grasped she charged in. They were saving her and she would return the favor. The pale warrior swiped and hacked killing the undead with thrusts to hearts and cleaved heads. She cut legs off to send the abominations toppling to the ground. She killed the initial group but more were coming in from the forest.

Daenerys looked around analyzing the situation. The birds were flitting around waiting to come to her defense. She was still full of energy but she was human and would tire eventually.

She now ran back to the fallen dragons and climbed up the limbs and over the body of the dead Ice Dragon. She slide in between the two dragon bodies. Daenerys looked down unmoving. The dead were circling clumsily. Then they started to move off. Without movement to attract them they moved on. They were dead. They had no thought to look up. She smiled seeing the birds flying back up into the branches.

She was needed elsewhere. She needed to get back to her army. She needed to get back to Arya.

“Can you fly Drogon? We need to get back to our forces and to your brothers” the Queen thought to her dragon.

She felt the body of Drogon rumble. His body flexed and began to push up and away from the fallen Ice Dragon. Drogon worked his neck free. He rolled his body partially to right himself in orientation to the ground. Drogon slowly pushed his mighty body up and away from the dead Ice Dragon. He was unsteady. Daenerys could feel the pain throbbing in many places in her dragon’s body. His body tottered and collapsed back down on the dead Ice Dragon. He rested a minute and then slowly pushed his body erect once more. His body leaning back to the right where his right hind leg would not fully extend.

Daenerys looked around them. The undead were being attracted by the motions of the great black dragon. The Queen was not worried. The dragon too large for the undead to contend with. If they
moved away their compulsion to move on in them would cease. She did not plan on sticking around.

Drogon slowly unfurled his wings. They were filled with rents and tears but none of them long or wide. He started to slowly beat his wings. The body of the two plunging dragons had cleared out enough space for Drogon to spread his wings but not to fully pinion his wings to get lift. Drogon turned to look up the path their falling bodies had made through the trees.

Daenerys let her mind flow into Drogon’s. She travelled her awareness through his body. She could not discern any internal injuries to organs and bones. She was thankful. By turning their bodies so the Ice Dragon was on the bottom of their descent they had survived relatively unscathed. She looked up.

Snowflakes swirled down from the leaden sky. Drogon told his Queen and mother he was ready. She heard the pain in his thoughts but also his determination and his pride. She quickly scaled up his body with her strong sure grip. His heat was rising again. His red eyes swirled with intent. Daenerys got on her spot on his back near where his neck muscles where anchored to his body. She jammed her hands and feet in between his scales.

Daenerys looked up. She was not sure how they would fly out of her. There was no room for Drogon to work his wings fully. He would not be able to generate enough lift to fly out of this well they had made with their descent. She felt only confidence in Drogon. He was sure he would be able to fly out of his well.

His muscles bunching beneath the Queen she felt Drogon’s body coiling. She felt his pain but he ignored it. He surged up with his hind legs. He pulled his claws away from the fallen body of his foe. Drogon was leaned over not able to fully use his right rear leg. Drogon surged up and his body uncoiled. Daenerys body whiplashed with the sudden up movement.

Daenerys watched her dragon’s forelegs reach out. She watched his claws wrap around the shattered ends of massive limbs to the right and his left front leg stepped onto the top of a fir tree that had been cut off by the plummet of the two dragon bodies. Daenerys looked back down. They were already over thirty feet up from the ground.

Drogon pulled his body up and surged forward again his body reaching the next tree they had been chopped off at a higher elevation. Drogon’s hind feet rested on the shattered tree trunk and wrapped around a mighty bough of a neighboring tree that had only been partially sheared off to push up with a mighty heave. Birds were taking to the air screaming. The birds frightened by the massive body that surged up and through their roosts.

Drogon jammed his tail into a tree trunk for balance and to push off with. The mighty dragon did this several times moving back up the path the falling dragons had made through the forest. The upper canopy of the trees thinning out. With more space Drogon started to beat his wings with short clipped off motions.

The pale Valyrian waved her arms frantically. Needles of the chopped up trees filled the air with the beating wings of Drogon. The air now filled with air currents as her dragon beat his wings more strongly. The higher they climbed up the shattered trees the more room he had to work his wings.

He surged forward and up again to grip the next tree they had clipped off. He repeated the motion yet again lifting his body up and forward to get to the next set of shattered trees. Their bodies rising back up through the canopy of the Haunted Forest.

His body surged up over the tree line and he now beat his mighty wings fully. His body screamed in
pain but Drogon ignored it. His muscles loosening with the beating of his mighty wings. His body slowly started to rise up from his perch on shattered trees. He roared a mighty scream. He slowly gained altitude. The Queen had him angle his body away from the fallen Wall. She slowly had Drogon gain altitude. She wanted to give her mighty steed time to recover more from his injuries.

As he moved Drogon body and limbs loosened and his flying was much less stressed. She asked her dragon if any fire was still in him. She waited while Drogon assessed his situation. He informed the Queen that the time he had been down and out he had produced more flame but it was limited. She knew he would have to feed to give him raw materials to make more fire. She would use what he had.

Daenerys needed to get back to her forces. She was certain that with Eddard’s leadership and their hard training of their forces that would still be holding the line if not better. Any other outcome she would not allow her mind to even contemplate. She would not let her mind even conceive that anything had happened to her Arya.

She had Drogon fly up into the clouds. The moisture in the clouds pelted her face and cooled her. She had Drogon fly up to five thousand feet before she had him turn over and dive back down. She could fly above the clouds back to her lines but that was not the way of Daenerys Targaryen! She would strike out at her enemies. She had a wicked smile on her face. She would give some back to her enemy.

Drogon plummeted back down through the clouds a mile behind the fallen Wall. She saw that the Walking Dead were still pouring through the breeches that had been magically created. She scanned below herself but saw no Ice Wrights or Ice Giants. She had seen that by the diffuse light that it was late in the afternoon. The fight had been going on all day. The Ice King had moved forward to the other side she was sure. She saw no evidence of him on the North side of the fallen Wall.

Like in any good commander he had moved to get closer to his enemy. To better be able to judge his next strategies.

She aimed for the middle breach in the Wall. She flew over it a hundred feet above the jumbled mess of ice blocks and shattered shards. She did a quick scan. Yes. There was a thick mass of Ice Wrights and Ice Giants just beyond range of the trebuchets.

It was what she would have done. She could not see the Ice King. It did not matter. She had Drogon fly on at his best speed in his battered state. The enemy was looking away from them. The mighty dragon lowered his glide path as he beat his wings to maintain his speed. She was silent death coming in on her enemy from the rear. A fierce grin speared over face. She felt elation within Drogon.

Drogon let loose a mighty roar of mighty roiling flame. This was followed immediately by a second mighty roar of defiance.

RRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOAAAAARRRRRRRRR!

His magical flame flashed down onto the midst of the Ice King’s forces. Daenerys added her own roar seeing Drogon’s fire splash down on Ice Wrights, Ice Giants and Walking Dead. The long gout of flame finished. As they sped past the knot of Icy spawn of the Ice King. Daenerys could not see the damage done but she knew many of her foes were burning.

She looked down quickly on her right and back. Yes! She saw Ice Wrights and Ice Giants writhing in agony as their bodies burned. Regular fire may not affect them but magical Dragon Fire light them up like bonfires. The flames clinging to their bodies like the alchemists Wildfire. The flames
not letting go and burning the Icy spawn. She smiled seeing flames shooting out the mouth and eyes of some of the Icy spawn.

The undead simply burned. They did not scream in pain. They merely shambled around. If they touched another of the undead they too were set alight. The undead slowly losing their grip on their unholy second life and stumbling down to the ground. They may have writhed but eventually they fell to the ground. They did not get back up.

The mighty dragon lifted his neck and now slashed it from right to left. He did this as another mighty gout of flame poured out his mouth. His flame spitting down to set all it touched up into flaming pyres. All touched by the flames instantly burning down to slag or steaming puddles. One more mighty blast Drogon belched out as he came near the berm. His flames burning the forest of Walking Dead before him.

Drogon flashed over the front lines of Westeros. Both dragon and warrior atop him screamed as they flashed over the top of the Queen’s forces.

Arya: The world had become fog to Arya. It was thick and made the world diffuse and shapeless to the teenager. She heard people talking to her and felt them touching her but nothing truly registered. They meant nothing to her. Her life had no meaning anymore. It had ceased to matter when she saw Dany fall from the sky with Drogon.

Her Dany had removed the threat of the Ice Dragon that was raking their forces causing calamitous causalities. Dany had risen into the air to do battle with the aerial assailant. Arya knew her Queen would vanquish the foe in the sky. It had just never occurred to Arya that Dany would have to give her life in the process. Dany had seemed invincible. The idea that Daenerys Targaryen the Breaker of Chains would die seemed inconceivable. The thought that she could die was not even a consideration to the Stark teenager.

But she had died. Arya had screamed at the horrific sight and her heart had shattered.

She breathed. Her chest rose and fell. Her body continued but her soul had withered and died. She could not live without her Dragon. There was no one else in this world for Arya but Daenerys Targaryen. She had loved the woman since the first rumors of her rising from the Red Wastes. There was no other woman that she could love.

Her body and mind were numb. She had screamed and cried uncontrollably at first but that storm had passed. One could only rage for so long against the cruel gods. They did not listen anyways.

Her father had come to her soon after the fall of Dany from the sky. He had spoken to her but she had not really heard him. She nodded woodenly when she needed to. She did not hear what he said and had no desire to understand his words. They meant nothing to her without her Dany there.

She knew she should care. They had a battle to fight. They had to defend Westeros against the Ice King. She had a duty. It did not matter. The shock of Dany’s loss had put her in gyre she did not how to escape from. She raged within herself. She needed to rouse herself. Dany would want her to. The problem was that life beyond the needs of this fight had no meaning to the teenager.

Jon, Melisandre and Ygritte were staying close to her. She knew they were warding her. They were afraid that she might kill herself. She would not do that now. No. She had foes to kill. She sensed that her talents were not needed. The lines around her were holding she could tell without knowing how. She guessed it was the lack of panic. If the enemy started to break their lines she would rouse herself to fight them.
She had her duty and would perform it. When she needed to. She was a Stark. The young woman wanted to strike blows against the hated enemy. She now burned with the need for revenge. She just needed a little bit more time to recover from her loss.

She noted that Jon and his two wives were milling around her. She was unmoving herself. She would have crying jags with tears running silently down her cheeks unremarked. Her small body shivering with her gentle sobs. It had been awhile since she last shed tears. Arya did not know when she would start to cry again. The teenager would cry till she had no more tears to bleed out. She would then sit there. She had been given several cups of water and she would sip from them. Food she turned her head away from. Her stomach rebelled at the mere sight of food.

She had been near Ygritte and Melisandre for hours. Ygritte had had the look of the totally exhausted about her. Slowly over time Arya vaguely registered the fact that Ygritte had recovered from birthing whatever the hell that it was that had come out her pussy Arya diffusely mused.

Arya in her rambling thoughts turned her red swollen eyes to the left. She looked at the strange child of the ShadowBender witches. It was sitting still ten yards away from Arya. It did not move at all. It had wrapped itself all around itself somehow. It had been nearly twenty-five feet tall and now it was no taller than her father with its body folded in on itself. She idly wondered without intent how something so large could shrink to something so small.

It did not breathe. Strange ripples seemed to run up and down its body. The sight would have made her queasy if she had her full facilities. As it was, she only found it curious.

Nymeria was resting nearby. She had tried to engage Arya but without Dany even her Direwolf could not reach Arya.

Ygritte had recovered slowly. She was dressed now. One would never know to look at Ygritte that only short hours ago her belly had been monstrously bloated. That she had birthed a monster. Her body had recovered as if none of those events had just occurred. The teenage Stark had noted that Ygritte had a beautiful body. She had started to weep again thinking of Dany’s hot body. A body forever gone from her now. Her body shook with sorry at her loss.

She vaguely felt Jon and his wives moving to her. They talked to her and took her in their arms to comfort her. In a removed way she appreciated their concern. Their words and touches meant nothing to her. Only the touch of one person could touch her dead soul and she was dead. She did not respond to their words or actions.

Time passed. She sensed that another attack had commenced but Dany and her father had prepared well. The battle was going well she was able to tell. The sounds of fighting was able to cut through her personal fog. The sounds were what they should be. There was no sounds of panic or the sounds of lines faltering and giving way.

She was not needed, thus, she sat there. Arya’s mind again tried to process what had occurred. It was still impossible for Arya to believe that Dany and Drogon could be thrown down. *It was impossible!* Yet her eyes had seen the impossible happen.

The battle raged. Still everything was well enough. Her services were not needed. Arya cried again. Her soul was withering away and nothing could change that.

**RRRRRRRRROOOOOOAAAAARRRRRRRRRR!**

Arya was up in a flash. *That was impossible!* All of Dany’s dragons had mighty roars but Viserion and Rhaegal did not have the deep bass boom of Drogon’s mighty roars. How was she hearing that
roar now if he was dead. She took in her surroundings fully now. All were looking out over the front lines towards the fallen Wall. She had unconsciously picked up her bow.

The eyes in Arya’s head nearly bulged out with what she was seeing. It was Drogon! He was flying towards them fast. She saw flames leaping up from the ground in the distance. As she watched Drogon whipped his head from side to side his mighty breath scorching out his mouth and lashing the ground. He kept flying closer and he let out another mighty belch of his flaming breath. His flames bright with reds, yellows and shades of white to burn across the ground.

All before her Arya saw the undead and Ice Wrights with their brother Ice Giants going up in bright flames. The undead burned silently. Not so the Ice Wrights and Giants. They screamed loudly in their dying.

Then Drogon was flashing over their heads only a hundred feet up. His massive body occluding the sky as he passed overhead. He passed on. A mighty backwash buffeted over the forces of Westeros with Drogon’s passing. Arya’s eyes on him staring intently. The massive black dragon had passed their camp and banked up and half rolled over to come back.

“YYYYEEEESSS!” Yessssssss! Yes! Yes!” Arya shouted jumping up and down her little body thrumming like a plucked bowstring. On Drogon’s black back was a flag of white that was whipping in the slipstream of his flight. Arya’s heart soared. Dany was on Drogon’s back. She was alive!

She was jumping up and down punching her fist in the air whooping. Her life was not over! **DANY WAS ALIVE!**

The young Stark was like her Nymeria throwing a fit when she could not get Oberyn’s spear. Arya was jumping and spinning around shouting out “Dany” excitedly. She watched Drogon bank over and come flying back.

Approaching, Arya could see his body had scales missing and long cuts up and down his body. His wings had rents and tears in them. His right rear leg was hanging down at unnatural angle. She noticed his right rear foot had nails missing. The mighty dragon was near her now. A large pathway was near that allowed troops to move from one point to another. The black dragon backwashed his wings and gently came down to lite on his rear legs. He clearly favored his right side as he settled down onto his forelegs and folded down to the ground.

In a flash Arya ran up to Drogon. “DANY!” Arya yelled quickly scaling up Drogon’s side. Her hands skilled now in finding hand holds on the hot scales and quickly pulling herself up his side and to his back. Arya was on Dany in a flash. She did not care about decorum. She was all over Dany throwing her arms around Dany and raining kisses all over her face while whimpering in relief.

The Queen hugged Arya back and laughed at the exuberance of her lover. She pulled Arya tight to her body relishing the close contact. Arya literally vibrated in her excitement. She hugged Dany tight to her body. Dany always felt so good against her body. Arya reveled in the kisses that Dany rained back down on her upturned face. Her arms felt so good around her. Arms that were strong and filled with life.

With her head resting on Dany’s shoulder. She looked down at the people on the ground. She saw Jon and his wives looking up at her with smiles on her face. She saw her father running up. Relief plain on his face.

“I am thankful to see you my Queen” Eddard told the Valyrian. “I feared the worst when I saw you
and Drogon plummet from the sky entangled with the body of the Ice Dragon you slew.” He looked up at them with his soft squint smile.

Arya hugged Dany tight to her body. Relief rushed through her. Her Dany was alive. She pulled back from Dany. They had a battle to win. Westeros had its Queen. Its supreme leader had returned to the field of battle. Together the two women worked down the side of Drogon.

When they alight on the ground the mighty black dragon roared and pushed himself up into the air beating his wings hard. The detritus of the battlefield lifted up by the wind devils setup by Drogon’s wings. The dragon pivoted over and flew off towards the animal pens. It was obvious the mighty dragon was going to feed and then fall into the deep healing sleep his brothers were currently in.

Arya kept her arm around her Queen. Now that Dany was back she needed her touch against her body to remind her that her woman was alive and hale. All was right with Arya’s world again. She now felt shame at her earlier actions but she could not help it. She needed her Dany in her life. She was back now. She should have known that the Queen of her heart would survive. Arya knew all had thought her love was dead.

That would be a story to tell around the table at the next klatch meeting. She would find out first when she was alone with her lover.

Arya listened to her father relay to Dany the news of the battle since she had taken off to fight the Ice Dragon. Daenerys listened intently to what the Warden of the North had to say.

“That is where we stand Daenerys” Eddard told the Queen. “At this level we are holding our lines rather easily. Thrice the Lord of Revelstone has ridden her Ranyhyn to a breech with a Haruchai screening force. She easily repels the incursions into our lines. With them occurring singly we are able to easily able to push them back.”

“I think the Ice King is trying to wear us down. His supply of the Walking Dead seems limitless. That cannot be of course. It is fortunate that the two of us worked so hard to build up our stocks of obsidian my Queen” Eddard told his sovereign. “We are able to fire at will. We are slaying the Ice King’s undead as fast as they come in range. We do not have to worry about misses. We simply fire again and again. Of course we are also using fire to kill our foes. We are winning so far.”

Arya watched her father look up at the sky. He then looked back down at the Queen. “It is only little more than an hour and a quarter till nightfall.”

Eddard ended his words with that simple statement. Arya knew the night was the domain of the Ice King. Arya was not worried. The enemy had to come to them and not the other way around. The Ice King had chosen to join the battle and he had to do it on the terms of Dany and her father had set.

“I know Ned” Dany answered Arya’s father. “The night is to their advantage but they do have to come to us. The fires that are burning now will provide illumination when the sun sets. At least up close to our lines. We will launch oil barrels into their midst after dark and light the oil. It will at least provide some illumination away from the berm. It is not perfect but it should let us know what is coming. When we set the dead on fire near the berm we will be able to see our targets clearly I think. I see they are piling up again before the berm.”

Eddard smiled grimly. “Yes. More tender to use against the Ice King. It is fortunate that the magic that animates the dead makes them burn so. We are able to use it against him.”

They paused with the arrival of the Lord of Revelstone riding up on her mighty Ranyhyn steed. She slide off her horse along with Brail. The Haruchai had Ice sheathed on her back. They walked up to
the little party gathered around the Queen. The Queen greeted the stern Lord.

“I am happy to see you alive Queen Daenerys. This reunion is most fortuitous. Your might is needed and your return will lift the spirits of your forces. I have struck blows against our foes. I long to strike more. I sense our enemy will make his push after the sun sets. I have heard the stories that they see as well at night as we do in the day.”

She chuckled slightly. This made Arya start. The Lord was not a woman to find humor. Everyone looked at her strangely except her Bloodguard lover Brail. She remained passive.

“What is so funny?” Daenerys asked with a look of both confusion and slight pique at finding humor in such a stressful situation. War was not humorous Arya thought.

“I am sorry. The Waynhim were … I mean are denizens of the deep dark caves beneath Mount Thunder. Wherever these have come from I have no idea but they are still Demondim spawn. You see they have no eyes. Their sense of smell is most acute. Between their smell, hearing and other senses we cannot be sure of they are at home in pitch black. I would not be surprised if the Waynhim look forward to the coming darkness. Their deadliness will only increase tenfold in the dark. The Ice Wrights have eyes. The Waynhim do not. They will decimate them if they meet.”

In the conversation that ensued the Lord understood the trouble the coming darkness would bring. The undead and Icy spawn had caused much calamity to the Wildings and Crows in the dark of night.

“I can help but only for short bursts of time. I can send out branching Lord’s Fire high in the sky and arch it out over the battlefield. The cloud cover will actually help reflect the light back down. For a few minutes I can illuminate the battlefield. If I am doing this I cannot attack but at the right time this may help.

The Queen and Eddard thanked her. Jon came up and tilted his head towards the Queen of Westeros. Jon did not report to the Queen and he kept a stiff formality between them. Arya knew that Dany did not like it but she accepted it. She respected the power structure that had been established between Westeros and the Night’s Watch. It had kept the force alive for eight thousand years. No other institution from that time still remained and remained basically unchanged. It had survived the centuries when little else had.

He reported formerly to Daenerys that the Crows and Wildlings were fighting well. He had went ravens to the forts of Queensgate and Oakenshield. From there the word would be sent to the forts further down the fallen Wall in both directions. The forces put on high alert and to be prepared to move towards Castle Black.

It had been agreed that the forces of Essos the Queen had stationed behind the forts would make ready to move in towards Castle Black if ordered. Arya doubted those forces would be needed. The fight would be decided by the forces in the fight in the here and now.

Arya looked out over the plain before the berm. Out to the furthest range of arrows, it was littered with the fallen bodies of the Walking Dead. More were coming in. Arya found it amazing that that so many arrows missed. She saw a sea of shafts sticking out of the ground. The fletching showing all the colors of the various Houses of Westeros, Crows, Mercenary Companies and Wildlings. They looked like flowers in a disturbing way.

Now Arya had to chuckle herself. The field of arrows stuck in the ground like denuded flowers was having an unexpected benefit. The Walking Dead did not see their surroundings in any detail. They seemed to merely have the compulsion to move forward and to attack anything living. They did not
look down. The undead were constantly tripping and falling flat on their faces or knocking each other down as they stumbled over an arrow and toppled into the Walking Dead beside them.

The bodies slowly struggling back to their feet or some on all fours now but still moving forward. It slowed them down and gave more time for Dragon Glass or Fire arrows to find them. While she watched she saw dragon glass arrows slamming into some of those undead. The ones moving on all fours taking them in the back. Some carried on till more arrows struck them. They would then topple over and move no more. Arya felt her blood running hearing the next flight of arrows being launched. Other bodies lighting up and burning brightly after fire arrows found them.

Revitalized, Arya kissed Dany on the lips and ran to the promontory. She found a big mound of quivers there filled with Dragon Glass. She strung her bow up and excitedly pulled an arrow from the quiver she had placed on her back. She saw a gopher fifty yards away. Its eyes glowing the bright blue of the undead. She let loose and hit it in the head. It dropped dead. She pulled another arrow out her arrow and put it to her bowstring. She saw a fox stumbling forward. It had received an arrow in its rear leg. It was dragging that leg. She hit it in the neck. The fox staggered and fell other. Its small legs kicked for ten seconds and then went still. The light of the undead slowly fading from its dead orbs.

A large wild goat was coming into range. She joined other archers and fired off at the undead beast. It was hit multiple times and toppled over dead. Its body had at least seven arrows jutting out it. It was flooded with deadly obsidian poison that was anathema to the Walking Dead.

Arya smiled again. Her father and her woman had provided so well for the forces of Westeros. She and her fellow archers were firing their arrows with abandon. She felt a runner drop several quivers by her feet. The runner moving off to drop quivers at the feet of the next archer. Empty handed he ran back to grab more.

She looked back at Dany and her father talking with Jon. She was happy again. Her world was complete. She turned and fired off at a hound. Her arrows was followed by another and it toppled dead. Two men were shot down and a large man behind those two came forward. He had been a large man in life. He staggered. Three arrows now jutted out his chest. Black tendrils spreading out across his body. Arrows whistled by his head. Arya took careful aim at the man seventy-five yards away. She released the string. Her arrow flashed out to its target.

Her aim was true. Her arrow sunk into his skull through his right eye. The energy of the impact whipped his head back. His body toppled back with several more arrows hitting his body. He did not move.

Arya looked at the Waynhim. They were slashing any undead that made it to the top of the promontory. Their Loremaster was sending out long ribbons of their black acid when an aggregate of the shambling dead stumbled together to form a group within range of the Waynhim. The Loremaster able to cast his acid out to thirty yards. They Waynhim were barking incessantly.

Those on the edge of the fighting wedge facing their enemy were totally focused on the task. That could not be said of those in the interior of their grey wedge. The denizens of the Land turned their heads to argue and bicker with each other. They never lost focus in keeping their staves on the shoulders of the brothers in front of them. In this way the Waynhim channeled their power forward to their Loremaster and the Waynhim on the edge of the fighting wedge. Their roynish barks of supposed discord loud in the air.

Arya noted the sky was beginning to dim. It was less than hour to sunset now.

**Jon:** The air was filled with the sound of angry wasps. Jon watched yet another flight of arrows
winging through the air. The individual arrows wiggling slightly as they flew off to their target. The long arcs beautiful to watch. He heard the loud thwacks of catapult and trebuchets hitting their stops. The sudden stopping of motion sending their projectiles off platforms and slings.

Many of the objects aflame as they spun and tottered toward their enemies. Most of the shots flung to land hundreds of yards away. Many of the catapults though shot just over the heads of the forces manning the berm. The flaming objects seeming just missing their heads and shooting forward to bounce their shots over the ground to jump and leap into the undead that shambled all around before the berm.

The arrows and projectiles from the siege engines doing great damage to the forces of the Ice King. He looked back at the phalanxes of archers. They waited long enough for all the men and some women in their ranks to load up their bows. Then as one they lifted their bows and fired as one with a shout from their commander. The arrows taking flight with an angry buzz. It was beautiful to see such coordinated work. The arrows themselves beautiful in their own right.

Jon looked back out over the plain. The just launched arrows now impacting anything in their flight path. The Lord Commander still marveled that the Ice King had so many Walking Dead to throw at them. The light was fading but he saw more undead fall down and move no more. Others were stumbling down with multiple arrows jutting out their undead bodies. The larger animated dead needed many arrows to put them down. Others were stumbling and twirling as their bodies burned brightly with fire that would not cease till they had been burned to ash and sludge.

It had been an hour since the reappearance of the Queen. His heart had been elated to see her return to the battlefield. How she had cheated death he was not sure. It did not matter. She had. He had seen how everyone gazed at her with wonder and stood just that little straighter. She was indeed a charismatic leader. Her purple eyes fired up one’s courage and steadfastness.

Jon had been especially happy for his sister. Arya was like a love stuck teenager. In actuality she was. Jon smiled. The return of Daenerys Targaryen and risen her from the realm of the spiritually dead. She was firing off arrows at a steady rate now. Her body actually jumping around as she looked for her next target. She and the best archers looked for targets to engage.

The Queen had gone to the promontory to survive the situation. Jon and his wives stayed where they had been since the start of the battle about three hundred yards to the west. Ygritte’s shadow monster was still folded down on itself. She and Melisandre wanted to be near it. They would rouse the beast when the time came. Even though it was a being of black shadows those shadows continuously rippled and seemed to fold in on themselves.

The Direwolves had gathered around Jon and Ghost. The mighty wolves understood they were more mighty as a pack. The four mighty beasts were like the shadow monster. They rested and waited for when the battle reached them.

Jon knew the shadow monster would be needed. The sky was beginning to darken. They were slaughtering the forces of the Ice King but Jon knew he would sometime soon mount his true assault. It was near time for him to do his little murmur play. His father had talked to him with the Queen.

“I think we need to goad the Ice King son” his father spoke to him as Daenerys looked on. “You are indeed Azor Ahai reborn.” Jon had started to argue. No he was Jon Snow. His father held up his hand to forestall his son’s protest. “I know you are not literally that man reborn from the land of Asshai but we cannot deny that spiritually you are. You sword proves it. I merely wish to use that to our advantage.”
“How will Jon do that?” Daenerys asked Eddard Stark.

“How will Jon do that?” Daenerys asked Eddard Stark. “To the Ice King, Jon, you are Azor Ahai. He cannot help but think that. The two of you are linked. For him, you are that man from eight thousand years past. He will long to exact revenge against you son. I wish to use that hatred to our advantage. The sun will be setting soon. Sometime before sunrise he will make his major attack. He will hit us with everything he has. We have been decimating his forces since the battle began. He has risen many dead but that is a finite number. It has to have a limitation. Even if he has a vast sea of more undead he must be fearing the rate of their slaughter.”

The Queen had spoken up then “I think you are right Eddard. When I first awoke several miles into the Haunted Forest I found that there is still Walking Dead in those woods to that depth but they were not as dense as I saw when I first took flight on Drogon. They were still great in number but definitely reduced in numbers. The Ice King has many undead to throw at us yet but we are winnowing them down. We have the weapons to kill them at distance finally. That has tilted the battlefield in our advantage.”

“Yes it has. But he has been throwing only his Walking Dead at us in great numbers. He has been having us expend our strength on his projectile fodder. We have the forces to rotate our archers but still they are taxing themselves. The foot soldiers and knights have been on guard all day. They have to be weary. Adrenaline will have them ready for any rush but still we feel fatigue. The Ice King knows of our weaknesses. He will attack in mass with his Ice Wrights and Giants soon.”

“The Ice King knows he must attack while he has walking dead to distract our fire from his precious Wrights and Giants. Daenerys has seen the beginning of the limits of his undead. He will have to mass his attack soon. Tonight. He knows we will not allow him to disengage without pursuit. If they retreat they will be able to ambush and turn and fight at their choosing but we will be aggressors then.”

“If he attempts to retreat his slow Walking Dead we will decimate. He will be stripped of his most advantageous resource. He also must know that if we take the initiative of attack from him we will not stop in our pursuit of him. He must win the fight here. Now. With our dragon glass we will hunt them down and kill them.”

“So I want to focus his attack here Jon, Daenerys” Eddard told the two with direct eye contact. “We have our most potent force here. The Waynhim are a mighty force. They are first cousins of the Ur-viles who fought for you on the Dothraki Sea Daenerys. They are still even with their losses over four hundred more than you had then. We have the Giants and Haruchai massed here. We need to have the Lord of Revelstone here with us unless she is needed elsewhere. Most of our Valyrian weapons are here.”

“We need to have the locus of the Ice King’s focus here. I do not want to have to try and move our resources to the west or east to engage if we can help it.”

“I do not know how much of my ancestor’s lineage is a conscious part of the Ice King. I know very little of this man. He has been lost to the annals of history. But he sounds like he was a venial man in life. I may be wrong but I doubt he had a great military mind” Jon saw his father hesitate. “I know he did launch an amazingly complicated initial attack but I am hoping that now that his initial attack did not succeed he will be reactionary. He knows he must attack tonight but I must hope he has no more great tactical strokes. He will attack in mass. He must force a breech in our lines of size and roll back our flanks.”

“I want him to make that attempt here.”
“How will you get him to do that? How will you guarantee that?” Daenerys asked Eddard.

“With Jon. We will construct a platform here son and when the sky begins to darken at dusk you will mount the platform and unsheathe your sword Lightbringer. If you wives can enhance your voice that would be good. I want you to get on the platform and wave your sword about. In the darkening sky it will be most dramatic. I want you to challenge and hurl insults at the Ice King son. Call him a coward.”

Jon felt himself squirming inside. He was not braggadocios. His father had taught him that.

“You will call him out Jon. A great leader cannot show weakness. He will be enraged at any insult to his prowess. It is a failing of men I fear” Eddard said shaking his head. “His Ice Wrights have shown will and decision making. He will have to prove to them he will meet the challenge. He called for this war and has to see it through or he will risk mutiny.”

Daenerys spoke “I agree. You restored order to the Night’s Watch when you showed your wrath and your strength of will. It will be same for the Ice King. He cannot show weakness. He rules with his force of personality from what your wives have told us. They were created by him but that means they must share his traits. They would not tolerate him showing weakness or cowardice.”

Jon had to agree with the assessment of his father and the Queen.

He had watched the fight for an hour now since that meeting. He could see in the distance the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants waiting safely beyond range of the catapults and trebuchets. The scorpions did not have the range to threaten them that far out. The scorpions weapons were being saved for when the major assault occurred for the forces of the enemy that were close in on the berm.

Ygritte had felt a great tiredness come upon her. She was still recovering from her ordeal. A lean to was created for her and she crawled underneath it to be shielded from the snow. Several furs were spread beneath her and placed over her. She did not need them normally but in her weakened state she relished the warmth they provided. Melisandre had a couple more furs brought and laid them lovingly over her tired wife. She stood stoically nearby guarding her still exhausted wife.

Jon saw the four Ice Wrights that had survived the initial assault and seemed to have acquired a new ability. They had taken to the battlefield again. Their spidery tendrils of purple arching up from the sword of an Ice Giant. The power they shot up was able to knock down many arrows. They had advanced forward into the outer range of arrow fire and sent up their webs. It took all four of the wrights working their swords together to achieve their webs. Many arrows were knocked down but others flew through. The undead were still feathered though in greatly reduced numbers.

Fortunately, Jon thought, they had plenty of arrows and archers to fire them off. He heard randomly the whooshing sound of some of the scorpions being fired off. Their range was out to four hundred yards but their accuracy was poor at that range. The scorpion bolts fired off at closer range to keep the Ice Wrights on their proverbial toes. Almost none found and Icy spawn to impale. When any Undead were hit they were thrown twenty feet back by the impact. The large obsidian tipped weapon instantly killing any Walking Dead they struck.

The four Ice Wrights with their spidery webs were throwing them up to knock out arrows and had moved to within two hundred and fifty yards now and were still coming closer. Their confidence growing in their ability to protect themselves and the undead underneath the arc of their purplish web of protections.

Jon pumped his fist and whooped when one of the Dragon Glass tipped scorpion bolts slammed into one of the Ice Wrights making the purple spidery webs. His body thrown back already dead. They
had become too confident and finally came close enough to be fired on accurately on by the scorpions. The other Ice Wrights putting up the purple webs started at the loss of one of their brothers.

Other Ice Wrights that had congregated around the four Ice Wrights throwing up the magic spider webs were thrown back with scorpion bolts in them. They were flung back and crashed to the ground. The scorpion bolts had come in at flatter trajectory and thus underneath the main webbing that the Ice Wrights were throwing up. Some of the bolts hit the base of the spidery web and shattered.

The three surviving Ice Wrights seeing their danger immediately fell back with their surviving brothers in the rings. Their concentration broken the web of protection winked out of existence. The arrows could now fall on the shambling undead with freedom and they started to die quicker and sooner their second permanent death.

Another small victory Jon thought. It was small victories added on top of each other that led to the ultimate victory.

Melisandre was beside him now. Ygritte was sleeping under the pile of furs and covered by a heap others that Jon had ordered brought forward seeing Melisandre put more furs on their wife. He did not want to be outdone in the caring department! She was still recovering from her effort in creating the shadow monster that rested waiting to be roused. Melisandre assured her husband that Ygritte was nearly recovered. After this cat nap she should be fully recovered. They would be ready for the great battle.

The two looked at each other. “I feel it too Jon. The Ice King will attack tonight with everything he has at his disposal. He has stopped his ichor from lapping forward. The dead still come at us and we must take them out. Our forces are rotating but they are tiring. I am sure the Croyel will again send out the waves to send the undead forward in mass. He will follow in on that tide. The Croyel and his master know that the battle must be decided tonight.”

Melisandre looked out over the mass of roiling Walking Dead constantly ambling forward in their disjointed manner. They were dying in droves and yet they come forward. They truly did not fear death. She felt grim satisfaction seeing them fall down dead with Dragon Glass in them or stumbling forward when a fire arrow lodge into their bodies and set them afire to burn bright and not to a quick death.

When a burning undead ran into another Walking Dead they set them afire. Sometimes, when they finally collapsed they would fall on already killed undead with Dragon Glass and a small pyre would ignite hotly to burn until the bodies had been reduced to slag and ash.

It was only a quarter of an hour till the sun would begin to touch the horizon if there was no clouds in the sky. The snow was falling heavily now. The darkness was like onto dusk already. The flakes sticking and beginning to build where they were not touched. Most of the snow on the ground was ground into the mud and slosh underneath both striving armies. Still, where it was not trampled down the snow was sticking. It was reflecting all the light that it caught. It was providing additional illumination. Any additional light this night would be used by the forces of Westeros.

Jon looked at Melisandre. It was time. Sappers had constructed the platform he would climb up to shout his challenge to the Ice King. He felt kind of silly with what he was about to do. He was a modest man and tried to comport himself as such.

The ShadowBender witch moved closer to her husband murmuring in her native tongue. Her hands traced Asshai glyphs in the air. The black runes not dissipating but slowly revolved around each
other. The additional runes that the tall auburn haired woman traced in the air joined the circling band of black glowing runes. Melisandre slowly added to the glyphs that glowed dark black in the air before her and her husband.

With fascination Jon watched the ribbon of runes circling faster and beginning to glow black. Jon had come to see that when the runes started to glow they were nearing ready for use. Jon calmed himself. He trusted his wives completely but he had just seen his small wife give birth to a shadow monster from her birth canal. That kind of magic made a person take note. It took some willpower to not transfer the fear of one magical construct to another.

Melisandre chants changed in tenor and tone. The band of runes now lifted from up above her hands that had spawned them. A choker of black runes had been formed. The Night’s Commander watched the runes drift up towards his throat. His eyes tracking the revolving band of ShadowBender magic. The choker unclasped and came forward and angled around his throat. He felt the runes touch the skin of his throat. He started feeling the band of runes flow around his throat and meld to his skin. He felt a hot pulse and then nothing.

Jon reached up and touched his throat. He felt nothing and looked over at Melisandre with a question in his eyes.

“It is there my husband. It looks quite good actually. It makes a pretty choker. I may leave it there.”

Jon gave her a dubious look. With Melisandre’s poker face he was never sure when his tall wife was joking or being serious.

Jon smiled at her. He looked over and down at Ygritte. The touched by the sun woman was snoring. Her body wrapped in furs and protected from the snow by the lean to that had been constructed too keep the snow off her. The snow was nearly an inch deep on the taunt canvass.

“It is good Ygritte is sleeping. I won’t have to hear her telling me ‘I know nothing’ as I make my grand pronouncements.”

The tall auburn haired woman smiled at her husband’s humor.

Jon turned and stepped up on the platform that his father had had quickly constructed. It was not a grand affair and a little rickety but it would serve its purpose. He turned to look out beyond the berm. He scanned the air that was darkening as true dusk approached. He could not see the Ice King specifically. Still he knew he was before him. He was not that distant. He could feel him. He was sure that the Ice King in turn could feel him. Azor Ahai reborn.

Jon took a long calming breath. He had tried to think out a speech to shout out but he kept getting the lines all jumbled up and confused. He had finally decided to just wing it and say whatever came to his mind. He just hope that he did not make a total fool of himself. He threw his chest out getting into the mindset he needed to talk major shit.

“ICE KING! I know you are out there you sniveling pig. You craven dog who hides behind his army and lets them die for him. You are a craven coward!”

Jon eyebrows knotted. His voice sounded normal to him. He looked down at Melisandre in confusion. The auburn haired witch looked up at him with small smirk.

“Oh I assure you my husband. You voice is quite loud. It is booming across the battlefield.”

The skeptical Lord Commander lifted an eyebrow. Ygritte was still snoring sawing away at logs.
“You know she ignores you my husband.”

Shaking his head in agreement Jon had to agree with his tall wife’s summation of their short wife. She did tend to ignore Jon when she did not want to hear what he had to say. Jon looked around at the forces of Westeros near him. Most who were not actively engaged fighting the forces of the Ice King had turned to look at him. Their faces showed mild shock and their attention was clearly focused on him.

Jon shrugged. He may not hear it but obviously others did. He was not boisterous by nature but it would be good and dare he say it fun to throw shade at his nemesis. The man was supposedly a Stark in his first life. He had and was bringing infinite shame to the Stark name. He had to be put down.

Jon squared his shoulders and went with it saying the first thing that came to his mind. He knew he would stumble over any prepared remarks. He would just say whatever came to him. He was kind of curious to see what he would come up with. When he talked smack to his wives when abusing them like they craved he just talked shit so he would do so now.

“I stand here on this platform and call you out to fight me you worthless prig. You are a spineless craven piece of shit. It was I with this sword” Jon made a show of reaching back behind him and pulling Lightbringer out of its scabbard with a dramatic jerk of his hand. The sword pulled out of its scabbard was swirled around over Jon’s head. The blade bleeding off long tongues of flame that glowed bright red, yellow with hints of blue and white mixed into the flames. Jon made a show of swirling the blade back and forth. The Lord Commander made mighty down chops with his sword. “Soon this sword will again cleave your head in two. It will gut you like a slaughtered pig!”

Jon had no idea how Azor Ahai had killed the Ice King eight thousand years ago. It had to be something like he had just said. Whoa! Jon had nearly toppled off the stage making his last mighty down swipe of his sword. He looked around hoping no one noticed how clumsy he was. All who were not fighting were giving Jon their rapt attention. He saw no ridicule on their faces so all was well he thought.

“I so clearly remember seeing the shock and agony in your pale eyes as I gutted you like a fish! As I sent your head flying!” Jon was lying through his teeth. He had no clear memories of any past battle. He would awake from dreams with vague afterimages of him fighting and killing the Ice King. In the dreams though, it was not he Jon Snow that killed the Ice Wright King. It was a man with long black hair and an angular face. It was Azor Ahai. All he could vaguely remembering after awakening from those dreams was that he killed the Ice King. He merely had no specific memories other than chaotic combat.

“Come to me sniveling coward. Come before me again. History has already been written my foe. I killed you in the past and I will do so again. Once history was and is written it will be as it must be. I killed you before and I will kill you again. I will enjoy seeing the light leave your eyes again my small foe. I have no fear of you pig!”

Bullshit Jon thought. He again had no memory of anything beyond that he won. They were just dreams. He knew he would win. He was not alone. Still he was afraid of the coming confrontation. That was normal. His father had told him he always felt fear in combat. His father had told him to use that fear to focus oneself. Let the fear hone your skills and instinct.

“I will await you here my old foe. Can you scrape up the courage from the depths of your dissipated soul to stop your knees from knocking together? You have spent the entire day sending in others to do your fighting.” Jon was walking around the platform making hacks, thrusts and parries with Lightbringer. The sword leaving afterimages behind Jon. “You do not have the courage to fight you
own battles. Your Ice Wright sons need to ask why. Are you what you proclaim yourself to be? You are a Coward! Come to me my long dead ancestor. Come to me to die again!”

Jon had run out of things to say. He ended with a flourish of sword swipes and hacks for a grand ending flourish. He sheathed his sword with a grand motion. Anymore and he would be repeating himself. It would dilute what he had already said. Hopefully, it would be enough. This fight when you stripped away everything else about this fight it was personal. He was the modern avatar that had fought the Ice King eight thousand years ago.

They would fight to the death. Jon felt it.

He was curious though. He turned to look at Ygritte in her furs. She was still snoring away. She snored extra loud. She jerked her head and brushed her nose and mouth with her hand. She wiggled around and turned onto her side. She settled back down. She resumed snoring loudly. Jon’s speech had been totally missed by the little spitfire. He shook his head.

Then a thought came to him. He could use this the next time he fucked over Ygritte. She was after him to use any slight she and Melisandre did against him. To use those slights as reasons to fuck them over. He smiled filing this incident thought away for future lascivious use.

**Ice King:** Frustration ran through the icy veins of the Ice King. His elegant initial assault had fallen for naught. He looked around at his adopted sons. None of them looked at him with doubt or concern. It gnawed at his dead icy bones that his initial failure to be able to use the Horn of Winter had thrown off the brilliance of his initial strike. He was to hit his enemies with a three fisted strike. A blow by the traitors from the rear while his strike force reigned confusion and death in their midst. The Wall coming down at the same time would have filled his enemy with fear and doubt. It had been so brilliant. It had been for naught.

Again the Ice King looked around at his spawn that he had produced over the last ten years. He looked for any doubt or calculation. He perceived none. His rule and judgements had not as yet been questioned. The Ice King knew that it had been his difficulty in mastering the Horn of Winter that had thrown off the timing of his initial assault.

It had never occurred to him that it would take more to bring the Wall down than simply blowing into the Horn of Winter. Nothing in the legends of the Horn of Winter had led him or his true son to suspect that it would be difficult to use. The Croyel had only warned him of the ramifications of the use of the Horn of Winter. That the horn would unbind more than merely the Wall. The Croyel had not foreseen how hard the use of the Horn of Winter would be either.

The nature of the Horn of Winter and how it was to be used had precluded it being tested. Its use was a onetime thing. That lack of a test had cost the Ice King dearly.

It was not till he tried to use the Horn of Winter and failed continuously that the Croyel was able to discern what the difficulty was in using the horn. In fact, if it had not been for his true son, he would still be blowing the Horn even now. It had been with his son’s guidance and helping his father to focus that had led eventually to the Ice King being successful in the horn’s use. Yes, it was his son that had enable the Ice King to succeed in bringing down the Wall.

The Ice King had secretly watched his son’s actions and monitored his emotions. The two could not read each other’s minds. They could project their thoughts to each other but no more. As they remain bonded though they had developed an empathetic understanding of each other’s basic moods and emotions. The Ice King could feel no sense of betrayal from the Croyel. The Croyel had indeed tied his life to the Ice King. The Croyel was relying on his father for victory and life. His Croyel when he needed him had been there for the Ice King.
The two were bound to each other even tighter now. His son was nervous but that was all. The Ice King was nervous but he dare not show it to anyone but himself. The Croyel may sense his father’s gnawing fear rising in his belly but the Croyel knew its fate was tied to him. None of his adopted sons had the power that the Croyel needed. The Croyel needed potent powerful magic when a Croyel bounded with its host.

The Ice King was safe from that quarter. The Croyel had no other to bind to. One of his Ice Wright sons may come to desire such a union but the Croyel would find it lacking. The Ice Wright insufficient to the Croyel’s need. He was still safe with his son and his subordinates. He needed to make sure it remained that way. He needed victory.

The only problem was that in his heart he was starting to worry. There was two forces that had arisen and were now working to throw all his careful plans asunder. The first and foremost was the seemingly unlimited supply of Dragon Glass. He was still stupefied that the forces of Jon Snow and the risen again Dragon Queen had so much Dragon Glass.

Not even his creators had had much of the hateful obsidian. Yet his foes of this time, eight thousand years later, seemed to have an unlimited supply. After a full day of fighting, the enemy were still firing off obsidian arrows without letup. The flights of arrows were like angry hornets the buzzing arrows made cutting through the air. The swarms of arrows never ceasing. The catapults and trebuchets were adding to the destruction of his forces that they could reach. The damn siege engines hurling fire and obsidian at his forces. The fire they hurled setting his Walking Dead alight when they reached them.

That was the primary thing throwing his plans awry. As it was eight thousand years ago it was so now. Dragon Glass was total anathema to the Ice King’s magic. He was created by it and his creations were killed by it. It would kill him as well.

The second thing that had totally thrown his plans into disarray was this Lord of Revelstone. The woman from the land of the Croyel in the southern hemisphere. His son had constantly told him of her danger. Of her great power. He had lashed his son repeatedly for those seeming bleating. He had fought mages during the Long Night. Eight thousand years ago he had fought mages. They had been powerful but not overwhelming. They were like the ShadowBenders that was in the enemy’s camp of his enemy now.

The magic of the mages of old had been powerful but did not have the ability to project their magical might. This Lord of Revelstone was something totally different. He had seen and felt the power of this Lord from beyond the Wall. The continuous blasts of what the Croyel called Lord’s Fire had been shocking. He felt his Ice Wrights and Giants dying when each mighty bloom of blue light occurred beyond the Wall that was followed by the mighty echo of the discharge of the Lord’s might.

Once they had passed the broken Wall he had seen her Lord’s Fire first hand. The blue fire was like a battering ram. He had watched the woman ride on a mighty horse that rushed the Lord to several breeches that his Walking Dead had forced on the berm. When the Lord reached the breech she had used her Lord’s Fire to simply obliterate the forces trying to bull rush their way through the lines of the Queen and Crows.

The fire from the Lord’s staff had blasted all before her for at least fifty yards. She was able to shout words in a language he did not understand that added to her power. When she added those words to her staff and the fire it discharged the results had been spectacular. The fire from her staff reaching out to a hundred and fifty yards and sometimes more. There was simply nothing left of the forces that the fire impacted into. It reduced all before it to viscera and fragments.
Those words the Lord spoke made the Croyel wail in his mind. This Lord of Revelstone plugged any breech that was made in the lines of the forces of Westeros. She was simply unstoppable. He needed multiple breeches to overcome this woman’s abilities. She could only be in one place at any moment.

He had attempted to understand this phrase that the Lord spoke. Could he take her staff and say the words himself. His son had screamed in his mind of the ludicrousness of such thoughts. Even saying the first word of power would burn them from the inside into ash. The words this Lord spoke were from the foundation of the world. They were the pure essence of Earthpower.

The Croyel had whimpered and actually cried contemplating these words of ‘Earthpower’. The Ice King decided he would be unable to glean any further information on the subject from his true son at the moment. After victory they could analyze the issues of Earthpower in depth.

The only thing that ameliorated this Lord affect was the fact that she was only one person. She could be overwhelmed.

Those things were bad enough. He would have to simply overwhelm and envelope his enemy. His losses would be grievous but it could not be helped.

Those had been bad enough. Then his one true victory in the battle had turned into ash in his mouth. He had been studying the forces of Westeros when a mighty bass roar sounded right behind him. Then not one hundred yards to his right a mighty gout of flame slammed into his forces. The gout had come from behind them. The sudden onslaught had filled the Ice King with great untrammeled fear.

His Croyel screamed in his mind a long wail of complete fear and shock. The Ice King himself had been shocked speechless. His eyes widened in pure terror and awe. He knew that flame. It was the magical flame of a dragon! The flames lashed into the heart of his force of Ice Wrights and Giants gathered beyond the range limit of the trebuchets.

The father and son shivered uncontrollably. The dragon’s fire was as devastating as the Lord’s Fire. Where the fire touched down onto the ground and over his adopted sons had been sheer devastation. His created sons screamed in agony as they were instantly incinerated. Where the Lord’s Fire instantly obliterated those it touched it took time for those touched by the dragon fire to burn to death. It was not long but it was a hideously long enough. His adopted sons screamed and wailed in agony. Their deaths were not an easy thing to watch. The fire of the dragon seemed to cling and slither all over whatever it touched. Some of Ice Wright sons had tried to beat the flames off to no avail.

The screams of his Ice Wrights and Giants dying was a hideous wail on the winds and down drifting snow. The walking dead set alight shambled around unfeeling before falling down to die. Not so those he had created in his own image. They screamed and ran around flailing their arms and clawing their burning faces as they died.

The Ice King did not feel true remorse at their death. He was connected to them and felt their deaths. Their deaths touched his mind but not his soul. It was the thwarting of his will that drove him truly mad. That and the fear of dragons that motivated the Ice King.

The dragon and the Queen he saw on the dragon’s retreating back were flying back to her forces. The sudden reappearance of the black dragon upset him greatly. The black dragon had roared his defiance as he twice more belched out his mighty magical flames. The flames now licking over the Walking Dead and not his precious adopted sons for the most point. The flames sitting his undead alight by the score. The husks stumbling into their brothers and sisters setting them alight. How the
The Ice King had to calm his son. He was screaming again and again in abject terror. He was a warrior born and quickly calmed himself. He then calmed his true son. He filled his son with his confidence.

What he did not tell his son was that they had just been very lucky.

He had not sensed the Queen flying up on them from behind. She had flown fast and silently and caught him and his true son completely unawares. Their total focus had been on the forces of Westeros before them. The Queen most not have been able to distinguish him from his creations. He thanked the old gods he hated that he did not wear an ornate crown. He looked much like his created sons. Nothing about his stature or attire made him stand out from his creations.

This had saved him. Luck had saved him. One hundred yards to the left. That was all the Queen would have to have adjusted her aim and he would have died. The Croyel would not have had time to setup up his magical wards of protection. He would have died screaming like his adopted sons. He had stood there watching the dragon and Queen fly back to the lines of Westeros.

His mind and body still recovering from the shock of simple luck being his savior.

The dragon had landed and then flew off to the rear of the camp. With his far seeing eyes the Ice King had seen the deep wounds up and down the flanks and belly of the great black dragon. Ice Fang had died. He could not reach out and touch his mind. It dumfounded and enraged the Ice King that the black dragon and his bitch Queen had survived the battle. How could they have survived such a great fall he stormed to himself and not his son?

He had been enraged but he controlled his anger. He continued his assault against the forces arrayed against him. They may have limitless Dragon Glass but they were mortal like he had once been. They had to be tiring as he forced them to constantly fight. His undead were constantly advancing forward. Still in the back of his mind the Ice King kept thinking that the forces of the returned bitch Queen would exhaust their supply of Dragon Glass. It had not happened yet.

He had the Croyel to stop the lapping of his ichor that covered the ground up to the berm. The Walking Dead were now covered over the whole plain. He did not want to try and overwhelm his enemies at the moment. He only wanted them to keep them fighting constantly. He needed to tire them out. He glanced behind him. He saw an endless sea of the undead facing to the South. With their brothers bunched up before them had ceased their compulsion to move forward. They were blocked and shuffled waiting for the opportunity to move forward again. He had plenty more fodder to use against his foes.

He watched while grinding his teeth the archers of Westeros constantly firing their swarms of arrows. The siege engine operators constantly at work. The knight and foot soldiers were kept constantly at the ready for possible use. Adrenaline rush long ago burned off that sapped strength. Yes, all this effort had to be taxing his enemy. They tired. His forces did not. He would use that advantage.

On a promontory of the berm was a dark stain. It was small and had an odd triangular shape to it. He could just detect faint movements within the dark grey stain. They were Waynhim the Croyel had told him. They were powerful magical constructs that had consciousness. He was informed that the Demondim spawn had created them over sixty thousand years ago. That Ur-viles had replenished their numbers. The Croyel told his father they were very powerful but could be killed.

The Croyel had thought both species were instinct but it was obvious that the Waynhim at least lived
on in great numbers.

The Ice King shook his head at this new news. He did not care of the lineage of this stain. Demondim and Ur-viles meant nothing to him.

The Croyel further informed his father that these were creatures of the deep caves underneath the Earth. They did not even have eyes. He may see well at night but the Waynhim and their cousins Ur-viles had perfect knowledge of their surroundings in pitch blackness. They too would be at home fighting in the darkness. They would be most dangerous.

Another thing became clear to the Ice King listening to his son explain the Demondim spawn. They were magical constructs. They were not born of a mother and a father. These denizens of the deep were created. They were immortal in the sense they would not age. Nor would they tire. These Waynhim would be able to fight with full vigor until they were killed off. The Croyel told his father the way to defeat the Waynhim was to break up their fighting wedge. It was the fighting wedge that amplified greatly their power.

The Ice King felt his whole body clench at the news. What in the hell was it with these denizens of the Southern hemisphere. First he had the damned Azor Ahai coming from half way across the world traveling from far Essos to come to Westeros to fight both now and eight thousand years past. Now he had to contend with all these powerful beings from the south of the world. *It was not fair* he raged to himself.

Deep in his soul he considered his options. A strong part of him wanted to disengage with his enemies and retreat to plan for another attack. There was only one problem. His enemies would not let him run away unpursued. They would definitely slaughter all his undead. With obsidian they would quickly kill any new dead he may raise. With obsidian they would hunt him day and night. The black dragon would eventually recover. The Ice King was sure the black dragon’s two brothers lived yet unseen. They would hunt him and his adopted sons relentlessly.

No. He had win here and now. He had cast his lot and must see it through. His resolved stiffened.

For the next hour plus he continued his assault with his walking dead. His most senior son near his front lines had used the four surviving Ice Wrights from the initial strike force. Somehow, them being cloaked by the Croyel’s magic for months had allowed them to develop a new talent. This talent discovered in the desperation of battle.

He watched them advance. They had gotten too confident. They came in range of the scorpions and archers now able to fire at a much flatter trajectory. One of the Ice Wrights with the new ability killed. The attack faltered.

He watched the three survivors hastily move back. They then moved among their brothers and selected five of them. The three survivors then split into two groups of one and two. They used the selected brothers to form quartets. The Wrights with the special ability somehow using the selected Ice Wrights to augment their strength.

The Ice King was happy with the initiative he saw. After he had won this battle he would have to science out this new ability and build upon it. This was a mighty boon to his forces. He would hone the knowledge and increase the efficacy of it and make it mighty defensive shield. He watched the two quartets advance slowly now. They had learned caution.

They were advancing cautiously forward shielding the Walking Dead around them from the storms of Dragon Glass flying their way. They had an Ice Giant in the center of each quartet. The Ice Giant had his sword raised. The four Ice Wrights had their swords aimed up at the Ice Giant’s
sword. Purple lighting shot from their blades to strike the Ice Giant’s blade. From the Ice Giant’s blade spidery purple lightening shot into the sky and branched out like a spider’s web. The purple streaks able to reach out, snag and then destroy most of the obsidian tipped arrows in the sky that arched through the umbrella of purple lightning. Arrows were breaking through the webs they put up but they were much reduced. Walking Dead were falling down dead from arrow strikes but the losses were greatly reduced.

The Ice King watched the purple spidery webs with grim satisfaction. He had ordered a change of tactics during the next assault that should protect his adopted sons but he was satisfied to see more of the Walking Dead under the purple umbrellas were able to advance to the berm of the Queen’s forces relatively intact. The two quartets shepherding a large contingent of the Ice King’s undead forward to attack the berm.

His satisfaction had turned to raging anger. The archers had sent up cloud after cloud of arrows at the advancing forces warded by this eight special sons. They knocked out most of the arrows. This made him smile. That smile had ceased the next moment. The Queen’s forces had fired the occasional scorpion bolt tipped with an obsidian head. Those mostly missed their targets but some found an undead to impale and kill. His quick reacting adopted sons able to dodge those that came at them.

His special sons were improving the use of their magic. They had been able to destroy several scorpion bolts sent their way with thick tendrils of purple lightning thrown in front of them like close sets of bars in a jail door.

Unfortunately, the forces of the bitch Queen changed tactics to compensate for the new tactic they had come up against. They had been firing their scorpions singly at his Icy spawn. Not this time. At least two hundred scorpion bolts came flashing out towards the advancing force in a nighty wave of the thick obsidian tipped missiles. The operators of the scorpions not firing off to save themselves for this mighty salvo. The bolts travelling in a much flatter arc than the arrows. Instead of a few now the air was thick with them.

These flew underneath the spidery web of protection being sent up by his sons. His sons sent up their purple vertical bars to protect themselves. The problem was that there was too many scorpion projectiles in the air at one time. The Ice King now noticed that when projectiles hit the purple web that filament winked out of existence. It destroyed the projectile and itself. More tendrils forming to reestablish the barrier. The problem was that the scorpions were shattering the bars of protection. More were forming but it took precious seconds for them to wink into full existence. In that pause of protection scorpion bolts came screaming through the defensive web to seek targets.

Now another barrage of over a hundred scorpion bolts were unleashed. The damn bastards had to be firing off most of their scorpions in this sector to amass this many projectiles. The operators of the siege weapons had definitely improve their aim through constant combat. Now missiles streaked through the gaps in the protection for the Icy spawn.

One of the recruited Ice Wright was killed with a body shot by one of the massive missiles. The Ice Wright thrown back twenty-five feet. He was not one of the original three still left thankfully. The Ice Giant of the other quartet was standing with three of the large shafts buried in his body the obsidian tips killing the Ice Giant as he fell first two his knees and then now onto his face. Other of the non-magical Ice Wrights were killed with large poles jammed deep into their bodies or shot clean through their bodies. Once penetrated by dragon glass his precious Icy spawn would die. The massive bolts insured quick deaths.

The four quartets had to retreat. With the spidery web of protection removed the clouds of arrows
decimated the advancing forces of his Walking Dead.

The Ice King had forced himself to calm down. He needed to wait till dark. The humans did not see like he and his spawn could in the dark. Their aim would lessen. That was a fact. He stomped back and forth vexed by the tactics of his enemy. They seemed to have a counterstrike for his every move.

Now he looked up at the sky. Soon it would be totally dark. He had worn the defenders down. He would attack in mass and overwhelm them. Yes they had tactics but they were mortal. He would grind them down like wheat kernels beneath the grindstone.

It was then that Jon Snow climbed up on platform and shouted threats and aspersions against him. His voice magically enhanced so that his voice echoed and all could hear him across the battlefield. He felt his blood boil in both anger and freeze in terror. Jon Snow the reborn Azor Ahai flashed his sword Lightbringer above his head and all around.

The sword was the original. He could sense it from this great distance. It was not the blade of Azor Ahai directly but the essence of that blade was in the hands of the Lord Commander. The Crow Commander shouted threats and called him a coward. He challenged him to direct combat. In fact, the fire of Lightbringer seemed even more intense than it had eight millennium ago.

The Ice King and surreptitiously looked at his created sons. He knew what the Crow Commander was trying to do. The Ice Giants did not seemed phased by what they heard. They were from Giant stock after all and not very intelligent. The Walking Dead were dead and not care for anything but the compulsion he had filled them with. It was the Ice Wrights that looked back at him. Not all of them but the eldest were definitely gauging him. He had to respond and act. They were looking at him gauging him for any weakness. He despised that trait and they inherited it as well.

He pulled out his blue ice sword and waved it above his head.

“Hear me my sons. I will answer this challenge and put this dog down. We will wait till it is dark and then we will strike. The night is our friend and we will embrace it. We have tired out our foes and weakened their numbers. We will use what we have learned and overwhelm them. We will kill these dogs and then raise them up to be our new Walking Dead army.”

“We will sweep south. We will raid all the farms, homesteads, towns and cities. There we will find thousands upon thousands of male children to raise up as your new brothers. Our victory is assured. The enemy’s entire army is here. Here we will defeat them. This spot will mark the beginning of our triumph of all of Westeros.”

“Victory is assured! I guarantee it!”

His adopted sons lifted their swords and shouted their support for their father. They had seen the confidence they needed to see. They would support their father with their all. Those that had any doubts felt them dispelled. They longed to kill the warm bloods before them and make them undead and their servants. They would kill all who had murdered so many of their kindred. They would be merciless.

Slowly the sky darkened with the falling of the sun below the horizon. The snow fell heavier. Still the Walking Dead advanced in a steady stream to the forces of the Queen and Lord Commander. The response from the Queen’s forces was mighty with flights of arrows tipped with Dragon Glass. The arrows never ceasing in their massed flights.

The Ice King had spread the word through his lieutenants that the assault was to commence soon.
He spoke to his Croyel son. His son was ready. The Croyel wanted an end to the Lord of Revelstone. Soon the final assault would commence. He would force his way to the leaders of Westeros and cut them down. Without them the will of the forces of Westeros would break. In the darkness his forces would breach the frontline of the enemy and spread out among the enemy and shatter their formations.

Once they were among their foes then their advantage of Dragon Glass tipped weapons would be taken away. The forces of the Queen had been fighting all day. They had to be tired. Their fighting efficiency reduced.

The Ice King would force his victory. He simply had too.

Sansa: Sansa was eating a meal with her lover, Margaery and Missandei in their wagon. The sounds of war continuing outside. There was a large trebuchet not thirty yards away. They did not hear the rope being pulled that released the peg stop but the sound of the mighty arm swirling through its arc told her it had been. The sound of the sling whipping through the air and the sound of the arm hitting its stop resounded through the wagon.

The shouts of men and women barking at each other to do their tasks and reload the siege machine wafted through the air muffled but somehow still distinct. The she heard the loud voice of a Dorne woman shouting “fire” and the sound of angry hornets was vaguely heard. Another flight of arrows was streaking off towards the enemy.

Her father had staggered the archer legions throughout the camp to give depth of fire over the fields before the berm. She heard the shouts of commanders demanding more Dragon Glass arrows. The shouts of runner answering. From all quadrants, the sounds of feet running in all directions down the lanes between camps and formations. The sounds of war had waxed and waned throughout the day. It had waxed near an hour ago with the falling of night.

The three women looked at each other. This was war. They were happy to be here but this waiting and not able to actually strike out at the enemy now was a little nerve wracking. The sounds of scorpions firing in mass filled the wagon. More shouts of the re-loaders cranking back the arms and loading up the next bolts now filled the air. The curses of commanders telling their sappers to hurry faster and the sappers shouting back ‘shut the fuck up!’ Combat forgave many indiscretions it seemed.

Shadowclaw was resting with her head on Missandei’s lap. She kept butting Missandei’s hand when she stopped scratching her cheek. Sansa noted that Lady was not with them. The Direwolf was with her pack mates fighting. Sansa felt a little guilty in not being part of the actual fighting but she was no Arya. Her strength was in planning and strategy. She prayed that Lady would not be harmed. Her Direwolf was the gentlest of souls but her Direwolf sensed the need to fight and was outside fighting.

After Missandei’s goddess lover had saved her, the three women had huddled behind a stack of crates. For the next twenty minutes sheer pandemonium was everywhere it seemed. Ice Wrights and Giant seemed to be everywhere and nowhere. They would see one and then duck their heads. When they peeked again they were not there. Everyone was running to and fro screaming and shouting out.

Sansa was glassy eyed seeing arrows flying in all directions. Scorpions being firing wildly. The roar of dragons and howl of Direwolves echoed in the air. Several times Viserion had gone swooping by low overhead. The sounds of his dragon breathe being spewed horrifying to hear so close. She was very thankful that the flame was not directed at her and the forces of Westeros.
Sansa decided to look out and froze in terror. An Ice Wright had spotted them and was running towards them. They did not know what to do. They were overwhelmed with terror. Sansa remembered wildly thinking just before the Ice Wright was on them that *She Who Must Not Be Named was not going to save them!*

At the last moment, a loud mighty roar that was feminine came in from the left. The Ice Wright pivoted immediately. It braced itself but it did not matter. It was bowled over by a mighty Giant from the Land with her iron shield held before her. Sansa thought it was Stormsurge Mistweave with her strawberry blond hair. The Giant braced herself as the Ice Wright rolled four times and came up in a defensive stance.

The tall Giant from the southern hemisphere threw down her iron shield. She shouted out in her native tongue. The magic of the Elohim let Sansa understand that the Giant was telling the Ice Giant she would make its death quick.

Stormsurge was on the Ice Wright in a flash. Sansa was shocked at how fast the Giant from the Land was. She was impossibly as fast as her father or Oberyn. Sansa had seen the Mountain at Tourney before the ruined castle of Harrenhal when she was ten. Gregor Clegane was only eight feet tall where Stormsurge Mistweave was at least twelve and half feet tall. She was taller and yet much faster. Gregor had been fast for so large a man but he was slow compared to someone like her father.

Not the Giant from the Land. She was on the Ice Wright immediately her sword slashing down from multiple angles. The sound of stone and ice forged metal colliding ringing in the air. The Giant was twice as tall and her sword five times as massive as the Ice Wright’s sword. The Ice Wright tried to move in from the side of the Giant but Stormsurge easily pivoted to meet those movements. The stone glaive of the Giant did not feel the cold of the Ice Wright. The blades colliding with mighty shrieks and sparks flung out in all directions.

The Giant’s sword slammed into the Ice Wright’s blade driving it back and knocking the Ice Wright off balance. Stormsurge’s glaive slammed into the side of the Ice Wright. Its Ice armor blocked the blade but all the ice blocks shattered on that side and along its ribs to its stomach. The Wright screamed in pain. The blade did not cut but the force of the strike had done damage. Stormsurge moved in and her sword slammed down again and again against the Ice Wright’s blade that was held up crossways by the Ice Wright that was driven to its knees.

The next down swing of the Giant’s glaive shattered the Ice Wright’s blade with the glaive. The Giant’s blade speedily traveling down. The massive thick blade cleaved through the ice helm the Ice Wright wore. Its head cut in two to the collarbones. The Giant ripped her blade free and ran on to find her next foe to put down. The now boneless Icy spawn collapsed to the ground. The Ice Wright’s body already steaming its body beginning to dissipate.

Sansa had made a discovery. *She Who Must Not Be Named* would only come to their aid if she must. She had somehow sensed that they would be saved by the Giant and, thus, had not appeared. Sansa again wondered at this goddess’s strange code of ethics.

The three watched the surprise attack slowly being put down. The Ice Wrights and Giants were able to cause many casualities falling on foot soldiers and archers. Their speed, ice armor and ice swords were deadly. Still, the Ice Wrights and Giants were quickly put down.

The storm of iron tipped arrows magically enhanced slowly shattered off the ice armor of the Icy creatures. Then the Dragon Glass arrows started to pierce their bodies killing them fast or slow. The Dragon Glass so toxic to the Icy creations of the Ice King that even a shot to the ankle of one of them would eventually poison them to death. The more dragon glass penetrating their bodies the quicker...
It galled Sansa to see any of the forces of Westeros killed by the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants. One thing she was thankful that they did not rise from death to become the Walking Dead. She asked Margaery and Missandei why this was. The stories of the Crows and Wildlings made it seem that upon death they would quickly rise to serve the Ice King and yet it was not happening now. The three discussed it looking over a stack of crates they were hiding behind.

The consensus was that the Ice Wrights needed to perform some spell or ritual to make the dead rise up. They did not have the time. They fought desperately merely to survive. It was a simple lack of time. It would not have mattered anyways. If the dead had risen up they would have been feathered with Dragon Glass or a fire arrow and immediately taken back down to a second permanent death.

The three had felt relief when the last of the Ice Wrights and Giants had been dispatched. They came out of their hiding spot. They looked around. There was too many dead among the forces of Westeros but it could have been so much worse. Much, much worse. They had gotten lucky. Thank the seven Sansa thought that the birds had arrived to warn them.

They still heard the sounds of combat behind them but it was lessening. The traitors were being put down. By a half hour later the fighting had ceased there too.

The three women gravitated to the medical tents. They wanted to help in some way. They made themselves available to take supplies where they were needed. They put compresses where they were told too. They put cold towels on foreheads to cool fevered brows.

Loadstone Horizonscan and Gibbousspar Ebbtide were brought into the tent. The Giants brought in by their countrymen on makeshift gurneys. Loadstone had classic battle wounds. Gibbousspar had clearly been trampled by warhorses. The two Giants were moaning and talking incoherently. They were given Diamonddraught that soon had both Giants asleep. The medical staff patched the wounds of the Giant sailor. The other Giant they drilled a hole in her skull and removed the bone cap over a bad horse kick.

Blood gushed out from a hematoma. The color of the Giant slowly improved. Her armor was removed and medicinal poultices were put on the cuts where the armor had been driven into her flesh and muscle. The bone cap placed on the open brain but not sown up yet.

A male and female Haruchai came into the tent. One had a severe cut down her thigh. The male had a sword cut to his ribs and his left hand had been mangled with three fingers cut off. Both Haruchai did not make any sounds of protest. Their faces were flat. There was a sheen of sweat on their faces that showed they were suffering but refused to show it.

The doctors and Maesters worked on their wounds. The Haruchai only cocked an eyebrow as their wounds were sewed up. The female Haruchai had an iron slapped on her wound to staunch any infection. She grit her teeth and her eyes squinted but that was the limit of her reaction. The male Haruchai refused any wine as his ribs were bound and a heavy wrap put around his torso. His left hand was treated and the wounds sewed up. His hand soaked in a cream to promote healing and prevent infection. The hand then bound up.

The two Haruchai then refused doctor’s orders and began to prowl around the tent setting up a guard.

Sansa had seen enough of these stoic warriors to know they needed to be of service. That was paramount to these silent heroic people. She had heard them say on the practice fields “Fist and faith, there is only victory or death.” For the Haruchai combat was really that simple.
The rush of wounded was tended too. After that the wounded only came in slowly as the frontlines held up and the wounded were few.

The women then ate a quick meal in Missandei’s wagon. They had then headed back out to observe the battle in the afternoon air. The snowflakes falling heavier in the cold air. It was fascinating to watch the archers firing off their masses of arrows that were dark angry buzzing insects winging towards their enemy. The catapults and trebuchets were working constantly. Their projectiles flung off to hurtle towards the force of the Ice King.

The fiery objects twirling in the air as they arched away. The archers were working in unison. The archers would all line up their bows. They held their fire till to their company commander barked out their order and the bowstrings were released. It was a kind of poetry in motion. Most of the arrows were dragon glass but enough were fire tipped arrows to make pretty displays in the sky as they arched towards their enemy.

The archers were rotated off station after an hour to let another legion of archers to take over the firing off of arrows. The commanders trying their best to keep the archers fresh. Once the importance of dragon glass had become known many foot soldiers had been converted to archers. The need for accuracy limited. Only the need to fire off straight and true. The undead were easy targets.

The women had seen the forces that had been aligned against the traitorous houses of Frey and Bolton move into new locations. The Unsullied were moved off to the left flank and the mercenary companies were moved off to the right flank. The pikemen were being put there to hold off any flanking attack. The archers were being aligned that had been used to strike at the traitors were arranged behind them. The forces of Westeros that had been arrayed against the traitors were brought forward to supplement the forces facing the main assault.

The women had been shocked at the sea of shambling undead always stumbling forward. They were always coming forward. They were being killed relentlessly but they relentlessly came forward all the same. Their numbers seemed unceasing. All three woman were fascinated by the beauty of massed arrows being cut loose and seeing the projectiles fired off by the siege engines. The flaming objects adding more beauty to the displays. It was even more fascinating to see the arrows and projectiles landing among the undead and killing those struck.

For the whole afternoon the fighting almost became routine. Archers firing off their arrows at regular intervals. The firing was lessened or even stopped when the forces before them had been shot down to such a degree to not warrant the firing off of arrows at them. Then the war horns to fire were sounded again and the archers resumed firing off in mass.

The siege engines were constantly firing even if at a reduced rate. The crews manning them rotated in and out like the archers. The forces of Westeros striving to keep those on the frontlines as fresh as possible. Tired worn out warriors would be counterproductive.

Sansa knew that when the main assault occurred all would be called up and working in a mad frenetic pace to fire off their engines and arrows at break neck speed. Sansa and her wife to be and Missandei knew that the Ice King must try and force the issue. Too much effort had been expended by him to not seek total victory this night.

Dusk was occurring when they heard the rousing words of Jon Snow, Sansa’s brother. He had indeed become a great man and leader like her father. His words filled with invective for the Ice King. The man had been vain in life and the words would have to cut him to the marrow.

The women had then retired to Sansa and Margaery’s wagon with Missandei to eat their meal. They
felt that the main battle was to occur soon. The sounds of arrows being fired and siege engines shooting off their projectiles had definitely picked up.

The woman looked around nervously. They were not warriors. One advantage of being a warrior they were discovering was the fact that the warrior remained busy. A warrior performed their duty. It focused their mind and kept their thoughts to the here and now. The three women’s thoughts had the freedom to wander. The three women talked quietly about what they had seen and spoke softly of the coming main assault.

Missandei kept asking Margaery and Sansa to tell her every detail of She Who Mush Not Be Named saving of her life. Missandei getting all dreamy eyed hearing it for the tenth time. Sansa and Margaery smiled at each other. Missandei had it real bad for the goddess. Also, the green haired child god had put a mighty display saving her sought after lover.

“She is so mighty and she is all mine” Missandei spoke dreamily. Then her tone changed “I am damn tired of waiting damnit! I want my woman!” the small black teenager pounded her fist on the table. Missandei was cute when she got pissed Sansa thought. It was funny to see the little cute seemingly innocent barely fifteen year old go from an ingénue to a fucking hellcat hungry for her woman to be. Missandei was definitely a volcano of Sothoryos primed and ready to explode. The beautiful black young woman was filled with fuck hunger for her longed for green haired lover.

They finished their meal and went back outside. There was tension in the air and the wagon while warm and cozy felt oppressive with the threat of major battle lying thick in the air. The three women moved about in the rear of the camp. They knew they would be a hindrance if the battle became chaotic on the frontlines. They would be defenseless and needed to be protected. They, therefore, were lines of men behind the frontlines.

More archers were coming up now. The men and women at rest no more. The archers being beefed up. The runners were busy running to and fro taking arrow quivers to the legions of archers. The young men with large eyes, the quivers slapping their bodies as they ran to deliver yet more Dragon Glass and fire arrows to the archers.

The siege engine operators were crawling all over their engines inspecting and make adjustments for their coming high speed use. Sansa saw that the scorpion operators were primed. They had been used at only a moderate pace so far. The bolts they would fire off tipped with massive obsidian tips were stacked up all around the raised platforms that the machines had been constructed on.

The scorpion platforms and the weapons themselves were of medium size. Their cross arms nearly six feet. The operators using rackets to pull the massive string back. There were loaders standing on each side of the stands to hand up the six foot long bolts. The skilled engineers and loaders able to fire their Ballista at the rate of four bolts per minute. These had been setup by the forces mainly from Dorne. They were experts in the making and use of siege engines.

They were difficult to build and required extreme skill to get the mechanics right and working smoothly. The heavy bolts were for the Ice Wrights and Giants. They would kill the Walking Dead of course but these weapons sought out high value targets.

Sansa looked around. Massive bonfires had been set. Large metal troughs filled with oil were lite as well. The fires burning hotly. The warmth radiating out but more importantly adding light to help the defenders to see what they were doing. She looked out over the front lines. It was dark but she could see small fires from burning Walking Dead and the projectiles fired off by the trebuchets and catapults. The fires slowly burning out with new ones taking light but they were like the stars in the dark inky sky.
Snow was swirling down heavy now. It did not matter. There was plenty light and the constant action of the forces of Westeros kept the snow from building up in their camp. Also, in a small degree the snow reflected light back down upon the camp.

The three women walked towards the rear of the camp. The troops were milling around here. Knights were moving forward. Their job to engage the Walking dead and Ice Wrights and Giants. To try and hold in place while the archers did their work. The plans that had been formed seemed to be working to perfection.

They had heard the reports. Eddard had come to them several hours ago to see how they were holding up. Sansa had spoken for them. She was truthful and told her father they were all scared. He hugged the three women petting them on the back. He pulled back and gave them his squint smile.

“That is good Sansa, Margaery, Missandei. I have only nearly pissed myself thrice today.”

Sansa laughed.

“I’m not joking” Eddard smiled back at them. He reported to them that the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants that had been attacking were not armored. This was helping immensely. It had been theorized that they would not fight in armor. Fortunately, those assumptions had proven correctly. The Icy spawn relied on speed and skill. Also, smithy skills were not prevalent above the Wall. Iron ore not available. The skills to use it did not exist. It seemed this had bled over to the Ice King.

The battles that had occurred between the Icy Spawn and the Wildlings and Crows had shown that the Wrights and Ice Giants relied on speed. They had always been basically immune to the weapons used against them. Thus, they had not felt the need for armor. It had not been needed. The Ice King had never considered that his enemy would find the means to kill his Icy creations with ease if but struck.

Without Dragon Glass the forces of the Ice King would have proven to be unstoppable. It was this false assumption that Sansa’s father and their Queen Daenerys Targaryen had relied on. Jon had proven the efficacy of obsidian with his skirmishes with the Ice King’s forces. Jon had worked hard to make the Ice King think he had consumed his dragon glass. Thankfully, the ruse seemed to have worked. The Ice King did not see the need for armor beyond his already used strike force.

It would lead to his ruin.

“We have the Ice King” Eddard told them. “He is not prepared for us having Dragon Glass. Even if he breaks off and retreats we will have the advantage. He is vain. He has to be to be a great leader.”

Sansa started to argue.

Eddard held up his hand. “He has formed a great army. They might be mindless dead but he created it. It seems the Ice Wrights and Giants follow his lead explicitly. His initial attack was brilliant. If not for the Lord of Revelstone and his strange delay in breaking down the Wall … well, I don’t want to think on it.”

“But that did not happen” Margaery told Sansa’s father.

“You are right. And because of it we will win. Now I just want to achieve it with minimal causalities. That is why I had Jon give his little speech earlier. That had to prick the Ice King’s overweening ego. Also, he cannot show weakness to his subordinates. The Ice Wrights were once human as babies and children. I am banking that they still have human emotions and will not respect
weakness.”

“He must attack to keep their allegiance.”

They talked for a few more minutes before Eddard left.

The women went to observe the dragons of Daenerys. They were all curled up with their snouts tucked underneath their wings. The dragons in a deep somnolent healing sleep.

They all remarked on the multiple wounds that covered Drogon’s body. Rhaegal’s wound on his rear leg was raw looking but it had clotted and looked hale. Their breathing was deep and steady.

Suddenly, the sounds of war horns echoed throughout the night up and down the frontlines of the Queen’s forces. The horns sounded repeatedly. Sansa heard the notes to form up and be on full alert. Then she heard the notes for the firing of arrows and the siege engines.

The three women turned to look towards the fallen Wall. It was too dark to see the arrows being loosed in mass but the fiery projectiles being launched were easy to see though. They were beautiful in their arcs but also deadly. Now flights of fire tipped arrows were joining the cacophony of death.

Loud rumbles sounded behind the three women. They turned to see what was happening. Big smiles appeared on their faces.

Before their eyes the green and white bodies of Rhaegal and Viserion started to slowly unfold. The necks pulled back. The motion exposed their heads. Their eyes whirled. Slowly the dragons shook their bodies out and stretched out their necks. Their heads swiveled around taking in their environs. The two dragons looked over at Drogon who slept on. They shook their bodies again and again their whole bodies flexing. They were strangely silent. Then the dragons turned their bodies to face the south and launched themselves in the air.

Rhaegal was favoring his injured leg but that did not slow him down. The dragons quickly disappeared into the night. They were gaining altitude as they disappeared.

Missandei turned towards her companions “Why were they so silent. They normally bugle when they take flight.”

Margaery smiled “Can you say sneak attack.”

**Daenerys:** The Queen looked out over the darkness before her. She felt it. The main attack was coming. The Ice King was engaged. He needed to fight through to victory or lose. The night was to his advantage. He would attack. He had to achieve victory this night or forever lose the opportunity of that victory. She knew this and she was sure he knew it as well. She was prepared. She thought back to her arrival back with her forces and a smile came over her face.

She had been both pleased and embarrassed by the reaction of Arya upon her return. She had been like a puppy with the way she rained kisses on her face and thrummed in Daenerys embrace. All had embraced her so heartily when she returned.

It had taken her a few minutes to understand their exuberance at her return. She had fought the battle with the Ice Dragon. Her only goal to slay the abomination and then surviving the plummet back to the Earth. She had only focused on that. When she did indeed survive she only thought on that. She had been in a fight to the death.

For her lover, most trusted advisors and the rest of her forces they had witnessed the fight from afar. They had had to watch her supposed death. Her sudden appearance alive had overwhelmed Arya.
Eddard had actually hugged her fiercely.

She remembered that fondly. She had spent the late afternoon conferring with Eddard. They had once more gone over the deployment of their forces. There was not much more that could be done. They were as ready as they could be. They did redeploy the Unsullied and Mercenary Companies from Essos to strengthen their flanks. They did not want to have a surprise on their flanks give them another unpleasant surprise.

Daenerys was sure this would not be the case. The Ice King had to force the issue. The battle for him must be won this night. He would try to pierce their frontlines and then roll their flanks up. He wanted to take out Jon Snow and he was at middle of the frontline. Jon Snow had called him out. The Ice King must answer that challenge.

She had ridden up and down her frontlines as sun settled towards the horizon. She was sure the Ice King would wait till it was completely dark before he attacked. She had time to do a quick ride checking her forces. She heard their loud cheers when she rode by and stopped to talk to local commanders. She saw the light in the men and women’s eyes. They trusted her and relied on her will to lift up their spirits.

Several times she had taken her rune sword out of its sheath and slashed Foe Hammer in the air. The rune sword leaving trailing arcs in the air. She was more than satisfied with what she had seen in her forces. They were confident and ready to continue the fight. The believed in her. That gave a warm lift to the Valyrian’s heart. She felt vindicated in all she had done to put herself in this moment. She would crush the ancient enemy of Westeros.

She wondered what name they would give her for putting down the Ice King. She might not deliver the killing stroke but it was her and Eddard’s Stark will that would make his death happen. She wondered about Wright Wrecker. She snorted at her humor.

She had asked Arya to ride with her but her young lover had wanted to stay at the Waynhim wedge that was waiting patiently for the coming attack. She did not want to risk not being there if the attack started suddenly. Arya felt guilt over not fighting actively while she thought that her lover had died. That touched the Queen’s heart. She was very happy to return to Arya very much alive.

The Queen arrived back at the forward impromptu command post that had formed down the line from the promontory that seemed to be a focal point of the enemies attack. Most of the present High Lords and their heirs apparent were presently there. Jon Snow the Crow commander was there as well. The Wildlings kept to themselves not wanting to be associated to closely to the Queen.

Jon had told her that the Wildlings had no desire force the issue of their refusal to bend the knee to her. They wanted to fight their common enemy. That had steamed the Queen but she controlled her consternation. She had not even required that of them. They had simply assumed she would demand it. She shook that off. She would have to form an alliance with them that both could accept and respect. That would be after the fight.

They all looked out over the berm at the darkness before them. They were joined by Braveheart Tillerkeel the first of the Giant’s Search. Lord Lustra and Brail of the Haruchai was with the Lord. They each spoke with their respective people.

The Giants and Haruchai had powerful eyesight. Daenerys asked them what they saw.

Braveheart looked back and forth. “The enemy is milling around. I see that the Walking Dead are building up beyond range of the trebuchets. They are pressed shoulder to shoulder tightly. Their
numbers are indeed vast. I can see a multitude of Ice Wrights and Giants. They have massed. We expected that of course. Everything points to the attack commencing soon.”

Daenerys looked beside and behind her. Banner, Seregrom and her Bloodriders were there. They had not left her side since her return. She felt safe with their protection. The Haruchai all had now taken up Ice Wright blades. Their native resistance to cold made them immune to the cold of the blades. The Dothraki had been instructed most clearly to not engage the Ice Wrights due to their ice blades ability to shatter steel. They would chop the arms and legs off the Walking Dead.

The forces of Westeros had been drilled for months that if they were opposed by Walking Dead that dismberment was the best tactic if fought with sword, battleax or Warhammer. They could not be killed by steel but if they were chopped to pieces they could much more easily be dealt with till stabbed with Dragon Glass or burned by fire.

“When do you think they will attack Eddard?” Daenerys asked her Warden of the North.

“I do not know” was his answer. He looked out over the battlefield with a steady gaze.

Daenerys pinched her nose. Sometimes Eddard’s flat honesty was aggravating.

“Your best guess then Eddard”

The man turned to her and saw her peeved state. He gave her his disarming squint smile. The torchlight and bonfires behind them made his eyes twinkle.

“I would guess sooner than later. We have proven that we can handle his assaults of just the Walking Dead. Your time in the Haunted Forest tells us that we tapping out his supply of Walking Dead. We have killed many since. His supply is not infinite. Our supply of Dragon Glass exceeds his supply of the undead. Thus, he must attack sooner than later. A commander who hesitates risks losing the battlefield. He knows this.”

The Queen was pleased that his assessment agreed with hers. She had reached out earlier and touched her dragons with her mind. Drogon was still out of it. It would be some time at least before he would be able to roused from his healing sleep she thought. He might not be able to achieve flight in his limited state. She understood that. He had given himself mightily in the defeat of the Ice Dragon. Then surviving the fall from the sky into the Haunted Forest.

Drogon had given his all.

Her other two dragons had responded to her mental touch. They answered her sluggishly but with strength. They had assured her that when the time came they would rise to her call. They both were anxious to strike more blows against their enemies that had dared to attack them. Rhaegal was especially anxious to attack. He hungered for revenge against those who had harmed him.

Daenerys and the other High Lords of Westeros waited with her patiently on the berm. There would be no counterattack while the Ice King lived. He had the right of initiative by his design. He had taken the initiative of the battlefield. Daenerys respected that. The undead were wafting forward. From time to time swarms of arrows were flung out at the plain before them. The catapults and trebuchets firing off randomly to keep the enemy stirred up. The explosion of their projectiles providing brief illumination. Walking Dead when hit would light up and burn brightly for a few minutes shambling around till they fell down to the ground to finish burning.

It was a basic stalemate. That was about to change. All could feel it.

“You ready Stannis, Renly” Oberyn asked the brothers. “If my tally is correct you have about five
hundred more kills to go to match my total” the Red Viper spoke in a smug tone.

Stannis ground his teeth and flipped off Oberyn. He nervously twisted his hand on the pommel of his Valyrian sword Edge of Doom.

Renly rose to the bait “Nightfang has killed more foes than your puny spear Oberyn. You kill count is like your cock size Oberyn. Both great exaggerations.”

Oberyn eyes squinted at the jibe. He was just getting ready to throw a barb when Renly added to his remark.

“Ferna and Ranrika told me the truth ‘little man’.”

Oberyn shut his mouth wondering just what those two Haruchai hussies may have said. The Haruchai said they never lie but they may know how to tell a lie without telling a lie. They had busted his nuts enough to make the Red Viper hold his mouth. They would somehow make his length and girth into a small sausage. Not being sure what they may have said he kept his mouth shut. He would fuck the hell out of them later for this ignobility. Oberyn smiled at his lascivious thoughts.

Daenerys had a smile on her face looking out past the berm. The killed again undead were piled high before the risen up dirt up and down it. It had been observed that the dead bodies were difficult for the Walking Dead to traverse with the constant shifting of dead bodies. It slowed them down which gave the defenders more time to feather them.

They would catch fire soon enough when fire was used to kill the next assault. The Ice Wrights and Giants seemed to be immune to fire or at least fire they could quickly knock off their bodies or bull rush their way through. That could not be said of dragon fire. The magical properties was deadly to the icy spawn. Nothing that the Queen knew of could withstand the fire of her dragons.

She paused. She thought sourly that She Who Must Not Be Named would simply shrug off the flames and thank her dragons for amusing her. What must it be like to have limitless power?

She felt her body tense. She was joined by her companion High Lords in her tense state. They had seen it too in the light of their fires.

The yellow ichor had started to lap again. The last assault had begun.

**Syrio:** Syrio was tired. He had fought hard at the beginning of the fight but since then he had to only fight a few times with the archers doing most of the damage. He was tired but not dull. Being on constant edge would wear any man down. He had to be ready to fight at moment’s notice. He knew this emotion was prevalent across the forces of Westeros. Adrenaline had pumped him up and it would again. Everyone felt that the final assault would commence soon.

He had watched the Queen work up and down the frontlines. He had acknowledge her as she rode by. He too had felt relief and elation when she flown back to them on a battered but equally alive Drogon.

He knew something was up twenty minutes ago. He noticed a change had come over the Waynhim. Before, they had only risen up to fight when necessary. Else, they would sit back down on their haunches. Their equal length arms and legs looked weird to human sensibilities with their limbs pulled tight to their bodies. The Waynhim had their staves resting on their brother’s shoulders. He assumed they were brothers. Hum. He wondered now. He wondered if they were all females like a beehive.
He snorted. He had too much free time on his hands.

That had changed twenty minutes ago. The Waynhim as one rose up to their feet. They were not agitated more so than normal. Now that they were up, they started to bark and snap at each other with seemed like vitriol and rancor. This was normal for them Syrio had come to know.

Their reaction was different now than what he had observed in the past. They did not take their crouched combat stances he had observed them take earlier today or that their Ur-vile cousins had assumed back on the Dothraki Sea six years ago. No. There was no attack about to commence immediately.

Still, a change had come over the Waynhim. They all stood. Their heads with no eyes and large noses turned right and left. They were barking softly to each other now. They had settled down from their bickering. Something was engaging their collective. He soon heard a chant taking form in their ranks. It was soft. They were not arguing incessantly like the Demondim spawn tended to do. The chant was both melodic and oddly off key.

Syrio knew that they were working on something in unison. Their singing together had to be for a reason. All the members of the wedge focused on a task. Syrio simply had no idea what it might be. He felt immense power building in the air. He looked around. Barristan and Marleya Blackmyre felt it too. The air was charged with static. To him it felt like ants were crawling over his exposed flesh. Strong Belwas was busy stuffing more locusts into mouth since a runner had brought him another urn filled with them. The only thing the bald fat eunuch felt was more locusts being constantly stuffed in his mouth.

He noticed after five minutes that the Waynhim had started to subtly move their bodies so that it seemed to be a wave rippling back and forth over the wedge. Their dark grey bodies moving in unison. The rhythm strangely fluid and yet staccato.

A childhood memory of Braavos came to Syrio. He remembered the hot swirling breezes that would blow in on the lagoon of Braavos from off the hot arid lands to the east. The winds confused. The wind would ruffle the flat brackish water of the lagoon first in one direction and then in another direction. The water had seemed alive with how the waves undulated. The younger version of Syrio had watched the rippling waves for hours trying to decipher the arcane patterns for meaning. He never did figure out their riddle.

For the next ten minutes the Waynhim continued with this behavior. The only change that Syrio could perceive was the waves within their wedge were higher with the Waynhim jumping higher. Their chants getting louder subtly. The feeling of power coalescing in the air around the Waynhim. Syrio almost thought he saw the air shimmering above the tight fighting wedge.

Barristan came over to him and they watched the strange dance.

“The battle is coming soon” Barristan told him. Syrio nodded focused on the Waynhim. “I think they are preparing for the battle. It reminds me of when the Ur-viles created their cloud of death. This is different though. I wonder what they have in mind.”

Barristan told his old friend he had no freaking idea. They both could only wait.

Five minutes later their Loremaster suddenly turned around. He looked back at his wedge behind him. Syrio was curious. He had never seen this behavior before. He smirked. It was not like he was an expert on the Demondim spawn. The Loremaster held his iron stave out that glowed purple on its tip. It pulsed brighter with dire magic. The pulse started slow but quickly picked up rhythm.
From within the wedge at least fifteen bone staves were lifted up. The tips glowed green. The Waynhim near there brothers holding up their staves reoriented themselves to face the Waynhim with bone staves lifted up. The reoriented Waynhim placed their own staves on those Waynhim shoulders forming small pyramids.

The bone staves took on a garish greenish hue. The color almost seemed luminescent to Syrio’s eyes.

Syrio looked at Barristan with a questioning look. Barristan’s face showed he had no answer. The behavior of the Waynhim always fantastical seeming.

“I have never seen green associated with either Waynhim or Ur-vile. What in the hell are they getting at” Syrio posited to no one. As he and Barristan watched the tip of the Loremaster’s stave tip turned green also. The Loremaster started to bark stridently jerking his stave up and down. By now all the humans around the fighting wedge were transfixed by what they were seeing.

Both men watched with large eyes. Arya and Marleya stared at what was transpiring before them with large eyes and open mouths. The Demondim spawn were most strange beings. They all gasped.

From the tip of the Loremaster’s stave a green globe appeared. It was only four inches across. The Loremaster jerked his stave back and down. The green globe broke free of the stave that had created it. It bobbed in the air and then wafted back towards the wedge. Immediately, another circular green pulse appeared on the Loremaster’s stave and began to enlarge into a small globe.

Meanwhile the first globe had floated over to a stave tip being held up in the small pyramids within the fighting wedge. It attached itself to it and began to grow upon contact with the stave. The green orb slowly grew in size and seemed to take on an inner luminescence.

Syrio and Barristan watched transfixed while the Loremaster created more of the green globes that then floated back into the wedge and attached to a lifted up stave that glowed green themselves. The globes upon that union began to grow and pulse green. The Loremaster created a green globe for each uplifted stave. This took several more minutes. The Loremaster now finished creating the globes seemed to urge the wedge to chant a new rhythm and the waves undulating through the wedge increased. They also subtly changed rhythm.

The green globes now quickly grew to nearly three feet in diameter. They were glowing bright green now. Everything near the wedge took on an eerie green caste. For a minute the globes remained attached to the uplifted staves glowing brighter. The sight eerie with fifteen globes bobbing. The green globes bobbed like fledglings refusing to leave the nest. Then as one the all the green circles of pulsing light broke free of the stave tips that had nourished them. The lifted staves now lowered.

When they did their luminescence increased greatly. The circles began to rotate first in one direction and then in the opposite direction. The surface of the orbs shimmered and wavered but did lose their cohesiveness. The globes floated up to nearly fifty feet in the air spreading out past the wedge. Five of the globes floated out to nearly a hundred feet in front of the wedge. The rest divided and floated back out to the sides of the Waynhim Wedge.

The glow increased for a minute and then grew steady. Syrio looked out and whistled.

“We I’ll be damned” he softly exclaimed.

Before he had been able to see clearly only a little ways in front of the berm. The shadows of night
quickly swallowed all light and made the world unreadable beyond them. That had change. He could now see clearly too nearly two hundred yards beyond the berm. Everything was green hued but everything was able to be seen easily. The light was defuse and fuzzy but he could see the dead undead and the yellow ichor lapping again. The light was brighter on sides and the rear of the wedge. The falling snowflakes glowed green in their lazy paths down to the ground.

Syrio was again impressed with the Demondim spawn. They were providing light for their human accomplices. They were aiding the humans who would in turn aid them in the coming battle.

War horns began to ring out all over the camp giving their different commands. The lapping yellow ichor had come to mean imminent attack. For a minute he saw nothing but then he saw them. The next wall of undead being carried forward by the motion of the small lapping waves. The Waynhim crouched down with all of them now focused outward again to defend and give their power to their Loremaster.

Barristan went running off to the other side of the wedge to control the human response on that side. Syrio heard Marleya Blackmyre barking orders for her archers to form up and fire at will once she gave the command to fire. She told the runners behind them with wheelbarrows full of quivers to stay between the archers and the wedge. To fall behind would be death in the coming fight. All knew instinctively the Waynhim would not outstrip the humans’ ability to keep up with them.

Syrio started to bounce on the balls of his feet.

Suddenly, he heard the sounds of archers in their formations behind them letting loose with their Dragon Glass tipped arrows. Now other companies fired off with flame tipped arrows. The sounds of the catapults and trebuchets hurling their missiles again filled the air. The sounds of arms hitting stops and the whoosh of fiery projectiles lifted up Syrio’s heart.

The Walking Dead or in this case Stumbling Dead were only twenty yards from the edge the promontory. The Loremaster withheld his wedge’s attack.

“Fire!” Marleya screamed at her archers. The archers standing rigid. They were able to pick out targets in the garish green light instead of firing blindly into the night. The thrum of bowstrings released filled the air around Syrio. He watched in the greenish light arrows impacting into the shambling and off balance undead. The arrows slamming into the first bodies. Syrio saw all manner of undead staggering and then falling down to not move anymore. The archers were reloading with the undead still advancing and with the ichor were now at the very foot of the berm lapping again. More waves of arrows fired at point blank range whistled out. More lines of the undead fell down feathered and killed in their permanent second death. They undead began to clumsily climb the heap of dead. The shifting bodies slowing their advance. More waves of arrows were unleashed at the undead. The obscene caricatures of past life falling down dead once more.

As the undead contended with their dead brothers to climb up to reach their foes, the archers by the fighting wedge fired down into the roiling mass. More of the undead fell down straightaways or stumbled with lower torso or limb hits. The poisoning of obsidian beginning to unbind the magic of the Ice King. Syrio was bouncing hard now with the enemy getting ever close. Arya, Marleya and the most skilled archers making head shots instantly killing the undead.

Still the Waynhim did not counterattack. The six and then seventh flight of arrows were shot off both out into the plain before the berm and down the berm itself. The arrows feathered the killed undead all around. Of course many arrows missed their target but more than not found their targets up close to the berm. Further out it became more problematic. That was the reason for the clouds of arrows being fired off unremittingly.
Syrio saw undead humans of all sizes and both sexes spinning and knocked back with arrow strikes. The head and heart shots instant kills with the strikes to other parts of their bodies knocking the Walking Dead down and pushed to the side. They resumed their forward march but the black lines of obsidian poisoning quickly spread across their bodies. Their march forward more and more labored. The animals that comprised the undead performed the same in their dance macabre.

Syrio was getting antsy. The Waynhim Loremaster still had not attacked. The fallen First Sword’s eyes went large.

“Fuck!” He understood now. He saw coming into range of the strange green light at two hundred yards what had withheld the Waynhim’s acid attacks. He saw groups of two Ice Giants carrying between them the large bodies of undead elk, moose and large mule deer. The bodies pressed together to make a solid barrier before them. The large bodies protecting them from arrow fire. Behind them came ice wrights holding undead human bodies as their shields. The bodies of the already unbound Walking Dead absorbing arrows with rapidity. The arrows expending their magic on bodies that had already fallen into a second death.

Syrio was grim. This was an effective tactic.

Then he noticed that yellow ribbons had appeared high in the sky. They were as straight as drawn by a ruler. The yellow lines at the perfect height to intercept the projectiles being fired off at the forces of the Ice King. They seemed to be a hundred yards across. The ribbons seemed to be knocking out many of the arrows and projectiles being fired at them. These protective barriers did not dissipate as they blocked the arrows and missiles of the forces of Westeros.

Syrio saw that the ribbons were a thousand yards long. There was only six of them thankfully. The ribbons centered on the center of the frontlines. The Ice King was not going to attempt a flanking maneuver. He was going to bull his way through the center of the Queen’s forces by brute strength.

It was going to be might against might.

Suddenly blue lightening exploded into the sky and formed an impressive tree with a wide blue canopy. In the blue light Syrio could see the whole plain. Masses of undead were attacking the flanks of the Queen’s forces but the vast majority of the Ice Wrights and Giants were storming the center of her lines. He saw some Icy spawn on the flanks to give gravitas to those assaults but most were coming right at them. All had gripped the undead as shields to get close in on the forces of Westeros.

This was not good. As they reacted to their foes their foes were reacting to them.

**Eddard**: He felt the coming attack in his bones. He had had enough combat experience to develop a feel for it. The enemy was coming. Everyone was tense with anticipation. The archers had their bows armed behind him. He stared out into the dark. There were fires scattered about across the plains from burning dead and projectiles still burning themselves out.

The reserves were ready to join the combat. The air was about to become even thicker with arrows. He hoped that the sheer volume would overwhelm any defense the forces of the Ice King had devised. He knew that the siege engines had been firing at a sedate rate. They would soon be firing as if the hounds of hell were nipping at their heels.

He strained to see more but his human eyes were limited. He had seen the strange globes created by the Waynhim that floated over the promontory and the forces arrayed beside and behind them. The strange green light illuminated all around the Waynhim wedge out to two hundred yards. He saw the mass of Walking Dead being propelled forward by the again lapping yellow ichor.
He wished that that illumination could be extended. The tree of lightning that the Lord of Revelstone had put up would be fading soon. He took a deep breath. The plain before them was swarming with undead. The center of the advance was filled with Ice Wrights and Giants Eddard saw.

Total chaos was about to ensue.

War horns echoed up and down the line. Archers and the siege engines started to fire in mass. The sound of arrows winging above their heads was heard with their angry buzzing. The projectiles made hissing sounds as the fiery objects took flight. Again and again the archers released their bow strings. Even though sight was limited on the flanks of the promontory all knew the forces of the Ice King was attacking all along the front lines of Westeros. They would want to keep all busy as they pressed in at their desired point of focus. It would be where the main attacks had been before. The promontory.

Eddard was again thankful for the Dragon Glass he and Daenerys had produced in great unending abundance. They had the weapons to fight back.

Suddenly yellow ribbons appeared in the sky. The rectangular yellow ribbons maybe hundred yards wide and a thousand yards long. There was maybe six of them in the sky. Eddard cursed when he saw bright flares where arrows and the siege engine projectiles impacting against the ribbons. Each flare was the destruction of arrows and projectiles. Many got through but they were being greatly reduced.

Eddard saw the Lord of Revelstone swirling her staff above her head. It began to glow a bright blue. When it glowed like a blue sun she adjusted her grip and slammed the heel into the Earth while shouting “Melenkurion abatha”. The words echoing across the land. Blue lightning erupted out the top of the Lustra’s staff. A thick column of blue light shot up to the snow clouds above.

The blue force then branched out on just below the bottom bank of the roiling mass of clouds. From nowhere a mass of bright medium webs formed and expanded. The strings of the webs pulsed and slowly grew brighter. The tracery glowing bright. The spidery web work spread over the length and breadth of the battlefield. The light illuminated the battlefield before them once more. Eddard was sure that this would be last illumination the Lord of Revelstone would be able to produce. Soon her focus would be on attack and defense.

Eddard curse with what he saw before him at his location on the berm. The archers had taken out a swarm of Walking Dead but behind them was a plethora of Ice Giants, many of them in tandem carrying large undead animals before them. The Ice Wrights held undead humans before them. Eddard gnawed his bottom lip. Between the yellow ribbons in the sky and this new tactic of using the undead to shield their bodies the Ice sons of the Ice King were advancing in great numbers.

Then he saw the earlier purple tracery again being projected up into the sky. The purple tendrils adding yet more protection to the advancing forces. He took a breath. The protection was mainly projected up to protect from the mass of arrows arching down on them and shots from the catapults and trebuchets. The protection high in the sky and not down low. At least not all attack vectors were being blocked Eddard thought thankfully.

Fortunately, all this defense against their fire was centered on the promontory. The rest of the forces of Westeros were able to fire at the forces of the Ice King without having their fire diminished by the yellow lines or purple lightning. On the flanks the forces of Westeros were able to slaughter in mass the advance of undead.

And yet, despite this slaughter, the forces kept coming forward. The undead cared less for their horrendous losses.
At the center of the Queen’s lines, the advancing forces got closer to the berm, archers were able to fire at flatter trajectories thus sending their arrows below the shields protecting the advancing forces of the Ice King. The scorpions would be able to fire beneath the protective bars of yellow and purple umbrella erupting up into the sky. Some of the catapults had been setup titled forward to give their shots flat trajectories.

He gnawed his lip. It would have to be enough. He hoped that the protective webs in the sky would dissipate. The yellow bars were obviously from the Croyel. Hopefully, they were taxing to project. The battle had just gotten a lot more dangerous. Archers and siege engines were firing off as fast as possible. Eddard felt elation when he saw projectiles get through the yellow ribbons and slam into the forces of the Ice King. Bodies shattered by heavy stone or set alight by fire missiles. Many of the arrows shot in mass were still getting through and felling Walking Dead. It was just not enough he thought angrily to himself.

The bodies being carried by the Ice Wrights and Giants now looked like pin cushions. The bodies black with obsidian poisoning. He heard the sounds of scorpions firing off their bolts. The sound of metal and stressed wood released from their draw. The scorpions on their platforms firing ten feet over his head arching down.

The massive bolts slammed into the bodies being used as shields. The Giants were staggered by the heavy force hitting their shields. The undead bodies ripped hard by the large shafts hitting their bodies. He saw one bolt ram through the body an Ice Giant team was holding. The Ice Giant squired by the heavy bolt buried halfway through his chest. He staggered and fell to his knees pulling the body of the undead from the grip of the other Ice Giant. The now exposed Ice Giant was almost immediately riddled with Dragon Glass arrows perforating his body from groin to his head.

He fell flat down on his face dead. Arrows were flying thick and fast. The scorpions were being ratcheted back for the next shot. Some of the Ice Wrights had been squired through their undead shields and others had their shields ripped out of their hands. The Ice Wrights moving fast to avoid the arrows shot their way. There was simply too many arrows coming at them at this close range. They were soon feathered for outright kills or poisoned with obsidian darkening their blood from blue to black.

The lead Icy spawn were cut down but their brothers behind them still came on. The ones behind holding up their own shields of undead. The bodies absorbing hits that allowed the Ice Wrights and Giants to still come forward. The tide coming ever closer to the forward lines on the top of the berm. The massive hail of arrows and volleys of scorpion bolts were cutting down the lead elements of the advance but each wave of the Icy spawn came closer to the berm.

They would reach the berm in numbers. Eddard cursed. He steeled himself.

The undead were still shambling forward and now climbing the already unbound walking dead before the berm. Archers were firing fire arrows down at them. Eddard had saved fire arrows for this. It did not matter if they hit or missed. The arrows either striking walking undead or hitting the piled up bodies that had built up in the ditch before the berm. Soon conflagrations were flaming hot consuming the unbound undead and the living Walking Dead trying to climb the heaped up shot down undead.

They burned quick and would only hold them back for ten minutes if that long. They shot more undead dead with Dragon Glass. Eddard watched the undead jerk and weave around in the flames. He was thankful that they did not feel death by fire. The flames cooking them from the outside in. The Walking Dead stumbling down to their knees as they were consumed and then to lie on the ground as fire finished consuming their bodies.
The Ice Giants had reached the start of the heaped up undead before the berm now. They were not affected by the fires. They surged up the burning pile of dead. They continued to hold onto their now burning shields. They crested the berm.

A blizzard of scorpion bolts were released having waited for this moment. The operators not firing their bolts for the last several minutes seeing the tide about to crest. The bolts slammed into the shields still held. Many Ice Giants had thrown down their burning shields to grip their swords to pull out their scabbards. Many looked down at their chests that had sprouted one, two or three scorpion bolts. Some had their heads ripped off by shots to the head. They fell back dead. The initial rush shot dead but more were coming up.

It was time. Eddard pulled out his sword Evening Star. Beside him Stannis, Renly, Loras and Jon Arryn pulled their Valyrian swords. Theirs were weapons that could contend with the advancing foes. They moved forward.

Ice Wrights were now reaching the berm top. The second set of scorpion bolt stands let loose. Many Ice Wright were nearly ripped in half by the Dragon Glass tipped bolts ripping clear through their bodies at this close range. Even the brief touch of the obsidian tipped bolts ripping through their bodies killed and poisoned. Still many bolts missed the darkened and elusive targets. The living Ice Wrights surged forward.

The Archers were moving back as swordsmen moved forward behind shield walls. Still more arrows were fired out by the retreating archers as more archers took up behind the shield wall and began firing.

The ice Wrights ran forward.

A huge bright blue column of Lord’s Fire stormed across the field “Melenkurion abatha, Duroc minas mil. Harad khabaal” echoed across the battlefield. For several heartbeats the world seemed to turn bright royal blue. Lord Lustra ripped her staff back and forth her Lord’s Fire obliterating the rushing Ice Wrights in the area she was defending. For thirty yards across the front of her sector the enemy had simply ceased to exist. All foes obliterated into shards of ice and viscera.

Now undead and the next wave of Ice Wrights and Ice Giants advanced forward. Eddard thought savagely that there was always more waves coming forward to contend with.

Melisandre: The ShadowBender witch saw the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants swarming forward. They were using shields of the undead to protect their bodies till they got up close. Only then did they throw down the undead. The need to grasp and use their weapons. To attack more important than self-defense. They would rush forward to get into the forces of Westeros. The Wrights were fast and the Ice Giants were strong and still fairly fast. They were causing casualties.

Once in close the archers were no longer able to fire at will and in mass. They had to slow their rate of fire and pick out targets of opportunity. The archers further back had the freedom to continue firing in mass at the advancing tide of the enemy that were further back from the berm. The siege engines firing as fast as their operators could work the apparatuses.

The archers who had been at the top of the berm were falling back and pikemen with heavy shields in their left hands were interlocking their shields. There was heavy horse and knight ready to charge forward. They could not kill the Ice Wrights but the heavy weight would throw them down and disorganize them.

It was time to act. She looked at Ygritte. She had awaken ten minutes ago and was ready now. Her eyes fully alert. Jon had already rushed forward. His sword flaming as he ran. They nodded at each
other. They looked forward. They felt both felt fear for and pride in their husband. They could see Lightbringer as he crashed it against the blade of an Ice Giant. The fiery blade seemed to repel the blades of the Icy spawn of the Ice King. He met the blade again and again of the Ice Giant. Jon ducked underneath the next down stroke of the Ice Giant.

Jon rammed his blade into the groin of the Ice Giant and ripped it up and then back out. He had split the belly of the Ice Giant wide open. Guts and blue blood sprayed everywhere. Jon was soaked in the bluish gore. He juked to the side as the massive titan crashed to the ground. Its body flipped with its screams of death loud in the air. Its body already beginning to steam.

Screams were everywhere now. Men screaming in agony and fear. A large company of warhorses and knights collided violently into ten or so Ice Wrights that had slipped the pikemen somehow. Their ice swords cut into horse heads and sliced into their bodies. The armor of the horses only partially successful in repelling the blades of the Ice Wrights.

The slashing swords of the Ice Wrights hit the disorganized knights. The knights slashed back. Their blades blocked in part but other blades found their mark. The blades somehow did not cut the Ice Wrights but it did knock them off balance. Melisandre saw how normal forged steel had no true effect on the Icy spawn of the Ice King. The weight and height of the knights gave them an advantage of angles and momentum. Still the immunity of the Ice Wrights to metal blades would soon change that.

“Let’s go kill those fucking bastards!” Ygritte shrieked in her high pitched voice. “I am in a kick ass mood”. With a smile on her face, Melisandre nodded her head in her quiet way. The two women advanced forward. They lifted their hands as they advanced. The fingers out in a clawed position. Both women were at full strength with Ygritte fully recovered. Their fingers began to glow black and thick shadows flowed down their fingers to form daggers with razor sharp pointed tips jutting out their fingertips. The blades rippling and shifting on their edges of their fingers.

The Direwolves of the Starks came forward growling. The mighty beasts sensed the witches would lead them to the prey they sought. The wolves snarling with fur bristled.

They came up to the knights desperately hacking down on the Ice Wrights. The Ice Wrights haven arisen from being trampled unharmed. Their icy blades hacking on iron blades and armor. The metal becoming brittle and shattering. The now helpless knights then cut down.

With a scream both women snapped their wrists. The motion flinging off twenty shadow daggers. The magical constructs seeking out their prey with unerring magical fury. The closest Ice Wright had just beheaded a knight and turned to hack his blade deep into the haunches of a warhorse. The Ice Wright never saw the three shadow daggers easily penetrate his body. His body instantly poisoned and killed dropping straight down in a heap.

His body already steaming and bubbling on the ground as it started to dissolve. Three other Ice Wrights had toppled over with multiple shadow dagger strikes. The ShadowBender magic unraveling the magic that had created them. One the equal or greater of the other. The witches’ magic stronger than the magic of the Ice King.

The witches were at full strength. Another set of twenty shadow daggers were formed in only ten seconds. More knights had died and the women screamed as they flicked their wrists. The black daggers shot out like scorpion bolts. The magical daggers could not miss. One Ice Wright took two ice daggers. One in each eye. His eyes gushed out blue-black blood then his head melted down to his shoulders his body toppling over.

Their other daggers took out four more Ice Wrights. The other four had realized they were in mortal
danger. They rushed the ShadowBender witches in a quick rush that was inhuman fast. Their ice blue eyes alight with fury. The women were still forming their shadow daggers. They did not have the time to form the next set of their weapons.

From the half-light a spear came flashing through the air. The spear easily penetrated the body of the closest Ice Wright from the left side. The Valyrian steel tip a foot in front of the Ice Wright torso. It looked down with its pale blue eyes. It started to scream with blood gushing out its mouth in cold spews. Archers had reformed and a blizzard of Dragon Glass arrows feathered its body. It was instantly killed with four arrows in its head and at least seven in its body.

The Direwolves moved in. They were cautious snapping at the Ice Wrights and juking to the sides and leaping back to avoid their swiping swords. The Direwolves making the Ice Wrights pay attention to them and not their surroundings.

The archers furious at the loss of the knights protecting them. They fired off their bows with a vengeance. The other three Ice Wrights bodies spun and jerked to the sides and back with the impact of multiple dragon glass tipped arrows and a few hurled javelins ripping into their bodies. The bodies of the Icy spawn looked like a sapling with many young shoots jutting out its body. But these limbs did not give life but put death into the Ice Wrights. They were cut down.

Oberyn came running up and ripped his spear out the dead Ice Wright.

“Now that is what I like! Plenty of enemies to kill! Let’s go get some more!” he shouted with a happy shout.

They all turned to the frontlines. The Ice Giants and Wrights behind them were assaulting the heavy shield wall. The pikes and shields quickly being reduced to cleaved metal and broken shields.

The shield wall was doing its work though. Scorpion bolts were fired in rapid staccato rhythms. The operators firing as fast they could load and re-cock their weapons. Another small volley was let loose. Two Ice Giants were flung off their feet with multiple bolts buried in their bodies with some of the heads of Dragon Glass a foot or two out their back. No matter the mere touch of obsidian deadly but that took time. The Ice Giants naturally attracted the aim of the scorpion operators. They made for such easy targets to spot and shoot.

Another wave of Ice Giants came up the berm. They had their swords out and surged forward. The massive brutes were actually able to cut down the first wave of scorpion bolts with their ice forged swords and quick reflexes.

Ygritte yelled “Hu'DI' loD puqwI' woDDI' DaH! jagh Qaw'! DeH loQ chaH 'ej Da'oghlaHneSchugh chuH tovadoq!”

The Shadow Monster she had birthed this very morning with an instant motion unfolded his body and stood upright to his now twenty-five foot height. His head turned towards the frontlines. His black eyes instantly took in the situation. His limbs strong and hale. The strange ripples and undulations along its limbs and bodies made the shadow creation seem to waver like a mirage.

With a hideous scream of primal rage and hate the Shadow Monster folded down on its unnaturally angled legs and jumped up high in the air. The leap easily took it over the heads of the defenders and even the heads of the Ice Giants. It came down between two Ice Giants. The Ice Giants barely had time to register the presence of the ebony shadow now between them as they fought. The pitch black monstrosity had come down with its two arms cocked to the side of its body. Its long claws extended and angled down.
The Ice Giants were engaged hacking men down with their blades. They never truly saw the monster now ready to strike them down. The claws of the Shadow Monster sliced through their bodies. The three foot long sabers easily cut through the hard icy bodies. The Ice Giants were simply dead in a heartbeat. Their ruined bodies feel apart into sections from the full down cuts of the Shadow Monster that sliced through their bodies in diagonal cuts.

The dark as midnight monstrosity whirled around. Its hands slashing out taking out the next Ice Giant chopping it to ribbons with both hands slashing through it. The other Ice Giants stopped attacking the shield wall and the disarmed humans. They moved in on the Shadow Monster. They realized the danger they were in. The Ice Wrights joining in the attack.

The Ice Giants quickly ringed around the monstrosity that had fallen into their midst. The Ice Wrights moved in from all sides to fight the monster attacking them. All the Icy spawn now on full alert and holding their swords ready for attack and defense. They all feinted and jabbed in with their weapons from all sides. The blades penetrating the Shadow Monster’s body. The blades stabbing in and out and slashing through its body with seeming little or no effect.

The two witches had now formed their shadow daggers and cut loose. The magical daggers flung seeking bodies to bury themselves in. An Ice Giant took five and toppled over already dead. Another took five as well and fell down its body convulsing with gouts of blue black blood coming from its mouth. Three of the Ice Wrights taken down with shadow daggers burying fully into their bodies killing them almost instantly.

The Direwolves still snapping at the Ice Wrights and darting in to bit savagely the lower legs and feet of the Ice Giants. Their long fangs sinking in deep to rend frozen flesh. The massively strong jaws able to rend muscle and in a few cases to cut tendons crippling the leg of an Ice Giant. The Direwolves quick to retreat when necessary to get out range of the icy spawn’s weapons.

Archers were firing into the now distracted Icy spawn. Their arrows impacting up and down bodies of Ice Wrights and Ice Giants. More were cresting the berm but scorpion bolts and dragon glass arrows were already lashing out at them. Some of the Icy spawn falling down dead with head and heart. Others sent spinning with shots to body and limbs.

The Shadow monster’s face twisted and snarled from the blades cutting through its shadowy body. From its black rippling throat grimaces and then shouts of pain were heard. The Icy spawn encouraged by these sounds pressed their attack. Though their weapons seemed to cause no true damage each time their weapons ripped through large Shadow Monster they pulled a little of its essence away. Ripples of shadows ripped from its body. Each rip pulled a little more of its essence away from itself.

The creation of the ShadowBender witches was not accepting damage without a deadly retort. The Shadow Monster’s body tilted down and its mouth filled with black dagger teeth chomped down on the head of the nearest Ice Giant. The shadowy entity’s mouth closed its teeth easily piercing the head of the Giant. The Shadow Monster ripped its head back ripping the head of the Ice Giant off its body. Blue blood gushed out like a geyser from the neck stump. The black head spit out the severed head. Melisandre watched Eddard watch it tumble through the air. The Shadow Monster attacked the Ice Wrights around it chopping into its body. The blades passing easily through its shadowy body but its screams spoke of the pain they caused.

Melisandre looked around the battlefield. She saw Eddard attacking with his mighty sword. She saw Eddard stare at the Shadow monster as it fought. He was obviously fascinated watching the blades of the Icy creations of the Ice King pass through the Shadow Monster or she Shadow Monster pierced and the sword pulled back. The sword thrust caused small eddies of shadows to be pulled
from the ShadowBender’s creation. The screams of the Shadow Monster made it clear to all that the creation of the witches could be hurt and harmed. The attacks on it were slowly dissipating its body.

Eddard chopped down an Ice Wright that had started to charge the ShadowBender witches. Melisandre and Ygritte who had backed up from the battle between their creation and the Icy spawn of the Ice King. They had formed up their shadow daggers and again flicked their wrists. Six Ice Wrights fell down dead with multiple shadow daggers penetrating their bodies.

Oberyn ran forward with a tight grip his spear. Even though the Shadow Monster was not alive it was an ally. He rushed to its defense. He placed his second hand higher up on his spear as he neared his target. His spear rammed deep into the body of the Ice Giant before him. His spear ramming through its back. The Valyrian steel buried in its icy lung. Oberyn ripped it out as blue blood sprayed out the Ice Giant’s mouth. The witches flung more of their shadow daggers that slammed into Ice Wrights felling those it hit. The daggers adjusting their flight in air to ensure their embedding into their targets.

The scorpions fired off another volley of heavy bolts. Many missed their targets sailing off into the night to hopefully spear another body of the always advancing undead. Still four of the Ice Giants were gored with multiple hits that staggered them down to their knees. At least five Ice Wrights were dying flipping on the ground spitted by scorpion bolts tipped with obsidian.

The archers had reformed again and a blizzard of arrows were now slamming into the icy creations. The problem was that the next waves of the Ice Wrights and Giants were themselves surging forward and now almost upon the forces of Westeros. Only throwing down their impromptu shields when they were ready to pull their swords to fight.

While all this was happening the Walking Dead were pouring up and flowing forward into the front lines. The undead relentlessly attacking all they reached. Men chopping off limbs to reduce their effectiveness. One had to keep stepping back as even severed hands tried to grip bodies to crawl up and strangle or sink fingers into bellies or backs.

The Direwolves moved into the undead. Their massive jaws crippling legs and mauling arms to useless hanging appendages. The wolves slowly retreating as they dispensed mayhem. The Undead despite the harm done to their brethren kept on steadily advancing regardless of losses.

Archers assigned to fire at the undead when they made the berm were firing relentless waves of arrows into the undead. The ones at the front of the press falling down dead. The problem Melisandre saw that there seemed to be ten to replace each one feathered.

Arya: Arya felt the arrow fletching brush off her first two fingers and thumb as she let her next arrow loose. She reached back but her quiver was empty. She cursed throwing it down on the ground and ran to her right to get behind the Waynhim wedge. That was where the arrow attendants were that were carrying the full quivers. Thank the gods they had at least twenty wheelbarrows filled to over flowing with quivers. The stacks in the wheelbarrows were not so high now. Arya had already fired off three full quivers.

She had watched with horror the new tactic of the Ice Giants and Ice Wrights. They were using the undead as shields to protect them from direct arrow fire. The large dead animals of the Ice Giants and humans or farm sized animals of the Ice Wrights were feathered with multiple arrows. Those bodies turning black with obsidian poison. Some so poisoned they the bodies began to fall apart. This was allowing the Icy spawn to advance up to the berm relatively unscathed.

The illumination the Lord of Revelstone had provided had faded away now. She would not be able to regenerate it. She was actively engaged fighting the advancing tide of the undead army before
where she was stationed currently.

The Loremaster barked wildly his stave extended. Arya watched as she shot off arrows her skill so
great as her arrows pocked the bodies used as shields adding to the poison filling the undead bodies.
She had heard the stories from Dany of the Ur-viles on the Dothraki Sea when she attacked the
Khalasar of her enemy Khal Jhaqo.

In Dany’s story the Loremaster whipped his stave to fling a long ribbon of acid out to cover as much
ground as possible. Not this time. The black acid shot straight with great velocity. It splashed onto
the body of the shield animals directly in front of it. The acid hit the already rotting body and
dissolved it immediately. The two Ice Giants behind it were next immediately splashed heavily with
black acid ichor of the Waynholm wedge.

The Ice Giants only had time to look down shocked as their bodies were shockingly fast eaten away
by the acid. The next moment the bodies collapsed their torsos no more. The Loremaster turned the
last of his acid liquid stream at the next pair of giants and the elk they were carrying as a shield.
Only enough acid was left in this gout to eat away the elk.

This was all Arya and her archer mates needed. It seemed as if all the archers fired at once on her
side of the Waynholm fighting wedge at those two Ice Giants. They fell down dead with each having
at least fifteen arrows sunk deep up and down their bodies. The Loremaster was barking wildly his
stave tip again burning deep red. The Ice Wrights had spread out to come at the archers. Syrio and
Belwas were on her side of the wedge. They ran forward crouched low to hopefully avoid being
feathered. The heavy arrow fire forcing the Ice Wrights to hold onto their shields as they came up
the berm.

Fire arrows were fired down into the heaped up dead setting them on fire. The Ice Wrights came on
through the fire rushing quickly. Now fire arrows began to impact the undead being used as shields
of some of the Ice Wrights. The bodies lighting up immediately. The Icy spawn holding onto the
burning bodies as if they were precious.

The heavy arrow fire kept the Ice Wrights gripping their undead shields tight to them. The Ice
Wrights hurrying to get in close to the berm and then up it.

Syrio rushed forward and went low and slashed his Valyrian rapier across the knees of the two Ice
Wrights that were before him. His cut below the undead shields they were carrying. His blade
severed tendons and ligaments. Their bodies crashing to the ground. The Ice Wrights screaming
feeling the Valyrian steel cut already unbinding their magic if albeit slowly. Syrio was able to stab
one in the eye killing it as it trashed before he had to pull back.

Strong Belwas chopped the head off one undead shield and his next swipe cut off the surprised head
of the Ice Wright. The bald eunuch was able to pirouette his immense bulk and side cut an Ice
Wright across its ribs. Icy blood poured out and bones were exposed. Blue blood started to pour out
its mouth.

The other Ice Wrights were close now and threw down their shield reaching for scabbards to pull out
swords. The Ice Giants threw their undead animal shields into the middle of the wedge. The
animals chopped apart for the most part but large pieces of the animals hit the Waynholm disrupting
the harmony of the wedge as they fought to throw the dead animals off. The Ice Giants were falling
on the Waynholm wedge as did many Ice Wrights but many others were charging the archers.
Arrows were flying out in blizzards.

Arya saw more Ice Wrights running their way. They were going to be overwhelmed Arya thought
as she fired off arrows fast and furious. She saw Ice Wrights stagger taking dragon glass arrows.
They were fast but there was too many to dodge or even keep count of.

The Waynhim wedge was under extreme assault. The tall Ice Giants towered over the somewhat diminutive Waynhim. Their massive blades raining down on the Waynhim at the edges of the wedge. Their height allowed their blades to chop down on the small Demondim spawn from severe angles. Ice Wrights had converged and were stabbing and slashing with their own ice blades. Blades and staves blocked each other and sought to find openings to deliver injury and death. The Waynhim impossibly fast and strong blocking blows.

The Waynhim barked with strident barks. Their staves on the edge of the fighting wedge slashed hotly up and down. When they touched the body of an Ice Wright the hot iron or bone cut through the body of the Icy spawn like butter. The heat of the Waynhim was deadly to the Ice Spawn. The Waynhim were taking casualties. The small creatures were chopped apart and heads cleaved by the attacking Wrights and Giants. The small grey creatures were giving out much more death than they were receiving. When one fell on its brothers from within the wedge stepped up to the edge of the triangle and seamlessly took up the defense of the fighting wedge.

The archers were not able to fully support their Waynhim partners as they were being swarmed by both Ice Wrights and the Walking Dead. Arya was looking around and taking shots when she had opportunities. The floating green orbs still shinning bright with the Waynhim magic. The eerie light made everything seem diffuse and like mist. The light though allowed the archers to easily find targets to feather. It was also helping the scorpion operators find their targets to take shots at. She shot at an Ice Wright but its juking body had her arrow missing.

Scorpion bolts came whirring in to squire Ice Giants and Ice Wrights. Their bodies thrown back or folding over like rag dolls from the massive poles ripping into their bodies. The operators cursing as they cranked back the arm of the scorpion apparatus and others manhandled the next bolt into its firing slot.

The Ice Giants were able to slay Waynhim with their large blades. The massive blades cleaving bodies when they worked past the crossed the staves of the grey bodied Demondim spawn. The Loremaster was kept busy fending off attacks by Ice Giants. Other Waynhim were slain by rapier like thrusts of their swords or lightning fast swipes of the swords.

The Waynhim were giving it back. The Waynhim on the edge stabbing out with their staves faster than the eye could follow. The Ice Wrights were able to block many blows but not all. When an iron stave stabbed an Ice Wright almost immediately block gore gushed out their orifices their bodies steaming while convulsions started to rip through their bodies.

Where bone staves stabbed the Ice Wrights bone seemed to suddenly explode out the pours of the Ice Wright. The Wrights dropping their blade screaming in agony as they burned from the inside out.

The Loremaster had locked blades with one of the Ice Giant with his stave aimed up. Acid gushed up the blade of the blade of the Ice Giant. The acid splashed up into the Ice Giant’s face. It was instantly eaten away the body falling back dead already steaming. The Loremaster swirled and gushed acid onto the other Ice Giant attacking it. It died screaming as it was eaten to slag.

An Ice Wright was about to stab its blade through the Loremaster’s side. A yellow tailed arrow from Marleya Blackmyre pierced its temple instantly killing the Ice Wright. Then an Ice Giant that had come forward to slam its ice blade into the Loremaster splitting it nearly in two.

Arya watched stunned. She was afraid the wedge would fall apart without its Loremaster killed but one of the Waynhim stepped up taking the stave of the fallen Loremaster and became the tip of the wedge. It was having to spend all its efforts to defend itself from the Ice Giants blade strikes. This
prevented the Waynhim from using their acid.

Arya saw the swarm undead was almost fully upon them. Without warning a mighty gout of flame came down from the sky. The flame clearly from a dragon. The flame slammed into the ground fifteen yards wide and continued on for nearly fifty yards. The dragon silent. Arya had looked up to see just a hint of green and a trailing tail. Then it was gone. A split second later she saw another mighty gout of flame from the sky. She could just make out a white body that disappeared into the night when the flames ceased.

Elation shot through Arya. The dragons were back in the fight! The flames had set all the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants they touched afire. They were burning brightly screaming and fell to the ground to flip and jackknife as they died. The undead caught in the mighty gouts simply burned with their bodies twisting and jerking. They made no sound dying. The assaulting forces had been thinned. The pressure immediately lessened.

The reprieve from the assault gave the wedge and archers the space they needed to focus on their current attackers. The Waynhim now able to attack. The Ice Wrights had pressed into the archers on the other side of the wedge. Barristan was chopping them down right and left his body a blur. The archers on that side firing fast and furious. A fusillade of scorpion bolts tipped with Dragon Glass flashed into the Ice Wrights and Giants from that side. Four Ice Giants and at least eight Ice Wrights had been squired by the massive bolts. The aim of the scorpion operators improving. Sheer terror increased ones accuracy.

This gave the archers the advantage now and they could fire in deadly volleys taking out Walking Dead and the Icy spawn of the Ice King.

**Daenerys:** The Queen jumped down off the Scorpion platform back down to the ground. The yellow barriers in the sky had reduced the effectiveness of their fire out into the fields of her enemies. The damn bastards using the Walking Dead as undead shields to protect the Ice Giants and Wrights until they were on them was a damnable revelation.

The Scorpions were firing as fast as they could be rearmed. The massive bolts able to take out the undead shields and sometimes the Wright or Giant behind it. The force of impact sometimes ripping the dead shields out of tight clenching fingers. With the reduction of the killing of the forces of the Ice King at range they had been able to start to envelope their lines at the center of her lines.

She had felt a large thrill of elation when Rhaegal and Viserion rejoined the fight. They were flying silent. The dark sky was now their friend. They would fly high and come screaming down fast and belch out a fifty yard line of flames. The fire destroying all that they touched. Speed elongating the tongue of fire they belched out.

The undead walking around aimless as they burned sometimes setting their undead brethren alight as well. Her dragons instantly winking out of sight once their flames ceased. They could see at night. Not so the humans. Her dragons flying at breakneck speed with wings tight to their bodies as they had done on the Dothraki Sea. Their bodies first here and then in a flash gone having already dispensed death to the undead and Icy spawn.

The death of the Ice Wrights and Giants was a much more violent affair Daenerys observed. These beings did not die quietly or without histrionics. The Icy spawn of the Ice King screamed and screamed as they died. Their bodies flipping and wallowing on the ground while the dragon fire finished roasting the Ice Wrights and Giants down to bubbly slag that quickly started to evaporate away.

Her dragons flying up into the sky to disappear. She had them attack from all different vectors and
do so without their normal roaring. Silence was their weapon this night. She did not want anything hurled up at them. The dragons flashed by at maximum speed with wings folded up against their bodies for speed and safety. The constant changing of attack vectors kept any of the Icy spawn from knowing the next angle of attack. The dragons burned all before them in a flash before they soared back up to the sky to disappear to prepare for another pass.

They were to a degree making up for the barriers blocking their fire out at their enemies. Her dragons making sure to fly clear of the yellow and purple in the sky. They were able to attack at vectors that the yellow ribbons could not defend. The yellow ribbons orientated to prevent fire from her front lines to fully impact the advancing tide on the center of her lines.

The Lord of Revelstone had ridden off with the Haruchai and Giants heading to the east to fight a major rupture in the line of the defenders of Westeros. The Ranyhyn galloping fast to rush to the rupture and give succor. There had been a contingent of Ice Giants and Wrights leading the assault in that area. Their might had forced a tear in the forces of the Queen. Into that tear the undead poured through. This allowed the undead to break through the front lines and spread out. Men were fighting desperately for their lives.

The Lord and her Haruchai escort arrived before the running Giants. The Ranyhyn back stepping as they slowed to allow their riders to act. The Haruchai spread out. With their taken up ice forged swords they immediately began to cut down the undead and forced the Ice Wrights and Giants to stop their advance and contend with them.

From the scorpion platform the Queen had climbed up she saw the Lords fire flashing out again and again. There would be bright pulse that seemed to make the world turn blue for a heartbeat. When that vanished she saw the large column of magical fire erupting out the end of the Lord’s shaft. The magical blasts shattering all that were before it.

Melenkurion abatha! Duroc minas mill harad khabaal! Echoed across the battlefield. The world not only turned blue for two heartbeats but the world seemed to tilt as mighty thunder pummeled the forces of friend and foe. The blast of Lord’s fire was truly devastating eviscerating a large contingent of the advancing forces of the Ice King before the Lord of Revelstone.

The battle continued. Rarely did the Lord of Revelstone use the full seven words. It seemed there was a limitation of how much she could use their full power. Probably, her body could only channel so much might.

Sometimes the first two words of power were heard shouted out. The shout of those words echoed across the battlefield. The ground shook and the air boomed with the mighty words echoing off into the distance. It was just not as overwhelming as when she used the full seven words.

Daenerys had seen that when the Lord of Revelstone shouted her words of power that the fire from her staff intensified greatly. The thickness and reach of her Lord’s Fire much greater. Her Lord’s Fire was like a massive battering ram that totally obliterated her enemies. Daenerys thought nothing would be safe against this Lord and her magical fire. Maybe the Black Wall of Volantis would be able to withstand that fire for any length of time. Maybe.

The Giants of the Search were like ancient titans striding the battlefield. Their sheer size and granite armor made them walking pillars of death to the forces of the Ice King. The archers and knights of Westeros protecting their backs and flanks. The Giants glaives were whirling around their bodies sending body parts and whole undead cut in two flying far through the air. The Giants stormed into the forces of the Ice King creating mayhem around themselves. Their blades magically killed all the undead their blades cleaved into.
Daenerys knew that the Haruchai on their Ranyhyn mounts with their stolen Ice Wright sword were like whirling dervishes of death. Archers and scorpion operators firing fast and furious to guard the Giants back and flanks. Losses were being taken but with the forces of Revelstone to reinforce the forces of the Ice King was being cut down and pushed back.

They were aided when Rhaegal had come flashing by at a frightening speed burning out a fifty yard long line of burning death in front to the battle. The dragon fire alighting all the undead and Icy sons of the Ice King. The break in the tide letting the forces of Westeros stabilize their lines. Her dragon had been their one moment and then seemed to wink out of existence with his arching back up into the darkness. The darkness cloaking her dragons while they gained attitude and flew out to come in from a new angle of attack.

Then Viserion had come flashing in from the South. His flame hitting the advancing tide head on and burning back for fifty yards with his mighty forward speed. Both dragons gone. The fight now turned back into the favor of the forces of Westeros. The rupture repaired the lines again established. Once more the archers and siege engine operators could fire at their steady pace.

Off in the distance near the fallen Wall Viserion flamed the Walking Dead for fifty yards before tilting his head over and somehow continuing his long drought of fire setting those undead on fire. He did not try and get lower to use his talons or tail on his enemy. He was using speed and surprise to keep himself safe. He finished his current assault. He now soared up into the nighttime sky disappearing into the falling snow as he had never existed.

Far off to the west she saw another line of dragon fire erupt from seeming nowhere. That was Rhaegal. He was here and then gone.

The Queen was back on the ground and ran forward. In this area the lines were stable but now under great stress. The undead had climbed over the berm and advanced. There was Ice Wrights and Ice Giants among them but they had one big disadvantage in attempting to make a breach at this point. Valyrian Steel was present here. The pale Queen had wanted to concentrate the power of this magical steel. If spread out through her forces it would have been to diffuse to be of a tactical advantage. Daenerys had made the strategic decision to concentrate them with her.

It was paying dividends now. She wished she had Arya here with Blackfyr but she was more valuable with her archery skills. She was reaching out and killing their enemies at distance. Again and again.

Daenerys ran fast forward unsheathing Foe Hammer. The blade lighting up to blaze forth like a star come down from the heavens. She saw two other blades like hers but of totally different origins. Jon with Lightbringer was a madman on the battlefield. He seemed to have actually instilled raw fear in the Ice Wrights and Giants. As the battle had progressed the blade of Azor Ahai reformed had become brighter and stronger. The Icy spawn desperate in their attacks on the Lord Commander. They sensed he and his sword must be put down to save their father.

First Jon’s arm had been wreathed in flames. Now his whole upper body was licked by flames that he did not feel or even seem to know he was covered with. His sword now screaming melodies in the discordant rhythms of Asshai. His sword leaving flames in the air behind the arc of his swings.

His blade now had the effect on the Ice Wright’s blades as theirs on normal iron blades. With only three or four collisions of their blades the blades of the Wrights shattered with louds screams of protest. It seemed that light and heat was the better of darkness and cold. Shorn of their blades they were quickly dispatched. Jon moved on to kill the Walking Dead reaching for him as if he was a flame attracting moths. His sword not only chopped them to chunks they were lit on fire to burn brightly.
Eddard’s blade glowed a bright light robin blue. His blade leaving trails in the air that lasted for over a minute. Daenerys had moved through those arcs as she fought. She moved through them and they remained after her passage. His sword also sung melodies that were much more pleasing to the ear. His Evening Star did not shatter the blades of the Ice Wrights and Giants. It simply cut them in two as if a knife through butter. The glowing blue sword pitch rising when it dueled with its foes swords as if exalted.

The Queen enjoyed seeing the shocked look on Eddard’s foes face looking at a blade they thought invulnerable that had been cut in half. The next slash by Eddard’s sword sent heads flying or disemboweled the Ice Giants he was fighting. He was soaked in blue gore now his hair matted and beard soaked in Ice Giant guts and blood. He did not seem to mind. Daenerys had the clear impression that his sword was flowing the strength of the blows of swords into Eddard’s body invigorating the man.

Daenerys ran up to a gaggle of undead attacking a line of conscripts fighting them with small battleaxes and pikes. The men were doing damage but taking losses losing their discipline in the panic of war. They were letting the Walking Dead get in close where grasping hands and biting teeth tore and ripped bodies apart.

Screaming Daenerys hit the Walking Dead with her rune sword. It was covered in flames as Jon’s but they were contained to the blade and her fist on the pommel. The blade burning bright blue but more a medium blue.

With deft strokes the Valyrian started to chop down the Walking Dead. When her blade cut their bodies they were hacked severely or clean through. More importantly, the undead instantly died a second death if a head shot or through the heart. Otherwise, the magic of her blade started to unbind the magic of the Ice King. Daenerys would gauge the wound. If another hack was needed to hasten the poisoning she would administer one more slash or stab so the undead would not attack anyone else before the poisoning killed them.

With the Ice Wrights she was their better in skill. They were fast and had basic skills she deemed but she had been trained by two of the best swordsmen of this age. She was like an angel of death among her foes. Her body moving with angelic grace dispensing death all around to her foes. Her sword lashed out at all angles and easily blocked the counterstrokes of her enemy. Her blade pulsing brighter with each collision of dragon fire forged and ice forged steel.

She was confronted by an Ice Wright. The two locked eyes for an instant. Hate snarled on both of their faces. They rushed each other. Their swords slammed together. Daenerys slashed her sword with fast angled right and left strokes. Her speed and strength immediately had the Ice Wright on the defense. She slashed forward at the Ice Wright’s head. It instinctively rushed its sword up to block the Queen’s burning rune sword up and over his head.

She dove down to her haunches and extended her left leg to pivot around. Her sword swirled out in a deadly arc. Her Ice Wright was not very skilled. He was able to handle an attack on high coming forward. He did react to her being so low before her sword sliced clear through his left knee. The rune sword traveling on slicing into his right knee nearly cleaving it in two. Daenerys pivoted up ripping her blade free.

The Ice Wright toppled to the ground screaming in agony blue blood gushing out his leg stump and spurting out his ruined right knee. It flipped and wailed. Daenerys could care less as she moved on to her next foes.

She was dispatching more Walking Dead. She heard scorpions firing off in a staccato rhythm. The tall Ice Giants natural targets. The Ice Giant to her right staggered and then fell down dead with
three long scorpion bolts jutting out its upper chest.

She saw a man with a Valyrian bastard sword fighting an Ice Wright. The man was fast but the man was clearly tiring. The Ice Wright’s cold sapping his strength. She cleaved in two the head of deer trying to gore her with its antlers. She then ran forward her rune sword slamming in the back of the unawares Ice Wright. Her blade surging out its chest below its sternum. It immediately began its death dance. The Queen ripped her sword free the foe. It was already dead it would just take a short while for the corpse to realize it.

Out of the corner of her eyes she saw the two wives of Jon standing back by the line of pikemen. They were blending in. They would step out with fingers cloaked in shadows. They would flex their hands jamming their wrists forward. Three or four shadow daggers would shoot off their fingers. The daggers slamming into the bodies of an Ice Wright or Giant.

The Ice Rights simply fell down dead with black ichor gushing out the orifices of their face. The black liquid running down their face and neck. Their bodies jerking and spinning as they crashed down to the ground. With the Ice Giants their larger size had them lasting longer. The ice daggers easily sinking deep into their bodies. The Ice Giants would look around stupidly if they did not drop down dead quickly. Their eyes, nose and ears starting to bleed heavily black gore that stained their face, neck and then down their bodies. They would stumble around dropping their sword before crashing to their knees and then down to the ground.

The Direwolves running out and biting at an Ice Wright or Giant lower leg. They would rip out a chunk of flesh or tendons and then dart back. The wolves wounding and maiming. It was clear that the Direwolves themselves had some magical properties to their existence. Their fangs able to harm the magical creations of the Ice King.

She observed a man with a Valyrian two-headed battleax nearly cleave the leg off an ice giant with a full two handed strike. He ripped his blade out.

He reminded the Queen of an early fight between another knight with Valyrian broadsword and an Ice Wright. They had both stabbed each other clear through their bodies. The man taking it to the heart dying immediately. The Ice Wright had been spitted in the center of his chest. It dropped its sword and then gripped the pommel of the Valyrian sword jammed deep into its body the tip jutting a foot out its back.

The dying Ice Wright gripped the sword to pull it out of his body. It started to jerkily pull it out and then ripped its hands back. The steel of the pommel had burned its hands severely from its tight grip.

An insight came to the Queen. The Valyrian steel did unbind the magic of the Ice King but it was more than that. Valyria of the Freehold had been a people that honored and worshipped the sun. They worshipped the fire it brought. They may have perverted themselves but they were followers of light and fire. This magic of sun and light was forged into any piece of Valyrian steel.

This infusion of light and heat was the antithesis of the darkness and cold of the magic of the Ice King. The Priests of R’hllor said that light would always overcome night. Daenerys saw it in the burning of the Ice Wright’s hands when it gripped that sword. Light fought night and the victor was light. Valyrian steel by the very nature of its forging made it superior to the magic of the Ice Wrights.

It was not an absolute advantage but it was one that could be used by a skilled fighter to overcome and defeat your enemy.

She spun around and spotted an Ice Wright. He saw her. They rushed each other.
Ice King: Pale blue eyes scanned the battlefield. There was savage combat all up and down the lines of the bitch Dragon Queen. His true son, the Croyel, shields up in the sky had reduced enough of his enemies fire to allow his forces to reach the berm of the Queen’s forces and force their way up.

His loses were still staggering. The trebuchets were flinging huge skins filled with some kind of tar and oil blend that even if exploded by the Croyel’s yellow barriers up in the sky the droplets fell down igniting his walking dead to burn like bonfires.

The yellow barriers were high. They did not stop the direct fire from the archers. The scorpions were now firing as fast as they could be reloaded. A good percentage of the catapults were firing on flat trajectories to bounce their projectiles through his forces bouncing wildly on the ground. The missiles burning and squiring his undead and Icy spawn.

It could not be helped. He had to engage the enemy in depth. His forces had gained the berm and were streaming forward. He knew his losses were grievous. It enraged him but a commander must be willing to accept losses no matter how bad to achieve victory. He was finally killing his foes by the score. He would soon be raising them to create a new army of Walking Dead. He had a whole continent to make an army of.

He had slowly moved forward towards the Queen’s forces. He did not want to attack till he could rush forward and kill the leaders of Westeros. The Croyel would bring his shields down from the sky and recast them. He knew his might. None could stand against him if he could but get to his enemies. He would force his way to the leaders of Westeros. With them dead their arm would panic and, thus, be dispatched. Then he could raise them to his cause.

The sudden blooms of dragon fire had sent a trill of terror through him. The damnable fire was completely unbearable. He still shivered with memories of the battle at the Tree of Life. The fire of the dragons was unimaginable hot. The heat far exceeded any natural fire. Worse, the fire sought to unbind any magic it encountered. His true son had devised a shield that could withstand that fire. For a time. If he the attack was sustained he would eventually be in grave danger. If other dragons joined in the attack then he would be in quick danger. Also, other attacks of magic would be deadly if the Croyel was under strain repelling dragon fire. He had to get in among the forces of the Queen to keep her dragons from attacking him.

As he inched forward, he and the Croyel at his neck had their eyes constantly looking up with the Ice King turning his head looking at the leaden sky. The snow falling down like forlorn lovers drifting with no purpose. There was a countless sea of fires among his forces from burning undead. Other fires from the casks of oil and bladders flung onto his forces and set on fire by the pots of tar and pitch hurled after to alight.

The forces of the Dragon Queen had multiple fires raging in their midst to provide light for their forces. Still, those fires only illuminated up into the sky a hundred feet at the most. Small penumbras in an inky sea of bleak darkness. The dark reduced the vision of his human enemies. That was the reason he had pressed his major assault after dark. He was discovering though that even with his superior night vision he could not spot the dragons attacks on his forces until they were already upon on him and then past his forces.

The dragons were flying silent. They must be flying up to a great height and then diving down at steep angles and pulling out at the last moment. They breathed their fire down from only forty to sixty feet. The fire devastating upon impact. They were simply flying to fast to be able to get a bead on them to hurl projectiles back up at them in return. The damned beasts coming in on his forces from all angles of the compass. They even came in from the same angle a few times just to throw off
their pattern of attack. The Ice King gave up trying to contest with them. He would have to accept his losses.

He had to rely on providence that he would not be in the path of an unexpected attack. The Croyel on his back was concentrating on his yellow shields high up in the sky and what he had to do next. He could not afford to hold up shields tuned to dragon fire when there was none to contend with.

He would barely catch the ghost of their dragons’ bodies as they flashed by. The bare sketch of their green or white scales visible from the fires below and the backlight from the flames blasting out their open maws. Then the fire was gone and they disappeared. The dragons flying by at nearly eighty or ninety miles he thought. Steep dives adding momentum on their passes. Such speed truly impossible to accurately gauge. The speed was dizzying. The flame was so deadly though, that the briefest touch of the magical flame still caused everything it touched to ignite and burn fiercely.

It unnerved the Ice King that it was merely luck that kept him from getting burned down to slag and death. He had to let his true son keep the barriers erect in the sky to achieve the critical mass he needed to get to the leaders of Westeros and cut them down. He would then immediately raise them from the dead. He could then afford to pause his assault to cast the spells of rising. He had the might to both fight and raise from the dead his foes. He just had to get in among his enemy to achieve this.

The sight of their bodies rising up in his service should break the will of his enemies. He could then dispatch his foes. He would work to raise the dead his undead had made and keep up the assault. His forces were making inroads in four places now. The center was holding true because that was where the most magical might was. Only one of those inroads had made a deep incursion into the forces of the Bitch Queen.

The other bitch, the Lord of Revelstone was decimating his one true rupture of the Queen’s forces. She was harried. Even she had limits it appeared. Her Lord’s Fire as the Croyel called it was coming much less often now. She had not spoken the heinous words that enhanced her power in a while now. They must tax her in the saying of them.

The bastard Giants from the Southern Hemisphere were near unstoppable it seemed. Their sheer size, immense blade and granite armor too much to deal with. Their swords swirled around their bodies so fast that were invisible even to his sight. They stood shoulder to shoulder and were like an unmoving mountain. They were held in place though with his swarming undead. His undead and Icy spawn could not come at them from an unprotected side with the damnable Haruchai guarding their flanks with swords stolen from his murdered Ice Wright adopted sons.

He was both enraged and perplexed by how these small brown skinned people did even feel the cold that made up his essence and the essence of those he created in his image. It should have been impossible. All the humans of Westeros were unable to withstand the cold that was his very nature and essence. The Haruchai almost seemed to revel in his cold. It was an affront!

he had killed the leaders of Westeros he would confront and kill the weakened Lord of Revelstone. With his true son on his back he would be able to take down the Giants. They too had to be tiring.

He looked back at the center of the lines. The Waynhim were holding but talking losses as sell. He would kill them too.

He knew where the leaders of the forces of Westeros were. It was not hard to see. The three swords of his most hated foes were lighting up the night where they fought. Jon Snow was wreathed in flames now as he struck down all before him. The Queen’s rune sword he had fought before. It was as the sun with her slashes and parries. The strange sword of Eddard Stark left light blue trailers in
the sky that lasted forever it seemed before they slowly faded.

When his sword slammed into the blades of his risen adopted sons the sword would burst in blue flashes that too lasted for a long time. His blade too was deadly to his scions. The fucking blade was cleaving the swords that he had forged clean in two. The sword was singing in a high tenor pitch. The Ice King with his magical ears heard joy and determined purpose in the tunes that Eddard Stark’s sword sung.

The Ice King continued to move forward. He still had a plethora of force to bring forward. He would come up over the berm in the midst of a sea of Walking Dead and adopted Wrights and Giants. The Ice King with his true son on his back would then be in the midst of his most formidable foes. He would end it then.

**Barristan:** Sheer chaos and pandemonium raged all around Barristan. From everywhere he saw foes and had to react and attack or be killed. His sword was a constant avatar of his soul and will. He was staying close to the Waynhim wedge to cover his flank. He had to only focus on one side for defense. He and his two compatriots who had been with Daenerys since the beginning had learned that from their battle on the Dothraki Sea and fighting alongside the Ur-viles that had come to their aid at that time.

He sliced the head off of an undead and gutted another. His Valyrian blade, Hammer of Doom, was living up to its name as he slayed his Queen’s enemies right and left. The magic in the Valyrian blade killing both the Walking Dead and the Icy spawn of the Ice King. Again and again he clashed blades with the Icy spawn. The Valyrian steel easily resisting the cold of their enemy’s blades. The blades sending off hot and ice cold sparks with the collision of blades forged with opposite properties.

He would push and maneuver his undead foes into the wedge of the Waynhim. The small denizens of the Land slicing and stabbing the undead. The chopping slices cleaved them to pieces. The stabs sent acid and fire surging into the bodies sending acid or fire out their orifices as they burned from the inside out.

Barristan was both grateful and a tinge of guilt killing the Walking Dead who had no means of defense. He did not let that slow him down in chopping them down like a scythe cutting through a field of wheat. They needed to be released from this hellish second life they had been forced to endure.

The Ice Wrights and Giants were another matter. He had to fight them to kill them. The Ice Wrights were very fast. To an average swordsman he knew they would seem probably supernatural fast. Barristan was himself superhuman fast to a lesser swordsman. They came to him to caste him down but they that were the ones cut down. Finally, Barristan had foes who truly deserved the death he dispensed.

He fought the Wrights easily blocking their attacks and piercing their defense. Their only true skill was speed and he was their equal. Syrio was his equal in speed if not a little faster. His whole fighting style was predicated on speed and deflection. Strong Belwas was despite his immense girth blessed with speed that was near the equal of Barristan himself. All three men had left dead Icy spawn in their wake. The steaming pools of their dissipation the only proof of their death a few minutes after their slaying.

Barristan and his longtime friends had the speed to deal with the Ice Wrights. The Ice Giants were to slow to be of concern. The only danger they gave was if they attacked while you were engaged. One had to be able to either dodge or be braced to deflect that massive sword strokes with skill and precise timing. Fortunately, the Ice Giants did not fight with guile or calculation. They were fighters
of brute strength only. This limited their ability to fight men and women of true skill.

Barristan was helped as were all the swordsmen by the blizzard of arrows streaking through the air in all directions now. Many of the arrows streaking off into the darkness missing intended targets. But for all the forlorn missiles that missed a target others found their mark.

This feathered the Icy spawn or had them constantly ducking and dancing about to save themselves. This allowed Barristan to move in and attack with better advantage.

The three men helping to reduce the numbers of foes attacking the Waynhim wedge. This allowed the Demondim spawn to more effectively fight. That and the archers that his woman, Marleya Blackmyre, had organized. They were the best archers of both Westeros and Essos. They did not have to rely on massive arrow volleys to kill. Each archer in her company were skilled to shoot for a head or body shot with little worry of missing. In the confusion of battle many shots missed but enough found their mark. Their arrows keeping the Icy spawn on defense.

The Loremaster of the Waynhim fighting wedge would sometimes hurl his acid out in wavy lines or stab his stave forward and fire hot acid straight out the tip to blast the face or body of the Icy spawn he was contending with. The acid immediately eating away the body or bodies splashed.

The mercenary company behind the fighting wedge hung back a small distance. The archers firing off over the head of the diminutive Waynhim who fought in a crouch that had them fairly low to the ground. This allowed the Black Panthers to fire arrows in streams over the heads of the grey Waynhim. Their dragon glassed tipped arrows decimating the undead moving forward.

Still the undead came forward. Their numbers allowed them to take grievous losses and still come forward and attempt to scale the promontory. The archers of Marleya on the flanks of the fighting wedge of the Waynhim firing ahead and off to the flank on their side taking down undead all around. They also fired off at the Ice Wrights attempting to rush them. Their accurate fire keeping them back and feathering those who slowed in the least.

The Icy spawn had to release their shields to attack. This opened them to counterattack.

The assault by the Ice Wright and Giants using the undead as shields had been a most unpleasant shock. That and the yellow shields that had been erected high in the air by the Croyel most likely judging by the yellow of the shields. The Croyel’s magic seemed to invoke that color. Those shields blocked much of the enveloping fire of the archers and siege engines.

This all allowed the Ice Wrights and Giants to be able to reach the lines of Westeros in much greater numbers.

This had allowed the Waynhim wedge to be attacked in mass while the archers were heavily engaged as well. The Ice Giants hacking down savagely attacking the Waynhim one to two rows back in the wedge. They had succeeding in felling the Loremaster but the next Waynhim in line took his place immediately snatching up the fallen Loremaster’s Stave. The Ice Giants took heavy causalities as well. Their bodies splashed and sliced by the Waynhim.

The new Loremaster burned down Ice Giants with acid splashes and his brethren stabbed the behemoths when they came in range. The Giants slow and clumsy compared to the speed of the Wrights. When in range the Waynhim if not defending themselves was easily able to pierce their tormentor’s bodies. The iron staves injecting acid it seemed eating the Ice Giants from the inside out. Acid soon pouring from all its orifices. The penetration of a bone stave into an Icy spawn immediately set the Ice Giant or Wrights body to steaming and literally bubbling as if being broiled alive. Water gushing out mouths, ears and eyes.
The screams of both deaths loud and hideous. Those screams ignored by all. They had ceased to truly be alive upon their conversion by the Ice Kings.

The Ice Wrights had flowed into the Waynhim wedge but also attacked the archers with pure savagery. The Ice Wrights rushing forward once they had thrown their human shields down. Some only able to advance a few steps before their bodies stumbled with dragon glass tipped jutting out their bodies. Other made it through the maelstrom to come upon the Waynhim and archers.

The Ice Wrights coming at the archers with fierce abandon. They knew they had to get in on the archers to avoid being feathered. The archers yelling as they fell back firing off wildly at the wildly dodging and juking Ice Wrights.

Barristan, Syrio and Belwas threw themselves at the Ice Wrights keeping the Waynhim wedge to their flank. Their swords stabbing the backs and sides of the distracted Ice Wrights attacking the archers. The ones that turned to fight them relieved the pressure on the archers.

Barristan ducked underneath a sword swipe and backed up. The Ice Wright followed intent on killing Barristan. It lost track of his body in relationship to his environment. The Ice Wright now near the Waynhim wedge. A Waynhim lunged out and speared the Ice Wright with his bone stave. The Ice Wright shrieked his body undulating as it started to boil. Blue water gushed out its mouth and then his head exploded and his body split in two his steaming guts falling to the ground.

With a glance he saw Syrio squire an Ice Wright through the eye but in that instant his rapier was locked away from him with it embedded in the Icy spawn’s skull. He was not able to use rapier for defense as two Ice Wrights came at him. Strong Belwas jumped in like a gazelle and cut one of the Wright’s head in two. Five arrows punctured the body of the other Ice Wright instantly killing it.

Finally, the assault had been beaten back.

Barristan cursed. He counted probably seventy-five dead Waynhim and maybe forty-five archers. The losses galled him. He saw mounds of undead heaped all around. The bodies of decaying Ice Wrights and Giants heavily littered the battlefield. He was tired but still ready to fight with abandon. He would need it. Another wave of Ice Giants and Wrights bearing undead shields were moving forward in the green eerie light.

That was when Barristan noticed it. The green orbs were moving forward.

“Prepare to move forward!” he bellowed. The green orbs continued to move forward slowly.

The new Loremaster now threw his iron stave back and forth gushing out massive quantities of a viscous liquid that soaked the bodies of all the dead before the Waynhim wedge. The undead and Waynhim alike. Then as he sent another mighty jet of acid arching forward the Waynhim with their bone staves sent out white hot flames onto the now soaked dead.

An instant conflagration ignited that was scalding hot to Barristan who was twenty yards from the edge of the berm. The Waynhim did not seem affected. A minute later the fire was burned out and cool air came rushing forward. A huge clear area had been carved out of the battlefield. Everything before the fighting wedge had been consumed to ash.

The Waynhim went down to all fours and rushed down the berm in a wild mass. Barristan again roared for all to follow. He, Syrio and Strong Belwas let the wedge surge past as they went to the edge of the berm. All the undead were burned away and the fallen Waynhim reduced to grey puddles. Their brothers quickly reforming their wedge at the base of the berm. The advancing Ice Giants and Wrights with their held undead shields were still forty yards away moving forward.
The Waynhim had changed tactics. They evidently were tired of being passive. They now on all fours surged forward but making no sound. They seemed to almost float over the ground carrying their staves in their dominate hands as they ran on all fours silent as they grave.

Barristan was rushing down the embankment followed by Syrio and Strong Belwas. His woman Marleya Blackmyre following making sure her camp attendants with their wheelbarrows safely navigated down the angle of the berm and formed up her archers with bows notched and ready to fire off at a moment’s notice. The Black Panthers remained on the berm top. They held their arrows at the ready. The mercenaries waited to see what the Waynhim were about to do. They would provide cover fire from the advantage of height.

With his head cocked Barristan wondered what the Waynhim had in mind. They stopped effortless ten yards in front of the oncoming Ice Wright and Giants. They had their vision occluded by the bodies they were using as shield. The Waynhim were short already and crouched down they were barely two feet above the ground at the shoulders.

The Loremaster rose up in a tight crouch. Again the old knight was flat out amazed at how fast the hard charging Waynhim behind him not only stopped their forward momentum but did so in such a way to form up their wedge but in the same sever squat as their new Loremaster. The line of approaching Icy spawn of the Ice King was only ten feet in front of them oblivious in their steady march forward. They just assumed their enemy was still on the top of the berm. The Waynhim had advanced forward in only fifteen seconds.

The blizzard of arrows coming at them hid this new tactic of the Demondim spawn. Archers on the berm and scorpion bolts keeping the advancing Ice Wrights and Giants occupied.

The Loremaster cocked his new stave back on his shoulder his muscles bunching.

“The sneaky bastard” Barristan spoke softly marveling at the Waynhim craftiness. The Waynhim Loremaster swung his stave in a full half circle arch in front of his body the tip sending out a long steady stream of their black acid with the whole arc of the swing of the stave. The tip of his stave arching just in front of the legs of the advancing tide of Icy spawn

The Acid hit the Ice Giants on their lower shines and the Ice Wrights in their knees. The lower legs not covered since the Icy spawn were thinking the assault would come down on them from the berm not realizing the Waynhim had taken the fight to them.

The archers and their attendants were just now forming up after coming down the berm in the clear area created by the Waynhim. Barristan, Syrio and Belwas keeping near the archers to protect them.

The acid of the Loremaster splashed over their legs of the Icy spawn with devastating effect. Legs instantly cut in two like a medical surgeon had cut them off with an oversized scalpel. The spawn of the Ice King simply crashed to the ground. The Waynhim had splashed his acid over all of their legs of the leading wave making the assault. The Wrights and Giants wailing in agony as their bodies toppled over. Their icy blue blood gushing out the stumps of their ruined legs. The Ice Giants were wailing rolling right and left.

Some of the Ice Wrights tried to right themselves. For all the good it did them. The Waynhim had risen up to their normal stance and now surged forward. The leading edge of the wedge angled towards the foes of Westeros. The Waynhim rushed past the crippled Icy spawn. The Waynhim on the leading edge of the wedge had lowered their staves to the ground. Now as the moved past the crippled Wrights and Giants the Waynhim staves ripped up in lightning slashes. Their staves simply
cut the Wrights and Giants to ribbons their bodies falling apart as they were filleted alive. Screams cut short.

The Waynhim surged forward. Their Loremaster now throwing long ribbons of their Demondim acid all around. The acid decimating all that it touched. The Ice Wrights now veered away. The Ice Giants were not so wise. They lumbered forward with their large undead shields of large herbivores and carnivores. The acid started to immediately eat away at the shields. The wedge slammed into the next wave of Ice Giants and the Ice Wrights trying to flank them.

Barristan had an insight. The larger number of Waynhim present in the fighting wedge allowed its Loremaster to spew more acid out his stave and project it further than what the Ur-viles had been able to project on the grasses of the Dothraki Sea. Also, their combined strength seemed to strengthen their Loremaster enabling him to continue to fling acid from his iron stave. Even with their heavy losses the wedge was still much larger than the two individual Ur-vile wedges that had fought on the Dothraki Grass sea.

Barristan had run forward and was slicing down undead shambling around right and left. So was Strong Belwas while Syrio squired his foes with his rapier point. The archers were rushing forward behind the fighting wedge. The archers now had targets from all angles to fire off at. The attendants running fast with big eyes to keep the wheelbarrows near the fighting wedge. Other attendants running right and left delivering fresh quivers to the archers to allow them to keep firing at a fast almost reckless rate.

Barristan saw Arya running around firing off her bow whenever she found a target. There was plenty to choose from. The small Stark girl would fire off her current arrow and then immediately pull another from her quiver and fire off at her next target. She ran out of arrows and cursed. She started pelting to an attendant to her left to get another quiver.

Her Haurchai guard, Jerteel, was spinning around slicing the undead down all around her. She was like a scythe cutting through whole fields of wheat. The woman slicing and chopping on both sides of her body with shocking speed and skill. Her blade killing any undead that came near.

The mercenaries on the berm were firing off themselves at a wild rate. Their arrows whistling over the forces of the archers and Wanyhim. Their arrows adding their carnage to the undead and making the Icy spawn of the Ice King dodge, fall back or be feathered.

The Demondim wedge now ceased surging forward and started to rotate to the left letting the Loremaster get at more of the Ice Wrights. The Ice Wrights rushed forward. Their blades slammed into the staves of the Waynhim. Both weapons moving at lightning speed. Most strikes blocked but not all. An Ice Wright or Waynhim would fall down dead from a fatal slash of chopping heads off or in two or squired through upper thoracic cavity.

Marleya Blackmyre companies of arches were firing their bows off in all directions. There were undead milling around everywhere that now gravitated to the movement they sensed. Barristan came in on them from the side chopping and slicing letting his Valyrian blade poison the undead. Even if the blow was not a clean kill the black lines of poisoning started to spread gradually slowing the undead and making them even more clumsy and unable to grasp their foes to rend apart.

More Ice Giants were coming forward but some were spitted on the massive bolts that the scorpions were firing off at four rounds a minute. The green globes illuminating the battlefield around the Waynhim. The Ice Giants great height made them a natural target. Their height made them standout on the battlefield. The human eye of the scorpion operators naturally gravitating to them and firing off at the tall easily seen targets.
Suddenly the night time sky erupted in a bright medium blue that made the scudding clouds glow in reflection of the mighty eruption of magical might. For a brief moment the world turned to blue and then a heartbeat later the real world appeared again from blue mist. The world stilled tinged blue but all visible again. The sounds of the words spoken caused the ground to shake and the air to vibrate.

“Melenkurion abatha, Duroc minas mil. Harad khabaal.” Echoed and reverberated across the plains before the fallen Wall. The shouted words seemed to ride on the mighty echoes and booms of the mighty release of the Lord of Revelson’s Lord’s fire. The sound of echoes deafening.

Barristan smiled grimly as he chopped down more of the undead. He knew that a large swath of the Ice King’s forces had just been obliterated. The bright blue light slowly faded away as did the echoes of might. The Lord of Revelstone was using her power less now and spoke the ancient words rarely. She must have had great need to utter all seven words.

The Waynhim wedge had started to move to the left while its apex faced out the base of the wedge protecting the archers. The Archers firing off arrows as fast as they could draw back and fire. Their arrows striking down undead and the Icy spawn of the Ice King. The Ice Wrights were juking fast and furious to avoid being hit. They made many arrows miss but arrows were still finding their targets. The arrow barrages kept the Ice Wrights at bay and not able to attack as they sought to live. The air filled with arrows. Many arrows came whistling in from the berm. The fighting wedge just within effective range of archers firing from the frontlines just behind the berm.

The mercenary company, Black Panthers, firing off in a steady rhythm of constant pull and fire. The archers arrows whistling in in a constant stream to help reduce the heavy crush of undead and keeping the Ice Wrights on the defense as they attempted to close in on the Waynhim and the archers on its flanks. Their soul goal to protect the Waynhim fighting wedge and the humans fighting along side them.

Barristan saw Arya running right and left behind the fighting wedge. Eddard Stark’s daughter anxiously peering about looking for Icy spawn to shoot at. When none were readily available the teenager shot her arrow at the undead. Her arrows unerringly penetrating an eye for an instant kill. The human or animal falling straight down like a puppet with its strings cut.

Another wave of undead was shambling forward at them attracted to all the movement of combat. The Ice Wrights had tried to advance on the archers but the storm of arrows were keeping them back as they juked and used the flat sides of the blades of their swords to flick arrows from the sky. The motions of defense kept them from attacking.

The Barristan and Strong Belwas charged into a mass of the undead side by side. The two mighty warriors sliced and chopped. Many sword swipes and thrusts instant kills. Those that were not killed instantly had been left behind with Valyrian steel cuts to poison their bodies. Despite all the mayhem being perpetrated on the army of the Ice King their numbers were massing into a formula they could not withstand.

“Holy shit!” Barristan screamed. A bloom of dragon’s fire exploded in front of his face. The tongue of flame flashing from right to left as the dragon sped by. He had no idea which one it was. The heat was scorching but was not harmful at this distance. The margin for error had been razor thin. He wanted to both curse and hug the dragon for being willing to cut the margin so close. The dragon had just saved their lives.

The Walking Dead were now spinning and pivoting around as they burned down to slag at a furious fast clip. The dragon had to be doing at least ninety miles per hour as it passed by. The wake it left behind had Barristan’s body swaying hard in the wind devils. He looked around but it was already gone. The dragon having already slipped back into darkness that protected it.
He staggered back with Strong Belwas. He had been closer. Both men shocked from seeing flames instantaneously bloom only fifteen feet in front of them. The flame splashing away from the two men to incinerate their common foe.

“Good thing I am bald” the bald eunuch informed Barristan blandly.

From the other direction a mighty bloom of dragon’s fire erupted that was two hundred yards further away. The breath exploding all below it into steaming burning walking bonfires. The undead made no noises of protest as they burned away. Not so the Ice Wrights and Giants. Their screams echoed in the night as their bodies boiled and often exploded in blue geysers.

Barristan saw just a hint of green before the dragon had flashed by. He caught just the hint of Rhaegal rising up as his wings unfurled from his body beating hard gaining altitude. It had been Viserion that nearly roasted his ass Barristan groused. Good boy, good boy he amended his thoughts.

Then a mighty roar that was deep and resonate split the night in two. He turned to look at the berm. That part of the berm line was near the paddock area. A giant black shape had risen up like mists from the swamps near his home as a child. Drogon had roused himself. He was breathing fire all around him burning all down that his flame reached. Then he was running around stomping and jumping up to land down hard pulverizing all below him. His neck rose up and then snapped down. His head rose up again with an Ice Giant in his mighty mouth. His teeth ripped and tore the Ice Giant apart his body falling out both sides of Drogon’s mouth.

The dragon spitting out what remained of the Ice Giant and again bellowing a mighty gout of magical dragon fire burning another swath of the army of the Ice King. The dragon then rose back beating his wings when a swarm of Ice Wrights came at him. Arrows and scorpion bolts landing into them. Drogon alight twenty yards back and again breathed out a mighty gout of flame. Another swath of Walking Dead alight like fireflies. Except this flame consumed the undead. First stumbling to their knees and then toppling over to the ground to finish burning away.

The Waynhim wedge was pivoting again and now slowly moving back to the berm to shield their rear and protect the archers and began a slow march one hundred yards from the berm killing all they could reach with their staves. The Loremaster throwing out long ribbons of acid that dissolved Icy spawn and Walking Dead alike.

Barristan, Syrio and Strong Balwas moved to the rear themselves to rest for a few minutes. The archers grabbing fresh quivers. The fire of the dragons had given them a respite. For the moment.

Daenerys: The fight was wild and chaotic. Daenerys killed all that came before her. She was currently fighting an Ice Giant that had accosted her. The behemoth was faster than his ilk generally were but he was still slow. She had been dodging his blows while contending with an Ice Wright that had come at her from her side.

Bannor and Seregrom were off to her left along with her three Bloodriders. They had formed a wall against a surge of the Walking Dead. Their swords and Arakhs were dispatching foes right and left. The Haruchai with their picked up Ice Wright blades chopped and hacked the Walking Dead to pieces. The undead were unbound by the magic in the Ice Wright’s blades as well.

Her three Bloodriders did not try to deliver killing shots since their blades were not magical in nature. They chopped off hands and cut across legs to sever muscle and tendons. Their goal to slow and if possible topple over the Walking Dead. The undead would still move forward with their compulsion to attack but they would be slowed and often left crawling on the ground.
The five men working to shield the Queen from a rush of Walking Dead. They all knew of her skill and that she would be able to handle the Ice Wrights and Ice Giants she was facing. They kept the forces of the Ice King back to give Daenerys the room she needed to dispatch her foes.

Flights of arrows were thick in the air cutting down the forces of the Ice King with Dragon Glass. Obsidian tipped javelins and bolts fired from the raised scorpion platforms were squiring the forces of the Ice King. The close proximity made the percentage of bolts hitting their targets much higher now. That and the fact that the operators of the scorpions had had plenty of practice now in aiming their weapons.

The arrows and siege engine bolts kept the Icy spawn distracted. The Wrights and Giants having to constantly jerk and dive to avoid being squired. This allowed Daenerys to come at them with advantage.

The Valyrian slashed and parried the blade of the Ice Wright using the body of the Ice Giant as a prop to help her dodge the Ice Wright’s attack. She would flit between the Ice Giant’s legs between his mighty down chops of his blade. The blade sinking deep into the ground and forcing the Ice Giant to have to pause and rip the blade back out of the Earth.

Daenerys had a wild thought. Their combat looked like some play for children with a small child running around and between the legs of their adult parents trying to catch them to admonish their errant child.

While the Ice Giant worked to pull his sword free again from the churned up ground Daenerys ducked back and forth behind its legs forcing the Ice Wright to work around the legs of the Ice Giant. Several times the Queen had had to chop down a Walking Dead that would stumble onto the tableau and want to cut into the dance macabre. Instead Daenerys cut its head off with a flick of her sword as she swept past the stumbling foe.

The air by now alive the afterimages left by her sword. This only added to the sight of making this queer drama seem like a play put on for squealing in delight children.

Twice the Ice Giant had almost cleaved the Ice Wright’s head in two with his sword by mistake. The Queen would have found it humorous if she was not fighting for her life.

Finally, the opening appeared. The Ice Wright had lunged at her as she pivoted around the Ice Giant’s left leg as again the elven foot high body struggled to remove his blade where he had jammed the blade deep into the Earth. The Ice Wright stumbled over something on the ground and he had to windmill his arms for a moment to keep from falling while still trying to pivot with the Queen around the Ice Giant’s leg.

Daenerys had been waiting for just such an opening and struck fast. Her sword slashed down in a savage arc with her sword raised above her right shoulder. Her blade arched down and sliced into the Ice Wright’s sword bearing arm several inches above its wrist.

The Valyrian steel slashed easily through his icy appendage cutting it clean off. The hand spinning down to the ground with the sword still in it. Light blue blood gushed from the Ice Wright’s stump as black tendrils already were spreading up from the severed forearm. The Ice Wright put its hand over the wound trying to stop the gushes of icy blood. Daenerys cut it across its abdomen slicing it open. More blood roiling out the cut. The Ice Wright falling to its knees screaming in pain.

She dove forward ducking underneath the next mighty down chop of the Ice Giant. She dodged it for a few more swipes before her blade stabbed it clear through its right thigh. She jerked her blade back and stabbed it in the calf muscle as it staggered. The black tendrils forming and spreading. The
Ice Giant was limping badly leaning in that direction. Its slowed motion attracted attention. Two scorpion bolts slammed into his chest flinging it to the ground. It wailed and thrashed but quickly got weaker.

Daenerys looked out at her frontline. It had been sagging back for the last hour. The weight of the dead and Icy spawn of the Ice King had simply become too great to hold the berm. Many areas had simply been forced back or face being overwhelmed. That made the areas that were holding have to fall back to keep them from being flanked and attacked in enfiladed. She could not risk fighting the enemy in front of her and then be hit from both flanks.

She had to fall back. The forces of the Land seemed to understand that concept as well. Lord Lustra with her staff was still completely devastating. Her Lord’s Fire was still blasting out the end of her staff in long bright medium blue bolts of pure destruction. It was just much less frequent now. The bolts lashing out fifty yards and up to twenty yards wide. Where those bolts of magical might lashed out there was nothing left but pulverized Walking Dead and the shards of Ice Wrights and Giants.

She would shout her magical words which greatly magnified her magical fire. Still, as mighty as the Lord of Revelstone may be even she was tiring. Her bolts of Lord’s Fire was less now. At the start of the battle Lord Lustra was constantly using her staff to send out her magical bolts of destruction from her staff.

She seemed to be much more judicious in the use of her staff now. She would only set off her staff when it was absolutely needed. When the forces of the Ice King started to overwhelm the forces Lustra was defending only then she would use her staff. But with the lessening of her staff’s use the forces of the Ice King were pushing her back as well. She could not top the force of undead making a breech in the lines before the retreating Lord.

The Giants and Haruchai did not seem to be tiring. Their endurance was limitless it seemed. The Giants of the Search with their great height and weight were devastating with their seven to eight feet long gaives. They were whirling around their blades slicing bodies apart or disemboweling or chopping arms and legs off by the score. Their granite armor protected them from the random blade that was able to strike them.

The Haruchai on their Ranyhyn stayed just out of the reach of the undead. The mighty horses had an innate skill in just keeping out of reach of the grasping, clutching hands. The stoic Haruchai swirled around the Ice Wrights and Giants. Their stolen ice blades as devastating to their former masters as to the living. The Haruchai easily blocked all strikes at them.

Their return strikes forcing the Icy spawn to defend themselves against their own blades. This did not allow them to fully attack. Any that tried to press an attack on the Haruchai were killed by the small brown skinned warriors.

With the archers of Westeros, the army of the Queen were able to keep the forces of the land from being overwhelmed. Their constant flights of arrows killing both the undead and the Icy spawn. Huge swarms constantly in the air flying toward the army of the Ice King

The forces of Westeros that guarded their flanks tired though. They simply were not able to continue guarding the flanks of the Giants, Haruchai and Ranyhyn. The Giants and Haruchai also fell back as they needed to keep in line with the forces surrounding them. The forces of the Land left the ground littered thick with the dead soldiers of the Ice King.

An enterprising group of sappers from Dorne, Daenerys thought looking at their uniform spilled a large barrel of oil on the front edge of the field of dead on the ground in front of them. The oil soaking the front most pile of fallen undead. Torches were thrown on the dead soaked in oil. The
dead lit immediately and burned up high the flames bright red, yellow and white with the intense heat of the Walking Dead burning off the magic that had infused their flesh.

The Walking Dead in front of the fire paused in their march forward. They somehow seemed to sense the danger. Probably the light and heat. Daenerys saw humor in the fact that the Walking Dead behind them seeking to come forward pushed their brethren forward into the flames to be lit on fire and consumed.

The dead burned fast so it would last maybe ten minutes. The undead now dead again burned with magical speed till there was only ashes and viscera slag making an ugly concoction on the ground. The pause in advance was valuable though. It allowed the forces to fall back in an orderly fashion.

Seeing this, sappers furiously worked to set the fallen dead on fire. Archers armed with flaming arrows stopped shooting at the walking undead and now took aim at individual undead who had been slain out of their unnatural second life. Setting individual bodies on fire. The smaller fires did not seem to alert the Walking Dead and they would blunder into the fires setting themselves in fire.

Still, the forces of the Queen were being manhandled into falling back. They were taking hard losses. The men and knights were falling back. They could not hold the forces of the Ice King back so the archers, javelin throwers and scorpion bolt operators had more time to kill the Icy spawn and the walking dead.

Around the Queen was sheer pandemonium. The Ice Wrights and Giants seemed to sense that this group of their master’s enemies were important and were attacking in mass with great verve and viciousness.

It pissed the Queen off that she did not have Valyrian weapons for all. If she had been able to arm all with the metal of her forbearers the battle would have been over hours ago. They could have gone on the attack.

Because normal metal blades did not outright kill the Walking Dead and soon shattered with repeated strikes on the bodies of the Ice Wrights and Giants the forces of Westeros could not take the fight to the enemy but had to play defense and work to give the archers and siege operators the opportunity to take them out.

If they could have attacked with Valyrian weapons and Dragon Glass through the air the battle would have been a route against the enemy.

Daenerys shuddered at the thought of the Crows and the Wildlings fighting the Others as they called the forces of the Ice King without Dragon Glass or Valyrian steel. It had not been a fair fight. They never had a chance. They simply could not kill their enemy. The Walking Dead could be taken out with fire but that was problematic. The Wrights and Giants of the Ice King had been totally immune to the weapons of their original foes.

In a way the Queen supposed that this was now working to their advantage. The past sacrifice of the Crows and Wildlings fighting the Others as they called the forces of the Ice King without Dragon Glass or Valyrian steel. It had not been a fair fight. They never had a chance. They simply could not kill their enemy. The Walking Dead could be taken out with fire but that was problematic. The Wrights and Giants of the Ice King had been totally immune to the weapons of their original foes.

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Only the strike force the Ice King had sent in had ice armor. Fortunately, that attacked had been thwarted. Now, with the true assault the Ice King had felt comfortable to attack as he had always
attacked. With no armor because they had no need for armor. He must have been convinced that the forces of Westeros did not have much if any Dragon Glass and he probably knew that Valyrian weapons were a rare commodity in Westeros.

The sheer numbers of the Ice King were overwhelming the forces of Westeros and forcing their controlled falling back. The yellow bands in the sky from the Croyel had blocked much of their fire into the milling forces of the Ice King and allowed their forces to attack in much higher numbers. The two groups of Ice Wrights that had devised their own means of protection helped as well in getting the forces of the Ice King to the berm. Then the Ice Wrights and Giants had used the tactic of using the bodies of the Walking Dead held up before them to block the arrows and javelins shot and hurled their way.

All of these new tactics had had their effect. The forces of Westeros faced much greater numbers of the attacking undead and Icy spawn than they had in the first assaults.

The scorpion bolts were able to some degree to either shoot through the undead body and into bodies of the Ice spawn or sometimes ripping the undead body from their grasp. This took their shield away and opened them up to arrow and javelin fire.

It was fortunate that for the Ice Wrights and Giants to attack they had to throw down their undead shields to pull their weapons out to attack the forces of Westeros. This then opened them up deadly fire with obsidian tipped weapons.

The forces of the Queen were falling back but killing their foes in mass. The forces of Westeros were tiring though. Humans had mortal limits that the dead did not feel. The Ice spawn were magical in origin and had limits that far exceeded those of living man. To counteract this the Queen and Eddard had trained for the rotation of their forces. Those exhausted by combat would fall back and fresh troops surged forward. That was not completely possible for the Valyrian armed Lords and knights. They had to keep fighting to hold the enemy at bay before them. They would fall back to rest for five minutes before again moving forward to fight.

Daenerys had trained hard for great endurance. She was told she was filled with Earthpower. She was sure now that this power was keeping her energized to keep on fighting without truly tiring. She would feel weary then suddenly be filled with energy again. She saw her lover Arya Stark running all over the battlefield behind the Waynhim fighting wedge constantly firing her bow. Her arm never tiring. She too was filled with this Earthpower. The Earth having chosen them to be its defender in this hour of need.

She noticed that two others were fighting on without showing any signs of tiring,

Jon’s body was now completely wreathed in flames from head to toe. The flames had spread out form his sword to now writhe up and down his body. The flames seeming to dance from his pores. The flames of his sword were now flaring up to five or six feet. The flames on his body was only a foot or two. His body rippled with the heat pouring off his body.

His blade was leaving flames licking in the sky as it ripped right and left. His blade was absolutely shattering the blades of the Ice Wrights and Giants now. Jon had indeed become Azor Ahai reborn now Daenerys thought. She was sure that the Ice spawn had come to that conclusion. They seemed to have learned a healthy respect for Lightbringer. They would avoid him. The Icy spawn letting the Walking Dead assault Jon. While engaged with them they would try to rush him from the side or rear.

Those attacks were thwarted by both his speed and the devastating effect of his blade on their blades and on their bodies. His wives were supporting their husband. Their hands shooting off shadow
daggers when they absolutely needed to protect their husband from harm. They too were tired. They kept Jon’s flank and back protected. They had another weapon. A weapon that did not tire and could take sword strikes and still live and fight on. The ShadowBender witches shadow construct aided by the Direwolves racing to bite at the Icy Spawn distracting them before moving back.

Their shadow demon was still alive and fighting like a crazed Jinn infested man. It had started out the second assault at twenty-five feet tall. It had slowly dissipated away as it struck out the enemies of the ShadowBenders and was struck back in return. It had taken many sword stabs and slashes of the Icy spawn. The strikes of the enemy’s blades slowly taking away the essence of the shadow monster. Daenerys had seen shadows slowly ripped and pulled from its body.

The creation of the ShadowBender witches had slowly shrunk over the length of the battle since it had joined in. It had towered over the battlefield at twenty-eight feet when it was born. Now it was down to a little more than fifteen feet. Its magic too was superior to the magic of the Icy spawn and the Walking Dead. That was still potent. The Shadow weapons of the ShadowBender witches killed the Queen’s enemies with absolute certainty. When their shadow daggers or the claws of the shadow monster struck the forces of the Ice King they died. The magic of the Ice King cut as if by obsidian or Valyrian steel.

The witches had the monster beside them now and sent it out to protect Jon’s back when needed as he assaulted the forces of the Ice King with wild abandon.

The other person that Daenerys saw who did not tire was Eddard Stark. His sword Evening Star was now glowing light like the full moon in a robin blue glow that created a penumbra around Eddard as he fought. He looked like the star Polaris come down to Earth with its blue tint. The battleground around him was filled with the arcs and penumbras left by his attacking sword. Bright flare pulses left in the air when his sword collided with a blade of any Ice spawn.

The space around Eddard looked like a magical faery playground now. The whole area glowed a bright light blue with all the magical markings left in the air by Evening Star. At times its tenor hum and melodic notes heard over the crazed confused battlefield.

He was absolutely not tiring in the least. Eddard ran around chopping down all before him. The blades of his compatriots were deadly with their effect against their foes but they were not as absolute as Eddard’s blade. They would have to pull their blades out of bodies they had been buried in. Many blows did not cleave their foes bodies in two.

Not so with Evening Star. When Eddard hacked the bodies of his foes they were cut as if they were butter and his blade was red hot even though the blade glowed blue and not hot red. If it did not cut clean through he was able to easily pull the blade back out of their bodies without difficulty. The blade was cutting with a magical edge as well as with forged steel.

She saw this firsthand when he dueled an Ice Wright for ten quick back and forth slashes. Then his blade cut in half the blade of the Ice Wright in a clean chop. Then in a backhanded chop Eddard’s blade sliced the head of his foe in two just below its eyes. The top half of his head jacked off. The Ice Wright’s brains unraveling and spilling all over the muddy slosh of the ground.

This had allowed an undead grizzly bear to nearly come up on Eddard. He had seen it though. Daenerys wondered if his sword was also warning him of all approaching foes. He easily pivoted around and slashed down with his blade in a diagonal cut from high to low going to his left. The robin blue glowing blade leaving a bright blue trail in the air. The blade cut into the massive body at the top of its left shoulder of the massive beast. The blade easily slicing through the body and exiting underneath its massive head.
The cut of Evening Star had cut the tendons on that foreleg. The bear jolted down onto that leg’s elbow not able to support its weight now without tendons to work the joint. Eddard stepped back and slashed down with his sword made from a fallen star it was said. The blade hit the bear and its massive skull on the top of its head. The blade easily sliced through the thick skull, muscle and thick fur. The blade cutting the beast’s head in two. The jaws falling apart.

The magic of the blade killing the bear. The strength that Eddard was displaying was completely supernatural now. The blade somehow fueling Eddard’s strength. He whirled around in a tight arch his sword glowing. Two heads of undead Crows went spinning in the air.

They fought on. She heard Renly scream. Loras had been cut from his shoulder to his elbow. He dropped his sword and stumbled back. Renly and Stannis surged forward. Renly picked up Loras and pressed him to his body and fell back to get treatment for Loras. Stannis fought the Ice Wright that had injured Loras. Their blades slamming into each other high and then low before Stannis rammed his blade through the stomach of the Ice Wright.

With his height and weight he ripped his Valyrian Sword up with all his strength. The blade whipped up and slammed into the sternum of the Ice Wright and cut through and ripped up through ribs and collar bone to rip free of the Ice Wright. Bones, blood and viscera splattered out. The Ice Wright fell down on its face dead.

The time to kill the Ice Wright had allowed an Ice Giant that seemed to just materialize from the darkness to come up on Stannis while he was still off balance.

Both Daenerys and Eddard yelled seeing the Ice Giant raise its blade to kill Stannis.

“Noooooooooo!” Eddard yelled. He had started to run forward with his sword held out before him. He would never reach Stannis in time Daenerys saw. Her anger seething seeing Stannis about to die. Only he did not die.

From Eddard’s blade a seeming lightning bolt of sky blue erupted from the tip of Evening Star. The bolt did not shoot out straight but was zig zagging like the lighting in the nighttime sky. The lightning bolt of magic arced up in semicircle to land into the heart of the Ice Giant. The lightning bolt of magic seemed to instantly bore into the Ice Giant. In an instant the behemoth exploded. It was not pulverized like the Lord’s Fire did to those it touched. The Ice Giant exploded from within. His arms and legs sent flying in four different directions. The eyes of the Ice Giant burned out by the lightning pouring out its eye sockets that then gushed blue blood.

Eddard staggered and fell to his knees. He rose unsteadily. Stannis had just started to turn towards the Giant when it exploded. He rushed back to safety pulling Eddard up and pushed them back to the protection of the fellow Valyrian weapon bearers. It was clear that the expenditure of such magical force had taxed her Warden of the North. Daenerys saw that Eddard was mighty but not immortal.

The Queen noticed something out of the corner of her eyes. It took a moment for her to process what it was as she hacked at more of the Walking Dead grasping for her. She had been pushed back to the first line of scorpions and siege engines. The platforms abandon. Their abandonment meant the amount of fire going out was reduced which in turn meant that more of the forces of the Ice King could now reach the berm and come over it to continue the assault.

Her forces were tiring. It could not be helped. Terror was fueling everyone’s body with adrenaline pumping in everyone’s veins. The crash would be mighty when their bodies had a chance to attempt to begin to recover.
The archers fortunately were still energized firing off rapidly. The sky thick with the arrows taking flight like angry wasps noisily winging towards the forces of the Ice King. She kept glancing at the berm they were being pushed back from. It was till in range of the arrows and definitely the scorpions.

Many of the undead were being feathered with Dragon Glass or fire arrows. The Ice Giants and Ice Wrights carrying their undead shields held up in their arms. These blocked the arrows flung their way. The archers had figured out to use fire arrows to light up the undead in the Icy spawn’s grip.

The Wrights and Giants had shown a general immunity to fire when passing through it. Dragon fire was another matter with its basis of magic. That fire burned all it touched. Fire arrows did not do damage to them when they struck the Ice Wrights and Giants. The arrows shattering soon after sinking a quarter of an inch into their bodies. The fire not having time to do any damage.

Daenerys could not help but observe the effect the burning bodies had on the Icy spawn as they gripped the undead bodies that burned bright with a ferocity stoked by the consumption of the magic that had animated their bodies. Now the Icy spawn felt the heat. It did not burn them severely because they threw them down when their bodies blazing up in a raging inferno became too great.

Unfortunately, they were usually able to hold on long enough to make it over the berm and down out of easy sight lines. Those that were not able to hang onto their undead shields were quickly filled with Dragon Glass arrows.

Now the Queen was able to piece together what she had seen unconsciously. The yellow barriers had winked out of the sky. She knew that was an ominous development. They were needed no more. She could think of another reason why that would be so.

Her forces fought on. They were decimating the forces of the Ice King but were taking heavy losses themselves now. The sheer numbers of the Ice King’s forces were bulling their ways into her forces and now causing heavy causalities.

She saw one benefit though with the yellow barriers disappearing. They were no longer there to intercept the projectiles flinging out towards the forces of the Ice King.

The Queen’s archers certainly noticed it. They fired off clouds of Dragon Glass arrows to hopefully thin out the ranks of the Walking Dead. The only problem was that they had been pushed back several hundred yards. Now the enemy forces were able to get much closer before the rain of death fell among them.

The sounds of catapults, trebuchets and scorpions firing off were like a staccato rhythm from a Bedouin sitar player. The only problem there was less of the engines firing off. The forward most deployed catapults, trebuchets and scorpions abandoned. Fortunately, there were more lines of the siege engines and they were firing off as fast as possible.

That was when she saw him. He wore a small crown of ice around his brow. His hair white like hers and with sky blue eyes.

The Ice King had arrived.

**Jon:** The world was all wavering and rippling to Jon now. His body totally engulfed in the flames that had been spawned by his sword and now taken up residence on his body. The flames seemed to be pouring out of his pores now. He did not feel the heat but he knew his body radiated great heat.
into the air surrounding him.

In a momentary lull in the fighting he had approached his wives to converse on the flow of the battle. They had both shied away from him. These two women used to pressing their faces close to the flames in their fireplace to see the will of R’hllor had backed away putting up their hands. The witches telling Jon that his body was like an inferno.

He had doubted that at first thinking that for some reason in the middle of battle they had decided to play a joke on him. The look of pain that came over their faces with his still continued advance had convinced him of the truth. His body was indeed as hot at the sun.

He had shouted at his wives from a safe distance. He told them he felt exalted and was in a high euphoria. His sword was cleaving the enemies of the Crows and Westeros itself like the scythe through ripen fields of wheat.

It was the Ice Wrights and Giants that fell back when they dueled. It was their blades that shattered when they struck together repeatedly. He knew deep down that in some ways that he was indeed Azor Ahai reborn but he still Jon Snow.

He would never stop being that man. A man who led the Crows of the Night’s Watch. A man married to two redheaded ShadowBender witches. A man who was the son of Eddard Stark. Nothing would ever change that paradigm. He would forever be a Stark.

He turned and rushed the next wave of assaulting forces of the Ice King. The Walking Dead were like chaff to him now. His blade slashed and cleaved their bodies in two. His sword glowing ever hotter. Now his blade instantly set the Walking Dead afire when his blade bit into their dead flesh.

The flames of the burning undead did not affect Jon in the slightest. He at this time had become immune to fire and heat. He had a forest fire of staggered Walking Dead stumbling around him or they had fallen to the ground truly dead once more. Their bodies their own funeral pyres.

He saw two Ice Wrights come up onto the battle plain and were trying to edge away from him to attack elsewhere. That he would not allow. He rushed forward.

“AAARRRRGGGHHH!” Jon roared both to exalt in his might but to also put the fear of the old gods in the Ice Wrights. The two icy beings turned to face him knowing they would have to fight him to live. Jon roared again seeing the raw naked fear in their faces.

He was the predator here and not they. Jon roared again knowing that he was avenging his fallen Crow brothers. He slammed into the first Ice Wright easily knocking his icy blade up and away. His shoulder knocked the wind out of the Ice Wright if that was possible. It screamed in pain at his heated body slamming into it. It was flipped back to land on its back. Jon turned and with a mighty circular slash of his sword shattered the ice sword of the second Ice Wright.

It stared agape at the shards of its icy blade that jutted out the ruin of the remaining blade and crossguard. It did not see Jon’s next overhead slash of Lightbringer. The blade hit the Ice Wright on the top of his head. The mighty on fire blade cut through the Ice Wright’s head and down to its belly. Its eyes had went opaque with the shock of death. Jon ripped his blade out of the ruined carcass of the Ice Wright. Blood and gore sprayed with the rip of his blade out of the body of the Ice Wright.

The other Ice Wright had had time to roll to its feet but it had not had an opportunity to set its balance its feet to brace for Jon’s attack he was moving so fast now. He roared again his voice filled with flames. To any who looked they would think that flames were leaping forth from Jon’s eyes and mouth. The Ice Wright brought up its sword in defense. Jon hacked and slammed his blade down
on the Ice Wright’s blade with wild but controlled abandon.

The Ice Wright’s blade screamed in protest with the mighty blows landing against it. The Ice Wright had had his body forced back. The Wright placing one hand on the ground to brace himself. The Wright had his head turned to look up at Jon with terror in his bright blue eyes. It did not matter to Jon. The thing had long ceased to be human. Any humanity taken from it when the then innocent male child had been taken and converted into this monstrosity by the Ice King.

Killing it was a mercy.

Lightbringer did not hesitate. Jon lifted the blade high and slashed down with all his gall and might. The Ice Wright’s blade shattered. The Ice Wright had lifted up its arm to protect itself from Jon’s fiery sword. It did the Wright no good. Jon lifted his sword up again without hesitation and slice it down. Lightbringer easily sliced through the Ice Wright’s arm in a flash. Blue blood gushing out in cold pulses. The Ice Wright had no time to scream its agony. The next instant Jon’s sword blade slammed into the neck of the Ice Wright.

It too was severed in two. The head of the Ice Wright thudded down to the ground. The eyes unseeing. Hot steam already pulsing out the neck stump and out the headless body.

Jon had no more time for it.

He moved on. His father had recovered from the sudden outburst of his sword Evening Star. His father was once more on the field of battle. Stannis had recovered and was back. Oberyn was in view. Jon admired his skill with his Valyrian tipped spear. He was like Syrio with his ability to stab the point of his weapon into the body of his foes while remaining amazingly untouched by their weapons or the grasping hands of the Walking Dead.

He watched his father with his blade that was glowing even brighter now after its lightning display. His father attacked the next wave of Walking Dead advancing. His sword was a bright flowing orb of death as Jon’s father effortlessly cut the undead asunder. The magic of his blade so powerful now that any cut instantly killed the dead.

Jon started at a large undead Wildling of the Thenns judging by his attire gripped his father by the scruff of his neck with one hand and snatched his father back into his body the other arm wrapping around Eddard trapping his arms so that his sword was immobile. Jon was moving forward when Stannis jumped to the rescue. His sword, Edge of Doom, was lifted high and chopped own on the left shoulder of the giant Thenn. The sword chopped the arm nearly clean off the body.

Jon’s father jerked forward to safety. He whirled around and his sword slammed into the hip of the thick tall undead man. His sword cutting into the undead man. The glowing blue blade easily cutting into the undead till the sword lodge in the man’s spine. Stannis stabbed the man through his back his sword jutting out the man’s chest above his heart. The two men ripped out their swords. The undead had had its magic that animated the undead man unbound. He crashed to the Earth already dead for his second permanent death.

The press of more forces of the Ice King reaching the camp of the Queen forced them back again. They had now reached the second line of siege engines. Archers were up on the abandon scorpion platforms firing down all around them. The undead did not have the awareness or the coordination to climb the steps. They had thrown up multiple spare quivers to give them ample ammunition to fire at the undead. The archers taking slow careful aim at the point blank range Walking Dead. Their arrows not missing at this close range.

The Ice Wrights and Giants were ignoring this threat. They were trying to spread out and raise
havoc with the forces of the Queen. Their ice blades too much for the iron forged swords and shields. The men opposed them with interlocked shields and wild chops of their swords. They had to fall back when their shields and weapons fractured.

A group of twenty Ice Wrights had passed to the left of the knot of Valyrian armed men and women of Westeros. Jon wanted to go fight them but he was pressed by Ice Giants and undead swarming forward.

Jon heard the sound of mighty hooves slamming the Earth. A group of nearly one hundred knights came rushing forward out of the night time gloom and shadows cast by the multiple fires. The Ice Wrights were pressed in themselves by archers firing at them. The Ice Wright using their blades to flick arrows out of the sky and their fast reflexes to dodge arrows caste their way.

Not all were dodged and several Ice Wrights fell down dead feathered by Dragon Glass tipped arrows.

The Knights slammed into the distracted Ice Wrights. The speed and weight of the heavy warhorses trampled down the Ice Wrights the hooves hammering the monstrosities into the mire and mud. The Ice Wrights could not fight physics. The armored heavy horse had too much energy to resist.

The Ice Wrights were not truly harmed even though nearly a ton of weight slammed iron shod hooves all over their bodies. They were disoriented for a minute their bodies rammed into the Earth and rolled hard. The knights wheeling their horses around to stomp on the fallen Ice Wrights. They then rode off not wanting the Ice Wrights to chop their mounts legs off.

The somewhat dazed Ice Wrights slowly got up in disorganized manner.

Daenerys and her three Bloodguard, Bannor and Seregrom, came rushing into the gap created by the knights and their hard ride over the Ice Wrights. The Queen’s sword was glowing a bright blue leaving arcs as she fought. Her sword easily repelling the Ice Wrights cold forged steel. The two Bloodguard with their stolen Ice Wright blades easily countered all the attacks and thrusts of the Ice Wrights. The Bloodguard would lock up their blades with the Ice Wrights and move forward.

The Haruchai free arms threw fists that delivered blows that staggered the Ice Wrights throwing their thin bodies back. The Haruchai following and moving into the lowered defense of the Ice Wrights. Their blades cutting off limbs, heads and nearly chopping bodies in two with their native strength.

The three Bloodriders were hanging back and attacking on the edge the Walking Dead that were milling around this drama being played out. The Knights had dismounted and were hacking wildly on the undead trying to cut and quarter the enemy. They had been taught they could not kill the undead with normal steel but a headless man with no arms was a lot easier to deal with.

Three of the knights had gotten ahold of torches and were running around setting the chopped up dead parts on fire to take them out of the fight. No one wanted a hand crawling up your leg to your throat to strangle you. The knights worked to push the Walking Dead towards the men with the torches. Those men jabbing out their torches to touch the undead. The mere touch of the flames instantly sending the undead up like funeral pyres to burn bright and hot till they were only slag on the ground.

Jon had to turn to fight an Ice Gaint that first tried to stomp Jon and then slashed down at him. Jon easily blocked his clumsy sword strokes. He then chopped off the Giant’s right leg below the knee. The beast slammed into the Earth screaming as blue blood gushed out the stump. The Ice Giant forgetting his blade rolling right and left crying in shocking pain. His cries ceased when Jon chopped his massive head near in two from temple to temple.
When he could look out he saw that the Queen and Haruchai had dispatched half of the Ice Wrights and the rest ran off in terror to find easier targets to fight.

The fight went on till Jon saw him walking forward across the battlefield. He was not overly tall but he walked with supreme confidence. Upon his brow he wore a small crown with spires made of ice. On his back was the vile loathsome denizen from the world of the visitors from the Land. The Croyel body was naked and wrinkly its yellow body ugly and hideous. Its carious teeth jammed into the throat of the Ice King. It was obviously drinking the cold blue blood of the Ice Wright King. Its red pupils looked at Jon with obvious hate and desire to kill him.

The Croyel knew from his adopted father who the Ice King hated the most. Azor Ahai reborn.

The Ice King locked eyes with Jon. Jon’s father and the Queen came up beside Jon. Stannis and Oberyn moved to their sides. Renly had returned. Those still living with their Valyrian weapons formed up with Jon.

Behind the Ice King from the gloom a solid mass of Ice Wrights and Giants slowly advanced. A huge press of undead were behind milling around waiting to pass through.

Jon could see that the Ice King had massed a strike force to accompany him. They were going to try and overwhelm and kill the leaders of Westeros. He was following the adage that they way to kill the body of a snake is to chop off its head.

Jon, the Queen and Jon’s father were that proverbial head.

The Ice King smiled. The Croyel was busy gnawing on his father’s neck drinking his icy blood. It too had a smirk on its mouth as it feed.

“I have you now Crow. Dragon Rider. Eddard Stark you fucking scion of my lineage. I have the force with me to finish this quick.”

Daenerys Targaryen stepped forward.

“I think not” she told him with a smirk on her face.

“I will kill you last whore. Women like you disgust me. You do not know your place. That is beneath a man.”

Jon watched the Queen of Westeros act like an ingénue. “Puh-leazzeeeee … I have a present for you Ice King … sort of like one monarch to another monarch kind of thing.”

Jon had to smile. He could see the Ice King eyes shifting and his forehead furrowing as he tried to deduce what the Queen could be getting out.

The Queen had planned for this. That the Ice King would want to face Jon face to face. That he would bring with him an overwhelming force of his Icy spawn to do his killing for him and guard the Ice King. She had held back a special force for this moment. A force held in reserve just behind them. They had been chaffing to be part of the battle but the Queen had been incessant on their staying hidden behind several tall shield walls.

“You lie bitch.” He looked around at the surrounding area. Your dragons have exhausted themselves. I have seen the shadow monster dwindle. The Lord of Revelstone is off over a mile away. She will not be able to fight her way here in time to save you. You are mine.”

Daenerys gave the Ice King a coquette poise and look.
“You wound me … let me demonstrate … DOWN!”

Jon and everyone flew to the ground. Behind them tall shield walls were thrown down. Jon smiled grimly seeing the shocked look on the Ice King’s face.

Behind the Queen and her compatriots was the archer company of Bedouins from the land of the Orange Shores that lay to the east of Volantis. The Bedouins lived in the dunes and wadis of that land. The archers masters of the small composite body. Each bow a work of exquisite workmanship. The men and women were expert marksmen.

The Queen had saved them for just this moment.

The Sand Scarabs had their bows all drawn back. The front row were on one knee and the line behind them standing. Three hundred strong was the company of mercenaries. These were elite archers and only the best made the grade to join their small cadre.

The mercenary company had been ready for this moment and afraid it would never happen. The moment had arrived.

As one nearly two hundred bowstrings were released. The standing men in the second line now let loose their bowstrings. Their arrows streaking out. The kneeling bowmen stood up and in a flash pulled Dragon Glass tipped arrows from their quivers. They placed the notch on their strings and pulled back. They fired and then kneeled back down. The mercenaries of the second line fired off their arrows. Now the second bending down to reload their bows. Now it was the first line’s time to fire. They sighted down their arrows and let loose. Then the men on the back row stood up. They let loose their arrows as the front line bent to reload. Now the two lines worked in counter time to fire off their bows. Each line bending to reload as the other line fired.

A blizzard of arrows were being fired out at the Ice King and his spawn. The Sand Scarabs famous for their ability to fire a dense storm of arrows in a short amount of time. Their fire fast but also deadly accurate.

The men in the mercenary company working in perfect unison. The men on back lines rotating to keep their fire fast and furious. The men had placed many spare full quivers at their feet. This company had been held in reserve just to deliver this killing blow. They were expert marksmen and in the half light of the battlefield that skill would be sorely tested.

Since they had not fought as yet they were fresh and were able to fire off at a fast murderous rate. Their arrows filling the air between them and the Ice King with dragon tipped arrows.

Jon saw wave after wave of arrows buzzing angrily towards the Ice King and his forces. The arrows finding targets all throughout the Ice King’s forces. The front line of Ice Wrights and Ice Giants were feathered with multiple Dragon Glass arrows. Many looked like the cacti that Jon had seen in Maester Luwin’s books when he studied Dorne when he was growing up.

The air filled with angry buzzing. Jon watched their mercenary’s arrows killing the first line of Ice Wright and the four Ice Giants that were on the front line. Their bodies killed instantly from head and heart shots and overwhelming obsidian poisoning from arrows sunk into their bodies from knee to head.

The first line of Icy spawn toppled to the ground dead. Jon heard the seven scorpions behind them fire off. The Queen had ordered them several hours back to stand down and be prepared to fire at maximum rate when the order was given. The massive missiles clanged off the rails. The projectiles ripped into the roiling mass of Icy spawn.
The Ice Wrights and Giants had been thrown into confusion by the sudden onslaught of obsidian tipped arrows and scorpion bolts flying into their formation. Javelins of obsidian came in from various angles. The seven bolts from the siege engines impacted bodies like raging bulls in the rut. Three Ice Giants were gutted with scorpion bolts. The energy of the bolts spinning their bodies. Two fell to the ground dead with heart shots. The other bolt blasted an ice wright off his feet and threw him fifteen feet back.

Unfortunately, it would be at least twenty seconds before the scorpions could be reloaded and the arm winched back.

The archers were firing off their bows as fast as they could. They had been held in reserve and were thus fresh. The archers fired their bows at a quick pace. Their draw steady and their aim true. Jon crouched down on the ground watched the arrows flying straight into the swarm of Ice Wrights and Giants. The tall Giants were receiving a lot of the attention of the arches. Their height drawing the eye.

Jon saw that they should be shooting more at the Ice Wrights. Worse he saw that the Ice King was not being feathered.

Many of the arrows being fired off were aimed at him. He had his own marker. His crown showed that he was a high value target to the archers. The arrows headed for head and heart. Where the arrows would impact the Ice King’s body yellow squares appeared in momentary flashes. They hue the color of rot.

It looked like fireflies in summer with the constant flickering of yellow squares that flashed into existence just long enough to block the projectiles being fired at the Ice King. Two javelins came flashing in from the dark and hit the ribs and back of the Ice King. Larger versions of the yellow squares appeared to block the projectiles.

Jon now knew why the yellow barriers in the sky had disappeared. The Croyel had wrapped his power around his host. The Croyel had protected the Ice King in a shield that could not be penetrated by projectiles. More arrows impacted the Ice King but the arrows shattered against the yellow barriers erected against them for the instant necessary to destroy them.

The Ice King stood there with a triumphant look on his face. The Croyel looked at all with his beady eyes.

The Archers to their credit quickly saw that their fire was wasted on the Ice King and adjusted their fire to the Icy Spawn. The next wave of the Icy spawn were falling down feathered with multiple arrows. The arrows flying through the night air like a horizontal blizzard. Jon was exhilarated seeing Ice Wrights staggering with multiple arrow strikes. The scorpions reported again with their massive missiles slamming into bodies of Ice Wrights throwing them back already dead. Some missed. Some didn’t.

The exhilaration that Jon had felt evaporated. More Ice Wrights had fallen but now they were adjusting their tactic. The Ice Wrights behind the feathered Ice Wrights now gripped the bodies of their dying brethren and held them up before them. The ice wrights using their brethren to block the incoming arrows.

The Ice Wrights did begin to dissipate when they died but it was a process that could take up to five minutes. Their bodies remaining substantial enough to be used as shields. The Ice Wrights were more than willing to use their dying brothers to protect themselves. The Ice Wrights holding onto their swords awkwardly as they gripped the arms of their dying brothers to move forward now protected.
Some of the Ice Wrights lost their grip on their dying brothers. The Ice Wrights did not go quietly into the good night. They screamed long piteous screams as their legs and arms kicked wildly in agony.

The harsh movements ripped some of the dying Ice Wrights out of the grips of the ones holding them up as shields. When they fell to the ground the Ice Wrights that held them upright were exposed and quickly feathered with Dragon Glass. They too started to die but were then in turn gripped by their brethren behind them and held up as shields while they now screamed and wildly contorted in death.

The Ice Wrights advancing relentlessly. They passed the Ice King who smiled.

More scorpion bolts were fired off squiring Ice Wrights trying to slow their advance. More and more Ice Wrights passed the Ice King. They were near to place where Jon and his compatriots were on the ground. Someone blew a war horn near Jon.

The archers suddenly split in two pulling back. The fire of arrows stopped. This too was part of Daenerys plan.

Thirty mounted knights on heavy war horses charged forward with lances leveled down at the advancing wall of the advancing Ice Wrights and Giants. The horses came rushing through at a full gallop. Jon felt the earth trembling with their passage near his body. The lances tipped with obsidian. The horses had to only charge thirty yards to impact into the Ice Wrights.

The crash was horrendous. The collision sounded like a landslide of mighty boulders colliding.

The lances slammed into the bodies of Ice Wrights impaling them clean through. Some of the lances coming through the bodies of the initial Ice Wright and impaling the one behind it. The slender bodies easily pierced. The shields of dying Ice Wrights were slammed back into the bodies of the Ice Wrights holding them up. With great momentum the horses slammed into the Ice Wrights driving them back.

The knights released their lances and pulled out their heavy broadswords to engage the Ice Wrights. Their blades did not kill the Ice Wrights but they were driven back staggering from the momentum of the blows raining down on their heads and shoulders.

Jon and the rest of the Valyrian armed warriors of Westeros jumped up and rushed forward their weapons raised. The archers had instead of forming up had gripped several full quivers putting them on and rushed forward firing as they went.

Jon rushed and quickly chopped down three Ice Wrights that were still getting their bearings from the onrush of the knight charge. Jon saw his father send an Ice Wright’s head flying twenty feet up into the air. Oberyn speared one clear through his body.

He could not see anything more. The Ice King was before him. They slammed their words into each other. The blades screaming. His blade’s flames rising five feet in the air. Jon’s sword screaming almost as if in anger at the foe it now fought. The Ice King’s own blade seemed to throw off ice splinters. The two men circled each other. From nowhere Oberyn appeared and thrust his sword into the Ice King’s back. A yellow square appeared just before the impact.

The blow sent the Ice King stumbling forward off balance. Jon slammed Lightbringer down on the Ice King’s head several times. Again the yellow barrier appeared to protect the Ice King. The blows physical strength staggered him but no harm from the blade’s sharpness or heat harmed the Ice King. The magical elements of Jon’s blade blocked.
Jon ducked and pivoted away when the Ice King cut at him with his ice sword. Jon was on the defense the Ice King following hacking down wildly at Jon. He blocked with Lightbringer but was on the defensive. There were Ice Wrights and Giants all around now. He saw a swarm of Walking Dead surging in behind the Icy spawn.

He locked swords with the Ice King who pressed forward till they were face to face. Their eyes locked.

“I will gut you!” the Ice King bellowed.

Jon released his right hand off his sword and drew his left arm down taking the weight of the Ice King with him throwing both swords off to his left. His right fist slammed into the face of the Ice King. It did not harm him but it made Jon feel good. The anger on the Ice King’s face was most satisfying. He swirled around throwing his sword out around in a might arc. His blade cut an Ice Wright clean in two at the waist.

He turned just in time to block the next slash of the Ice King their colliding swords screaming. Jon and the Ice King slammed their swords into each other again and again. Jon saw out the corner of his eye the rune sword of Daenerys. She gutted an Ice Wright and whipped her sword out and rolled forward to thrust her sword up through the groin of an Ice Wright that had been feathered in the stomach and thigh. Her sword thrust finished killing the Ice Wright.

The Haruchai Bannor and Seregrom were on her flanks swirling their purloined ice swords. They blocked and forced back any Ice spawn that tried to get in on Daenerys flank. Their sword work was so fast that the blades were mostly invisible in the flickering fire light and the light of burning undead. Jon caught glimpses of the Walking Dead being hacked and chopped down by the whirling and jumping Haruchai.

Off to the side Jon noted his wives standing hanging back. The two ShadowbBender witches had tired and only shooting off their shadow daggers when they sensed an Ice Wright moving into a killing position and was fairly near them. Their Shadow Monster killing the undead by the score.

Jon saw a knight go down his upper chest cleaved wide open by an Ice Wright. Another knight was stabbed through from two sides. Jon was enraged. He was being pressed back by the mighty down strokes of the Ice King. The Croyel smiling evilly at him. He stumbled over a down ice wight that was already steaming.

His eyes enlarged with the Ice King moving in. Jon was down one on knee blocking the savage down chops of the Ice King’s ice sword. The power of the Ice King forced Jon’s sword down slowly towards his body. Jon gritted his teeth blocking the strokes of his hated foe.

From the side, Jon’s father flashed in his sword Evening Star swirled in leaving a blue streak behind it. The glowing sword slammed into the ribs of the Ice King. The sword was met with a yellow barrier but the blade seemed to cut partially into the shield. The Ice King was thrown aside grunting. Jon rose up and lifted his sword and swiped down his sword leaving trails of flame in the air.

Jon’s blade reached for the Ice King’s head but again the yellow square barrier appeared just above the Ice King’s head. Jon’s sword exploded upon striking the barrier sending out flames all around. The blade chipped the barrier but was repelled. Father and son advanced on the Ice King their swords slamming into the sword and body of the Ice King. The body and head shots blocked by the shields of the Croyel.

Jon realized that the Ice King did not truly care if swords struck his body. He knew he was safe with
the magical shields raised by the Croyel. The Ice King was not a superior swordsman that was obvious. He was using his great strength and little else to fight with.

The Croyel now thrust up its small stubby right arm. Both Starks were flung back flying through the air. Both men rolled with their invisible blows. Their bodies hitting the ground. Both men through long training came up with swords in blocking positions. The Ice King came after Jon hacking wildly putting Jon on the defense. His sword showering out magical fire sparks with each collision of fire and ice forged steel colliding. The two magical blades sending out mighty flame showers and sparklers of magical discharge.

Jon feinted to the left making the Ice King block it. He stabbed forward his sword point hitting the Ice King in the face. Again his sword was blocked but the yellow shield was cracked. The Ice King was flung back. Arrows were now firing into his body from all angles. The arrows blocked but the momentum of the impacts was keeping him off balance.

The magical barriers tuned to magic and blunting the sharpness of sword blades and the point of arrows. The obsidian arrows exploding hitting the yellow squares that appeared just above the skin of the Ice King to save his life. Momentum was a matter of physics and could not be magically done away with. The Ice King’s body jerked and lurched with the momentum of the weapons striking his body.

With his father’s sword glowing like the full moon come down to Earth, Jon saw his father engage an Ice Giant. He was having to dodge and weave not letting Walking Dead grip his body as they milled forward. In moves so fast Jon barely registered them, his father sliced off hands and arms reaching for him from the undead. The limbs cut as if water. The magical poison of his father’s blade sent blue white poison surging in the veins of the undead quickly unbinding the magic animating them. The undead first staggering and then falling down to their second permanent death. His father blocking the blows of the Ice Giant. Several chops of the Ice Giant instead of finding Jon’s father’s head cleaved undead to pieces.

Daenerys was whirling around like a madwoman chopping down undead all around her. She was besieged from all sides. When her defense looked like it was in jeopardy Bannor or Seregrom were there as if appearing from the foundations of the Earth to cut down or beat back the assailants. Obsidian tipped arrows and javelins were flying in from all sides. The Ice Wrights dodging and blocking. Still at random an Ice Wright was feathered and fell down dead. The Ice Giants to slow for that were taking hits that were slowly poisoning them. The undead pierced all over the plain and falling down dead or stumbling as poison coursed through their dead veins.

Stannis and Oberyn were falling back pressed in by Ice Wrights. They were able to kill undead all around them while blocking the assaults of Ice Wrights that were coming upon them. Oberyn’s spear jutting out like a striking cobra. The point of his Valyrian steel spear hitting foes in the face and ramming in instantly killing the foe.

Jon and the Ice King threw themselves apart. The two eyed each other with hate. The two antagonists ran into each other again locking swords. The two men pressed in. Jon knew that with the Ice King not able to be reached by their attacks they were in trouble. Jon was tired and could not keep fighting like this much longer. Not this total exertion. His sword was supporting him but he had mortal physical limits.

The Croyel clenched his fist and Jon was sent staggering back. The blow like a sledgehammer. He roared in anger when the Ice King chopped down a knight getting past his guard. Then the Ice King stabbed another knight down ramming his ice sword trough his back. The Ice King was forced to turn and face his father. He was definitely not tiring his sword strikes still lightning fast and
powerful. The Ice King staggering back with blows blocked by the yellow shields of the Croyel. The Ice King grunting with the force of his father’s blows.

The Croyel jammed his stubby arm out. Invisible force went out at Jon’s father. Eddard Stark threw his sword up and it blocked the swirling air of the magical blow. The Croyel now threw his arm out and kicked out his leg. Multiple magical blows hammered Jon’s father stunning him back and then he was sent wildly tumbling into a mass of undead. Now his father had to fight desperately cutting those down before they could get a good grip on his body to tear him apart.

Jon was himself swarmed with undead. He was chopping around his body to keep the undead at bay as he dismembered and gutted them. It seemed like an endless supply of Walking Dead were constantly swarming forward in their quest to end his life and the lives of all those around him. Of all those who manned the frontlines of Westeros.

They were going to be overwhelmed Jon thought desperately.

Jon saw in the distance toward the frontlines a long ribbon of something black appear in the air. It settled down out of sight. He was not sure what he had just seen. He jumped back and cut three more of the Walking Dead down. His sword setting them alight with his killing strokes.

He attempted to move toward the Ice King but an Ice Wright engaged him. They circled each other attacking with swinging strokes and last moment blocks of their swords. The Ice King had started to attack the archers near him. Their arrows not able to penetrate his shields. The Ice King killing archers to reduce the fire on his Icy spawn. Still two more Ice Wrights were spun around by multiple arrows strikes. Their screams of agony loud in the nighttime air.

Jon saw another long black stream appear in the air this time much nearer. It landed only twenty yards in front him. He heard Ice Wrights scream in pain and an Ice Giant seemed to simply fall apart at his waist. Whatever it was it was aimed at his foes. It was deadly in its affect.

Suddenly Barristan appeared. Loud roynish barking was heard behind him but also approaching. Waynhim came into view their staves stabbing and slashing apart both the Walking Dead and Icy spawn of the Ice King. The fighting wedge of the Waynhim coming into clear view. The staves of the small strange creatures were used to deadly affect. Some spewed acid as they chopped while others lit the Ice spawn and undead alight like bonfires when the staves were stabbed into their bodies.

Total confusion abounded. There was fights for survival all around Jon. Both sides defending selves and lashing out at their foes.

**Arya:** For the countless time Arya reached back to her quiver and gripped her next arrow with her fingers. The young woman instinctively working her fingers between the fletching. Her fingers running down to grip the shaft of the arrow. She then pulled her left hand straight up to remove the arrow from its nest in her quiver. In a fluid motions she brought the arrow down and forward while pulling her bow back slightly to get the notch on the bowstring.

With a strong confident pull of her arm she brought the bowstring taunt. It was easy to pick out a target and let her bowstring loose. Targets were all around. All her shots were point blank. Her aim point easy to spot and track. Her arrow shot out from her bow. The arrow sinking deep into a mammoth that was slowly lumbering forward. She was shooting at its side not in a position for an eye shot. Arrows were slamming into it from both sides. Its thick skull prevented arrows from penetrating its brain. It was filled with black tendrils of obsidian poison that began to encircle the dead monstrosity.
The Waynhim were dueling with several Ice Giants that had come lumbering up carrying a dead moose and another was holding an elk to protect itself from the fire coming its way. The Loremaster whipped his stave back and forth sending out a stream of black Demondim acid that undulated out at the closest Ice Giants.

The acid splashed into the moose eating away at the undead. It did not kick or react to the acid eating away at its essence. In the middle of the long stream the acid ate its way through the dead moose and started to splash on the front of the Ice Giants. The first one’s head ripped back to scream in agony and then went silent with the acid eating away its entire torso the Giant falling back dead. The blue light of its eyes dimmed out. The second had the acid land on its left side. Its ribs eaten away and its cold organs spilling out it body cavity. Its wails of agony hideous to hear.

The other Giant made it the edge of the Waynhim wedge. It threw its carcass into the wedge. The Demondim spawn in the wedge lashed out with their staves chopping the undead elk into slices the body flying apart their magic unbinding the magic animating it. The Ice Giant started to slash down with his massive broadsword. His blade blocked by the Waynhim but the massive blade found several Waynhim killing one and wounding another on the arm.

The archers fired off arrows riddling the Ice Giant. It staggered but continued to try and attack the Waynhim. It was able to slice down on more time splitting a Waynhim skull into two. More arrows impacted into the Ice Giant’s body. It fell to one knee its body leaned forward. A Waynhim stabbed out with his bone stave and it penetrated the mouth of the Ice Giant.

The Ice Giant’s head exploded into flames. The Ice Giant ripped its head back screaming in wails of shocking anguish.

The mammoth had fallen onto its front knees its body beginning to rot with obsidian poisoning. Muscle and fur sluffing off its body. It tried to rise but more arrows strikes brought it down for good. Then several flaming arrows impacted its body and it went up in a bonfire.

The Loremaster had the Waynhim wedge rotated and now heading out into the field of undead advancing towards them. Arya saw no Ice Wrights in this area. They seemed to have thinned out. The Loremaster barking loudly slashing his stave first to his right and then to his left letting out gouts of acid that splashed all over the Walking Dead. The acid immediately eating away at bodies dissolving them.

When the remaining undead came up against the edge of the fighting wedge the Waynhim manning the edge front slashed and stab out at the undead. Their staves moving like lightning to produce mayhem. The hands and arms of the undead chopped off with ruthless efficacy. The chopped limbs did not move. The torsos next stabbed or slashed. The bodies filled with acid to rot from within or set on fire in a bright blaze.

Arya again thought how the very nature of the Walking Dead was working against them now that the forces of Westeros and the Crows had the weapon to fight them. Dragon Glass had totally changed the balance. Fire was coming at the Waking Dead from all angles.

She had heard the frustration in Crow reports of the great difficulty to kill the Walking Dead or Others as they were often called. The Ice Wrights had been totally immune with not even fire affecting them. That had completely changed now.

Their Dragon Glass tipped weapons were efficiently killing all they struck. The head and heart shot instantly killing the undead and Icy spawn of the Ice King. The Walking Dead obeying their compulsion to move towards those that lived and kill them came on forward blindly. That compulsion leading them into the fields of fire. Many died with multiple dragon tipped arrows
Arya was focusing on her immediate environs. She still saw the projectiles of the catapults and trebuchets arching through the sky to land into the plain where the undead still marched forward. Arya was amazed at the sheer numbers of the shambling undead that continued to march forward to attack. They seemed countless. No matter how many were slain there was a seemingly unending supply of fresh undead coming forward.

The Walking Dead moved at a slow step. They did not react to the fire coming their way. The fire arrows raining down on them they did not try to avoid. The Dragon Glass was unseen so Arya could understand them not trying to dodge those unseen missiles. Arya could see that the Walking Dead truly were dead. They had no fear or true desire except to obey their compulsion. All over the plain before them undead would suddenly blaze up with a fire arrow striking their body. The undead stumbling as they burned sometimes taking brothers and sisters down with them into a burning death.

They were being slaughtered. She saw a trebuchet shot coming down only fifty yards ahead of them. The missiles exploded on impact on the ground and explode sending fiery projectiles flinging in all directions. Many found Walking Dead who immediately started to go up in flames.

She heard Marleya Blackmyre screaming orders to keep the archers compact near the rear edge of the Waynhim wedge. The camp attendants were still wheeling their wheelbarrows around keeping close to the rear edge of the Demondim spawn. The archers behind and to their flanks firing wildly. The wheelbarrows were now three quarters emptied.

Arya was getting worried. The undead seemed limitless.

She saw Syrio and Strong Belwas fighting along the right edge of the Waynhim wedge. The two sword masters killing all that came near them. The undead falling dead from one swipe of their Valyrian blades that unbound the magic binding the undead and keeping them animated. The two using the Waynhim wedge to protect one side of their bodies.

She saw an Ice Giant approaching but two scorpion bolts slammed into its stomach. The Ice Giant thrown off its feet. It wallowed on the ground trying to remove one of the bolts jutting up out of its body. It quickly weakened and did not move anymore.

Arya feathered a cow that was trying to get in position to gore Syrio. She shot the undead animal in the eye and it fell over killed by the magic in the Dragon Glass tipped arrow.

The Waynhim Loremaster barked loudly. The Wedge started to rotate slowly. Arya knew the creatures were much faster than their movements were now. They were moving slowly to let their human compatriots move with them. The attendants moved their wheelbarrows slowly moving over the dead bodies and detritus of the battlefield. The archers moving adroitly to keep pace with slow pivoting wedge. Arya saw that Barristan, Syrio and Strong Belwas moved adeptly keeping in range of the Waynhim staves to protect their back and sides.

The cadence of the Waynhim changed. They were constantly yelping in their native tongue that sounded discordant and roynish. The wedge did not advance. She saw the Loremaster lift his stave up in the air and then rammed it into the dirt that was still covered be the yellow ichor that the Croyel had earlier produced tough it seemed to be inert now.

Arya watched a wave of black magic flow out from the tip of the Waynhim wedge and quickly start to spread out and forward. The Demondim liquid spreading over the top of the yellow ichor. Arya wondered what the Loremaster was trying to accomplish. Then in the gauzy light of the green orbs, burning undead and the fire from the Queen’s forces Arya thought she saw the black ichor start to
undulate creating small waves that lapped forward.

With raised eyebrows, Arya watched the Waynhim imitate the magic of the Croyel. She saw the multitude of slain bodies of the Walking dead and slag of dead Ice Wright and Giants being lifted up and rolled forward and shunted off to the sides. The wedge started to move forward slowly. The Waynhim on the leading of the Demondim spawn wedge pushed their staves down into the black ichor of their Loremaster and were able to add to the wave motion helping to move the dead bodies and detritus of the battlefield aside.

Marleya had most of their archers facing out towards the fallen Wall. The undead had been thinned out by the Waynhim wedge but more were slowly shambling forward to join the battle. The tide of the shambling undead thickening as they closed on the fighting wedge. They were still thirty yards away. Marleya was screaming at them to keep firing as fast as possible. Not that they needed any encouragement to fire off their arrows. The undead stumbling down killed. She yelled at Arya and the closest archers to her to face back toward the queen’s forces and take out any targets that way.

The Black Panthers had left the berm when it was over run and came down the berm and joined the archers of Marleya. Fortunately, they had their own attendants that were loaded down with quivers and others wheeling around their own wheelbarrows now only half filled with stacked quivers. All the archers firing their arrows with wild abandon. To conserve arrows would invite death. They had no recourse but to continue to fire a reckless pace and hope for resupply.

The Loremaster started to move the wedge forward. The way of the battle flow had reduced the amount of enemy that was both ahead and behind the Waynhim wedge. Arya had no idea why the Loremaster had decided to move back towards the berm and the Queen’s forces. The Stark teenager did not question the wisdom of the Waynhim. In this flickering world of half formed illusions she was trusting the instincts to denizens that lived their life in subterranean world of tunnels and caverns. A world of absolute blackness.

Arya watched amazed as the dead, broken weapons and other detritus began to roll towards the berm or pushed to the side. This smoothed out the landscape. With a shake of her head she marveled at these strange creatures. They had helped in saving her mother and were now strivng to aid Westeros in its dark hours fighting the Ice King. Their magic malleable to meet the needs of the Waynhim and those they had chosen to align themselves with. Their roynish barking loud in the din of battle. The fighting wedge sped up slightly with the cleared ground and the humans able to keep pace because of the lack of obstacles in their path now.

The archers facing back towards the fallen Wall were firing their bows feathering the Walking Dead at now twenty-five yards toppling them over. They still had the ammunition to fire with abandon as they retreated back towards their frontlines. The fallen undead hindering the progress of their undead brethren still coming forward to kill and rend. Randomly, fire arrows came flying in setting animated and dead undead alight slowing the advance as Walking Dead burned.

The Wedge sped up their forward movement. The Loremaster was not using his stave to throw acid. There was undead moving forward before them but they had their back to the threat behind them. The archers facing forward were firing off with abandon doing the killing for now instead of the Waynhim. Again, Arya thought that the Walking Dead had major failings now that the forces of Westeros had Dragon Glass. She was releasing her bowstring sending arrows into the backs of undead men and women or the flanks of animals raised in to a horrid second life.

With their compulsion to move forward and attack the camp of Westeros they did not react to the attack from the rear. Arya was not even sure they could sense the attack. The Waynhim on the leading edge of the Waynhim wedge facing the berm attacked the Walking Dead as they came into
range. Their staves stabbing out to stab their targets in the back of legs, lower back or their flanks.

The Loremaster was again stabbing his stave up and waving it to send out long streams of acid to either side of the wedge that flew up and forward to settle down deliver devastation to those it touch.

The Waynhim on the edges attacking all they could reach. The staves rushing either acid or fire into the bodies of the undead. The effect of the Waynhim magic immediate and devastating. The Walking Dead dissolving as acid ate them away from the inside till their bodies ruptured and fell apart with black ichor running out of all their orifices. The bone staves caused the undead to erupt into flames.

Arya observed that the area was free of Ice Wrights and Ice Giants. They were either killed off or had gained the berm and scaled it to move forward.

The wedge continued to advance. The magic of the Loremaster pushed the dead and garbage of battle forward and aside. Arya glanced behind her. The Walking Dead wave was slowly advancing. They could only move at their shambling rate. They had only one speed. They were incapable of urgency. The speed of the Waynhim was leaving them further behind.

The attendants were able to keep up with the cleared ground. The archers able to rest not having to fire at a wild clip. The three warriors of Barristan, Syrio and Belwas kept pace. Their extreme fitness powering their bodies.

The wedge reached the berm. The Loremaster changed his chant and all the dead bodies and detritus was quickly shunted to the sides of the wedge. Now the small creatures with their long bodies with arms and legs of equal length went to all fours and raced up the berm barking wildly the whole way.

Now Arya and the archers reached the foot of the berm. A few of the attendants were able to push their wheelbarrows up the berm gasping but many could not. Arya, Marleya and other archers grabbed the handles and gripped the edge of the bed and helped pull the wheelbarrows up the berm gritting their teeth.

They reached the top looking around. Marleya barked out instructions. She told all the archers to take off their quivers and put fresh ones on their back to have a full arrow load. She set the lines. She used over seventy-five percent of the remaining archers to protect their rear.

“I want our rows faced out. The Walking Dead will be here shortly. If you see any Ice Wrights and Giants fire at them. If they are using fucking shields fall to a knee and shoot their legs. Harder to hit but we need to hit their bodies and not waste arrows on their shields.” Marelya turned around to look at the sea of confusion before them.

The Waynhim were barking wildly having reformed their fighting wedge. The small creatures were jumping up and down clearly agitated waiting to charge forward.

“Follow the wedge” Marelya said to the remaining archers in a shout. Fire at will but make fucking sure that you know what the hell you are firing at!” Barristan’s woman shouted. “Attendants … stay with the archer line. I want the rear lines to advance with us staying back twenty yards. Protect our rear. If someone runs out of arrows run back and get another quiver. If we stop moving attendants pluck any arrows you see off the ground and take out of bodies of the undead if easy to pull.”

Marelya looked at the wild combat before them. There was a mass of Walking Dead and Icy Spawn attacking what was in front of them.

The front lines had been pushed back nearly three hundred yards here. Arya centered herself. The enemy had their backs turned towards them. They would be falling on the forces of the Ice King
Marelya shouted out “Attack!” She made the right guess. The Waynhim rushed forward as one. The wedge moving fast forward. The Loremaster took his shaft and made a wide arcing slash from right to left with both hands. The wedge supporting their Loremaster with their strength sent out a long ribbon of acid that spit out his stave and landed across the backs of the undead in front of them. They fell down immediately the acid eating their bodies away as if they were made of the thinnest of parchment.

In the distance Arya could see the magical swords of her lover, father and brother. Each blade distinctive in their own way. Dany’s blade flashed the deep royal blue of Valyria. Her father’s blade glowed a bright light blue while Jon’s blade was like the sun come down to Earth. In fact Jon’s very body was wreathed in flames and his sword was making mighty chopping motions.

The fighting wedge slammed into the back of the roiling mass of the Ice King’s forces. The shock of impact slowed the Waynhim. The creatures on the edge of the wedge slashed forward and down with their staves. The blades looked like they should be dull of edge and yet easily cut through flesh of the Walking Dead. Other of the Demondim spawn were jabbing out with their staves stabbing the undead setting them ablaze or filling with acid that ate them up from the inside.

Arya and her compatriots were firing off their bows at the easy targets that were barely moving with the press of forces all about. The Loremaster sent out long ribbons of their acid at the undead forces before the wedge. Now the Loremaster was aiming his stave up and projecting the acid out with force sending the arcs into the mass of Ice King’s forces.

The wedge was moving forward now in a steady rolling motion. The wedge edge slashing and stabbing. The Loremaster with the large wedge behind him was filled with their vitality. He seemed to be exalted with it assuming the rank of Loremaster. Arya was saving her arrows for targets that seemed likely to cause death to her allies.

Barristan, Syrio and Strong Belwas were walking along the rear edge of the wedge resting for the moment. Arya could see that they had covered half of the distance to the area where she saw the sword of Dany fighting. She longed to get to her lover. An Ice Wright came into view and was feathered by Arya’s follow archers before it even knew what hit it and fell down dead.

The Walking Dead with their compulsion to move forward and their seeming limited ability to take in their environs were being rolled over by the fighting wedge and archers. The Loremaster sent out another long ribbon of his acid across the whole frontal arc of the fighting wedge. The acid landing twenty yards in front of them thinning out the ranks of their enemy. The undead were finally sensing the attack from the rear but it did them no good. They were slashed down as the wedge came upon them.

Now Ice Rights and a few Ice Giants had turned to attack this sudden attack from the rear. The Loremaster took out two of the Ice Giants as they approached reducing them to bubbly steaming mass of melting flesh and ice. The Ice Rights engaged the wedge but the arrows coming their way they were easily dispatched. Arrows come in from all angles as other archers joined in and shooting at the Icy spawn at they turned their backs on the archers in front of them to attack the new threat. They were only able to kill one of the Waynhim before they were cut down. The Ice Rights could not both dodge arrows and attack the Waynhim wedge.

The Loremaster again and again sent out his acid streams as the fighting wedge moved forward at a steady clip now that they were into the forces of the Ice King. Then a mass of Ice Wright hit their wedge just as they seemed about to battle their way onto the field where Arya saw Dany fighting like a demon possessed.
Arya could see the battle clearly now. The Ice King was fighting the High Royals of Westeros along with Ice Wrights. The Ice King with his small ice crown on his head. Arya immediately took in the fact that the Ice King seemed to be protected by a barrier that would appear when a bladed weapon struck his body or when arrows found their mark. The yellow appearing just for a moment to block the bladed weapon or shatter the Dragon Glass arrows.

From the rear Arya could see the Croyel on the Ice King’s back as it clung to the Ice King as he fought. It mouth glued to the Ice King’s throat. The Lord from Revelstone had told them that the Croyel fed off their host and enhanced their combined magical might. The host and parasite lifting each other up in magical might.

Off to the side Arya saw the wives of Jon. They were near a line of pikemen and foot soldiers with swords and battleaxes. They were chopping wildly at the undead attacking them and any Ice Wrights that came their way. Her Direwolf, Nymeria, and her siblings attacking the undead.

Melisandre and Ygritte would extend an arm and off several fingers shadow daggers would shoot out and hit an Ice Wright in the body. The daggers instantly hitting and penetrating the Icy spawn’s body. The Ice Wright immediately going into convulsions with black ichor spewing form eyes, mouth and nose.

Arya observed the shadow monster they had produced while she had been out of it. It had been twenty five feet but was only ten feet tall now. It stood near the witches protecting them from direct attack. Arya saw that the shadows of its being easily sliced through the Icy spawn that dared to come close.

The teenager looked back at the fight around the Ice King. His shields made him invulnerable but she saw that the three glowing blades were able to make the yellow magical shields crack when impacted. The shield could be penetrated but not enough force was able to be struck at any one moment.

Again she looked at the Croyel feeding as it clutched the body of the Ice King.

That was the key Arya recognized. The bond.

Arya had seen Barristan rush forward into the fray. Syrio and Strong Belwas were still near her.

“Syrio—Belwas! I need you to get me to Ygritte and Melisandre!” Arya shouted as she ran over to them. They looked at her. Without question they prepared themselves to fulfill Arya’s request. It filled Arya’s heart with love seeing these men so willing to follow her lead without with question.

Arya fired off in rapid succession ten more arrows emptying her quiver. Her shots thinning the undead in the direction she needed to go in.

She threw down her bow. She was going to miss that bow. Now was the time for her to take up the sword.

She reached to the pommel of Blackfyr the former sword of Aegon the Conqueror but was now her sword. The sword answered to her will. The sword that for Aegon had not fired up when he pulled it from its scabbard. Now it sprung to life as the rune sword that it had always been. It had remained inert till first Daenerys and then Arya came to ignite its true mystical magic.

She reached back with her other hand to rip off her quiver and make sure that Needle was still in its scabbard. She was ready.

The three rushed along the edge of the Waynhim fighting wedge as it battled the local undead and
Icy spawn of the Ice King. The creatures trying to break the wedge with sheer relentless attack. The Loremaster somehow seemed to know what Arya’s plan was and sent out a mighty gout of his acid into the throng of undead and an Ice Wright that was in that vicinity moving in to attack the ShadowBender witches.

Its acid falling on them and reducing them to sludge and in the case of the Ice Wright to bubbly steaming blue mess of slag and death. A brief channel carved out for Arya to run through. She glanced back and snarled. At least four or five Waynhim had been cut down because the Loremaster had turned to aid her and not his brethren. The sacrifice inspired Arya even more with what she had planned.

Again the undead in their focus on attacking what was before them did not truly register that they were being assaulted from behind. An Ice Giant was attacking the pikemen near the ShadowBender witches. It noticed them coming and turned to attack.

Syrio shouted getting its attention foremost. It chopped down at Syrio but his water dancing skills easily allowed him to jump out of the way of the blade. Then he and Strong Belwas occupied the Ice Giant’s attention attacking it. Two Ice Wrights came to their large brother’s defense. One was shot down with Dragon Glass arrows.

Arya rushed on trusting in the skills of her teacher and Belwas to survive without her assistance. They would rush to the pikemen to get defense from that side.

Arya with her mighty rune sword easily chopped down the undead that she met. Her blade’s magic enhanced mightily by the fact that it was a rune sword. It killed the undead with one cut of her sword. The magic unbinding the magic that animated the undead.

She confronted an Ice Wright that had seen her and rushed forward to engage her. He was fast but unskilled. Arya blocked his strikes easily with her sword. She counterattacked with her blade cross hacking across the blade of the Ice Wright. She was attacking high with her assault then dropped down to one knee and slashed out with her sword. The Ice Wright desperately down chopped with his blade in defense. She caught his blade on her rune sword guiding it out away from his body.

This threw the Wright off balance. In that moment she slashed her blade slightly in to disengage his blade and stabbed up with Blackfyre. It rammed into Ice Wright’s body at his hip and traveled up slicing through his lungs and liver if they still existed. Blood gushed from the Ice Wright’s mouth its hand dropping its blade. Her blade strike was killing and the heat of her blade boiled her foe’s icy heart to pulp.

She ripped her sword out and rushed on. She arrived at the side of Melisandre. The tall witched looked down at her with her calm eyes. Ygritte was keeping an eye on Jon to see if he needed their aid. A gaggle of undead had followed Arya. She turned and chopped the first ones down. Nymeria and Ghost attacked several more ripping legs off. Ygritte sent out six shadow daggers killing the last three.

Syrio and Strong Belwas came running up and turned out. Several Walking Dead had followed them attracted by their motion. Syrio stabbed the closet one, a giant hound, through its eye killing it instantly with hits Valyrian blade. Strong Belwas sent the head of a Wildling woman spinning in the air. Her body crumpled to the ground. Again the Valyrian steel severed the magical bindings animating the body.

Arya looked back at the battle between the Ice King and her Dany, Jon and her father. They were circling around the Ice Wright leader. The Ice King blocked most of their blows but he was not able to block them all. He staggered with blows to his body but the yellow shields that appeared between
the Ice King and the bladed weapons protected the Ice King. The yellow shields appearing to block the arrows and javelins that were hurled at him.

It was the Croyel that was protecting the Ice King. The Croyel was focused on protecting his host from attack. The Croyel clung tight to his host clearly feeding off the Ice King. Arya focused on the Croyel’s mouth. It was the binding between them that enabled the Ice King to fight on unhurt. That bond had to be broken. Then the two foul abominations could be taken out in turn. Arya got in front of Ygritte.

“I know how to take them out!” she yelled over the sounds of battle that echoed all around unabated.

The small kissed by the sun woman focused her gaze on Arya.

“How?”

“It the link between the Ice King and the Croyel that powers them. They feed off each other. We need to break that.”

“Again I ask how?”

Arya told her. Melisandre had turned her head to listen too. They both looked skeptical. Ygritte looked at the battle raging around the Ice King. The Wright protected by the yellow shields erected to block each strike against its body.

“I’m telling you it will work” Arya shouted at them. “I have seen your shadow powers at work. Your shadow daggers penetrate the bodies of the Ice Wrights and Giants without a wound. They phase into the Icy spawn. I want you to imbue your shadow powers into Needle. It will work on them” Arya barked her head jerking in the Ice King’s direction. “I know their weak point. I can break it!” Arya jerked her sword that her father had had forged for her years ago out of its scabbard. “You can do that can’t you?”

The two redheaded women looked at each other. They conferred with each other silently.

“We have observed our husband, your brother, fighting the Ice King. The Croyel would block our shadow powers. He will raise a shield in defense. How will you break their shields?”

“I will trick them—it work it! I know it!” Arya screamed.

The two witches nodded at each other. They conferred with each other silently.

“We can force our magic into the metal. It is normal steel and will not work against our magic like Valyrian steel would. We can impart our magic into the steel and have it set. We can force our magic into the steel and morph if for a short time to become an avatar of our magic. It will remain bound for a short time only. Our shadow magic by its definition is a free form magic. It will quickly seek to unbind itself to your blade.”

“I will only need it to be bound for a brief moment. I will need your shadow monster to get me where I need to be.”

She looked back at the fight between the Ice King and those she loved the most in the world.

“Hurry! We must act!”

The two ShadowBender witches had made their decision.
“Hold out your small sword Arya” Melisandre commanded Arya.

In perfect unison the two witches chanted while weaving their hands above Arya’s weapon from her childhood.

“Jih lubaghDI’ HoSghaj nuH HoS Dun HoS ra’. mup tlnw’l’ vu’meh Dun jagh Huplu’taHvIS. ’oH ra’ maH. vaj jatlh Huplu’taHvIS, vaj yInISQo’ Qu’ ‘oH!”

From their hands a stream of turbulent black shadows flowed from the witches. The thick black tendrils reached out to caress and seemingly flow into the forged steel of Needle. The witches kept singing their melody in their discordant and guttural language of their distant homeland.

More shadows flowed out of the body of the witches and into Needle. Arya kept looking over her shoulder. The Croyel had raised his hand and repelled his father and Dany who were hacking at the Ice King. Their bodies were thrown ten feet in the air their bodies tumbling to the ground. Like cats they rolled to their feet and again charged into the fray.

Oberyn was stabbing at the Ice King’s eyes making him snarl and swipe at the spear of the Red Viper but he was too fast for the Ice King to engage his spear and harm it. Stannis landed a mighty blow on the Ice King’s left shoulder but the yellow shield blocked the cutting edge. The force of the blow muted and only jolting the Ice King.

Jon was circling his foe and came rushing in to again attack the Ice King. Arya saw Dany and her father rush in again. The archers and Waynhim wedge was rotating around occupying the forces of the Ice King. The Two keeping the forces of the Ice King occupied so that the High Lords with their magical weapons could engage the Ice King.

It was time.

The two ShadowBender witches stopped their chant. Her sword was glowing black now saturated with the black shadow magic of the land of Asshai. The sword now writhed and pulsed like the Shadow Monster. The sword seemed to about to wink out of existence and then solidified. The sword of steel now also the pure expression of ShadowBender magic. Arya felt it in her hand. This perfect balance would only hold for precious few seconds.

Arya looked at the fight with the Ice King. She had a big smile on her face. She knew her plan would work. Again he was being assaulted all around but the shields while cracked were holding firm from the fiery swords.

The shadow monster was before Arya now. It had shrunk to only eight feet now. It bent down and interlocked its long dagger like fingers. Arya went to climb up on the shadow monster. Melisandre and Ygritte taking up a new chant to give the shadow monster’s hands solidity for the time necessary to fulfill Arya’s plan. Arya put her foot into the cupped hands. Arya saw Stannis hack wildly at the Ice King before the Croyel threw him back with his magic.

Jon was hacking wildly at the Ice King who blocked his blows with his sword and swirled around to meet the strikes of the magical swords of Dany and Arya’s father. Dany struck the Ice King in the ribs with her rune sword. He cursed loudly. The shield protecting him cracked with dark black lines but held. Still the force of the sword strike hurt the Ice King.

Arya had the heels of her hands on the shadow monster’s shadowy shoulders. Her hands rolling on the undulating mass of the shadow monster. In her right hand her rune sword blazing bright. She was thankful for training with both hands in this moment of need. In her left hand was Needle that undulated with the shadow magic that was rolling in the metal. She held needle close to her body so
it blended into her form.

Suddenly the shadow monster crouched its body down and then sprung upright. Its arms whipped straight up above its body. The interlocked hands on its long arms shot up with Arya’s foot in it. Arya was propelled from the cupped hand towards the battle between the Ice King and her woman. Her body shooting up nearly thirty feet into the snowy air before descending picking up momentum.

Arya screamed a loud blood curdling scream her body arching through the sky and now descending down towards the Ice King. The Croyel glanced up its eyes focusing on Blackfyr sweeping down over Arya’s shoulder as she came hurtling down the blade aimed to cleave the Ice King’s head in two.

The blade slammed against the shield the Croyel erected just above his father’s crown. Eddard and Jon were slamming their blades into the body of the Ice King but the Croyel was focused on the fiery blades assaulting his father.

He did not take into account the black blade now stabbing down. Arya did this as she had hurled Blackfyr at the Ice King’s head. Her arm pulling back close to her body still shielding the blade of Needle near her body. The blade black and easily unseen in the dark. The Croyel focusing on the obvious fiery blades attacking his father. Arya stabbed down with all her might. The metal filled with the properties of the shadow magic of the witch wives of Jon Snow. The metal writhing and amorphous.

The blade not aimed at the Ice King or the body of Croyel but the mouth of the Croyel where it latched onto the throat of the Ice King. The black shadow magic of the Shadowbenders writhed in Arya’s Needle. The crude weapon stabbed down. The metal fluid. Through the skin above the Croyel’s thin lips and down the thin muscle and into the tongue and gums of the Croyel Needle plunged.

The concentrated might of the ShadowBender magic able to penetrate the thin layer of skin, muscle and teeth. The magic of Asshai able to pass through the magical skin of Croyel. The Croyel not thinking to put up a shield against such a puny seeming weapon that it had seen only at the last moment. Needle though black seemed like ordinary steel.

The shocked Croyel screamed in agony feeling the magic of the Shadowbender witches pierce its flesh. The blade expended its magic cutting the Croyel’s mouth open before Needle shattered. Arya’s body was blasted away from the Ice King’s body spinning wildly.

The Croyel’s agonizing shock and pain caused its head to reflexively jerk back. From its mouth spewed a mix of yellow and bluish blood spraying out its screaming mouth. The wound was not fatal and already healing. But the desired affect had been achieved. The Ice King and Croyel were separated.

“NNNNOOOOOOOOOOOO!” the Ice King screamed at the break of the intimate link between the Wright and the Croyel.

“AAAAIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEE!” the Croyel screamed in fear and dread. It was their binding between them that enabled the Ice King to fight on unhurt. That bound had been broken. The Croyel’s mouth was ruined but quickly magically healing. The Croyel’s mouth moving back to reattach itself to his father’s neck.

Eddard had moved in and now instead of hacking at the Ice King slashed at the Croyel. The blade cured by the Wraiths of Andelain sliced through the flesh of the Croyel. In its weakened and shocked state it was not able to put up its mystical shields. The blade cutting open the shoulder and
ribs of the yellow monstrosity.

Its screams echoed across the plains. Yellow carious blood spurted out the wound.

With the shields gone Daenerys rammed her blazing Rune Sword through the Ice King’s left ribs and out his right ribs. Jon at that same moment brought his sword, Lightbringer, down in a two handed arc from over his head. This blade slammed down onto the crown of the Ice King shattering it. A split moment later his blade cleaved into the skull of the Ice King splitting his head wide open.

Jon ripped his sword up and back. Blue blood sprayed out the wound along with fragments of bone and brain. Daenerys ripped her sword out of Ice King. He had fallen to his knees.

As one the Queen, the Warden of the North and the Lord Commander of the Night’s Watch rammed their blades clean through the body Ice King. All three fiery blades scorching the internal organs of the Ice King. His blood boiled and gushed out his mouth in gouts while rivers flowed out his eyes and ears. They ripped their blades back from the body of the Ice King.

Stannis rammed her blade through the body of Croyel spitting like a pig. He twisted the blade and ripped it out. The Croyel had begun to scream at the wound. Its head thrashing in agony. Its body kicking wildly.

At that moment Oberyn had rammed his spear clean through the head of the Croyel stopping its hideous screams mid scream. Its body went limp and did not move.

The Ice King fell down face first onto the trampled and trodden dirt. His face lying in a puddle of dirty water that quickly turned blue with the blood pouring out his ruined body. He did not move.

Epilog One

Daenerys remained in her combat crouch looking at the body of the fallen Ice King. He did not move. Nor did the Croyel on his back. The beast had mashed its mouth to the neck to the Ice King but it too seemed to be dead. It had no movement. Both bodies ruined.

The Queen rose up and looked around as did Jon and Eddard. All three looked around. Daenerys needed to run to Arya but she had to see if the battle would continue on hot with the death of the Ice King.

What she saw relieved the Queen of Westeros and half of Essos. The Walking Dead had simply ceased movement. Their eyes still glowed bright blue but their bodies did not move. Their limbs were slack. They no longer had the compulsion to attack. Their bodies swayed like sailors on a ship in a heavy sea state.

Without the Ice King’s guidance they were inert. She saw Ice Giants in the distance. They too were swaying and listing like cables in the wind. They had a confused look on their faces. They were lost without the entity that had created them. Most had dropped their swords and those that held them were slack the points pressed into the ground.

The Ice Wrights were another matter. They were more mercurial from what Daenerys saw. Many were standing around with a stunned look on their faces. They had a lost look on their mien. Heads looked right and left for guidance and were not finding any. Many were crying with shaking sobs of loss and rue.
The Queen almost felt sorry for them. Without the man who had given them life they were lost and rudderless. Unfortunately, that was not all of the Ice Wrights though.

Some were throwing fits wallowing on the ground wailing in an ululation of shocking grief. Their bodies kicking and limbs flailing. Their mouths frothing as they threw a fit. They were maddened by the loss of their link with their father. They screamed in confusion and rage.

Many of the Ice Wrights though looked around with not confusion. They were trying to understand and Daenerys knew soon make decisions. Unlike the Walking Dead and Ice Giants the Queen could see them trying to understand the situation they now found themselves in. While stunned at their father’s loss they were already recovering.

Still others Daenerys saw off in the close distant were wildly attacking all near them. These Ice Wrights taking out their confusion and anger on any near them. They fought with fervor trying to slay all around them. The undead feeling most their wrath. She feared once their wrath had been assuaged they would be able to think clearly for themselves.

A few others seemed to look at the situation they now found themselves in and were running back towards the fallen Wall. Daenerys knew they would have to be dealt with. They had chosen retreat and life.

She took this all in with a quick glance around her. She did not have to command her forces at the moment.

“ARYA! … Baby!” Daenerys cried out running to where her lover had been thrown when she used needle to stab the Croyel and it exploded in her grip.

She reached Arya on the ground falling to her knees. Her eyes looking over her lover as she reached out and pulled Arya up off the ground and leaned her upper body into her own body. Daenerys held Arya to her body “Oh baby! Are you alright—baby speak to me!” the Valyrian called out to her woman.

She felt her heart flip when Arya’s eyes opened up. Arya looked up at her and smiled.

“All those water dancing lessons came in handy Dany … rolled with the explosion” she smiled up at her woman and touched Dany’s cheek tenderly.

Daenerys sobbed and held Arya tight to her body. She held Arya close to her and hugged her warm body tightly to her own. Her world was still right. She would have died in her soul if Arya had sacrificed her life in taking out the Croyel.

Slowly, Daenerys helped Arya to her feet. The teenager was stunned but was shaking off the proverbial cobwebs. Eddard came and hugged his daughter and the Queen in his strong embrace.

They soaked in the affection for a long moment.

“What now my Queen?” Eddard asked Daenerys. “We need to start putting down the forces of the fallen Ice King. The Walking Dead have become inert and are presently no danger. This may change. The Ice Giants are addled but with guidance—I fear they may again begin to assault us. The Ice Wrights are all over the map on their reactions but they will recover from the shock of the Ice King’s death I fear.

“Some have run off” he paused for a moment his eyes watching something “another one has just run off for the Haunted Forest and beyond I think … they will have to be hunted and put down.” As he spoke two more Ice Wrights had turned and were running at a fierce pace for the gaps in the fallen
Wall. The spells of the Croyel still intact holding open the breeches in the fallen Wall.

Daenerys looked first at Eddard and then around her at the milling forces. The forces of the Ice King were for the moment seemed no threat mostly but Eddard was right. The Walking Dead needed to be put back down to natural death. The Ice Giants may in a way be innocent but they had been corrupted beyond all measure.

The Ice Wrights were another matter altogether. They were still deep down had human hearts and thus had all the faults and weaknesses of the human heart. They were a real and present danger.

“I agree Eddard. We need to start putting them down. The Ice Wrights have priority. But I do not want his made into sport. They will be put down quickly and efficiently. I will have no trophy hunting.”

“Agreed” Eddard nodded. Some bannermen had run up and were awaiting orders. Daenerys and Eddard gave the orders to start the killing off the forces of the Ice King. They had long ceased to be alive and the humans and giants lost to their kin by their cruel transformation.

“What happened to the Waynihim?” Arya asked looking around. “They were right over there” Arya said looking back at the front lines. “They fought their way back here to aid you Dany.”

Daenerys looked around. She indeed did not see one of the Demondim spawn. She was not surprised. She saw this after the Ur-viles had finished in saving her and Rhaegal six years ago on the Dothraki Sea.

“This is what happened on the Dothraki Sea. After they helped me conquer the Khalasar of Khal Jhaqo and saved Rhaegal from death they simply vanished.”

From the gloom Lord Lustra came into view on the back of her mighty Ranyhyn. She looked tired and disheveled but otherwise unhurt. Behind on her own Ranyhyn was Brail. Across the Ranyhyn’s back in front of Brail was Ice. It was soaked in the blue blood of Icy spawn.

“The Demondim spawn follow their own Weird. It is how they interpret the past, present and future. The Ur-viles and Waynhim have always been strange and fay. They keep to themselves interpreting their Weird. They only interact with us, humans, when they deem that their Weird demands it.”

“We are most fortunate that they deemed it necessary here. Their aid was most substantial. They slayed many of our en—“ her speech stopped as all those gathered around the Queen had their attention caught by what was happening on the ground a short distance away.

Everyone with weapons drew them out again and pointed them at the seeming corpse of Ice King and his deformed son still attached to the fallen Ice King in a lover’s embrace. The Lord of Revelstone turned her Ranyhyn, Frinny, to let her staff level at the bodies of their slain opponents. The bodies now flipping and jerking on the ground obscenely.

Daenerys rushed to get beside the corpses. Arya was right beside with her own flaming rune sword. The Queen was followed by her fellow High Lords. They all had their weapons leveled to point at the obscene ballet occurring before them.

They all stared at the bodies jumping and flipping like fish out of water.

Suddenly, the body of the Ice King and the Croyel split wide open. Gore rushed out but then immediately seemed to be consumed by a yellow gyre of flashing exploding yellow stars. In a moment both bodies were filled by a rush of exploding yellow flashes and exploding stars. The
bodies more unseemly flipped and rolled around on the ground as the magical conflagration tore at their bodies. In the space of a handful of heartbeats, the bodies were consumed by the rising swirling, convoluting yellow fire of curious yellow streamers and magical flames.

Then in immense flares, the fires consuming the bodies of the fallen foes of the Queen rose up high in the air. The fires having totally consumed the fallen bodies of the Ice King and the Croyel. The yellow flames twisted and contorted high into the nighttime sky. Then in a flash the yellow twisting yellowish flames flashed off to the north and in only seconds was gone.

Eddard poked the now empty space where the Ice King and his spawn had lain with Evening Star. The sword did not react. There was nothing left to react too. He looked up at Daenerys.

“This is not good.”

Daenerys cocked an eyebrow at the obvious.

“I got a bad feeling about this” Oberyn told everyone.

Daenerys pinched her nose. Leave it to Oberyn to express the obvious.

Eddard looked around.

“Where is Jon and his wives?”

**Epilog the Second**

Through the now quiet battlefield before the fallen Wall the two ShadowBender witches moved fast. They moved silently and with little fanfare among the seemingly inert Walking Dead and Ice Giants. The snow still fell heavily. The winds non-existent. The snow falling down in lazy patterns made the sight almost surreal. The Snowflakes beginning to stick on the shoulders, heads and backs of the unmoving undead and Ice Giants.

The witches turned aside to make wide swaths around the more agitated Ice Wrights. They had an imperative mission to accomplish. The Ice Wrights were not the paramount threat anymore. They did not need to waste any time dealing with unhinged Ice Wrights. They observed the more independent Icy spawn rush away back towards the far north. That was a problem for another day for another force.

They had something that only they could do. They were prepared to do what was necessary to abate what had become horrifyingly apparent to their senses attuned to magic.

Magic was fraying and dissolving. The Horn of Winter had started to rip apart the magic that flowed and permeated all life in Westeros and in time Essos. The magical Horn of Winter had brought down more than the Wall. All life that needed magic to live would soon sicken and then die.

The two witches continued to move quickly between the forests of the inert host of the fallen Ice King. They rushed forward. It did not take them long to cross the mile to the fallen Wall. They looked up at the fallen broken pieces of what once was a marvel of human ingenuity and magical construct. The Wall had anchored magic to the World the witches could now feel.

It had been erected to both repel the magic of the Ice King and to hold back more physical threats.
Great magic had been used to accomplish that repelling of the ancient evil. Ygritte told Melisandre this as they rushed forward. They both reflected on the tale of the Colossus of the Fall from the World of the Land. Lustra telling them the tale. The Wall was like to that. Mighty magic had been bound to the Wall. Over the millennium the Wall had become the magic that it entrapped.

The Witches could see the dying yellow pulsing that only their eyes could see. The magic hidden until the Wall had fallen. The yellow that they saw with their second sight was pure like the radiant sunshine of a Spring time sun. The yellow pure and radiant but fading. It was this magic that had anchored the Wall for over eight thousand years.

The witches extended shadow daggers from their fingertips and started to scale up the broken fragments of the shattered Wall. Small broken debris shifted and cantered with the climbing of the witches but they continued to scale up the broken Wall moving slightly to the West of where Castle Black had once been.

The two witches of Asshai reached the proper location. The witches now atop the fallen detritus of the fallen Wall. It was from this point that all the other magical pulse points connected to. It was the heartbeat of the magic that had become the heartbeat of magic when Valyria had fallen. It had sustained magic with the downfall of that doomed land and the rupturing of the Earthroot in this hemisphere.

Now the magic was quickly fraying. If it faded completely magic would die out to never return.

The two witches turned to look at each other. They reached out with their hands to clasp their mate’s hands.

“I will miss Jon” Melisandre told her wife softly.

“I know” Ygritte answered softly.

They began to chant in a quiet murmur in their native tongue. The two women looking into each other’s eyes sadly. For several minutes the two ShadowBender witches chanted in their native tongue.

Their bodies crumped down to the ice block they had climbed on. They did not move.

**Epilog the Third**

Jon rushed forward between the unmoving army of his dead opponent. He did not see them. Something in his soul had alerted him to what his wives had sensed and what they had set out to do. Their bonds had become that strong.

He had to stop them. Let magic die out if it must. He would be lost without his two wives. He moved faster.

He came across an Ice Wright with anger and raw unmitigated fear in its pale blue glowing eyes. It charged Jon with his upraised ice sword swinging down on Jon with a stroke so fast it could hardly be seen. In one motion Jon pulled Lightbringer out its scabbard on his back. The blade instantly wreathed in flames up and down the length of the blade. Jon easily blocked the Ice Wright’s stroke with one motion and the next he sent its head spinning off into the darkness.
Without a backward look Jon rushed forward to the fallen Wall. He sheathed his sword as he ran. He did not need to attract the attention of any other Ice Wrights crazed with the loss of their father.

His connection to his wives led him to where he needed to be. He started to scale up the frozen fallen fragments of the Wall. The cold was interminable but the fire of Lightbringer now infused his body and he easily turned aside the cold and continued his climb up the jumbled fragments of the Wall. Several times he had to pull out Lightbringer and use its blade to cut into the ice blocks he was traversing to pull himself up. The blade melting the ice but not before he could pull himself up to again bury his sword into the ice when necessary.

The Lord Commander traversed up the haphazard debris field climbing ever higher. In this way Jon climbed to the top of mighty chunk of ice that had landed in such a way to have its flat face facing up to the snowfall falling down in lazy spirals. The block nearly thirty feet across.

“Noooooooooo!” Jon screamed. He rushed forward and went to his knees sliding forward to the bodies of his wives as they lay on the ice facing each other. Their hands were interlinked. Their eyes open but unseeing.

“Noooooooooo!” Jon screamed again. He picked up his wives and clumsily held both of their slack bodies to his body. Tears streamed from his eyes in torrents. His soul was fracturing. His victory over the Ice King meant nothing to him. He would weep for his wives and then kill himself. He had nothing to live for.

“They are still alive though barely” he heard a feminine voice speak to him. It echoed as if shouted across a mighty chasm.

He looked up through his tears. His brows knitted.

Before him stood a girl but none like he had ever seen before. She was a child of maybe twelve or eleven name days. Even in his grief his eyes could not help but flare at this child’s strange appearance.

“I assure you I am no child” the girl told him.

Her green hair was flying wildly in the air though there was no breeze. Her green eyes large and round with no eyelids. Her hair long but through it two points could be seen on each side of her head. Her eyebrows arched up from her nose to her hairline. She was only in a simple shift and went barefoot not feeling the cold.

Jon did not answer this strange girl. He felt no breath from his wives for they were dead.

The strange girl stared down at Jon. The two stared at each other not speaking.

“They are dead.”

“No. They are on the cusp but not yet crossed over. They sacrificed their life essence to preserve the magic that binds the Wall to the very land it has come to represent. The two have become one. Such as your wives and yourself. Your wives are noble beyond reason. Sacrifice. Noble and pure. Can I do any less?”

Jon did not respond to this child’s fey word and questions. He felt a cold wind start and now punish his face. To his surprise he could feel hate and pure malice in that wind. The maleficence like a force of nature warped to pure evil. He looked beyond the strange green haired child. He felt his breath catch. A massive black wall of cloud that was filled with yellow in its depths was on the far
horizon to the north. It was broiling down from the north at a face pace. It was roiling with angry yellow lightning firing off in its depths lighting its angry churning heart. It towered up to the heavens.

Jon in his grief still felt consternation at what he saw rapidly approaching.

“What the hell is that?” he spoke through his tears.

“The Ice King and his monstrosity of a son have become one with what they held in abeyance for over eight years. He kept it caged. The Winter that should have been birthed years ago. It has grown to a monstrous level. In their death the Croyel somehow transformed their bodies to spirit.”

She looked at the wall of hate and malignancy moving in on them at a rapid clip. The trees beneath whipped and sawed underneath the mighty winds it caused.

“They have become one with the Winter. They are becoming one with each other and feeding off each other’s hate and maleficence. The Ice King and Croyel now spiritual non corporal beings. The two forces are becoming exponentially stronger as we watch. The two evil forces feeding off each other’s hate and growing stronger. The former Ice King now seeks to raze all life from Westeros. He will freeze with temperatures that none can survive. He will precipitate mountains of snow to bury and freeze. He will send winds to strip the land bare.”

“He and his vile son have become like onto a Quaylar.”

“What is that?” Jon asked. It looked like he would not have to kill himself after all. The Ice King had won the day even in death.

“She.” The woman stared down at Jon with her unblinking eyes. “I too must make the sacrifice. But. You have no part of this tableau. The strange child’s eyes flared slightly.

Jon started when both Ygritte and Melisandre’s bodies lurched forward their chests heaving a great body rattling breath. Then they were gasping hard. Their bodies had been cold but now they were sufficed with warmth.

Jon looked up amazed at the green haired child.

“What is your name?”

“I have gone by many names in my long life. I lost the right to my birth name at the beginning of time. My most true name is She Who Must Not Be Named.”

She turned to look at the massive cloud wall closing fast on the fallen Wall.

“I will suffice. What has been broken still can be healed. If I survive long enough. Fare thee well Jon Snow.” She completely turned to face the approaching wall of freezing hate and pure spite. The woman did not move. She spoke back to Jon. “Tell Missandei I loved her.”

Jon started to speak but he felt himself falling into a bottomless well and was gone along with the two redheaded women he clutched to his body. Only the seeming green haired child remained on the ice slab.

Epilog the Fourth
Sansa had brought her wife Margaery forward. Missandei was beside them looking at all the death and carnage. The poets and minstrels definitely never wrote or sung of the hacked and dismembered bodies or how they died in the most awful of positions. The body parts severed and strewn about on the ground. Heads and organs trampled into the mud.

The trio had to step over both the dead of Westeros and the now dead a second time the undead of the now dead Ice King. There were swords both of hot forged metal and ice forged metal that had a slight light blue caste to them lying on the ground unremarked. The fallen swords of the fallen Ice Wrights and Giants. There were rank pools of blue where the Icy spawn of the Ice King had died.

Broken siege engines lay toppled over. Caste down by Ice Giants no doubt. Broken crates and ripped tents were strewn over the battlefield. As accruements from countless items of a camp spread about had been trampled into the mire and mud of the battlefield.

The women finally came to the Queen, Arya and the High Lords standing around quietly discussing something.

They quickly heard the story of how the Ice King and the vile Croyel on his back had been transformed into some kind of ethereal magical spirit and had quickly disappeared to the North.

Sansa fretted. There had to be a reason why he had headed back to the place he had resided in for so long.

As they discussed the situation back and forth it was Margaery that noticed it first and pointed to the North. Sansa gasped. A huge cloud wall was coming down from the North in great haste. She could feel the hate radiating out from it. It made her stomach clench and twist.

Suddenly, there was a punishing wind howling down from the North. The wind strong and unremitting. The cold had a feel of evil too it even though it was only wind.

All looked at the approaching cloud wall that was black with a sickly yellowish hue.

"By the Seven" Lustra softly intoned. "I feel the Croyel … what is this?"

Eddard studied the advancing cloud wall. Already the icy winds that flowed off the advancing wall was chilling all that it touched. The temperature of the air already cold was dropping precipitously. The force of the wind increasing.

"Winter is coming … except now it is malignant and seeks our death. Winter has now become death" Sansa’s father softly intoned.

Sansa instinctively saw the truth in her father’s words. Somehow the Ice King and Croyel had merged and become one with the long dark Winter. The two feeding off each other. The cloud wall was definitely growing taller and more wild as she looked at it.

Sansa hugged Margery to her. None would survive this monster bearing down on them.

This was magic grown large and wild on a scale that no human could hope to withstand.

“We must be able to fight this” Daenerys spoke as she looked at the advancing Winter grown monstrous and evil.

No one answered her for many moments. Finally, the Lord of Revelstone spoke.
“This is beyond human kin. If I had the Staff of Law … but I do not …”

Everyone looked at the approaching wall of Winter gone mad. They watched their death rapidly approaching.

Then as if from nowhere a green light appeared upon the fallen Wall.

Missandei started to jump and down excitedly “It is She Who Must Not Be Named!” she exclaimed excited to see her longed for lover appear upon the wall. “Save me! She is going to save us!” the small black teenager spoke jumping up and down clapping her hands.

Sansa wondered what this single person was proposing to do against such monstrosity that was beyond human comprehension. She Who Must Not Be Named was still just a woman when you came down to it. It did not matter what Missandei thought her sought after lover could do.

Suddenly, the small green dot on the fallen Wall exploded into a large green glowing orb that itself was filled with strange wild green lightning that sparked and flared as the green orb grew rapidly in size and sheer unmitigated power. Still it grew. The green grown in size and in a flash had spread both west and east. The cloud growing in height till it seemed to also reach for the stars. The new green haze pulsed and roiled above the fallen Wall. Sansa sensed that the advancing Winter and the now transferred She Who Must Not Be Name had spread themselves the length of the fallen Wall.

Sansa noticed that she could see through the green haze enough to see the yellowish wall rapidly advancing. It almost seemed to be howling to advance upon them and destroy them.

From nowhere it seemed a mighty explosion of sound and a mighty wind rushed over the camp. The two opposing forces were squaring off for a confrontation. The green wall of pulsing might still grew taller and thicker. The wall of the monstrous Winter also seemed to grow and moved forward with ravenous hunger to murder.

The towering green wall roiled and seemed to fold and unfold in itself. Sansa had the insight that the transformed She Who Must Not Be Named was gathering herself. The green goddess preparing to attack the evil monstrosity before her.

From the green cloud mighty columns of pure green magical might rammed into the mighty yellow cloud. In return the yellow cloud sent out its own mighty tendrils that stabbed into the green misty wall before it. Arms of green and yellow slammed into each other and coiled around each other. The collisions of opposing magic rocked the world to its foundation throwing people and animals to their knees. The loud explosions of sound nearly deafened the gathered humans. The tentacles of opposing force whipping all around contending with each other.

The wall of the advancing Winter began to slow its advance. Sansa saw mighty jets of green shooting forward into the advancing wall of blackish yellow. The green explosions seemed to be having an effect on the advance of the Winter. The monstrosity of Winter quickly slowed its advance and then stopped. Its way was barred.

Now both entities were hurling magical might at each other. The air shrieked with explosions of green and yellow. The ground shook violently. Sansa saw columns and now strange geometric objects created in green and yellow. The objects spinning first one direction on their axis and then instantly rotated in the other direction.

The two opposing forces were attacking each other with extreme prosecution and concentrated force. The arms of opposing force questing for their enemy. The limbs grappling with each other. Now the yellow and green geometric shapes that had been created by both entities spun even faster.
The geometric shapes of both entities shot out at their foe in whirling patterns to pierce and detonate in their foe.

The yellow tendrils severed and ripped part. Green tendrils torn asunder. Green triangles propagated and spun into the yellow cloud exploding in its depths. Yellow concentric circles spun out of the black and yellow wall to fly into the green nebulous cloud where they seemed to implode and then explode. The geometric patterns never ceasing in their creation and flying in opposite directions to attack.

The approaching blackish yellow now stopped writhed and roiled in trying to advance but was rebuffed by the wall of green. The wall of green was preventing its advance further south. With a mile of separation the two opposing forces savagely attacked each other. Now the air between the two filled with whirling triangles, squares, circles, horizontals that flipped, trapezoids, pentagons and other sided shapes sent flying right and left. Both green and yellow geometric shapes flung forward at impossible speeds.

Many of the geometric shapes collided between the two opposing forces annihilating themselves in staggering concussive explosions of green versus yellow. The thunder produced shook the ground violently. Other shapes flew on to penetrate deep into the opposing clouds where they detonated making both clouds glow in their opposing colors.

Wild winds rushed over the camp of Westeros. Explosions of sound rocked the bodies and deafened ears. Now even the heaviest siege engines were toppled over. The detritus of the camp whipped up and flung around. Wild screams filled the air. Some low and rumbling and others long high pitched screams of the very air being torn apart.

Sansa had rushed with Margaery and Missandei behind a massive toppled trebuchet and peaked out at the fallen wall and the war between two gods.

Missandei kept moaning “oh my love” softly. Tears running down her cheeks.

The three watched massive tendrils reach out from each cloud wall. Pure green fought with carious yellow tendrils from the Winter now turned into an avatar of the fallen Ice King and Croyel.

The tendrils contended with each other and ripped each other asunder only to spawn more tendrils.

The Earth began to tremble and shake violently. The wind wild and blowing in all directions now.

The strange geometric shapes were continuously spawned in either yellow or green and hurled at each other. Tendrils formed and were ripped apart. The geometric shapes mostly annihilating each other but the survivors flashed into the cloud of opposing color to detonate with shocking force that shook the foundations of the Earth. Massive columns of power rose up in green and yellow and slammed down into the opposing force.

For hours the battle raged between the two titans in the sky. The green and yellow contending with each other for dominance. The sky above the Earth seemed to boil with the power being blasted in both directions. The clouds had been blasted from the sky and the mighty gouts of power seemed to race off to the stars.

It was beautiful in way Sansa thought. The strange geometric shapes that would form and rotate pulsing in the colors of their creator and then race forward to dive into the opposing cloud and explode in shockingly loud sounds that made the ground shake and roil violently. At times the very dirt seemed about to turn to water and swallow them with the violent shaking that gripped the land.
Sansa was not sure but it seemed as if the yellow wall had been pushed back.

In a blink of an eye the green surged forward and seemed to blast its way into the heart of the sickly yellow cloud. The forces seemed to explode in a mad riot of struggle and rage.

The two diametrically opposed entities contended with each other. It was green-yellow—savage, wild-mounting hugely toward its apocalypse.

But the green dominated and prevailed.

With one loud continuous explosion of force the wind howled and the Earth rolled. An instant later all was still. The air did not move.

“By the old gods” Eddard softly spoke. “She Who Must Not Be Named totally consumed the Ice King and Winter. They are no more.”

The Lord of Revelstone came to stand beside him. “They are both gone. I cannot sense them at all.”

“NOOOOOOOOOOO!” echoed across the landscape. An explosion of pure white light the sky with a radiance that could challenge the sun. Sansa swirled and with shock. She observed Missandei. In her hand was the Krill of Loric that blazed with a white hot fury.

The small black scribe screamed and slashed the small sword through the air. Mighty gouts of power flashed from the gem of the Krill frying the air making thunder explode. Missandei’s power flashing up to the heavens challenging the stars. The concussive force throwing people, animals and camp items around in the mighty winds stirred up.

Mighty gout after gout of pure unrestrained White Gold Magic rushed up into the heavens making the world turn white. The might the small scribe threw out was easily the equal of what all had just witnessed. More violent bursts were cast out by Missandei from the Krill of Loric Vilesilencer. The power she generated growing exponentially.

Lustra was now screaming “By the gods she will rose the Worm at World’s End if she does not desist. She is tearing the fabric of Life and Death asunder. The laws have already been damaged. They cannot be harmed anymore and survive!”

The Haruchai tried to advance on the screaming black teenager but were thrown back.

Daenerys ran up to Missandei. She was allowed to pass through the maelstrom that Missandei had created.

“Missandei stop! She is gone. You cannot bring her back!”

In a flash Missandei pivoted her wrist and stabbed the Krill down into her heart.

The instant the blade touched her skin it melted and flowed into her body. The scribe left unharmed. Missandei collapsed sobbing brokenly.

Epilog the Fifth

The Ice King and Croyel screamed in impotent rage. They did not have bodies but their essences
shrieked and fought.

The green easily controlled them. The Ice King saw they were above the ice bog that he had lain trapped in for thousands of years. He laughed. He would be free again. He was stronger now with his true son.

His essence and the Croyel’s plunged into the bog. He did not care … WHAT!

Their essence was flowing through solid rock and granite. He felt the oppressive weight off the Earth crushing them. Rock all about and in him.

Suddenly a chamber was formed and the yellowish essence of the Ice King and his vile son were circled in green chains that were thick and unbreakable. The chains were pinned to the solid granite around the new chamber with mighty unbreakable nails of solid green magical force.

Then the rock enfolded down on the Ice King and his son. The rock pressed tight to the green coils binding their magical essence.

They screamed and railed but they could not move and the rock did not listen.

*Enjoy your new home*

The Ice King and Croyel screamed in impotent rage.

Miles above them the bog erupted.

On its shore lay a small green haired girl. She stared up at the fading stars. Slowly the light in her eyes faded away.

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**Epilog the Sixth**

Daenerys looked up at the sky. It was filled with bright green Northern lights but they seemed so intense and they looked like they were touching the trees.

From nowhere the earth shook with violent spasms throwing all into chaos again. For only a handful of heartbeats did it last. Then all was calm again. Everyone picked themselves up from the ground.

“Well I’ll be fucked!” Oberyn exclaimed.

Arya gripped her lover’s shoulders and turned her to face the fallen Wall.

Only it was fallen no more. It stood once more. It was filled with a green interweave like onto a spider’s web. The silken strands worked all through the Wall. From one heartbeat to the next the wrecked Wall had been transformed from shattered fragments strewn about to once more its mighty seven hundred foot high majestic Wall. Castle Black before it was again hale and whole though it too was lined with green interleave.

She Who Must Not Be Named had raised the Wall again with her essence. She was holding it together. The message was clear. I have applied a tourniquet. Now you must heal it.

“By the Seven” Lord Lustra spoke in a voice of awe. “The fragments … the ground dust … all has been put back as it was—Look!”
As they did they saw a deep blue glow pulse deep within the reformed Wall. At the base yellow pulses of pure sunshine could be seen throbbing with renewed life.

“It is impossible. I can feel it. The Forbidding of the Staff of Law has been restored … the original magic is alive again … they are weak—but they live … the power …” the Lord trailed off.

This strange woman had given her all. Daenerys could do no less.

Heal the Wall Daenerys would.

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